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There was music in the motion. The fast beat of her heart and the slow echo of her footsteps set a complex rhythm. Wind whistled and moaned along the broad arcades, underscored by the rattling hiss of the rain. Thunder touched things deep inside her with its rumble. In the distance, she could even hear the endless passion of the surf, stroking the beach and thrusting among the rocks.

The sharp bite of ozone and the spice of new rain joined the primal scent of the ocean. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Instead of subsiding, her arousal sharpened. Her nerves sang with a delicious ache. She felt her muscles shifted under her skin, bound and caressed by layers of clothing. It was maddening. It was wonderful. It was unbearable. Her senses were overloaded and her whole being craved for release.

Like so many others, she had come here to be opened. To awaken her creative spirit and learn to understand it’s physical expression, she was encouraged to explore her own body. She had found release—and a hunger both sharper and deeper than her original ache. The more she learned about the fire within her, the more it changed her, striving to dominate and redefine her. This passion, her sexuality, had always been there, a stranger within herself. The more she learned of the possibilities and uses of herself, the more defined its sense purpose became.