



Masculine Musings on Sacred Sexuality:

*A Journey into
Beauty and Jealousy*

Ralph C. Ennis

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Sacred Sexuality:**
*A Journey into the
Beauty and Jealousy of God*

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An invitation to a journey

You are invited to enter this writer's journey as he reflects on sacred sexuality. The journey will include a story line in part one, the introduction of poetry in part two and reflective integrations in part three.

Masculine Musings of Sacred Sexuality: A Journey into the Beauty and Jealousy of God is offered to the reader as one man's journey into mysteries that continue to unfold and are worthy of a lifetime of exploration. Please bring your imaginative soul with you as enter these writings.

Moreness Awakenings

Leaving

The road was predicable - at least to some. I had left the South of my youth looking for a life different from the heat, the nicety, the behind-your-back talking and the white-blackness of one's skin.

The trip West had been long, exciting and dull. My sight had explored the Appalachians and the Rockies, but my soul had only seen level ground. The same level ground I had longed to surrender.

I had gained much from the flat lands. I had an education. Mathematics flowed through my veins. Its beauty caressed my mind. My friends called this weird but I didn't care. Poetry was my pastime along with watercolors. Spirituality had blossomed early. Death, life, nature, beauty, simplicity and the eternal thoughts of more nourished my spirit to respect and embrace the ways of Jesus - though I was clueless of his wisdom. These I didn't so much leave behind me - I brought them with me. Much though, I left behind as baggage unnecessary for a pursuit of more.

I didn't describe the pursuit to my friends back home before my uneventful departure. They might not have understood. I don't think I understood. I told them I wanted to paint some different scenes this summer. Teaching non-Euclidian geometry afforded summers off. I didn't need to explain myself much more. But I knew there was more. I wanted more. Not that what I had was abhorrent. It was a good life - an incomplete life. All lives are that way in their 20's - so what?

Boredom. That was it. I hadn't named it yet. That was it - I wasn't down or up. I wasn't going left or diagonal, so I chose to go west. That was it. I chose to go. This was my decision. Not my parents not my friends. All the decisions would be mine. That's what I wanted when I, Thomas L. Seymour, left Coastal North Carolina - to dispel boredom with unentangled choices.

That was two months ago. All the decisions have been mine. I decided the route. I choose my meals. I talked to who I wanted too. I left. I went.

And now I'm bored again.

More

The antique Mustang came to a halt. Ford had failed me again or so it seemed. This time the transmission locked up and left me negotiating with a North Dakotan mechanic on my way home. I was glad to be in a town. The towing took 45 minutes and all we passed were some cows and distant farm tractors.

The good news was they could fix my car. The bad - it would take a week. Still I was fortunate and had come to believe that such interruptions would break my boredom and prolong my inevitable return to the fall semester. Besides, I had my watercolors.

After painting daily for four weeks, I had turned to a camera to preserve the continuous flow of my heart-mind-spirit impressions. I wanted memories. That I concluded early. Now in this small North Dakota farm town I would return to the poetry of the brush.

Soul boredom can be mastered with variety, if not by contentment, at an unexperienced level that I simply had come to call "more." My friends had chided my inexperience as naivety and stupidity. They would remind me that getting laid would solve my soul pursuit. Some had made it their sole pursuit, yet I saw the same boredom in their eyes. I simply wanted to try a different path. Theirs didn't seem the more I wanted.

Space

I always wondered what it would be like to be in space. In Temvick, North Dakota I found out. It's not exactly flat

there, but you can see forever. Left, right or up - the space was mostly empty. Even the downward look brought little diversity to the experience.

Such a backward view of space, I would soon leave behind. For the variations of this space was infinitely accentuated by the unusual lack of difference. And so I felt my poetic, artistic and mathematical soul begin to merge with the faith I had acquired in a paradoxical Triune God of nature and purpose.

Teaching geometry gives one the opportunity to indulge in a mental worldview understood by few and appreciated by fewer. But for me it was a clarifying venture into the very nature of God. Last year I concluded that if one had only a belief in a Creator God one could clearly conclude two things about what this Deity liked. He, at a minimum, likes space and diversity because He sure created a lot of both.

And here I was in the midst of space sensually accentuated with nuances of diversity. The smells were different. Farmland always smells distinctly different from my classroom on Heights Street. The smell is not unfamiliar to me. It's just that the space is so pervasive, and the mixtures of odors so voluptuous.

Did I say voluptuous? That is a strange geometric word.

Strangeness

But then I am acquainted with strangeness. My friends use a different word for me. Affectionately they call me insightful - or sometimes weird. Just plain strange is ok. I don't run into many with my tastes in space and beauty.

The really strange thing to me is that I feel drawn to paint this space - its emptiness, its fullness, its smells, its pervasiveness and intrusiveness, its voluptuousness. Truly it has intruded into my soul - or at least hinted that there exists a door into that soul-space.

Usually I would have simply said “Strange” and kept heading eastward. But today I’m stuck. It’s been two days since my car was towed. I’ve already painted the town buildings. I’ve mystically embraced the eventful train arrival and loading of grain. Now I must deal with this strangeness I felt as well as a busted transmission.

Another night in the local four-room motel should solve whatever ails me.

Space, Smells and Strangeness

I’m used to unusual things. They occur all the time - in math, poetry, painting, in spirituality, in life.

But tonight my soul had a strange experience. At six I went to the only diner in town - attached to the motel. I ordered the last of the menu options as well as my preferred drink for that time of the evening - a cold beer with salt and lime. (I know - strange.)

When it arrived, it was attached to a true spatial rarity - Evelyn. In retrospect I think she just wanted to see for herself what kind of fool put lime in his beer and then only had one, for such was my ritual.

As I reached for my drink, I became very aware of the space between us. Where had she been these past three days? Had I been that taken with my own transmission to not notice?

