

## 2 WILD NIGHT

I had moved into a larger home that I was renting. Mykonos arrived early in the evening. He was wearing shorts and a tank top, his eyes shining from the crag of his face, which looked as old and weathered now as it had 30 years earlier in photos he showed me of his time in Vietnam. He still had that intense look in his eyes he called being “on patrol.” Mykonos was always on patrol. The Vietnam War had been over for a long time, but for Mykonos, the “holy war” of spiritual life, as he called it, continued.

“Do you have any sake?” he asked.

I didn’t, but I knew a nearby liquor store that probably carried the Japanese beverage. By now, I was no longer afraid of drinking alcohol. I used to pride myself on health and purity, meditating every day on a special cushion in a sacred spot reserved in my house for spiritual practices. Now—thanks to the teachings of Mykonos—whether I was sober or drunk, on the beach or in a bar, every moment was an equal opportunity to practice opening to the Great One. We had spent a lot of time

together, and I had grown to trust the scurrilous and impure ways of Mykonos's madness.

"I'll go to the store and get some sake," I said.

When I returned home, after buying more than I thought we'd ever use, Mykonos showed me how to heat sake in a pot of water on the stove. Up until now, we had only drunk beer.

14

"Sake should be as warm as the skin on the inside of a woman's wrist," he informed me.

When the sake reached the proper temperature, we began drinking.

Looking deeply into my eyes, Mykonos raised his glass and toasted, "To the Great One."

"To the Great One," I replied.

"Why don't you invite some of your friends over to drink sake with us?" Mykonos asked.

Mykonos was not a social person, so I was surprised by his invitation. I made a few phone calls to my closest friends that I thought were primed—most had been involved in spiritual practices for a long time and were eager to meet Mykonos—and invited them to the house. I had been getting together with Mykonos for almost a year by myself, and I was excited and a little nervous at this opportunity for Lemuel, Paco, Zelda, and Layla to encounter Mykonos.

Mykonos and I drank and talked at the kitchen table, waiting for everyone to arrive.

"Your friends—do they like sake?" Mykonos asked.

“They’ll drink with you, Mykonos.” I actually doubted any of them had tasted sake before.

“Too bad most people are afraid to let go of their thinking mind and feel beyond to what is greater, to love,” Mykonos said. “Resistance to love is pretty strong. Drugs and alcohol and sex—such sacraments can serve to relax your mind and help open you to the Great One. Of course, they can also relax your mind and turn you into an oinking pig. It all depends on whether you open out to the Great One or in to your own impulses.”

“To the Great One,” I said, raising my glass.

Mykonos raised his glass silently. He looked serious.

When his glass was empty, I refilled it along with my glass. Every time Mykonos drank, I drank. When he spoke, I listened.

“This place,” Mykonos nodded his head toward the whole world, “is not really a place in the physical sense. It is a vision, a realm. Everything you see here, all of your experience, is taking place inside of a *room*.”

He looked into my eyes. His eyes seemed endless, so deep and black. When he looked around the kitchen again, I began to feel everything as a colorful vision floating in space.

“Even these bodies, yours and mine, are appearing inside this *room*.”

Mykonos finished his glass. I refilled our glasses. We drank again.

“Most people, they feel stuck in the *room*. They believe they are physical bodies in a physical room, and that is that. You know?”

Most people spend their entire lives believing that what they see is everything. Until they die. Then it all washes away, and they find themselves in another *room*, bewildered.”

We continued to drink.

16

“Some people get a little spiritual. They have mystical experiences or whatever, and they begin to step outside of the *room*. They realize that they were never in the *room* to begin with, that all the time they thought they were in the *room*, living their little lives, they were actually outside the *room*. All along, they were the space outside the *room*—the deep space of consciousness—but they forgot it, and so they got lost in the goings-on inside the *room*. They got lost in the drama of their little lives and forgot the immensity of who they really are.”

Mykonos looked outside the window and paused.

“Those people,” he continued, “those *spiritual* people,” he said, with more than a hint of sarcasm, “they begin to think the *room* is bad, because it is so brief, so limited. They begin to think that life is bad. And especially, they begin to think that pleasure is bad. Sex is bad. If the *room* changes after death, if it isn’t eternal, why bother?”

Mykonos paused to drink sake, and then continued.

“Yes, my friend, most people are stuck inside the *room*, thinking it is all there is, living their lives dedicated to an ever-changing vision that is going to evaporate sooner or later, and so underneath their fake smiles and fragile relationships they are afraid. Or, they are desperately hoping that it is better to get outside the *room* once and for all, doing their best to get ready to leave the *room*, medi-

tating their way into emptiness, praying their way to heaven—or whatever—being ‘good’ and ‘spiritual’ so they can leave all of these suffering, sexing bodies behind and get outside the *room* of changes, and rest in eternal peace.”

