

A Magical Moonlight Dance

Ilna stood several yards from the tent, backdropped by stenciled birches, framed on either side by boulders whose gray emanations made them seem like fallen pieces of the moon. Her arms extended above her head, hands placed together, thumbs hooked. The moonlight flecked her body unevenly: deeply shading the place below her chest, shining bright on her upper thigh and buttocks, darkening her mid-arms but, at the place where her upper arms united with her shoulders, reflecting soft light on her skin. Her every rib gleamed in that graceful wash of light. The contours of her body flowed in sinuous, serpentine perfection, as though she were a masterpiece sculpted from gray-tinged wax. Long, dark, and wild hung her hair as it passed over the shoulder blades and ran loose and wavy down her back. The hirsute mat covering her pudenda appeared only as a deeper shadow in an area already dark. p392

...those rare moments, exalted and divine, when people find themselves relieved of bodily burdens, of care, of doubt, of opposition, and afloat in sacred peace. Such moments may come while one stands mesmerized by the ocean waves meeting the beach in late brilliance under the afternoon sun: as the monolithic boulders, first outlined in laser-beamed quicksilver, dissolve under the glare of the light into empty emblems of nothingness; as the waters, in constant motion from every direction, approach, recede, and spill, one wave into the next, in headlong and sidelong collision; as perfectly parallel strands of wet luminance (like the silvery manes of Nereids) are combed across the top of an onrushing wave; as palest gray-blue waters, lactifluous and thickening like whipped cream, spill over the top of a jagged, low-slung rock and purl across the shingle onto cigar-toned sand raked constantly smooth; as thousands of distant semaphores flash signals to the heavens from the broken surf-aces and silent, perfectly formed echelons of broad-winged pelicans sail by in the distant sky.

Or they may come as one walks down a street in Paris on the morning of a new day, on the way to a café, with one's arm around the find of a lifetime, the love of one's heart's dream; as hips sway together in perfect unison, fitting one into the other as if by design; tranquility protecting the young lovers like tepals surrounding a tulip's stamen and pistil and the world existing solely to regale their joy.

These diamond moments may come in the midst of meditation, when one sheds the skin of the body and dissolves like an aerosol mist into the vergeless, empty-fullness, the silent, holy expansiveness of Consciousness. But howsoever they come, such moments form the summits and pinnacles from which humanity sees how life could be, what potential it holds, how heaven on earth can be made real and lived.