Strangeness comes in many forms. This one was unfamiliar.

Now lest you go the road of my Southern friends who want me to just get laid, let me say more often than not strangeness and lustfulness and emptiness are usually my friends description of their last sexual encounter. I felt a strange moreness now.

Was the moreness I felt real or simply imagined or hoped for in my illusionary world? I hadn’t been thinking of an event-encounter with femininity since that bad experience in California - all she wanted was a Southern footnote in her

gossip channels. There goes my analytical mind again. Is there no space within that analysis has not explored? Is that what this waitress, whose nametag completed the fabric of her dress, had created - an illusion?

Presence

But how does one meet someone in Temvick? Are the rules Southern rules? I didn't even notice if she had a ring. All I saw was her and her expression. All I heard was her politeness with an undertoned "*Here's* your beer." I'm familiar with undertones.

Does this encounter justify a move forward? "Who are you anyway? You bring strangeness to my boredom and I wish to explore your space with the painting and poetry of my mind ... or is it my soul you have touched?" Since such wordage wouldn't be looked upon favorably in Southern etiquette, I forego it here also - but barely on the inside.

Others might rush into this space. For confidence can tread where confused awe distances itself. I choose the latter. "Choose" may give my mind way too much credit. Rather I left that night bewildered that such an encounter would rattle me so deeply. It was this deep rattle I wanted not to deconstruct but to wrap my soul around - or was my soul being wrapped with her presence.

Presence that was it! Her presence had been accentuated by her perfume. It wafted around me with speed and effect. No. Her presence had presented itself clear through her geometry-muting dress. Or was it the pleasantness of her movements through the discrete space she transcended?

Now my mind can understand this phenomenon ... and control my response! Is that what I want?

Lust precedes mind. The fullness of her breasts revealed themselves despite the stubbornness of a dress cut not to reveal much at all. The clarity of her form came more through the mental urge to imagine her legs gracefully and

invitingly crossed and pointing toward my unidirectional horny mind.

Been there, done that before. Lust only eats empty space and thus enlarging the awareness of it. I could fulfill lust alone in my motel room or in the ways of my friends. The results seemed the same - emptiness, not moreness.

I return to the memory of her presence ... at night, alone, staring upward ... and notice less emptiness in this spacious North Dakotan place.

Risk

There comes a time in a man's life that he must risk his masculinity. Rejection strikes a hard and definite blow - every time. Some deny its potency and simply act as though they don't hurt. They attempt the conquering game. They risk only the rejection of their male part, not their male soul.

Others shrink back and wait for a woman to initiate the dance - which in fact they do, not with word but with the nuances of their presence. In the short run this seems both safe and efficient. In the long run the female seems to doubt the man's masculinity and her desirableness. If she wasn't worth the risk, what happens when her sexual powers wane in pregnancy or by age or by the sheer duties of motherhood? Will he risk the pursuit of her feminine soul then?

And so I'm left with confusion. I'm in Temvick. My car is sick but healing. School begins in three weeks. I've yet to find moreness. My painting and poetry will give me memories. And lo the geometry of my mind is in an utter state of chaos.

So I do what every confused male does. I distance myself to gather either my mind to understand and leave with dignity or my courage to pursue. Space is everywhere in this countryside. But distance is hard without a car. A car, a lonely road, those are my preferred tools to collect my mind and my courage.

The nearest park is at the end of town - four blocks. It's a nice park, even without a car. The small hills, the open field, the trees planted by the river - all intended to create a reprieve for people looking for moreness.

There were other options. A church was up the street, but institutional spirituality seldom satisfied me. A bar in the middle of town was an option. People don't have to change to enter there. But I saw no moreness coming out of that place. And I had already walked all the streets of the town. I don't know why I hadn't explored the park yet. Maybe I had reserved it for such a time as this.

It was not so much that I wanted to risk it all and throw away all my previous joys and pursuits. I liked my way of life, my mental and spiritual world. I even had grown fond of my emptiness and took pleasure in exploring it in poetry, painting and mental shapings.

I wasn't looking to risk that kind of loss. It was something different and deep down. It seemed to be linked to all the rest. My soulness was at stake. My masculine soul.

By the time I reached the park my masculine soul was in full view of my mind, spirituality, heart ... and her glance!

Dancing Glances

Her face turned my way as I entered the park. Then back.

My masculine soul searched desperately for a place to hide. But retreat was hard to secure at such short notice. Now I have only choices. Do I continue on my path in her direction or turn left or right? To turn and run is out of the question, though not out of mind.

I will to go straight until she looks elsewhere and gives the silent uninvited cue that will solve this whole mess. She neither gazes nor rejects - only well-timed glances continue to draw me forward. A mixture of signals, enough not for my mind to understand and yet enough for my masculine soul to pursue - or be drawn to.

In like fashion, I glance about too ... as if to only casually notice her, yet my feet go forward acutely aware of our dancing glances.

Words

The distance closes but the space is beginning to open more as I find myself a few feet from her blanket and her book, looking at her ringless finger.

Now the risk must take the form of words. A small risk but a substantial one. “Hi. I saw you the other night at the restaurant” overcomes the words swelling in my heart - “What do you think of me? I don’t know what to think of you? But you have aroused not only my lust but also my soul pursuit of moreness? Who are you?”

Without effort she casually engages in conversation. Mostly through questions about my Southerness, she learns far more about me than I do of her. The words come and go. But the space of the words seems to mingle and stick deep somewhere inside me.

In a while she asks if I would like to see the rest of the park pointing to a trail well used on the way to the prized river dock. I understand the hinted rejection and express no outward disappointment. “Yes, I’d better look around now.” Half turned and half disappointed ... she rises and offers to show me her park and her river.

My heart jumps. Is this moreness? I can’t help but think where does this footpath lead? No words forthcoming.

