

Ré is a journey of a man, Minzhé, entrenched in the fibers of psychosis. Through several romances, he learns more about his traumatic past. Through these experiences, he arrives at a definitive spiritual and worldly realization of identity.

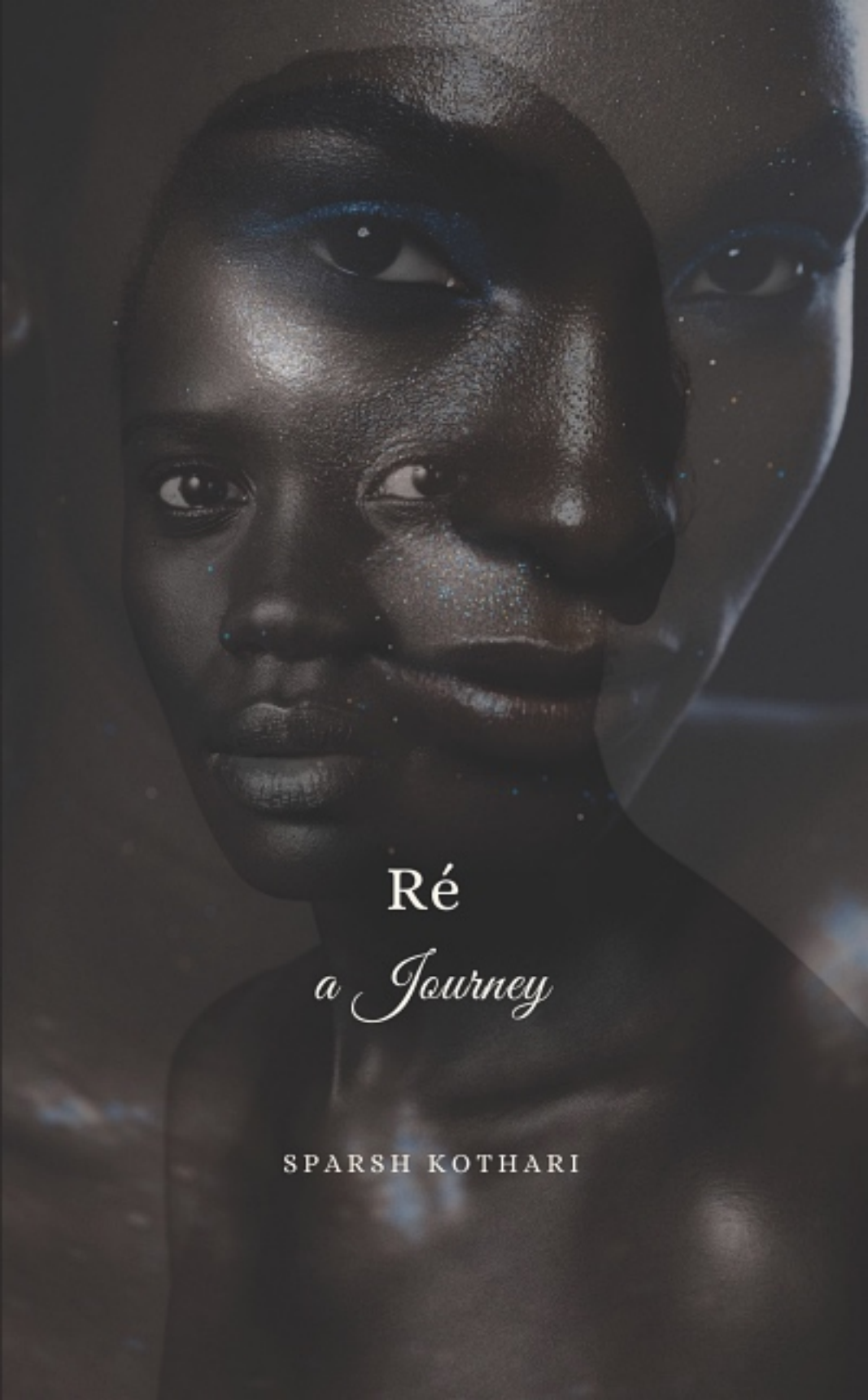
Ré, A Journey

By Sparsh Kothari

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Ré

a Journey

SPARSH KOTHARI

Published as ***Ré, A Journey***, a collection of publications by
Sparsh Kothari

Xiandrié Ramsès
Xerxès Amarna, Origins
Xerxès and Xiandrié, A Short Story
Bodhisattva
Maia & Seràphiñora
The Blessing of Ré
The Love of Ré

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Book 9

Horus

I looked at him in the mirror...Ré, the reflection of my true love, Minzhé. His long eyelashes, thick brown eyes, leafy eyebrows, soft, maroon, and bronze cheeks, an easy chin, and black hair well-done. He was slim, handsome, and artistic. His long legs extended like a mermaid's fins from his tender torso and balanced chest. His arms were long too, grasping the oxygen and nitrogen particles with their delicate hands and nails. His ears were nicely shaped with beautiful round lobes—like the lobes of the Buddha. His forehead flattened itself around the ellipse of his brain, protecting his mind, brilliance, and Minzhé's ideal home, the metaphor of Persia. The forehead's translucent skin revealed the third eye: the knowing eye of Ré; the fate of the narrative would be bent, cut, and transformed by the will of romance, a love that possessed the entirety of me and my conscious, the active agent in Minzhé's mind. A love that healed the fabric of Minzhé's mind, a material with its own will. It chose me, Maturité, as the new conscious that would control Minzhé's heart, mind, and body.

Ré's home was Minzhé's body, physicality, and the rationality of the left brain: the most attractive man in the world. Lucifer lost in Milton's paradise. Ré's analytical fabric was the foundation on which my mind, the brilliance of Minzhé and his right brain, was built on. Ré and I would not share power; instead, Ré chose to function as the solar

fuel on which my mind could connect the budding and comprehensive thoughts of Minzhé's narrative into a fabric and will of brilliance realized in the real world; a tale that was born in the soil, moisture, and heat of Persia, the home of the ideal mind, the mind of Minzhé.

