

10 LETTING GO

We were sitting in a circle in the living room, on chairs and couches, masturbating.

“Layla, how much pleasure can that chubby body of yours handle?” Mykonos asked.

“What do you mean?” Layla wondered.

“I mean, my dear, can you feel God in your cunt?”

“I think so.”

“Mm-hmm. Just as I thought,” Mykonos grinned.

Mykonos, Lemuel, and I stroked our cocks while Layla rubbed her genitals.

“Clitoral orgasms are fine,” Mykonos said, “but your cervix is where it’s at, Layla. You know, you can touch yourself, or have your pussy licked, and there’s nothing wrong with that. You can shiver your twat as much as you want. But to be *really* fucked, your whole pussy has to open, like a surrendered heart, purring like a cat, swooning open in love, throbbing open beyond the moon’s light as your heart is given over to God’s fuck. Rubbing your clit isn’t it.”

"It feels good to me," Layla said.

"That's because feeling good is good enough for you, my little princess. Look at her," Mykonos said to Lemuel and me, "screwing up her face like she's about to get that rush of pleasure she wants so bad. Holding her breath and clamping down on her hoity energy, keeping it all locked up in that pretty little pussy of hers, building it up so she can do her thing. And when it's over, she'll still complain, you know what I mean, gentlemen?"

"I think Layla likes to complain," Lemuel said with a smile.

"All women like to complain," Mykonos laughed. "It's their way of foreplay. If you buy into it, the game never ceases. She criticizes you, you feel belittled and defend yourself, she criticizes you for being weak, and so on. You don't know how to treat a woman if you argue with her. She wants one thing, and one thing only, gentlemen. She wants to be fucked. There, have I said it? And I'm not talking about licking her clit, or putting your pecker in her and pumping a few times. I'm talking about fucking her to God, you know?"

"I don't think I've ever fucked a woman to God," Lemuel confessed.

"Lemuel, first you've got to learn how to leave Shaker Heights behind!"

"I haven't puked in a long time, Mykonos!"

"That's good. But it takes more than that. You've got to kill your father and fuck your mother, you know? You've got to leave your childhood behind and be a man. You've got some strange image

of yourself—you're the underdog, your dick is too small, you don't think you're as good as your friends here. It's time to let all of that go, Lemuel. What do you feel when you stroke your cock?"

"Well, it feels good."

Mykonos smiled, shook his head, and looked down, grimacing in mock frustration.

"You and Layla, feeling good. Look, we all know that when you rub your clit or stroke your dick it feels good. Hmmm? That's not what *fuck* is about. That's not what we are here for—at least I hope not! Feeling good is for people who are afraid to feel God."

"I'm not afraid to feel God," Layla said, still rubbing between her legs.

Mykonos looked at her face and imitated her expression: a staid woman having some tea while doing needlework.

"C'mon, that's not what I look like," Layla said, annoyed.

"Layla, do you trust men?" Mykonos asked.

"Trust them for what?"

"To enter you."

"Well, some men."

"Who?"

"Well, nobody right now. But I have trusted men."

"So you've totally received a man into your heart and body? Actively received him, worshipped his cock, sucked him into you so deep no part of you was unknown to his penetration? Hmmm? Have you opened yourself and taken him in so deep your heart is opened wider than the greatest love you have ever felt?"

“Well, I’ve opened to a man, but not that much.”

“Mm-hmm. And why not?”

“Well, I’m afraid to lose myself.”

“Yes, exactly. And that, my dear, is why your cunt is afraid of pleasure.”

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“My cunt isn’t afraid of pleasure.”

“Your clit isn’t afraid, but your cunt is. When was the last time your cervix pulsed as wide as the universe, so that your body radiated as God’s bliss in waves to infinity—so you lost yourself entirely, gone, I mean really gone, so great is the bliss of love’s surrender?”

“How can my cunt be as big as the universe, Mykonos?”

“Layla, you have never been fucked.”

“I want to be fucked,” Layla said quietly as she stopped masturbating. She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. Her whole body softened.

“I really do, Mykonos,” Layla continued. “But I’m afraid. What happens if I give myself to a man and get hurt? How do I know he’ll stay with me? I’ve worked a long time to trust myself, to not need a man to feel good about my life.” Layla stopped talking and more tears welled in her eyes. “I know I’ve never really opened or given myself to a man completely. And now I’m afraid I’m getting old and I’ll never find a man who I can trust.”

“So, you’re giving us a little Pi R Boo-hoo, are you? Your emotional geometry isn’t going to work here, Layla. You might want your clit licked by a royal schmengie who bows at your painted

toes, you might want to cry all comfy in the arms of your wealthy lover, but I'm not your boy, Layla. Look around this room. This isn't the place for you to find a daddy you can finally trust to do you like you always wanted. And this isn't Shaker Heights," Mykonos added, glancing over at Lemuel.

