

9 Heart/Rite

'And Pleasure is the measure of the Working...'
-- Celestial Writ

A week later in my blue velvet cabin, close on w/gentle Electra;
A whiff of hyssop...

Picture two beings, Electra and Myself, floating facing each other in
lotus/pentagram, hands at our folded knees. We are in freefall magical gear,
psychic crowns and balance belts and amplifier body jewels, and we are
largely hugely steeped in
Spice...

We relax into our love connection/our bridge of sighs; we embrace,
return to lotus and

Begin spin/driftng, matching each to the other our
flexures and our curves, our languid limb/rhythms and the songs of our
respiring,

And as amplified sensate beings we both now reach out, and
between our separate reaching single fingertips, almost touching, we cast a
leaping spark of blue...

And in time we draw the spark out to a line, a blue
line formed of our longing,

And now another and now there are two, now
three now five lines linking, more and more lines splaying away between our
fingertips,

And now our fingers flex and weave, leaving the lines in cat's
cradle/a hundred patterning lines of blue that we each in turn pass across to
the other, adding to the pattern as we go, intricate blue butterfly symmetries...

Oh yes, i hear the Celestial music,
The liquid chords restoring
to order my saturate cellular structure...

And thus surprised the stricking
stressbands across my chest release, let go, get gone for good,
And thus
freed i breathe far vaster volumes of charging breath; and thus overfueled,
the seven Great Wheels of energy align along my spine, mightily charge and
now

Loose
their generative forces as color and light...
And w/these forces i now
project around me a sphere of light expressed, an auric nimbus...

*{ ...and now i look to thee, electra, my soulmate and companion, my
innerself made manifest... }*

And note for note Electra is tracking,
tuned like/minded, and her light is as mine and they mingle, and our two
nimbii merge as we stately turn in freefall...

The chamber is large and stasis fields cushion the walls on all six sides...

It is dark and quiet, save for our light and the music that our bods
make, curving through the air...

We open out of lotus and face across an intimate bodspan; we move
at honey/speed and our light w/us likewise,

And settled into this new
alignment i cup my hands before me and breathe into them a prahnic
charge of my own amplified life/force, see it as a sphere, a visualized globe
of dense radiant energy, a solid shape w/heft and mass that i Will into
crystallizing...

Electra does likewise, and we face each other, hold in our
hands these mindformed spheres, each our own, and now we move as
mirrors; arms back, our wrists arc, and now slow/motion we push our
spheres toward each other, launching forward these weighty white/light
plasma/balls in zero/gee...

And as the spheres move ever so slow across the
space, the principles of Newton send us moving ever so slowly opposite,
crown over anklets, spin/driftng toward the walls, where the perfect amount
of give and stasis/recoil send us grinning back toward each other,

Where in
liquid grace we turn in air and catch the spheres oncoming our way, whereon
we are checked and impelled back by the sphere/mass, each of us now
cradling the others' encapsulated gift of thought...

And as i am carried
smoothly back to the stasis/cushioned wall i merge w/this sphere of visioning
sent by Electra, her opening strophe in this courtly game of love...

And
through her eyes I see my male self naked, bod bronzed, scars healed,
unafraid, my long hair all black, my image rippling w/radiant concentrated
power...

And pleased i see Electra smile, exquisite and eloquent, as my
speaking sphere conveys to her my own opening vision...

We connect w/the stasis/cushions and flow now back, each toward
the other. With all the poesy my passioned mind can master i frame a second
sending and give it unto the sphere i will send to her.

In matching motion we close on each other.

In tune, we each release the spheres in our hands; they cross in the
air, two slow/moving comet/trains crossing, two radiant stones dropped down
a well in a mirror dimension...

When we catch them, each the other's, they check our forward
momentum and move us smoothly back into the stasis/cushions once again.
Gratefully we receive and gracefully we rebound, and begin the cycle
anew...

Empathic amplifiers hum and glitter at belt and brow, enhance
our red awareness, move us to shed our robes to better use our bods.
Electra's arms and legs and back glisten and catch the light as she rolls
toward me...

And thus my current sending is more in the realm of Eros as i
awaken to her subtle construction, and familiar comes the delicious urge to
feed sensation to know textures to slide silken flesh to flesh, to know in
every sense, to live as the God Incarnate...

My sendings grow horns, Pan for
Aphrodite, the hunger of our bods augmented, transmitted, LINKED!

And
now we coast unto each other, and now our hand/spheres sail away and fade
as we release them,

And i know her heat as my own, i see her moist lips part,
jewelry drifting away, spheres gliding past, all triumphant disarray...

Oh skin
so pale so passion/warm, subtle breasts so pleasing to my lips, warm curves
rounding to my hands, sounds of pleasure mingling;

I dissolve into sensation,
the skinsoft signals wafting synaptic on my wide opening paleo/senses, my
seven centers triggering w/every wanton slide of Electra thigh, compassionate
caresses/neuron cascades, a ramping charge of aureole magic, labial magic
the Central Penetralia, the Houses of Exuberance, The Holy Fires of
Zarathustra, the pulsing blood of the Goat/horn God in muscles strained
in leaping thrusting

The Great Rite! The Great Rite!

Magic is love, springs from love, creates love...
We have magic together, once then again.

We drift naked/languid/spent
breathing ragged/deep
our musk and brimstone recent
our amber chamber dark

And soft the smoke/the grayness melts us
out of the i and thou
the envelope of skin
opens us unto the All
frees us
everywhere/anything/everything
and infinitely outward
flow the ring/ripples
our blue awareness...