

## BOOK FIVE

### WHAT IF EVERYTHING'S PERFECT?

*Truly, Cupid makes heroes of us all.*  
*P.G. Wodehouse*

#### CHAPTER ONE

#### ANGELS HAVE DIRTY FACES

He comes to me at night with his pants down his erection high and I, I sing inside the wind, in anticipation of his warmth, his intelligence, his beauty pouring rich through the skin of my bones right through to the marrow singing tenderly the high and low resonances of love. I am surrounded and contained, containing, sucking, raising, pulling him into me. He lies over me, his eyes open to the wonder of the magic in our bodies operating freely. It feels like dancing in the sky, dancing without limitations or boundaries, it feels like the cells in my blood are dancing, tickling my veins and arteries from the inside, stretching and contracting the life flowing, the liquid inside me swells and diminishes, overcomes and maintains me. I see that I no longer need my self control. I move into areas of consciousness I can reach no other way. I breach the distance to paradise. I feel the lushness call me. I feel the warm waters baptize me. I sense the coming. I look below me, he is resting, his face relaxed, receiving the love I am pouring down on him pulling him into me my muscles flex, release their pleasure in movement excites the organs cradled in my pelvis. He places his hands and then his mouth on my nipples sucking my uterus responds sucking him further in, in, I want him inside me. I want to take him in and cover him with pleasure, with love, with sweetness pouring down onto him, all over him, cover him and drench him and take him in and hold him and keep him safe and love him and paradise opens her gates and the summer flowers release their splendour and I can hear water over stones and I can see stars shimmering like fairy dust anointing me and the flowers open and the honey is released and we eat of the goodness of life together. The sky is full of angels singing our names to the stars.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that I was looking at this whole thing quite inaccurately, my way of looking at it was" to assume that there was something wrong in the universe something wrong in the world, something wrong with people, something wrong with me. My way of looking at it was that we woke up every morning with problems to solve, with a mess that needs cleaning, with an untidy, cruel, indifferent, damaging society bearing down and distorting every waking moment, into an agony of despair. I started to let go of this vision. I began to feel good about being here. I looked around the circle. These victims were pretty amazing people, strong, for the most part, attractive, energetic, sensible, and none of us deserved it, none of us had asked to be abused. We had been in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or maybe we didn't do anything wrong. Maybe we would not have noticed any other way.

I'll tell you what I know, I know that the great spirits love us, that we are their love incarnate, that we are safe and that we are guided. I know that the universe is Christmas, that we get whatever we wish for, the trick being that often we are not aware of what we've asked for. Being ourselves aware and connecting with others in love are the goals the angels wish for us, the rest is ours, ours alone, is what we have designed, the obvious, the outward and visible sign of our inward invisible intents.

Freedom at the expense of someone else's freedom is not freedom is, rather, a form of slavery, now referred to, in modern jargon, as co-dependency, political exploitation or economic imperialism. Any form of slavery is distinct from community, an unhealthy symbiosis whereby the organisms involved drain enough of each other's life resources to weaken, damage, but not quickly, mercifully, patently murder each other. The actual outcome of co-dependency is to maintain the individuals participating in the relationship at their lowest possible energy levels.

I have never met a happy man, never known a man who was not caught up in the system, a slave to something outside himself. As long as God is perceived as an outside force, people will feel dependent on something larger than themselves for validation and identity. This immediately makes us feel small, which in turn causes us to feel defenseless, which in turn causes us to defend ourselves, puff ourselves up, speak rapidly, rapid fire, buy guns, get a fancier car, have more sex, get a bigger desk, all because we think that something outside ourselves is greater than we are. It seems so simple, why not just let go, become unglued from this fallacy of separation from godhood, power, creativity, essential beingness? Why make love? What's the point if there's nothing to gain.

Well, ok, let's say a person cuts loose from this false shell, how does she spend her Friday nights then, who can she talk to? Everyone she knows believes, or gives lip service to the belief that all humans are made wrong, sinful, corrupt and or indecent.