Another

It happened so quickly I can’t even parse the moment. One would think that a new acquaintance could not invade ones soul so quickly or deeply. But Henry made it clear to me.

Henry was seated on a bench around bend three of our walk. Henry was minding his own business. Henry was probably a nice guy - if I had met him first.

Seeing the two of us walking, Henry called out to Evelyn. His intentions were obvious. He was a friend. Everyone knew everyone. So it was in Temvick. But Henry felt like talking. After twenty minutes we left to finish our walk. In those lost twenty minutes, I began to experience the entry points of jealousy.

Shared spaced and jealous space - the mixture of the two is inwardly tumultuous. But did she think so also?

Damn you Henry. Thank you Henry - I think.

Detained

One can change one's plans if one wants to. And so I detained myself.

Two weeks later I returned to North Carolina with her full name, Evelyn Ann Murphy, a photograph, an address, and a phone number. All my other memory devices seem to have become excess baggage.

And yes, an invitation to return someday to her home town. And so I will after penned thoughts and electronically spoken words shorten the distance between us.

Addresses

Did I say I got her address? That was an understatement. She was home for the summer working in her parent's restaurant and would return to nursing school in Virginia. I got both of her addresses!

So beginning the school term took on a new twist. Teaching geometry with moreness perceived became an adventure in spatial exploration unimagined before. As I spoke of dimensions and distances, I dreamed on returning to

Richmond on a weekend in the not too distant future. My body remained in the classroom. My heart, my soul and my imagination transcended the distance to place her presence close to the moreness I felt.

Moreness Commitments

Expressing

There comes a time in the pursuit of soul moreness that the prior means of exploration cease to be adequate and one ventures into the unknown.

A kiss is such an event. Not the everyday sort of kiss. Or the sneaked kiss. Or the kiss of lust. These I had all enjoyed. But the kiss of the soul goes far beyond such previous events or is it a continuum? For us it came after dinner one evening.

Walking alone the boardwalk after a day trip to Virginia Beach. Wait. Isn't this all wrong! Why have we waited so long to kiss? It doesn't seem natural? The urge to kiss had been present for a long time. I guess since that day in the Temvick park. I would have enjoyed wrapping my arms around her and feeling the tenderness of her lips and the warmth of her mouth. It would have rocked my world then. Why have I waited so long? Have I been so dishonest with my feelings, with my heart, with my sexuality? Was it fear of rejection that froze me in my place? Did she give no signs that a kiss would be welcomed? Was I that undesirable to her?

Now I'm left with questions of my manhood. Doesn't a real man press forward until received or rejected? Was I too afraid to risk? Why didn't she just kiss me first? Was she being honest with her passions? Were we just morally constricted or something? Such ramblings have no relevance without clarity of that kiss.

The dinner was excellent. The passion-tensions between us forbade us eat it all. The walk was on the sands. The moon was visible. The area was mostly deserted but a few were in sight. The wrapping of my arms around her waist was a beginning. Her body came without hesitation. Her eyes looked into my face as one surrendering and conquering simultaneously. I knew she was mine and that I was hers.

Possessiveness, passion, and freedom can all be expressed in the eyes and with the tenderness of the lips.

Yes, it was the tenderness of her lips that so surprised me. Surrender can be expressed that way. A surrender of the soul for moreness. A surrender to the authority of my presence and my forwardness. A surrender of the body and the heart for moreness. A surrender of sexuality that expresses spirituality and joins with a Creator of such mysteries. Yet the power of this lingering kiss was as surprising as its surrender. Power can explode the mind as well as the senses. It can awaken the soul to moreness never perceived prior to.

Such was our kiss. Slowly we felt the tenderness of each other's lips. Passionately we gave of our souls. Without hesitation we opened to the other for now was the time, not before. The wetness of her tongue exploring mine, the softness of her arms rounded my neck. The urgency within my hands to explore more yet withholding to allow our souls to soak in the intoxicating mixtures of the kiss to our souls. The lingering continued as a mingling - far more than a lusting.

Expressing our souls with kisses was a venture we returned to often. The passion-tensions that had restricted our eating had found an outlet far more satisfying and yet foreknowing a deepening to come.

That night I returned to poetry to help my mind label this mutually enjoyed space.

Kisses

“Enjoy,
drink deeply my love,
know the unraveling of
passions!
Enjoy the thrills of
kisses!”

A simple kiss

a lingering kiss
a wanton kiss
a wet kiss -
the kisses of the heart!
Feel the sensuous
longing of your lips!
Wanting kissing
lightly,
passionately,
sincerely,
jealously,
ravenously,
playfully!
Enjoy the
kisses
which mingle our
souls!

Feel the ache
of your lips
as they long for mine -
and all I offer you.
The joy of the
simple kiss
is enough to frustrate
wild passions of the
soul
and captivate the
fixations of the
mind!

And let us abstain
from time to time
daring to neglect the
the lips
yet all the while
aware of the possibilities -
the thirsty anticipation
of their reunion!

Come,
let me kiss you with
this moment!

Awakening and arousing you
with the love of my lips
my darling!

Come let's celebrate
what God has
envisioned us to
enjoy!

Choices

But how do I know that she's the only one, the best one - the one? What evidence exist that demands a positive choice ... the banquet choice.

Banquet Choices

I walk into a banquet hall
 The smell of foods fore greets me.
My eyes perk up to look around
 And see what fragrances bid me.

A joy to behold this array of nourishment
 Its smells and sights intrigues me.
Not a random table on display
 But a beautifully created feast.

The room is inviting, the guests have arrived
 We now must wait to be seated.
I ask for a table for two nestled by the fountain
 Quiet, moonlit and with reposing music.

The waiter hands me a paper list
 Somewhat to my surprise.
I know already its best this way
 But still the thoughts arrest me.

The list is long
 And quite detailed.
The flavors and juices
 Described eloquently.

