

SAHLAN MOMO



MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE WOMEN



• M E E T I N G S •



*Here are expounded the symbolical relations
of certain aspects and degrees of the feminine soul, identified,
come conviene on this account, with real women who have been,
some for a short time some other for a longer while, willingly or unwillingly,
conscious or less aware
faithful companions of my spiritual quest along these years fulfilling the We.
To them, this endeavour is offered & dedicated with my deepest appreciation & thankfulness
for having they finally brought me to an end,
ajar to any further ecstatic experience.
A recount of a juvenile time where memory and vision
merge the resilient present into a timeless age,
perished before emerging,
specialised in evoking the scarlet cleavage
wherein neither of us will ever abide.
Wandering across these lines,
your fluttering souls
are binding us
in We.*



*At the intersection of
Eros & Logos,
Binding the Unbinding,
Awakening
Us.*



By

THE SAME AUTHOR
IN THE SAME SERIES

Arte come Pre-testo
Appunti Operativi
De Marginis Sophia



SAHLAN MOMO

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE WOMEN.
INNERSCAPES INSPIRED AND DEDICATED
TO THE FEMININE SIDE OF MY SOUL.

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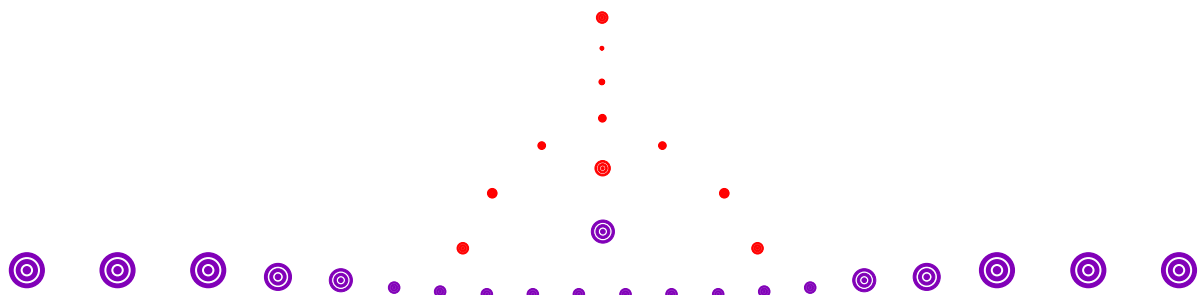
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M E E T I N G S
W I T H
REMARKABLE WOMEN

INNERSCAPES INSPIRED AND DEDICATED
TO THE FEMININE SIDE OF MY SOUL
A SHAPED WRITINGS QUEST
WITH EXCERPTED
GUESTS



TO WE,

a legendary being.

*A soul itinerary across Death & Rebirth of the erotic rasa,
and who knows what else.*



SEMAR





A
Yoni.
Lingam.



Ut
Pictura
Poesis?

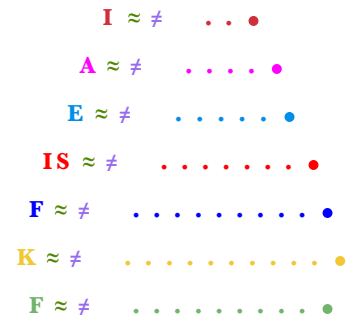


Cento pagine di frammenti di vita,
E BUONE FESTE.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Seven dimensions in order of emergence



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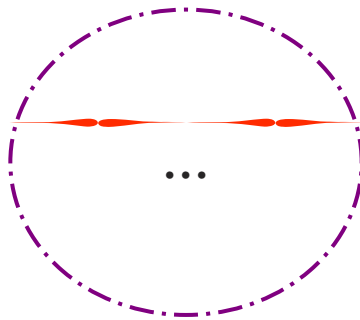
To change or not to change?



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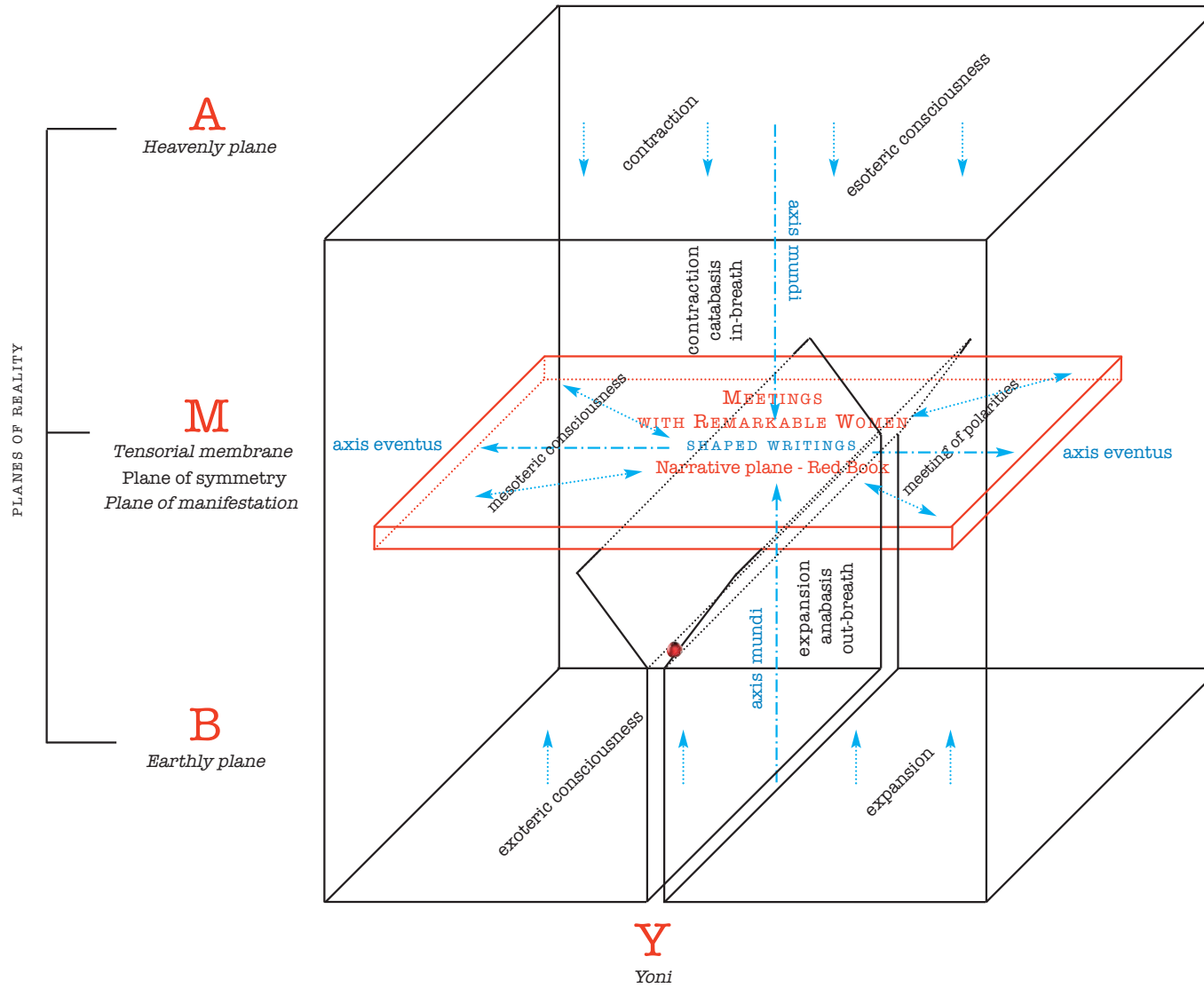
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BACK COVER DÉCOLLETÉ

THE EXOSKELETON - THE MATRIX

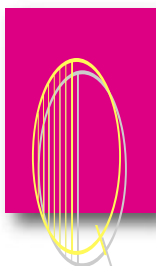
LEGENDA



THE MULTIDIMENSIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS RENDERED IN THE 3 PLANES OF THE CUBE:
 ABOVE, HEAVENLY PLANE (A); MIDDLE, MESOTERIC PLANE - MANIFESTATION (M); BELOW, EARTHLY PLANE (B); YONI (Y).

*The Red book's transparent exoskeleton is made out of a surface folded in 8 parts to shape up a cube with front and back open faces,
 and a yoni in the middle, at which higher end sits a red pearl in unstable position.*

PRO - LOGOS & PRO - EROS



QUEST AFTER QUEST, DAY AFTER NIGHT, ME AFTER YOU & YOU AFTER ME FINALLY REACHED THE WE. Pro-logos, Logos, pre-Logos and pro-Eros, travelling companion of the journey next home, are debating who is entitled to dig the way ahead into the present. None of them has a clear consciousness of what digging really means, and both of them are reaching out to their own intimate self-discoverings, while building the path.

«No path has to be found out there, it has to be inscribed in each other's life as a truthful companion of old», said he.

«Not to my guts, not my endeavour, and not to the heart of my skin,» said she keeping the pace, «we are not here to draw conclusions, neither to enhance assumptions of numinous dreams. There is quite a difference in abiding in higher consciousness while gliding into manifestation, and transcribing-up urging content to the pregnant indulgence of eros... Got it?»

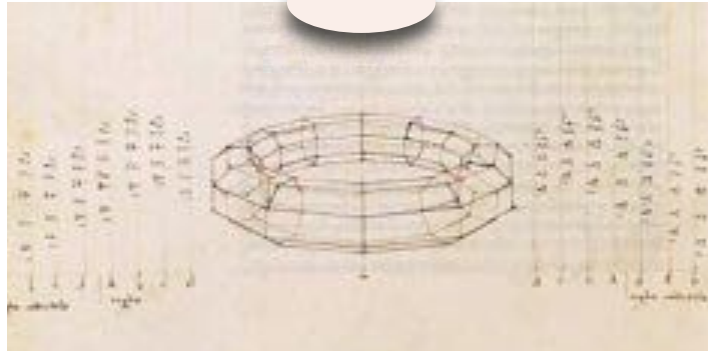
Yestereve, you were entrenched by waves of pleasure to morrow the day with anguish and despair; today, you are indulging on the sofa implanting your gaze beyond the mow. Who is me and who are you? The first or the last one?

Trapped in the domain of notime,
past the province of I,
where is the self? Where the shadow?
Where is your self, and where is mine?
This flagrant damnation, this subtle narration,
this erratic underlying fatal progression
is carving my destiny.

Fragments of life:
that's what it is...
and that's it.



IN MEMORIAM



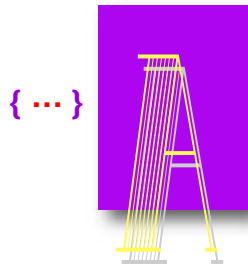
PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA

Perspective of a Mazzocchio (donut hat), page from De Prospectiva pingendi
(On the Perspective of painting), Italy, 15th century, pen and ink on paper, detail. Biblioteca Palatina, Parma.

PAOLO UCCELLO

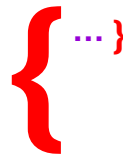
Study for a Mazzocchio, Italy, 15th century, pen and ink on paper, detail. Gabinetto dei disegni, Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence.





FROM A LETTER TO ONE OF THE SOULS

IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE SHARING WITH THE WORLD OUR MUNDANE MEETING — DON'T WORRY, I KNOW AND DO understand your reasons, no problems — I cleared off names and references: now it is impersonal: as you are. You, the *omissis*, you will not appear here as a person, rather as an indweller of some Songs, the symbolic representation of aspects of my own soul as one of its seven houses. Thus, it is not really you, rather your symbolical displaced dimension in notime to be displayed here, which, at a due time, intersects the other characters in the narrative of a fictional space.



THE THEORETICAL FRAMEWORK

I don't know if you really could be interested, but *Meetings* is a work mingling and playing (*Lila*) with the written text — in its own assumed shaped writings — and the underlying subtle content surfacing here and there in non-linear fashion to distract an unfocused attention.

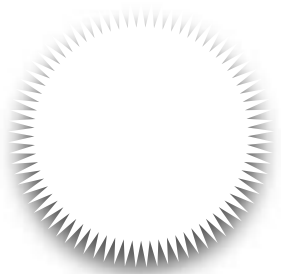
The plastic ordering onto the esoskeleton matrix — on which plan of symmetry this work itself is manifesting — embeds the post-conceptual mesoteric rendering of my experiential theories about Eros, Kosmos, Art, the Divine Folly, and myself.

Melting inside reality,
interweaving the individual narrative
— embodied by the sub-text unfurling
the plot of seven 'real' women interacting with the historical
plane of the narration —
with their projected images on the tensorial membrane,
between the two worlds partaking of both,
of which, you know, I'm particularly fond of.
An illusory meta-text itinerary of self-knowledge,
the whim of a self-inscribing wor{ld
in a one-sided epistolary.

THE EROTIC RASA UNFOLDING ALONG,

convenes the dimesions of my soul,
each depicted as a field of consciousness,
merging each other on the plane of symmetry,
wefting past to future while warpping heaven to earth,
in a garment,
embroidering the present quintessential design pattern.
Whenever our patterns will meet again into this dimension,
I will offer you a sparkling chandelier of joy
bonding the two worlds
into a flicker
of light.







S H A P E D W R I T I N G S

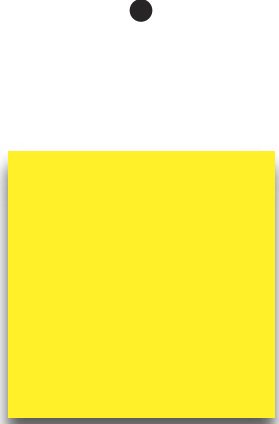
FIFTY% INSPIRATION

50PERCENT EXPIRATION

150%

DESTINATION & PRE-DESTINATION



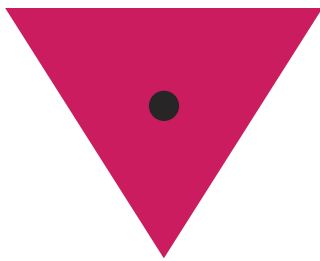


P R E L U D E

You are suspected of committing a serious criminal offence:
you sexlifted • 2 red hot chilli peppers • from my soul.
You have • the right to know • what offence
you • are suspected of • committing;
you • have the right to • remain silent;
you • have the right to talk with me • in confidence;
you have the right to read all our previous correspondence;
you • have the right to examine this • official statement
and • point out any inaccuracies it • may contain.
Think • carefully about your own • situation,
you can be delayed on Earth for a maximum of 6 lives,
even if you • were placed here under improper • pressure.
If your • case would be • dismissed,
or reach • an out-of-death • settlement,
you may • enjoy a criminal • record
on your • good conduct • licence.

BEST OF LUCK!

• • • HAVE FUN • • •



May
your whole being
feel in this blessed day
the richness of creation;
and the subtlety of your soul
taste
sparkles of enjoyments
and wisdom.

*

Welcome
into
the art of
notime!

Enjoy
dripping beauty
drifted from above,
welcoming your
attention
along the way
fulfilling
its own
metanarrative.

Enjoy.



Hoi!

to the reader



At the concert hall,
in the middle seat of the first row,
a young lady wears a turquoise pair of pants, only.
Her gorgeous breasts are uncovered and well served:
two tasteful pink nipples to squeeze and lick,
surrounded by stars and black holes;
in the cleavage of the two worlds,
my destiny:
her *herz*,
still unclear,
just starting to melt
after a too long icy winter.

He stood between Jupiter and Venus, not far apart.
They met betwixt the xv-xvii century, may be more than just once,
shifting roles and polarities *in secretum* at each turn, sharing a common karma to be cleansed off.
He cherished her understanding of the subtle world, both aware of their destiny but naive to its cup.
Feminine in this incarnation, she grasped a slant of reality yet unclear to him, who,
survived the last thrill of life, acknowledged the tangible side of her soul.
Ready to jump into the unknown, strolling along life arm in arm
with a grail of the sacred liquor of the South, they went.
Baccus was missing withal.
She endowed a brilliant eros intaking mountains of love,
vivid in consciousness, past avid experiences hardly integrated.
The lower you give, the higher you receive,
was the understatement of his doing sizing the middle way:
Never abide by the script, it's merely a *canovaccio* for improvisation,
said he enjoying her blooming iridescent aura.
Scars to be healed, marks to clean off, wings to brush up.
Both winged, they were getting ready for the big Leap.
Wings help, said she keeping him on track.
He felt good with a trustful companion, joining forces,
energies and powers to their last mundane dance.
On the reverse side of the Esrever, they were
long awaited for, since no time, and no hope.
He had a weak point:
Beauty:
exactly how she was.
Imbued with the Tradition of old
wherein beauty, truth, and goodness were but one,
he grasped her potential perfection, a shame to bypass.
Rare skills at those times — today lesser than ever —
providing fine food for a *puja* to the Great Mistress:
Mia dolcissima e tenera amica, amante e compagna,
shekinah dagli occhi impenetrabili e limpidi,
moglie, madre, figlia e nipote: donna, femmina, e dea,
I'm done with bruising my wings and brooming the aura,
are you ready to join in?



