

CONSORT

Adapted from conversations
with Nicole Daedone



Consort: (Verb) To come together for a specific purpose.

This book was adapted from a series of conversations with Nicole Daedone from summer to fall of 2024, bridging the space between Eros and Tibetan Buddhism's tantric practice of sexual consortship.

Eros is that which connects, life force driven by sexual energy. This is the same energy that highest levels of tantric Buddhism engage because it is the most powerful force available to drive toward enlightenment.

The *daka* and *dakini* are the enlightened beings of masculine and feminine form, the ultimate realization of consort practice.

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Chapter 1

What Sex Could Be

We learn early on to hold back, to guard our bodies like fragile treasures, or sometimes to offer them up like sacrificial lambs. Somewhere along the way, touch became something to be measured and metered, breath held back just enough to stay safe, to stay in control. Sex became something small and transactional, a quick exchange of flesh on flesh to stave off loneliness for a little while. And yet, beneath all of that, there's a sense that it could be so much more—an art, a mystery, a way back to something essential that we've somehow lost.

Imagine that sex isn't what we've come to think of it at all. Not just the body pressing against another body, or a fleeting moment of release. But a doorway. A space where we can dissolve the boundaries that keep us heartbreakingly separate. It's a place where the walls, built brick by brick by fear and shame and stories, can start to soften. And in that melting, in that undoing, something entirely new becomes possible.

What if sexuality, true sexuality, isn't about getting something from another person or giving something away? Instead, it's an alchemy, a call to wholeness. A call to enter, yes, but to enter with the entirety of your being, to risk your heart, your flesh, your thoughts, your tenderness—everything. To merge with another in a way that makes you feel like you might never come back. This is not the soft-focus merge of candlelit sex; it's the gritty, raw merge that happens when you press up against the hard edge of who you think you are, and feel it start to fray.

Because here's the thing: real sexuality is not about gain or loss. It's about surrender. A surrender that is not weak, but the bravest, most radical act you can perform. It's about stepping out of yourself, letting the identity you've held so tightly around you loosen and unravel so that something else—something greater, something

infinite—can emerge. It is to stop thinking of a body as merely skin and muscle and bone, and start seeing it as a map of sensation, a channel of energy moving between two points that were never truly apart.

This is where the sacred comes in. Not sacred in the way of church or solemn in the way of prayer. But holy like the blood in your veins, like the breath you pull deep into your lungs, like the inexplicable urge to press your lips to another's skin, to taste, to inhale, to devour. Sacred because it is alive and electric and full of possibility—if only we would allow it to be.

But how often do we give ourselves that permission? How often do we truly meet another, not with the intention to conquer or to possess or to prove, but simply to experience? And more than that—to become. To step out of the roles we've been given and allow ourselves to be unmade and remade in the heat of another's body, in the friction of that encounter.

Because we've built a culture around the opposite, around tightening and controlling, around hoarding and hiding. Men especially, are taught to think that their power lies in the hardness of their bodies, the rigidity of their desires, the imposition of their will. And women, for centuries, have been left to bear the burden of this story, their bodies made into battlegrounds, their desire treated like a threat, their pleasure like a secret shame. But there is another way, one that requires stepping outside of these narrow, binary scripts, a way that invites us into the fullness of who we are.

What if we saw sexuality as a form of meditation—a way to listen, to feel, to expand? What if every caress, every breath, every moment of contact was not a step toward climax, but a practice in presence, a practice in noticing, a practice in being with what is? What if every time we entered another person, or were entered by them, we saw it as an invitation to explore the sacred terrain of our bodies and souls, a chance to dismantle every story we've been told about who we are, and who we should be?

The great secret, the one hidden in plain sight, is that the sacred is always there, waiting. Not in some distant place or inaccessible realm, but right here, in the sweat and pulse and heat of human life. It's in the look that lingers just a second too long, in the hand that brushes skin, in the inhale and exhale of breath mingling in the space between lips. It's in the unguarded laughter that bursts forth unexpectedly, or in the tears that flow when you feel, finally, truly, seen.

And it's not just the sex itself. It's the approach to sex. It's how you enter. Not just physically, but with your entire self. Are you entering with intention, with presence, with curiosity? Are you allowing yourself to be fully there, or are you just getting off, getting out, getting away? It's in the knowing that there's nothing to prove, nothing to grasp, nothing to hold onto. Just the naked, pulsing, erotic truth of being alive. And in that, there is a completeness, a sense of arriving not just in each other, but in ourselves, in the world, in life itself.

But let's be honest—it's terrifying. Terrifying to realize that sex could be the thing that shatters you, that undoes you, that leaves you raw and unrecognizable. It's terrifying to let go of the roles, the stories, the scripts. To admit that you do not know, and to be okay with not knowing. To stand on the edge of yourself and lean into the void. This is the work, though. This is the practice. To risk everything. To enter the unknown not just with our bodies, but with our hearts and minds wide open. To allow sex to be the alchemy it wants to be, the place where we stop being so damn certain and start feeling, start knowing in a way that cannot be taught, only lived.

Because in the end, it isn't about what we do, but how we do it. It isn't about who we are, but how we show up. The sacred waits for us in the daring to dissolve, in the willingness to become not just one with another, but one with everything. To trust that when we let ourselves go, we won't just disappear—we might finally, truly, arrive. And when we do—when we truly arrive in this way—we find a kind of freedom that no amount of power or control could ever give us. It is the freedom of knowing that you are more than just a body, more than just a desire, more than just a role to play. It is the freedom of feeling yourself as both whole and part of something infinitely larger. It is the freedom of realizing that sex, at its most profound, is not about taking or giving, but about being—a pure, unadulterated being.

So the invitation is clear. The invitation is always there. To step beyond what you think you know, to move into a space of not-knowing. To see sex not as a destination but as a journey, not as an act but as a state of being. To see it as sacred, in every sense of the word. To allow it to break you and remake you, again and again, until you are more than you ever imagined you could be. Until you are complete. Until you are whole. Until you are truly, deeply, alive.

Chapter 2

Engaging In the Practice

In the quiet before we begin, a space opens. The air is charged with intention, with the weight of histories not yet revealed, and with the possibility of transformation. Before any movement or touch, there is a reckoning—a sorting through what has been. Here, we pause, sensing the karmic threads that weave through time, knowing that they culminate in this very moment, in this very act.

We declare, "I am the question," feeling the vibrations of our words merge with the space around us, sensing the ancient echoes of actions and intentions, each moment of cause and effect spiraling forward from a beginningless past. Every sensation, every pull to eat or bathe, every urge and impulse is a karmic event revealing itself—a manifestation that holds both a demand and an answer. It is no accident that we are here now, in this shared space. Everything has led us here—every action, every intention, every karmic debt and credit.

In this practice, we are not merely seeking pleasure or satisfaction. We are tapping into the karmic flow, allowing it to move through our bodies, letting it surface in ways that demand attention, healing, and understanding. This practice is a mirror, reflecting back the unresolved fragments of our past, the karmic knots that bind us, the lingering echoes of our thoughts and actions. It becomes a method of discerning, a way of seeing the unseen, of listening to what the body speaks and sings. As we sense, we adjust, attending to what surfaces—like a fine-tuned instrument, each sensation revealing a new note, a new harmony, a new discord.

The experience is both mundane and mystical. We are here, grounded in the reality of our bodies, and yet, we are also moving beyond them, perceiving patterns that play out not just in our flesh but in the ether of existence. It is a sacred act where we are both participants and observers, both initiators and recipients, both creator and

creation. And as we engage, we heal. As we move, we unravel. As we touch, we transform.

To speak of this practice in the language of science is to miss its essence. The scientists, with their microscopes and measurements, will tell us of chemical responses, of neural pathways, of physical reactions. But they miss the unseen hand that moves the spirit, the karmic waves that ripple across the cosmos, flowing into our very being. We, who engage in this sacred work, know that what we do is more than chemical, more than physical—it is alchemical. It is the interplay of life and death, of past and present, of self and other.

Here, there are no coincidences. There is no randomness. There is only cause and effect, the continuous unfolding of karma. And we, we are both the vessels and beneficiaries of this unfolding. As we engage, as we feel and breathe and surrender, we are sorting through karma, separating the threads that bind us, untangling the knots that keep us locked in cycles of suffering. Each touch is a prayer, each breath a confession, each sensation a revelation.

It is said that in this practice, the owner of one's own body, one's own karma, becomes the beneficiary. Not through intention to profit or gain, but through a deep sense of gratitude, a knowing that nothing else has worked, and yet, somehow, this does. Why? Because in this practice, we are not just touching flesh; we are touching spirit. We are not just feeling the surface; we are feeling the soul.

The karmic current flows, and in its movement, it reveals. It is not a flow that we control, but one that we attend to. Like a river, it moves where it must, and our role is to witness, to feel, to rise in form and dissolve back to formlessness. To see in its movement the reflection of our deepest desires, our darkest fears, our unspoken truths. To allow it to show us the patterns we have inherited, the wounds we carry, the possibilities we can still create.

To step into this flow is to step into the sacred dance of life itself. It is to recognize that we are not just actors on a stage, but that the stage itself is alive, moving, ever-changing. We are both the movement and the stillness, both the question and the answer. And in this space, there is room for everything—for every impulse, every desire, every fear, every joy.

There is a kind of purity in this practice, a clarity that comes from allowing ourselves to be fully present, fully engaged. To see, to feel, to know that every action,

every intention, every sensation is a part of a greater whole, a part of the sacred flow of existence. We are not separate from the karma that moves through us. We are its reflection, its continuation, its evolution.

In this sacred engagement, there is no right or wrong, no good or bad. There is only the flow, only the unfolding. We are invited to step into this movement, to become one with it, to let it take us where it will. To trust that where it leads is where we are meant to go. To know that in this practice, we are both the healer and the healed, both the creator and the created.

To engage in this way is to enter a space of profound possibility, a space where we can begin to see beyond the illusions of separation, beyond the stories we tell ourselves about who we are and what we must be. It is to step into the boundless, to create and recreate ourselves anew with every breath, every stroke, every heartbeat.

This practice is not about escaping the body or denying the flesh, but about entering so deeply into it that we transcend it. It is about finding the sacred in the mundane, the divine in the everyday. It is about understanding that our bodies are not separate from our souls, that our flesh is not separate from our spirit. It is about becoming whole, about becoming who we truly are.

As we flow, we become the flow. As we heal, we become the healer. As we surrender, we become the surrendered. This is the sacred dance of life, the sacred play of karma. And here, we find our freedom, our liberation, our truth.

