

Follow the Butterflies

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THE FORWARD:

... to have told her how beautiful I thought she was, just once, is my wish. - If it's true we are multi-dimensional beings, then I will send this arrow through all the warping continuums and singularities of time and space. This story will exist somewhere trying to find her. - Let it. Let it find her. Let it pierce through all densities surrounding her heart. - Even though you never met me, I haven't forgotten you.

...

To the Reader, Thank you for giving your latitudes, this is my first short story. It's probably better if you take the grammar cap off. "Think Picasso, but with words". Just relax and enjoy. Let it flow.

Follow the Butterflies

She wore a pearl necklace of memories. Many of her childhood memories were of the horses at the farm. Their gentle beauty. Their strength and unconditional Love. They taught her so much about who she'd become.

Memories of Strawberries. Memories of dirty feet and bathtubs. And dandelions.

Memories of the long shadows on late Summer days. Memories watching the horses run through the hills. Alongside ponds. Fences. Weeping willow trees. Joyful. Blissful. Free.

But there was one memory that wasn't like the others.

It was a refreshing warm summer day. Sitting under the oldest weeping willow tree in the meadow, having a small picnic. Rosie was grazing close by. Then suddenly, a whole swarm of butterflies surrounded them. She was struck, frozen in awe... So many flutterings. A small multitude of orange wings dancing, encircling her small world. Enchantment. The country air shimmered in the energy of a divine loving presence. It was beyond real, as if an actual dream somehow inserted itself into regular life. The ten minutes it lasted felt timeless. Seeing the last few butterflies flutter away into the trees, it became a Magical Moment she'd never forget.

She never lost her playfulness as she grew older. When she became a woman, her playfulness became her most irresistible trait. She fell in love a couple times. But youthful love is such a gamble. She lived through it. And Endured. She Endured through it with her routine, undistracted, focused on the important things in life until one day a pair of butterflies broke her concentration. Seemingly powerless, her head turned where her eyes met a gentleman's gaze walking down the gravel driveway from the road. He lifted his hand to her, offering a butterfly resting on his finger. Cordially he said, "Hello, I think this butterfly wants to meet you."

"Thank You" She replied, raising her finger to the butterfly that was happy to make a new friend on a new finger.

Maintaining his gaze into her eyes. "Your Welcome... I followed them here."

"Them? The Butterflies... From Where?"

"Well, 'Follow the Butterflies' echoed in my mind one night many years ago. I think it was a promise that I wasn't destined to loneliness. Now I feel foolish and I fear the regret of 'too late', because it's been so long."

Admiring the butterfly's wings on her finger She remembered that magical moment from years ago. "It's never too late." She said with a warming smile. ".... So do you have a name?"

"I Do have a Name." He smiled with his tease. "Don't you?"

The Butterfly on her finger took off and flew away. "I Do." Slightly pursing her lips, Looking back into his gaze with heightened awareness, she graded his eyes... Sharpe. Intense. Pure.

Sensing something deeper than just a casual reflection of curiosity, his voice conveyed a deeper resonance of intent and magnetic pull, "I'm Dominic. I pretend to be writer sometimes." ... Relaxing his tone into a more playful manner, "I think I'd like to try and write something nice for you."

"Please don't tell me it's going to be a love story..."

"... I *only* do love stories." He quipped with a devious short chuckle.

Her eyelashes batted, "So is this love story going to involve a kiss!" Her lips attracted a quick glance of playful admiration.

Dominic, Laughing, "Not the kind of kiss you're probably thinking of... My writings aim not for a kiss of the lips, but for a kiss the soul." – delight began filling his spirit.

"And Pre-tell, How do you go about doing that?" with a disbelieving squint of the eyes.

Pausing to ponder his thoughts, he continued. "I like to request help from the universe asking 'How do tell so and so, she is Beautiful and Loved, so much so that it would be impossible for her not to believe it?' ... and then I wait for a poetic image to pop into my head and then I daydream more on that." He paused, looking at her, waiting to receive a divine message... Dominic flippantly guessing "For you, I don't want to spoil it, but I think I would want to surround you with Lots of Butterflies. There is an innocent energy about it. Pure. Not that you're 'innocent', but I find your beauty, delicate... like a butterfly." Taking an extra breath, gesturing with his hand to holder her attention "And if I'm really good," beginning to laugh at the thoughts coming to him, as if finally receiving an intuitive telegram "... somehow I would twist my little story in a way, that you would have had a moment of magic in your life, which would really turn out to be a gift that I had sent to you from the future... I really like the idea that Love is capable of transcending time and space." He had turned his gaze off into space while speaking.