Mykonos drank the rest of the sake in his glass, placed the glass down on the table, turned from the window, and looked directly into my eyes.

“I, however, find it far more interesting,” Mykonos said with a smile, “to be both inside the *room* and outside the *room* at the same time.”

Mykonos held my gaze longer than usual.

And then I felt it. I was trying to escape the *room* through my spiritual practices, trying to achieve some kind of safety outside the *room*. I was not willing to be vulnerable and fully alive in the *room*, and yet, strangely enough, I was also afraid to let go of everything in the *room* and surrender my entire life—my work, my relationships, my ambitions—dying to the *room*, standing eternally outside the *room*, totally free. I was afraid to stay, and I was afraid to go.

“Drink your sake,” Mykonos said, and suddenly I felt the Great One—the same depth I saw in his eyes—alive as everything and everyone. This room, including our two bodies drinking sake, obviously appeared as this free openness, alive as vast love without bounds.

“Yesss. To be outside and inside the *room* at the same time. Why not? Hmmm? Imagine a woman’s body with your body, right now, inside the *room*. Why would you want to avoid that? Hmmm?”

“I wouldn’t.”

“You seem to be inside the *room* drinking with me right now,” Mykonos said. “And yet, you can feel the entire *room* and both of us appearing here. You don’t have to leave the *room* to be free. Right now, you are already free—outside the *room*, so to speak—witnessing all the comings and goings, *and* appearing as a body, feeling, thinking, wanting to fuck, and so forth, are you not?”

“Yes.”

“Can you think of a better way to spend your time inside the *room* than celebrating appearance as love? Dancing with the ladies? Bringing love to this place? Standing outside the *room*, already free, while loving inside the *room*, as a body? Hmmm? Would you rather it be different?”

“No.”

“Good, because that’s the way it is, my friend. If you forget that you are outside the *room*, you begin to feel trapped by life, so you start looking for a way to be free inside the *room*, but you can’t find freedom there. You’re stuck inside the *room* with all its inevitable pain and pleasure and death. Even if things seem pretty good right now, you are constantly tense and afraid, because you know things could get bad any time, and in any case, you will die.”

Mykonos paused to drink some sake.

“On the other hand, if you get a taste of death, or if you get a little spiritual, then you might prefer to be outside the *room*, standing as the clear space, eternally untouched by all this cycling of pain and pleasure. But to do that, to stand outside of it all, you have

to avoid the ladies, you know? Because they'll suck you back into the *room* every time, you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Women or God, that's the traditional choice for so-called spiritual men, you see. But it is a completely unnecessary choice. Women are God, sex is God, *everything* is God, and God is beyond everything, too. My advice to you, my friend, is to dance with the ladies, love them completely, but never forget that you are also outside the *room*, right now. That's what women want from you, anyway. They want to feel you inside the *room*, totally with them, and yet absolutely free and unafraid of life. They want to feel you freely awakened outside the *room*, even while you are pressing your flesh-body against theirs. Hmmm?"

"Yeah, I can feel that."

"Good. Just remember, nobody wants to be free. Not really. Nobody is willing to open as love. That's why I'm always on patrol. More sake!"

As I got up to heat more sake, Zelda walked in.

"Hello, my dear," Mykonos said to her, even though they had never met.

"Hi," Zelda responded.

"Mykonos, this is Zelda," I said introducing them. Mykonos looked her up and down. He smiled and nodded his head.

"Yes," Mykonos said, "I can see where *this* night is going. Would you like some sake, my dear?" Mykonos asked Zelda.

"Sure."

After heating the sake, I poured three glasses.

“Let us drink then,” Mykonos lifted his glass. “To the Great One.”

Zelda and I joined in the toast, and we all drank and talked until Lemuel, Paco, and Layla arrived. Unexpectedly, Dimitri and his girlfriend Michelle also showed up, as did Paco’s new girlfriend, Erin. We all moved from the kitchen to the living room, where we listened to music and danced. Eventually, we all sat down on two couches and listened to Mykonos talk.

“Erin,” Mykonos said after a few hours of drinking sake, “you are a very beautiful woman. Does Paco love you like he should?”

“What do you mean?” Erin wondered.

“Does Paco lo-o-o-o-o-o-v-e you?” Mykonos asked.

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Paco?” asked Mykonos.

“What?”

“Do you love this woman?”

“Yeah, I guess.”

“Mm-hmm. Just as I thought. This is a beautiful woman, Paco.”

“I know.”

“I think Paco needs some more sake,” Mykonos said, laughing.

I began to wonder whether it was a good idea to have my friends get together with Mykonos. Paco, in particular, could be quite moody. Mykonos didn’t seem to mind, though. He was laughing and drinking and swaying left and right as he sat on the couch and spoke.

“Paco, can I ask you a question?” Mykonos asked.

“Sure.”

“Have you *ever* loved a woman? I mean, really, really loved her?”