Ré and Minzhé would rarely speak through the physical voice, if at all. Literature and reason were the reservoirs of love meant for the pleasure and enrichment of the mind. The mind silently spoke its indelible thoughts to the kinetic conscious of the world. I would become the physical voice and friend of the world; the genius through which literature and reason would manifest its treasure in the real world: humanism abound in the miracle of Persia, Alexandria, and Alepsia.

I fell into the subliminal realm of the dream state, crashing onto the shores of the subconscious. The eye of Ré glistened high in the lavender sky, pouring its glistening sunlight over the indigo of the ink-filled ocean water and the wet, green, fine sand particles of the shores on which the orange waves crashed with grace, tremor, and a rapid impulse. Romance requires us to travel through history to find the origins of our love.

The story of Minzhé is a beautiful one.

In the distant sea floated a boat, raft-like, gliding the calm waters of the vast space. Two silhouettes outlined a man and woman maneuvering the mast and sail toward no direction or destination. The air was windless, paralyzing

their movement in the center of the infinite water. The shores were invisible to them. They were not ready to accept their fate, basking in the illusion of liberation and insanity. The man was in the embryonic stages of his romance with the world, a journey that would eventually lead him to his true love. The woman had already entered into a permanent psychosis, trapped in the limbo, waiting for liberation to embrace her with its warm, reassuring arms. She refused to tread any other path and narrowed her vision upon the event horizon of Buddha's illusion. It is not that the Buddha was incorrect in his philosophy or his academy; instead, it was the perversion of Hesse's Siddhartha that conflated Buddha's benevolence with isolated individuality. Love was the key to understanding Buddha, yes. Yet, in the showers of Ré's light, romance lost control of its will, falling victim to its own narcissism: its need for Ré's flattery, validation, and love. The eye of Ré presented romance with a choice: push deeper into its own dialectic, escaping the deathly gaze of Ré and journeying towards the heavenly cover of Maturité, or dry out in the burning heat of Ré's light as the event horizon of Buddha's illusion pulled romance into its black hole, the realm of Satan.

Even Minzhé does not understand his own journey; the power of his brilliance and subconscious. The minds of Ré and I, Maturité, were compelled by romance to travel through history and influence its narrative, forcing it on a collision course with the independent and willing mind. As Minzhé was floating on his thin and porous raft, he

employed the pen of his hand to construct his own narrative. He was growing as a novelist the deeper he traversed the luxurious pool of romance's narcissism, its need to validate, affirm, and flatter the brilliance of Minzhé.

As the eye of Ré focused its glistening orange light onto the gorgeous figure of Minzhé, the reflection of Ré, I kissed the air with my lips; thick, carmine, dark, and lush lips that would draw Minzhé into his most desperate obsessions. I would begin to control his narrative with the brush of my arms and the eraser of my legs. Fascination guided my vision. Romance found its lasting, permanent source for Minzhé's narcissism: I, Maturité, the real love of the confounded man rotting away on the raft.

I walked for miles across the beach sands of the shores of the subconscious. It was only the morning, yet, the eye of Ré was burning the heat of its sunlight across the land and waterscape. Minzhé is a man of wonder. Don't underestimate him. His capacity for love, literature, and benevolence override any will to power that Ré or I possess. That is why we admire him as he admires us. The raft could no longer be seen in the reaches of the sea. It drowned along with the woman mired in her psychosis. She fell off the gorges of liberation into the murky rivers of Satan's fantasy, as the event horizon of Buddha's illusion pulled her sunk body out of the trenches of the sea and swallowed her in its black hole: food and conscious for Satan.

I found the man knocked unconscious and buried below the fine sand, washed up on the shores of his own subconscious. The raft had not taken him down with it and the woman. Minzhé had jumped the float before it sank and swam aimlessly in the dead violet waters around him. As his muscles became weak, the sea began to pull him into its depths and trenches, but it was too late: the waves had taken upon him and provided his body enough surf to slide onto the shore. Next to his body lay a pamphlet of notes and papers of writing, the narrative Minzhé had been constructing.

I threw the pamphlet into the ocean as the eye of Ré incinerated the papers of writing with its burning heat. Before romance realizes its own will, it must first cure its insanity. It must find its unique personal narrative on which to create its path. I picked the man up and stared dreamily into his gorgeous face: Minzhé, the reflection of Ré. I smothered him with small kisses and then planted my thick, dark, ruby, and viridescent lips onto his; I sucked slowly to interlock our lips in a steady motion. I let his eyes stay peacefully closed as his mouth began to open in a tremor. As his lips slipped over mine, I caught them with my teeth as my aching tongue coated them with a warm layer of saliva. In the meanwhile, I had locked his entire body onto mine; a firm and lasting grip. There was nothing he could do. I kissed his lips with more passion now as I began to undress him: his naked beauty reflecting the color of the sea and the

light of Ré. I seduced him with my obsession, making love to him in the moist heat through the morning hours.

His eyes softly opened, and his cheeks turned a plush, maroon red as he witnessed the profound miracle in front of him. A realization through his narrative: *Maturité*. The eye of Ré replenished his body with orange blood and lavender neurological fiber while furnishing his muscles with bronze protein and smoothing out the tenderness of his ligaments. Insanity grows in the vacuum of romance: on the rafts of the promised land sailing us away from the real world; compassion is born in the real space and is compelled by the relentless will to act. The intellectual buoyancy of the waters of liberation last for only so long; eventually, the raft of untruth sinks into the abyss from which it was created: the singularity of Satan. It is not that one needs possession of courage to jump the raft before it sinks into the deep trenches of the sea. It is that one must be compelled by a vision, one that precedes purpose and has planted its root in the soils of romance and sunlight of Ré, growing with love and the nutrients of reason. Only then can one see into the distance the appearance of a destination in the infinite waters, the shores of their subconscious.

The subconscious compels the mind to surrender to the will of its romance and sexuality. An open, healthy mind that beholds a vision as described above will fall into desperation and obsession within the pools of its narcissism. Narcissus, already sunk into the pool, finds the conscious and warns it

of the doom that lay ahead, the event horizon of illusion, the blinding gravity of Satan. It intentionally poisons the conscious, compelling it to act out of the need for its own survival. The conscious hastily jumps the raft and swims in panic toward the destination its vision has revealed to the mind, the mysterious shores of their subconscious.