His words triggered a subtle panic, Her favorite childhood memory... She Interjected with a fearful alarm, "Who are You Really? You said your name was Dominic but really, who Are you?"

A hopeless prayer of reluctance, "Do you want me to tell you what I really want to say?"

"I do! Tell me."

Already feeling the regret of just being himself “Somewhere along my journey in life, I discovered a Poet named Rumi... who wrote – ‘The moment I heard my first love story, I began looking for you not knowing how blind I was. Lovers don’t finally find each other, they are in each other all along.’” He Paused once more looking into her eyes, wondering how much she believed in Magic. “So that’s a little bit about me...” Having tallied a new regret in his mind, his eyes broke and looked toward the ground.

Looking up as he left, “A week maybe? I’ll be back... Hopefully I’ll have written something I’ll be happy to share.”

The girl didn’t know what to say.

Standing there, alone, but so loved.

Having been loved all along.

+++ *Follow the Butterflies* +++

Three days had passed since her encounter with Dominic. She felt confused, anxious, excited... She felt everything, scared. But she was still thinking of him. Waiting for the week to finally get over with, or to never have happened at all.

She was tending to her garden vegetables mid-morning when Three butterflies arrived. She froze. With an instant knowing, she knew they came to beckon her to follow their lead.

She still lived in the countryside, though different from her childhood home, and the three butterflies were leading her on the path through the woods away from the town. They crossed the small wooden bridge traversing a small trickling creek, and then along the contour of a hillside. And not long after that they turned off the path, now along a narrower animal trail. The butterflies were so delightful to follow. She still harbored a level of disbelief that this was even real, that it wasn’t just a dream.

And there he was with a pen and a little notebook, sitting on a large rock that was mostly submerged into the ground.

“Hello” She called

Looking up at her, “Hi.” Smiling and standing to his feet...

The Butterflies disappeared into the forest.

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“Hello!” She called...

Startled, but most definitely pleased, “Hi!” rising to his feet as she stepped closer.

She was even more beautiful than before.

“What are you hiding back here for?”

"I don't like to call it hiding... If I was hiding, I'd be in town trying to live up to what I think everyone is expecting how I should behave..." He hates it when he gets all philosophical with strangers... "So what brings you here?"

Recalling his words from the other day, her wit replied "Well,,, there were these butterflies and it's so weird... I just followed them here."

"It reminds me of those cheesy romance movies, where two people meet randomly trying to seek shelter from a downpour of rain and then happily ever after... but when it happens to you in real life, the other person doesn't get it... That there are no accidents. That the universe tries to make things as easy as possible. Don't all women want swept away into a fairytale?"

"I don't know... but I know I've wished my life was more like a fairytale."

A little pause entered their dialogue... but before they had to experience any awkward silence of vulnerability, Dominic took his turn, "So you're drawn here because you're awakening to your fairytale. I like that. Me, Your prince charming." with his inviting smile.

"I'm not ready to admit to that,,, buuut mr. prince charming... you're supposed to be writing me a poem with butterflies... How is it coming?"

He felt a shift in his body. A peaceful OK of infinite patience. For the first time he shamelessly quenched his thirst to enjoy all her feminine beauty. Her vulnerability flushed with excitement.

Something to say finally came to mind, "Butterflies are hard to catch." he smiled. Returning to a more casual intonation, "Lame Joking aside, Poems come with divine timing and help. I know your poem already exists. My heart knows it, but there is an energy block of some sort. I wonder if it's because I haven't really been given permission to receive it... no matter how much I'd love to impress you. My intention isn't just to write a poem for you, I want it to be something that would make you beautiful forever... And as far as getting permission, I don't even know your name!"

"So you're saying, If I gave you my name... You'd be able to write me a poem that would make me Beautiful Forever?"

