

# ***LUST FOR LIGHT***

By Nini Tantrini & her Horses

Nini really didn't want to be born back on earth. She was absolutely happy playing in the high fields of light.

"Remember your Bodhisattva vow, your promise to be born back whenever needed," said the Lama who was assigned to help her formulate her rebirth. "The earth is at a crucial juncture. We need all the help we can get down there."

Nini knew the necessity of taking rebirth. They'd been over the details countless times. It was just that the earth was such a heavy place! The dense atmosphere, the trace brain functions, the compunctions of the diverse populace of people, disconnected from the source of love and light.

First, she'd live the humiliation and helplessness of a tiny baby, then all the childhood problems... puberty! The loss of memory to desire; the dangers of addiction to any of the myriad of earthside substances... the innumerable traps of the ego. If only she were going to a conscious family, one that remembered the source of who they were.

"It's essential that you become conditioned to the belief systems of your nation, Nini," continued the Lama. "How else can you explain them to others? You have to be born a part of it. Your reformulated karmic streams, the strange dreams and love that will compose your life, require a birth in a country that worships both freewill and technology. Stuff happens, kid, the joys and sorrows that you experience will help you remember your higher purposes. Earth and its universes are places of balance. Equally positive, equally negative, down there you must have dark to see the effects of light.

"Now, earth's dangerously out of balance. Yet the things that would destroy them are the very things that will save them, in a new form, of course. We need all the enlightened minds we can get, reformulating the thought streams, the karmic schemes, the strange dreams and subatomic particles that materialize as life on earth.

"We've carefully rearranged some interesting karmas for you to manifest. These past and future lives will be an integral part of your ego's make-up. They hold the energy you will need to realize your objectives. Just stay detached! You'll do fine. And don't forget! Stay clear of the reincarnational vortex - no vows - no unending desires, please. Otherwise you could get caught on the Earth's linear reincarnational routines. The planets and the fixed stars are in position, it is time for you to be reborn," concluded the Lama.

"Shorn of memory, torn from the womb bloody, slapped to cry life, a definite understudy on a stage in a powerhouse age, doused with disinfectant, white gowns and father's frowns, "So red! Not a hair on her head!" A mother, my mother! Drugged under knife, shaved, asleep, I weep, my family! Conditioned by myth and superstition to behave. Despotism and neurotic and quixotic robotic and psychotic, narcotic chance erotic, symbiotic, patriotic! My family, I am bourn and born to you mourning, a skyborne dancer shorn of memory, torn from the womb, set in slowtime, forlorn in a baby basin while you sleep the drugged sleep or quaff champagne and laugh. The enormity of my deformity! Where I was light now I am flesh born in a bowl of blood and love."

So the newborn baby, Nini Tantrini, perfectly healthy, wailed and flailed in a puddle of her own piss. No one looked amiss. This was the norm on Western Earthside, turning, churning on its chaotic pace through space.

The Lama looked down and was appalled. "I'll send you horses," and his thoughts radiated out in telepathic rays. "Horses hold memory in their minds and converse with tongues tied to verse. They are inclined observers of the design of the divine and blind with kindness. Horses will show you the reconnected meanings of bliss." And this was done.

"A daystar was observed above a pale slip of curved afternoon moon," said Maha Kundalini, and soon I'll see sun.

"Samsara, tomorrow, and soon, we shall veil our sorrow in stories of tallow and weight," said Ecol.

### ON THE BACK OF A GREAT COUCH

The Geography of Time: Nini lies on her couch in Small Town, California. A town of orchards and wine vines plowed through rainy pines and redwood trees, old farmers and former hippies. North of San Francisco and twenty minutes to the sea, adrift on a couch of morphemes and morphine dreams. Outside the nearest window, Nini can see her horses grazing.

Her big bay mare, Ecol, is pregnant and heavy with the foal, M. Kundalini. Her first foal, the dark bay Clair, stares through the window at Nini.

"Inside the window, we hear the sound of one hand typing," say the horses.

"Dear Theo," Nini types,

"...I was unable to encourage my horse's propulsion sufficiently to clear the jump. We both somersaulted through the air and slammed down to hard summer ground. My horse was all right, but my collarbone was shattered into several pieces. I'm fine, really, although a curious thing has happened to me since this accident.

"I have become telepathic and clairaudient to my horses voices."

Nini is typing a horse tale, a series of stories during which the same characters reincarnate through historical times crucial to the evolution of contemporary thought. The horse is a metaphor for the soul.

Nini leaned against the shoulder of her mare, Ecol. "I'm think of writing a book about our past lives," she said to the big mare who was slow, and heavy with foal.

"Congruous harmony, charm! Unison and symmetry, discarnate floating, boating on a sea of saline symbiosis, gnosis, grandioso spiritoso, ornery, wanly, fondly and oh! So! Bliss! Reminisce' encyst' and cradled safe from harm," said M. Kundalini, fetus flirting with the holder of his plasma cave. "For my mother you have been all others to me."

Nini figures the easiest way to write a book is to write the ending first:

"This is the end or it isn't.  
I swear to you all of it is true or none of it is.  
I'll leave it for you to decide,  
which parts lie true,  
and which parts are true lies.  
At the end of the book, I go for one last ride."

On the late night couch, watching cable TV, Nini saw a film about Vincent Van Gogh. A camera filmed outside the door of a moving train. A voice-over narrative read Vincent's letters, against the windswept motion of waves of flowing grain. The mesmerizing wheat coaxed Nini to sleep. She dreamt she was an incarnation of Vincent Van Gogh.

"Don't let it go to your head. There are five of you reincarnated with portions of Vincent's soul," said the Voice-Over narrative.

Nini didn't journey through life with the conscious thought, "I am Vincent Van Gogh, born back!" It was more a subliminal WACK! An interior thing, guiding her life, giving her wing.

