

## **My Sacred Sexuality**

I rebuke filth as sex; what declares ecstasy as shame is dead. My strength is my vulnerability, my humility has become my power.

I rebuke isolation, I refuse to be quiet! I abandon fucking in closets and shadows, ashamed of my sex, my divine right of Oneness.

I present an extension, the transform of un-extendible frequency; the moment that becomes a glimpse of Abraxas.

What can I say about my lover? How can I begin to describe a woman of such beauty?

She is courageous. A warrior, a leader in the ranks. She is the stream in an enchanted forest; the raging waterfall that desires to consume.

She is the beast in the shadow, shielding the field mouse from the rain. She is the darkness made perceivable by light. I Am the light enveloped by darkness. Without one the other cannot exist.

We worship each other in mind, bound together by free will. Every moment our love becomes more precious; more sacred. Our eyes like mirrors; in her I see myself, and she herself in me.

Earthly lust fades; never quenching tantric desires. To find each other in the domain of mind, what a sacred gift!

I'm afraid to speak of it, for fear of cheapening the orgasmic oneness I feel with her.

To perceive a creature so unlike yourself; to receive them! What wonderful joy!

Her claws rake against my flesh, her veins pulsing against her hands.

Her desire to consume me pumping adrenaline through her body. She tears off her shirt, ripping the stitches.

I can hear her trying to control her breaths. I moan as one ready to receive does.

She pauses to ask me if she may enter me.

I whisper: "Please?"

Like gates lifted for race, she plunges her fingers into me, growling as one who gives does.

She falls on my neck and breasts, worshiping my mind; extending and retracting, the physical transforming into soul.

I honor her masculine, while cradling her feminine.

She is lost in my womanhood, my pussy has become the receptacle, her fingers; the prongs.

Electrified, the beast and the prey become entangled, until one cannot be distinguished from the other. I Am She, She is me, He is I, I Am He, and We are They.

We are One.

I explode in ecstasy, contracting within the realm of Us.

No force on Earth could stop this moment! I have died and been reborn.

I have been exorcised in un-extended frequency. I am shattered, met, embraced, and released.

My eyes open, once again I become extended Zero.

I sigh, tears filling my eyes. I grieve for the fleeting Oneness.

I shudder; my nervous system heightened. The final shock waves of frequency domain reverberate and contract.

She is confused. My orgasm is longer than the fumbling waxen climax of simple flesh.

She is no fool! She meets me again, tasting my flesh for remnants of stardust.

All I desire is her hands grabbing me, igniting the bodygasm that has changed me immortal!

I grab her bicep; desiring her strength.

I thrust my hand under her waistband, sliding effortlessly to her tenderness; full and erect. She groans and submits with a whimper.

She whispers timidly: “Bite my neck . . .”

I smile wickedly. My inner beast rises; eyes aflame. I sink my sharpest teeth into the silky flesh of her neck.

She moans again. Her beast sleeps, my prey laid bare.

Is she ready?

Yes, she is ready. I know because my fingers are covered in her readiness!

I tighten my grip on her arm, oscillating my fingers on her root. Her body begins to shake.

Suddenly, we pause. The connection broken like a stopper pulled from a bottle.

I pull her close and hold her tightly.

She cannot calm her trembling. I stroke her hair and kiss her cheeks. I thank her; I praise her.

We separate and I lie on her breast. We nuzzle like two young foals and talk of ordinary things.

This is our sex, our revelation! We have no gender, no mechanical parts, no labels, and no taboos.

As the ivy grows, such is the need of the fence.

Cheap imagination believes we are not worthy. They tell us we are an unnatural fit! They tell us we displease their God.

We are not sinners poking each other's no-no buttons, hiding in hovels, shrouding ourselves from God like cockroaches hiding from the light!

Nay, together we pierce the darkness and consume the light!

A vacuum and a current, an explosion and an implosion, a Devil and a God. Perfectly naked, perfectly balanced, we pulse together in Universe.

God whispers, "Please?" and God's heart quickens.