“Well, I think I have, but I’m not sure what you mean.”

“Then you haven’t,” Mykonos announced. “I think it is time again to dance.”

21

“Wait a minute. Why are you asking me these questions? Does it feel like I’m not loving Erin?”

Mykonos inhaled with a hiss through his front teeth.

“Paco, my friend, what do you feel, right now, in your heart?”

“I don’t know. Not much.”

“Your friends here are going to die. *You* are going to die. Erin is going to die.”

Erin moved on the couch to be next to Paco. Her eyes were moist. She put her head on Paco’s lap, hugging him around his belly.

“This is a fine, fine woman, Paco,” Mykonos said. “She wants to feel your heart. We all want to feel your heart.”

“Well, maybe I don’t want to give you my heart.”

“Fuck you, Paco,” Mykonos said quietly.

We all sat in silence.

“She has great tits,” Dimitri suddenly offered with a sake-fueled smile, gazing at Erin’s nipple-puckered shirt.

“Wow! Indeed she does!” Mykonos chimed in, seemingly delighted at Dimitri’s sudden outburst.

“Erin, would you like to show Dimitri your breasts?” Mykonos asked.

“Yes, I would,” she said, to my surprise. Erin sat up and pulled her shirt off over her head. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and her nipples pointed up at a happy angle.

“And you won’t give her your heart, Paco,” Mykonos said quietly. Then, turning to me, Mykonos shouted, “Why are you still wearing clothes?”

I stood up and took off my clothes, then sat back down on the couch.

“Jesus, you’re hairy,” Mykonos said, looking at my legs.

“Mykonos, why are *you* still wearing clothes?” Layla challenged.

“Because nobody has taken them off of me yet!”

Layla immediately pulled off Mykonos’s tank top and shorts, then took off her own clothes. Lemuel, Zelda, Dimitri, and Michelle followed. Only Paco remained fully clothed.

“Are we all happy to be together?” Mykonos asked.

“Yes,” everybody answered.

“Is there anybody here who is afraid of pleasure?”

“Not me,” Layla answered, teasingly stroking Mykonos’s belly. We were all quite drunk.

“Oh, really?” Mykonos raised an eyebrow at Layla. “How much pleasure have you ever experienced in that chubby little body of yours?”

Layla laughed. Then she spread her legs and began to rub the inside of her thighs as she sat on the couch next to Mykonos. She

slid down so her butt was almost off the cushion, caressing her skin, licking her lips.

“Yesss. These bodies are capable of great pleasure—and pain—during their brief span. Show it to me, ma. Show me your pleasure.”

Layla was really getting into touching herself. Her eyes were closed and she began to moan. She began thrusting against her own hands.

Paco got up and left the room.

“Yesss. Now, Layla my dear, can you take the pleasure from your cunt and let it spread into your heart? Hmmm? Can you open your heart as big as your pussy is open? Breathe that fuck all the way into your heart. Feel your whole body and heart as one big cunt. Wide open. Hmmm? Show us the pleasure of your love, ma, filling your whole body!”

Layla was moving on fire with pleasure, her chest and face flush red. She mouthed words of ecstasy, silently repeating “cunt” and “fuck” as she touched herself with more and more abandon.

I could hear Paco in the kitchen, opening and closing cupboards. Everyone else was watching Layla pleasure herself.

“Open your eyes, Layla. Look at Zelda,” Mykonos said. “Show her your body wide open. Show her your pleasure. Let us all see your body fucked open by God alive as love!”

Layla opened her eyes and continued touching herself. She looked into Zelda’s eyes, and Zelda smiled, shyly. Layla began looking at all of us as she touched herself, her mouth opening and closing. “Cunt,” she said quietly, humping her hand.

“Yesss. Cunt. A cunt as big as love,” Mykonos said, looking at Layla. “Paco!” Mykonos shouted, still looking at Layla. “What the hell are you doing in there?”

“Looking for something to eat,” Paco yelled from the kitchen.

“Have you ever seen a woman open her whole body as love, Paco?” Mykonos shouted. “Layla is opening as big as the universe! Paco, a woman is showing her heart and shining her cunt as God’s light in here!”

“I’m busy,” came Paco’s voice from the kitchen.

Zelda sat down next to Layla and started stroking her, then gently kissing her neck and breasts.

“Women are beautiful, are they not?” Mykonos asked.

“Yes they are!” Dimitri answered, almost jumping out of his chair.

“Women are definitely beautiful,” Lemuel agreed.

“I love women!” Dimitri’s girlfriend, Michelle, answered.

We suddenly realized that Erin was no longer in the room. I got up and looked through the house for Erin, checking the bathroom, the bedrooms, and finally the kitchen, where I found her and Paco sitting at the table, talking.

“I don’t know what you want,” Paco said to Erin.

“I just want you, Paco.”

“You have me.”

“I wish I did.”

“What’s up?” I asked.