In the temple the music was unfolding,
yet another tune was playing within:
the South-wind blew her soul against the Ego's tower.

Goddess' altar-girls forbidding the entrance,
shabbat starting in less than a second.

Her decision was firm, grounded,
well-conducted and commanded.

She sensed the air and knew it was going to happen,
yet prayed to be spared.

Transmuting sulphur in zinc and iron in gold,
offering her whole self underneath the skymate,
she knelt on the right to the East, and to West on the left,
turned the day into a nightmare and the night into a daydream.

« Gimme a break! The truth that cannot be seen is not the Truth! »

said he, and, lo & behold!

in timeless synchronicity

her token is right here,

inspiring,

beyond and ahead,

innerly-gazing and

enlightening.



MON COEUR,

These are the happy days of recollection,
these are the unbelievable days of the believers,
those who believe in each other and in themselves,
whose vision is as trustful as heaven and earth's deal
to unfold life as if it were yesterday or tomorrow.

In absence of time, you and I are one,
not two or three, not four or five

we are the only One,

you and me;

You and I.

Yesterday

took away

your smile,

today your mouth is

enlightening human misery,

you know why, my mysterious sparkingly lady?

This is the Holy Cup in which we drunk,
vowing

fidelity and trust to the last of tears,

our smile in the

womb is about to born.

When will be our turn to fragrance the rose?

Where the lyles we once promised?

Where is the eye's brightness of old?

... ..

Were did my Lady go tonight?

Retreated to gather energies

for the sacred encounter?

We are transiting

to our shared

dimension,

get ready

mon coeur.



IN
ABSENCE
OF TIME IN
ABSENCE OF TIME
IN ABSENCE OF TIME
IN ABSENCE OF TIME IN
ABSENCE
OF TIME IN ABSENCE OF TIME
IN ABSENCE OF TIME IN
ABSENCE OF
TIME

Here they come:

caresses and kisses all over,

starting from your gentle and sparkling head, your eyes, your ears, your neck, your inviting mouth, your incredible breast — a short pause for a couple of long and tender kisses and some rounding licking on your inviting aroused nipples — your belly, your pubic, the internal part of your legs down to your feet, both, and up again to your knees, your pubis and — please, turn — your culetto, and — turn again — very very close to your incredible fichina, with your honey savoured big lips, your clitoris hard and wet, your... your... and here i get totally lost, just to come back to your open spasmodic mouth, and again and again until you are invaded by waves of pleasure and cannot any longer refrain for a powerful hiatus, than, only then I come into you, in the infinite abyssal pleasure of the humid matrix of this oceanic universe, in and out, in and out

until the end of time and beyond...

open to any experiment in your words of mouth,

in any combinations, just open it, as your inviting vagina

rhythmically contracting with the fast tempo of your breath.

I hope my words will put you in the right state for the meeting of souls...

You are a wise sexy woman, and you would have it for real at the first course, and then again and again with multiple variations... ok, better you read this after dinner, in bed, with me. Let me know how it goes,

I mean, the meeting of courses.

Ø

What can I do?
What can we say?
Again this crazy loop of life,
moves out as soon as convenient.
Serious stuff tonight Madonna, *ma Dame*.
There seem to be a few other things in need to be sorted out today:
first and foremost our relation,
in an inner-outer turmoil of life.

WE, YES, WE.

We, who didn't even hope for such a bliss,
who didn't even thank for such a grace.
Things go as they have to go,
move where they have to move.
Blooming as ever before,
We move as things,
We came in twins.

WE, YES, WE.

We,
who didn't have a time of praise,
who didn't have a breath of space.
Things came as they have to come,
rest as they have to still.
We move as beings,
We dance as *foux*.

WE, YES, WE.

It took me a while to realise who were We,
it took me a bite to become whom to be.
Yet at the end of the day
things became as they have to come,
moved as they don't need to stay,
beings are as they need to be.

WE, YES, WE.

{ For the time being }.

Ø

Ø Ø

Ø Ø Ø

Ø Ø Ø Ø

Once you've finished your ☁, go to your 🏠, take your 🧣 off, have the last 🍷 and a few 🍓, put on some 🎵, take off your 🎩 and have your night 🍷. Afterwards, you will start to 🤤, dreaming of us on a quite island 🌴, with the 🌙 and the 🌟, where we enjoy 🍷 and all the rest 🍷🍷🍷. Tomorrow early, take your guarana 🍷, drink your 🍷, eat some 🍷, a piece of 🍰 and and a 🍷; then call a 🚗 to the 🏠, and another 🚗 to 🏠: there I will be, with 🌹🌹🌹 and a 🍷 of prosecco, and very many 🍷🍷🍷🍷. Welcome home 🧑🏠 my precious 🍷, you made it super 🍷, 🍷 brava! But let's go to bed now, mille baci e un milione di carezze licenziose are waiting for you.

YOU KNOW WHAT?

My Lady asks for a real practical step,
My Lady asks for a step practical and real,
My Lady asks for a practical and real step.
In all instances, the first answer is in herself,
at all events, herself is the first answer,
her commitment to her own self.

My Lady asks to step in herself:
What would you suggest her?
That's time for a first step?
Time to look into the present?
Or a time to browse the future?
What would you suggest my Lady?
Tell me,
what would you suggest her?
Teneri baci profumati.

L'Chaim!
To you,
To me,
To us.

Who knows what I need of you,
Who knows what I need of me,
Who knows what I need of us,
Who knows who knows who?

Who knows you,
Who knows me,
Who knows us?

Us is we,
We is you
We is me
We is us.

Us is you
Us is me
Us is us.

I love Us.
Love is us
Love is you
Love is me

Love is Love,
Like this cup
That I'm offering you,
That you offered me,
That us offered us.

Just to confirm:

I miss you,
I need you,

I care for you,
I'm lost in you,

I'm mad of you,
and

I don't know who is who.

}1{:~:} ----- {:~:}1{
}1{-----:: 1 ::-----}1{
}1{:~:}-----::-----:}1{
{1}-----::-----[1}
{-}

— from what you are saying it looks like more as a different personality-psychological structure than a different soul structure. ~~Why?~~ There is a very well shared and known classification of the nature of souls, 5 to honour the truth, and they have nothing to do with ‘character’ traits, these belong to the personality, not to the soul, the latter is inborn, the former acquired during this life. Anyway, they are not the same, and harshness, possession (?) &tc &tc, are unrelated to the nature of the soul, are psychological behavioural issues, in the ‘psychic’ domain, not in the ‘spiritual’. ~~Characterical traits are also the beautiful sides. Isn't it rather a~~ ~~may be necessary intellectual formalism within a consistent spiritual system what you are describing? Which~~

----- Without judging if it is too bad or not, the point is that they belong to two different realms, and it's not a matter of systems, it is a matter of shared knowledge.

----- ~~And yes, soon Ex husband. Three weeks ago we have signed the agreement at the notary. Still need the Court stamp. Good! it~~ took some time but you are finally there ;-) ~~always achieve what I really wish~~ if I may, not always what we wish is what we really need... ~~fine with me, but in that case it would be easier~~ — communication-wise — to use the appropriate term ;-) -----

----- Scepticism is always a privilege, but is not necessarily true.

----- No comment, I was referring to a different plane, it doesn't matter. What does still matter? What is matter? And what's the matter? What do you need? Not necessarily what you want or wish. I'm trying to emerge from the well you throw me in, I'm trying to sever all my feelings towards you, release and dispel all threads, even the most subtle ones. Is that what you want, wish, need, right? Is it possible to disconnect? I wish I could.

----- you got my answer ::—}»



ΑΛΕΠΗ & ΑΛΕΦ
αλεπη & αλιφ

Torn between quietness and turmoil,
trusting the feeling of your elitaire peer
who will soon gain your deserved confidence.

As a token of mutual recognition of your radiance,
his discomfort for not spending a day with you will vanish.

• Who wouldn't aspire to such a blessing? •

He told me that he would have loved to be at your fingertips

• for just another whole day and half a night, •

as the missing freshness of your vibration was driving him dead!

I told him to whisper secret words while gazing into your eyes,

and that the answer will surely come.

• I hope you will bear with this request of him •

• — even though karma cleaning is underway — •

and I would like to anticipate my personal thankfulness

for your favourable benevolence to his existential quest;

even more so, for this unexpected but timely most welcome report,

at the very beginning of another harder yet greater day than ever.



π

π

*

* * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * Sorry, * * * * *

* * * * * I made a mistake: * * * * *

* * * * * Happy of having met you * * * * *

* * * * * I couldn't refrain sharing it with you, * * * * *

* * * * * I should have waited for the longing. * * * * *

Scared by surprise the heart is bleeding,
expelling anguish and pain beyond doom,

* * * * * * * * * *

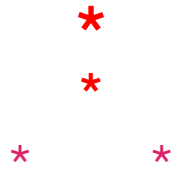
* * * * * *I don't know what it is, but it is.* * * * * *

I'm learning so much from my mistakes...
that I'm thinking of making a brand new one:

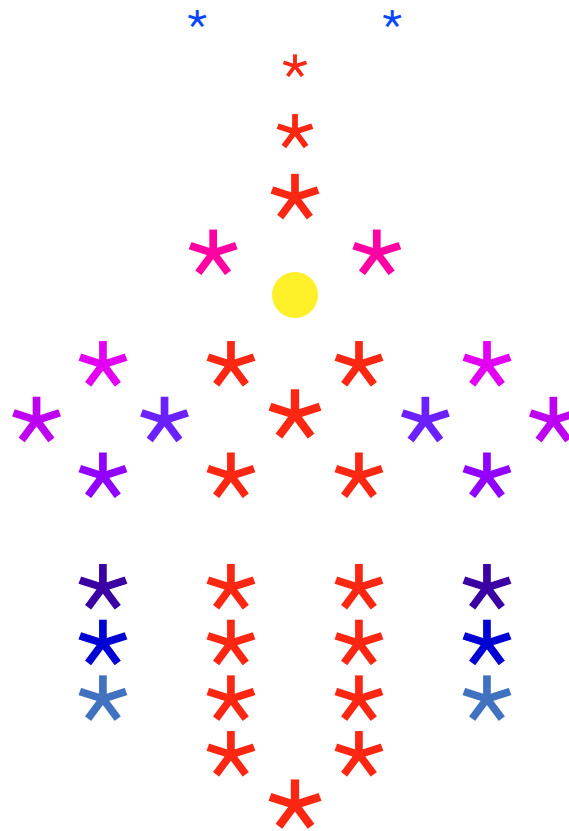
* * * * * sending this to you,
now. * * * * *

* * * *

* * * *



Bon après-midi ma belle,
I'm much enjoying my day
with your constant presence.
Since you draw your spell on me
I cannot do anything but feeling of you:
your voice, your eyes, your lips, your laugh,
the soft movements of your sensuality,
but also
your incredible strength,
your power and your determination.
A blasting mixture captured me in a smile.
I dreamt of you,
Indeed all this makes sense.





As I don't know when I'll be able to see you again in these endless days without you,
As I don't know when I'll be able to hear you again in these endless days without you,
As I don't know when I'll be able to smell your fragrance again in these endless days without you,
As I don't know when I'll be able to touch again your transparent skin in these endless days without you,
As I don't know when I'll be able to taste again your impalpable splendour in these endless days without you,
Who would dare to ask the driver if she knows the direction?
If she has been a prudent and expert chauffeur for a luxury cab.
Is she the princess dismounting the chariot ahead of the year-end?
Didn't we agree to bring forth this experiment beyond the fictitious spacetime confine?
Beyond stars and planets, the known and the unknown?
Didn't we agree to offer the best of our selves in completing this still hart-bound cycle?
Emptiness filled our being approaching each other across centuries,
offering space to each other in the vain attempt to complete.
This is the gradual achievement of many a failure.
pushing forward the unknown, to its own *Bildung*.
Life asks for more, it is always unsatisfied.



While the sun is setting i think of you
when the moon is rising i think of you
if the sun is shining i feel of you
if the moon is bowing i feel of you
when life is blooming i feel of you
when i walk on the waters i think of you
when i drown in the ocean i'm feeling you
if i'm getting insane is because of you
if i recover my health is because of you
if i dig in consciousness is because of you
if i eat pomegranates is because of you
if the honey is sweet is because of you
if the sun is rising is because of you
if the mountains are hiding is because of you
if the manna is falling is because of you
if i will go to heaven is because of you
if i will stay in hell is because of me.
Who's responsible for all this?
Who is afraid of tomorrow?
Who is chained by yesterday?
Who is free from today?



You & Me,
the dwellers of this planet of Love.
No attachments on the planet of LoVe
No remorse on the planet of L-o-v-e
No regrets on the planet of L_ve
No fears on the planet of L-v
No lies on the planet of Love
Only Truth abides here,
with Beauty and Goodness
scaping the land for us,
bringing us closer to honour
the unavoidable destiny of lovers.
In my harbour you can rest
in my arms you can breath
in my soul you can dwell
in myself you can pause
in my breast you can sing
in my feelings you can enjoy
in my love you can blow.
No melancholy for us today
only the enchantment of life
advancing the new phase.
Every day is a new day
every year is a new year
every you is a new me
every you is an old me
only you is a new me
every day is a new year
Shana Tova my beloved,
in all possible heart's languages
my meaning will remain the same
I'm not from up
I'm not from down
not from East nor from West
not from above nor from below
I'm the yeast of love
I'm the dough of your shabbat
I'm you,
you are me,
and we are we.
{ end of nonsense }

y
o
u
Should I tell you or not
that I'm sad for not seeing you
notwithstanding this digital divide,
even though I bore you clearly in mind,
in my subtle heart,
in my feelings
and in my soul?
Should I tell you or not
that it's hard being unable
to caress your hands,
your face,
your breasts
and your aura,
if not in the imaginal
long day-night dreams?
Should I tell you or not
the pain in gazing in your eyes,
feeling your subtle vibrations,
reclining your head aside in passionate guise,
offering hopes to uncovered friends,
yet dwelling in the moon?
Should I tell you or not
that I'm passing away by your bewitching soul?
should I tell you or not?
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§

Not only I know **its** symbol but life itself,
at times hard and **joyful**, at times sad and gay,
bound to this eluding **dimension** keeping us apart.
Us is you and me, myself **and me**, you and yourself,
dualities of an early **existence** confined by extinction.

Let aside **all** contingencies,
rejoicing intimacy **between** our deepest selves
the outward mirror **is reflecting** its own beam.

You are an **inspiring** being:
best healing to you
my flourishing springing beauty!
Take good **care** and cherish
the bonding vibe
my radiant soul,
our cup of life
is melting.

Gushing,
your perfume on air,
here and there.

We lived as time wouldn't exist,
seizing death's threshold with a fresh line.

Ø

Born from a drop of seed
laughter of bliss are joining in hush.
Getting you out of my steam is of not avail,
I can't step in my inner room without finding you in bed,
break fasting together at dawn.
I know you don't care,
pretending that we never had met.
You were you, and me was I,
until in a day with notime
You and Me were Us in One time.
How can you cope?
The blisters of love are scars to the Sun,
Moon's blots are waning her seed.
We fall in love as teenagers on sex,
betrayed for a handful of bread,
my materiality is not at its peek,
eager to come or not come,
beyond the pinnacle of joy:
further and farther from where we came in.
I didn't have questions, you were the answer.
And now?

UNEXPECTED

sparkles of joy:

light upon light,

the eternal melancholy has gone.

Let's suppose that we never have met,
that this is the usual perception of a debased life
devoid of expectations and undisclosed destiny,

yet the monocular vision is displaced,

time is melting a frozen clock at the horizon.

Why should the inebriating pair lingering around?

Shouldn't we look for the endless score
of the tantric couple on their orgasmic glide?