She said she couldn't believe that I was interested in her story. She said that no one had had the patience before, to listen to the whole thing, or maybe she had never stopped long enough, sat still long enough to let the whole thing out. Often I felt as though she was a dream I was having, as though I knew the words she was going to say before she said them so it was quite easy to be sympathetic and compassionate with her because nothing she said seemed unfamiliar to me. I read that our souls put out many personalities, each one able to live out aspects of our basic intentions, each one connected in essence, that one could conceivably find oneself speaking to oneself. This seems to me to be a legitimate possibility, when I read it I remember thinking that this was quite similar to the Christian idea of everyone being Christ, or God, or do unto others because they really are you, the karmic idea that your treatment of someone will be your eventual experience as well which fits in perfectly with Einstein's formulas for the curvature of time, which he worked out with the help of his dreams.

People who believe that everything can be known are the sorriest creatures. The Greeks, the early ones, when philosophy was still fun and theoretical, before it got mired in politics - Separate philosophy and politics, I say, religion is merely a subset of philosophy really - the Greeks kept a positive attitude, it always has seemed to me, by respecting, knowing, understanding that ultimately the only ultimate is the mystery of it all, mystery as the essence of our known universe, the unknown is the essence of the known. The center of the widening gyre is emptiness, the unknown, the unknowable but that doesn't mean it cannot hold the spin. Nothing is much stronger than something. Everything is held together by the fierce power of the ever renewing nothing at the core of everything. The known reveals itself continuously out of an ever potent field of the unknown.

No physical appetite can be permanently satiated, there can be no ultimate stillness of desire. Appetites are cyclical. Hunger will peak and abate but never entirely disappear. Appetites are tidal. Thought is an appetite. The mind is an extension of physical sensation, subject to the laws and limitations of all physical structures. I've met so many people who would like to believe that their minds have a direct link to their souls. They would like to think their way to heaven. Their capitalism believes that the head is head of it all. They are deep in the mire of medieval philosophy, that rigid mind grid which places all the world in proper hierarchic order, ladders of significance, up worthy goodness, down lowly badness. They have not felt the heart's affectiveness, its structural blessedness, the alternating pulses creating concentric circles of the living influence of love.

I am convinced that people need people. As much as we need air and water, we are social beings. Now of course there are always exceptions to the rule and this

dot of yang in the yin does not negate the general rule, merely points out, or points to its limitations and its tendency to change and modify through time and the inevitability of growth and motion, not to mention boredom and desire. Anyway when we don't get what we need from people, which seems to be nearly all the time, then we demand it. If we still don't get it, we take it. I think the trick really is to need people without expecting to get anything in particular from them. It's like going to dinner at a friend's house and eating what they offer or what you can of what they've got to share, rather than insisting that they give you something they don't have or haven't made. Naturally, you can bring your own food to the feast but sometimes it's nice to receive what someone else is giving, whether divine or inept is irrelevant really isn't it? Because it's in the process of sharing that the high resides, not in the objects that are shared. It is the practice, the act of transforming energy flowing that is the purpose of all endeavor. It is stasis that life abhors. It is exstasis that life craves. Boredom is death. Ecstasy is life. To be living is to be in ecstasy. Boredom will nickel and dime you to death.