Aligning into the present moment breathing the air in deeply, gently he stood taller letting energy expand larger his heart center. Quietly he sent for permission to exhume the deeper truths hiding in the shadows of her soul.

The Three Butterflies returned from their absence.

He answered with unshakable calm, "Magic is Real."

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Pearls of Beauty

Naked Vibrating quantum fractals of consciousness, our bodies, an ambient mirror of the Self.

Nothing about us is hidden – Just connect, and look.

Let me show you what I see.

The fluorescents of your soul. Wisping pastel energies escaping out through your heart space. The beautiful way gravity pulls your hair down along the nape of your neck. Your Eyes. Oh, Your eyes! And all the little wonderful things that run a man's mind wild.... Yet, this is not the whole truth of your beauty.

Piercing beyond the veils of the sunset; I see faded scars, secret memories, fleeting distant looks of 'if he only knew' – Black pearls you don't want me to know about,,, Black pearls still so sharp and jagged you try so hard to pretend it doesn't matter anymore... a vortex of sadness and howling hurt. A howling hurt that screams that nobody hears. But I do. A howling hurt that so wants to be held, forever.

Such a Galaxy of feminine divine. Such a delight. Such Magic. Such a magnetism my heart feels to be closer to yours. Such a magnetism to look into your eyes deeply.

Let me show you me. - My wish, to blend into the iridescence of your aura. This wish to become one with you, I wish. - I Wish. - I wish Your lips. Your arms. Your Forehead. My arms embracing your back pressing you closer to me. I wish to kiss you. With such a tender knowing. With such a soft promise, a timeless promise... My heart sees You, *your true beauty*... and it longs for it.

You asked me once "Who Am I, Really?" - God's apology to you.

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The morning was unusually crisp for this late in spring. She was tending her garden per her usual routine when she saw Dominic at the top of the gravel driveway. Instantly amused, she found herself wondering where the butterflies were. The fleeting thought was eclipsed with Dominic's approach. The veneer of confidence had disappeared. She saw his fear and the courage it took forcing each step. She felt excited but was comforted with his vulnerability. So nice to see that "Mr. Prince Charming" isn't some fairytale figure, but a real person - she joked to herself

As he drew closer, meeting her eyes with his, she threw out a playful "Looks like you caught your butterflies..."

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Walking through the adrenaline, approaching, her playful greeting "Looks like you caught your butterflies..."

Anxiety still pulsing throughout his veins, his mouth jittered out, "Almost. I tried but my ego totally scared them away." He relaxed with this little pare', but just barely. "yeah, so... I've written something. I don't know if it's a poem... but it's definitely something!" A big smile flared with a laugh. A new wave of trepidation. Taking a deep breath, surrendering to the fight or flight sensations consuming his being like fire... gratitude germinated knowing it will over soon. "This is for you," extending a twice folded piece of paper and a small rose; A de-thorned skinny green stem with delicate white pedals. As his offerings left his fingertips, this ghost of fear left his being.

She delighted. "Do I read it now?" taking the paper, and taking the time to enjoy a quick fragrance of the rose.

"If you'd like. But I would have to insist we sit down somewhere for this." He laughed, holding great posture, with a subtle polite manner. There was nothing more he could do. No amount of Magic could change his fate now.

"I accept your request..." mirroring his formalities with a smile and a slight curtsey. "I have the perfect spot." she guided him over to two black cast iron chairs with their accompanying round tabletop for afternoon teatime.

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"I have the perfect spot" she said... no longer did she have any trembling nerves, her excitement subdued with the simple task of a short walk. The thought crossed her mind that she had been preparing her garden for a moment just like this.

The paper, didn't feel like any other sheets of paper she held before. She notice a distinct energy about it... like it was sinking and floating at the same time like a slinky. "Ok Dominic, Last chance, You ready?" looking into is blue eyes reflecting a few rays of sunshine.

"Ready? Of course not." Looking up to the sky with a big smile, he washed his hands over his face, enjoying how perfect everything was, shaking his arms, stretching his neck.

"Ok!" She opened the once folded paper. Her lips stretched, a micro-smile of excitement. Her eyes gleamed down. - "Naked vibrating quantum fractals of consciousness ..." "The fluorescents of your soul..." each passing fragment, her body flushed with emotion... "Black pearls still so sharp and jagged"

a stunning pause... “A howling hurt” a few tears had escaped her control, rolled down her face... “You asked me once “Who Am I, Really?”