I linger for what seems years
 To choose my portion for nibbling.
But then I see an instructive note
 Which calms and upsets me.

For there in big bold type the words:
 Choose only one: No mixing!
 For mixing is poisonous to the soul!

A contraband on appetites?
 My soul a bit outraged.
Surely I could judge my limits
 Fools only eat indiscriminately.

Yet still I'm enticed
 And surely I know myself.
Why can't I nibble on just a few portions
 When I can not but smell them all.

But no the waiter has come
 The choice is at hand.
His firm eyes speak clearly
 Choose only one: No Mixing!

Intently I narrow my choices
 And there before my eyes.
I see a choice so plainly mine
 I feel foolish to have lingered.

He writes my choice upon his pad
 My choice: the apple of my eye.
And with a quick wink I know he, who knows all these dishes,
 Considers my choice well pleasing.

The wait for my selection seems
 Long and somewhat confusing.
My appetite grows stronger
 Its satisfaction is soon beginning.

Then up she walks before me
 Where she's been I do not know.
She sits so elegantly with beauty

A smile that entangles my heart.

The waiter stands by our table
And hands out our order slips.
He smiles with great delight
And pleased to have served us.

Our hands tremble with fear and anticipation
As we unfold the papers.
With great delight, relief and heightened expectations
We read our choice among the many is ...
each other to enjoy!

At the bottom of our card reads an expanded admonition:
Choose only one: No mixing!
For mixing is poisonous to the soul!
“Eat, O friends, and drink what you have chosen
Satisfy you appetite, You Lovers!”

Living Words to Oneness

A person's word is one thing. A person's living word is another. I can speak a word of intention to her. And as soon as it leaves my mouth distance surrounds it. I am distanced from my very own words. “I love you. Will you marry me? I vow to never leave or forsake you and to always cherish you till death separates us for goodness.”

As these words separate from my lips, a space enters and an opportunity presents itself. What will I choose to fill this space? What moreness is needed? Is it not the moreness of living words?

Living words are forthcoming. They spring for the ongoing moment. They speak discretely - as separate and unique - and yet firmly pressed upon each other so as to feel continuous to me and to her.

Living words are alive. They surround the soul, the heart, the spirit - they invade the mind frequently limited by the brain's ability to attend. And so I give you my words, my

living words - I am loving you till death separates the spirit from the body and my mind and soul are transformed into a mysterious beyond. Let us seal our living loving with the "I do" words before our community of friends and family - and before the Triune God Who Authored "two become one" in mysterious beauty wrapped in jealous love.

Thank you my love! My masculine risk-taking has been worthwhile. And has just begun.

Honey and the Moonlight

To fill ones lips with honey. To have the limits of satisfaction flung past ones wildest imagination. To ride the waves of swollen pleasures. To dive beneath the covers of shame awareness. To untie the last string and gaze fully with hope and mutually blissful obsession. To surface with the smell of desires. To kiss without reservation and fill ones mind with the full presence of the desired. To take assessment of ones soul and to find more there. To find that even God shares delight in our unobstructed jealous passion. Such are the hopes of lovemaking.

Such hopes are within reach of the coming decades of commitments. The commitment to play under the moonlight, and daylight. Such hopes are always within the reach of the mercy of God - the lifeblood for humanity.

Sensuality and Sensitivity

The dilemma is easy for the body and the mind to grasp - difficult for the heart but resolved in the soul. Lust and love co-exist in unlocked passion surrounded with protective jealousy restrained from its over-possessiveness. Does that seem obtuse - it is. But love making will follow some course.

That said, my eyes still see what they see. The space before me is possessed by the most marvelous of creatures! The lines swirl my mind and stir my desires. Desires to move forward, to caress, to kiss, to go quickly, to go slowly, to return often, to never forget, to be captivated yet freed!

Still more confusing is her inability to perceive what I so deeply experience - her effect on me.

Lust would have me climb the hills and grab without consideration - to think only of my pleasure, not of our joint passion for body-soul union.

Love would have me consider the lifetime journey and act accordingly with all the sensitivity I can muster. Unlocked passion surrounded with protective jealousy frees my heart to mix action with reflection, sensuality with sensitivity, and captivation without addiction.

And so I climb to the hills and take hold of the fruits and drink till the very fabric of my masculine soul has been merged with my mind and heart and spirit! But not without considering the mystery of her feminine journey in parallel. Will I ever understand more deeply her reflections? Is not our merging a mingling?

I Behold

I behold
your hair
as flowing
golden grains.

I behold
your softness
as sensuous
silky satin.

I behold
your eyes
as enchanting
flawless
diamonds.

I behold
your glee
as refreshing
desert springs.

I behold
your lips
as succulent
juicy fruits.

I behold
your embracing
as my missing
puzzle piece.

Habits of Moreness

Appreciation Habits

There are so many ways to appreciate my lover. Those ways I love appreciating her and those ways that deeply connect to her soul. And the intersect of these two spaces. If there were no intersection, I doubt we would have ever begun our dance. Yet it is the management of the intersect that keeps us wildly experiencing moreness well into our second decade.

I love to write her poetry. She loves receiving it. I love buying her flowers. She loves receiving very fresh flowers. I love kissing her gently. She loves being kissed when in the mood. I love to travel some. She loves traveling afar.

She loves talking well into the night. I enjoy our dialogues anytime and especially before ten at night. She loves doing things together such as housework and shopping. I enjoy those things and watching TV together - sports and science fiction.

The lists of behaviors can be detailed but the heart of appreciation is at the core. For if we ever ceased to appreciate our differences and relish in our commonalities, the well springs within us would dry the moreness flowing between us. I can learn to show appreciation by many, creative means. I seem to feel it in only a few ways.

And so it was the morning I awoke before her. To gaze at her still and peaceful body asleep with her own private thoughts is the unguarded time for appreciation or contempt. She cannot read the nuances of my nonverbal signs. She cannot defend or influence. It is at that time I am most affronted with the power of appreciation and the possibility of contempt.

