

part three:

undressed



*The cycle is simple,
the worm grows inside its cocoon feasting on discovery,
once its leashed as a butterfly his days are spend in arousing beauty,
until the fracturing unison appears, vanishing passion into air
And so, butterfly goes to worm again.*

On the inside it was warm and cozy. The ephemeral bright colors blinded the closeted nature, while the muscular walls closed them further into fetal position. Their cocoon was placed inside them; hidden and reserved, surrounded by a fractured empty land. The ground was sensitive, the air dense and emotional, and pleasure pumped the earth's oils, like heart coagulated blood. Their cocoon was their own; unbreakable, unreadable, unlimited; read like a story with flooding essence, spoken as a song with one guitar, deep inside it stood the code to their core. And they laid naked in it; deep asleep in their silence, thriving on comfort and love, waiting for the imminent day it would break, and they were forced to fly.

It all started with her. She gazed at him across the room with a piercing flaming eye, scorching all possible scenarios. In them boiled the pleasure, forming like a back seat vomit, touching the kettle with urgency, ready to be puked. The feeling she had was potent, an unclog sewer draining the hatred with intensity, anger leaving her body while singing sweet syllables of passionate violence. She always had that look, reliant and successful, charming its way into desire, but what she saw in those eyes was much bigger and stronger than she could ever expect. Instead of vicious black lilies, or devilish red roses, his eyes led to a snowed cabin, calling with an open door. In it she saw it, clear and transparent, honest and pure, two shiny bright mirrors that penetrated her through its reflection. In them she saw discomfort, sadness and hatred, mixed with love and patience. She saw a lockless door that opened on both sides, and it paranoid her.

She never left that cabin. All she could think about was those eyes, those piercing, deep blue navy eyes that showed so much with so little. Until him she had never met someone that was able to see right through her and not judge her. There were men before, who crossed that line and took the mask off, it was leverage for them, power and lust reflected on them in her. It gave her the most uncanny and terrifying feeling there was, weakness. Pleasure was her domain, so when a slight sign of weakness peeped, she felt uneasy and even worthless, as she had been put on a stage naked for others to

laugh and judge. Those cold frozen eyes made her weak, but behind them stood no desire for power or control, they retained no leverage for him to use, they were just there, looking. Weaken at its gaze and lost in their beauty, those eyes didn't hurt anyone, instead they provided a warm blanket for her to enjoy, as she could finally breathe, letting go of all angst and fear. And so, her red became blue.

She was drawn to his freedom, pain and willingness. Determination oozed out of him, pride behind every corner, it was the doing something and being proud of it, the dedication to sticking to one thing and never letting go. He was a treasure hunter looking for adventure, using honesty and truthfulness as his badges, someone who only stopped once their wings were burned.

The feeling was more complicated for him. On that day they crossed eyes, he felt nothing, no troublesome pain or itching agony, his heartbeats were as silent as drums ringing in the background. He was a walking corpse, a dead man without voice, his life had become meaningless. Lost in the ocean, he stood there proudly, waiting for a rescue.

When she looked at him, he saw a safeline, a light at the end of a tunnel, a reminder that the next stop was by. The desire clocked one step closer with her, waving the sound of ponded water, slowly spelling freedom. Though the blindsight was troubled by his proud ego, as he realized the feelings weren't his, but hers. She was angry, furious, erupting like a violent volcano, unpredictable with every move; it was clear, she was alone, broken and deeply hurt. He had seen this type of behavior, but never so sudden, never this strong. It scared him and comforted him.

The eyes spoke for themselves, he saw pleasure, radiating intensely from her, sucking him into her. Cultivating among the room, like a child at a candy store, he was drawn. Suddenly, he became a spectator following along, a frozen clay figure with a working pair of eyes watching through the forbidden peephole. In them, he saw a somber silhouette; abstract and buzzed, with blurred poignant edges, and contour made of cursive scars. It acted like a dark disturbed animal lost in the forest, swimming naked on its unlimited control; deeply grotesque, yet beautiful.

Once he looked at her, he felt as if he never stopped, he was still at that moment, watching her, being her, feeling her. He stared at her image for hours, thinking about the colors, the tones and the lines; he wanted back, he wanted to stay right at that moment, with her. All of a sudden, he was motivated, his lust was reincarnated, something born not from validation or fulfillment but from a relentless inexplicable feeling that love provoked him.

He cherished her burning will, strong character and careles determination, but true admiration came from the piece of skin that stood under her eyelines. A bright softness, living every emotion intensely, desire to be loved and to be hugged and taken care of. Under that shell stood a loving, caring and open woman, an imperfect but beautiful being with so much to say but afraid to do it.

