

## FOREWORD

# All Our Subtle Bodies

By Bruce Lyon

Each of us is like a radio that can be tuned to different frequencies. Many people in modern society have tuned out all higher and lower frequencies and live within a narrow band of their dulled outer senses. Doing so seems to be required of them to earn a living, and this tuning out is reinforced by the surrounding culture, protecting them from their fear of death.

A shaman is someone who has learned to listen to many stations at once, integrating the different music and news broadcasts into a coherent whole. Being a shaman does not, however, protect us from our humanness and the often intensely vulnerable experience of showing up within the so-called normal bands of experience. If anything, it increases the shaman's sensitivity because the extraordinary is curled up inside the ordinary.

Working. Eating dinner with family. Sitting in traffic. Making love. Shopping for groceries. Riding the subway. When the channels are open, all experiences ride the edge of the miraculous; all encounters are soaked with possibilities, endlessly dynamic. The joy of true meeting is enhanced, and so is the tragedy of all the missed meetings. Also intense is the waste of lives un-lived and uncelebrated. Time alone in -meditation, in nature, in the presence of others who love solitude—or all three together—is a balm for the spirit that helps recalibrate the sensitive

instruments of body and soul.

In these pages are the different stories of intimate beloveds. One of the beautiful things about this tribe-of-no-tribe is that there is little in our personalities that unites us. We do not share the same ideologies, and we have each forged paths in our own unique and wild ways, breaking free into authentic lives that we know to be sourced from our own cores. These words also represent only the surface of our profound journeys.

Core recognizes and resonates with core, and we share that essential aliveness, but we also celebrate the real diversity in expression. We all have different keys to the sacred locks of the soul and body. We all serve as reference points for one another's journeys, not to emulate but to stimulate and awaken the many qualities inherent in the human experience. What we begin to appreciate in others eventually emerges through the center of our own being.

Biological sex allows for the sharing of DNA in such a way that the endless diversity of life can continue to be creative. The same principle applies to shamanic sex. When we meet as energy beings with a mutual willingness to share with one another what has been harvested in our own deep experience—our soul DNA—then humanity can quickly create better software for integrating its sexuality and its spirituality.

I invite you into a shamanic experience with me right now, if you have the desire to meet in this way. First, we need to slow down and take time. You have probably been eating these words with speed, so I invite you to slow down, slow right down, dropping out of the mind and into the heart and body.

Take a few deep, conscious breaths and feel the air breathing you. Feel the same air I am breathing as I write this, sitting up in bed on a luminous morning, with the sun lifting above the horizon and shining through a light mist still clinging to the rose garden. We are both on this incredible blue-green jewel of a planet,

whirling through an immense cosmos. The material of our bodies was partly fashioned in supernovas, grown and developed through millions of years of biological evolution, flowing down the bloodlines of our cultures and families.

Our souls are ultimately one with the universal consciousness; the same awareness reading these words permeates all space and time. We are love—impossible, irrepressible, eternal. We are the great dance of matter and spirit, masculine and feminine, light and dark. We delight in all polarities and are the spark between them. We are sex. Eros was the child of Mars and Venus, and to the Greeks, sexual attraction meant being in the presence of a god.

Sex is not just one person doing something to another, the transactions of sexuality. It is what happens to both in the presence of their shared divinity. When we surrender together to the wisdom of the erotic current of the universe, transformation occurs. In that state, this is my prayer: “Whatever is *in me* or *of me* that is of benefit to this *other me* and serves the evolution of love, may it be given.”

Sex as love generates life—the moment of ejaculation, the final push of a woman in labor, the sacrifice of parents to serve and save a child. These are unconditional, all-in expressions of the life that is beyond life and death.

In this moment, you are the *other me* that I have the great pleasure of offering myself to in this unconditional way. I don’t just want to write to you, but to well up inside you. I want to be that tingle that starts in your body and turns into the warm honey of arousal. I want to be there in that exhale that is a little fuller and in the sigh of the heart as it opens in the presence of love. I want to celebrate the mutual penetration of souls as we reach through the veils of time and space and begin to touch each other intimately.

I want to know you, in the biblical sense, from the inside,

arising as you and tasting the delight of being this unique one and, at the same time, all ones. I yearn to be known by you—not for you to hear my story through the exchange of clumsy words and symbols, with their conflicting meanings, but to be known from the inside, to let you into and through the most intimate places of my being that have walked this sacred path. I invite you to come inside me and be me.

In this way we pierce for each other that sacred hymen of separate identity, which is the source of the deep loneliness present at the core of every human soul. As our souls consent to let each other in, our hearts can't help but blow open to each other. The intimacy of the heart is not in loving each other as separate selves but in falling through each other's hearts into the common mystery that resides in each of us.

And then comes the delight of the bodies opening. Yes, the warm honey, the ripening rush of blood, and the warm arousal. Yes, the deeper currents of Earth and kundalini awakening. Yes, the rush from base to crown and the defibrillation of the heart, so that it explodes even more.

The core of each atom then starts to reveal that it too is guarding a secret portal into the void. The dark rushlight of matter itself begins to shine through everything. Our bodies seem to pass through each other effortlessly so that we are truly inside each other and somehow inside matter itself. The emptiness of spirit at the heart of the soul meets the bliss of matter and the heart of the body, and nothing remains but love, dancing in us, as us, as everything.

### ***Aroused***

*We who stand up for love  
are the pink bits  
the erogenous zones  
the erectile tissue*

*of humanity  
the rush we feel  
is the passionate blood  
of a second coming  
lifting us swollen  
with the sap of freedom into  
an ecstatic cosmic embrace  
we stand naked  
vulnerable and unafraid  
for we rise on an invincible tide  
we are the first rosy blush  
of an awakened earth  
aroused and ready  
for the ride*

**Bruce Lyon** explores places where the personal, planetary, and -cosmic meet, guiding others on initiatory journeys around the world. An international teacher and author of numerous esoteric books, he is a member of the wisdom council that advises ISTA's governance and a lead faculty member. As cofounder of Shamballa School, he is seeding a modern temple and mystery school called Highden in New Zealand. He is also a contributor to this book (see chapter 19).