Stunned, she was incredulous. “Ok!” “I definitely wasn’t expecting THAT!” with an involuntary laugh. She gave both her cheeks a simultaneous swiping with her fingertips, removing any remaining trails of tears, quickly restoring a stoic dignity.

A few white puffy clouds debuted predicting a lovely day. --- Dominic, now dwelling in a radiant goodness, absorbed everything about the moment, it’s perfection, all at once. This beautiful Woman. This beautiful trust in his heart. So much gratitude.

“Ok!” “I definitely wasn’t expecting THAT!”

“Neither was I! ... Yeah holy smokes... My hope is that you’ll be able to feel the same power of intention every time you read it.” He began to admire her beauty again... the sheen of her hair reflecting the sunlight.

He smiled. Firmly advancing the conversation, “And do tell, what secret talents do you have?”

“This vast garden project is my secret talent... My big dream is to cultivate a small farm of organic fruits and veggies for a little country restaurant event venue... or a wholistic bed & breakfast healing retreat. I’m not entirely married to any one idea yet. I’m still exploring, staying open to all possibilities the future may present. I’m almost done with graduate school. So we’ll see what happens after that.” “And yourself, besides writing insane poems?”

Dominic surveyed his lists of interests... “Well, I don’t know how much ‘talent’ I give myself credit for, but I Love talking and teaching about spiritual energy. I once was into yoga a lot, but now I have a passion for meditation. If I could have a superpower, I would have the ability to radiate peace with an amplitude powerful enough people can feel it.”

“That sounds really cool.”

Dominic asked, “Were you able to feel my nervous energy earlier what I first arrived?”

“Of Course... how could I not? Even before you arrived I definitely felt something, an anxious weirdness overcame me. It was completely random and came out of nowhere!”

“Yeah, I’m sorry about that. Whenever moments get real intense, It’s literally an energetic Birthing Canal. And with like any birthing canal, you can’t go back to the way things were. The Fabric of reality was being torn so nothing can go back to the way things were before.”

“Fascinating. On a less dramatic level, it reminds me of all that anxiety I’d have before taking an exam in grade school.” She delighted in the novelty of learning something so obvious, but yet such a fresh perspective of our life experiences.

“Anxiety is extra fascinating too because sometimes, somehow its out spirit guides or ancestors are trying to get us to change course. The key to Always be open to changing your mind about whatever your doing. I’ve experience this personally, where I was out on my regular evening walk once, and I was getting really extra-extra anxious, so I allowed myself to change my mind. After I cut my walk short, I ended up randomly bumping into a friend I had some information to share.”

"I totally vibe with that... it's all about being in alignment with your highest and best life. It's important not to be a doormat, even to your own ideas and plans. I can see how you find the magic in life, and all the synchronicities that sprinkle our life story." Something caught her eye.

A Butterfly, with impeccable timing... landed on a flower a few feet away for a brief moment, and flew away.

"How's that for synchronicity?!" Dominic quipped.

Chuckling in agreement, "So I have an idea."

"What's that?" Dominic already agreeing with the proposal with his intonation.

"So you know how I said I am in graduate school? I'll be speaking at a Speakers Event on campus Wednesday evening about trauma and healing modalities. You are now officially invited."

Securing his victory Dominic pounce, "And I am officially submitting my rsvp of acceptance!"

"Your poem definitely covered the price of admission." As she held it to her chest.

+++ *Follow the Butterflies* +++

Hello... Thank you for such a warm welcome.

Growing up is a gauntlet of trauma. Trauma warps our personalities. Trauma stops us from of living life to the fullest. Even if it's not "Big Trauma", Trauma is relative in it's size and impact. Tell an 8 year old kid whose best friend had to move away, that it's not a big deal... Tell the girl in middle school that the boy who she really liked made fun of her name in a cruel way, that it's just sticks and stones.... or that having parents struggling to pay the bills, fulfill all their child's emotional needs. The research tells us, 70-80% of people consider their families dysfunctional.