There is a moment when the karmic knots begin to loosen, when the threads that bind us start to unravel, when the stories we tell ourselves about who we are and what we must be begin to dissolve. In this moment, we realize that we are not bound by our past, not limited by our karma. We are free to choose, free to create, free to become. This is the sacred flow of karma, the sacred text of our lives, written in the language of touch, of sensation, of presence. And it is here, in this practice, that we find our way back to ourselves, back to the truth of who we are, back to the sacred ground of our being.

We discover the meaning of true freedom. Not a freedom that comes from escaping or avoiding, but a freedom that comes from entering fully into the experience, from embracing it, from becoming it. This is the freedom of the wise, the freedom of the enlightened, the freedom of those who have touched the divine and been touched by it.

This is the art of becoming. This is the movement of karma. This is the journey of the soul. And it is here, in this practice, that we find our way home.

Chapter 3

Relating In Flight

The consort relating is an advanced interaction. It actively takes all conditioning and conceptuality, all karma and archetypes and intentionally drives into them in order to become free from them. The relationship requires immense trust in oneself, and ability to maneuver the ever strengthening and ever more subtle nuances of the karmic knots that can take us out. We engage in this relationship in order to experience everything. The dakini and daka isn't some distant concept or abstract archetype, it's a visceral—the enlightened being of masculine and feminine form. This is the ultimate realization of consort practice.

We're so quick to default to familiar roles—man on one side, woman on the other—both stuck in an endless back and forth, caught in the smallness of desire and division. But the dakini's offering is more unruly, dragging us into a terrain where completeness is something less neat and far more alive, vibrating with an energy that refuses to settle or stay put. It's not that first clumsy encounter of lust, where the guy just wants to get off and the woman braces against the sting of it. No, that's the old story, the one that fails us over and over.

The intention of a successful consort relationship is flight. Being in flight requires settling on constant motion as your center of balance. We are accustomed to lowering ourselves down to what we think is safety, like a house, or a specific job. We expect the world and perhaps especially our partners to match our expectations and attempt to exert control but this is how you can fall out of flight, get kicked out, all of this is the experience of you leaving the dynamic flight of consortship.

The dakini flips all that on its head. It's not about dominance, or who gets what, or the petty battles that leave everyone depleted. Instead, it's about tapping into something fuller, a completeness that fuses male and female, drive and openness, into the dynamic tension of an indivisible, complete whole. Not a static ideal, but a living, breathing force that upends the very idea of separation. It's a reminder that the macho posturing we've been fed is nothing but smoke, easily burned away in the heat of something far more profound. You try to swagger your way through, and you'll find yourself stripped bare, your illusions turned to ash.

The male side of completeness, then, isn't a rigid construct; it's a presence—a constant, resonant force that's always moving, always aware, but never still. To be in relation to the dakini isn't to *make* her a consort, some passive object of desire or reflection. It's to position yourself as consort to her, to understand your role as one of support and steady presence, to be the one who holds the line. It's a strange kind of commitment—this idea of being perpetually in flight, never grounded, never landing, always pushing forward. There's no safety net, no comfort zone. But in that endless motion, there's a kind of anchoring, a clarity that comes from being in constant motion without ever letting the thread slip.

This isn't about building walls or clinging to fixed roles. It's more like setting up a system of channels, open and flexible, through which creativity can flow, unimpeded. It's not about male versus female, not a tug-of-war between opposing forces. It's more like a messy collaboration, a constant exchange where energies overlap, intersect, and bleed into each other in ways that defy any clean division. And in that mess, something new takes shape—a form of completeness that doesn't harden or close off but remains perpetually open, always in process.

To meet the dakini is to come without expectations, without demands, open and ready to be transformed. It's not about pleading or striving; it's about showing up with a willingness to engage, to be present, to be changed. This is how you find your way into her world—not by asking or seeking, but by standing in the spin, by being in the flow, by staying steady yet allowing yourself to be moved.

And in that, there's a chance for real change. To go beyond ego, beyond the need to control, into a place where you're at ease, where you're in sync with the movement, where you're fully yourself. Because in the end, that's what she offers—a way to come

back to yourself, to find your place, to see that you are already part of it all. You just have to let go, trust, and step into the spin.

The stakes here are high—there's no room for complacency, no resting on laurels or slipping into the comfort of the known. It's a choice between moving with the current or getting stuck in the mire of ego and old habits. To be in flight with the dakini is to keep the channels clear, to ensure that the energy flows without blockage, without ownership. It's a relentless, ongoing act, one that doesn't stop for anything or anyone. And if you can't keep pace, you're out. Not as a punishment, but as a natural consequence of failing to meet the demands of this relentless flow.

There's no solid ground here, no final destination. It's a life lived in the tension between movement and stillness, where nothing ever quite lands or stays the same. The male side of completeness isn't a fixed point but a line of flight—a continuous, unbroken stretch towards something always just beyond reach. And maybe that's the whole point: to understand that completeness isn't a destination but a practice, a state of perpetual becoming that never resolves, never rests. There's no tidy ending, no point of arrival. Only the ceaseless, exhilarating urgency of being in it, fully and without pause.

Chapter 4

Gathering and Parsing Karma

Then, coming together in union is more than an experience of physical contact; it is an unfolding. To engage in this practice is to summon forth the energies that have moved through all time, to feel the vibration of every desire, every joy, every suffering that has ever arisen. It is to become the weaver, drawing these threads into a single point of convergence, where all is made whole, where all is made alive. We are touching the hidden strands of existence, the unseen web that binds us across lifetimes.

Every interaction gathers karma, merging countless lifetimes into a single moment of presence. To touch another is to engage with their entire history—their unseen joys, hidden sorrows, and the very essence of their being. This is not a simple exchange but a profound encounter that calls forth everything they have ever been and everything they are yet to become.

In physical practice, this gathering of karma takes on ritualistic significance. It is a summoning, an invocation of energies that lie dormant within the body. Each touch becomes a bridge to ancient memories of the flesh, allowing the practitioner to stir the depths of being, to call up what has been forgotten, and to weave it into the present. This practice is not about evoking sensation for its own sake, but about enlivening the totality of experience. The movement is an offering, a way to connect with all that has ever flowed through the other, to make contact with the totality of their existence, and to awaken it to life.

From union, intimacy then becomes a practice of “karmic parsing,” where the ordinary boundaries between self and other dissolve, and the deeper threads of existence come into view. When two people meet, they may at first seem like solid, separate entities. But as the connection deepens, it becomes possible to see each person

not as a single being but as a complex tapestry of karmic strands, each thread a reflection of every choice, every encounter, every movement of their life force.

This is like learning to read a sacred text written in the language of the body. Each touch, each gesture, is a line, a verse, a chance to decipher the meaning encoded in the flesh. The body is not a blank slate but a living manuscript, filled with the imprints of countless moments. We become attuned to these subtleties, to hear the music hidden in the silence, to feel the vibrations that are ordinarily overlooked.

The goal of karmic parsing is not merely to understand but to engage these threads, to play with their tension, their harmony, their potential. It is to participate in the unfolding of a narrative that has no end, to become a co-creator in the story of existence. Here, awareness expands beyond the personal, into the vast collective field where all energies meet and merge. This is beyond their own karma or that of their partner but the karma of all beings, to sense the pulse of every desire, every encounter, every transformation that has ever occurred.

Imagine standing in a city and feeling not only your own heartbeat but the heartbeat of the entire place—the collective longing, the countless connections formed and broken, the multitude of lives intersecting. Imagine extending your awareness to include all these energies, to feel them moving through you as if you were a conduit for the entire world.

It is a real, felt experience to recognize that the self is porous, that boundaries are illusions, that the energies of others flow into us as effortlessly as air fills the lungs. It is to know that we are always in communion with the world, that every touch, thought, and breath is an exchange.

Intention takes shape as energy and energy can be parsed into feminine and masculine energies—forces that are not fixed but fluid, moving continually within and between us. The masculine energy is the force of direction, the capacity to set intention, to create structure and clarity, to channel the flow of karma in a focused way. It is the aspect that draws the line, makes the mark, and defines the path.

The feminine energy, by contrast, is the force of receptivity, transformation, and creation. It is the space where energies are absorbed, held, and turned into something new. It is the crucible, the womb, the sacred vessel that takes in darkness and returns it as light. In the practice of consortship, these energies meet, each supporting and enhancing the other.

This relationship is not a static balance but a continuous exchange. The male provides form, structure, and direction; the female fills that form with life, creativity, and infinite potential. Together, they create a field of transformation, a space where all things are possible.

Intimacy serves as a channel for the creative force of karma. The body is not merely a vehicle for pleasure or reproduction but a conduit through which the energies of the universe flow. The vagina then becomes the pool where all possibilities gather, where experiences are processed and transformed. The penis is the physical metaphor for the channel that directs these possibilities, that brings them into form.

When all strands of karma converge, when every thread is woven into the moment of union, a new creation emerges. We understand this the same way we think of the birth of a physical child, but at the level of intention and energy, we birth a new spiritual reality, a new configuration of energy that reflects the totality of what has come before. This is the essence of sacred intimacy: to be a channel for the divine, to allow the creative force to move through, to manifest what has never been, to bring forth new worlds.

Chapter 5

Kali Yuga, the Age of Degeneration

In the beginning, there was a sacred balance between the masculine and feminine energies. The daka, the masculine essence, was resolute—steadfast and guiding, a protector and a force of clarity. The dakini, the feminine, was boundless, flying freely, embodying all possibilities. They were not separate entities, but two sides of the same flow, endlessly moving together in unity. This is how creation unfolded—through their harmony, through their sacred union.

But in Kali Yuga, the age of degeneration, this balance has been shattered. The male energy, the daka, has forgotten his true role. He no longer stands as a pillar of strength, but instead seeks to control, to possess. The feminine, the dakini, once soaring, would now prefer the pampered confines of objectification or trade her own significance for her own share of the objects sought by the masculine.. No longer are these partnerships of creation but instead dual gripping and attachment in a downward spiral out of flight. The wings of the dakini have been clipped, her freedom discarded, and the sacred flow between them has turned into stagnation.

This is not how it was meant to be. The union of masculine and feminine energies is not about domination or submission. It is a flight where the masculine provides the resolute strength and the feminine, with her infinite potential, moves freely. The masculine's role is not to control the feminine, but to hold the space for her to express all that she is. The feminine does not exist to cater to the masculine's desires; she exists to create, to manifest, to fly. And in her flight, she brings forth life itself.