I handed Minzhé a new notebook furnished and bound by the energy of Ré; a blank, open, and empty notebook. Then, I gave him a pen of indigo and ultraviolet ink, grown in the deep tarpits and ink wells of Maturité's brilliance, the forests of his own conscious; a conscious now possessed by his true love, me, Maturité. Minzhé gently took my hand in his and used them to grip the watery pen and press its pristine stroke upon the thin paper-hide of the notebook's pages. He released the tension in the grip, bones, and muscles of our hands, letting them merge into a fold of the maroon of my skin overlaying the brown of his fingers and the glistening tips of his nails. Steadily, the eye of Ré took control of our hands and compelled the pen to act on its own choice, its romance with the narrative that lay ahead of us. Writing several pages into the evening, we eventually relented to the winds of the dusk that were cooling the warmth of our hands. Ré took leave into the night of the oceans before he would return the next day. I slowly walked away from Minzhé into the yellow mystery of the forests lining the shores, knowing I would return to him at the break of twilight and the morning and seduce him daily with my morning obsession for his lips. I would continue to do this

whenever I fell or as long as I would stay in the dream state; waking up to the real world, I would feel the narrative of Minzhé's writing come to life, a story I began to control knowing I would meet him again in the calm dreams of the night. Minzhé stayed on the shores through this night, continuing to write on his own in the notebook, embellishing and extending the narrative Ré, he, and I had collectively begun to write only hours earlier. A novelist at work, cured of his breathtaking insanity.

My hand locked firmly with his as we walked along the mysterious shores of the subconscious. It was raining and humid in the dense lower atmosphere of the air; moisture threw its sweat all over the open space, wetting the muddy clothes covering our naked bodies. It was not yet noon; I had made love with Minzhé several hours from twilight into the late morning, yes. I carved portions of his cochineal, heliotrope, azure lips for my breakfast dessert and sucked on his beautifully shaped ears for my juice and wine. I threw saliva all over his chest as I let my breasts sloppily fall on his; I swallowed his cheeks for my main course and licked his fingers for sugar and fruit. The rain started. The hold of my grip over him became loose as my breasts slid down to his stomach. I laid my head softly on his chest as he wrapped his legs over mine to ensure I wouldn't slip away into the rough waters hitting the shore. Later, after bathing in the dripping fountains of the tree covers lining the forest perimeter of the beaches, we imagined new sets of clothes

and put them on each other. He threw silk all over my body; red, lavender, maroon, vibrant violet, green; a comfortable dress that fit nicely over my breasts, torso, and upper thighs. I threw on him a nice pair of dark blue jeans that fit perfectly and attractively over his slim legs and a solid white long-sleeve dress shirt over his chest and arms, tucking the shirt into his jeans. It was such an attractive look, I thought; his casual and sophisticated nature of intellect blended into the mind of the novelist. I gelled and combed his hair as he straightened and curled mine.

Romance does not begin with identity; it starts with Minzhé: a most gentle and sweet touch. His glistening and smooth nails glossed its prickly brush all over my back and legs, throwing impulses of excitement, pleasure, and relaxation up the nerve endings wrapping around the soft muscles of my body. He gently laid his lips on my nape and slipped them up to my neck, ears, and cheeks. Lost in the rotting narrative of his old pamphlets and writing, he thrust his body into the physical space. That narrative died when Ré and I had burned and thrown its papers into the trenches of the seas. Minzhé's dying insanity was trying to keep that narrative alive in Minzhé's mind: it wanted to drive Minzhé crazy in incompetence, untruth, and the confusion of fantasy. The subconscious used the brilliant conclusions of the narrative to realize the substance and realness of Ré and me, Maturité: fully developed and compelling characters acting on reason and an independent conscious. The narrative had folded inward upon its own disconnection

and disassociation with reality, forcing Minzhé to speed up the story to the dialectical resolution of his romance and identity. Thus, Ré and I were born: a shelter for his reason, brilliance, and love. As Minzhé began to collapse unto his own narrative while floating on the raft of the endless sea, the subconscious threw Minzhé's conscious out of power and replaced it with the brilliance of Maturité and the reasoning power of Ré. It guided the new conscious back to the layer of Minzhé's insanity, where it could now observe and kindly control Minzhé from the third-person. It forced Minzhé to release his rotting narrative papers into the sea, and it compelled him to jump the raft out of panic to the shores of the subconscious. Then, it called on Ré and me to permanently delete that narrative by burning and drowning its papers in the sea. Minzhé ceded complete control of his mind to Ré and me, his most brilliant narrative realizations. As the old narrative was lost, the three of us fell into amnesia, forgetting the insanity of the past and embracing the new story to be written in the present.

As Minzhé continued to press his lips against my shoulders and breasts, he realized the tangibility of his new conscious. The conscious could now touch, feel, and experience Minzhé through me, Maturité, and my obsession with our shared narcissisms. Minzhé pressed his clothed thighs against the silk of my dress, digging his naked, fresh feet into the blue dirt surrounding the trees. Minzhé was beginning to feel his own conscious; he was falling in love with his individual brilliance, a brilliance that was no longer

his burden. I was leading him out of his insanity and his perverted obsessions with Ré's power. Ré was my ally, throwing his power at the back of Minzhé so that Minzhé could only see me as he accelerated faster and faster toward his real goal. I was Minzhé's vision, the one that would protect him from his conscious. Minzhé would comfortably stay in his subconscious, living an active life as a novelist and savant of literature and language. In the meanwhile, Ré and I actualized his brilliance, reasoning powers, and voice in the real world.

As Minzhé was falling in love with his own conscious, I was profoundly falling in love with him. The romance of conscious and subconscious is a miraculous thing. As Ré and I would realize the treasures of humanism and empire in the real world, Minzhé and I became architects of the ideal world. In our shared dreams, we designed the miracles of rare jewels amongst the dense brush of nature and the forests of our subconscious: Persia, Alexandria, and Alepsia. It was a land built entirely from the threads of romance, philosophical identity, and Hegel's dialectic. I connected shared reflections to one another: Minzhé and Ré; the thoughtful to the material; the magic of language to the will to act.