Silently I watch. I feel the vulnerability of our hearts' connections as I face the reality of my soul response to the

one I profess to love. In the innocence of her sleep any unappreciative thoughts can flourish or be dealt with.

In the innocence of her sleep the appreciativeness of my soul can swell to implore her to rise and dance! Shall I allow myself to be overcome by her sleep or by her wakeful caressing dance or both?

Caressing Appreciation

My words caress you
as magnificent and glorious
Yet they cannot proclaim you.

My eyes caress you
as beautiful and gracious
Yet they cannot encircle you.

My kisses caress you
as sweet and adorable
Yet they cannot satisfy you.

My touches caress you
as awesome and feminine
Yet they can only herald that.

My soul is aflamed by you
as priceless and unfathomable
With which I appreciate you
with all that I am.

Gift Habits

Little gifts, large gifts. Gifts of time. Precious gifts. Spatial-temporal gifts wrapped with jealous love - these are the gifts for my beloved. Yet unexpected gifts are often the most fun to give and to receive. A gift is a thought. A thought is a gift. Extravagant gift giving need not break the budget.

Anticipation Habits

Trips are long and short and all the in-between concepts of time. Space does alter our perception of time. The space created between the warmth of Evelyn's arms and the smells of a distant generic hotel bedroom distorts my view of time passing. A week can seem as two!

And yet such is the intoxicating power of anticipation. Space can distort time and heighten anticipation. But there are so many ways to heighten anticipation. One can pursue it as an art form.

A note left. A scent. A voice mail. A brushing public touch. A look. A silent encoded message from anticipations previously fulfilled.

Moreness can start in the mind. Even my bored mind. Or my busy mind. I can choose to anticipate. Or I can choose to ignore the power of anticipation and suffer the neglect of it.

So today I choose to anticipate. I need not wait for her initiative or response. To crank the gears of anticipation is not a foolish past-time but rather an act of moreness!

And so this very moment the delights of anticipation can rock my mind, swell my passions and expand the moreness of connection of our souls.

Rising Over There

As the sun rises
and I attend to body chores,
I miss the sight
of yours - yet know
the afternoon shines
across the freshness
of your smile
elsewhere in this world.

As the day star streams
overhead and I attend
to the urgencies of jobs,
I miss the radiant beams
of your feminine-spirit
which grace someplace
a different time.

When the sky and land
unite under dark covers
and the night lights
sparkle in the heavens -
As my thoughts and heart
merge, pushing aside the
anesthetizing
obsessions of this generation,
I long for you
and you're not here
but rather rising over there.

When I turn
during the night watches and
find emptiness,
I shape the space
with your body-soul dimensions,
but already yours is in
full movement,
while the motion
I yearn for is
the foreplay of our love.

Each travel day the cycle
repeats and grows
as soul, spirit and
body heightens expectations of
living and loving
under the same sun
together.

Every long day
our God touches
us deeply through
this time-distance separation

and continues the miracle
of His delight in our union.

I missed you -
Welcome home
to our close love.

Remembrance Habits

To remember the first glance ... the first kiss ... the first letter ... the first dance on the beach .. the first touch of our souls.

Our world neglects the benefits of remembrances. The future, the cutting edge, the newness - such twists our souls from the deepen joys of the past. Yes, to live our love in the past would be a waste. But to live our love without the past would be a neglect too big to bear.

Pains can scare us from returning to the past. But the golden bits of passion and possibilities that were shattered there can be retrieved if care is taken.

Pleasures line our past as well. To retrieve them is to deepen their joys. And such is the remembrance of our mountain pass.

High above the cities of the Colorado plains. Above the ski villages, lies the beauty and enticements of the high mountain pass. There at twilight we enjoyed each other. Alone with God who both delights in nature and delights in us. Is that not enough?! Is there not more to the moreness of such a remembrance?

Let us return to it often and perceive that which is only for us to perceive!

Hammock

She laid serene

Absorbed with beauty.
I beheld
Lines flowing
Soft and powerful
My heart pounded.
Trusting, receiving
The honor and pleasure
My eyes doth lavish.
Pierced through
Beyond separateness
My soul doth respond.

Such pitiful words
These lips do construct.
I beheld, I honored
I sorrowed, I rejoiced unspeakably!

Togetherness Habits

Our lives are filled - with jobs, with babies, cars and maintenance, and thoughts and friends, and the garbage, and shoes and food.

Ordinary things make the vast majority of our time. But to embrace the habit of togetherness is to wrench meaning from the claws of ordinary boredom. It is the habit of togetherness that can bring the ordinary into the world of moreness.

And such is our garbage collections. To approach this waste without togetherness in mind is to neglect both the blessings of its amassment and the possibility of thankfulness. Waste is what is left after the precious is extracted. Can the precious surface without waste collecting? Can we not enter the thankfulness of waste collected together? For in such, our souls can be enlarged.

Neither the precious bits kept or the waste extracted can rob us of the moreness of simply doing it together!

Our weekly clothes washing attest to the possibility of more
moreness in togetherness. If I should do our clothes
neglecting the joy of our nakedness, do I not miss the
moreness of your trust? Shall drudgery displace our souls'
dance among the ordinary and the special?

Our special togetherness outings provide the possibility of a
dance in dress-up clothes. To dine in a restaurant or picnic
by the lake or walk by the railroad tracks, to chose to be
together in specially designed events is to fill the space of
our hearts with moreness.

Without and With You

I missed you
 but was afraid to say it
 lest the void that you leave
 be seen as too big.

I need you
 but not for life to sustain
 and yet for the warmth
 and joy you bring to my heart.

I wanted you
 but not to control you
 rather to be together and
 do things - to bum around.