Normally we end of Medicating our unhealed pain or adopt various weird behaviors of avoidance. This talk is about healing the root cause of our little neurosis', the neglected forgotten memories.

My story is as every bit as shameful and confusing as anybody's... The healing journey is all about learning the tools and techniques to reclaim something you can call YOUR Life. For me growing up, sadness shame and guilt just kept piling up. I felt confused and alone. Even though I ended up self-medicating... grace kept pulling me towards a healing path. Somehow I ended up with enough knowledge and healthy habits, that one night, the Ocean of sadness inside me, just flushed out of my soul. For weeks I embodied the innocent love for life a little kid has. It truly was a miracle.

That said, I'm convinced Most Miracles are NOT accidents! We can *invite* all kinds of miracles into our lives. We just need to know how and make the effort.

When we talk about the healing process, What it is actually healing? *What*, are we? What are memories? And where do our thoughts and memories actually come from? Please, hold my hand, and pretend to take a leap of faith with me.

Our body is a giant bio-chemical quantum computer. It's an interconnected system of organs tissues and cells, which break down even smaller to molecules and atoms, which are made up of subatomic particles, that exist and disappear in a quantum field of energy. Collectively, our physical body create magnetic and 'interdimensional-netic' fields of energies.

Our brain acts as a supercomputer that translates quantum energies into thoughts producing our "reality." However, the brain, is just part of the Central Nervous System. The CNS threads throughout the whole body. The heart holds a tremendous number neurons and neurotransmitters as well.

Thermodynamics tells us, energy cannot be created or destroyed, only transformed or transferred. It's the same with the energy of a memory. Memories are clustering energies eddying in our cells that can survive cell regeneration.

If a memory is powerful enough, it activates the CNS in various ways and we sometimes experience random feelings of sadness, anxiety ... which activates various personality and behaviors... which shape our relationships (or lack thereof) and lifestyle and health and yadda yadda yadda. This is also how trauma energy can contribute to physical dis-eases. Your body isn't separate from memory frequencies. They are intimately connected.

[Smile, Deep Breath] Ok, that was the hard part, now for the fun part.

Now that we have defined what a memory actually is and how it exists, we now can purposefully transmute and release painful energies if we want too. The secret to healing is Allowing it to happen while you do the work. There are three things you really need to remember. " 1. There is nothing wrong with you. 2. You are Not broken. 3. Give yourself all the patience and unconditional Love you need. - Aka Don't abandon yourself.

I personally enjoy "doing the work" - meditating at night for 15-20 minutes. If you just sit with your eyes closed just observing your thoughts, you will notice your thoughts will eventually slow down.

After you've settled into a comfortable moment, you can then re-visit any sort of memory you feel called to heal. As your present 'adult' self, go into the past situation and be your own advocate. If your younger self wants a hug in a situation, give it all the unconditional love little-you could ever want... if your younger self wants somebody to standup to the perpetrator in some way... pretend you have superpowers and visualize a different outcome.

Your younger self will tell you what they need. Just ask. Listen to what's in your heart by any random thoughts or image that pops up.

Healing is not a one off experience. It's normally a slow unwinding process, revealing new epiphanies and inner-standings along the way. The wounded younger self doesn't feel loved just because it receive One hug.... They needs lots of hugs, reassurances and interventions to shave the sharp edges of the trauma energy away. When you're doing this "Shadow Work", visit all sorts of memories, and even regrets you may have.

I personally like meditating, but you get the same value in Journaling. Fun Fact, If I'm dealing with an acute panic attack, ill write little letter, burn it, and then meditate!!!!

I'm running short on time, but I have more fun meditation tips and advice on my Youtube Channel at "Echo8Yoga". PS, The somatic benefits of a yoga practice are amazing as well!

In conclusion, there is a risk in getting stuck in trying to always be healing something about ourselves. Don't forget to think about what you actually want to do with your life, to have dreams. - Whenever you feel stuck in making a life change, remember the Lovely words of Anais Nin "And the day came when the risk to remain tight in a bud was more painful than the risk it took to blossom."

Thank you. Thank you, Thank you so much.

+++ *Follow the Butterflies* +++

The auditorium foyer flooded with people making their way out the doors.

"Professor Dyer, Professor Dyer! I'd like you to meet my friend Dominic."