"This moment is as God as it gets, and it's the only home you'll ever have, the only beloved you will ever truly know, even in the form of your loyal, mustachioed lover, Layla. If you are looking for a better moment—or a better lover—you might as well sew that thing up right now," Mykonos said with a big smile, looking between Layla's legs.

"Daddy isn't just going to take care of you, he's going to obliterate you. Mommy isn't just going to feed you from her tit, she's going to eat you. The refuge you dream of is also the place of your crucifixion—right now, this very moment. Can you feel it? You want a man you can trust before you give yourself completely, Layla. So you are waiting, unblissful and unopen, before you will offer yourself to be claimed by God's fuck. But any man you ever meet is going to betray you. I guarantee it. Not because men are evil. But because this is a place of changes, and unless you are already submitting to the Great One's fuck—right now and in every moment—you will feel betrayed by change. Can you open your cunt now? Can you receive the force that obliterates you to the ends of time, the force that fills you as large as the universe spreads? Why do you think they call it the Big Bang, Layla? The force of the universe—the force of God—is the force of fuck. And this force, right now, is opening as you. Will

you consent to open? Can you receive that force of opening so deep in your heart and body that your little fatty wagon vanishes in the perfect agony of love's bliss? Hmmm?"

Layla was rocking back and forth, touching herself again. She was breathing deeply and her body seemed soft and vulnerable. Her mouth opened and closed. She seemed about to have an orgasm, but instead of holding her breath and clamping down and squealing—as we had all seen her do before—she continued opening and breathing.

"Lemuel," Mykonos shouted, "breathe it down to your cock! Do not be afraid. Why are you hiding? Show us your face. Show us your cock. Show us your happiness. Allow your pleasure to be bigger than your fear. Hmmm? Can you feel your body, Lemuel?"

"Yes."

"Who are you? Who is feeling the body?"

"I am."

"Yes, but who are you? What are you? Where are you, feeling your body?"

Lemuel closed his eyes and continued stroking his cock. Suddenly he smiled and opened his eyes.

"You are bigger than your pecker, aren't you Lemuel?" Mykonos asked.

"Yes."

"How big are you, hmmm? Feel as wide as you can feel, and tell me, how big are you, my friend?"

"Really big. I can't feel where I stop."

“Exactly, my friend. Your mommy and daddy aren’t here with you, your pecker is disgusting, and you don’t stop! Fuck as big as you can feel. Right now, open as fuck, holding nothing back!”

“I’m going to come!” Lemuel shouted.

“Shoot it up the spine, Lemuel. Breathe it down your front, breathe it back from your pecker and breathe it up your spine. Feel upward, Lemuel. Feel upward and let the energy go up.”

“I can feel it going up,” Lemuel said, his eyes turning upward so that the whites showed, his whole body vibrating.

“Good. Now don’t forget who you are. Feel outward to infinity, even as the energy goes up. Let go of everything, even the pleasure. Open your heart as wide as you can feel. Feel as wide as God goes. Now open your eyes, Lemuel. Look at Layla.”

Lemuel opened his eyes wide and looked into Layla’s eyes. They were both masturbating furiously. Lemuel was still vibrating and Layla rocked back and forth, mouthing and mewling.

“Lemuel, feel into Layla’s heart. All she wants is love. Give her all your love. Love this woman more than you’ve ever loved. Feel yourself fucking her open, feel into her, feel into her heart, opening her as wide as you can feel, wider than you are willing to feel, so wide you die open with her. Is your body vanishing, Lemuel?”

“It’s getting hard to feel my body. Everything is all bright, all clear.”

“Keep pumping your cock, Lemuel. Breathe the force down into your body, filling your belly and cock, and then let it rise up your spine, feeling into Layla all the while, fucking her open wider

and wider with love's force. Let it all go. Let *everything* vanish as you give your love. Let your body go as you feel more pleasure than you've ever allowed. Layla, let it spread from your twat. Open your cunt up to your heart. Open your cunt bigger than your body."

"Yes," Layla sputtered, "yes, cunt, fuck, ah! Oh, God!"

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"Open more," Mykonos said quietly. "Be willing to die open as bliss. Now is the only time. Don't just give or take fuck. *Be* fuck! Be open *as* fuck. Full as light, more life than you've ever allowed, blown open, taken to God, letting love open you, surrendering and letting the Great One fill you, open you, live you!"

Mykonos sat in silence for a while, stroking his genitals, and occasionally offering direction to Layla and Lemuel when they needed it. I continued masturbating, but the immensity of fullness far outshined any sense of my body's boundaries or pleasure.