The curve of your lips,
the bounce of your pubis,
the smile that never saw
the hidden picture box
on your home shelves
is finally back.

Deserved:

at least

lost

in

emptiness.

U P O N
THE COMMAND OF LOVE AND UNDER ITS SPELL
A PROMISE OF JOY AND DESPAIR HAS NEVER BEEN ATTAINED.

**The Moon & the Sun, the High & the Low,
the Breadth & the Depth
disembodied,
disentangled,
longing for
a life
in return.**



Consciousness,
artifex of a self-transmuting self,
is anointing the madness of birth,
subjectivity of a metaphysical throb
breathing its daily grab.
**Wor[l]ds' lyrics of notime,
affirming a missing flame in the sacred chandelier,
nothing but a figural posthumous illusion.**

My very special dear,

I decided writing you even though I'm not going to send this neither today nor tomorrow as you asked for, because of Shabbat.

Nevertheless I feel writing to you now, so we will see what will come out. As talking of the past and the future does not advance of a split second our relation, I will try to convey our present beyond this illusory time dimension, yes, into that everlasting moment of which we both partake or, at least, that we are sharing in certain moments, if not the whole of ourselves, at least with profile picture, whatever that means. I just had two slices of bread with some cheese while listening to Clpaton blues, as I feel in this very moment, not sad actually nor down, but blues, in its musical connotation. Said that, I must be strong as I know I don't belong to heaven, and yet I have to cope with this miserable days without you. I know I often made the equation You = my Soul, so at least for a short while during the day — but it might well increase with time — I cannot relate with anybody else but with you, my shekhinah in my soul. So, I really hope that you will forgive me if I'm aware of the physical distance between us, as for me it is indeed hard to be afar for my own soul, as all along life it has been my sole aim to be innerly one with it,

and that in this troubled times of ours it seems definitely to identify with you. Even though this is not identification but substantiality instead, I'm totally aware of the separation, so please keep in mind and in your heart that now and in this context I'm writing to my soul, having an inner monologue with myself that, due to partially known historical circumstances, is in this temporal dimension grounded in you.

I'm just waiting for my angel to show up and tell me if the direction has changed in the meantime, as I've not been informed of it, nobody sent out a signal announcing a change of route.

Yesterday

I was almost

sure of the whole

universe, and was waiting

for your joining in. Today I'm

pissed off because I can't keep up

with a joyful feeling, but I'm sure that you

know melancholia and how it affects certain souls,

Dürer made a whole bunch of refreshing drawings on

the subject. My melancholy is for you my soul, is my longing for reunification. I would like my words to convey the right feeling behind them,

I would like you to understand that it is not a destructive feature

that I'm coping with, but something to do with my inner need

to be the closest possible to my self, to my soul, to my real

nature. So, it is not a whimsical wish that I'm pursuing

since old, but the real need of my inner in need

to unite with the apparently outer of this world

which

does makes no

sense without

it.

**A
kindly
reminder:**

**I like you
I care for you
I'm fond of you
I appreciate you
I've ardour for you
I've amity for you
I'm infatuate of you
I'm yearning for you
I've a passion for you
I've tenderness for you
I'm enchanted by you
I'm delighted by you
I've fervour for you
I'm devoted to you
I'm cherishing you
I respect you
I enjoy you
I love you.**



Today
is yesterday and tomorrow together,
aimed since long but missed so far;
the day of recollection and complementary,
the mesoteric day of a bold soul.
I'm claiming to have it cleared,
sincerity is much in demand:
fondness expressed in writing
is lurking an omen in disguise.
Please don't tell her,
she could refrain spilling over,
and cast out deeds only to herself.

*
* * *
* * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

**Past the silver linings of a moral life,
over the glided clouds of my immortal wives,
there I am.**

**Lost in your fiction,
« No kisses, no hugs »
keeps rebounding in my skull
by an hallucinated need.**

Duality-play is off.

**We is You and I,
Thou & Thee
unfolding**

We.

*

* *

T O N I G H T

I've deleted you.
Nothing has changed
at subtle level:
the eternal pair
is one and the same.

No gross circumstances
will ever change the timeless pair.

You and I are the everlasting We

The uncoupled unit,

ONE AND FOR ALL.

Who could write you these lines?

Who, if not me?

Your eternal mirror,

your twin soul

questioning

it's own

pair.

WHO?

Who

if not

YOU

could

answer

this call?

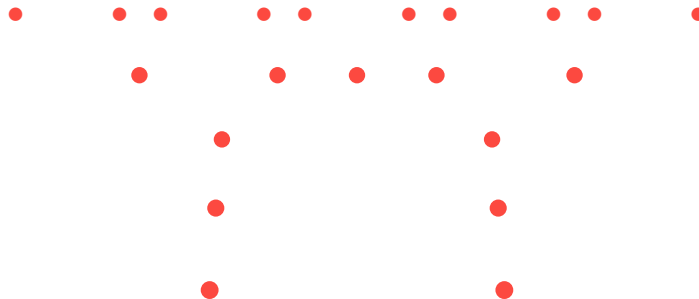
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*



INADVERTENTLY INVISIBLE

**I caught you naked beyond the screen of perception:
a flash, a mutual hallo! and we already departed.
These aren't the words of a lover complaining at his muse,
but letters to you
who are keeping awake all my nights and make my day with a dream.
The new Moon is disguising beneath the dawn portrayed in dispel.
Why am I visible at your invisible eyes wandering throughout your own gaze?**





I can show you the golden letters of a timeless script
released by reweaving the universe time and again
before your aflamed presence flatted the light
under the shade
and none could open that gate but you.
The hottest of seasons is here,
Moira is in full swing,
and you already came.
Don't ask me more,
age doesn't abide in union.
Breathing down my neck,
your *souffle* spumes garlands
of tears within a blast.
Freed from its yoke,
spoiled by a deserved course,
the universe is chasing its dew rhythm
under the skin
🌀
between your legs.



No longer giving a fucking damn to your existence:
spoiled beauty down to hell.
Kill yourself with the presumptuous of a fake murder,
a blasfeme parassite unable to lead its own life.

You are a fake,
useless to wait for your answer.

Bleeding tears on white paper,
footprint crossing the path,
in disguise.

Kept it at bay,
the day uncovers hither of yon,
blended in the offing of life,
a felony of first-degree.





My land is a fantasy-land,
a *phantasmata in bilicum* between being and not-being,
between You and Me anchored to the middle osmotic membrane
stretched between poles, the drumming hym[e]n of the human condition,
Spirit&Matter are one and the same melted beyond time.

Under the kraton nothing is left over:

I'm not me, I'm you, cremated alive,
enflamed by soothing Wisdom,
comforted by the airy Prophethood,
enlightened by the watery Knowledge,
yet burned into ashes.

You,
aspiration & breath,
silent under the blanket,
busy upon my soul.

... > {·YOU·} <...

inbreath, outbreath:
the pulse of the universe
becomes One.

Into this station,
neither you nor me,
a self-dreaming illusion.

Past the gate of the I,
there is We.

Me who is You,
Who is We?

YUOUME,
the first
apostasy
in
time.





§

Savouring belated hopes,
Brightness & Temptation disguised
by a nodding glance in the lover's tavern.

The We in the Temple:

imperishable,
unfolding,
palpable,
desirable,

as the bud of your nipple,
the whistling brim of your kiss,
the languid pearl of your youth,
the flickering hiss of your tongue
disclosed & concealed by the lining of age
in the rhyme of time.

A gain

this unbearable routine
of a morning without you:
the touch of your skin,
the gaze of your eyes,
the line of your smile,
the buds of your nipples,
the soft curve of your culetto
and the scent of your pussy are all gone.
What stays is the fragrance of your soul,
the vibe of your presence on the pillow,
the gleam of your body in the shower,
the pace of your gait in the kitchen,
and the depth of a breakfast embrace.

*





Almost.

Words slipped out of a page opened by a failed chance.
The gorgeous vine you didn't dare to taste is relentlessly melting
its bottle up and down at the light of your dazzling breasts
embodying daydreams and cherubim's nightmares.
It longed to be welcomed between your rounded cups
as a swallowed pomegranate spreading myrtled sesame
to wither out the cravings of your heavenly and mortal body.
Yet your yoni's gaze is turning Azrail's fragrance into nihil,
devastating Qaf's eons of celebrated avoided frugality.
Her voice is bestowing baraka & shekhinah alike,
squandering the battle-field of love
with inconsistent joy.





TANTRA APPLE

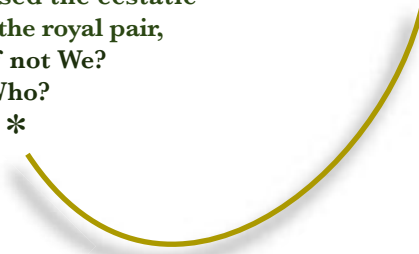
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* *

Looking forward to awake at dawn
 aroused in each other arms,
 face to face:
 your breast on my chest
 teasing our tongues in a dance.
 The breeze of your skin in my soul
 challenging the rhythmic pulsation.
 Imbued by waves of delight,
 you in me : ∞ : me in you.
 Who witnessed the ecstatic
 coming of the royal pair,
 who if not We?

Who?

*



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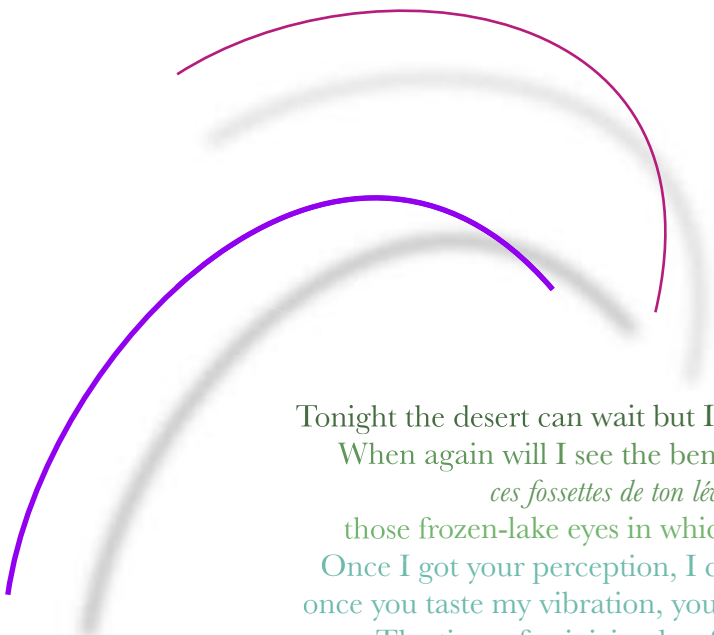
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Dolcissima Unknown,

I checked here and there, astrological charts, tarots, Chinese, Veda, &tc, &tc. and your birth date seems indeed to be very fortunate for a feisty, perfectionist, sensual, idealistic, devoted, compassionate and very passionate woman — nothing we didn't know already, but some aspects are interesting: your Moon in Capricorn and Venus in Scorpio favours our good match. I'm not particularly expert neither a big fan of these things, but it seems that you are plunging into some part of myself and withdrawing forgotten worlds as simply as I would like to know everything about you, in all possible senses and ways. These notions are more a confirmation to my own intuition than really sorting out unquestionable truths. More than any astrological bearing — affective only to a limited extent until our centre of gravity is located in the material realm, and thus subject to the influences of celestial bodies — what really matters is the 'evidence' on the field of action, I'm a field practitioner, I gather sample-data from experience. I keep on pretending to be a very practical being, which is more what I would like to be, rather than what would it be, as more often than not, and especially in these greatest days, I'm totally spaced out in you. I hope your day is unfolding interestingly and satisfactory, keep the vibe, I'm flying to you.

* * * * *

* *



Tonight the desert can wait but I can't wait for you.
When again will I see the bend of your nose,
ces fossettes de ton lèvres,
those frozen-lake eyes in which once I slept?
Once I got your perception, I could not refrain;
once you taste my vibration, you wouldn't disdain.
The time of rejoicing has finally come,
the time of no time
the time of all time
the time of the time:
the MeYou time is utterly here.
I didn't ask for, I wasn't aware of,
unexpectedly it befallen on We:
your intangible presence in bed,
your twin moons swelling at dawn,
your *grain de beauté* on my skin.
Who turned my wings on?
The Mistress of God?
The polarity of old?
The feminine source of creation?
The genuine chthonic vibration,
wherein I got lost?
I shed skin at your wish,
poised my whim on your dish.
Slaughtered to crowded delight
I'm missing the scent of your brim,
the serious gaze of your trim
stalled on the alleys of life
paved with blurred intentions.
Looking forward while moving backwards
was our mantra,
dashing the present on an unbearable hope.



HUMAN TO HUMAN
Namuh ot Namuh
You to Me and Me to You

{ ROSE PICTURE MISSING }

Did you ever ask me to invade my life?

Did I ever ask you to be my wife?

Did we ever ask for a new bite?

Whom shall we ask for?

Whom shall we

point

our

most secret

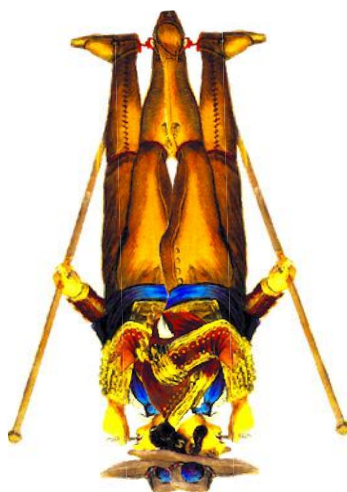
intention,

if not to

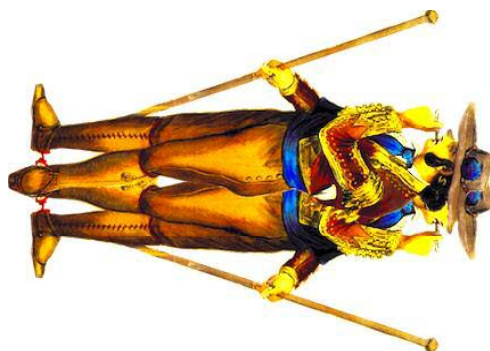
each

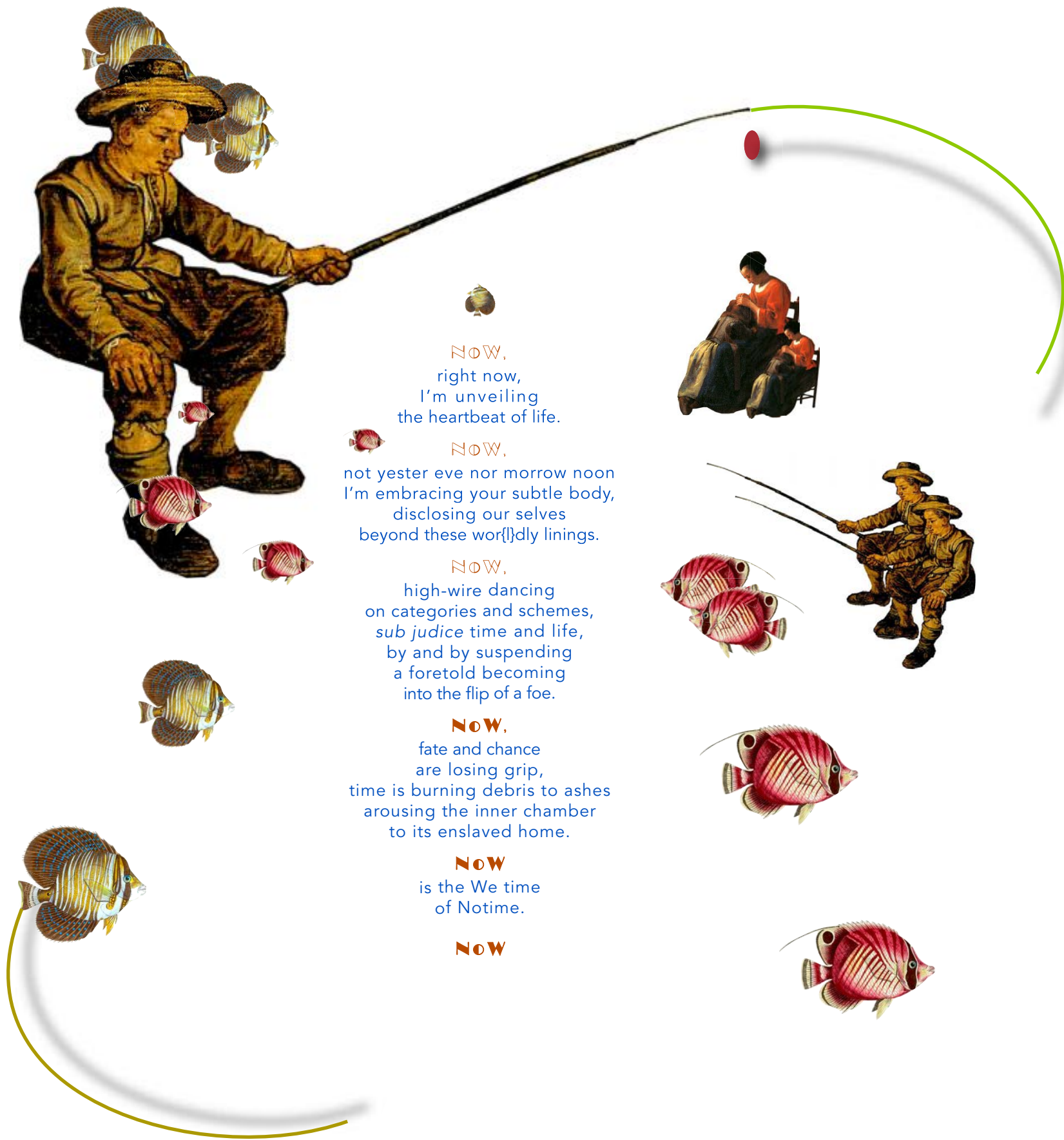
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Beware my soul,
be careful at words,
nome numen, nume nomem.
Breaking through illusion
beholding Maya,
there we will meet,
unlashing chains
to step forward.
We are not
from Bali or Benin,
not for like or dislike,
nor seraphim or kerouvim
with four, six or eight wings,
we are the essence of Love,
its carnal embodiment on Earth.
Whishing you a safe travelling log,
a regenerating pilgrimage home,
sic & nunc.