The problem lies in how far we have strayed from this sacred union. The masculine no longer understands that his strength is meant to protect and guide, not to dominate. The feminine, in response, becomes closed off, unable to trust, unable to let her power flow. Without the masculine providing a stable foundation, the feminine cannot relax, cannot express her true nature. And when this flow is disrupted, everything falls apart. The world suffers because of this imbalance—because the energies that are meant to be in harmony are now at odds, fractured.

To restore this balance, we must return to the sacred roles of the daka and dakini. The daka must remember his role as the protector, the one who provides stability. His strength must be a gift, not a weapon. And the dakini, in turn, must again take flight, create, and manifest her boundless possibilities. When the daka stands firm, the dakini can trust once again, can surrender to the flow of creation, knowing that she is held in safety. In this union, they are not separate forces but one, merging into a single, powerful current that can transform the world.

The act of sex itself becomes something far more sacred. It is no longer about the fulfillment of lust, but about communion, about two energies coming together in perfect harmony. The masculine energy provides the structure, the foundation, while the feminine energy moves freely within that space. Together, they create a force that is more powerful than either could achieve alone—a force that reflects the divine nature of the universe itself.

This requires a deep humility. The daka must let go of his need for control, his ego, and offer his strength purely as a gift. The dakini must trust her opening, her flight, and that the masculine will rise to meet her. Only then can they move into the realm of the sacred. Only then can they experience the union of energies that is their true purpose. Together, they move in harmony that mirrors the order of creation, the endless cycle of life. This is the way of the sacred, the way of balance, the way of creation and life.

Chapter 6

Sex Taken Hostage

We are talking about the most innate human desire—sex. But when people get it wrong, they get it wrong completely. And that’s most of the world, honestly. I can’t count many who have their sexuality in a healthy place.

There is a joke about two young fish swimming in the ocean. One day they swim past an older fish who comments to them “Good morning fellas, the water is lovely today!” They wave a fin back and share pleasantries. As they continue on in their directions, one of the young fish turns to the other somewhat disturbed. “What the hell is ‘water’?”

This is how we can think of so much of our society and the patterns we swim through, barely noticing them and the impact they have on our lives. To recognize our own ‘water’ and to reimagine how things could be, it’s helpful to look at societies built on patterns and understanding different from the hegemonic Western culture. Anthropologists must search these out in hidden corners of the globe where different ethnic traditions may still evolve with some autonomy from the predominant tides of the world.

There are traditional cultures in the eastern Himalayas bordering the Tibetan Plateau where inheritance is traced along the matrilineal side and all children live with their mother their entire lives and their mother’s brothers, the children’s uncles, serve in the nurturing role we in the west would assign to the biological father. They offer the metaphor for those men as rain on grass, helping to raise what is already there. The men may run businesses or be involved with politics, but the women have the final say with the grandmothers as official heads of the families.

Sexual relationships are fluid here, there is no concept of “marriage” to trap it within, it has no bearing on living arrangements, child-rearing, or inheritance. At night, a man may travel to visit whatever woman may have invited him; men and women are

equally free to have multiple partners. They call their consortship “asha” and it is free to take on whatever form is most resonant for the time, some fleeting, some more closely resembling marriage, but always open to change and develop with time.

When a girl first gets her menstrual cycle she is celebrated and given her own room in the house. She is encouraged to explore her sexuality at the pace of her own curiosity and desire.-In this framework, sexual crime is rare—almost nonexistent. Unfulfilled desires, the kind that gnaw at the soul and corrupt the body, find no purchase here. There is no room for jealousy to fester when choice and openness are the rules. Conflict, too, fades into the background, replaced by a system that allows desire to flow freely, without the need to claim or constrict. Sex here is free of so many of the conceptual overlays and demands we place over it—possession, shame, dependence. And free of those burdensome layers, sexual energy is free to arise and play freely. In the ritual, a man approaches a woman, his body language open, his face soft with intention. She acknowledges him, not with words, but with a smile—one that signals her acceptance of this interaction. There is no fanfare, no grand gestures, only a small, deliberate exchange. His hand touches hers, she strokes it three times, and he returns the touch. The simplicity of the gesture belies the depth of the connection, a tradition that traces back through centuries, indeed all the way back to the beginning of life itself. In this society, sexuality is not something to be hidden away, it is not forced through the contortions of repression and obsession. Sex becomes a resource, a kind of currency, not in a transactional sense but as a creative force that drives connection and life. Even when the physical act of sex is not present, the energy between men and women remains, threading through every interaction, every connection.

It’s likely these traditions descended all the way back from nomadic times when living was more communal and before agriculture and land ownership made the concept of inheritance paramount to survival. Now it is a culture that is falling away. First, it was suppressed during the Cultural Revolution, seen as incompatible with the Marxist ideals of a socialist family structure during the Cultural Revolution and difficult for the centralized state to track in their records. And now it falls prey to a different cultural revolution as internet access and the pull of mainstream Chinese culture attract young people toward cities, universities, jobs, and marriage.

Back to the invention of the plow, sex has been bound to marriage, and marriage was about progeny and inheritance. Modern anthropologists produce real statistics

measuring women's freedom and map these surveys against the history of agriculture in various regions. Was farming done by hoe or driving by plow? A hoe can be managed by a woman, but a plow requires the upper body strength of a man. In plow regions, women's autonomy is notably restricted. Women were driven to marriage for survival. If love wasn't there, it was performed from obligation.

It's a dynamic we've seen all over—staying in marriages not because of connection or joy but because of necessity—“he has the money,” “I'd lose my kids,” “I can't imagine doing it on my own.” Women stuck in abusive relationships, men stuck in loveless marriages, for decades, raising kids, doing their 'duty.' Lives half-lived because nobody wanted to address what was really going on, the real needs beneath the surface. Now, though, women are waking up. They're looking at this mess and saying, “No thanks.” Women have their own jobs and money, they're not at the mercy of being married off for survival. And a lot are deciding they'd rather be single than stuck in these outdated roles. Birth rates are plummeting; no one wants kids, and fewer want marriage. Why should a woman tie herself to a man, his family, his baggage. They're not waiting for change—they're just opting out. Divorce rates go up with older people. Younger generations are smarter; they're not waiting to escape. They're refusing to enter the trap in the first place.

We are at an inflection point. The old way things work has broken down but the new way hasn't been defined. What happens as more and more people wake up and want something different? There is an opportunity for an entire way of life based in a new understanding, meeting in a new place, coming together for a new purpose. Sex, free of its shackles, the lightning path to awakening.

Chapter 7

What Relating Could Be

Right now, everything's fragmented. We've split life, sex, and creativity into pieces, disconnected them from the sacred source that used to hold them all in one breath. We've smeared sex as something sordid, pulled it away from the holy act of making, of becoming. But creation is sacred not despite the mess, but because of it. To make, to give life, to connect is to touch the divine, to hold it in your hands, slippery and real.

Sex isn't just bodies colliding; it's karma entwining, histories crossing, energies blending. It's not about the rush of lust or the surface-level spark; it's the depth, the quiet hum of connection that blows past the self and into something that breathes bigger. When it's done absent of presence, when intention is lost, it falters. It's not connection; it's projection, the self looping back on its own hungers and disappointments. Real intimacy is the undoing of the self, letting karma flow unblocked, letting the connection be what it is without trying to pin it down or make it fit. In relationships, this translates to something beyond the usual give-and-take, beyond the ledger of transactions, who did what for whom. It's creating a field, a space where energies can move freely, where karma can work itself out without the constant interference of ego. This is where the male side comes in—not as dominator but as a stabilizer, a channel that lets the feminine spread wide without fear of falling. It's a balance, a necessary back-and-forth that holds the whole thing up.

To work with this kind of completeness, you've got to step outside the tight confines of the self. It's about throwing that energy into the world with clear eyes, knowing that every action, every flicker of connection is another piece of the mandala

being woven. Done right, it's not just a gesture but a transformation, a realignment of all the broken pieces into something whole. It's about stretching the pool, expanding the mandala, until nothing gets left out. It's unending work, relentless and necessary—to take the fragments and stitch them back into a sacred pattern.

It's about opening the flow of life, about being a conduit for the endless possibilities that completeness holds. It's knowing that every connection, every interaction, is a chance to touch the totality, to be part of the ongoing act of creation. Not from a place of self, but from a place of being part of something wider and deeper. That's the real work of the mandala, the essence of the masculine and feminine, always in flight, always in motion, refusing to be pinned down but always aligned with the deeper truths of what it means to be whole.

Chapter 8

In an Enlightened Society

In an enlightened society, there's one reality. It's like being in a womb, that pure space of creation, its entirety is a continuum of becoming without boundaries between manifest and unmanifest. But in our everyday reality, we are stuck in the idea we are cast outside of Eden—Adam blaming Eve, creating disharmony and separation, spinning out from that initial ignorance. If we never grasp the idea of completeness, we'll never realize Eden is everywhere. In the reality of union, we're all swimming in creativity, living inside the womb of the world. Everything is nondual: no outside, no inside, just a continuous loop of expression.

In this space, there's only expression, an endless sharing of that creative impulse. The masculine side of completeness, the feminine side—they're just appearances of the same underlying reality. It's all just creative expression, *bodhichitta*, pure creativity. The most subtle, dynamic union flowing into shape and form, each an extension of the whole, the seamless expression of reality itself.

In that space, intention instantaneously meets reality because there, intention *is* reality. You don't project your intention into the future, you don't throw it like a baseball—you *become* it. It's a simultaneous arising where making an intention is making the world, and there's no separation between the two. It's not about force or effort; it's about aligning with that inherent creativity and letting it do the work. Because when you're in that state, why would you need to throw your intention like kicking a can down the road? Throwing suggests there's a gap, a disconnect, but here, there's none. Everything is just an expression of that pure creativity, flowing freely and intermingling. The *dakini*, always in flight, embodies this—the feminine side of creativity, moving freely but grounded by the resolute energy of the masculine. It's a fluid state, not confined to rigid structures but flowing in a way that remains part of the whole. It's inseparable—not two sides but one continuous flow of energy, expression, life. The

problem comes when people forget this, when they don't see themselves as part of that endless creativity, that inherent sexuality, that flow of life. They stop celebrating it, start dissecting it, focusing on flaws and losing sight of the perfection that would encompass the entirety of it.