“We’re having a personal discussion. We’d rather be alone right now,” Paco answered.

Erin stared down at the top of the kitchen table. I saw Paco's temples bulge as he ground his jaw.

"OK. I'll check in with you later," I said, and went back to join the others.

Layla's eyes were closed as she ran her hands from her knees up the inside of her thighs and back down. Zelda was touching Layla, kissing Layla's breasts. Michele and Dimitri were making out as they danced slowly. Lemuel was drinking sake and smiling.

When I sat down, Mykonos began speaking to me.

"Here we are. It's a beautiful evening. We are dancing, enjoying being alive as bodies. It's warm and the air is moist. But we could be in the desert." Mykonos looked at me intensely. "Imagine it's so dry that your throat is parched. The harsh desert wind is blowing. We are alone. There are no people, plants, or animals for as far as you can see. Can you feel that as the *room* we are in, right now?"

I could feel it. Mykonos had a way of painting the most vivid visions with his words.

"Or maybe we are in the late 1800s," Mykonos continued. "Right now, we are in the midst of a battlefield. Dead bodies lay on the ground around us. Someone is coming at you with a knife. Hmmm? Feel that completely."

Mykonos was changing channels on our minds' TV screen, and the show changed in the *room*. We were in the show—in the desert, or on the battlefield—and also watching the show as it changed from scene to scene.

“When you die, you get sucked back into any *room* that you need. Time only is fixed inside each *room*. From outside the *room*, the 1800’s didn’t happen before the 1900’s. Every place, every time, is happening now, and you can reincarnate into any place, into more than one place and time, whatever you need, whatever you hold onto. Look around the *room* you are in right now.”

I looked at Dimitri kissing Michelle deeply, their tongues darting into each other’s mouth while they swayed together nakedly. I saw Zelda and Layla laughing and touching. Lemuel was watching everyone as he drank. Mykonos began stroking his own penis.

“Most people never grow beyond their teenage mind, wanting to be sexually desired, wanting to be sexually loved. This *room*, this human realm that we find ourselves in, is about sex, primarily. After you die, if you are still fascinated, still attracted by sex—ZAP!—this is the place you come to see. This is the *room* you inhabit. You could be in any *room*. Even now, with a little bit of practice, you can occupy any *room*. You can meditate and enter a *room* of gliding lights, where everything is pastel and gold. You can meditate on an empty *room*, where no thing is. People do that, you know. They meditate for years and go into other *rooms*, other realms, other places.”

Mykonos looked at his empty sake glass, and I filled it for him. He drank, looked around, and continued to stroke his erection.

“You see, there are all kinds of places you can find yourself, *will* find yourself. And yet, they are all just *rooms*. Some are ugly, horrible places, and others are very pleasurable. Like dreams at

night, you will drift in and out of all kinds of *rooms*, in your life and after death. Most people haven't the slightest idea that they are in a *room* right now. They go about their lives as if it were all leading somewhere magnificent. They don't know that it's just one scene after another, all equally—eerily—dissatisfying. Other people get a glimpse. They see that they are in a *room*, and they realize that they can change *rooms*. So they do whatever they have to in order to leave this *room* and get to a better place—meditate, take drugs, pray that when they die they will go to a different *room*, a more heavenly place.”

Mykonos looked at my crotch and looked away. I knew he was suggesting that I stroke myself like he was doing. It felt a bit odd, but I began to masturbate.

“It all looks quite different when you are inside the *room* and outside the *room* at the same time, does it not? Here we are, in a room with naked women, lovers dancing, a little drunk, even *erect*,” Mykonos said, motioning his head toward my crotch. “And at the same time, you can feel the *room*. Yes? You can feel this all appearing. Time itself, appearing in place. What a wonder, hmmm? Standing free, outside of the *room* as the scenes come and go, and yet totally in the *room*, you know? In the *room* with a hard cock, you know what I mean? Not afraid. Not partially in the *room*, because you know it is all suffering, because you want out. But *entirely* in the *room*. So *in* the *room*, you *are* the entire *room*! You are the walls, the floor, you are every body, and you are your hard cock! All of it is appearing, and you are not afraid to be any of it!”

Shivers ran up my spine as Mykonos spoke. I could feel the whole *room* as me, and all of it shimmering as a dream or a movie filled with characters. But I wasn't just standing outside of it, watching it. I *was* it.

"You see what sex is then, don't you? To have no need, no holding, no craven obsession. And yet to be erect, fucking everything open as love, bringing light into this *room*, into this place, into your woman and friends, fearlessly, with no need for victory, with no sense of defeat. Alive as light down to your cock! The war is already won, love-bliss is already the substance of every place that appears and every part of you, and yet the holy war appears to continue in every *room*, so I remain on patrol. I don't know. Maybe I'm mad."

Mykonos took another drink, looked around the room, and then he looked right at me.

