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*part one*

LOVE &  
OTHER  
VIRTUES



## Mystery's Hidden Song

**D**o not assume that sex is two bodies in friction, producing merely pleasurable sensations. This error is perpetuated by those who have lost touch with the Mystery of life. Stimulation of the senses only yields a trickle of pleasure. It can never be a portal to happiness or bliss.

The senses hurl us into the outer world where we might become easily lost. They scatter our

consciousness and dispel the beauty of our inner unity. They are common thieves who rob us of harmony and throw us off balance, tricksters who pretend to give us everything but who leave us nothing. The senses fragment our world, dazzling our mind with glittering pieces of no ultimate value. Even as we reach out to grasp fragment after fragment, the promised satisfaction evaporates, causing us unhappiness and restless hankering.

The Mystery thrives only when the clamorous senses are pacified. There can be no vivifying song when mouths clutch each other hungrily, without quietly abiding in the moment. Our

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heart's soft song escapes those who desperately push on to the next bodily sensation, until all is spent in a single cataclysmic discharge of life.

The rhythmic slamming of bodies drowns out the gentle melody that is forever pulsing at the heart. The heart delights in motionless silence. It closes its petals at the sight of blindly grasping hands that knead only flesh but feel not the Spirit's crystal texture.

Mystery cannot thrive in noise. It is born of stillness. Noise repels the Spirit, which manifests only in the presence of harmony.

The jagged sounds of sense-bound sexing are a sure citadel against the Spirit. When the

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heart thumps furiously from greedy exertion, its echoing beat drowns out the Spirit's everlasting song, which inheres and continuously creates the filaments of space and time.

Only when the body is in balance and the mind is freed from the turmoil of the grasping senses can the eternal song emerge at the heart and work its magic in our life. We hear that song only through the wisdom of intimacy, which severs the bond of mere sensory pleasure. ♣



## Intimacy: Breaking the Wall

**M**ystery's song is a golden gift of intimacy and love.

Our world has forgotten how to be intimate. Everywhere people think that intimacy is a matter of much talk and more action. But this yields only an illusion of intimacy. We can be together without hearing and seeing one another, without *being* with each other.

Even if our bodies squeeze tightly against each other, we may not feel anything beyond skin touching skin. Our bodies can be formidable castles, allowing no feelings in or out. But it is through feeling that we connect to other beings in a human way. Sensation, rather than feeling, belongs to the realm of matter. But feeling is the language of the heart.

Feeling is the bedrock of intimacy. Without feeling, we are incapable of reaching outside our protective shell. Without feeling, we are not even able to reach within ourselves for the precious truths hidden in our innermost being. Without feeling, we are dead. And how