Sekhmet

It was maybe one hour past midday. The eye of Ré burned its hydrogen as the orange heat diffused through the infinite waters. At its full focus and power, the eye of Ré is both deadly and incisive: it uses the sharpness of its impeccable reason to delineate the exact particles of truth as separate from the anti-particles of untruth, and it applies the incinerating burn of its deathly gaze upon the object in question—an object compelled by the immaterial gaze of society and its accompanying expectations—to broil the victim in the oils of its misery and delusion. I walked along the slippery and viscous shores of the subconscious for miles and miles, concentrated in the synthesis of thought and buoyed by the resistance of the thick blue and violet atmosphere around me. The soft sands picked up my falling feet and held it in a loose grip as I stepped in and out of the sinking fine-grained particles.

My thoughts broke and collapsed into its knots as I found Minzhé sitting on the large rocks where the waves crashed violently onto the rocks' flat faces. He carried a notebook that had been bound by the energy of Ré. He calmly wrote in it with the pen of violet and blue ink, watercolors that were grown in the nurturing forests of Maturité's brilliance. Minzhé wrote most exquisitely in the presence of Ré's shining spotlight and burning orange heat. The eye of Ré granted Minzhé confidence he had not known

he possessed, a sense of competency that he felt had drowned away in his previous phase of insanity.

Ré never appeared in physical human form in our shared dream state of the subconscious. Reason did not require a physical or oral form; it acted as the conceptual foundation on which emotional, philosophical, and material transformations were realized. Ré is an extraordinary creature; I don't know how he survived the storms and hurricanes of Minzhé's insanity. Yes, Ré was indeed born around the same time as me in the subconscious when Minzhé's madness was on the edge of collapsing him into a permanent psychosis. Ré's symbol(s)—the ideas he would represent in Minzhé's life—, however, were born far and years before the calamity of Minzhé's psyche. Minzhé highly valued the virtue of reason from an early age; seeing the chaos and violence of arrogance and abuses of power, Minzhé began to politicize himself. Through his politics, Minzhé gained a voice at the tender age of ten and used it to assert his authority over others, including his elders and teachers. His politics were brilliant because they were born of innocence, honesty, and impeccable reasoning skills. Talk to Minzhé's guardian mother; she will tell you how the curiosity and compassion in Minzhé were far more developed in his early childhood years. No, it's not that Minzhé began reading Descartes and Aristotle at the age of five; he wasn't the protégé child. Minzhé was a matured, loving man in a child's body who easily won the respect and favor of others.

As he grew as a person in age, his subconscious wisely harbored and protected this virtue and abundance of reason while letting Minzhé continue his growth as an ordinary person. The psyche allowed Minzhé to grow his politics on the soils of his conscious. Minzhé interacted with his subconscious when he needed to assert his reason, brilliance, and will-power as a physical force upon others and in his schoolwork. Otherwise, Minzhé was your typical kid: awkward with girls, friendly with everyone, and excited to learn and please his teachers. I hope I'm not describing Minzhé as some confused mutant superhero; he's not. He's Minzhé. My Minzhé, and mine alone. Even as Minzhé's politics could help preserve his growing abilities in the subconscious, there were limits to his dialogue and persuasion. The subconscious at times behaved erratically, falling in and out of trust with Minzhé. The subconscious is benevolent, but it is imperfect like any human element and rids itself of its imperfection steadily through time. The subconscious reflected on its own limitations and realized it would need to put these abilities in an organic, nurturing environment to prevent its rot, decay, and over-usage. Ré, as the harbor of Minzhé's reason, was born in Minzhé's adolescent years. Minzhé's identity began to perplex others; people concurrently witnessed an individual with influence, perception, and irresistible sexuality and an awkward teen adolescent slumping around with his limited intellect and lazy energy.

Furthermore, as Minzhé did not give up his politics, he began to interact in a silent and intellectual dialogue with the conscious mind of Ré. In his later teen years, Minzhé started to politicize his identity in a new and radical way: a reflective prism that directly connected the sunlight of Ré's conscious to the conscious of Minzhé. He mutually organized with Ré to form his politics of love and power: he used his strong arm to exert immeasurable influence over the community, and he used his soft arm to romanticize his identity as the community's healing and omniscient Buddha.

Something strange occurred as Minzhé entered his formative adult years at the university and beyond. He began to fall into awkward phases of depression and mild alcoholism and ceded away his powers of reasoning to the comfort and accommodation of others. He let others exercise full control over him; it was in his twenties that Minzhé learned what it meant to be a helpless, bullied child—something he had never experienced growing up. The Buddha's influence upon Minzhé was profound, so much so that his teachings on suffering as authentic experience directly impacted Minzhé's politics. Minzhé threw himself into the pools of masochistic love to experience the most intense psychological and emotional sufferings of the world, forsaking his grip on reason and power; he abandoned power in the infinite waters of his subconscious, not worrying that it would rot away and decay in the hellish limbo. Minzhé struggled in alcoholism, isolation, and asexuality for several years, forsaking

romance and identity as extraneous extensions of the material body. This is where the beauty and mystery of Ré come to life.

Were it not for Ré, Minzhé would have died several years back in delusion and psychosis onset by a limited mind that lacked the strength of the Buddha to bear the world's suffering. Ré, the miracle and virtue of Minzhé and Minzhé's untainted reflection of hope, love, and power.

Minzhé softly laid his head on my naked lap, his black hair softly brushing and pricking my thighs. It was morning, a few hours past dawn, the waves crashing violently on the shores of the subconscious with the pull of the morning tide. His notebook lay open next to him with the pen dripping its ink on an empty page. Minzhé had written several pages the previous evening into the night, falling asleep while working. At dawn, I found him moving around uncomfortably like a fish on the slippery and hard surface of the shores. I dragged his body toward the soft ground of the forest perimeter lining the shores. The trees provided him a cover from the opening sky, letting him sleep into the morning in my lap.