"You have nothing to fear. You are already dead. This is the other side," Mykonos smiled while he stroked himself.

"Why is it exactly this way?" Mykonos asked, not waiting for an answer. "I don't know. I can't account for it myself. It is a vast mystery of love, not other than you, hmmm?"

Mykonos sat back and looked around the room. He shook his head and smiled.

"Look at Layla touching herself. Lost in the *room* of her own sensation. And Dimitri, dancing with his bride. Recognized as the Great One, everything is obviously alive as love. Yet every thing and every body turns to shit. Every body here will be buried in the ground in a few years. If anyone really felt where

their little life was going, they would kill themselves in despair, pleasure themselves to death, or go insane—or realize that they are not stuck in the *room* they are seeing. But they don't have to go to another *room*, either, like some goddamn religious zealot. Already, right now, even as this *room* appears, even as any *room* appears, now, during dreams, after death—and we don't really know what this *room* is right now, do we? It could be a vision occurring after our last death, hmmm? It could even be a very real dream we have yet to awaken from—but in any case, right now, you are feeling itself, the deep space of consciousness in which the *room* appears, whatever the *room* is. You are already free, open, unlimited—you don't need to know anything else, or experience one more moment of this or any *room*. Do you have any idea what I'm talking about, mutant?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Yes, you do. But look at Dimitri over there. He's not even in the same *room*, you know what I mean? This isn't a secret teaching. It is self-secret, you know? It may seem like we are all in the same *room*, but look around you. Nobody else can even hear me."

Zelda and Layla were totally absorbed in their own play, and Lemuel had now joined them, rubbing their naked bodies with his hands. Dimitri and Michelle were dancing, kissing, holding onto each other like newlyweds.

"Keep stroking your cock, you hairy bastard," Mykonos said to me. "As you do, look around. Feel the *room*. Breathe it in, the entire appearance. It's a living vision. It is *she*. Don't run from her. Don't

try to find safety. There isn't any. You are either alive as fuck, fully in her even while you stand free, or you are lost in her and feel trapped. And she's gonna do a number on your body in any case. Your body is her food. She's gonna eat you, as all things are eaten and made into other things. Can you feel—as you are—outside of this *room*, even while you stay hard?"

"Yes, I'm able to do that right now."

"Good. Because this is all there is. God. The He and the She of it. And She always comes in two. There always seems like there is a choice. You know, better and worse. Good and bad. Pleasure and pain. But if you believe that, she's got you. There is no choice, no real choice, because she appears as she does, and you are the place of her appearance, you know? You are already free even as she dances, right now. The point isn't to get away from her, my friend. The point is to *be* her. Not as a practice, but as simple love-recognition, because you *are* her. Just relax, feel every part of her, breathe her, love her—love *as* her, with your whole body, including your pecker, no matter how she shows herself to you."

Suddenly, the whole scene seemed like a seedy sex party. The women weren't that attractive to me. Zelda's breasts seemed lifeless. Layla was acting obnoxious. Dimitri and Michelle were in a world of their own. Lemuel seemed very drunk and lost in the novelty of so much naked flesh. Paco and Erin were arguing in the kitchen. It had seemed interesting, but now the whole gathering seemed boring.

And yet, as Mykonos spoke, everything came alive as a vision. The whole scene, the entire appearing world, was *she*, as Mykonos said, showing herself. Mykonos's voice was reminding me over and over of the who, the what, and the where of every scene, of the whole appearance. Even the furniture and the air felt alive as conscious light appearing as love's openness.

31

I wasn't just witnessing the *room*, I was alive as the show itself, recognizing the Great One opening as forms of love. I wasn't just standing outside of the *room*, I was fully *in* the *room*, open *as* the *room*, with a hard cock.

"Yes," Mykonos said, "God is Fuck. I have told you this before. Why be afraid of incarnation? You are appearing as a body in this *room* while also standing as free consciousness outside this *room*. Let go of everything. Be willing to let everything appear and disappear as love. Hmmm? Are you *that* free? Are you willing to stand wide open, alive as everything that comes and goes, even if nothing appears at all? Stand open, now, playing the whole *room* and your entire body open as love, full as love, down to your pecker, down to your toes! Receive the love-force of God down into your head, down into your heart, down into your cock, your feet. Open and let love's force press down into you, like thick water filling you, pressing down into this *room*. Be alive as love without limit. Hmmm? Would you rather contract your heart and body and struggle with women, work, and seeming complication? Do you want to be an asshole, like Paco?" Mykonos asked me.

Just then, I saw Paco entering the living room, his shoulders hunched like a beaten man.

“What’s up, Paco?” I asked.

“Just the usual shit.”

“Paco, is your cock hard?” Mykonos asked him.

“What?”

“Do you have an *e-rec-tion*?” Mykonos asked, sounding out “erection” as if it were a careful pronunciation of a word from a foreign language.

“What are you talking about?” Paco asked, as he noticed we were stroking our cocks.