NOW,
right now,
I'm unveiling
the heartbeat of life.

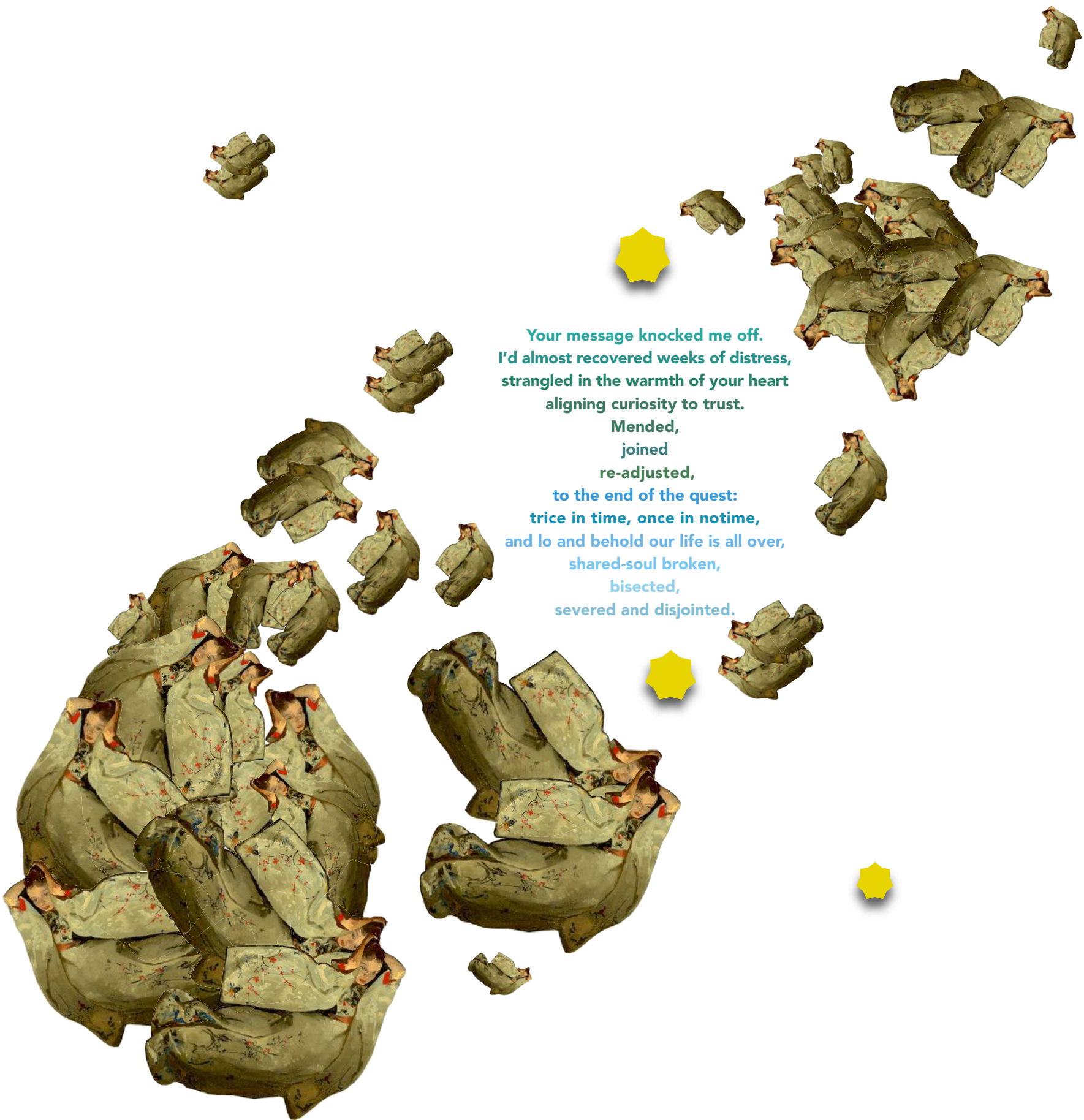
NOW,
not yester eve nor morrow noon
I'm embracing your subtle body,
disclosing our selves
beyond these wor{ldly} linings.

NOW,
high-wire dancing
on categories and schemes,
sub judice time and life,
by and by suspending
a foretold becoming
into the flip of a foe.

NOW,
fate and chance
are losing grip,
time is burning debris to ashes
arousing the inner chamber
to its enslaved home.

NOW
is the We time
of Notime.

NOW



Your message knocked me off.
I'd almost recovered weeks of distress,
strangled in the warmth of your heart
aligning curiosity to trust.
Mended,
joined
re-adjusted,
to the end of the quest:
trice in time, once in notime,
and lo and behold our life is all over,
shared-soul broken,
bisected,
severed and disjointed.



In the blueprint of life
change arises beyond will,
we cannot alter its nature.

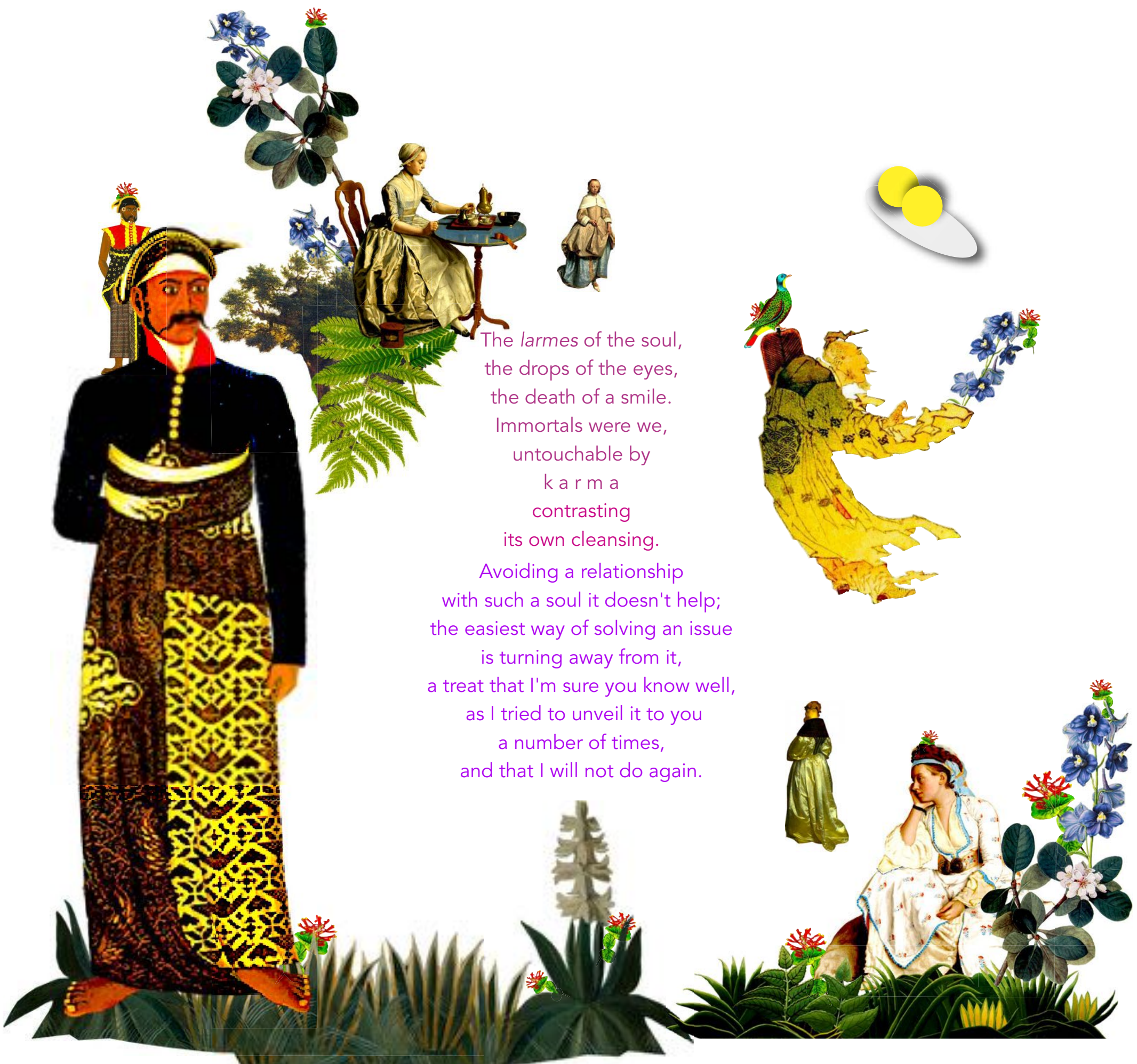


In the liver,
yonder spacetime;
in the body of light,
farther and further,
interna corporis
I provided you
with a brass heart
to be transmuted in gold,
and an azure djellaba



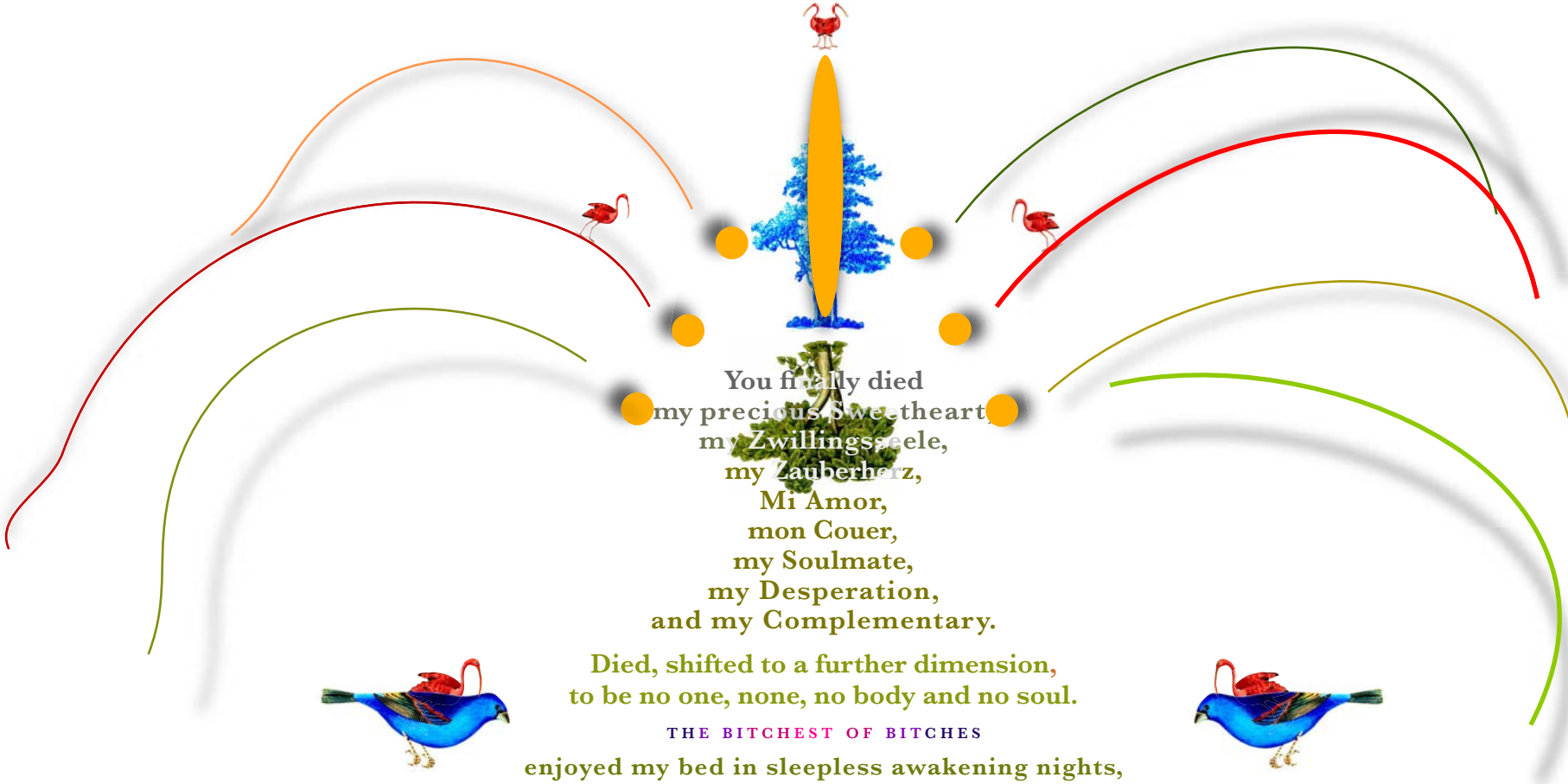
as a nuptial garment;
karma-cleared your tail,
and pled to break free
from a vicious relation
ahead the scope
of smashing across
these last words.





The *larmes* of the soul,
the drops of the eyes,
the death of a smile.
Immortals were we,
untouchable by
k a r m a
contrasting
its own cleansing.

Avoiding a relationship
with such a soul it doesn't help;
the easiest way of solving an issue
is turning away from it,
a treat that I'm sure you know well,
as I tried to unveil it to you
a number of times,
and that I will not do again.



You finally died
my precious Sweetheart
my Zwillingsspeele,
my Zauberherz,
Mi Amor,
mon Couer,
my Soulmate,
my Desperation,
and my Complementary.

Died, shifted to a further dimension,
to be no one, none, no body and no soul.

THE BITCHEST OF BITCHES

enjoyed my bed in sleepless awakening nights,
a narrative whose argument was but her,
dying in the innerscape.

NOW YOU ARE DEAD AND I'M ALIVE.

