

Of Rivers And Oceans

I was 8 when my mother first caught me
Lying on the floor, in a locked room
Touching myself and moaning only very slightly.
She peeked in through the window into what was
My personal discovery of magic in my own skin
The magic of churning guts and tickling pleasures.

She cornered a frightened me the next minute
and asked, 'What if even I began to touch myself,
Locked up in a room, all day? Who will cook?
What will you eat? These are bad things!
If you do them again, I will punish you!'
A pair of eyes followed me wherever I went, henceforth.

I was 15 when I first read their books
Which told me how releasing the 'semen'
In waking life, was equal to a sin.
But in sleep, when we only dreamed of a come,
It was not bad. I was glad to have my childhood lessons
Justified and glorified by a great man.

I never thought about the nature of dreams.
That, asleep, we were still looking at ourselves.
We were the ones deriving pleasure, even in the
Dreams. And most importantly, it never occurred
To me, that women never had 'semen',

Neither in nor out of their body.

I was 18 when a woman left me
With broken shivers of pleasure.
It would be incorrect to say that
She gave me pleasure. Because,
I used her like an object to rub against
And actual revel in the forbidden nature of the act.

I sat before a temple, the next morning,
With her next to me like a clueless goat.
I apologised to her for what happened.
It was a sin. A bad thing that I had done.
I had released the energy consciously,
And more so with another woman!

I was 21 when a man left my shin
bones, sounding with a crack of pleasure.
As he whipped his tongue against my soft skin,
The awkward tangles in my shin bone
Reordered themselves as I climaxed
Giving out a loud shriek that surprised him!

But before he could tell me the reason,
For his surprise, he rushed into the toilet.
Feeling pukish and positively disgusted.
His spits in the basin had my rush halted.
'How much were you pleased man!'
To which I could only return a mysterious smile.

And then, it was a little boy's face,
On a big man's body, that kissed my toes.
Teased my inner thigh, licked my ear,
Tortured me with tickles I was forbidden
To respond to. 'It's science, we are tickled in places
That are too personal. Human instincts. Control them!

And let me in your personal places.', he commanded.
I couldn't help but surrender to his mysterious charm.
The charm of a musician who touches your soul
But with all his technicalities in sum whole.
He then took me in his big arms like his guitar,
Between the wide legs and beneath the drooping neck.

I was a newborn, naked child in that moment
Resting in her mama's arms, touching her skin so warm.
Safe and Loved. He looked me in the eyes and
Slid the left hand's long fingers at my fret board.
Nails chopped off for ease of holding the strings,
The smooth fingers began pressing the precise notes.

And I began singing out loud his melodies.
My back arched itself on his right arm, my left
Breast reaching higher up to his lips which he kissed
And then licked and then sucked and then played.
He was being a child too, playing with his mama's body.
Safe and Loved. 'Hang on to me completely now!', said he.

Never had I ever released so much of entangled energy
From every inch of my body. Wherever he touched me
With his lips, tongue or skin, I burned hot with heat.
For a moment, I tried to escape all the heat and think,
Think about the ridiculous nature of our posture
Or the sticky wetness of our sweating skin.

Or the fact that this was the man who had raped me
On our first night together. Left me bruised and
Even bleeding a bit the next day. 'He was only
Learning to play the guitar, forgive him!'
Spoke a voice from my heart, somewhere deep in my navel
Where his pleasures were reaching deep!

And I surrendered all of my self, to him.
I gave in all my walls and dams
To let my rivers flow and gush through
No longer scared of emptying myself
Of all my energy. After all, a river did not
Empty herself into the ocean. She united with him!

Alive In The Deep

Shh...hear the darkness. For, the dark has a voice now.

Shh...look at the silence. For, the quiet has been lit up now.

You are witnessing life, life in the deep. Where it imprints silhouettes on the blue velvet. To be heard and to be seen. That is how it announces its presence.

Slow down...to hear the story it has to tell. The story of life as a whole.

Slow down...to look at what it's made of. The dangerously fragile parts making up its whole.

Wonder if you too are a fragile part of another whole? Broken and incomplete in your bare existence, identified only by the whole made.

