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This is not a sacrifice

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[This is another exploration and documentation of personal events in a series of experiences during the 2009 Burning Man]



Photo by Eric Francis.

Move here like you?re under water. Slowly and deliberately. Feel the resistance of inertia. Compensate with flow.

I understood this and I stepped closer to her. We faced one another naked. She held the mirror, which formed a plateau between us. I recognized that I was at an initiation point; that I was about to go to another level of my life; to accept a new depth of learning.

As humans we all must find our way into comfort within our body. This is less easy than most count, if they are aware of the experience. You have made your way to this place. You have learned to journey along yourself. Look at the pattern you have created.

I looked, and was silenced down to the center of my thoughts. Even my memory, which I hadn?t realized was moving, came to a rest.

?What do I do with this??

Compassion. Look at where you you?ve been and what you?ve done. What you see here is an image of your whole pattern, including the future. So many paths to tread.

With this, I felt me desire well up, and my need to let go, with a yearning I could not comprehend. I looked at her and swallowed at the sight of her beauty, and I wanted her.

That?s right. Let yourself feel that. Go into the cave, with me here. Reach for the beauty within yourself: where it is, and where it never leaves. Feel what it?s like to be honest with yourself about this one thing, that you are the source of all the beauty you perceive.

I listened.

Go deeper, where and any fear of judgment does not exist. You don?t have me, but you can feel me, you can feel my pleasure. I?m not going to give it to you. I honor that only you give it to yourself.

I felt myself let go into this invitation. I was letting go into orgasm which was a living metaphor for truth of my existence, and this moment of approach to that knowledge felt so beautifully authentic. Then I saw that the mirror in her hands was the axis point through which the center of the universe was strung. Emotionally I experienced a sense of inevitability of what was about to happen.

There is a choice in every moment lived consciously.

The movement of my orgasm was so vast and full and distorted that I wondered if she or the mirror or the room could contain it. Her hands were steady. The plateau of the mirror shifted slightly as my own body moved. I studied the pattern in the glass and was suddenly dislodged from space and time and for an instant that seemed to flee from me and rush into me, witnessed the totality of my karma in that smeared dusty pattern.

And then my body gushed, as the air seemed to leak out of the universe, the most beautiful sensation of release and the sound and the vacuum drawing at my ears bestowing imminent death.

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As my body and emotions throbbed and my pearlescent liquid flooded the plateau, I was drawn outward with the air, outward to wherever; I could only go with it, and I groaned in the pleasure and heard myself touch a depth of sound with a physical reality.

I drew what I was sure would be my last breath, which was utterly soaked in the scent of my semen, and which I recognized as amniotic fluid. I was drawn out and through and came suddenly to another level of consciousness groaning in physical form; and I recognized where I was, laying in Siobhan?s lap, nuzzled into what I recognized immediately, and impossibly, was her white dress. I breathed, and I breathed in more deeply her reassuring scent, and her hands lightly clasping my head and neck.

(Posted at Book of Blue) [1]

intimacy self sex

I define my sex, gender & body. You define yours.

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