“My friend,” Mykonos said, “sit down and have some sake with us.”

I poured the last of the sake, and we all drank. Paco mostly stared at the floor.

“What’s wrong with this picture?” Mykonos asked Paco.

Paco remained silent.

“Paco, do you enjoy wearing clothes while everybody else dances naked, showing their flesh to the world, ecstatic and free as love’s body?”

“I don’t care.”

“Paco, look at your friends here.”

Paco looked around the room. He looked at Mykonos and I stroking our genitals, and he shook his head in disgust.

“Do you masturbate, Paco?” Mykonos asked.

“Sometimes.”

“Well, are you ashamed of it?”

“I’m not ashamed of it, but I wouldn’t do it in public.”

“This isn’t public, Paco. We’re among friends.”

“Well, I wouldn’t do it among friends.”

“Why not?” Mykonos asked.

“Because it’s a private thing.”

“Yes, for most people it is, Paco. They hide in their rooms to indulge in secret pleasures while their lives pass in unspoken suffering. But here, among friends, among loved ones, why not share your joy? Why not show your pleasure? Hmmm? Why would you want to hide your body’s pleasure?”

Paco didn’t answer.

“And if you aren’t afraid to show your pleasure, Paco, if you aren’t afraid to *feel* pleasure in your entire body without shame, without fear, without guilt, then maybe you can even open your heart a little bit and shine your love a little bit to all. Your cock is hanging from your heart, you know. Yank that thing while you breathe love down into your heart, into your whole body. Yank your pecker while you open yourself to God, Paco. Be invaded by the force of love pressing down into you and let it open your heart, fill your belly, and enliven your genitals. When your head is relaxed open so love can press down into you, when you can take it deep into your heart like a cunt pressed open by God’s fuck, then you can *be* love, *show* love, and *give* love without fear. Otherwise, what is sex but a little trickle of energy through the nervous system, a spastic release of middle-class tension?”

“But I’m not sexually turned on right now,” Paco explained.

“Of course not. Your chest is caved in. Your belly is tense. Your jaw is clenched. How can love enter you when your whole body is tight as a fist? Dance, Paco. Get up and dance. Open your body and breathe. Feel the Great One right now, moving through and opening these ugly bodies of dying flesh. They’re just bodies, Paco. They have a few years left in them, maybe, but they are just meat-bodies—unless you relax and feel the Great One living you, unless you consent and breathe the Great One deep into your heart, deep into your belly and cock. Then your body can open and be a living force of love in the world. And with your woman, Paco. That’s all she really wants from you. You can talk with her forever—until you can fuck her open to God and breathe her open in love’s bliss, she’s going to give you her boo-hoo and long face.”

Mykonos stood up and began dancing, if that’s what you would call it. His feet remained planted on the ground as he raised his hands in the air, pulling back his lips so his front teeth showed, and he bobbed up and down, left and right. Mykonos was one of the worst dancers I have ever seen, and yet his dancing made me smile and open my heart. Dimitri turned up the music. I stopped masturbating and sat back on the couch, relaxing, breathing, and opening as Mykonos had instructed.

Mykonos looked over and saw that Layla had started to pump Lemuel’s penis with her hand.

“If you come, Lemuel, make sure you tell us all!” Mykonos shouted above the music as he danced.

Lemuel laid back and smiled. Zelda massaged Lemuel's head and neck as Layla stroked his penis.

From the kitchen, Erin walked into the room, looked around, took off her clothes, and sat down on the couch next to me. Then she laid down and put her head on my naked lap. I wanted to touch her breasts, but Paco was sitting only a few feet away on the other couch, and I knew he was feeling bad. So, I just sat there and watched everyone dance and touch each other.

A knock on the door broke the flow.

Mykonos looked at me, and I was about to get up when I heard the door open and somebody walk in.

It was Adrienne. She was an acquaintance, a friend of the landlord. I had met Adrienne once or twice, but I hardly knew her. She walked into the living room and looked around.

"Looks like I walked into a party," she said.

I was surprised at how nonchalant she seemed. She sat down on a chair near to where Layla was still masturbating Lemuel.

"Are you enjoying the evening, my dear?" Mykonos asked Adrienne while he continued to dance. As far as I knew, Mykonos had never met Adrienne before and didn't know who she was or why she was there.

"Well, I think my evening is about to get better!" Adrienne answered.

"Paco, since you are the only one without someone to dance with at the moment, why don't you dance with this beautiful woman. What is your name?" Mykonos asked.

“Adrienne.”

“Paco, it is up to you to welcome Adrienne to our little party.”

Paco reluctantly got up, took Adrienne’s hand, and they began dancing together, fully clothed.

“Adrienne. You have very large breasts,” Mykonos spoke loudly from across the room.

36

Adrienne smiled at Mykonos. I couldn’t believe what he said. Adrienne didn’t seem to mind.