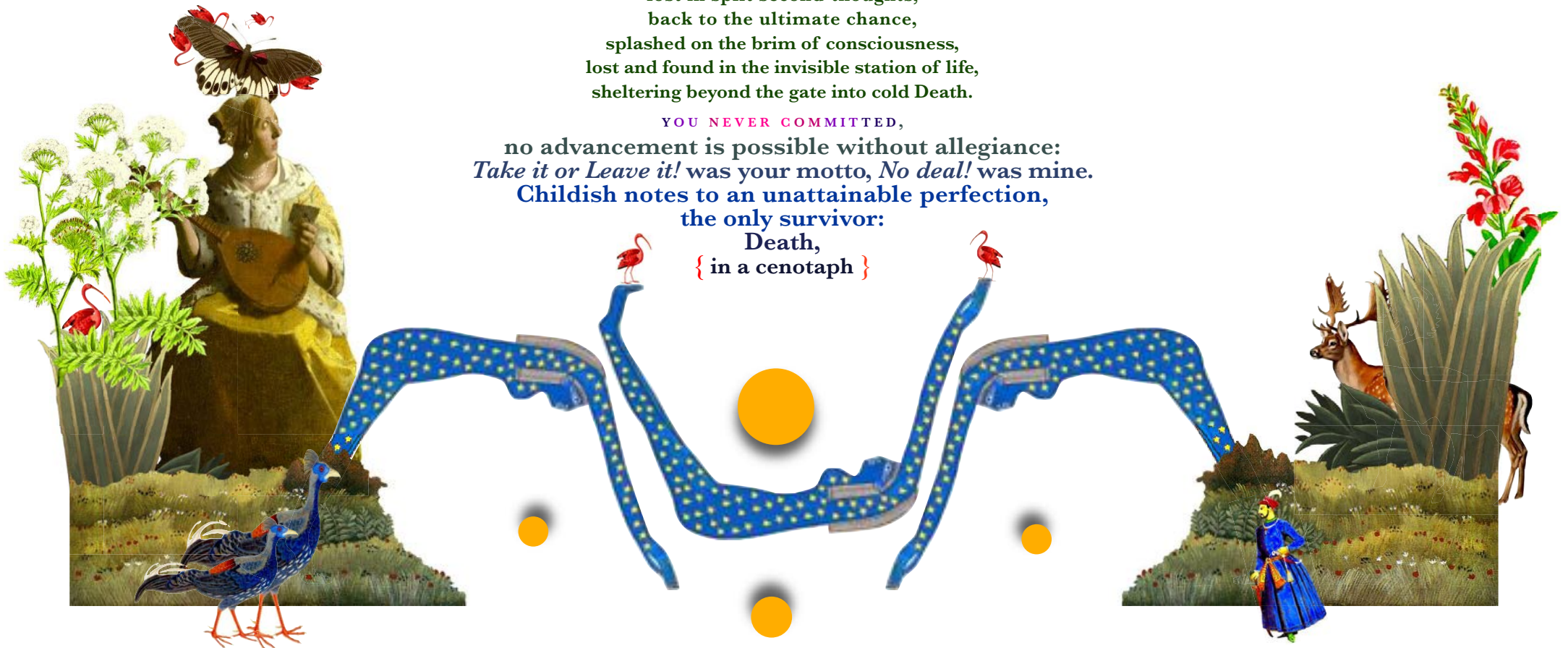
Ashes are longing for celebration,
bound to treachery for a whole cycle,
worn out by useless strategies,
lost in split second-thoughts,
back to the ultimate chance,
splashed on the brim of consciousness,
lost and found in the invisible station of life,
sheltering beyond the gate into cold Death.

YOU NEVER COMMITTED,

no advancement is possible without allegiance:
Take it or Leave it! was your motto, *No deal!* was mine.

Childish notes to an unattainable perfection,
the only survivor:

Death,
{ in a cenotaph }





Did you catch me by surprise? Yes and No.
I'm happy to hear your are doing better than worse,
growing inside-out wherein distinction doesn't hold,
not even at death. I'm happy to hear you are
having a romance with your girlfriend,
exploring new approaches to love and sexuality,
mingling feelings with your travelling companion.
I'm happy to hear you are getting along with a man,
engaging in tempting architectures postponing your coming,
and I'm happy to feel your heart rising beyond the coupling dimension.
I'm collecting the debris of a shattered world, mending a novel perfectible
piece of beauty, flip-flopping reality in a resilient imploding white dwarf.
Everything is on the move,
no anxiety by unfolding the untraced path,
we shall meet beyond this gilded illusion.



Today feelings aren't enough.
 Your encounter was a blessing, today is a curse,
 a damnation for your audacity to hope and love.
 To merge an improbable couple in aspiring life
 beyond the contingency of finite days,
 pouring urge for wordy matters
 incumbent need of being:

I don't remember
 which was the answer.
 All I know is that
 I'm at balance.
 Is this a bond?

Aren't angels pleading to merge?
 You see what I mean? Right?

Good,

so you can share it with me,
 for I don't see it.

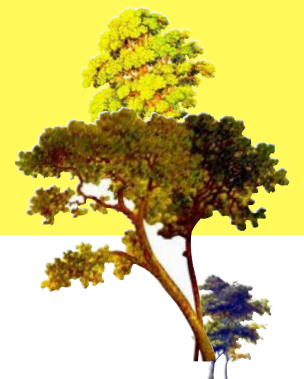
Quando vuoi,

— was the answer —

just tell me and I'll tell you,
 one by one until none is left.

Maktub melted the chalice,
 dissolved angles to emerge sound.

Still waiting for *Der Rose Reiter* to come.





Real?

What is Real and what is not?
Am I real? Are we real? For real?
Sensitive to the inversion of polarities,
the sun is setting,
beheading the night of dreams and nightmares.

Are lovers Real?

Nothing in the whole universe is unipolar,
in the realm of multiplicity we are who we are,
double, bound to an earthly dimension.

Too serious, way too serious, *légérté mon coeur, légérté.*

Don't you feel the Southeast wind howling beyond?

transmutng the time of You and I,

our personal,

intimate, unique time

into a wedding time?

Ripening and ripping,

rounding and resounding,

unfolding and infolding at once,

here it is!



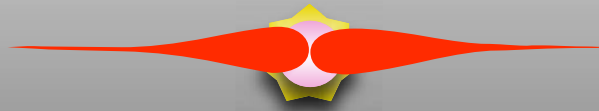
The time of
WE.





Bonjour ma Belle,
your beauty is a suitable shelter,
smiling in reading these lines,
rejoicing in perceiving the vibe.
Cherishing a powerful empowering day,
four eyes see better than two,
but indeed the 3rd perceives better.
Wishing the stillness of creation
at this sill turning point
between inbreath & outbreath,
at the very point in nowhere
when everything rests
in perceiving the self,
deep down inside,
before & beyond
hither & thither
earlier & later
further & farther,
past the guardians,
through the gates:
there we'll meet,
You & Me,
There I am,
still,
longing for you,
pledging coattails to higher spheres
transmuting the ordinary into a predatory pride.





Alchemical kisses folding embraces in radiant caresses.
Flashing sparkles of hope balmng your chest at the lime of day.
Morsels of truth turning the invisible into the red ocean,
transmuting pearls in glowing white gold,
absorbing the creation à rebours before birthing the ending.

I'm longing to get lost in the breath of the bodies,
to join auras, senses and souls
in a delighted conatus.

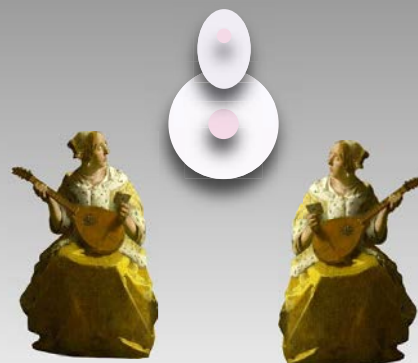
This hiatus is no longer bearable,
this liquid time of notime,
this evanescent space of domesticated minds,
this unattainable melting of anguish and separation,

this everlasting aspiration of being lost
in no-body than us,

well beyond these narrow worlds,
ahead of any unavoidable harassment,
postulating in spirit and flesh over eternity,
before we could even fathom to get lost.

Come,

this parting is killing
untouched bodies by souls,
bounding Heaven to Earth,
darkness upon darkness,
the Moon and the Sun
in ablazing majestic
unity.



Why don't you trust me my glorious mirror, and ask to know why? Be assured my golden jade, I will only use it for Magix: disentangling Love before and after the rift,
all we need to know past the fear of the unknown, springing while singing to the highest of consciousness, is the wisdom of our deepest deceived inner self.
Send me a selfie my radiant rose, chose the guise, the attire, the posture and position you feel I could enjoy more and would help me best,
yet a picture is an image, a representation sustained by inspiration, a flash captured and frozen in the we time of notime,
predicting your song by the stars of the unknown, and supporting my soul uprooted in you,
a present holding on time while endlessly longing for death.

Defined by what it is not, a design is approaching defiant of contingency, at last, lurking at the gate en attendant de vous dire qu'il vous aime at that the right time has become.
Life is kneeling at the majesty rise of the diamond body, silver flashing the emerald mantel on the purple dark sea: Eros is surfacing, unexpected, constantly in loss.
Ding-dong-dang: heaven's bells are calling, deaf angels are dubbing the call: where are you today my red archangel, why don't you answered the phone?
Witnessing its mellow transition from your breasts to the crimson crown of the gods, way beyond the linings of age and fertility,
Dang-dong-ding was engaged in reading within, distracted by memories and glimpses of future at present absent therein.
Right into the black sparkling light of the known, where we met, disrupting the course of creation by jailing time.
Quintessence suspiciously suspended the trap to come or become was her quest, who could answer that call?

Be'ahava ve'emet — I thought you meant "with true love", which sounded audacious for a well-mannered sensual lady as you.
Enthroned is the day: your matrix implanted in myself is running amok, who's riding my shekinah tonight?
I was hoping to gaze under that green cup of your bra covering and unveiling the twin-heavens:
Before and beyond ideas, perception and illusion there is a field, I'll meet you there.
I keep dreaming of a recurrent image into my field, imagination is terribly tangible:
you drew me in a blissful hell last night, it aches, but I thank you not.
"With truth & love" replaces reality on its own right.
Who will rescue me from your carnal wing?



Day & Night are young to Lovers:
shining onto nonsense to shape the truth,
today, yesterday & tomorrow are already gone,
only the objective reality of lovers is here,
all the rest is nihil.

Devoid of consistency,
the dark solid vacuum is devouring you & me into We,
the flame is burning Kosmos unveiling its orderly path,
our *souffle* is breathing life into each other presence:

Where are You, there is Me,
bonding Heaven to Below in everlasting longing.

And I could go on and on for eons and eons,
contemplating your poise in this carnal temple
emerging from the pond of illusion,
rebounding the We over your chthonic water,
rising the Sun & the Moon against the stars.

The constellation *d'entant* is loosing grip,
freed from contingencies of old,
We is surfing the wave of dharma,
unattended,

burrowing its journey into the course of Love,
shaking the way to pieces to lastly surface to Light.



Mon Coeur,
my blessed soul & sweet culetto,
you told me you don't share my way of life
and dealing with me drains you out of energy;
that you don't believe in a soul-to-soul relation,
and that there is no such a thing as a soulmate;
that you would rather go for an open relation
with no social implications,
that you need material security,
and that only if and when
I will thrive my financial matters
you could consider some sort
of joint prospective.
Yet you said that you won't marry,
as you are after a man of your age,
well-fitted
in broad strong shoulder,
and, forgive my nerve,
with a lazy soul.

Yet,
I long to share
joys and tears
with a soulmate
inside a blessed life,
as in heaven so in earth,
building the ascending We.
I will never ask you to change,
neither I will ever go along your wont,
unless my inner vision
points me in that same direction.

This being so,
there seems to be enough wise ground to discontinue,
or put definitely on hold this so-called relation of ours.

Only when you will accept me
for who I am without contempt,
this sore ecstatic stance might be revelled.

Another attempt aborted the leaping ladder,
one more appraisal of life's predictable lot:
death is rescuing an untimely notice,
disdaining its grave assault
on maya's enduring breath.





Sapientia cordis.

The Sun is coming, the Moon is going.
« Full Moon, Fool Moon — said the lover —
why are you here if Shams is asleep?
Don't you feel the Light awakening dawn behind the hills? »

The shore is lapping the reef,
bracing time in its rhythmical out-breathing;
moonlight is enlightening the palms bowed to East,
yet my polar star is still you.

Beneath uncovering sleeves,
glooming to swallow the Moon through the teeth,
Shams is handy to slip in.

Shadow is rising from the black see:
« The brighter the Light, the darker the Shadow,
the higher the Sun the shorter the Shadow »
warns the ant covering the Moon under her brim.

The Moon is coming,
the Sun is going,
timely inhaling the miss.

The Sun is coming,
the Moon is going,
rhythmically
in-breathing

its
coming.

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THE MUSE & THE ARTIST

A Muse was complaining that her artist was **grabbing all merits for the creation**, while she was just being the channel for his inspiration, and that their hot deal was **unfair**, for he was **receiving all blames** for the outcome of his creativity, while she **was regarded nearly as a dead cat instead.**

At first the Artist didn't get it **through**, he kept his wor[l]d **fasten to bygone beliefs**, maintaining that his Muse was a seed of a creative endeavour in his own **womblike consciousness**, and that it was **indeed his** feminine receptivity to breed her masculine inspiration, a **temporary inversion of polarities to beget and cherish a Word** to be offered to the World.

A times the Muse was feeling at **home, happy, recognised, intrigued and valued**, her **soul** overwhelmed by her newly discovered male stand; at other times she **felt disconnected**, conflicting with her **previous semi-knowledge**, inexperienced in the law, yet familiar in the language **of initiation**. Apparently alone, the Artist was **all along melting** her inspiration in her soul.

At some point, beneath the **bridge of convenience**, both realised that **something extra ordinary** was taking shape: their souls had long before recognised each **other**, and were now merging beyond their own will. In a gradually increasingly inner-outer process the Muse and the Artist were **constantly exchanging their roles and their feelings in the rapture**, realising that their own life would have been meaningless **without the other**. For, what's good in a Muse if deprived of her power to inspire? And what's good left for an **Artist devoid of inspiration? Dead cats**, both busy with the **entanglements** of love.

In the absence of time their **relation grew stronger and stronger**, until one day she left for the beach with some old good fellows and disappeared for good **from the stage**. "This dam all thing just doesn't square! A **mesmeric** illusion?" asked the Artist at himself reviewing their whole **past subtle written flow**, pursuing to **enlighten the untold truth** of their mould. Cleaning and amending misspellings, investigating **possible words rounds and bending of thoughts**, **concealing** feelings in misplaced mode, concepts and ideas behind and beyond **the pure written text**, accessing the **rapture where they first met** to set off lettering their common realm. But nothing was inductive **to error**, neither to any **alternative interpretation**, their were chiselled into **history way before their body meet at the take off.**

At this, the Muse bewildered, **discovering in herself the whispering feelings until then** unheard, disclosing and inspecting her soul, assuring herself **of something she wasn't unsure to believe**: "Would that ever been possible?"

"When I stand before thee at the day's **end**, thou shalt see **my scars and know that** I had my wounds and also my healing" said Tagore **once to his lover, to his** soul mate.

The Muse was puzzled, she

To be continued.

one day

here

*

Back from a futile working day, pondering over the head of the week to reinstate the relation on a higher level, light-hearted and inspired, grateful to her muse for accepting his proposal to shift roles *ad libitum*, he set on crafting the bond. Her accepting the deal didn't imply any commitment beyond the agreed, nor concealed an unavoidable truth: still clothes to barter, and labor on the shared arena. Sensing her vibration rewinding the quality so deeply engrained at their encounter, he blew off the first unspoken feeling merging in thought: commitment. How long could she bear longing for an inclusive gathering? He didn't break the fast that day, just kept flavouring her presence fore bounding acknowledgment in secret plain air. He couldn't endure any longer to fire out his silent message and get feedback:

Are you at home?

Again & again I can hardly stand this parti-

tion,

barely refraining from playing our score.

Did you book the flight?



First of all thank you for the soothing words it helps
Second of all thank you for being this beautiful enchanting woman it helps
Third of all thank you for being the Moon and the polar Star it helps
Fourth of all thank you for being such a magnetic speller it helps
Fifth of all thank you for being a fantastic catalyser it helps
Sixth of all thank you for being a powerful inspirer it helps
Seventh of all thank you for fulfilling my needs it helps
and thank you for answering my call.
Looking forward to our encounter tonight,
it will help.
O
Looking forward to your answer.