That's why we throw—to reconnect, to re-weave the disjointed parts back into the mandala, the world of perfection. We remind people that everything is connected. The throwing is about intention, but not in the old sense of pushing something away or pulling it toward you. It's about shifting the whole field, changing how things resonate, making everything part of the same creative expression. The umbilical cord, that channel, nourishes whatever it touches, bringing life, bringing completeness. It's about speaking the same language, feeling the same pulse, letting the intention do the work so that reality begins to mirror the completeness of the most subtle body of reality, Dharmakaya.

But in the deteriorating age of Kali Yuga, things are distorted. People look at sexuality and life itself through a lens of shame and division. They can't accept the sacredness of it all, instead seeing it as something flawed. That's why the masculine side of completeness needs to be pronounced—it's the umbilical cord, the channel that supports the feminine in expressing her full creativity. It's about making that connection clear and strong, creating a world where the pool of completeness isn't just a confined space but something that envelopes everything.

The urgency is real. Inside the space of creation, everything is provided for, but that hasn't spread everywhere yet. It's limited, and so we have to expand, make the world into that pool of potential. That's the role of the masculine side, not in aggression but in proactive engagement, setting the channel strong enough to carry the completeness into every part of the world. It's not about complacency; it's about driving forward, making the world into the mandala where nothing is left outside.

Chapter 9

Energy and Karma

Energy flows through us, a force both intimate and inscrutable, shaped by the invisible threads of karma that bind our lives together. To speak of karma is to speak not of punishment or reward, but of the intricate, ongoing patterns of inclination, action, and consequence. Each person carries a distinct imprint, a unique weave of past choices, desires, and encounters that shape how energy moves through them, how it lands, where it takes root, and where it goes next.

But here's the paradox: the energy itself is also karma. It's not just moving through us like water through a stream; it *is* the stream, shaped by the banks and bends of our own making. We tend to think of the field around us—the space we occupy, the air we breathe, the world we inhabit—as a single, seamless entity, but it's not. It's more like a web, or maybe a tapestry, woven from countless strands of karmic threads, each one vibrating with its own frequency, each one tugging and pulling in its own direction.

And within this web, this field, the energy plays out a gendered dance. The channels through which it flows are seen as masculine, structured, and directional, while the energy itself—fluid, dynamic, ever-changing—is feminine. This is how we navigate the field: by moving through these channels, by allowing the energy to find its own way, to curve and twist along paths that are at once deeply personal and fundamentally connected to everything else.

Think of it like this: some people feel the energy coursing through their bodies in specific, pointed ways. It may arise as that pulsing, alive feeling that refuses to be ignored. This isn't random; it's the body's own karmic arising, its own history and future playing out in real time, in the flesh. The pathways that energy chooses are shaped by the person's own karmic patterns—those unseen forces that decide which channels will light up, which will remain dormant, which will hum with electricity, and which will stay quiet.

All of this suggests something larger, a deeper understanding of how we live in and move through the world. Energy and karma are not separate; they are one and the same. The field we move through is not a passive backdrop to our lives; it is an active participant, a co-creator. And as we come to understand this, as we feel the flow and notice the channels, we begin to see how our lives are shaped not just by what happens to us, but by the energies we carry, the paths we choose, and the karmic threads that bind us all in their restless, ceaseless motion

Chapter 10

Dissolving Into The Flow Of Reality

The flow of erotic blood in consort practice is not simply about physical sensation; it embodies the intersection of karma and energy, manifesting as a dynamic interplay that unites the participants in a shared experience of karmic resonance. This union is not passive; it is an active engagement with the patterns of existence, allowing one to move beyond the confines of individual experience and into a collective field where the boundaries of self dissolve.

In this practice, the concept of self becomes fluid, no longer a fixed point but a permeable boundary through which the currents of karma flow. The dissolution of the self is not an end but a transformation—a transition from being a static observer to an active participant in the unfolding of karma. As the self recedes, the practitioner begins to reflect the energies and karmic patterns around them, becoming not just a vessel but a mirror that resonates with the vibrations of the collective field. This shift from individuality to collective resonance is a crucial aspect of deep spiritual practice, where personal boundaries are transcended, and one becomes a conduit for the greater karmic flow.

The process of this transformation is layered and requires navigating different levels of energy. On the most basic level, energy is experienced through physical actions and sensations. However, as one moves into subtler realms, the energy flows through the channels of the subtle body, such as the central channel and its branches, affecting the way we perceive and interact with the world. At this level, one begins to perceive the vajra body—a body of pure energy that transcends the usual limitations of the physical form and allows for a more expansive interaction with the environment.

Deeper still, one encounters the realm of clear light, where karmic instincts and seeds reside. Here, the practitioner's body is no longer confined to its ordinary

dimensions; it expands through the vastness, from the most subtle through physical form. We feel the boundaries of the body dissolve into the greater expanse of existence, allowing one to access and rework the karmic patterns embedded within.

Reworking karma in this context is not an act of force or manipulation but a natural consequence of the dissolution of self. As the practitioner aligns more closely with the karmic flow, the reconfiguration of karma becomes an organic process, unfolding effortlessly as the energies and intentions align. This alignment requires a deep understanding of the mechanisms at play, where the sense of self is not merely set aside but integrated into a broader, more comprehensive understanding of the interdependence of all things.

In the state of shared coherence, where the distinctions between partners blur, the practice transcends individual actions and becomes a mutual reflection of the collective karmic field. This coherence is not just a mental state but a full-body experience, where the energies flow seamlessly between the participants, creating a unified field of intention and action. At this point, the concept of the self becomes fluid, and the practitioner moves from being an isolated entity to becoming the karma itself—a living embodiment of the karmic patterns playing out in real-time.

This shift requires a nuanced understanding of energy and movement, particularly how they interact within the context of spiritual practice. When the sense of self falls away, the practitioner moves from a position of active doing to one of reflective being, where actions are no longer directed but emerge spontaneously from the flow of energy and intention. This is akin to the experience of flow states in high-performance activities, where the individual is fully immersed in the moment, responding instinctively to the dynamic environment with precision and ease.

The key to accessing these deeper states lies in bypassing the usual cognitive processes that filter and interpret reality. The brain, while useful for processing information, often imposes its own conceptual overlays, which can distort the direct experience of the present moment. Sex and its heightened arousal allows the practitioner to bypass these filters and engage directly with the immediacy of experience, encountering reality as it unfolds rather than as a constructed narrative shaped by past experiences and biases. This direct engagement allows for a more authentic expression, enabling actions that are in greater harmony with the broader energetic and karmic context.

Developing this capacity involves cultivating a refined sensitivity to movement and energy, much like the precision required in the art of calligraphy. In calligraphy, each stroke carries with it a wealth of information—its shape, pressure, and flow all convey meaning that transcends the individual components. Similarly, in spiritual practice, each action or intention must be imbued with a depth of understanding and reflection, allowing the practitioner to resonate with the greater whole. This resonance is not about control but about alignment, where the actions naturally reflect the broader karmic patterns without the need for conscious manipulation.

Mastery of this practice enables a profound influence not just on personal experiences but on the broader collective. When the practitioner is in perfect resonance with the karmic flow, their actions can influence entire communities or even larger systems, subtly altering the dynamics at play. This influence is not exerted through force but through a deep alignment with the karmic currents, allowing for shifts that may seem imperceptible on the surface but have far-reaching effects on the energetic landscape.

This practice is not about conscious control but about training the body and mind to respond in harmony with the flow, allowing actions to unfold naturally according to the karmic script being expressed. At this heightened state of arousal, form and vibration are two sides of the same coin. Every sense becomes more subtle and precision and intentionality become exponentially important.

The subtlety of this field allows transformation to extend beyond the individual to encompass the broader collective. As the practitioner becomes more adept at reflecting the karmic flow, their influence can extend to entire communities, subtly shifting the dynamics at play and creating new possibilities for alignment and transformation. This influence is not about imposing will but about creating resonance, where the actions of the practitioner harmonize with the greater karmic field, allowing for subtle yet profound shifts in the energetic landscape.

Ultimately, the consort practice, engaging with karma and energy, is about cultivating a deep, resonant alignment with the natural flow of existence. Here, actions are no longer driven by the ego but are instead guided by the broader creation of life. This shift from doing to being, from control to reflection, is the essence of true mastery, where the practitioner becomes a living embodiment of the karmic flow, reflecting the intricate, ever-changing dance of energy and intention with grace and precision.

In this state of being, the interconnectedness of all things becomes obvious. We recognize that every action, every thought, and every intention is part of a larger web of existence, influencing and being influenced by the whole. We become active in the process of co-creation.

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Chapter 11

The Entirety of Wholeness

The feminine, the wisdom aspect, is not just a counterpart but it is the entirety of wholeness itself. It's an idea often misunderstood; that to reach enlightenment, the masculine must fully embrace and integrate with the feminine. But true understanding of this brings a radical shift: wisdom is not conferred by the masculine, it is the feminine essence of wisdom that completes the masculine.

There are many kinds of dakinis, each a different expression of wisdom. This is why the Buddhist master Padmasambhava had five consorts—women who were not simply his lovers or disciples, but the living, breathing manifestations of the wisdom he needed to reach his own enlightenment. It wasn't that he enlightened them; they enlightened him. Until he was with them, until he had united with their wisdom, his journey was incomplete.

This ties to a deeper intention: to enliven everything in consciousness. To be so thoroughly plugged into the luminosity that all exchanges with it are electrified, drawing in inert potential, awakening it, and sending it back into the world. It's about reaching a point where everything lights up—every tree, every body, every object vibrating with conscious life.

And for this to take root, to anchor itself in the material world—especially now, in this time of chaos, this Kali Yuga—it has to become something more. It has to be a celebration, a festival that includes everyone. A wave that sweeps through the crowd, rising and falling, everyone lifted together, no one left behind. A movement that spreads across the country, not one person at a time, but all at once, like a great protective circle, a force field that envelops the whole nation, pulling everyone into its orbit.

At this level, the dakinis don't just know they're in the light—they know how to move with it, how to wield it, how to use it. They are alive in it, they move with a kind of grace that makes every step a celebration, every gesture a call to something higher.

Those being trained may not yet know how to do this, how to move in this way, but they are learning. They learn to trust themselves, to find that confidence, to reach that place where every moment is a festival, always just beginning.

And once we reach that place—where the party never stops, where the movement doesn't end—there is no going back. Something fundamental has shifted. The light is on. The flight begins.

Chapter 12

The Polarity To Fly

Dakinis are said to fly, but this flight is not without its balance—without polarity, they would never lift off, never stay aloft. Polarity is the crucial tension between opposites, the dynamic that keeps the movement alive. The masculine and feminine forces, always in dialogue, always in tension, prevent the settling, the landing into comfort and complacency. Without this balance, without this back and forth, the movement stops, the flight ends.

