

8 BEING CLAIMED

“I can feel Mykonos when we make love,” Rebecca told me one day.

I was instantly offended. I wanted some credit for myself. After a few months of our lovemaking, Rebecca was opening to God through sex, and her life had changed profoundly. Her heart was able to feel what she called an “indescribable bliss” of “infinite being” for several days after we had been together. I had just spent time with Mykonos, and he had given me more instruction on sexual yoga. So I thought that’s what she might be feeling.

“Maybe it’s not Mykonos,” Rebecca said, “but I can feel a certain energy when we make love that feels how I imagine Mykonos.” She had never met Mykonos. I had told her many stories of my time with Mykonos, but how could she know what he felt like? I wanted to claim my prowess as a divine lover, and now Mykonos was stealing my thunder.

One time, Mykonos and I were sitting in a small room in a house he once shared with his teacher, which Mykonos was caretaking. The energy of his teacher was tangible to me, like

an unseen light pressing sweetly into my skin, pushing gently on my heart. Everything looked a little brighter, and the air seemed alive.

“Breathe it in,” Mykonos told me. “Relax your body, open your heart, and breathe the force down your front.” Mykonos had prepared me for this by teaching me how to breathe and stay open while very drunk, while exhausted in the middle of the night, while out in the cold ocean waves, and while making love. Compared to those circumstances, breathing his teacher’s energy now felt easy and delicious, like drinking silky, radiant nectar.

“Soften your head and receive the energy down into your body. Relax your jaw and open your throat. Keep your mouth closed with your tongue pressed lightly against the roof of your mouth. Breathe the force down into you. Open to it like a woman opens to her lover. Let it press open your heart and into your belly. Breathe it down into your genitals. And when your belly and cock are full, let it rise up your spine as the light above. Then breathe it back down again.”

Mykonos had taught me this practice many times before, but now something felt different. I was no longer breathing. The force was breathing me. I was being breathed. And the same living force that was breathing me was breathing everything. The same light that appeared as the house and landscape around us, the same energy that vibrated as sound and moved as thought, moved and breathed as me, as everything. The furniture, the room, the lawn outside, Mykonos, the air around us—everything altogether felt alive as the body of God.

“Yesss. To be a devotee of God means to be lived by the Great One. Some people are afraid to let go and be lived by the Great One. They are afraid of trusting the force of love. They are afraid of being possessed beyond their control. But they are already possessed, by their own ego, their own habits and patterns of fear. Why not allow yourself to be lived by love? Hmmm? Why not totally surrender to be lived by the Great One, the One alive as all, the One who appears even as this *room*?”

I let go and felt myself lived. All ownership and separation dissolved, and awakeness and light lived wide in the place of this moment. Yet, nothing made a difference. The light and force was intensely pleasurable, like the most perfect sex imaginable, pouring pleasure and love through my entire body—pouring through the entire world, which felt alive *as* my body. And it was all God. All infinite, magical, and yet totally empty, as if perfect sex and absolute indifference coincided. The pleasure of love’s light was instantaneously absorbed in the depth of love’s space, the nothingness of consciousness. A cosmic orgasm of bright infinity instantly evaporated in an even greater openness of being that never changed.

Love shone, and light dissolved in love. This was obviously always. Fully blissful, already gone, open as God’s unchanging deep, alive as all. Mykonos was making occasional moaning sounds. I opened my eyes to look at him, and saw that he was transfigured in bliss, his crooked face warped in a spire of indescribable joy. His eyes were closed, so I closed mine.

“Do you see the light above?” he asked me.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Breathe it down into your body. Down into your genitals.”

I breathed the liquid light of love from infinite high down through a hollowness opening through my head and heart and belly and genitals. My whole body felt lit up and wide open, full and tumescent with love’s force. My toes and fingers were splayed by the force of openness.

“When you fuck your lady, give her this,” Mykonos said, “but don’t forget the Great One who is living you. And always remember, my friend,” I opened my eyes to see Mykonos raising his hands as he spoke, “this place is such that she confers happiness by her own extinction. Her real nature is not perceived or known while she lives, but when she is embraced for the sake of the truth of her, she dies.” Mykonos bowed slightly, extreme devotion shining through his face.

“What do you feel when we make love,” I asked Rebecca, still stinging from her comment about feeling Mykonos when we had sex.

She smiled like I was an idiot for asking.

“Can you put it into words?” I wondered.

“No. I wouldn’t want to.”

“Could you try, for me?”

“Words can’t touch it,” she said. And then, with certainty, “It is death. Nothing. Everything. Infinity. God. Everything disappears, and it is so full. You kill me into God with your fuck. But it is not you as a person, really.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well,” she said, hesitantly, “I don’t really even *like* you. I love you, though. You have opened me in ways I couldn’t dream of. But as a person, I don’t really like you that much. But I love your fuck. I love your cock. But, your cock is not you.”

We remained silent for a few moments while I felt into what she was saying. Rebecca closed her eyes and seemed to go inward. She smiled, and with eyes closed she began speaking quietly.

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“I am a slave to your cock, so perfect, vulnerable, and singular in mission. I am desperate for your love, penetration, and command. I long to be yours, surrendered to you, combined with you and completely claimed by your fuck.”

Tears began to grow from the corners of her closed eyes.

“Your gentle kisses and tender beatings which have left me blissfully weeping are ever in my heart. My body, my cunt, my heart shutter at the thought of your sweetness having me, embracing me, seizing me ... forever! I will always be your most willing and grateful prisoner, longing for your gift and dissolved by its bestowal. I love you.”

I couldn’t believe she was talking this way. Usually, Rebecca was closer to a mute than a poet. Now, her song of words thrilled my heart.

She opened her eyes and looked into mine. Her eyes endlessly deep, her heart open without limits. I let go and fell into her, opening with her, going open as unbound love alive as all.

And then I realized. She wasn’t talking to me! She was talking to the Great One who was fucking her. She was talking to the force of love that fucked open the entirety of every moment—

intensely during sex—the love that lived as us, the love that all died as. Looking into Rebecca’s eyes, opening with her, I allowed myself to be lived by what was always alive as all. We were blissfully gone in the living force of love that had been made obvious in the house of Mykonos’s teacher.

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Rebecca smiled, and her sobbing became laughter. Once again, my claiming had been defeated open as love. I had achieved nothing. There was only God, and the less I needed to know of my own victory, the more love could show plain.

Plain love. Rebecca and I had no history together. We had sex and God, and that was it. She didn’t even like me.