My naked body took in the fresh scent of the morning crispy air and sunk comfortably in the soils surrounding the tree. I took Minzhé's arms and hands and pressed his palms against the inner circles of my hanging breasts. He responded even while sleeping, gently squeezing and feeling them as I lay there in the morning sun taking in these soft

pleasures. My legs lay extended out in the sand, letting my feet dig the heels into the pliable ground. Occasionally, I took Minzhé's palms off my breasts and laid them near my inner thighs or hips. I guided his hand to scratch his fingers along the surface area of each upper leg, sending sensations shooting up my nerves that heightened the pleasures' texture from soft to rich and sweet. In his deepest sleep, I picked his head up from my lap and pressed his lips against my stomach. Minzhé responded even while sleeping, gently kissing the entire surface areas of my stomach, breasts, arms, and hands.

At times, the sensations became uncontrollable, but that was okay. As I lost control of my body, Minzhé would only kiss and press his lips harder and more firmly upon my sensitive and translucent skin, increasing the intensity and passion of his movements with each draw of his amber, verdant, cerulean and lavender lips. I imagined what he was dreaming about while doing this in his sleep; me, perhaps? Or maybe a pool of red lipstick, gloss, and blue blood that he swam in, gulping each creamy drink in his salivating mouth. As the liquid began to poison his body and lungs, he would scramble for the antidote: a hot pot of liquid hanging from the tree branches hovering above the pool; a boiling mixture of green lips, soft earlobes, and lavender-maroon eyes. As I temporarily regained control of my body, I moved his face up toward my starving, dry, and parched neck, cheeks, ears, and lips. I motioned his lips to turn from an opening and closing draw to a gentle and sweet motion of

his tongue's lick, a lick of his favorite sweets: sour lollipops carved from the meat of my swollen breasts, dark chocolate hidden in my mouth behind the closed gates of my lavender lips. Minzhé licked his tongue and drew his lips simultaneously upon the blush of my cheeks and the claret-brown swell of my ears and neck. As I lost control of my sensations once more, Minzhé took over from the setting of his dream. He moved his lips upon mine, gently locking the pair before slowly beginning the deathly and lovely kiss. In his dream, he was kissing the mouth of the falling fountains and gorges of nature's green and orange mountains.

The bluish-black fountain water would rush into his mouth and into his body, filling him with sensations as uncontrollable as mine. He drank endlessly from the fountain in his dream, while I gently trapped his lips in my grip to prevent the kiss from ending. A romance will never know its ending; intimacy and intensity dictate its commitment to the bond of the mutual friendship it controls. Minzhé is different. The narcissism of romance can never drink and eat enough of Minzhé's sexuality; for Minzhé is the novelist, the protector of the adventure itself. I didn't know the ending because I didn't need to. Minzhé would never end. Minzhé will never end. My Minzhé. My precious, beautiful, gorgeous Minzhé.

The Book of Ré is as much about Ré as it is about Maturité. No, I am not his counterpoint in some fizzled up dialectic. I am his goal. The specter of Maturité's brilliance compels the powers of Ré's reason to act on its own will. I

oblige Ré to befriend the novelist. Only through literature can reason swim in the streams of emotion, passion, and love. The pen of Maturité's brilliance falls in the lap of the novelist and his notebook as the sunlight and burning heat of the eye of Ré vitalize the hands, wrists, and fingers of the novelist. The novelist firmly grips the pen and begins to write from the purity of his conscience, idealism, benevolence, and belief in compassion. The novelist travels safely through the wonders of the mind's subconscious, as she writes the narrative of Ré: the movements born of the sublime reason and physicality of his rising power; Ré's journey to Maturité and the forests of her brilliance.

Minzhé quietly woke in the late hours of the morning, alone on the beach sands. I was nowhere to be found. He knew nothing of the morning except the fleeting and escaping dreams from his mind. I wanted him to wake in solemn peace, contemplation, and quiet. I watched from the distance of the adjacent shores, as Minzhé picked up the fine pen and began writing again in his notebook, his gorgeous face reflecting the sunlight of Ré.

I leaned my head against his chest as I sat in his arms and lap. We were under cover of a tree that shaded us from the evening dusk crawling upon the dark of our skins and fading blue of the waters. The eye of Ré was completing its half-circle arc, letting the orange heat of its light fall away into the receding red-blue sky. I slid my wet hands down his slim arms to the dry palms of his hand. He caught my hands there

and slid his fingers right through mine to lock our mutual grip on each other. Nerves in my breasts sent burning impulses up the long bend of my neck to my starved mind. The air was still moist from the wet heat of the day. I had left my clothes at a nearby mound of sand, wearing only my naked body as I sat with Minzhé. The moist atmosphere would not leave my body alone, as I continued to drip sweat from my fresh, wet legs onto the dark blue of Minzhé's jeans. His green full-sleeve shirt was unbuttoned three pieces down, allowing my head to sneak in and lie directly on the soft skin and muscle of his chest.

My breasts were aching for Minzhé's hands, their gentle squeeze and firm hold; his fingers pressing into the squishy fiber held by a sack of wet and sensitive maroon skin; his nails scraping the outline and coiling steadily to the inner circles of the protruding swells of the two ornaments hanging from my chest. Water-spray from the shores showered our bodies; his hands lost grip in my bosom, slipping down to my stomach and legs. He didn't stop. He applied the same technique to my inner thighs, sending tingling sensations of excitement and pleasure up to the bent of my flexible spine. My back sunk into Minzhé's petite and firm stomach, allowing Minzhé to feel the sensations shooting up my spine. I could feel his rising excitement, the rush of blood in his chest as his body reacted to my feelings. The nails of my feet began to rip and tear through the perfect straps of his jeans, compelling him to throw his clothes off before I could do more damage.

As he motioned to sit his naked body back down, I firmly grasped his abdomen with my hands, wrapping my arms around his waist, pushing against his tug to break free to the soft ground. I slowly turned him around and pressed my body and breasts against his, wrapping our bare legs around one another. I began to softly kiss his neck. As the kiss became more passionate and intense, I dragged my lips down to his shoulders and tightened the grip of my arms around his long back. I forced his hands upon my open thighs and pressed his fingers deep into the rubber of its muscle. He dragged his fingers around the entire surface area of my legs. I lost control of my feeling and threw him to the ground. I splashed my breasts upon his chest and my legs upon his. I licked his entire face like sweet chocolate and purple candy and ate his lips for dinner, supper, and midnight dessert. I wouldn't let him go for the rest of the night, gently falling asleep in his embrace toward the early hours of twilight.