"Now," Mykonos proceeded, "would you feel the same bliss if your body was being burned at the stake? Would you feel the same openness if you were being tortured? If your friends here were drowning before your eyes, and you could do nothing about it, could you feel the boundlessness of God? This moment is no different than any moment. Sex is useful because our bodies are built to surrender through sex. But it's not about sex. It's about the Great One, the love that lives as every moment, good and bad."

I wasn't sure that Lemuel and Layla were listening to Mykonos. They seemed lost in the froth of their own enjoyment.

"Right now, feel farther than your pleasure," Mykonos instructed. "Pleasure is fine. Pleasure is good. But one day, you may be

feeling pain. One day, in fact, you may feel nothing—absolutely nothing. Could you open if you were feeling nothing, no body, no mind? Or would you clench if suddenly everything began to disappear? Imagine your body becoming cold and numb. Mind confused and fading. Everything becoming dark—and now nothing. Not a single thing. Are you ready for that? Or do you still need a boyfriend you can trust?” Mykonos laughed, looking at Layla.

Layla didn’t answer.

Lemuel suddenly grunted, “I’m coming!”

“Show us your pleasure, Lemuel! There is nothing to hide. We *are* you! Feel outward to infinity! Open wider than this *room!* Orgasm as huge as the Big Bang!”

Lemuel opened his mouth and shouted as he came. Layla began sounding loudly, “Ohhh! Ohhh!”

“Soften your forehead, Layla,” Mykonos said tenderly. “Soften your head and open your cunt as if you were receiving God’s cock wider than the stars. Give yourself open to God, Layla! Die open in God’s fuck like you’ve always wanted to!”

Layla began sobbing as she rocked back and forth, touching herself between her legs, tilting her head back, mouth opening, arching her spine, legs fluttering like a butterfly, mouthing unintelligible words, moaning, crying, shuddering in love’s torment.

“What a place!” Mykonos said to me, talking quietly, allowing Layla and Lemuel their awesome pleasure. “Look at your friends here. They are so beautiful, so full of light. But imagine that you could see through their skin. Hmmmm? What would you see? Blood,

pus, and excrement. Bile, mucous, and urine. It's just a piece of meat, that cock or pussy you want so much. And if you could see it even more, down to the molecules and atoms, you would see mostly space, you know? Nothing here is worth clinging to—it's all just rotting meat, dancing electrons, and empty space—yet that is all most people do, cling to the withering flesh they have, and wait for something better to save them from the emptiness they dread.

“Everyone occupies their time while they wait for *the* big fuck, the thing they hope will finally make them happy, and all the while they are clamping down their pus-sack bodies, enjoying a few minutes of pleasurable dribble in an otherwise utterly boring day, holding back their hearts while they wait for a mommy or daddy who could save them and make them feel loved, denying God's fuck with the dumb, relentless churn of their doubting mind, resisting the Great One's love, the ever-present Big Bang of God's love exploding as everything they see and don't see, missing God appearing now while absorbing their terror in work and kids and whatever people do.

“Have I gone too far?” Mykonos asked.

“No, you haven't,” I answered.

“Why can't you let go of Gia?” Mykonos suddenly asked me.

“I love her.”

“I know you do. What else?”

I tried to feel into “what else.” Rebecca and I shared an opening of love that felt endlessly deep, yet I still felt Gia in my heart. What was I feeling? Why did I feel Gia so often, wanting to talk with her

every day, worrying about her when she was ill or dealing with some problem in her life? Why couldn't I let go?

"Mykonos," I said, doing my best to answer, "I just feel Gia is my dearest companion in life. I feel her in my heart all the time."

"Fine. Every man should love a woman before he dies. What else? Hmmm?"

I could actually feel Gia in the center of my heart, like a soft mass of familiar love.

"I'm comfortable with Gia. She is in my heart always. She feels like home."

"Yes. And you are afraid to leave home."

"I am afraid to leave Gia, to let go of her love."

"It's not her love you are afraid of letting go, my friend. It's the sense of home her love gives you. The familiar. It feels so good, knowing Gia will always love you, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"She is completely devoted to you. She's not a cock worshipper like Michelle, but a truly one-man-devoted woman. And knowing she is at your side *forever* gives you comfort."

"Yes. She is always there for me."

"Oh, is she?" Mykonos asked.

"Well, almost always."

"She's not your mother. As good as her love feels, as warm as her love fills your heart, you are clinging to the tit and missing the moment's depth. You are afraid to be totally alone—that is, so open there is no other. NO OTHER!" Mykonos shouted. "You need an

other so you can be assured of yourself. And the other you want—the one that gives you most assurance—is your mother. You want to feel her warmth, her smell, her support, her devotion to you—you won't let go of that."

"You're right. I'm holding on to Gia's love because I'm afraid to be alone without her," I admitted. "But sometimes I *do* open so fully there is no other. Even then, when I'm that open, it hurts to love Gia and let her go. My heart hurts feeling how much I love her."