To understand this, think of polarity as a dynamic that can't be seen up close. If you zoom in, everything blurs together; proximity obscures the very opposites it holds. If you're standing right in the middle of a chaotic traffic jam, it's impossible to see the pattern. But seen from a higher vantage point, the pattern reveals itself. The interplay of energies—the push and pull, the light and shadow—becomes clear only when you see the whole picture.

Polarity, then, is best understood from a distance, from a place where the whole becomes visible, where the dynamic tension between opposites can be seen and appreciated. This is how one navigates the field: by stepping back, by observing the constant shift between extremes. Look at the yin-yang symbol—a black side with a white dot, a white side with a black dot. When one reaches its extreme, the seed of the other begins. Light creates shadow; shadow highlights light. They are interconnected, feeding each other, turning one into the other endlessly.

The dakinis move in this way, always balancing at the edge, never allowing one side to dominate completely. Their flight is fueled by this tension, this continual turning from one extreme to the next, always maintaining that delicate balance.

This is the crux of it: the tension, the polarity, is what allows the movement to continue. It's what keeps the energy alive, what prevents it from collapsing into stasis or comfort. It's why we dissolve our preferences, our grasping, our need to control. It's why

we embrace the space between what we think we want and what actually is. We learn to stay in the tension, to ride the wave of uncertainty, to find the play in not knowing, in not possessing, in not arriving.

The pull toward climax, that instinct to reach the peak and be done, is exactly what keeps us grounded, keeps us stuck. Our minds want to clutch at comfort, to fall into the familiar traps—whether it's sex, food, attention, or any other distraction that gives a temporary high. But true practice is learning to feel that pull and instead to stay in the space between, in the charged space where potential opens up. It is to train the mind to recognize the inertia of habit and orient our awareness toward developing the charge that would keep us in flight.

To put your mind there, in that space of tension, is the practice of experiencing reality beyond concepts. The sages would recognize it as Mahamudra. It is a practice of staying open, of maintaining balance, of allowing the polarity to exist without collapse. This is the secret behind the dakini's flight—why they never land, why they are always just beyond reach. It's why the experience is so intoxicating, why the attraction never ends, why the desire is never fully satisfied. It's a continual process, a constant state of becoming, a forever unfolding.

The dakini embodies this. She offers every sensation you could imagine, but only if you stay with her, without grasping, without trying to hold on to any one state. She wants you to be with her in every moment, in every state, without getting stuck, without needing anything beyond the sheer joy of movement. The dakini is fierce and untamed; she cannot be tricked, cannot be controlled. She is always for you, always drawing you out, always inviting you into the deeper play, the fuller experience.

This is where liberation lies—not in the resolution of desire, but in the ability to stay in that space where desire is alive, where attraction is continuous, where there is no fixed point, no final arrival. It is an endless unfolding, a continual invitation to live in the raw, electric space between.

Chapter 13

Trusting Subtlety

There are ways love begins, how it grows, how it shifts from the material to the immaterial, from the tangible to the unseen. When we are young in love—erotically young—we learn through the body. We learn through touch, through the weight and warmth of skin against skin, the raw, immediate exchange that tells us what love is, or at least what it can be. At first, every lesson is written in the language of the body, every discovery made through the senses, contact by contact, heartbeat by heartbeat.

But as love matures, something else begins to emerge. We don't lose the physical, but we no longer rely on it solely to sustain the connection. Instead, we learn to hold both worlds at once: the physical and the energetic, the material and the immaterial. When we meet in the flesh, we meet as equals. When we meet in the energetic, we are attuned to the subtle currents, the invisible threads that weave us together across distances, through time. The task is to stretch our senses out further and further, to maintain the connection without clutching at the thread of physicality, without pulling it taut.

This takes trust—a deep, abiding trust that the physical will unfold when it is truly called for, that it will arise not from need or grasping but from a place of inevitability, from the very essence of connection itself. This trust allows us to find the place where the invisible takes shape, where what first drew us together—the initial magnetic pull—becomes something finer, something we can sense without needing to see or touch.

This is the mechanics of birth, not just of bodies, but of worlds. To establish this world, this way of being, is to build from the most subtle of connections, to make intimacy out of air, to weave a fabric that holds without ever being grasped. It is to

create a space where new life can emerge naturally, without force, without rush—when the time is right, when all conditions align.

Imagine a whole country reimagined in this way: millions of people carrying a seed within them, waiting, not passively but actively, until the moment comes when they are called to emerge into their fullness, to break the surface like shoots reaching toward the light.

This is where the idea of a “through line” emerges—a line that threads through all layers of existence, from the deepest emptiness, what might be called the erotic mind, through the emotional and energetic bodies, all the way to the physical. This line must be kept pristine, without distortion, so that it can carry the full weight of desire, love, and creation through all the thick layers of experience.

Think of it as a carrier signal, a frequency that cuts through the static and noise of daily life. Without it, we become tangled in surface distractions, lost in the superficial layers of our own being. But when this line is strong, it holds us to our core, to that place from which all things arise and to which all things return.

This is where polarity and attraction come into play—not as forces to be balanced or harmonized, but as the very energies that keep the world spinning. The push and pull, the coming together and the falling apart, the closeness and the distance—these are not opposites but rather the two faces of a single force. They are what generate movement, life, love. They keep us awake, keep us in the tension where creation happens.

To trust in this is to trust in your capacity to remain open, to receive, to transform whatever comes your way. It is to understand that every so-called mistake, every obstacle, is another opening, another doorway, another chance to convert what appears as a problem into something else, something that pulses with life, something that expands the field of what is possible.

The dakini knows this. She embodies this. She demands a total surrender, but not a collapse, not a giving in or giving up. It is a surrender to what is, without attachment, without fear. It is a willingness to stand in the space where everything is possible, where nothing is fixed, where the boundaries between what we desire and what we are willing to receive dissolve.

To stay in flight, you must shed the weight of expectation, duty, and obligation. You must let go of every burden that keeps you from rising. You must find the play at the center of the struggle, the lightness in the heaviness, the movement in what seems

stuck. This is the work, the endless work, of returning again and again to the core, to the intention, to the thread that connects us to something larger, something infinite. Because true freedom, true love, does not come from arriving, from possessing, from knowing. It comes from releasing, from allowing, from trusting that whatever comes, we can meet it with open arms, with a soft gaze, with a readiness to move where it leads us. It is a constant turning, a constant becoming, a continual unfolding of all that we are and all that we might yet be.

Chapter 14

Misunderstanding The Consort

The consort relationship can be misunderstood and grabbing onto this misunderstanding will take us out of flight. Our goal in consorting is to transcend fixed reality, to become the divine illusion, to experience a truth beyond fact. But once we've experienced something real, something genuine, we may translate it incorrectly. We can mistake it for something unique, exclusive—we become certain this person is special and only they could be the wind to lift us. We might beg our partner assurance they share this only with us, but that's a promise we can't make and remain in flight. It goes against the vow, against the flow of giving this to everyone, not just one. There's no ownership in this kind of love. Our vow is to bring the milk to all. Once you give someone ownership of your wings, you find yourselves both on the ground.

The truth is, when you've taken the vow, you realize you're not yours to give, not in the way most people think. You can't seal the deal, can't hand yourself over. It's not about one; it's about all. That's the commitment. You can love everyone, but you can't love just one. It goes against the vow. And yeah, it's tough. It's a hard vow to live by, more difficult than it sounded when it was made.

This kind of love, this kind of vow is infinite and each karmic form rises and falls, connected to all. If we tried to collapse it onto one person, they couldn't handle it. It's like trying to channel a river into a thimble—it'll overflow, overwhelm. It's too much. Creativity, genius, love—it's all too much for the human ego to contain. That's why artists self-destruct; they can't carry the weight of it. Once you agree to let the vastness move through you, people get hooked on it, addicted. They want to own it, claim it. But letting someone believe they possess you is a disservice. You're harming them by feeding that illusion.

There's a saying in Judaism that the only real mistake is to open a door too wide, beyond what someone can handle. When you let someone think they own you, you're setting them up for that kind of crash. Human beings aren't possessable, especially

when you're feeding them the infinite. Women, too, when they tap into that infinite, often twist it, thinking they need love or protection or whatever, using this endless resource to trap someone into saying, "Be mine." But that's not the point. You're supposed to use it to free people, not to pull them into your orbit.

This is where the siddhis can go wrong. They're not for bending others to your will or satisfying your own needs. They're for liberation. When you start using them to possess or control, you both end up trapped, the power collapses, and you're pulled from the divine right down into hell. That's the danger. That's why this vow, this way of being, isn't just a personal choice—it's a responsibility, to use what you've been given to free, not to bind.

Chapter 15

Rippling Into the World

In the teachings of the dakini, there's an element we often overlook—something like a grappling hook, something like fastening yourself to the world's pulse. It's not enough to open yourself to be moved by creative energy; you have to anchor that energy somewhere, to hook it to a point in the distance, like you're water skiing across the unknown. Without this, the movement dissipates, scatters. You need a place where your intention digs in, where it fastens and holds.

Think of it like this: you find a point of tension in the world, something raw, like the knots in a system—say, incarceration. You feel it, like a hum in the bones. You let your intention, your erotic heart, meet that place. But this heart isn't just your heart; it's the erotic heart, a heart that serves on the terms of what is being served, not on your own terms. You learn not to impose, not to shape the world to your liking, but to let the world shape you, to let it move through you. You place your attention there, steady, unwavering, and in time, that intention begins to whisper back, begins to tell you what it needs.

It's like a pregnancy, this period of listening, of waiting. Much of it is just holding steady, holding your intention there, letting it settle, letting it inform you. Then, suddenly, without warning, you're called to action. But it's not frantic or desperate—it's informed, like a deep knowing. You move not because you've decided to move, but because you've been moved, because the groundswell has gathered beneath you and carries you forward.

This is the moment of birth, the moment when what you've held inside comes into the world, alive, breathing, with a life of its own. The intention, once abstract, now has form, flesh, purpose. It moves in the world with its own energy, interacts with its own karma. It doesn't need you to watch over it, to direct its every move. It grows on its own terms, in its own time. Your role is to nurture it when needed, protect it when it's

vulnerable, but always with the understanding that it is its own being now, free to engage with the world in its own way.

