

**3** THIMBLE The next day, I slept until the afternoon. The night had been long. Gia had arrived home late—her plane had been delayed—and she joined us all dancing, weeping in ecstasy, and listening to Mykonos. The house was filled with a tangible air of bliss and openness, and Gia fit right in. At some point near dawn, people went home or retired to various rooms in the house.

Layla ended up going to sleep in a room with Mykonos. Paco and Erin slept in another room. Dimitri never came back that evening, and Michelle went home by herself, as did Adrienne. Gia and I went to bed, only to have Zelda knock on our bedroom door as we were falling asleep.

“What’s going on?” I asked Zelda.

“I thought I heard someone in the bushes outside the house.”

I went outside and walked around the house, checking all the bushes, and found nothing.

Zelda sat on our bed, her head hanging low.

“If you want, you can spend the night with us,” I told her.

Gia agreed, and Zelda seemed happy.

We turned off the light and all got into the same bed. Gia and I had never shared a bed with another woman before.

Before long, perhaps still stimulated from the evening events and the sake, Gia began kissing me and fondling my penis. I was very conscious of Zelda lying next to us. Gia ducked under the covers and began sucking me. I turned to look at Zelda. She was gazing right into my eyes.

Gia pulled down the covers to completely expose my body, and continued moving her mouth on my cock. She reached out her hand and began to touch Zelda, taking Zelda's hand and putting it on me. Zelda moved closer to us, grabbing me firmly with her hand and holding the base of my penis as Gia continued mouthing me.

I found this to be incredibly erotic. Gia inviting another woman to touch me. I lay back and enjoyed a long-time fantasy.

And then a strange thing happened. The erotic sensation felt less than open. I was grinding my mind into feeling how great it was, tensing my body as I approached an orgasm. This was the kind of fantasy that I had always wanted to live out, and yet it felt bad, like eating a gourmet dish that I knew should taste good but didn't. Compared to how open the whole evening felt, our three-some felt relatively closed, paltry, superficial.

I remembered Mykonos's instruction, and I relaxed. I felt this scene—Gia giving me head while Zelda held my cock—arising in the *room*. I felt through and beyond my own body's sensations and the appearance of the scene, opening as the space in which the *room* was arising. I relaxed open and felt the entire moment

rippling as a mirage in this space that was boundless and free, the space that I relaxed open as. At the same time, I was incredibly turned on by the two women on my cock.

My breath opened, my body relaxed, my belly filled with a force of love that that was the substance of the whole *room*. I no longer felt centered in my body, but was open as everything, including Gia and Zelda. Each of their bodies felt as much me as my body did. Their bodies, my body, the bed, the wall, the sounds, even the space between us, shone as open heart-feeling. No separation tensed the obvious openness of being.

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Gia began to rub my swelling belly as she sucked. Zelda looked into my eyes, and her eyes moistened. I felt our bodies move as art, an appearance of love, magnifying love through their care and fondle, opening as the love that was alive as the entire moment, the substance of the *room* and everything in it.

Fountains of light shot up my spine exploding as colors above. Feeling open as the whole room, the rain of color descended through us all, through the air, thick bliss, and Gia and Zelda moaned and wept and shuddered, and loved. No boundaries shored the flow, so even time liquefied as space, suspending sex's thrill as open awe. Touching each other, looking into each other's eyes, we knew love without limit. Certainty exploded as our bodies' appearance, vanishing, appearing, loving.

A soft eternity, evanescent and bare, exposed all showing as love's bliss. Our play eased open as a motionless peal of light, heart-infinite, undoubtable, complete, gone to God.

Eventually, we slept. When I woke in the afternoon, Zelda and Gia were gone.

I called Mykonos on the phone just to check in.

“Have you seen Adrienne today?” he asked me.

“No.”

“Do you have her phone number?”

“Yes, why?” I wondered, since Mykonos never called anyone.

“I just want to smooth anything out that needed smoothing out.”

Mykonos ended up spending the afternoon with Adrienne. Then he came over to my house, and told me about it.

“She’s doing fine,” he said. “It’s always important to keep your friends close, but your enemies closer.”

Mykonos held my gaze for just a moment longer than necessary, to make sure I understood the point he was making.

“Zelda came by and visited me earlier today,” Mykonos told me.

“Really?”

“Mm-hmm. Did you fuck her last night?” he asked me.

“No.”

“She was glowing. She was radiant with fuck. Are you sure you didn’t fuck her?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” I described to Mykonos what had happened with Gia, Zelda, and me.

“Sex. It means so much to people. For some people, it’s the only way they really let themselves open to God. Zelda’s one of them.

She could have the vision of God thrust in her face day after day, but an hour of fuck—even feeling Gia sucking on your pecker—and she’s transformed.”

Mykonos went on to describe the different types of men and women, and how they relate to sex and God.

“People spend most of their lives wanting more sex, better sex, deeper sex. Sex is probably the main reason that people don’t really open to God—typical sex, that is. The Great One is always present, alive as everything, as everyone. But people are contracting into sexual hope, into their ideas about sex, wanting more romance, more emotional connection, more passion. Most people never fuck in their lives. Not really. You know what I mean?”

