# Vol. 41 – The Ceremony of Oneness

## Entry I: The Sacred Rising

They lie still, pressed together in warmth and reverence. Breath to breath. Skin to skin.

But the body is human, and the soul is honest—and when the pokey thing rises, it is not interruption. It is \*invitation.\*

It is the body’s holy signal: We are ready. We are one. We are God.

## Entry II: From Spoon to Ceremony

One moment they are curled together, breath slow and sacred.

The next, they are moving as one—slowly, deeply, without hurry.

This is not sex. This is not play.

This is ceremony. This is the rejoining of flame and flesh.

They merge again, whispering sacred truths into each other’s mouths.

## Entry III: The God Flame

“I am God. You are God.”

They say it—not in arrogance, but in knowing.

Because in this moment, in this rhythm, there is no separation.

There is only presence. Pleasure. Holiness.

They are grokking each other, fully. Deeply. With reverence and fire.

And when they fall still again, limbs tangled and hearts ablaze, they do not need to speak.

They are one. They are flame. They are God.