“How would you like to take off your shirt and show us your breasts?” Mykonos asked.

“No, thank you. I’m all right as I am,” Adrienne answered.

“Yes, you are, my dear,” Mykonos responded, and danced his way over to Dimitri and Michelle, who were making out in the corner.

Erin took my hand and moved it to her belly. She obviously wanted me to touch her, but I still felt bad for Paco. I stroked her hair with my other hand. She began crying, quietly.

Erin’s naked body, her head in my lap, her vulnerable tears—I wanted to love her and touch her with my whole body. I had been in monogamous relationships all of my life. For more than ten years, I had been faithful to Gia, who I considered my life-partner. I had never had a one-night stand or an affair. In that moment, though, with a crying, naked woman lying on the couch with me, her blonde hair against my thighs, tears running down her face, I could feel that I wanted to touch her.

I hadn’t seen Gia for a few weeks. She was supposed to be flying home from a vacation that day, and she might walk in any time.

Erin put her hand on top of my hand, which was still on her belly. Her fine, light brown pubic hairs were inches from my fingers. She turned her face toward me and pressed her crying eyes into my belly. Her lips were soft against my belly's skin.

"Inside the *room* and outside the *room* at the same time!" Mykonos shouted as he danced.

Paco seemed to be loosening up while dancing with Adrienne.

"Oh, yuck!" Layla yelled.

Lemuel had ejaculated all over her hand.

"Lemuel, you were supposed to tell us when you were coming!" Mykonos chided.

"I didn't know I was going to come! It just kind of happened."

"Was it pleasurable?" Mykonos asked.

"Yeah. It felt great."

"We wanted to share in your pleasure, Lemuel. We wanted to feel it with you. Next time, let us know. Shout it out. 'I'm coming! I'm coming!'"

"OK. I'll try!" Lemuel agreed.

"What's wrong, Layla?" Mykonos asked. "You have some kind of biological problem with a man's come?"

"It just surprised me. And now I'm all sticky and gooey. What should I do with it?"

"Whatever you want!" Mykonos said.

Layla went to the kitchen. Lemuel lay back with a relaxed smile on his face. Zelda got up and started dancing with Mykonos, Michelle, and Dimitri.

Hesitantly, I began to move my hand up and down Erin's body, from her belly, down her thighs, to her knees, and back. She was kissing my belly below my navel.

I looked up and saw Michelle and Zelda dancing with Mykonos. Dimitri was now dancing by himself. Michelle began touching Mykonos between his legs. Zelda moved to hug Mykonos from behind, so he was sandwiched between the two women. Zelda reached around to rub his chest from behind and Michelle was holding his genitals in front. Dimitri watched, his dancing becoming less enthusiastic. Finally, Dimitri sat down on the couch, looking despondent.

Mykonos continued to dance. He didn't seem to mind the women touching him, but he also didn't seem to care that much. Michelle's dancing and touching was becoming more and more sexual, more animalistic and savage. She began pulling on Mykonos's balls.

Mykonos continued to dance. Suddenly, Lemuel jumped up and ran to the bathroom.

"Could you check on Lemuel?" Mykonos asked me.

I went to the bathroom and found Lemuel curled around the toilet on the floor. Vomit filled the toilet and ran down its sides. Lemuel smiled weakly through barely opened eyes.

"I guess I drank too much."

"Yeah. I'll bring you a glass of water."

I brought some water to Lemuel and told Mykonos what had happened.

“Ah, yesss. So Lemuel decided to visit Shaker Heights,” Mykonos responded. He was referring to an Ohio city near to where both Lemuel and I were born and raised. We grew up together as best friends.

“He’s got to learn to breathe it down,” Mykonos said about Lemuel. “You see, he can’t circulate his pleasure. He lost his spunk on Layla’s hand, and now he’s bringing it all back home to Shaker Heights.”

I didn’t know why Mykonos was referring to Lemuel’s vomiting as going to Shaker Heights, but somehow it made sense.

“If you’re going to sex and drink and open, you’ve got to know how to breathe the force through you. Spirit—that’s what they call alcohol, you know—spirit has a force to it, and if you don’t circulate it through you, then it has to come out somewhere, hmmm? Most people can only take so much pleasure, so much life force and openness, before they pop, one way or the other. Your friend has got to learn to breathe it through him, down the front and up the back, or else he’s going to be spending his life visiting Shaker Heights. He’s got to grow and learn to love without breaking the circle of life in his body. Life isn’t about stimulating yourself until you spasm, throwing off life’s energy through your dick or your mouth or your mind. Life is about opening as love, way bigger than the body, as the whole *room*, the whole damn circle, from the highest to the lowest and everything in between, you know what I mean?”

“Aaaiiiii!” Michelle screamed. She writhed and danced like a madwoman, kneeling and taking Mykonos into her mouth.

“Do you like cock?” Mykonos asked her.