“Yes.”

“Most men are satisfied with a quick squirt. And most women are fine with feeling loved, feeling adored. Women want to be adored by a man, and men want their dicks treated like they were God, you know? But unless you open to the Great One, sex is nothing but bondage.”

Mykonos paused.

“Do you have a cigarette?”

I went to the closet and got Mykonos a cigarette from the stash I kept for him.

Mykonos lit up and took a drag. He looked out of the window as we sat in the kitchen. I waited for him to continue speaking.

“This place is about fuck,” he said. “This human realm, we are all fighting for something, but for most people it’s about sex.

You know what I mean by sex, don't you? The whole damn thing. It's not just pussy and cock. It's homes and children and security and comfort. It's jealousy and loneliness and hope. It's time itself. Everyone wants to get laid. *Really* laid. Some seek it through making money, or having a family, or achieving power or fame. But it's fuck they want. Fuck. To be smithereened in bliss, opened beyond all limits, loved absolutely, to give themselves completely—to infinity. Fuck.”

He took a long drag from his cigarette, and exhaled slowly.

“How long do you think Zelda will be radiant with fuck? Hmmm? I know what happened here last night,” he said, looking deeply into my eyes, before looking out the window again and pausing to smoke. “You laid the dharma on her heart. You fucked her open, even though you didn't actually put your pecker in her, you know?”

“Yes.”

“But poor Zelda, she's going to beam for a day or two, and then it's going to fade. She'll be moping again, boo-hooing because she doesn't have a boyfriend, looking at her fatty wagon in the mirror and watching herself get old.”

I could feel Zelda's life so clearly as Mykonos spoke.

“You know, my friend, what happened last night with all of us, I don't know why it happened. It just happened. That kind of thing can't be planned. We all came together—each in our own way—and the evening came and went. It was something. And it was nothing. You know what I mean? Talking too much about something like

that ruins its magic. We all felt what we did. But some of us will be able to continue opening, and some of us won't."

"I know what you mean," I said, thinking of Zelda. And Paco. And Dimitri.

"An ocean can fall on your head," Mykonos said looking at me, "but if all you have is a thimble, then you can only catch so much."

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Mykonos gazed into the distance. He held his cigarette between his lips and began rhythmically clapping the base of his palms together.

"When you fuck a woman," he said, putting his cigarette down on the edge of the table, "you want to breathe the light down and fill her. It's a rhythmic thing," he said, clapping his hands together again, "the pulse of the universe. Bam, bam, bam, radiating out from the center, nobody in the way, the Great One radiating out as fuck, shining as all things, alive as love. Women know this, intuitively. Women know in their bodies that God is fuck, but few get the chance to really open, you know. So they settle for babies and a nice house."

Mykonos stopped clapping and looked at me. "There's nothing wrong with babies and a nice house, of course."

"I know what you're talking about, Mykonos."

"It's just that every woman is the universe. Every woman is She, and so she waits for He, and he never quite gets there." Mykonos started clapping again. "He never quite makes it to that second notch, where fuck becomes more than sex, where it becomes the

pulse of God, and the woman knows who she is because the man knows who she is and fucks her *as* she is. Breathe the Great One down into you and fuck her open as you both open without end,” his hands still clapping together, “hitting that second notch over and over, which isn’t a physical place in her pussy so much as it is the place in her heart that is unseparate from you, hmmm?”

I nodded.

“And here she is, all around you, now,” Mykonos said, looking around the room. “You can fuck this moment open just like you would fuck a woman, feeling into her, loving her, opening her as the space beyond the *room* here, who you are, who she is, even as your bodies fuck,” Mykonos clapped his hands together, “or as you breathe, even now.” Mykonos clapped his hands together with our breaths.

“Breathing her, fucking her, loving her, in any case you *are* her. And until you open as her, and beyond her, she will complain.”

Mykonos smiled, and asked for another cigarette. After lighting it, he took a few long drags, and continued.

“A woman’s energy sometimes seems chaotic, but she is only waiting to be known, recognized for who she is. She intuits that your recognition of her is somehow necessary for her recognition of herself. Do you know what I’m saying?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“She needs to be seen to know herself, because she is light, she is all, and when she is seen fully, when you really see her as she is, then she dies in bliss.” Mykonos laughed. He began to sing, totally

off key, “Killing me softly with his words, killing me softly, with his words, telling my whole life, with his words, killing me softly ...” Mykonos stopped singing and began clapping his hands together. “To love her fully is to open her to death, and that’s when she knows who she is, who you are, what is, altogether.”

“When you can reach that second notch,” Mykonos continued, bam, bam, clapping the base of his palms together, “then you can fuck her to death, you fuck her to God, beyond knowablity, alive as all, transparent as light, taken by the Great One, you know? Even now.”

My skin felt like it dissolved, so that my body had no bounds. Edges seemed vanished as openness. Mykonos sat still and quiet. A force shot down opening my belly large as my breath deepened. A clear light seemed to fill the room so even objects seemed translucent. And at depth nothing changed at all. Mykonos had once again revealed the source or place of this *room*, as all, behind all, alive as all.

“Why don’t you call your friends and let’s have some lunch,” Mykonos suggested.