

A metaphorical account of Transcendence and Sexual Alchemy; it is the story of an individual's response to the call of the Divine Feminine whose insistent Voice summons him in his erotic dreams and nightmares toward the fulfillment of his destiny.

In All Ways

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In All Ways

~a tale of Spiritual Eroticism~

by Jim Malachi

His hands trembled. He tightened his grip on the machete, but this did not ease his anxiety. Eight granite stones stood in a circular formation around another, somewhat larger and more sinister, that loomed imposingly in the center.

The *Gograh* also noticed this apparition. And as if instructed to do so, they abruptly halted their frenzied courting, directing their gaze toward the stark, moonlit monoliths. The sporadic *clocking* of their jaws peppered the deathlike stillness. A few thin clouds washed noiselessly overhead, and Akiim swore he'd *heard* their *shadows* brushing against the surfaces of the rough stones. There was both a foreboding and loveliness in the way they stood there in their isolation, absorbing and reflecting Moon's nurturing light back to Her.

The intense tranquility of the scene was almost unbearable, and the reptiles became increasingly agitated. They began to fidget uncontrollably. The entire giant ring started to shake. It rattled in nervous oscillations around its entire circumference. And that is when they began to move. Deliberately at first, as if in slow motion, males and females passed one another in opposite directions, gliding gracefully, as in a dance. They performed this strange adagio, skittering nimbly through the petrified maze like albino eels darting through a sea of dark coral. Soon Akiim was unable to single out any one individual from the pale white blur that chased itself wildly around the stones.

Their momentum accelerated, and what began as an almost pleasant purring sound, soon escalated into an unrelenting whine. The heat it generated could be felt from several feet away. Strips of loose skin peeled away from their bodies and clung to the dry needles they sped blindly past. Tattered shreds of translucent flesh hung, flapping in a warm breeze of their own making.

That is when Akiim became aware of something else being spun by their fury, something altogether different from mere sound and light. They were spinning a field of energy, a giant spiraling vortex that summoned up powerful forces from deep within the belly of the Great Island and unleashed these energetic torrents in the direction of the stones. Akiim steadied himself as the tremors increased in frequency.

He looked at the stones. They too appeared to be dancing, vibrating in the thunderous tumult. Hairline fissures snaked like bolts of lightning across their flawless contours, disfiguring their formerly placid exteriors. A brittle creaking groan wailed ominously from somewhere in the vicinity of the circle. It was followed by a series of muffled explosions. One by one, the megaliths began to disintegrate into powder and expelled particles of rock. As if with the pulling of one thread, they

unraveled themselves neatly from top to bottom in a shower of dust that should have accumulated in piles at their base. Instead, the particulate evaporated into thin air, exposing Akiim to a sight that was beyond his ability to comprehend.

Nymphs, priestesses of indescribable beauty now swayed provocatively where the stones had once stood. They were formed not of flesh, but of congealed light, exquisite creatures of definite size and shape, composed of a mysterious substance that he could see through. Their supple bodies were naked, save for the few randomly etched markings whose meanings were not known to Akiim. All wore finely crafted serpents that spiraled up their limbs from either the elbow or ankle. Each held in her hand an orb of polished crystal that seemed to draw down Moon's milky light as if it were nursing. These they tossed to one another in playful arcs. And so brightly did they glow, that handfuls of Her radiance and not the orbs appeared to be joyously exchanged. Strands of light whisked above them like luminous ribbons, as they skipped lithely past one another in opposite directions. They giggled seductively in their obvious mimicry of the encircling *Gograh*.

Akiim was struck by the erotic undercurrent expressed in the way these maidens related to one another. "*They behave more like lovers than sisters,*" he thought. "*Much is spoken in a single glance.*"

Unconcerned as to whether or not his imagination was taking a foothold in his judgment, he was certain of one thing; he could not look away. He felt a fire ignite in his loins and spread unopposed throughout his entire body.

Of the nine, the last to undergo this dramatic metamorphosis was the one located in the center. And she emerged like an obsidian monarch from her chrysalis of stone, cloaked in a long raven-black robe and mantle. The hood she wore cast a shadow through which her dark eyes sparkled. In stark contrast, her face shone with a purity that rivaled Moon's. Her full lips were bent in a half smile. She exuded authority, and in addition to his growing lust, Akiim felt fear begin to stir once again in his belly.

She reached into her robe and withdrew a sphere of her own. It was nearly twice the size of the others and black as pitch. She raised it above her head slowly, as an offering. Moon responded by illuminating it with a light so intense that it began to glow a deep, blood red. Akiim blushed at the sight of her firm breasts that had been exposed by the opening of her cloak. She lowered her head and met Akiim's eyes with a look that both boiled and chilled him. And from that moment on, she never took her eyes from him.

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