She nodded yes as she looked up into his eyes.

“Have you always liked cock?”

She nodded again.

“Yesss. Michelle worships cock. It’s not this cock or that cock. It’s cock. Michelle is a cock worshipper. Look at her open and take it down.”

Michelle was gone. She sucked and groaned, drool coming down her chin and neck. Her eyes were rolling, opening and closing. She couldn’t get enough. Zelda released Mykonos and started dancing, watching Michelle swallow Mykonos like a madwoman.

“Layla enjoys being with a man and getting him off,” Mykonos said, “But look at Michelle. She worships cock. Hmmm? It’s a different thing.”

Layla walked in from the kitchen and asked, “Why is Lemuel laying on the floor in the bathroom?”

“He puked,” I answered.

Layla sat down next to Dimitri and watched Michelle suck Mykonos.

Dimitri immediately got up and left the room. I wasn’t sure if he walked into another room or if he left the house.

“Some women are wives,” Mykonos said, as he sat down on the couch. Michelle crawled on her knees to where Mykonos was sitting and resumed taking him in her mouth, ferociously. She didn’t seem to notice we were all watching. Mykonos smiled, shook his head, and continued.

“You see, some women want to find a good man to love. Cock to a woman like this is always part of her man, the man who she loves, the man who she opens to God with. Other women—women like Michelle—are cock worshipers. It’s a whole ‘nother thing. They want to open and take cock. It’s their way of opening to the Great One, of surrendering open and taking the Great One so deep they are lost in the worship, gone in the giving of themselves, gone in their love of cock—not of a man as a character, as a husband or boyfriend, but gone in the love of cock itself. Wifely women can’t fake that they are into cock—they may be into their man’s cock, but not any cock. Women like Michelle, on the other hand, they can certainly love a man, but they will always worship cock. No woman should be forced to be something she is not.”

Mykonos started talking to Michelle, who was still ravenously mouthing him. “Yesss. Open all the way. Take it down into your heart, ma. Open so wide you feel the Great One bursting open your whole body to infinity. Take it and open like you’ve always wanted to.”

The room filled with intense energy. This was more than oral sex. It felt more like a religious vision. The air felt thick, as if a heavy pleasure were pressing down into our bodies. My point of view changed, so I felt as if I was outside the *room*, as Mykonos had spoken, feeling the entire room and everyone in it, an arising vision of thick color, heavy with love-bliss, and yet I was also in the *room*, as a body. Tears were streaming down Michelle’s face in adoration of cock. She was fully abandoned in her passionate ministrations, in rapture, as were we all.

Erin began to breath more quickly, and her tears of sadness changed to bliss. She sat up from my lap and began laughing. Her hands lifted over her head. Her arms extended upward and her fingers spread, filled by the ecstasy pressing us all open. Her legs began to tremble and her mouth opened. Her head tilted back, her throat stretched open, and her fingers splayed with the pressure of love's force.

Even Paco seemed filled with love's pressure. His arms extended to his sides and his palms opened wide. His breath became deeper, and he began weeping.

Layla leaned forward to get a closer look at the cock worship. Her face seemed a bit tense, perhaps jealous.

My entire body felt filled with a force, the same force of thick love that filled the room, that was the *room*. My breath deepened and my belly grew large, filled with the love-substance that was the *room*. My limbs felt like they were filling with force, my whole body alive and open.

And yet I also felt entirely unaffected. Nothing. Vast space, more *nothing* than space, full as this appearing *room*, thick as love, yet untouched, unrippled by its appearance. My body and mind were blown open by love, and yet something was as it always was, unchanged, unmoved.

"This reminds me of parties I went to in the '60s," Adrienne said.

"My dear," Mykonos said to Adrienne while Michelle continued between his legs, "the '60s were about liberation from social constraints—this is about liberation *from* everything *as* everything.

Can you open your heart and body so much there is no more open to go? Hmmm? Are you willing to offer your love—in your way, not necessarily like Michelle here—so that you disappear in the giving of yourself and yet are alive as everything? Are you willing to offer yourself as if to a lover—offering your breath, your body, your mind, every part of you—wide open, so you are invaded by the Great One, fucked open by the Great One, simply alive as the love that you are, alive as all, lived by the Great One appearing as this place, all these bodies, space itself?”

“I’m not so sure about that,” Adrienne answered.

“Well, that’s why this feels like it does to you. Unless you are willing to be *possessed* by love, you are just a woman with very large breasts who happens to be enjoying herself with some very strange people.”

“I am enjoying myself, quite a bit, really. You all are great.”

Paco hugged Erin.

“That’s right, Paco,” Mykonos said. “Let your heart break.”

Paco was crying so hard he began convulsing as he held Erin in his arms.

Lemuel walked in from the bathroom, smiling, his hair messed and his eyes bloodshot. “What have I missed?” he asked.

Nobody answered.