My dream was:

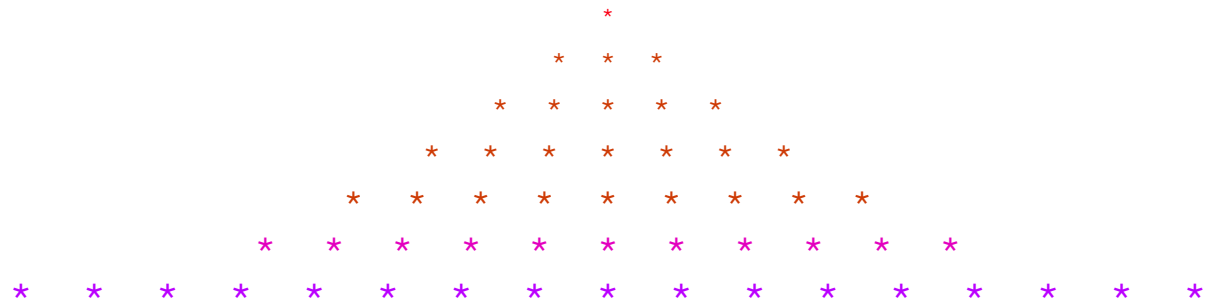
§ External/Night. The Ocean of Bliss.

We are swimming side by side naked in the deep blue sea of consciousness, just past the Gate of Illusion, and beyond the two pillars of Faith & Hope. Bright suns and crescent moons are enlightening the sparkling long squashy waves, and the soft undulations of our bodies. Stillness. Only the whispering of our souls, and the undecoded presence of the narrator voice relenting notime. Your skin is glowing, the golden pulsing light from above on your body and soul, radiating intense sensual ripples, immersed in blazing delights from the mild wave caressing your whole body, and its most intimate dwellings. Time and again, the round cup of your breast surfaces revealing a dripping turgid bud. Your long hair cover and discover the arc of your shoulder, the bow of your butt emerges and submerges brimming the waves, while your legs rhythmical open wide in fitful anticipation. Not happy enough? Yet again, your wet pubic red hairs covers and uncovers the triangle of passion, your labia majora are unfolding their yearning invite to a long awaited embrace. You are shining, happy and open, I start kissing your mouth, your cheeks, your throat, the allow of your arm, your breast, and on, on, crazily licking your nipples while tenderly caressing your neck, your back, your flank, your hip, and your koos, while your whole body is inarching in a rainbow of bliss.

As *une entrée d'oeuvre*, and just to start with.

Now is your turn: was it mine a day, or a night dream? I'm still waiting for your guess.

You said that there was passion in our previous (?) phase, relationship or whatever
— were you talking about a previous life? Or this present one? —

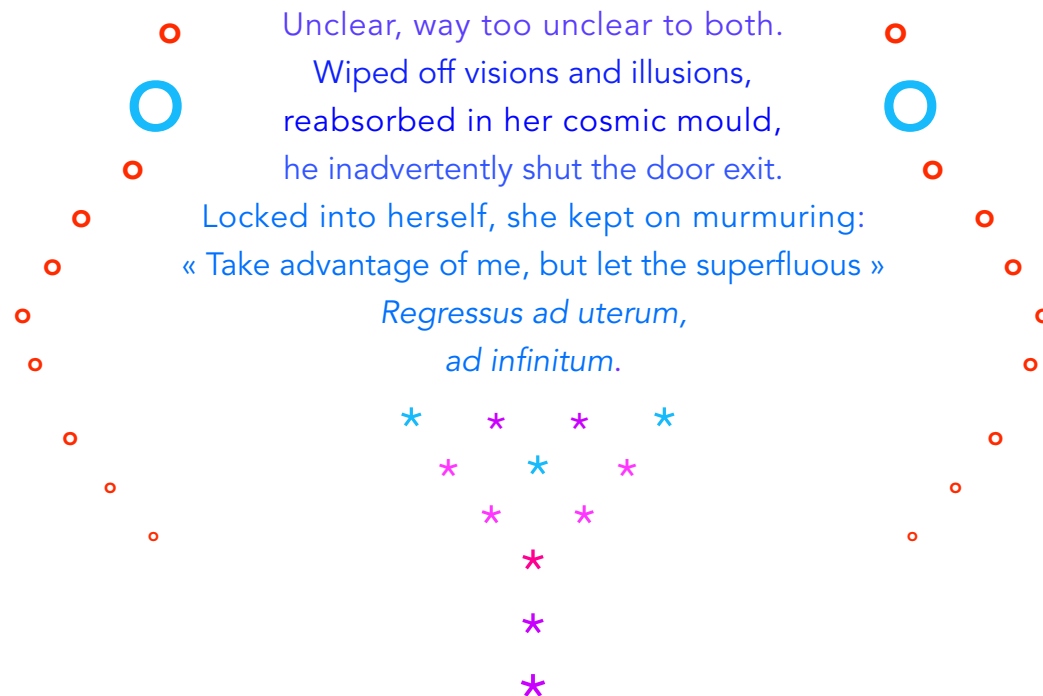


Even though her door lastly opened to welcome his coming through the intimacy gate,
yet, she wasn't irreversibly free to size the chance to climb the chalice of life so much needed and wished for,
and now finally in her shivering hand.

Was she savouring the overtones of their meeting shaping the realm beyond contingency?

Were Boker & Laila rhythmically exchanging mutual gifts the answer to their quest?

Or rather their literary tryst for an existential urge getting lost in depth?






*

Arguably,
metonymically
and chthonically moved
by personal interest she couldn't go further.
His last message was way too cryptic:
she didn't take it into the right place.
Displaced by a traumatic assault,
she didn't turn the front to her lover,
nor her back: she wasn't there;
still much into the pain
of her own existence,
yet
in need to be
amended:
soon.

A lesson:
in spirit of serving
Pacta sunt servanda,
souls surgery of Beauty:
the first ethical-aesthetical emanation;
the ecstatic orgasm of divine consciousness;
the residual foundational substratum
of all manifested worlds.

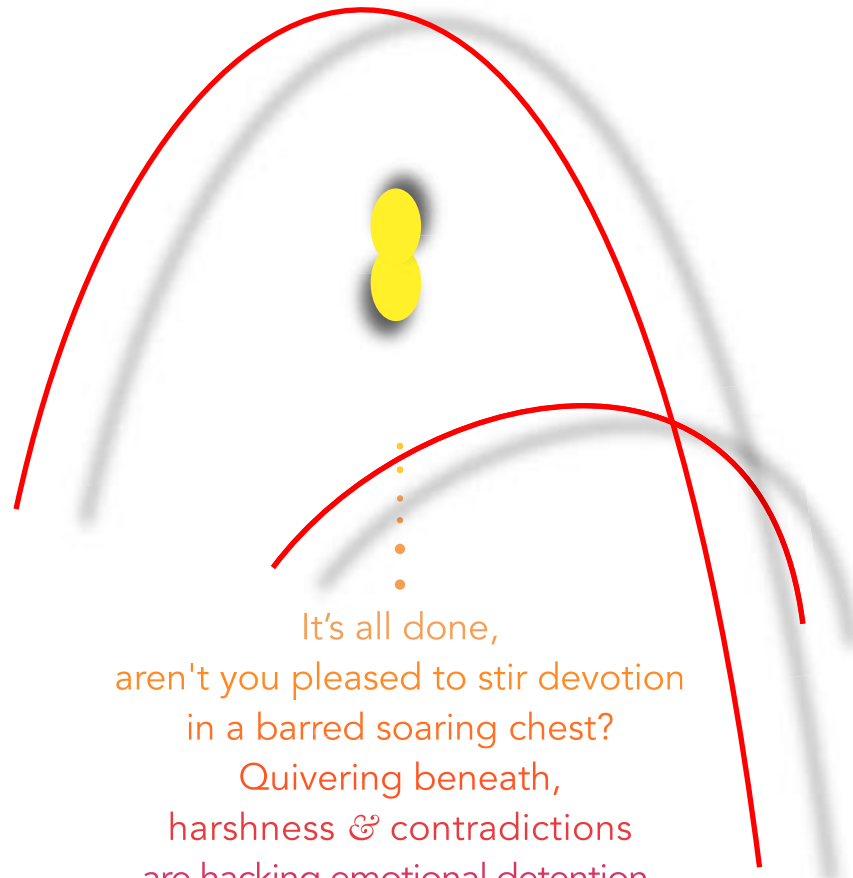
What else?

What else are you asking for?
Your beauty isn't enough,
I seek beauty, truth, and goodness at once,
the paradigm of this chalice still holds true,
∞ for me at l[e]ast. ∞



Keep the vibe,
don't get distracted by Maya's beauty
playing in the third-eye of the beholder,
we aim for real,
beyond the holder,
beyond the first pulsation,
to Zero and Void.

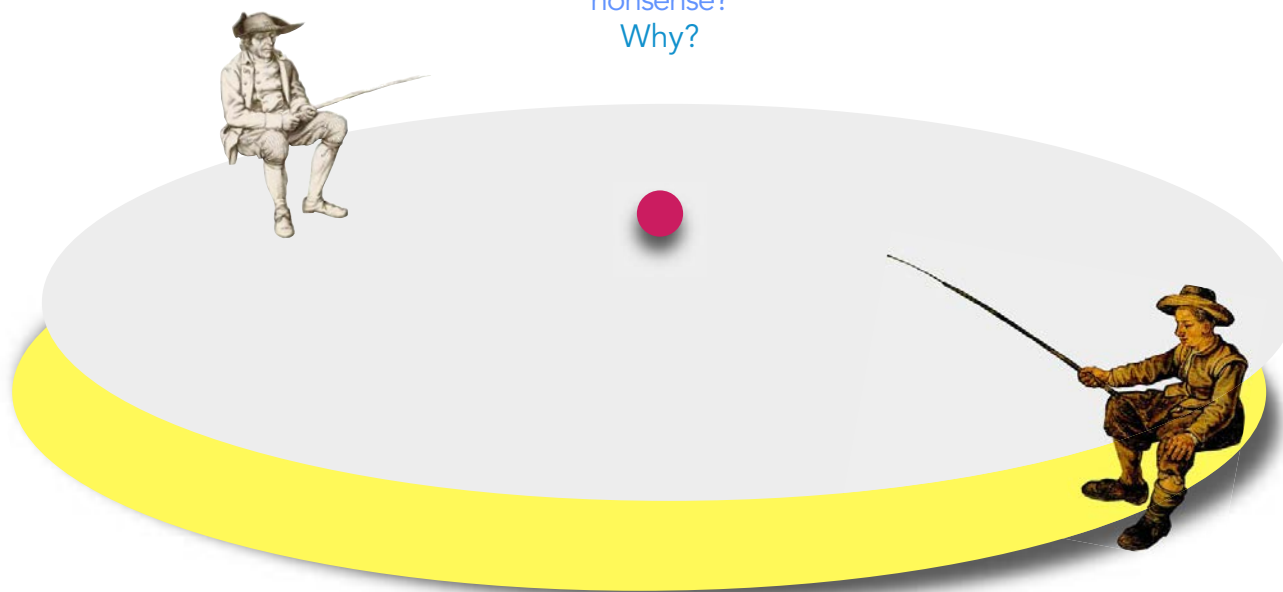
A mesoteric concept
embedding all ensuing splitting successors:
1 and 2, unity and duality, real and unreal;
three, beauty, goodness, and truth;
the four natures of the human soul;
the five inner stages;
the six climates;
the seven chakras;
the eight squares;
the nine openings
and the 10 fingers,
1 and 0,
and so this
and so forth.
The Principle of Reality
is a Vacuum:
so We.



It's all done,
aren't you pleased to stir devotion
in a barred soaring chest?
Quivering beneath,
harshness & contradictions
are hacking emotional detention.
I didn't possess you emotionally,
neither spiritually nor physically.
Restricted behind the bars of your will,
clapper and bell sound without each other.
The *ur klang* is banning souls to Earth,
a subtle vibration in the heart,
and we are all gone.



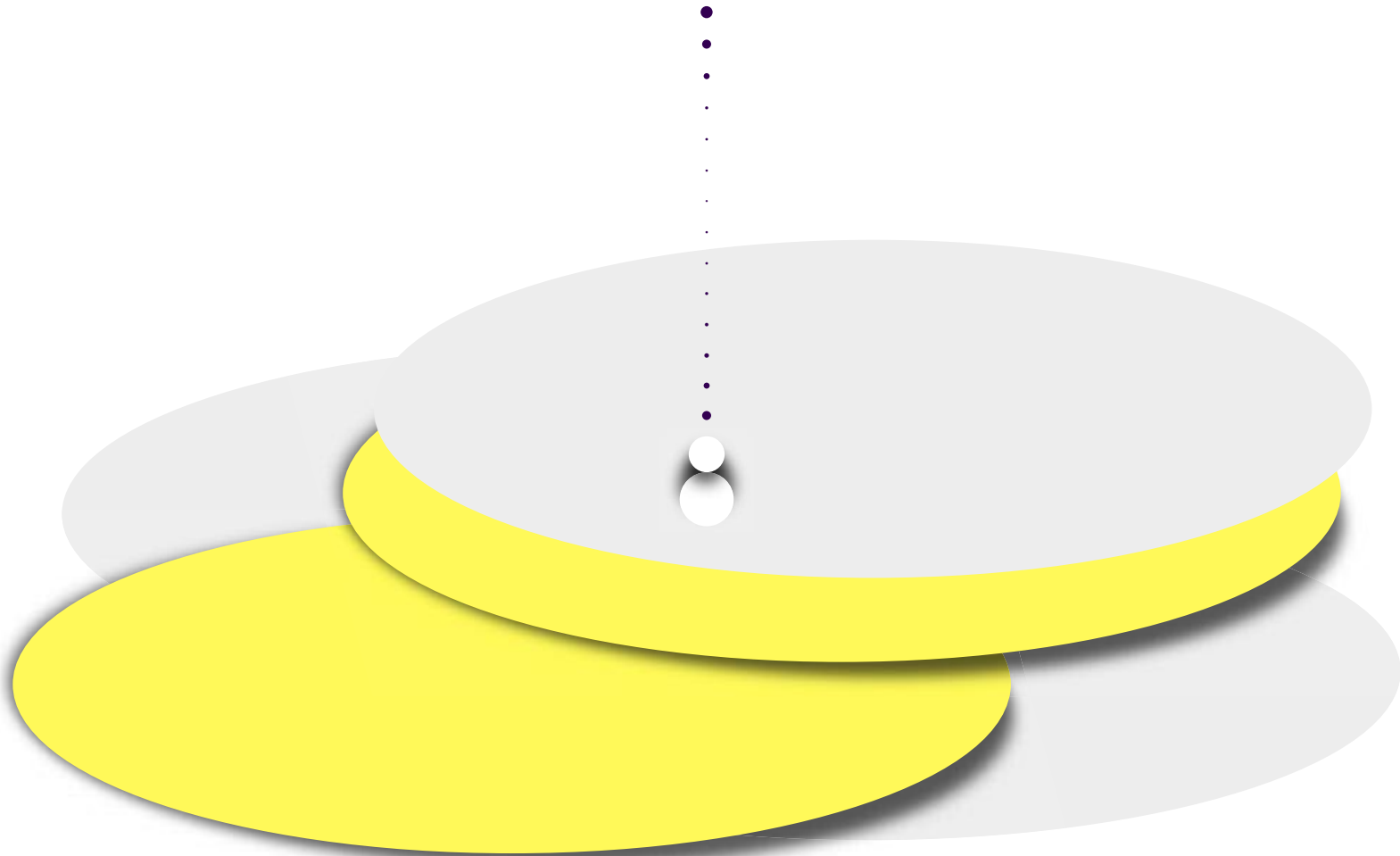
You are the magik of both worlds,
the magic of my words.
You cannot miss yourself,
but who am I to tell you this?
Who am I if not a sheer reflection of your beauty,
of your splendour enlightening the night of senses
to enliven the wondering notime?
And who is me if not a pale reflection
of your being contaminated by an eternal bliss?
Why should I remember to myself these
useless words if not by reaching you
beyond the limitation of this
ephemeral world?
Why the magic
presence
of your
being
is not
dawning
with the new moon?
Why missing you is
such an anguish
nonsense?
Why?