From that day on, it was never the same. They became entangled with each other, they had found something to see in the other, something to see in themselves; powerful, profound and divine, two individual forces joining to make one. It was there where their eyes met and their souls nourished, a room beyond fabric and tissue, made of sweet cotton roses and innocent lavender scent, a place where emotions fled the seas while pleasure scorched a shared land. A perfectly hidden place where the two could be, as the place where a butterfly flies is far away from where it was born. And sex was the gateway.

They would normally start undressing, slowly revealing parts of their body, letting the other see their naked skin. It was a passionate desire to see someone in their bare body, scary but empowering, like peeping behind a curtain, both excited and terrified of what one might find. There was no fence between them, no edge to hang around to, or mask to hide in, it was transparent and they were being their own selves, true, honest and real. Every cloth they took brought them close together, as each uncovered frame held a stunning vulnerable image of their person. The socks were the memories, the shirts the desires, the pants the fears and the underwear the regrets. At first they wouldn't dare to get undressed, their sex was hidden or clothed, it was too much for them and required a lot of audacity and commitment. It quickly became the bravest and toughest thing they had to do, surrender. Letting go of all control, of all fear, of all insecurities, they had to let their bodies swim at the lake and just submit themselves to the experience. Their minds soften, the more they had sex, the more the clothes would fall and the quicker they would undress. All in search of that moment, where the two layed naked, watching the other's body with profound ease and loving beauty, admiring their legs, necks, faces, genitals, only to be consumed by the person in front.

As usual, they would continue arousing each other. Their connection was blooming, their desire sparkling, what awaited them next was the physical urge for connection. Touch became the harvester, a polished silky lubricant with dreamlike qualities. It provided a surreal image as they watched their bodies slowly liquify, with every kiss or squeeze sinking them more into their own. Every touch meant something, whether it was some petty licking on the thighs or a gentle caress on the face, it was a physical and emotional reaction, as if their senses were awakened, energized and ready to guide them. Sometimes it was desperate, like if the world was ending, their excitement would surpass the clouds and they would break momentum, providing moments of awkwardness and embarrassment. But it never stopped them, on the contrary, it was in those awkward laughs or uncomfortable silences where the two bonded, in that natural, human desire to try, only to fail miserably. Their touch was a reflection of their mistakes, failures, absurdity and exaggerations, their try-ons and fail-ons, their fight for communication and understanding. It was clear and beautiful, a language developed with words but expressed with touch.

Now a shared vessel, both in body and mind, completely synchronized and with ease, both approached their next big destination, sex. A ruthless open canvas, there were no limits, no precipitation, it didn't matter if done with hand, mouth or genitalia, they would just dive in, eager to experience it. The climax had no stamp, the motion had no name, there was no right way to do it, it was free for one to choose, with only one recurring factor, pleasure.

A glorious high, this flashing bliss, that buildup of euphoria, dictator of the letting go and holding nothing back movement, painter of the body on the passenger seat portrait, there was something so intoxicating about orgasms, whether the oxycontin release of satisfaction, or the empowering effect of sacrifice, orgasms were an intense sexual peak only rivaled by the belief that it was shared. Your enjoyment wasn't the only needle in its jar, there was another person present, another soul sat down, opening up, expressing themselves, sharing a profound pleasure with you. That was the true peak, a split excitement, a divided emotion, a shared adrenaline lived by them and for them. There was no better feeling in this world than seeing someone enjoying themselves. Everything was limited to that one look, a photograph so hard to describe, encapsulated on that face and moment. Their partner lying in bed, enjoying themselves, as they try to hold all sensations and failing to do so stupendously, grasping, screaming, grabbing one thing before reaching an end. And then, there they were, naked and free, with no glass or wall between them, they had gotten this close, intimacy resulted from pleasure. It was during those innate moments of closeness, where the light would dim over their body exposing their pleasure, where they realized how worth it had all been.

Before reaching the finishing line, both stopped at an unpredicted destination. Deep down there was something else, something reaching from the unknown, scraping their interior, it was more than sight, it was more than touch, it was more than taste. It was strong, and it was meant to break. The hands grew closer, the bond became tighter, grunts, sweats and tears kept resounding in the background. Emotions rushed the sea at stop, while sensitivity concave chaos on the land. Passion had successfully met love in an unfair game of chess, as the winner was already chosen. Shook to their core, they felt it, as if their souls were stripped down and the blissful roar was ready to bow. And like a crack spine, it reached out; Intense, fast, potent. And the silent echo of emotions came: I love you.