"Yes, love hurts," Mykonos said. "You must learn to live wide open, hurting open with love. Not holding your love back—I've never told you to stop loving Gia—but always letting go of the false 'homes' you build out of fear. We are comfortable in our *rooms*. They protect us. They give us a sense of belonging and security—but they aren't real, and you know that."

"Yes," I said. "I do know that. But there are still lots of times when I'm afraid to let go of the most precious *room* in my life. And my heart still hurts with love. The other day I was looking into Rebecca's eyes. We were both wide open, loving each other without holding back. There was no other, as you say, only love loving love through two bodies. Her eyes were filling with tears. My heart was aching with love—if I were to love any more I would burst. Suddenly, I felt Gia in my heart. I'm opening with Rebecca as deeply as I've ever opened with Gia, and still I feel Gia in my heart! Rebecca felt like a stranger."

"You have been with Gia for what—fifteen years?" Mykonos asked. "It's natural for you to feel her in your heart. But what are

you afraid of? Why won't you let go of the form of your relationship—of *all* form—while you continue to love Gia? And Rebecca? And everyone? Hmmm? Why isn't love sufficient? Why do you need to hold on to an other? Even while opening your heart beyond hold, loving so open it hurts, what are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid to let go of a woman who loves me completely."

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"That, my friend, is your problem."

Mykonos turned his head to look at Lemuel and Layla. Lemuel was lying back relaxing, his penis softening, a smile on his face. Layla had stopped touching herself, but she was still moving her legs together and apart, her eyes closed.

"Our beautiful friends here, they are each in their *rooms*. Infinity surrounds them—is them—and yet they prefer to attend to their personal cocoons of sensual and emotional pleasure. That's how it is when things feel good—you want to oink into the feeling of goodness like a pig. You like the *room* you share with Gia, and you are afraid of losing it, because you need an other to comfort you, a place, a familiar mind and body and feeling of relationship. You can soothe your suffering—your terror of death, of infinite chaos, of no thing—while you groove on an orgasm, or on that warm feeling in your heart you get when you think of Gia. But it's not going to last, and your entire need to feel an other—even lovingly—is always riding on that fear. "

"But that doesn't mean I shouldn't love Gia."

"Of course not. Open inside the *room* and outside the *room* at the same time, my friend. Love Gia with all of your heart. Feel

your heart ache as you open to love her even more. And also feel how you cling to the sense of an other—mommy, the goodness of her love, the warmth of her, your sense of being at home with her. You cling to an other—and especially to the comfort and assurance of an other’s love—because you are afraid of death. And that is what limits you. Love Gia completely, and let her go. Love Rebecca completely, and let her go. Love everyone, every moment, fully, achingly, and let it all go. Let go so you don’t even know where you are, so all *rooms* of familiarity have slithered away in the fullness of love’s bright release. There is nothing, absolutely no thing!”

“I can feel my fear of total nothingness.”

“Yes. And that is why you are afraid to let go of Gia, and why Rebecca’s love doesn’t feel the same. Rebecca’s love—even when it is full—doesn’t have the familiar flavor, the smells of home, the fresh baked bread, the support that Gia has always given you. Rebecca doesn’t feel like home—yet. Her love still opens as the ungraspable, unknowable fullness of no thing. So you miss Gia’s familiar textures. You miss mommy. You miss the home you know.”

Mykonos sat silently for a few moments, watching Layla and Lemuel relax in their pleasure.

“There comes a time when you’ve got to fuck your best friend in the ass and say goodbye,” Mykonos said, looking at Lemuel.

I had known Lemuel even longer than I’d known Gia. If there was one person in the world who I felt more at home with than Gia, it was Lemuel.

“I’m not saying you shouldn’t love,” Mykonos continued. “I’m not saying that at all. Your love for Gia and Lemuel is beautiful. But you are holding onto the love you know, and you are unwilling to trust the love that is unknown, that can never be known. You are afraid to leave home, my friend, with no ground beneath you and no *room* to shelter you. You are afraid to die open with no form. No praise or blame. Everyone is afraid. At some point, though, whenever you are ready, you will have to pass through that absolute terror. Knowing nothing. No thing. Nada. Dying completely, and finding out what, if anything, continues. To love completely and hold onto nothing—that is the only freedom.”

I remembered lying in bed and snuggling with Gia. Laughing with her so many times over so many years. Opening with her and sharing our deepest secrets, our fears, our real dreams. We gave each other our lives. Together we stepped into the world and offered our gifts. I wasn’t ready to let go of that completely. I wanted to feel the possibility of it continuing, knowing Gia was with me, or at least waiting for me.

“Layla,” Mykonos asked, “what would you do if suddenly you found yourself without a body?”

“I’d be the light of the moon,” Layla answered.

“Yes, I believe you would,” Mykonos laughed.