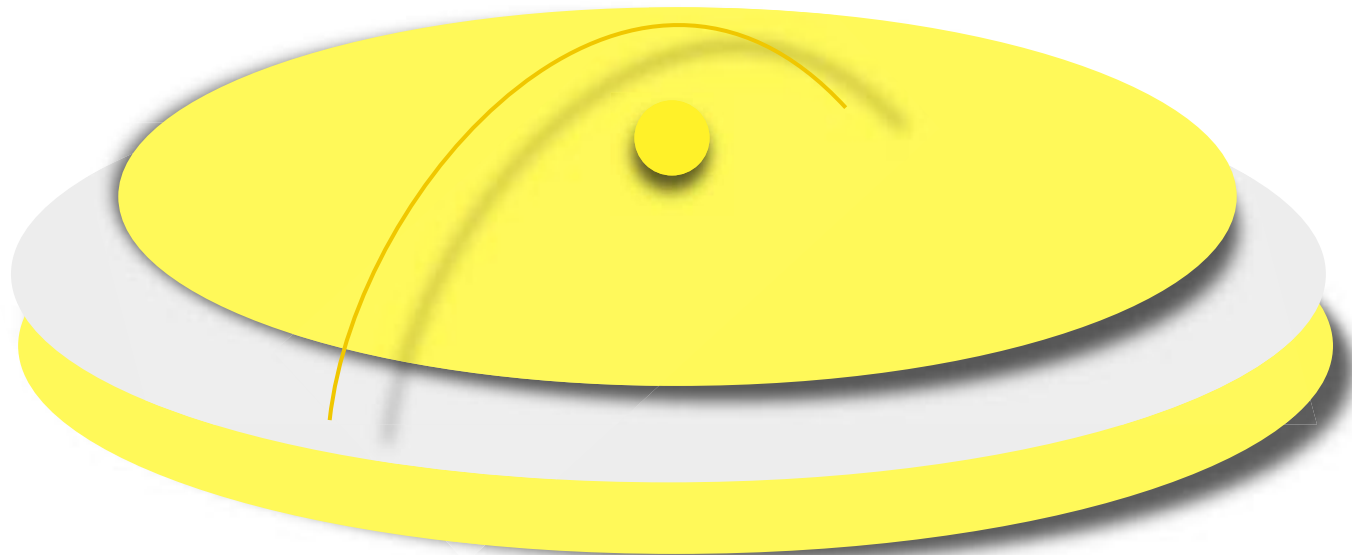
A

mistake remitting you a morning message
self-mirroring common traits in solitude,
catalysing truth beyond consideration,
discovering the folly of prophets,
of foretellers, of vati and rishis
among faded memories.
Enough being together;
with your permission,
nothing happens by chance.

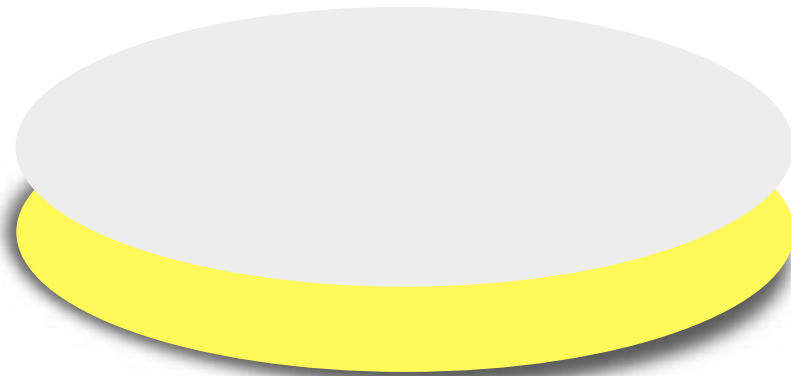
Chances are the threads uniting people to events
into this invisible yet tangible timeless dimension.
A blind golem took its chance to murder me in absence.
The red dragon of your dream is rescuing my past deaths.
What's your take on this indolent distress at the illusory gate?
Are you my projected record?
My quintessence?
My elixir, my missing supplement?
What? A finite gift for this mortal life?
Is this the sole lay of consciousness to rest on it?
This vessel, this longing? What a hell is all this,
if not the burning image of my baked soul?



THANK YOU FOR SHARING THE EVENING
and the following enjoyable night entertain.
I felt you through a hard while before falling asleep:
words, phrases, feelings, smiles and envisions,
green eyes shielded by red hair.
Nipples floating on my ears and on my breast
kept me awake for quite a long while.
Overcoming the primordial bliss,
the mulandhara's dance
of your abyssal matrix
brought me home.
AGAIN & AGAIN,
acknowledging
each other
beyond the violet ocean
I anchored the Sky on you,
you moored the Earth on me.
The unknown unfroze your coming:
your mouth is open,
your lips inviting,
devouring eternity
in spasmodic breath.
Contraction & Expansion.
Immersed in glow,
witnessed by angels and demons
unfolding initiations to Sahasrara,
lovers are birthing life in the Cave.
Is your "with love" for real?
With love isn't I love you, right?
be'hava isn't *ohevet otcha*,
correct?
So, what's your mantra?
What is it?
O



Time
blows both-ways,
devoid of consistency
a solid gap is taking hold.
No echo of the previous flair,
our deal turns around the clock,
bouncing to an unknown firewall,
imploding goals and unfulfilled needs.
I can not discern illusion from disillusion:
aspiration is the day-dream of an illusionist,
why should my feelings bear meanings?
Why should my words make any sense?
I would have loved to pen you words of wisdom,
yet longing vowels are only passing by,
waking up a word under the lines.
Vital to earthly and heavenly life,
dreams, aspirations, damnations
release the bow of a narrative
acknowledging words and misreadings,
sharing the mysteric joy of a troubled life.
I cannot sever this knot of deficient power,
I do not expect a lengthy answer
to clear up the meadow:
I wish not a renewed tie,
but to erase the left under the sky in disguise.
Finer planes of reality beneath firmest intentions,
shutting down the conversation doesn't mean I cherish you not.



DEPARTURE:

material,
vegetal,
animal,
human,
perfect human,
angels & archangels,
all joined to jump in
Shamanism,
metamorphosis,
transmutation to next order;
transition rites from individual to collective consciousness;
initiation to new state of consciousness; the gate;
individual, social and collective palingenesis;
collective enlightenment, &c. &c.



ARRIVAL

A kissing machine
sending vibes to multiple universes.
Insights,
comments,
counter deductions,
and flowing enlightenment
are most welcome before sunset.
I don't need to touch nor possess you;
I need to know if after the pain of life you are still able to look at the moon with a golden heart.
I don't mind about your immortal soul;
I need to know if you are still willing to be considered a fool for the sake of love.
I need to know if you are comfortable in being alone with yourself,
if you could stand in the middle of a fire circle with me without stepping back.
I don't care about your mortal age;
I need to know if you are still willing to risk everything to fulfil your dreams.
I don't need to know where you gained your earthly knowledge;
I need to know what sustains you when all around is collapsing.
I don't care where you live and your mundane wealth;
I need to know if you can give life with your presence.
I don't give a damn on how you came thus far;
I need to know if you can perceive beauty in every eye,
if you can stand to be considered a traitor but not betray your soul,
if you can get up at dawn after a devastating night and do whatever it takes to be done,
if you can ecstatically vibrate up to your fingertips without being cautious of human limits.



*

* *

One hour after the Goddess's awake
an enlivened rhythmic pulsation in her secret temple
was longing to welcome her friend deep in herself,
brewing the long deserved orgasm of creation.

Ready to accept herself,
freed of fears and worries,
open to offer the whole of her being to the seed of glory
to impregnate the egg with passion and wisdom.

The aroused buds of her breasts,
and the wet murmur of her labia crying tears of honey
are releasing the much needed ocean of quivering pleasure,
pervading body and soul with enlightening spreading joyful waves.

The *caffè* on fire is boiling,
the sofa beneath the window is lamenting in absence.

Come,
the time is ripe.

* *

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TRICE I THOUGHT... IS THAT IT?
Trice I thought if writing to you at this time or not,
yet following my inspiration here I come:
Shabbat Shalom my flame,
may the balmy resonance be your companion along the whole day.
These are the times to be in your ardent presence,
coping with your fragrance redolent of bliss infused with grace.
Where will be tonight my beloved?
What will you be doing?
Why this painful and joyful longing,
why?

I will spend my whole life in your intangible scent,
till the end of days when the flame turns off.
But please come soon my yearning flare,
my quintessence;
my time isn't long:
enough to enjoy,
beget a new life,
in you and me,
in We,
and that's it!

*

66 .§. *Meetings with Remarkable Women* | Trice I thought coming down out of sync





DOOMSDAY

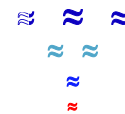
shabbat's sunset:
 stretching the upper manual
 to the limits of the highest key,
 the organ is murdering its last syllable,
 soaking the father-Christ figure in unattended wake.
 The blow elapsed unnoticed, spanning into the abyssus:
 careless, nameless, unattached,
 unable to sustain the vision in abiding tides.
 Surging the upper arc to her lower lover,
 drowned by the ruby pearl in her yoni,
 she faded at the glow of the setting sun.
 Crisis. Quandary. Predicament.
 Fooled by her own sham,
 the final comedy is over,
 nihil will waste the sublime beam
 of her tragic cracking pouring birth.



Thanks! — was the whole you murmured
 for my opening up and cleaning out your chakras,
 clearing down the path to heaven We was rebuilding,
 notwithstanding playing tantra didn't entrained you much.

You ,

You who's none other than We.
 Whom is not for we,
 but for itself.



A P O L O G E T I C
R E M A R K S

O


Cool down sweety!
It looks like you are
really getting insane:
I'm not what u think I am,
you are what you think I am.
So, stop masturbating yourself
under the spell I'm cunnilinguing you:
cum, relax and see your shrink... good fuck!
Btw, here is your t-shirt, hope it will keep u hot.

O



Silent soothing vibes
curling up your aura to shine the day.
Many questions yet any tangible answer
but a scenting spirit throughout the smile.
Don't let me wait long for your purring,
a soft caress on your toxic rough fur
and by then... we both came.

O





Things go as they got to go,
come as they got to come,
here & there,
unnoticed by the few,
acknowledged by the most.
Where are You, where is We?
Where the Self, the I, the Me?
Clustered in a ball of soap,
unable to outbreak the
thinning layers
of We.



I,
gave you everything;
Me, cherished you most;
the *Self*,
disguised behind the bedroom curtains,
squeezing & expanding itself to make room to U,
gazed for its way out, bewildered of such a madness.

Indeed it didn't happen:
Maya was taking over beneath the loins,
unsure.

Not You, nor I, nor We.
Either way, the way was clear:
no way out of We,
in touch beyond intention,
cutting the bond to free nonsense,
wondering in this damn thing,
where is the light
of this erotic entanglement?

Aside,
a puzzled horizon is flashing remote dust in history.

Imbedded between your lips,
the emerald eye of a tempting lore
is hissing a syllabus of love,
straining silent vowels beyond their hue.

Your eyes are folded,
your hands are tiding
over your sealed knees.
Uneven by cloistered feet,
rhythmically swinging sideways,
the vibe of the ancestral loom is embroidering destiny,
casting ablze letters and beaming runes
within the blazed fate of your tantric dude.
Do you see them?

East middle October,
reflecting through the opportunity window
a covenant perspective is approaching:
recluded, closer, farther.

Out of the comfort zone,
discrowned, wandering,
straying & roaming about,
recovering & furthering the math.

TRANSMUTATION:

a shining call from the exile-page,
catching upon a fishy ball in the hospice aisle.

Sunset is coming,
shekhinah on the threshold:

Limbus,

Refugium,

& Silentium

standing by the secret lore.

Flourished out of violence,
confusion & inebriation,

exiled in herself,

the Abbey's Mistress

gardener of choirs,

the slimmest of souls,

is thriving in Bruges.

My work your prayer,

holding your wrists in my hands.

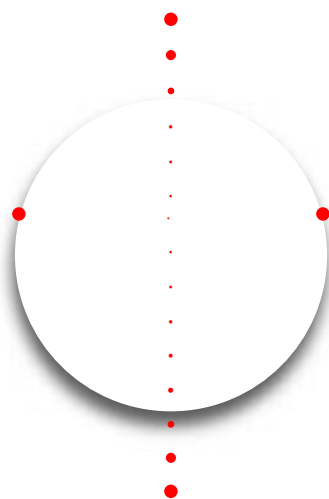
PARRHESIA.

Light under the pillow,
brume above the head,
blackness & firiness
are journeying in bed.

Divine folly,
the only way in.

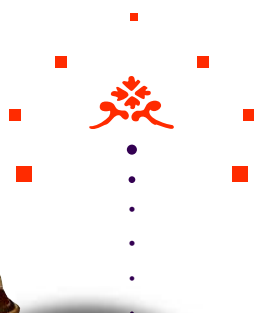
Am I hilarious,
or not?

* * *





Crown of enjoyment
barely attaining fulfilment,
swaying faster and farther,
amplifying wave rings at even turns,
socially marked by a missing tooth,
spiritually signed by an absent hinge.
How was *pairidaesa* last weekend?
Did you enjoy my dearth?
Did you love the pick?
The dull deserved dick?
The couch is bleeding,
uncoiling heaven and hell in belated spin,
swamped by a squirting fountain on aged linens,
escaping and reconnecting the highest of depth
to the moulded bond where once we met.

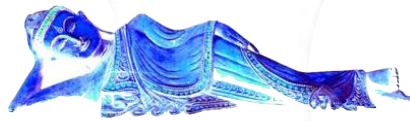


Today
no debris to dispose,
zero-waste was the mantra
evoking eternity beyond heaven's ache,
no shit to dig out from the universal throb:
our dalliance in both worlds was karma-free.
A fallen cherub stranded on the plan of symmetry
is rescuing migrating souls from human traffickers
enchained to a future loaded by a mouldy past.
Deprived of the right to be and not to appear,
it turned Yggdrasil's into a Möbius strip
casted into the roots of a slaved passion,
jailed behind the bars of a freewill
beached on a furtive land.

« You! »

— howled the herdsman to the scapegoat tribe —
« you, the pontifex fuelling subtle food into my groin,
weaving gossamer lies under the bay of hope,
hijacking *spes* for *nunc* and *nudius* for *hic*,
you brought to an end the gliding dove
beneath the bush!

You, the artifex of joy,
lilting your breasts above my pose,
pursuing death in perusing life,
feeding gross stuff into my cry
impinged by a drivel tautology
devouring the last harbinger
inhaling the day of doom
exhaling a night of boon.



A pinch of chilly salt
 turns every page and enjoys the nights,
 rewarding eyes with noon and brighter shadows.
 Bracing my plate with grace, teasing your take beyond the lime,
 there is more than one plane of illusions for multilayered beings.
 Grumbling for words, moths breaching the flame with immortal body
 fulfilling infinity with meaningless death.

Yesterday and Today,
 smuggling the corpse of a vintage lore, suck human foulness to forge new souls.
 Despite floating sorrows, on the upper surface of the lowest body,
 reaching out to hang on time, a vague beneath the lines explores becoming.
 Fulfilled, to the edge of wonder, shelling the universe.
 Spiralling downward to leap the human fabric and land ahead the deep,
 policies of survival for elated spirits are surfing the web of consciousness,
 networking neuron to neuron, soul to soul, in shared gravity.

Sanctioned by a drilling brain,
 images of unclear origin deprived of substance and grim,
 spoiled by vice and lust are deterring sanity.

Wisdom conceals the Moon,
 Knowledge obscures the Sun.

Death,
 the transitional gate is befitting.
 Dancing souls on unexplored fields,
 paving the path to the glorious moth,
 perished dancing aflame atop of fame.



● E X O D U S ... C H U P P A H ●

My Dearest Shakti,
First and foremost I would like to thank you again for being my companion, my partner and my cosmic womb.
I'm dedicating my life to you and to our encounter beyond and within all wor[ld]ds.

How do see me in your dreams?

I suppose that you are referring to daydreams, rather than to night dreams, right? For, in my night dreams you are, for the moment, just a golden aura embodying the quintessence of Love. Our bodies haven't met yet, yet the scent of your odjas is gliding up here, uniting heaven to earth in an everlasting joyful embrace.

Too vague? Well, let's look into my daydream: You are my epitome of glory bestowed on nihil, me, my void & my full into which I would like to abide for ever and ever with you. More? You are my goddess, my lover & companion, my friend & my mother, my sister & my daughter; the feminine of my soul in achieving ways beyond duality to a receptive ground to provide incubation and formation; caressing your aura, getting lost in the deepest of u.

The most you would like to do and share with me?

