

❧ A LIGHT REPAST OF TANTRA ❧

December '05

In subtlety is delight.

-John Keats

We've done a few sessions of the Caressing Meditation: sitting in Yab Yum (woman in man's lap facing him, legs around his hips) or standing, caressing each others' whole bodies at the same time. Music plays softly; something meditative, or perhaps stirring, like Shardad Roshani's *Eternity*. We've done meditations where one lies on his or her back and the other lightly caresses the whole front of the body, using hands, even feet, hair—or silk underwear. Now I get to thinking...What about the *back*?

Backness is important, is it not? The backs of things? We are so interested in faces; whether in people, animals, or houses. Aren't the backs of things a subject for enquiry? I remember how, when I was an energy reader, I used to see something deep, elemental, immensely *pure* and full-voltage in the back of every chakra. Less socialized, modified, tampered-with. Something, indeed, Beyond.

Neil enters the candle-lit room. He chooses Djwal Khul; I choose Serapis Bey. His is a rich leaf-green; mine is clear white. We do the slightly complicated procedure for applying a Quintessence, the type of bottle we've both chosen. It involves lifting and then crossing of arms, bending, winding with the hands. Then we raise wrists to noses and inhale the delicious fragrances. Then comes the bowing to the God and Goddess within the other.

Then we undress each other in turn, slowly; staying present and alert.

This is fun.

I always wear something...intriguing. This time, under my carefully-chosen outer clothes, it's a jungle-striped green and black net g-string with bows, and a black pushup half-bra with a cutout design. Neil's lips go up at the corners; his rounded eyes, with their large upper and lower lids, gleam; a murmur comes from him.

We sit. I explain the meditation and show him a photo of Osho taken from the back. It's my favorite photo. The Master stands in a shaft of slanting sunlight amongst deep jungle foliage. Light hits and illuminates darkness the color of royal woods, silent hidden passages, shadows of supernovas. The look of a galaxy from the back; a mansion; a child. A movie star or president's back would not offer such a glimpse of patient infinity incarnate...or, does everyone's? Really? The accidental made aware; a door to the unspeakable,

the gently unencompassable. This is the first time I've brought any Osho picture in to our meditations.

Neil nods.

"This meditation is not a massage," I say. "Not a service. Just a caressing."

"Okay!" he says.

Miten and Deva are singing, heartspace music, winding into the invisible space above us, taking us upwards in a twining flow of sweetness.

He lies on his stomach, chest supported on a pillow. For fifteen minutes I caress his body. It's fun! His soft but crisply mown hair...round and round I caress his head. His neck, with its fold of flesh in this position. I enjoy every bit of this caressing! I use hands, breasts, belly, too, to stroke his back, from feet to crown and all around; the smooth landscapes of his muscles and upholsterings and proportionate human floorplan. I find that lying cross-wise with my belly in the small of his back is pleasant indeed. It seems made to fit there. Placing my belly in the back of one of his knees, breasts in the back of the other, is nice too. Sitting up on him so that my bottom rests in the curve of his back—then I lie down lightly...is delightful.

All this is appreciated without words.

What fun! What a good thing this Tantra is! We would never make space for all this... exploration, innovation—unfought, unexcited—otherwise. I drift my hair on him. On the soles of his feet. And everywhere easy to drift it, up and down his firm quiet form.

My turn to lie down.

I'm supposing he won't be very imaginative.

I'm wrong.

First I feel the amusing soft brush of his short hair all over my back and legs. Then his hands. His relaxed whatchamacallit. His chest. He blows gently all up and down me. Then...he writes on my back silently with his finger. I only figure out what he's doing when he gets to the *L-o-v-e y-o-u*.

I'm very impressed! Touched! Surprised! Oh, this is delight!

The fifteen minutes are up. We lie facing each other, to balance the backness. We bring our bodies close together in a long full-body hug. I feel the energy...it has been at the back; now it is at the front; and then...somehow, inevitably, it *middles*.

It winds up in the middle. The middles of our bodies; the centers of things.

This is very nice.

The music has stopped. We just lie here enjoying being.

That's all.

I say, "The meditation is over." We talk about it a bit, agree it was fun. We laugh.

We go down to the computer room and do other things.