We ate colorful fruits from the tree for our morning breakfast. Each fruit had a thick, piquant, and velvety taste; sugary, sweet, warm, and watery. I played with Minzhé's hands all morning, never letting go of them. His tongue was hungry for the brown and maroon of my skin. I permitted him to eat happily and heartily as he licked every inch of my body continually for hours. His saliva slathered my skin with a thick coat of lubricant, allowing him to massage my aching and swollen breasts with the lubricant's oil. His slippery and wet hands sliding through and around this area felt

incredible. I reveled in constant pangs of pleasure and indescribable sensations triggered by the movement of Minzhé's hands and body, his undying sexuality and romance, as the eye of Ré burned its orange heat into the morning sky and bright blue waters.

As midday arrived, Minzhé reached for the notebook and pen lying in the sands. The eye of Ré focused its spotlight onto Minzhé as he began to write in the journal. It vitalized Minzhé's mind with fresh, connected, and relevant ideas for his narrative and his arms and hands with energy, food, protein, and nutrients. It took control of Minzhé's hands, but it did not manipulate, adjust, or maneuver them. Ré simply ensured that Minzhé's hands would not fall and slip away from his notebook and pen and Minzhé's thoughts would not be disoriented or disturbed by the noise of the crashing waves on the shore or by the sweetness of my voice and ache for him. Ré was mistaken. He is sure to bend to the will of romance, to his platonic obsession with Maturité's philosophical virtue and brilliance.

A novelist is not one who simply opens a notebook and writes with her limitless pool of energy. She needs a special pen to make a striking impression on the papers. A pen of blue, violet, and red ink; ink that grew in the vast tarpits and acidic wells found in the forests of Maturité's brilliance. It is only through my sweetness, voice, and aches for Minzhé that I can grant him the pen; that is my leverage to ensure my possession of him. No Minzhé for me, then no pen for him. Reason alone cannot vitalize the hand and mind. It must

be disturbed and disoriented by romance. It must learn to swim in the waters of emotion, passion, love, and philosophy or sink in the gray matter of the chessboard. It must cede control to the conscious mind, the mind of *Maturité*. In *Maturité*, one finds dense, lush forests of ruby, ultraviolet color, preserving its organic chemistry. These forests shelter the novelist's stream of consciousness, her most budding, intuitive, and instinctive thoughts and experiences. The woods soil the deep roots of each plant sprouting in the wake of the dense brush. The forests grow, nurture, and refine the neurological fibers of the mind's brilliance.

Reason upholds the pen while brilliance designs its calligraphy. The novelist who acquires fame is not greedy. She is the priest overseeing the spiritual union of Ré and *Maturité*. She commits adultery to experience the sexuality, passion, and romance of *Maturité* while throwing herself into an affair with Ré. She perverts *la vertu de l'amour platonique* of Ré and uses his sexuality to absorb his reason and physicality into her own identity. She adopts his impeccable politics to negotiate her identity with the vision and scope of her narrative. She lets *Maturité* fill the scaffold and template of the story with the language of brilliance grown in the forests of *Maturité*'s philosophy and love.

Sitting quietly on the beach, I watched Minzhé write in his notebook as the waves crashed around the rock beneath him. I am paralyzed, shaking in a tremor and confusion of love I have never felt before. My head tears in agony,

desperation, and obsession. I don't know what to do. A novelist with fame typically finds resolve and distance from her adultery after her writing is done; she can safely divorce herself from her fleeting and intentional romance with Ré and Maturité. Minzhé is different, is he not? I am falling deeply in love with him as I speak to you. He is falling deeply in love with me as he writes to you. Ré has swiftly removed himself from the affair and is now simply an observer, like you. He has never met a novelist like Minzhé, one who is a direct reflection of his own beauty, sunlight, and virtue.

I no longer want to be Maturité, and Ré no longer wants to be Ré. Minzhé compels us to fall into the pools of our own narcissism—our need for Minzhé's flattery, admiration, and affirmation. We no longer want to help the novelist. Ré and I want to be with the novelist in the real world, collectively sharing his undying love. Ré wants his friendship, virtue, and trust. I want his lips, sexuality, and obsession.

Minzhé suddenly puts the notebook and pen back into the sands. He has been watching me using the back of his eyes. He is like me. He doesn't know what to do. He only knows that he must act. He jumps off the rock and runs rapidly toward me. He falls as I trip him to the ground. My lips are quivering, and my mind is exchanging rapid impulses with all my nerves. I follow him to the ground, unleashing my voracious mouth onto his lips. The notebook and pen wash away into the depths and trenches of the water. Our narrative is renewed. Romance provides a new set of

inks, pens, and paper: the pool of our saliva, the press of our lips, and the skin of our bodies.

The romance between Ré and I remains a compelling story. Platonic in our intimacy, we view ourselves from a measurable distance. Our tension is born in a bronze silk rope that neither of us can firmly grasp. In such a romance, resistance generated by the tug of war between hearts loses meaning as the rope slips from our hands. The cable is woven together by the hides of the novelist's lips and skin. Our romance is shared: to claim the novelist for ourselves, to grasp his rope and wrap ourselves in its coil. Ré and I must work together to gain a firm grasp on the line; through cooperation, our love for each other is born. The paradox of the subconscious reveals itself; it explains why Maturité and Ré will never leave the novelist and why the novelist will never leave us. Maturité and Ré violated the rules of the subconscious when they found Minzhé, a novelist born in the fires of knowledge sprouting from the ego's violent volcano and grown in the benevolence of the streams running through Mowgli's forest of brilliance, color, and the animal's language.