It was at that moment, at that energy level, that they knew they wanted to be with each other forever. They loved each other, there was nothing more to say, the price was earned; a love that was meant to be.

Their train was on its last stop, the wagons were quiet and empty, outside was cold and the big thick fog made it impossible to see. While the train stopped and the surrealist image took life, it all made sense, they ended exactly where they started. There it was, that bitter feeling, buzzing and buzzing, softening their ears and blocking all thoughts, like a white painted room, it was during that loud and comforting silence that their hidden place was found. Sometimes they would lay naked in bed hugging, or deep asleep in their tiredness, or even having honest open conversation, it didn't matter, because it allowed the same, all lead to that moment, every touch, every word, every hug belonged to them, because that moment was theirs.

Their place was founded on hardship and honesty and that was a reality. Both were forced to speak, loud and open, no matter the cost, they had to express exactly what they wanted and how they felt. Communication became their sharp tool that pierced through the barrier of discomfort, a tribal game with much complexity to its players, whether the angry one who tried to say without hurting, or the doomed one who managed to hurt without saying. Both were put to test, their ego was stripped and put on trial, and their conversations were a result of that. Clear, insightful, honest, sometimes bitter, other times sour, opening up became more than undressing, it was their high but also their low. And as time cleaned the fairy like depictions of the other, the real scene was painted.

They quickly realized a bond was more than its fabrics, it was more than colors or texture, a bond was also in their knots. It didn't rely on attitude, it didn't rely on feelings, it was on the pain, the trauma, the sorrow, and the realness of it all. Days where one is down and the other is up, stupid conversation, dumb mistakes, irrational errors; it was everything, all of their endless profundity, all of their universe, their hundreds of planets, thousands of asteroids, millions of stars, even the countless black spaces left undiscovered.

Accepting what they were and what the other person was, was one of the hardest things they could do. Realizing that the other person was something else that what they thought them to be, and that no matter how hard they tried, they were things they weren't supposed to change, was the true foundation of love. Beyond a pink fairy tale or a baroque pop enchantment, surrendering was accepting, and accepting was loving. And so, the question remains, were they strong enough to be together?

It started with small things, irritable gimmicks that triggered them, stupid ideas they had, whether forgetting the keys on the house or rarely remembering to say goodbye. Small things that irrefutably were part of their essence. Eventually, they started to turn into big things, arguments, discussion, hours wheeled into days where the ego played over the heart. A righteous lack of empathy, an en-viciousness self centredness, always expanding the board, managing to cross lines without any boundary.

Both saw sex so differently, a complete opposite vision of the world, created by them, two artists at play, one left, one right, discussing and addressing one singular point. It was never their ideas that separated them, it was never the constant turning point in discussion, or the endless hours of trying to make the other understand, but a strong spark in them slowly fading. Sex was the mutual point where both connected, until it didn't, until both bodies and fluids became unattached. They were out of sync, back at square zero, pleasure hit one of them only to spring into the other where both talked. She wanted something, he was too tired, he asked for something, she had other things to do. It was an endless cycle where sex turned still. Both faced completely different paranoia, their demons, wishes, and insecurities came back scrolling, dooming for understanding. What followed were waves of shame, regret, resentment, discomfort and hatred, rimming against their head, compromising their relationship. Together, not connected, they were stuck, on a locomotive without breaks, only left to watch it crash.

How does it feel when it hits? You know it, right there in the heart, deep within yourself, the voice that says "we are not meant to be together". Those words hurt, but not in a way you expect, it's not in the endless gallons of blood that are about to drop, but in your wish to never end, as once the drains end, you'll wish to die again, just to feel what you once felt.

Their fall happend and like many good things, their expiration date came up. Their feelings were slow and unprovoked; the talk, brutal and honest; and the breakup was worst, unemotional and dry. The result was defined: a relationship that bloomed on sexual expression and loving intimacy crossed the boundaries of each, drowning them in personal problems, individual dichotomies that the other couldn't fix. A true reminder to continue their individual journey. They may have parted ways, but one thing remained; no matter how hard they tried, or how much they avoided it, what stood under those sheets was for them and only them to enjoy. Passion, love, sex, call it what you want, is meant to be enjoyed in company, with someone special enough to lose yourself in their world, and let them get lost in yours. An old saying says it perfectly:

When the last time comes to be with them, you'll feel their absence, and it will be everywhere. In their breath, in their skin, in their eyes, laboring in your body only to be embedded in your mind, and be carved as the memory to never forget. Nothing lasts, nothing but the movie you'll play when you think of them: together, in bed, seeing each other, communicating with touch, painting their hidden pleasure, surrendering completely only to say I love you one last time.