I desired you
 but not for lust to strip you of dignity
 but rather to honor you as the only woman
 I choose to desire
 because you are utterly
 desirable to me.

Come,
 Let us enjoy life together
 with its pains, pleasures, toils, and passions
 For without togetherness
 life would fail to reach the peaks which draw

mysterious God-planted wonders
from our souls.

Tenderness Habits

What is tenderness? Is it not the time that I simply placed my hands upon the softness of your face? Is it not the time that you crawled into my lap and kissed me slowly? Is it not the time that we cried over the pains we had caused each other - and entered a space called forgiveness?

Tenderness of soul is not a gender difference. Is it not within the purview of being human, yet not limited to it? Cannot the tenderness of the lions and elephants and kittens reveal its beauty and moreness also?

To gaze into the eyes of a little puppy and see the tenderness God has sprinkled throughout creation is to question, "Does not God have a heart of tenderness?"

Will the pursuit of tenderness lead me away from or toward more life?

And yet it is tenderness that can be so easily damaged in our relationship. The pains of misses and defenses hurt the tenderness between us. Will the healed wound tissue be as tender as the original? Only with a relentless pursuit of tenderness can one remain tender.

Come my love into the tenderness of my soul for you! Seize this tenderness for yourself. Lay in it with all of your naked beauty and risk a thorn or two. For even those can be kneaded into softness with tenderness. We can mold what we encourage over decades - and if not, tenderness can still reign.

Steel Tenderness

Tenderness

Can seem so feminine

That the conceived world of maleness

Is excluded.

Yet the soul of every boy
Is shaped by the tenderness
Of his mother.

Does the manhood passage mandate
This exclusion?
Is tenderness only the luxury of babes
And the desire of female psyches?

Tender strength
Tender hardness
Tender fortitude
Tender firmness
Tenderness of soul
Wrapped in a steel
Will.

Cannot we
Negotiate the grounds
Of feminine and masculine
Tenderness
That satisfy both?
Are not God's tender mercies
Encased in His jealous heart
For both genders?

Initiative Habits

Who goes first? Is leadership always the act of the first? Are we locked into the winning-losing game with the sequence of initiative?

Today I initiate to pursue you. That is my choice everyday. But to initiate love requires giving and receiving. Or so it would seem.

Has not even God left Himself with the possibility of His delight in us initiating toward Him in the love dance of worship?

And so I initiate to dance with you in my mind, in my words,
between the sheets of our bed, with the look of my eyes.
And as we roll together your initiative also thrills my soul.
The balance of initiative may vary from year to year but the
joint aspect of it always creates the possibility of more!

Choices Revisited

There lies
 my new bought violin
Virgin instrument of
 wood and strings.
I will draw from it
 what it alone cannot create.
It will reveal in me
 a pleasure of beauty
I cannot begin to
 imagine.

And yet it has no choice.
Such beauty-pleasure
 pales to our union!

To will to pleasure and be
 refused is dishonor.

To pleasure where uninvited
 is to shame.

To pursue pleasure and be welcomed
 with delay is anticipation.

To chose to pleasure and to
 beckon is to enter the oft unexplored
 world of beauty-pleasure.

In turns we can masterfully
 play each other.
Rising and flowing music to the
 beat of our hearts.

Each as the violin

Each as the musician
Each resonating pleasure in the other
Each breaking open new worlds within our souls.

God gave us this choice.
The choice is ours.

Touching Habits

The pressures of the sex thing as prescribed by images in the culture often malign the habit of touching. Hot, rules-breaking, acrobatic sex seems the preferred. But is not the habit of touch missed in such an image?

Can I touch your soul with acrobatics? Can you touch the depths of my creative soul-touching in the rules-breaking picture of heat?

A touch in the night. Gentle fingers tripping the spine with a commonality of route and the extraordinary thing of commitment, can it not arouse more than the flesh? Doesn't the soul rise and dance and exhilarate with mere creative, playful lingering touches. The combinations are numerous. The mathematics of touch far exhausts the culturally preferred images of heat as does embedded infinities exhaust the abstractions of the mind.

Settings Habits

Is it strange that God should delight in us delighting in each other? Is it strange that God would delight in His created works? Is it strange that God would place His first couple within the beauty of a garden to enhance all such delightments? Is it strange that God gave us flowers?

Sure our resources are limited - that is a condition of all humankind in every economic system. But the shared settings of the universe are for all to enjoy. Cannot we all share the beauty of a sunset over the North Carolina coast or the North Dakota plains? Who possesses these things so as to deny their possibility to others?

Our settings through the years have been both meager and astonishingly exquisite. Who can deny us the beauty of nature, even within an apartment with shabby furniture?

And yet to enhance settings is to deal at the level of intended design. Did not the first couple enhance their love making by tending to the beauty of the garden? Then let us not neglect our settings but find soul moreness there as well.

You, my love, are the master of the candle. With such a simple creation you have been able to change the entire ambience of an attic room into a passion haven. The smells stir the mind. The dim light highlights your swaying hips. The flicking teases as does your finger tips. You are the master of settings and I adore you for it! With pale light you can seduce my heart and deliver it softly into moreness.

Scenery

What communicates love?
What enhances it?
Does not pale moonlight?

What stymies love?
What shuts down its flow?
Does not rotting fish by the pale moonlight?

Where then will we labor in love?

Effects Habits

To not linger longer in the effects of our present love would be to rush the experience of a ballet or gourmet dinner.

The effect you have on me this moment is pleasuring. It is comforting. It is mysterious. It is pain exposing and possibly healing as humility permeates us both. It is past the realm of plausibility and into the symbols of otherworldliness. It is erotic with both sensuality and sensitivity. It is fulfilling, intoxicating. And it reveals the holes within me.

Such effects I can run to and from within a matter of moments. You set fear and peace within simultaneously!

Effects are the present awareness of our moreness.