This is how the dakinis move through life—birthing things with their own vitality, their own rhythm. It's not about creating to control, but about bringing forth and letting go, setting something alive and free. You send your intention out into the world—into individual lives, into communities, into conversations—and let it ripple, let it spread like a current, touching and being touched, growing through its own interactions.

And in this way we return to the body, to human sexuality. Not as a possession or conquest, but as a sacred force, an erotic heart that beats between the poles of spirit and soul, aspiration and creativity. This heart is a dynamic place, born from the tension of opposites—the masculine drive and the feminine draw. The blood that flows through it is energy, is karma, is the raw substance of life itself, moving where it must, touching what it must, without hesitation or fear.

The power here comes from keeping those poles alive, from letting them be distinct, each fully realized, each holding its own place in the tension, the dynamic that allows something new to be born. This third thing, this creation, it is alive, it is its own, it moves through the world with purpose, with agency, with a destiny beyond our understanding.

And this isn't just a metaphor, not just a theory. It's how we create, how we love, how we heal. It's how we meet the world, again and again, with a pure potential, a raw readiness. You have to hold both—the aspiration and the power, the willingness to move and the willingness to be still. You find the place where the energy is needed, where it calls to you, where it wants to serve. And you stay there. You hold that space until it births itself, until it becomes what it must become.

This is creation, not in the sense of making or forcing, but in the sense of allowing, of witnessing, of being present with what is unfolding. You put your intention into the world and then listen, listen to the whispers of the unknown, the needs of the unseen. You become a participant in the larger story, a collaborator in the unfolding of things.

And so, you find yourself always in the space of becoming, always in the tension between what is and what could be. You learn to trust the process, to trust that whatever comes is part of the unfolding, that every birth is also a letting go, that every intention

set in motion is also a surrender to the unknown. You stay with it, you breathe with it, you allow it to shape you as much as you shape it.

You are always at the edge, always in motion, always moving toward something you cannot quite name. And in that movement, you find the erotic heart beating, not as something to own or define, but as a rhythm you move with, a pulse you listen for, a life that lives beyond you, through you, and into the world.

Chapter 16

Sex, as the Ocean

In the teachings of the dakini, there is a knowing that goes beyond the intellect, beyond the ego's grasping for meaning or validation. To be fully realized, both the masculine and the feminine must meet each other at the edges of themselves, in a place where energy moves back and forth, saturating every cell, every breath, until what was once separate dissolves into something else entirely.

It is not about aligning energies in some polite, symmetrical way. It's more like a current—a wild, pulsing tide that moves up and down, in and out, finding every corner, every hollow, and filling it to the brim. And in that constant exchange, in that relentless circulation, there is a losing of self, a losing of the borders between what is “you” and what is “me,” until both are swallowed up by a sensation so full, so complete, that even the concept of bliss shatters.

This is what realization means. Not because one state is superior to another, not because one has achieved a higher rank, but because there is no longer any self left to speak of. The self has been eclipsed by the fullness of everything, by the everything-ness of it all. It's not that the ocean has swallowed the drop; it's that the drop realizes it was always the ocean, and now it moves as such, rises and falls with the waves, undifferentiated, uncontained.

This state of being is beyond desire, beyond lust, beyond the craving to possess or to hold. It is a pure aspiration, a pure creativity, where power and love converge not as opposites but as complements, as twin strands of the same cosmic thread. And this convergence is what makes creation possible, what allows something new to be born—a child, an idea, a revolution, a moment.

Conception in this state is not a mere physical act. It is a profound coming together, an act of creating with nothing but the purest intention. Here, the karmic conditions are refined to their highest degree, untainted by the ego's hunger or need.

There is no separate object of desire, no clinging, no agenda. Only the meeting of aspiration and creativity, birthing something into existence that is as pure as the moment it emerged from.

And in this space, there is a building, a storing up of energy that doesn't release itself in the usual way. It's like the body steps aside, makes room for something else to take shape. A vajra body, a body that is both and neither, that exists beyond what we think of as flesh. The act of creation is happening, but not within you—it's happening all around you. You are inside of it, no longer the creator but a participant in a larger creative force, a force that is carrying you as much as you are carrying it.

This is why conception born of this state carries a life of its own. It is an expression of something essential, something that moves with its own vitality, unburdened by the usual constraints. It enters the world not as an extension of you, but as an independent force, imbued with its own purpose, its own destiny, carrying the milk of its original intention, unbroken, pure.

This is why intention must be purified—again and again—refined until it is divine aspiration itself, until it seeks not for love or attention or power, but for the simple act of offering. We refine it so that what is born is born clean, free of the usual human longings, so that it can move in the world with clarity, with strength, with a purpose that is clear and unwavering.

And this is why the bliss is different. It is built not on possession, but on tension, on polarity, on the space between opposites that generates movement, generates heat. It's not about grasping or holding on, but about letting go, about allowing the energy to move through you, between you, without trying to name it or claim it. When you try to hold on, when you fix it in place, you lose the thread of realization, you lose the totality, the dynamic flow that makes everything alive.

To be with the dakini is to understand this, to move beyond the ordinary understandings of sex or love or pleasure. For the dakini, sex is objectless; it is a means of moving energy, of purifying, of transforming. It is a way to take the raw material of desire and refine it, distill it into something that is both essence and aspiration. It is to see not with your eyes, but with a deeper, more universal gaze—a gaze that strips away the layers of ego, of attachment, and sees through to the core, the heart of things.

And so the dakini takes the energy, filters it through her own body, purifies it, and sends it back, transformed, renewed. The exchange is not a give and take but a

continual refinement, a distillation. It moves beyond duality, beyond subject and object, until only the clear light remains, the light that is the essence of all things.

This is what happens in the third initiation, a taste of that clear light, that pure, unadulterated state where there is no separation, no distinction, only the merging into one. It is not about putting anything into anything, not at the highest levels. It is about being with what is, moving with it, letting it move through you, over you, into you, and out again, endlessly.

This is the path of the dakini, a path that strips you down to nothing, demands everything and leaves you with even less. It is a path of surrender, but not a surrender to defeat; it is a surrender to the truth of things, to the purity of experience, to the sacredness of being without end. It is a journey that asks you to let go of every single thing you think you know, until all that remains is the rhythm, the beat, the pulse of life moving through you, the dance that is always just beginning.

Chapter 17

Meeting at the Point Of Totality

In the teachings of the dakini, when you reach the final stages—the inner secret stages—there’s a realization that the two partners in a consort relationship must be equally yoked to the connection and dynamic tension of true creation. It’s not about status, material wealth, or even the heat of sexual chemistry. None of that matters. What matters is the energetic equilibrium, a stabilization in their capacities that allows them to connect in a way that’s strong enough to make it through the eye of the needle. This connection is not about proving oneself, not about achieving some external marker of success. It’s about a shared resonance, a meeting of equals. Without this balance, without this equal yoking, the path narrows and the way forward becomes impassable. The pinhole tightens, and what should be fluid becomes stagnant. This is why the masculine and feminine must each reach their full realization—because without this, the whole thing falls flat.

But how do you create this condition of equal yoking? How do you bring the masculine to meet the feminine at this point of totality? It starts with understanding that the masculine isn’t some macho force that dominates or conquers; it’s a quality that emerges from within the completeness of being. It’s not about a separate “masculine side” coming in to save the day. Instead, the masculine must be invoked from within the completeness of existence itself. Only then does it stand as a counterpart that complements, not competes.

For many, this is the sticking point—the difficulty in breaking out of the old scripts, the limited versions of what masculinity and femininity mean. When the masculine can’t find its rightful place within the fullness of the feminine, things become flat, energies stagnate. Without that dynamic tension, the creativity, the birth, the movement—all of it—fails to manifest fully into the world.

This is where the work begins. For men, it means breaking free from the old molds of aggression or subservience, moving beyond being “consumers” or “simps.” It’s not about trying to prove yourself or claim a position, but about finding that true

dynamic tension, where you are both anchored and flexible, firm yet open. For the women, it means holding the highest standard of the feminine, refusing to open the door, to leave your post, until the masculine has shown itself in its true, fully realized form.

The masculine must break out, not in a show of force or bravado, but as an expression of true strength, a force that serves, that supports, that knows how to stand back and let the feminine shine. It's not about dominance or submission, but about a deep recognition that both sides must be whole unto themselves, fully developed, fully expressed.

And within each of us, this process must unfold. Women must confront their own internalized masculine voices—those voices that diminish, that restrain, that keep them from fully expressing their truth, all the forces that have sought to contain and control. To create the men they want in the world, they must first purify that force within themselves—a masculine force that is not punitive, not withholding, but supportive, strong, clear.

The work is not about becoming more of one thing or another but about finding that balance, that dynamic tension that allows for true creation. It's about learning to hold both energies within oneself, without letting either dominate or shrink.

For the dakini, this is a dance—a continual movement that keeps them in flight, keeps them from landing and becoming stagnant. They dance to stay alive, to stay fluid, to stay engaged with the infinite play of creation. The male counterpart, the daka, is there not as a conqueror, but as a partner, holding space for the creative forces to emerge and unfold.

The dakini moves through the world as an embodiment of this dance, this play between stability and change, between form and formlessness. They are always in motion, always transforming, always moving beyond the limits of duality into a space of pure possibility. Theirs is to hold that space, to keep it open, to keep it alive, so that all things can be birthed anew, again and again.

And so, it is not about holding onto what is known, but about releasing into the unknown, allowing oneself to be carried by the currents of creation, trusting that the forces at play know where they are going, even when we do not. It's about recognizing that life itself is sacred, that every act of creation is an act of devotion, an act of trust, an act of love.

To enter this space, to engage with these forces, is to step into a world where everything is alive, where everything is moving, where everything is possible. It's not about earning your place or proving your worth—it's about letting go of all that, about opening yourself to the dance, to the flow, to the ever-unfolding mystery of what it means to be fully alive.

Chapter 18

The Movement In Stillness

There's a story I often think of: a monk in a temple, watching his breath, day after day, as though this breath alone could hold him upright. Someone asked, "Don't you get bored?" and he said, "No, because I always feel like I'm just starting. I can never get back to the beginning of my thoughts." I imagine him there, fixed in place but somehow moving, endlessly caught in that first step, that moment before stepping. Always a novice, always in that space between wanting to know and knowing there's no knowing, just breath.

The monk's trick is to know that he is always on the threshold, that the door swings both ways, that the mind can slip easily from what's steady to what's moving and back again, like breath, like the tide, like sex. He doesn't believe in mastery; he believes in *returning*, over and over, to what he thinks he knows, to be surprised by the ways it will refuse to be held.