Nini belonged to the postwar, post-apocalyptic generation that sought consciousness as the highest accolade of life. Within her atomic and molecular patterns and interior communication of personal electrons, resided a deep-seated evolutionary voice that desired consciousness of God above all things. It took Nini an embarrassingly long time to realize that enlightenment meant to be filled with light, and that love is light. It took her even longer to learn how to give good light.

Nini Tantrini was a Tantrika. She sought the Tantric merger of souls which would awaken kundalini in her spine. She lived for the bliss of the serpent's light: the totality! Her cellular structures, subtle bodies, consciousness and soul were awakened and thrilled by the vibrations of polarized light that the properly aspected fusion of two bodies could bring.

"Yabyum," the Tibetan Lamas called, Highest Tantra Yoga, Union Yoga, were all euphemisms for sex raised to its highest spiritual expression.

#### WHAT IS A HOLOGRAM?

Holography is a true three-dimensional diffraction record of the interference of two wave fronts of laser light. Originally recorded on a photosensitive emulsion, the hologram is composed of a series of very fine lines - a diffraction pattern - which diffracts or bends the reconstruction light back onto the path of the original object light.

Archetypes are the original holography diffractive patterns of collective thought. They are the prototypes of our creations of reality.

Nini, looking out her window onto errant weather, too much rain, then too much heat and dust, felt she could use all the beauty we could create.

"As Nini lay on her couch of words, mixed tenses, missed fences, broken bones and bent light through holes in the ozone, she dreamt of a positive, co-operative world," said Clair.

"She needs proverbs as well as herds of horses to recapitulate our courses through earth life. The past fast fashions our future."

"The message, as humanity's minds, demands limitless revolutions of evolution if we are to survive the post apocalypse aligned and unblind," said M. Kundalini.

"The ultraviolet blue," said Vincent Van Gogh, "Is the highest reach of color yet outlet by the mindset of you. Citizens of thought, painting the roulette wheel of the subsets of human history, your glory, pivoting through incandescence and bane, a weathervane of gory weight, the world, a whirl spinning. Liberate and balance, equilibrium and poise, symmetry and synergy! New World moral rectitude, the high blue! And you, in a chance violence dance host synthetic, apathetic, and frenetic, lost to oil diversions and devolution and dividends the cost. The cost! Perhaps prophetic phonetic poetics will clear your ears where lost aesthetics holds you in arrears."

"But what do I know? I am only a horse," said Clair.

"A devil's bargain, the valence balance, spinning bodies of light and armies poised to fight: a trade of love for verbs and words where love is a bowl of blood tainted like a grey Saint falling hollow in a field of holograms, bending light." Said Clair, who always liked to have the last word. "Fast, like the fleet feet of a great nightmare."

"Don't call it a nightmare!" Said mare Ecol.

Nini remembered Atlantis. She remembered watching the earthquake's destruction, tidal waves of such magnitude and power that the shape of earth was redefined.

"Here we are, again," said her old friends. "Here we are again, at the end."

Nini remembered Atlantis, and now, the astrological signs and portents designated the time had come around again. A "ripening of planetary karma," as the Tibetan Lama described it to Nini.

The "Tibetan Lama" was her LA-MA's voice, one of her inner Tibetan teachers. Nini has been studying enlightenment with the Tibetans.

"The beginning of the Twenty-first Century, the end of the Twentieth Century, or "the Fin de Sie'cle," as we called it," said Vincent Van Gogh. "Poised on the brink of revolutions in humankind's thought patterns, reflected in the careful orbit of outer planets, planning massive revolutions of their own..."

"Nini had known she was supposed to write a book, but she'd shirked the work," said Clair.

"This book, this overblown and sylvan look, took too much of my pleasure time," sighed Nini Tantrini.

"I'd rather ride! Smoke and steel, bouncing on rubber wheels mobile only over ribbons of tarmac, none of the coupled feel on a horse's back! I expedite the warrior karma on horseback, the symbolic attack of obstacles in my path, the wrath of ages, flown by and by, under me. I'd rather ride than write! But this book, this seeming, growing, multitude of sight, has been an order in my brain to transcribe, an opus in my horses' minds! Aligned with mine, shared neuron tracks, I am their hack!"

As the grey horse Saint flipped over the fixed fence, Nini's causative factors were already set in motion for remedial measures.

"The somersault, not my fault! Too faint a halfhalt," protested Saint. "I was unhurt, Nini was unalert, then inert, lying on the ground."

"We had to subvert her energy and convert her to our concerted purpose," said Clair. "The geometry of fate, the compulsions of freewill dangled the angle of trajectory of descent from the back of the falling Saint by one/half of a degree," decreed Clair.

"Shoulder found hard pan ground where the eye was scheduled. The collarbone, the left clavicle, sounded bone marrow and shard as it snapped into jarred fragments of bone. They carried Nini to hospital, then home."

Mending slowly on the archetypal couch of living rooms, lending an ear to herd words.

"Yeas" Said Clair, "Oh yesss, I'll take apples sweet to eat, but pears are really my preferred treat." Munching, now, the juices running, escaping speech and humming syllables of sweetness. He slaps his lips and lolls his tongue tied and fruit dumb, a pawn of equine pleasure, too.

"We all have our excesses, our failures and successes," he thinks to Nini. Clair's looking sheepish, feeling pleased, wound up on fructose, ever burnished seal hide gloss velvet and verbose:

"The action moves from ground to ground, like a tall, fit horse, jumping around a cross-country course. Time does not necessarily recognize a linear order. Its a holographic book! All will be explained, in the end," said Clair, who always liked to have the last word.

"For we are all locked in our stalls of reflective galaxies.  
And the walls are our own minds."