Sit still...and let the story flow into you. Into your guts and your throat and even your solid bones.

Sit still...and be engulfed in its terror. The terror of death. Rending, horrifying but without stopping.

Be amazed at its effortless flow into you, despite the pain and the rend. Remember the familiar forgotten flow -in the deep, in the blue, in the womb.

As you leave...remind yourself of a giant spider web of fragile strands. With each one conjoined to the next, as if its own life depended on that tender connection.

As you leave...remember how you already know it in your heart, that it truly does.

The wise old man may be right after all. We are islands in the ocean. Parted on the surface but connected in the deep. We do save another to be saved by an other one day. That is how life expands oceans to fill in. That is how tiny pipes of spit make webs of life to live in.

Shh...come...sit still...and remember what it is to be alive in the deep.

(Written in response to an interpretative dance performance titled Deep. Choreographed by artist Wendy Fehlen.)

Out of necessity! Out of menacity!

Return the call of the summons,
urging, as they are raging
into the vacuum of space
Out of necessity! Out of menacity!
urging you to rage ahead
into the vacuums of your mind
wild, and with ferocity
Out of necessity! Out of menacity!
and nourish its vacuum with
the water of knowledge and passion
so pristine, piercing the soul
Out of necessity! Out of menacity!
To evaporate, condensate, precipitate
into space, to dissolve, absolve,
evolve, into your inner emptiness
Out of necessity! Out of menacity!
Have every cell of your body, adhere
like the vapours, to one and the other
cell by cell - vapour by vapour
so when you finally rain on this world
you are one and not so many
yet the One empowered by so many
Out of necessity! Out of menacity!

(Written in response to a Nat Geo Wild video titled Incredible Skies)

The Greatness Poem

We are born to live, and live for
the beautiful things She has for us-
the sun, the stars,
the smiles, the flowers,
the love, of mother, of sister and brother
the scent of a woman, her eyes and her shoulder,
the touch of a man, firm and yet tender
the ecstasies of freedom, and
the solitude of boredom
the brilliance of an idea, bold and free flyer
the infinite in the finite,
sands one with the starry night

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P.S. We are born to die for anything that prevents the above from being the only
important thing in our lives.

I Want To Love You Faceless . . .

I wish tonight to be a spirit
so I can traverse around your body
without bothering you with the rough drafts of my physicality.

I wish to just touch you,
breathe you in, in an osmotic relationship
which only moves in one direction, to you.
So I can dissolve myself in
you and touch you all over with my breath.

Then my hair won't bother your nose
nor will my heavy hips hurt your arms
or my drunken eyes put you on crossroads
with their brutal wish to be loved by you.

You want to fulfil the wish and
you still want to do the right thing.

I want to be unaffected by your rightness
By the lack of love it creates for me.

I want to simply be contented in being able
to touch you all over, inside out
being able to love you all over, within and without.

I want to experience you in all your facets,
the dark and the light all alike.

I want to immerse in the darkest depths of your ocean
and see if I can survive it.

I want to find a pearl there somewhere
Of love or wisdom or truth or ecstasy.

I want to be blinded of all my frailties

in the light of your soul
so I can shine bright in your flames
of light and of warmth.

I want to be a formless, bodyless, faceless entity
so I can love you without any conditions,
with a love pure as the pearl drop
before it has even formed.

I want to know what would that feel like.
Would you still feel like my love
is short of healing your tender heart
Which is held captive right now,
by the metal of your brain.

Once there, able to see me faceless,
Loving me for the flowing river I am
I want you to lose your masks as well
becoming the ocean that mouths me in.
Then all my released energy
Will be yours to have
Then the energy you lose in your waves
Will not reduce the depths of your waters.
You will be unafraid to come
Into the kingdoms of pleasure,
Not guilty, Not like a thief
But like the mighty ocean
Releasing all the waves up into the air
Wild and beautiful, alive with a flare
The smile of knowing on your face
That it will all come falling down back

to where it belonged where it began,
but in between the cycles of rising and falling
Breathing and dying,
You would have lived.