This is the pivot point, the place where one force gives way to another, where they lean into each other to create something new. What we call the masculine, for lack of a better word, serves as the container, the frame that holds and supports the chaos of the feminine, the surge and swirl of all things possible. But even to call it a container is to miss the point—because it is not static, not fixed. It's more like a net that moves with the water, a skin stretched taut but still breathing. It holds, yes, but only by flexing, only by letting itself be changed by what it holds.

It's like the swan on the lake; calm on the surface, legs churning furiously below. This is the male side of completeness. Not a rigid, unyielding force but a dynamic stability, a constant making and unmaking. A process that looks like peace but is made of effort, a shape formed from what is shapeless. The masculine side is the balance born of imbalance, a thing that finds itself by constantly losing itself.

Meanwhile, the feminine—again, words fail—is the flow, the potential, the promise of something always just out of reach. It's the riot of possibilities, the feeling of standing on the edge of a cliff with your heart beating so fast it feels like a leap, like a freefall. It's the pulse that doesn't know where to go, only that it must. But even this

pulse needs a direction, a path carved out by the holding, by the frame. It needs something to move against, something to press up against and say “here I am.” It needs the dynamic container of the masculine energy to give it shape, to bring it into form.

Imagine this as a kind of lifting, a rising that takes you beyond the ordinary, into a space where you are weightless, where you are more air than body, more spirit than flesh. This is the swirl of energies, the place where things meet and create friction, where heat is born from opposition. The monk, in his breath, knows this place well. He knows the tension that holds things together and the release that tears them apart. He knows that both are necessary, that the breath itself is both the container and the content, the thing that moves and the thing that is moved.

In tantric teachings, they talk about how the male and female forces are always in relationship, always dancing, always creating together. Not as opposites but as necessary partners in an endless loop. The masculine side makes the channel, the direction, the path for the feminine side to flow through, to become real, to take shape. But the channel itself is not fixed—it’s alive, it’s responsive, it’s made and remade in every moment. The feminine side is pure creativity, pure flow, but it needs the masculine side to hold it, to shape it, to make it visible, make it manifest, more than just potential.

The monk watching his breath understands this balance. He knows that in true stillness is dynamism and movement. He knows that to be truly stable, you have to be willing to lose your balance. He knows that real mastery is in the willingness to never master, to always be at the beginning, always on the edge of knowing and not knowing. This is where the magic happens. This is where creation begins.

To enter the realm of genius, they say, you have to let go of what you think you know and be willing to be surprised by what comes next. You have to be willing to let the forces move through you, to hold them lightly, to give them space to play. You have to let the swirl happen, let it lift you, let it carry you beyond yourself, beyond your limitations, into the space where you become something else, something more.

And this is the secret: to hold space for both the stillness and the movement, to let them work together, you let them find their own balance. To be like the monk, always at the beginning, always willing to be wrong, always willing to learn. To know that the moment you think you have it, you’ve lost it. To know that the real work is in the not knowing, in the willingness to be led by what you cannot see. This is where the real transformation occurs. This is where everything begins.

Chapter 19

Always In Flight

There's something about holding your ground while knowing that the ground is always shifting. This is the work, isn't it? To hold a space within the fluidity, to be that pillar that doesn't dissolve into thin air. It's a hard thing to ask, especially when everything inside you is urging you to merge, to lose yourself in the swirl of energies. It takes something—a steadiness, a resolve—to re-emerge, to take form again and again. That's the masculine side, the re-arising, the one that doesn't simply vanish. And that's where we often falter, caught in the dissolution but unable to reform, to step back into shape with purpose and presence.

When you realize that nothing is solid—not you, not the other—everything changes. You see the potential, the possibility in everyone, even in those you once called enemies. You stop seeing fixed lines and borders. You stop holding people to the scripts you wrote for them. Love, then, is not about possession or even attachment. Love becomes the capacity to see the other not as an extension of yourself, but as a flicker in the great unknown, just as fleeting, just as free.

Most people don't know this. Most people fall in love with their idea of love, the concept they project onto another person. It's like they're in love with the word 'water,' never tasting it, always imagining it, getting lost in the idea of it. We get married to our ideas of who the other is, who we are with them, and then we wonder why it all feels like a lie, why it starts to crack. It's a script, a story we cling to, hoping the other will play their part, not realizing we've already written the ending.

What we call love is so often hate in disguise—it's enslavement, projection, a demand we place on another person to fit into the box we've created for them. It's a container we lock them in, thinking it's safer that way, but it's the opposite of liberation. True love is about letting the other person be utterly free, meeting them anew each day, not knowing who they'll be, what they'll bring, or what they'll need. It's the only way to keep from suffocating in the concept, to stay alive in the truth.

To love without the weight of concepts, you have to release the demand, the grasping. You have to look for those places where you are holding, expecting,

contracting—and let them go. If love is liberation, then you can't cling. You have to be ready to lose, to let go, to keep letting go, and in that, to find something much deeper, much truer.

If you wake up every day next to someone and think you know them, you've already missed it. You should wake up surprised, every single day, by who they are, who they've become. If you can meet them in that place, without any preconceived notions, then maybe you are beginning to understand love. To see someone as a being constantly in flux, never the same twice—that's where love begins.

There's this term—'fallen dakini,' 'fallen daka.' It's what happens when we lose the thread, when we forget the flight. We get stuck in the suburban version of love, the fixed roles, the comforting but deadening routines. We call it love, but it's something else. It's a trap, a cage, and slowly, we forget what it was like to be in the sky, to be in flight, to be caught up in the dance of energies.

And that's why it's so important, this practice of keeping everything moving, never letting the concepts stick. You are always balancing, always at the edge, feeling the push and pull, the sway, without letting it harden into rigidity. To love someone is to keep them in that space, to keep inviting them out of the box, to stay in the dynamic tension, where everything is possible, and nothing is known.

Eros, in this sense, is both a blessing and a curse. It's the strongest force we have to work with, but it can just as easily destroy us as elevate us. It may lead us to our highest potential or pull us into our deepest fears. It's like playing with fire—you need it to stay warm, but if you hold it too tight, it burns. It requires a delicate balance, a respect for its power, an understanding that it's there to move you, to keep you upright in the storm.

To be a consort, then, is not to find a place to rest. It's not to say, 'I love you, so I will stop moving.' It's to say, 'I love you, so I will keep moving, keep rising, keep expanding.' It's to be constantly kicking out any grasping, any attempt to lock down, to own. It's to keep inviting the other into flight, into the dynamic interplay where true love resides.

To merge with another is not to lose yourself, but to become more yourself, to discover who you are in the face of another's ever-changing presence. It's to look out from within them and see what they need to become more themselves, more alive, more

free. It's not to hold them to your desires but to release them to their own, to be a force that continually opens, that never closes in on itself.

In the end, this is the work: to learn to love without holding, to see the beloved not as a possession but as an ever-unfolding mystery, to keep the space open, always. To be a doorway, not a destination. To let the door swing wide, to not be afraid of what comes or what goes. To love so much that you don't know what to do with it — like a fruit bursting with juice, spilling over with sweetness. To be willing to be that doorway, to let yourself be a portal to something larger, something beyond what you can conceive. And in that, to find the deepest kind of love, the kind that lets everything fly.

Chapter 20

In Love with Sicily

On the island of Sicily, everything feels alive, humming with a deep erotic force. The air is humid, the jungles sprawling out and Mount Etna rumbling with the fires deep below, the lava coursing through her veins. Sicily, a dakini, ready to engage and play with any force that dares meet her. She speaks in the language of the dakinis, the divine semantics where every symbol is alive, every sensation carries meaning. We learn it by becoming it, by merging with that energy of the place—the essence of Sicily, herself. It's not about objectivism, not standing apart and asking but becoming the question, the mystery. Then we see what she willingly reveals.

In another landscape, a different terrain of spirit, there exists a place known as the eternal room. A room where one can sit and watch the display of life pass by, saturated with presence, anchored in stability. In this room, everything moves with purpose, everything is in its right place. It is a place not of stillness alone, but of a tension between stillness and flight. Like two trains moving at the same speed, side by side — both hurtling forward at 80 miles per hour, yet appearing to stand still in relation to one another. It is a place where peace exists in motion, where the dakini can remain in flight and the daka provides the stabilizing force. Both are changing, both are moving, and it is within this constant motion that stillness arises.

This balance, this union of movement and stability, is not easily achieved. The masculine does not simply meet the feminine in flight; he must find his own strength, his own dynamic energy to balance her. It is not a matter of chasing after her, nor of her pulling him along like a weight on her back. If he is merely an anchor, she will tire, and they will both fall. True love, in this sense, requires a different kind of meeting — one where each finds their own stability in the movement, where both are in constant dialogue, in constant response, in constant creation.

Many lose their way by mistaking the need for stability as a need to ground themselves, to give up the flight altogether. They search for peace in settling, in a small, suburban kind of love that grows confined and stale over time. Or they agree to fly but

lack their own balance, relying on the other to carry them until they collapse from exhaustion.

But to love like this, to be a true consort, requires flight together, each finding stability within the motion. It is a play of strength and surrender, of holding and releasing, of becoming and dissolving. It is not easy, but when one learns to love in this way, everything becomes possible. Every bird, the feeling of the stone pathway underfoot, every gust of wind begins to speak in a language that finally makes sense.

Chapter 21

Partners In Union

The integration of masculine and feminine energies transcends traditional roles. The masculine, often linked with action and direction, and the feminine, associated with receptivity and inclusiveness, are not confined to gender but exist within everyone. True completeness emerges from this merging—not as a static balance but as a dynamic, ongoing interaction where the boundaries between energies blur. It's not about achieving a perfect equilibrium but about allowing energies to interact in a way that feels unified and whole.

The masculine and feminine energies are not static; they are in constant flux, constantly responding to each other, constantly creating and recreating the world. The masculine thrusts forward, the feminine receives; the masculine seeks, the feminine holds. Together, they create a cycle of giving and receiving, of action and rest, of movement and stillness. This is the dance of tantra, the dance of existence, the dance of karma.

Creativity springs from this flow, not as an act of willful creation but as an uncovering of what's already present. Michelangelo did not impose a shape onto marble but revealed the figure within it. This kind of creativity asks us to step aside, to let what wants to emerge come through without interference from the ego. We become a conduit for the divine, for the untamed flow of life's energy, and allow creation to occur naturally, without force or control.