"Yes, Hello Dominic ... Pleasure to meet you."

"Yes indeed... Wasn't she was amazing? I Loved it!"

"Ok, thank you, thank you for the kind words. I'm so glad I never have to do that again. My adrenaline still hasn't completely worn off yet." Standing proud in her accomplishment.

Professor Dyer laughing, "That was your first of many more! People need more public speakers like you. And let me tell you this... the courage you exercised today, you're 100% not going to regret it on your deathbed."

"I second that." Dominic Chimed. "I personally am trying to integrate the notion about how safe people live their lives, fear of travelling, fear of switching jobs... like, in the grand scheme of things, nobody cares about where you die... but if all you do is stay at home, that's not really living."

Feeling their prodding, "Ok OK, O, K!. So what do you guys think my next project *should* be?"

Professor Dyer boldly taking immediate exception, "Should is a very dangerous word. My dear friend Anita Morjuani wrote a whole book about how the Shoulds controlling her life, gave her cancer, and how she healed from it."

Unable to resist himself Dominic jabbed, "Well I think *you Should* Meditate and listen to your heart."

"You guys are such a great help." a sarcastic parry. "I am going to return to my blissful state of Being where Life is already effortlessly unfolding in my favor... Staying focused on gratitude and my own happiness in my garden. Something will pop up when the time is right."

"Speaking of popping up. I have a surprise. Friday Night! A French Yoga teacher is hosting a meditation gathering..." A firm declaration of containment, "I am making you my date."

"Knowing what I know about meditation... I feel terrified."

"Ah yes... I'll hold your hand gently..." grasping her hands, Dominic's playful smile made her body giggle.

Mr. Dyer enjoying the flirtatious dance of energies... "It's fascinating. One of the biggest dangers New-Age Law of Attraction people come across, is tricking themselves into not dating because They think, 'if I'm not already self-actualized, I'll just attract the wrong partner.' This erroneous thinking is a trap where, in all likelihood, they will never achieve their own imagined standards."

Dominic finishing the deduction, "So we just need to accept ourselves as-is, and *Find somebody you can grow with.*"

"Ok OK, O, K! ... I'm going. I'm going... I accept." Laughing and smiling with a little hop grabbing onto Dominic's arm. "Just one leap of faith. That's all your getting."

Dominic couldn't hold back his smile. His eyes glaring into hers for the first time this evening. "tisk tisk." Then quickly taking note of her lips.

His cherubic mischief made her quiver. Desperate for a witty defense "Ha ha ha... no no, you're the one that should be worried. Your astrological chart says,,, Your wishes will be fulfilled with great peril!" she lied.

"If that's the case, I'm taking you down with me!" he promised.

Professor Dyer added, "If I know anything about anything, I see my new friend Dominic will meet with a success unexpected, in common hours!"

+++ *Follow the Butterflies* +++

"All this life stuff, It's just a play of consciousness!" Didier declared. Sitting crossed legged on the floor. A lean French man with curly dark hair. Everyone was settled, sitting across from one another on pillows.

"So what then is Meditation?" He continued, "When My guru sings a mantra, she sings it, offering her heart to her Guru... you hear her getting *lost in love*. The words are meaningless... but the energy behind the words is everything. You hear the Devotion. You hear the Longing. The mantra is just the key that unlocks and opens your heart!" Didier, waving his arms above his head in excitement with a big French smile. "The more you make a daily effort to dwell in Love, the more your heart will radiate Love."

"To begin, we will Use the mantra Om Na-mah Shi-vi-ya. When we sing the mantra, sing with the power of your heart. Sing with an intense longing wish. Sing, wishing your partner could feel the limitless unconditional Love you wish to give them... Cultivate that feeling in your heart while we chant."

Didier put on a Krishna Das track through the speakers. KD's powerful tonal opening AUM resonated the whole room.

"After we chant, we'll sit in silence a little bit longer. - Connect with the energy of your own body. Just sit and Be. Explore what you feel in your body... That's energy. Then allow your imagination to give. Feel the warmth in your heart space when you think of your beloved. Wish them beautiful things... Bring them flowers... Surround them with Loving blissful energies. After a while, let go. Surrender.