Authority & Power Habits

Do we not dance the dance of power and authority? The reality of joint decisions demand us to. To decide is to enter these havens.

If we only decide to buy a curtain rod, we enter the dance. If we face the joys and demands of childrearing, we must dance with coordination for their sakes.

If we are we, then we dance with power and authority. If we fail to call it what it is, we can be destroyed by it. If we play without humility, it will destroy us.

It is not so much that we both have both but rather to what degree and when and to whom goes the balance. Is it not the woman that more powerfully impacts the man? Is it not her that even gives life to humanity? Cannot with one purposeful wink of the eye, she drag a male into her world of expectations? Who has the balance of power? To recognize such power is to be humbled in its presence. The power of feminine beauty has been at play from the first couple till today. Does not this power usually eclipse the power of brute masculinity?

To be “we” is to decide. To stay we is to admit the world of authority. For it is not if but when diverse perspectives will intersect and enough time to go down one road. We cannot live in both North Carolina and North Dakota simultaneously.

But we can agree to alternate between these locations during the more favored seasons. Negotiations between power and authority are the playground of humility and pride. Shall I crush you with my authority? Shall you crush me with your power? The landscapes of moreness are decorated with such deaths!

Let us pursue the beauty, the dignity, the pleasure and the wholeness of humility as we dance the undeniable dance of power and authority!

Dawn's Dusk

Sunlight and darkness cannot co-exit
yet they can dance amidst
Merging and submitting at
dawn and dusk with
a beauty all its own.

And so is the dance of our body-souls.

Desire for respect is accomplished
by the power of your embrace.
Longing for embrace is satisfied
by the dignity of my respect.
We thirst for both.

Yet fear often double robs us.

To trust your embrace is to
lay my soul naked.
As to the hammer's power
for splitting the fruit of the nut.
Will you shatter my shell only
or rupture my heart as well?

To quiet the terror of my soul
is a far greater struggle
Than to surrender my body
for your pleasure.

To surrender the desires of my soul alone
is more easy
Than to trust you to set free
the passions of my body-soul.

The decision is ours
we can choose to dance

Only fears of shame block our steps.

I beseech you gentle, willful woman
with your embrace which can destroy or embolden
Give me my dignity and enjoy
freely exploring my body-soul
thus revealing what I cannot otherwise know.

And with pleasure I'll pleasure you -
your deepest nightmare fulfilled.
With honor I'll embrace you
the queen of all queens!
May the depths of your longings
explode as a
new born masterpiece
revealing your glorious beauty.

Come lover! Let's dance at
dawn's dusk
Mutually merging and submitting our body-souls
for we know sunlight and darkness also will come.

Imagination Habits

The mind can be an awful-wonderful place to go. Its labyrinths are twisting, stimulating, exhausting, exhilarating and untamable yet guidable. Sometimes body passions push the imagination on to greater heights. At other times imagination drives the body into sheer fervor. At no time should imagination be underestimated or neglected.

One only poorly enriches moreness without giving time and effort to the glorious work of imagination - or should I say the glorious play! For the mind can play - if given a chance.

And so it has been our habit. We pull the sheets over our outside world and enter a world of fantasy - a world of secret languages. A world that when finished can be resurrected in full public without the knowledge of others.

It is told that many lovers adulterate their love with imaginations of others. Such acts of imagination can occur before, during and after the passionate embraces of two. But what is missed? Is not the opportunity to imagine being together even while being together - to anticipate a future or a past while being present!

Afternoon Flying

The artful
draping of
your nakedness
is my frequent
mental
afternoon
flight.

Hair
waving,
curling,
freely
breezing
your
cheeks.

A necklace
of pearls
encircling,
matching,
brushing
between
your succulent
tips.

Black
sheer
stockings
wrapping
your feet,
calves, to
mid-thighs.

High

Ears with
dangling
pearls
encased in
black
onyx.

heeled
shoes
arching you
upward and
outward
into my
glimpse.
Soft
swaying
movements
of
nature's music
wrapping
your
dazzling
flowing
hips.

Multiple
bracelets
of
silver
gracing
your
adventurous
self-pleasing

hands.

And
my respectful
masculine
passionate
eyes
gazing
caressing
tantalizing
your
draped
proud swaying
movements
fuel
adoration
to the Creator
and

admiration to the
feminine
creation.

Silhouetted
light
streaming
through
spring leaves,
bouncing joyfully
from mountain
waters to
wild flowers
harmonize
my wonder-filled
afternoon
flying!

No Secrets Habits

The human soul longs to be without secrets and fears the same. A hope of mingled moreness is complete and continuous nudity of the soul - in full gaze, in complete acceptance.

But its hard work to get and remain nude. The clothes of choice often include half-masks and deep eye shadow to cover the shame we feel for being human and experiencing the abuses of humanity. The distance between the good we conceive and our voyeurism of evil - of our perfection imaginations and our imperfect realities - can reduce the opportunity for meaningful conversation to cultural words of politeness such as "I'm fine. Are you OK?" or to angry outburst that seek to hid the fear of stripping again.

The habit of no secrets, concerning not every detail of the day, but every emotionally significant dream, action-response or imagination of the past-present-future, is simply too difficult to achieve and too promising not to pursue - for naked souls swimming in a pool of acceptance delights the

senses, heals the wounds and bonds the dependencies of our hearts with the tender beyondness of God. No secrets habits aren't cheap and aren't to be cheapened by the public telling of mutually possessed secrets.

Tolerance Habits

If only we never screwed up. If only we never lost sight of the mystery of each other. If only we never failed to tolerate our differences and behold them with awe. If only we never were selfish. If only humanity wasn't so flawed. But that is not our reality.

The ordinary and the exceptional day brings to the surface our predilection to see only our side of things, to see later a very different side of things, to never see a third side of things. And so forgiveness, tolerance and mercy must enter our moreness often. Without these tolerance habits the brutality of our humanity can smash us as delicate stained glass. There are no perfect unions ... only cloudy imaginations of ideality ... as are these.