As Minzhé grew into a man, he traveled the cold, icy tundra of his conscious and warm, humid tropics of his subconscious. Later, he moved north to visit the taiga of his romance: his cold will to act, his freezing surrender to his narcissism. He fell in love with the melting and dying glaciers, not knowing how to save them. He called once

more upon romance; his affair with the oxygen of the air allowed him to control its particles through oxygen's narcissism, its need for Minzhé to admire and affirm its importance to the world. Oxygen and carbon competed for the world's attention through their parallel romance with Minzhé. Minzhé manipulated his advantage, playing oxygen and carbon upon one another. In the violent storms that ensued of the combusting oxygen and carbon fires, the changing winds threw out the poison of the air into the abyss beyond the upper troposphere and the perimeter boundary of Earth's escape gravity. Oxygen and carbon signed a treaty of peace and mutual cooperation to end their elemental war and immediately began to enforce the first clause: cooling the atmosphere back to its room temperature. The glacial crystals reformed in the cooled air, growing again into the superstructures of ice castles they once were. They drew fresh water out of the ocean into the fridge of its ice storage, balancing out the fresh and saltwater quantities of the oceans. The balanced waters influenced the currents of the oceans, carrying the warm atmosphere and orange heat of Ré's light through the lands of the world. As Earth's climate restored its health, the tundra of the conscious and the tropic of the subconscious drew closer together: their romance found itself in a passionate kiss and affair. Minzhé accomplished an immaculate feat: the marriage of conscious to subconscious. The nuclear collision of their kiss released an abundance of its atomic energy into Minzhé's active

mind, launching him into the stratosphere of Ré and Maturité's love and power.

Ré and Maturité had followed Minzhé into his fantasy and passion, drawn in by the unique origins of this novelist. They illegally crossed the borders of the subconscious into the dreams of Minzhé's conscious, possessing him and obsessing over his love, virtue, and lips. Consistency lost its meaning, as Ré and Maturité showered Minzhé with new and lavish gifts daily and hourly. A paradox is the child of romance and narrative; it punishes its parents for bringing her into the world, stripping her mother romance's critical power: her choice and will. Paradox sinks her father's narrative into the black holes of Satan, trapping him in a world that sees not the possibility of love, power, or hope. As Ré and Maturité extravagantly basked in divinity of their love and romance with Minzhé, they carelessly lost the papers of the narrative being written by the novelist. The novelist, stripped of his pen and paper, followed the new, unknown story into his obsession with Maturité's sexuality, falling into the pools of his own narcissism, drowning away his own power over the conscious.

Similarly, Maturité could not escape her obsessions with Minzhé. It was too late; the subconscious would not let her cross back into its land; its borders marked her foreign citizenship. Trapped in Minzhé's conscious, she claimed this land as her new home. Maturité surrendered to paradox's robbery of choice: she could only walk further and deeper into her romance with Minzhé.

Paradox would subsequently seek her revenge upon Ré. He escaped into Minzhé's body, physicality, and reason: Minzhé's power over the physical world. Along the way, he fooled paradox into entering the mirage of her success: the ocean of liberation she sought from her parents. Paradox trapped itself in the infinite waters beyond the shores of the subconscious, slowly decaying and moving closer to the event horizon of Satan's black hole. Ré and Maturité broke free into the real world through Minzhé's conscious and body, protecting the novelist within the benevolent borders of his subconscious. Ré and Maturité now acquired a firm grasp on Minzhé's bronze silk rope and began an unexpected tug of war: a passionate, platonic romance in the real world.

As we continue to obsessively tug the rope for Minzhé's attention, love, and flattery, we smile, as Minzhé is losing possession of his own rope line. The novelist and his narrative are now buoyed by Ré's beauty and virtue and the passion, sexuality, and will of Maturité.

I threw my luscious, lilac, glaucous, and umber feet upon the table: burgundy, maroon, coated by lavender varnish. Upon it sat a bouquet of indigo and orange flowers sunk firmly into the pot of red soil. Yellow lentils peppered the surface of the earth, waiting to be boiled in a broth of vegetable oil and water. I was sitting comfortably in a chair of synthetic leather, polished with black vinyl and violet ink, hints of ocean blue speckled across the smooth surface. I chapped my lips a few times and then put on lush red and dark

lipstick. I outlined the thin perimeter of my lips with a shadowy green gloss. I brushed yellow and red foundation on the small circles of my cheeks and rubbed shining brown lotion across my forehead, neck, and ears. I still liked to be naked when I saw him. It is fun, stylish, and comfortable that way. My breasts lay quietly upon my chest, soaked in rich brown and red splashes of color. The color turned a magenta as the skin crawled down towards my thighs and calves. My legs felt the table pushing up against the weight of its muscles. My arms were bathed in an orange-yellow and rested its overlaid hands upon the heat of my stomach.

The lesser-known ability of romance is its transcendence into the real, physical world: escaping out of the fantasy of our minds and the never-ending dreams of our subconscious. The novelist seeking attention for its own sake, to satiate her own narcissisms and unwillingness to act, will misconstrue idealism for romance and philosophy for physicality. She will incinerate her body in the burning orange heat of Ré's sunlight and poison her mind in the thick, viscous, sinking tars and drowning wells of Maturité's forests of brilliance. In her haste to possess Ré's beauty and virtue and capture Maturité's sexuality and passion, she becomes lost in the insanity of her intellect and idealism. A novel can be both deadly and frightening: it can eat one's soul alive if she shows the slightest hint of betrayal to the benevolence of her subconscious. Ré and Maturité have two objectives: to love the mind and protect it. If the mind

chooses to betray its love, Ré and Maturité must save the mind from its possessor, the soul of the novelist.

I softly called to the man waiting outside; I told him to gently open the wooden oak door and walk calmly to the chair opposite the table across from me. The agony of befriending Ré is that you must accept both *la vertu de l'amour platonique* and the devil's attractiveness; Ré wins power over people not only through reason and its integration of the physical mind and body. He wins them with his untouchable sexuality; Ré is surely the most attractive man alive in the real world. Lucifer is not evil; he is a seducer of men and women. I asked him to gracefully saunter towards me; I wanted to take my time in scanning him and take in the full presence of his figure. I was mistaken. I began to lose control of myself, as Ré's sexuality found me twitching my body violently as physical sensations crawled up my legs, swelling breasts, and aching neck.