Oooo, I melt into the infinite wonder of it all, allow myself the chance to breathe, take it all in and be taken in by it, lose myself, loose my self and plunge, my pores, millions, trillions of them, pouring themselves into what is pouring itself in, each pouring into each, billions, let's say, to keep things conceivable billions of infinitely small holes in the fabric of my skin, squeeze themselves open, still microscopic but expanded three times their normal size, they are giving birth, opening up to receive, to give, they are making love, they are, like the cervix, expanding, responding to pressure, to anticipation, to desire, by expanding to greet, to merge, to simplify and become purpose-full. My pores are open, the air teases itself across the surface of my expanding skin, I exchange oxygens with the wind, this wind is from Delhi, it swam here through the dense heat waves of air moving upward, it danced here through the wispy clouds that describe the angels with their delicate peripheries. Mmmm. Feels good, this exchange of air, the air inside me renewed. Oh, not so, there is a tender spot inside me, a small hard center all bunged up and hurting and holding on so tight to its air, tight on holding, holding so tight that it hurts, it can't expand, air exchange requires expansion. I'm too scared, too tight, too strong, to release, even a little, too stubborn to give up, I must hold on, I must survive. Something got stuck deep down inside me, one day, many days, over and over, a repeated mistake *heaped up to a system* hunched over, bunched, a rock, beautiful and dangerous, valuable, a gem, the only thing that can disband it, melt it, reverse its hardening, is water, water will soothe the pain, melt hard formations, feelings move in me again, I can be angry, my survival was threatened repeatedly, that threat came through generations, through centuries, I will be a brick wall to the past, no, I will be a waterfall wall to the past, I will surge myself to fulfillment.

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I'll tell you exactly how I became ungovernable. It was during the Vietnam war and they were maybe going to send my brother to fight and he had no options. They had the draft then and he was a musician and he was always such a sensitive kid. I couldn't bear to think of him being sent to this war in a jungle where he might get hurt and he was so scared and so gentle and I just got more and more angry with the world and our political system that makes male youth an instrument of death. I got angrier and angrier thinking about the damage. All the people in all the countries getting more and more hurt by anonymous forces acting on our lives and I wanted to tell them to stop, to not take my brother, to not take anyone, to stop dropping bombs, to stop torturing people, to stop, stop, stop hurting. And after awhile experiencing this massive sadness, this aching rage and hatred flowing through me, I saw that it was me, I was the one doing the hating.

I think that it was much later that I read about holograms and the hundredth monkey, but earlier I had had this image that we're all a part of the picture. We all matter. What we do, even the thoughts we think influence history. We said, "bring the war home," we sang, "will the circle be unbroken" so many times, over and over, it must have finally sunk in:

One night I couldn't sleep, I found myself sitting on our flagstone porch, looking out at the night sky full of stars. I was all bundled up and feeling like a little girl. You were away somewhere or other and I was outside battling these battles in my mind. This was wrong with that president. These people were selfish and venal. These others were this or that. None of my thoughts were friendly, in fact, all of them were pretty crude and cruel. I had a vision of missiles pointing to our house, the president's red button, the emergency button that could set in motion universal destruction. The vision was a black and white movie but the button was red, what's black and white and red? A zebra with a sunburn, a newspaper.

Then some shift happened inside me. I wondered what would make someone push that button. I realized that I knew. I realized that everyone I knew, myself included, we set off our missiles every chance we got. We were always attacking someone, blaming someone else. I thought of Tolstoy's question whether the leader or the people make history. I think it's like the particle, wave theory of light, both are true.

There I was hating so many people, distrusting them, not seeing that I was a piece of the puzzle, that I had power, missiles at my disposal. This was a turning point in my life, the moment I decided that I wouldn't live as a hypocrite, I would bring peace to my life and consciousness before I made one more request, demand, protest or complaint to any individual, leader, society or government. I promised myself I would dismantle all my missiles and disengage my crisis attack mode. When they handed me the award, I knew that I had succeeded. Ironically I don't even feel like complaining anymore. I feel boundless energy, so

creative. I feel like talking about options, possibilities, choices, ways of making things more comfortable and decent for people.

I know I'm old now, well, maybe not old exactly, darling, I know that we look distinguished for our age but still, I am hardly the nymphet I was when we met nor a blushing bride or the proud co-conceiver of infants. I am here, myself and I am very very happy, much happier than I ever dreamed possible. Write soon.

All in love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Elly". The signature is followed by a long, sweeping horizontal flourish that extends to the right and then curves back down and to the left, ending in a small loop.