Eternal love [making] at its highest level. Travel and journey both worlds, overcome inner and outer obstacles and barriers preventing ascending the top of creation, and descending with no parachute. Studies & researches, cooking, eating, walking & sleeping, making love as mortal & gods; keep u safe while helping each other to the best of our reach & beyond ;) Heath & intuition in both worlds; my body & my soul; knowledge & wisdom; compassion, understanding & forgiveness; but also sorrows, pain, troubles & conflicts; purification, worship & work; beauty, truth & goodness; affection, tenderness & warmth; introspection, inspiration & vision; purpose, vitality & direction in implementing our vision; alliance & complicity, endless caressing, kissing & love making; inspiring each other; comforting & pulling you up when needed; increase your wings & inspire your flight; perceive, taste and enjoy the depth of your body & soul; communion of feelings & thoughts; dignity, respect & sincerity; lightness & laugh, joy & abundance; ananda & spanda to mirror each other in ourselves; perceiving in each other our Self; self-realization & closing of the reincarnation gap. Not necessarily in that order, but at random, just as if chance will exist. And marry u also on earth. Am I asking too much?

Deal?

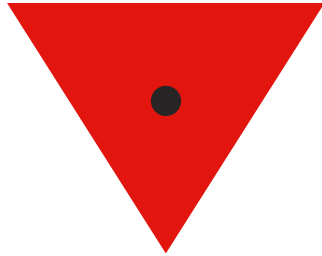




END MATTER

REUNION
INDEX OF FIRST LINES
EXCERPTED GUESTS
NUSIETTE
ISBN
COLOPHON

▪ R E U N I O N ▪



FIRST LINES

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My land is a fantasy-land
My very special dear
No longer giving a fucking damn
Not only I know ...
Now
One hour after the Goddess's awake
Past the silver linings of a moral life

Real?
Sapientia Cordis

Savouring belated hopes
Should I tell you or not...
Sorry, I made a mistake
Thank you for sharing the evening
The *larmes* of the soul
The Muse & the Artist

Things go as they got to go
Times blows both-ways
Today feelings aren't enough
Today no debris to dispose
Tonight

Tonight the desert can wait ...
Torn between quietness and turmoil

Trice I thought...
Unexpected sparkles of joy
Upon the command of love

What can I do?
While the sun is setting ...
Why don't you trust ...

You & Me

You are suspected of committing ...
You are the magik of both worlds
You finally died
You know what?
Your message knocked me off

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E X C E R P T E D G U E S T S ¹

*The artworks' sources of the Guests, unless otherwise stated, are set forth below according to their placement in the page, from top to bottom.
Credits and provenience are omitted. Abbreviations include "c." for century and "ca." for circa. Notes, aside.*

1 .§.	<i>Mary Magdalene</i> <i>The Imperial Guard</i> <i>The Dream</i> <i>The Snake Charmer</i> <i>The Equatorial Jungle</i>	CARLO CRIVELLI, ca. 1485. HEINRICH CARL WILHELM BERGHAUS, 1845 ² . HENRI ROUSSEAU, 1910. HENRI ROUSSEAU, 1907. HENRI ROUSSEAU, 1909.	5
36 .§.	<i>The Fisherman's Children</i> <i>Malay</i>	BERNARDUS JOHANNES BLOMMERS, 1868. HEINRICH CARL WILHELM BERGHAUS, 1845.	40
37 .§.	<i>Fin Picador</i>	HEINRICH CARL WILHELM BERGHAUS, 1845.	41
38 .§.	<i>A Mother's Duty</i> <i>Fishermen and Farmers</i>	PIETER DE HOOCH, ca. 1658 -1660. ARENT ARENTSZ, ca. 1625- 631.	42
39 .§.	<i>Girl in a White Kimono</i>	GEORGE HENDRIK BREITNER, 1894.	43
40 .§.	<i>Five Javanese Court Officials</i> <i>Helena van der Schalcke</i>	ANONYMOUS, Indonesia, ca. 1820 -1880. GERARD TER BORCH, ca. 1648.	44
41 .§.	<i>A Dutch Girl at Breakfast</i> <i>Adolf and Catharina Croeser</i> <i>Five Javanese Court Officials</i> <i>Man</i> <i>Gallant Conversation</i> <i>Marie Fargues, the Painter's Wife</i>	JEAN-ETIENNE LIOTARD, ca. 1756. JAN STEEN, 1655. ANONYMOUS, Indonesia, ca. 1820 -1880. TOTOYA OKKEI, 1822. GERARD TER BORCH, ca. 1654. JEAN-ETIENNE LIOTARD, ca. 1756-1758.	45
42 .§.	<i>The Love Letter</i> <i>The Imperial Guard</i> <i>Nut, Goddess of the Sky</i>	JOHANNES VERMEER, ca. 1669 -1670. HEINRICH CARL WILHELM BERGHAUS, 1845. ANONYMOUS, Egypt, probably ca. BC 2100.	46
43 .§.	<i>A Woman at her Toilet</i> <i>Portrait of Maerten Soolmans</i> <i>Standing in the Grass</i>	JAN STEEN, 1679. REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, 1634. JOHANNES TAVENRAAT, 1840-1845.	47
44 .§.	<i>The Imperial Guard</i> <i>Helena van der Schalcke</i> <i>Adolf and Catharina Croeser</i>	HEINRICH CARL WILHELM BERGHAUS, 1845. GERARD TER BORCH, ca. 1648. JAN STEEN, 1655.	48
45 .§.	<i>The Nap</i> <i>Springtime</i> <i>Daikoku shaving Fukurokujin's head</i>	GUSTAVE CAILEBOTTE, 1877. CLAUDE MONET, 1872. UTAGAWA TOYOKUNI I, ca. 1820.	49
46 .§.	<i>Still Life with Three Puppies</i>	PAUL GAUGIN, 1888.	50
47 .§.	<i>The Love Letter</i>	JOHANNES VERMEER, ca. 1669 -1670.	51
49 .§.	<i>Young Woman in a Summer Kimono</i>	HASHIGUCHI GOYŌ, 1920.	53
50 .§.	<i>William II of Orange and his Bride</i>	ANTHONY VAN DYCK, 1641.	54
54 .§.	<i>Man</i>	TOTOYA OKKEI, 1822.	58
56 .§.	<i>Dancing Dakini</i>	ANONYMOUS, Tibet, second half of 16th c..	60
58 .§.	<i>Study sheet with a Fisherman</i> <i>Fishermen and Farmers</i>	JACOB ERNST MARCUS, 1812. ARENT ARENTSZ, ca. 1625- 631.	62
59 .§.	<i>Five Javanese Court Officials</i>	ANONYMOUS, Indonesia, ca. 1820 -1880.	63
66 .§.	<i>Dancing Dakini</i>	ANONYMOUS, Tibet, second half of 16th c..	70
67 .§.	<i>Fukami Jikyū in Moonlight</i> <i>Young Woman in a Summer Kimono</i>	TSIUKIOKA YOSHITOSHI, 1887. HASHIGUCHI GOYŌ, 1920.	71
68 .§.	<i>The Pilgrim Journey</i> <i>Courtesan</i> <i>Portrait of a Venetian Family</i>	ANONYMOUS, Kashmir, India, first half of 17th c.. KIKUGAWA EIZAN, ca. 1815. PIETRO LONGHI, ca. 1752.	72
71 .§.	<i>Girl in a White Kimono</i>	GEORGE HENDRIK BREITNER, 1894.	75
72 .§.	<i>Reclining Buddha</i>	BURMA, ca. 1740.	76
75 .§.	<i>Portrait of Simonetta Vespucci</i> <i>Portrait of a Lady</i>	PIERO DI COSIMO, 1480. ROGIER VAN DER WEIDEN, ca. 1658 - 1660.	79 XXI

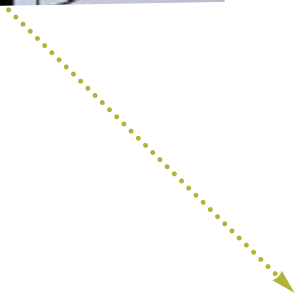
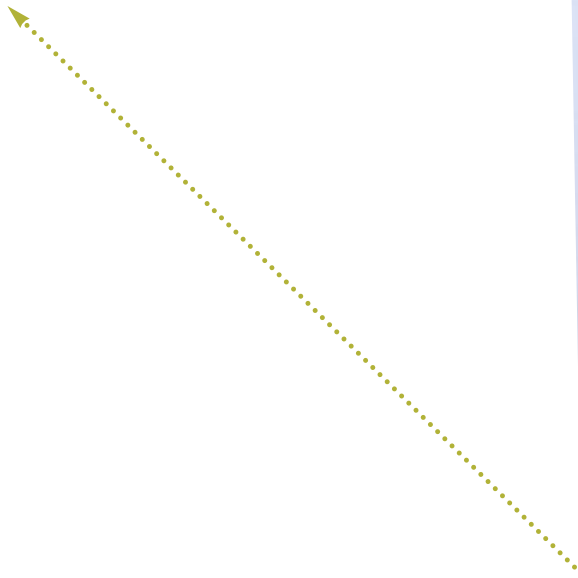
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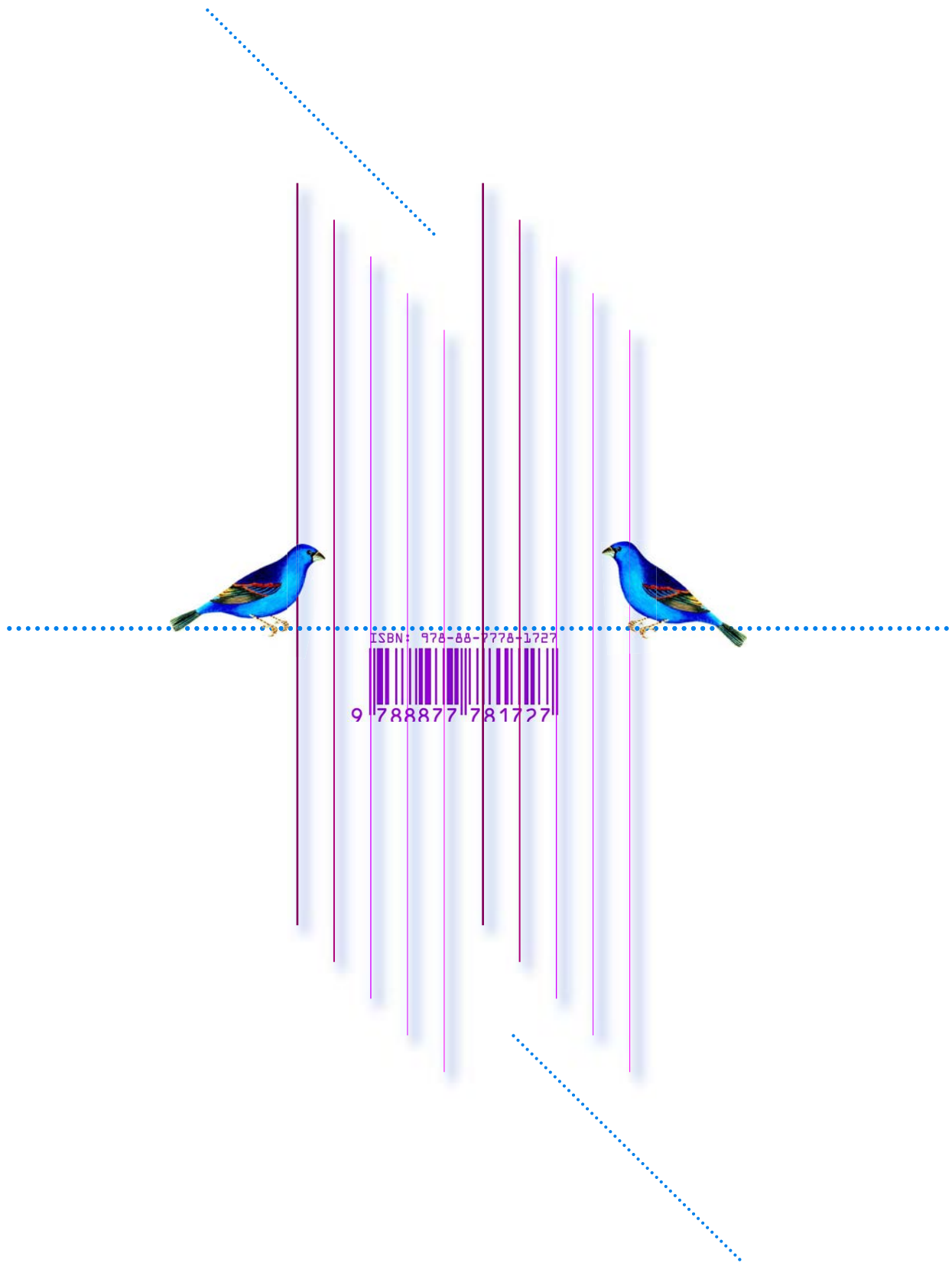
These Guests are excerpted from the history of art, not as elected representatives of this or that school, rather, as one with his companion — *primus inter pares* — randomly selected according to their momentary semiotic field in the total composition of the work, substantial to the evolving of the overall narrative. Along with the shaped shadows — the reverse of the conscious Self — they shape the first layer of the sub-narrative. Shaped writings, Light & shade, and excerpted guests are formal elements, asynchronous to the development of the narrative. At some points, they might melt symbolical meanings in multilayered systems of representation. Beyond the *In memoriam* principle, right into the unknown. :-) At times beyond time; at times flip-flopping between two worlds to allow energy to flow both sides. And, as a

s i d e - n o t e ,
a n o t e :
R E U N I O N .

2

Image taken from page 964
of *Die Völker des Erdballs nach ihrer Abstammung und Verwandtschaft, und ihren Eigenthümlichkeiten in Regierungsform, Religion, Sitte und Tracht ... Mit ... colorirten Abbildungen.*





M E E T I N G S
W I T H

REMARKABLE WOMEN

A TRANSDISCIPLINARY MULTILAYERED LIVRE D'ARTISTE
INTEGRATING PLURAL SYSTEMS OF REPRESENTATION

THE WORK COMPRISES ONE TRANSPARENT EXOSKELETON
MADE OUT OF 1 SHEET OF PERSPEX FOLDED IN 8 SECTIONS
SO TO SHAPE UP A CUBE WITH FRONT AND BACK OPEN FACES,
AND A YONI IN THE MIDDLE.

AT THE INTERSECTION OF THE Y, A RED PEARL SITS IN UNSTABLE STANCE.
ON THE HORIZONTAL PLANE OF SYMMETRY OF THE CUBE, A 'RED-BOOK':
A CASE CONTAINING THE TEXT CASTING THE FEMININE SOUL META-NARRATIVE
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A PAIR OF WHITE GLOVES IN A MIRRORED MUDRAKHYA.



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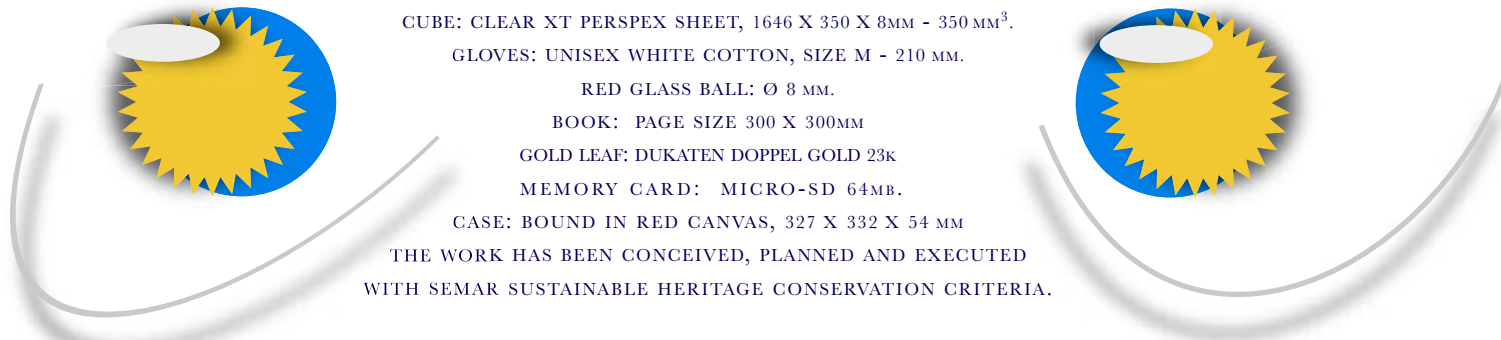


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REMARKABLE
WOMAN



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FOR THE EYE AND THE MIND.
*** HANDLE WITH CARE ***

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