Empty any outbound efforts and switch into Receiving Mode... Allow yourself to receive any love you might be blocking. After you surrender, surrender some more!"

The Krishna Das chant began. Everyone's body energize with the gentle exercising of the lungs. When call and response portion of the meditation came and went... the class dwelled in silence. Dominic's mind quickly slipped into the timeless abyss of his hearts desire.

Before I knew it... I was the energy of my awareness... my body dissolved into energy and wrapped around her, coiling her tight like a thick snake trying to absorb the warmth of her soul... in my bashfulness, I kissed her. Quickly. Then again, more deliberately. Our lips, connecting, rhythmically exploring each other's moist ebbing raptures. My hands and arms thirsted for her flesh... waves of intention... our third eyes pressing against one another for further exploration of pleasure... a sexual rising blossoming more intense yearnings. - I felt my heart energy Pull her closer to me. There was no giving. Just a joyful obedient thank you. No more games. A true and complete spiritual Union... then, like the wind, a new desire unfolded out of nothingness. - I slipped out of the embrace... sitting across from her still in my minds eye... A diamond magma of light energy grew out of my heart space. - This ecstasy in my heart, the highest energy of Love I ever felt, I gathered it into a sphere offering it to her as a gift.

I open eyes. My awareness holding my meditative state, The ecstatic bliss energy in my heart, A pressed smile across her lips... far away but still so present... Oh how I adore her. I let my eyes rest, etching the image into the walls of my heart.

At that little moment, a little ding of the cymbal.

+++ *Follow the Butterflies* +++

Under the constellations of the stars, It was a most alive and wonderful walk home. Holding hands. Feeling safe. And playful. Simple small talk ping ponged back and forth. An erratic gentle wind, intermittently carried the sweet perfume of spring pollen and flowers.

Dominic still a bit mesmerized from the meditation, "I really Love that Rumi quote Didier shared before dismissing us. - 'Empty yourself of worry and fear... Dwell in silence. Flow down and down in always widening rings of Being.' I mean, like Wow!"

"Dominic, You are the most fascinating person I've ever met... I bet your friends were like... don't talk about the Heart Chakra at to strangers at bars..."

Dominic Laughed... "you know me too well! The funny part is I met them in Yoga class!"

Finally arriving home and slowing to a stroll down the driveway... Dominic said... "Remember the first time we met... and I said I only Do Love Stories?" And she said... "All I wonder about is how your going to end this one?" with a sweet chuckle and arm squeeze. Dominic was becoming more and more entranced with stillness of the night's ambiance. His heart began to tremble in delight and became a loss for words. "Yeah."

As Dominic followed her up the few steps of her front porch, she turned around... a fluorescent pink energy illuminated around her. ... resting in the trust in his eyes, she said, "I want to tell you something." Their free hands found the other. The iridescences of their souls rippling into the other... she continued... so hesitant and safe and free ... "I don't think you need to follow the butterflies anymore." He pulled her ever more closer... his right hand feeling the softness of her hair, he tucked a loose lock behind her ear. Like a waterfall in slow motion... his left hand guided her chin to his lips with the softest kiss... The kiss strengthen in it's gentle passion, then waned like the moon. Dominic rested his hand upon her heart space, "Why would I want to end a story with someone as beautiful as you?" bringing his body closer to hers, he whispered into her ear. "You're my butterfly now."

She raised her chin elongating her neck, fully exposing her heart-space.

Not saying anything, Angela's heart echoed

'Follow the butterflies.'

Epilogue

Thank you reader. I saw Emma's distant demeanor at a Christmas eve service many years ago... even though she left us a couple weeks after that, her beauty never left me. With your help, I think it would be nice to create a new legacy in her memory. If you think this story could make a difference, I'd be honored to receive your support... whether it's sharing the link, making a donation, or whatever your heart is called to do spread the word, I thank you very much.

www.Echo8Yoga.com

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Suicide and Crisis Lifeline – Dial: 988 - <https://988lifeline.org/>

If you need to talk, the 988 Lifeline is here.

At the 988 Suicide & Crisis Lifeline, we understand that life's challenges can sometimes be difficult. Whether you're facing mental health struggles, emotional distress, alcohol or drug use concerns, or just need someone to talk to, our caring counselors are here for you. You are not alone.