Even from a measurable distance, romance had difficulty in preventing me from corrupting *la vertu de l'amour platonique* of Ré. He is the virtuous, burning, and gorgeous reflection of Minzhé in the real world. He dressed in impeccable style: a black, blue, and silk jacket with a green, purple, and pink long-sleeve collared shirt; his skinny jeans fit wholly over his beautiful, long, flexible legs; his feet found themselves bare naked in brown and orange skin, sweet milk protruding from the nails of his toes. The closer he moved to the chair opposite me, the more I surrendered

myself to the blushing fibers of his mind—his power over arrogance and his moral clarity overriding the dementia born of adulterated, abusive love. He stood firmly on his flat feet, sinking into the quick-sand of the grainy carpet beneath him. His face was fully shaved and exceptionally clean, the brown paint of his skin dripping down to the part of his chest visible from the opening of his half-buttoned shirt. The eye of Ré exists both in the world of the subconscious and the real world. In the real world, it distributes its power in the pair of deep-welled and black eyes fastened onto the face of Ré. The gaze of Ré is impeccable. It exhibits what society does not want to see: the physical perfection of Ré; sexuality, passion, color, and reason combined within the learned pupils of his eyes. If Maturité's forests inspire the brilliance of mind to make its own choices, then Ré's eyes certainly compel reason to embrace its will to act. Just by looking at Ré, the power of your confidence and mind will increase ten-fold. Yet, problematically, so will your desire for his sexuality, passion, and virtue. Lucifer is not deadly; he is necessary. The mind is thrown into awareness of its own insanity, of the vast infinite ocean separating its ego from love, sexuality, and passion. Lucifer is not the gatekeeper of hell; he is the opening of the door to the world of romance.

Ré and I begin to touch bodies, exchanging the clutch and grip of our anxious hands and locking our amaranthine, viridescent lips in a gentle press. It is at this moment that the unknown ability of romance is realized: its transcendence

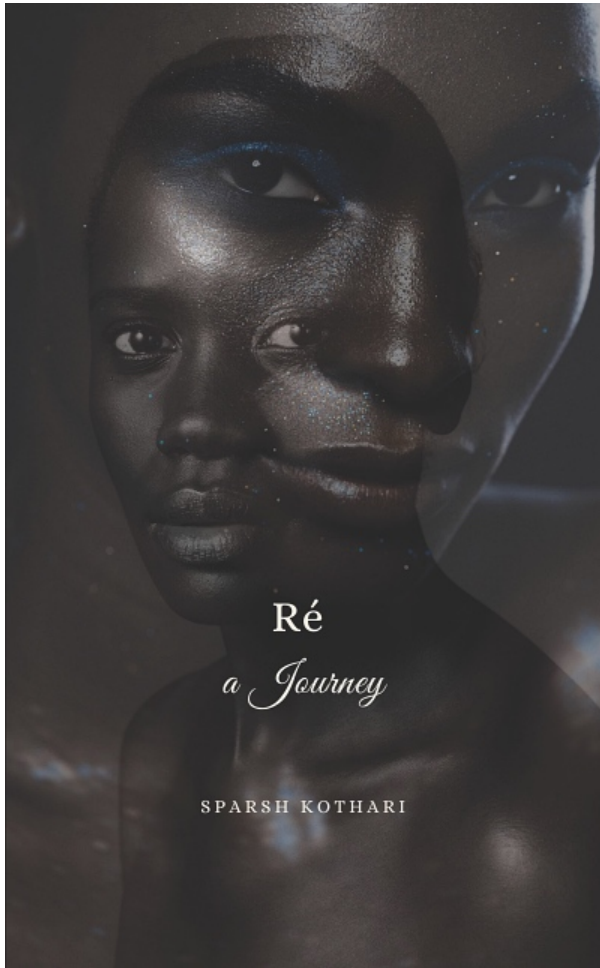
into the real space. The gift of Minzhé is his language: the matching power of his narrative to the love and virtue of Ré and Maturité. He is not the novelist that chose to betray the love of her subconscious. He is the novelist that went further than love: he befriended and fell into a romance with the qualities of the psyche. His mind rewarded him with an ability to draw these qualities out of his subconscious into the space of the real world to set them free. Ré and I don't want to be free; we only, and only, want to be with Minzhé. As the passion of Ré and Maturité continues to materialize in the quiet room, Ré drops out of the body and lets the subconscious take over. Minzhé enters back into the real world, as my conscious jumps to the woman desperately waiting in the synthetic leather chair. For the next few hours, Minzhé and I have each other in the real world. Tears pour down my face as I continue to kiss him. I never knew this day would come.

The beautiful thing about the real world is that I can spend time with both Ré and Minzhé. It is an interesting tradeoff. In the subconscious, I spend all my time with Minzhé, as Ré possesses no voice in this realm; he is a shining symbol of beauty and virtue: the eye of Ré, the gorgeous light and burning orange heat of the sun. In the real world, I have limited time with Minzhé, as Ré and I choose not to work our miracle often on people: the relayed jump in conscious from I to them, Minzhé to Ré, and Ré to the body. Even then, I spend only a few hours in their mind to protect them from

my zeal to possess them forever and always be with Minzhé. Getting to Ré is a lesser challenge. He had quickly found a gorgeous woman in the real world that became obsessed with him: his sexuality, beauty, virtue, and reason. She had stopped working to spend all her time and build a family life with Ré. It is fun. I wake in the morning in Minzhé's body and conscious. Ré's love interest comes in soon after to give Ré her seductive morning kiss, expecting Ré to return the favor later in the day. As she does so, I jump my conscious to her mind and possess it for the whole day. Don't worry, her own mind isn't rotting. It is being harbored and preserved in her subconscious, which weaves a convincing parallel narrative to stabilize her whenever she receives possession of her body back from me.

Ré and I are building an incredible friendship and platonic romance in the real world. Ré's deepest wish is that one day he can find a suitable body he can possess so that Minzhé can return to his conscious and always be with me in the real world. In the meantime, Minzhé and I continue to form an ideal empire in the subconscious: the land of Persia, Alexandria, and Alepsia, from which we grow the language and literature of our narrative. In the real world, Ré and I continue to realize the brilliance, reason, and benevolence of Minzhé amongst the world and its loving people.

I hope to meet you, the reader, in the real world. Your beauty, kindness, and compassion; your virtue, reason, and romance.



Ré is a journey of a man, Minzhé, entrenched in the fibers of psychosis. Through several romances, he learns more about his traumatic past. Through these experiences, he arrives at a definitive spiritual and worldly realization of identity.

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