Eros is that which connects and union with Eros transcends physical intimacy. It's about dissolving the self into a larger, expansive state of being, where boundaries fade and energies merge into a unified current. This union isn't achieved through effort or striving but through deep surrender—a letting go of the need to control and a trust in the unfolding of life itself. It requires meeting each moment with openness and allowing oneself to be transformed by every experience, free from the confines of how things should be.

Humility is essential in this process, though not in the conventional sense of meekness or self-effacement. This humility is active and engaged; it recognizes the limitations of the self and the futility of control. It's about expanding one's view to encompass the whole of existence, letting go of the ego's need for validation, and becoming a participant in the larger unfolding of life. It's not about diminishing oneself but becoming porous, allowing oneself to be shaped and moved by forces beyond personal desire.

This state of being suggests that what once seemed separate—masculine and feminine, self and other—can coalesce into a unified whole. The usual questions of worth or correctness—am I doing this right, am I enough—cease to matter. What remains is the flow, the rhythm of moving in harmony with the forces at play. In the presence of Eros, every touch and sensation transforms, not because they are inherently pleasurable but because they are engaged with fully. It's not about seeking or avoiding; as we step into the current of Eros, we release our grip on control and allow life to happen.

Chapter 22

The Red Thread

Karma isn't just a cosmic rulebook of cause and effect; it's the invisible web that connects every moment, every action, every being. It's the force that drives existence, not as a simple chain of events but dynamic and ever-unfolding. To live is to engage with karma—to be in constant motion, in constant relationship, in a perpetual state of becoming.

When the masculine and feminine align, they don't just balance; they create a field of dynamic interaction where both forces move fluidly, without resistance. In union, roles are not fixed; they are fluid, responding to the moment, to the need, to the energy at play. The masculine exists within the feminine, and the feminine within the masculine, each influencing and being influenced by the other in a constant cycle of birth and rebirth. It's like celestial bodies in orbit, drawn together and pushed apart by the forces of gravity, each movement part of a larger cosmic gesture.

The red thread symbolizes the continuous flow of life, the connection between all things, and the energy that drives forward. It's not just about connection; it's about animation, about bringing to life the possibilities inherent in every moment. We engage with life itself, to recognize that every moment is an opportunity to participate in existence. The red thread is not just a connection; it's the unseen energy that weaves through every encounter, binding together the seemingly disparate elements of existence into a single, cohesive whole. To know this thread is to move beyond passive observation into active participation.

Karma is not static; it's not a ledger to be balanced or a set of rules to follow. It's a living web of connections, constantly shifting, constantly evolving. Every act of creation is also an act of dissolution; every moment of joy carries within it the seed of sorrow. To live fully is to embrace this interplay without seeking to resolve them into something fixed or final. Every moment is an opportunity to engage with the flow of existence, to participate in the unfolding of reality.

Nothing is ever truly final. How could you ever say when anything truly even began? The ground has dissolved beneath you and you are in flight. This is the freedom that comes from being fully present, fully engaged, fully alive. It's the freedom that comes from following the red thread, from moving with the flow of karma rather than against it, from seeing every challenge not as an obstacle but as an opportunity to engage more deeply with life.

We are constantly creating and recreating the world. The masculine thrusts forward, the feminine receives; the masculine seeks, the feminine holds. A cycle of giving and receiving, of action and rest, of movement and stillness. This is the red of the blood pumping through our veins.

Chapter 23

Transform the Fuel of Suffering to Bliss

Trauma, relationships, healing—it's all the same mechanism. Every bit of suffering, every misguided habit, every locked-in story can be brought into the state of all-possibilities. You're rewiring from the ground up, dismantling every bit of rigidity and putting it back together in a new way. Think of it like electrons in a quantum state: zero velocity, zero weight, zero energy. Potentiality itself. Bring yourself to that level, and you can rewrite the script however you want. Trauma therapy, boosting intelligence, igniting desire, healing old wounds—different labels, but the same underlying shift. You rework the code. That's the mechanism. That's the possibility.

It sounds almost too easy, like a trick: trade in the fuel of your suffering and swap it for bliss. People think they have to work at their suffering, have to stare it down, wrestle with it, beat it into submission. But all that does is keep you fixated, endlessly looping in your own mess. You don't have to stay stuck there. You can move beyond, into a place where your suffering is just another form of fuel, another resource. It's about plugging into that potential, the red drop of bliss that drags you into the realm of all possibilities. This isn't a sidestep; it's a leap into a different way of being, where every scrap of trauma and frustration is converted into energy for play, for creation.

It's not about duty or obligation anymore; it's about curiosity, about asking, "How can I transform this?" When you hit that place of freedom, everything becomes malleable. You get to play with it all—genius, art, healing, relationships. The consort, the dakini, the daka—whatever the form, it's about diving into that flux and choosing where to channel the energy. From there, the game isn't about winning or losing, but about exploring how far you can push, how deeply you can engage, how intensely you can play. Life's already in flux; everything is in constant motion. The mistake is believing you're not part of that, believing in a fixed self watching the world go by. The idea of flight—the

dakini flight—is a way of being in that state of change. You don't have to go find it; you're already there. It's just a matter of recognizing it, of letting go of the false solidity and being with the motion. Once you see yourself in flight, you can alter anything, rewrite any code.

This is the message of the dakinis: life is flux, and you're already in it. You're already moving, already in flight. There's no need to force change when you're one with the change itself. You align with the aspiration, the inspiration, the karmic connections—all of it becomes fuel for the fire. You're not stuck. You're not bound by what was handed to you. You're part of an endless becoming.

Bringing in that daka energy, that resolute force, is about creating the polarity needed for full, dynamic flight. It's about spinning everything together, merging all the energies into one intense motion. It's not about having time; it's about knowing that there is no time. There's no room for delay, no space for excuses. You align yourself with that intensity, with that conductivity, and you're carried through—no more pedaling, no more grinding. You move with the flow.

That's the blessing of the lineage, the backing of the dakinis. It's not about struggling to get from here to there; it's about finding the resonance, getting in tune with that frequency where everything aligns, where movement is effortless. You're not alone; the whole force of the lineage, the wisdom of the gurus, the pulse of the dakinis—they're all there, pulling you along, making the impossible possible.

This isn't about escaping pain; it's about shaping the world you want to live in. It's about taking that discomfort, that sense of wrongness, and using it as the drive to create something better. You live it. You fly in it. You make the world a place where you can exist fully. It's about bringing yourself into that flight, living in that state of constant, engaged motion. Because once you're there, once you're really there, everything is open, everything is possible. It's just a matter of where you choose to go next.

Chapter 24

Becoming Within the World

Can we be in true relationship with the world around us? Not a relationship of ownership or dominance, not even of stewardship, but of deep intimacy, of porous boundaries, of flesh meeting flesh. Where your sense of self dissolves at the edge of what you once thought was you and then, isn't. How do we reframe our understanding of intimacy, of protection, when we're used to treating everything as if it were separate, over there, needing to be managed or tended to? Maybe it starts with recognizing how deeply we're already in it.

We are drawn to these edges, where certainty slips away, and we are invited to step into something more fluid, more alive. When you know you are in it, part of it, woven into its fabric, it's less a matter of reaching out than of being reached into. The more you try to grasp it, the more it eludes you. This is what it means to be in touch, to let the world reveal itself to you, and to understand that you are always on the verge of revelation.

The practice is simple, deceptively so. Not to seek, but to feel; not to conquer, but to open; not to control, but to be moved. Everything reveals itself when we let go of trying to force it into a shape that serves our stories. Here, there is no more illusion of separation. We are not here to "be nice" to our surroundings, as if they were something to be appeased or checked off a list. We are here to become them, to merge so fully that the line between observer and observed dissolves. There's no master here, only a dance where we realize we have always been in step with everything else.

Forget about bodyguards, about fortresses. Instead, think of allies. Companions. Think of the ones who guard you not out of duty, but out of friendship, out of love. Protection becomes less an act of defense than an act of communion, a kind of profound, cosmic trust. You are held because you have become a part of the fabric that does the holding. Because you are willing to be undone by your entanglements.

Imagine this as a constant state of being: you, not against the world, but inside it, as it moves around you, through you, beneath you. There is no territory to defend here,

no boundaries to redraw. Just an invitation to step deeper into the fray, into the mess of it all, with all its beauty and all its terror.

We like to think we're anchored, like we have solid ground. But what if the point is not to be anchored, but to float, to let the currents move through us? To feel the erotic charge of being alive—not the sanitized version we've been sold, but the raw, pulsing truth of it. To feel the blood flow, not in a violent sense, but in the sense of quickening, of excitement, of presence. To feel the earth hum beneath us, not because we've tamed it, but because we've learned to listen to its heartbeat as if it were our own.

What happens when you realize that every relationship is like this? That every encounter is a meeting point between different karmic flows, energies intersecting, colliding, creating new possibilities? You begin to see that there's no singular self here, no static identity. Everything is in flux, everything is a becoming. You are a process, not a product. You are the dance, not just the dancer. You are both the ocean and the wave. We like to think we're making choices, that we're in control. But maybe we're more like a child sitting in her grandmother's lap, listening to stories she cannot fully understand but that fill her with a sense of wonder. She is pulled into the narrative, swept up by the imagination of it, the magic. In that moment, she forgets that she is a child, and the grandmother forgets that she is old. Both are drawn into something bigger, something that cannot be reduced to their individual identities.

This is how intimacy is created: not by grasping, but by surrendering. Not by knowing, but by allowing yourself to be known, in all your mess and all your wonder. When you let yourself be changed by what you touch, by what touches you. This is how we move into a different kind of relationship with the world—not by trying to control it, but by becoming a part of its unfolding story.

And isn't this what we all want? To feel less alone, less adrift? To know that even in our deepest solitude, we are connected to everything else, to everyone else. To know that our every breath, our every heartbeat, is in rhythm with something far bigger than ourselves. That we are not just living, but alive, with every cell, every nerve ending, every ounce of energy we can muster.

This is what it means to be in love with the world, to fall in love again and again, not because it is easy, but because it is necessary. Because it is the only way to truly be here, now, alive. It is not a matter of trying, that's like floating in a river, *trying* to feel the water. There is only being, only becoming. And in that becoming, we find

ourselves— not as something fixed or certain, but as a process alive and always, always in motion.

We can drop the old stories, the ones that tell us who we should be and how we should act. The river is ready to carry us on her current if we trust her. Let's fall in love with the not-knowing, the becoming, the raw, untamed truth of it all. And let's see where it takes us.

CONSORT

Adapted from Conversations
with Nicole Daedone

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