Love without Requirements

If God required
 perfection
He would fail us all
 and choose the angels
 to pour out His highest love.

If God preferred
 certain imperfections over others
He might have chosen the fallen angels
 to demonstrate His highest love.

If God demanded
 His pleasure to be met
He might never bothered with a universe
 or else destroyed it all at the slightest displeasure
Yet God lavishes His love on us
 because He chooses.

If I require
 perfection in a woman
I would fail all women
 and live in hypocrisy.
To idealize and then demand perfection
 is destructive arrogance.

If I prefer
 another woman's imperfections over yours
I might choose her to love.
To consider other women is folly
 and no love at all.

If I demand
 my needs and pleasures to be met
I might never have bothered to marry
 or else destroy the unique soul and
 individuality of my lover by
 conforming her to my pleasure and needs.
To demand my pleasure is self-absorption
 and lack of faith in God
 to be God.

By God's grace and power
 I choose you
To lavish my love with
 an open heart.
I love you because
 God has given me love for you
And united us together by His
 mighty and mysterious workings
 for His glory.

Please forgive me
 for my imperfections
 as your lover through the years.
Thank you for revealing a
 part of God to me
I would never have discovered
 in the world
but He has revealed to me
 through your embrace.

Spatial-Sacred Habits

Space seems everywhere - empty space and filled space. The sacred is somewhere, or so it seems. Can it be that sacred space exists within the moreness of sexuality? Or where else would God not inhabit?

We are in the image of God. Such a statement gives justification to the good humanity can imagine. It can also reveal our desperation to create a god in our own likeness. Trust is required to settle in either camp. I choose the former.

What part of a Triune God would we not then perceive if He had not created us sexual beings in His image? I believe we would pale to embrace that He is a Jealous God - and that He jealousy loves us. His jealousy is loving, tender, possessive without domination, protective, freeing. Can we not better experience this reality through the symbolic relationship between a male and female over time?

The spatial-sacred habit lingers in the knowledge and the presence of a Triune God Who is nearby and Who causes moreness of the soul to spring to life.

Habits of Commitment to Risk Loving

How come offering one's authentic masculine or feminine soul is so difficult? Why is the soul so fragile in the nude? A reflective response includes mystery, shame and the sheer terror of unilateral rejection and abandonment. The commitment to love is the glue to moreness conceived. The commitment to risk loving is the antidote to seal that glue.

Honoring Singleness Habits

This seems very strange. Why honor singleness? Isn't that the empty space I sought to run from?

We all start out single. Some never leave this space. Some return to it. We all leave this world in the singleness of our

individual soul. To mock singleness would be to mock the journey of moreness - its starting point, its earth ending point, and the many times in between when singleness of soul is evident.

Moreness is not the elimination of singleness. It is a identity transformation that allows two to become one and still be two at various degrees throughout life. The flexible geometry of identity allows morphing of moreness. To practice the habit of singleness is to refrain from the temptation to consume the other for selfish benefit. It is to humbly surrender the lust to be complete. It is to submit to the power of dependency while honoring the Creator Who alone can enter those spaces. To neglect the honor of singleness is to flirt with arrogance - with it's disastrous endgame.

Cautions Habits

The pursuit of moreness comes with cautions.

We should be cautious in how we define enough. Failure to define enough has wrecked many! Be cautious in how we handle not enough. In time the revelations from not enough may become enough. Be cautious to manage distractions and attractions. Both can provoke jealousy' possessive claim and derailed many. Be cautious to interplay sensuality and sensitivity and not to confuse the two as the same. And be cautious to not let pain and pleasure command the rules of the dance!

Choosing Swords

Choose the power to
ravish,

Or

The beauty to
overwhelm with awe.

Both swords can
slay cultures
and lovers.

Or

Choose the two edged sword
of power and beauty.

Caution:

Use with the joint glories of
holiness and creativity.

Else

You may damage
yourself,
us, and
others as well.

A Riddle Epilogue

To kiss and hug and wait for life-long commitments is no seeming formula for success or moreness. But is it not in delayed hindsight?

The paradox of caution and abandonment of passion seems like all other paradoxes - a contradiction at first - a mystery with intuitive correctness upon reflection. Yet, a shift in dimensional thinking may make the paradox evident. Thus, the riddle of 'to penetrate is to not sever but to surround' is unfolded as one leaves Euclidean space and enters a spherical geometric system. Thus, to wait is moreness not stupidity or lack of courage when one leaves two-dimensional sensuous spaces and adds the dimension of life-long pursuit of sensitivity to soulful spaces. And thus, both paradoxes become the same to those who play with riddles and explore the beauty and jealousy of God symbolically played out in sacred sexuality.

But just as many are familiar with 'the sum of three angles is 180 degrees in an Euclidean triangle' and unfamiliar with 'the sum of three angles in a spherical triangle is more than 180 degrees', so sensuous pleasure has eclipsed the moreness of symbolic meanings in the consciousness of many ... but still it can be intuitively perceived.

But remember the difference between ideals and performance standards. Performance standards demand performance. Ideals, of which these musings are, point our souls higher with the hope of ascending as a process. To confuse the difference will bring unnecessary consternation.

Come join this dance of moreness that is both protected and affronted by jealousy! The journey is not always popularized, but join in nonetheless!

A Writer's Appreciation

You have honored me by entering my masculine journey into the beauty and jealousy of God. I wish to thank you!

About the Author

I have been married to Jennifer for over 38 years. We have four married children and twelve grandchildren. We've lived in Virginia, New Jersey, Colorado and Moscow, Russia. Currently they reside in North Carolina. I do leadership consulting o intercultural decision making for profit and non-profit organizations.

Ralph C. Ennis
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