

Tantric Poetry
My Lord of the Living Light

Tantric Poetry

*My Lord
of the
Living Light*

Karin Heinitz

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I was passionate,
filled with longing,
I searched
far and wide.

But the day
that the Truthful One
found me,
I was at home.

Lalla (Lal Ded, Lallesvari - 14th century
Kashmiri poetess, mystic and devotee of
Shiva). Poem translated by Jane Hirshfield.

Contents

Foreword by Acharya Peter Wilberg.....	9
Introduction	13
Glossary of Sanskrit Terms	17
Part I - Tantric Initiation.....	21
The Body of Bliss	23
Part II - Tantric Pair Meditations	31
Dancing with the Universe.....	32
Behold the Serpent	35
Dark Devi.....	36
Song and Dance.....	39
Durga and Mahadevi	40
Mahadevi.	41
The Fountain of Shakti.....	43
The Gift of Sweetness	44
Silence Whispers	47
Black Sun	48
The Universe is ONE	52
After Seeing Your Soul	55
Bhairava 1.....	57
Blessing.....	59
The Go[l]d Man	61

Part III - Puja	63
Out of the Blue.....	65
Mahashivratri	67
Bhairava 2	69
My Bridal Gown.....	71
The Apple Tree.....	74
Shining Beauty	76
Only Shiva.....	77
Part IV - Meditations	79
What God Cannot Do	81
Holy Fools.....	85
Guna Meditations.....	87
Fire and Ice.....	91
Soul Night	93
Appendices.....	95
Tantric Pair Meditation and the Soul Body....	97
The New Yoga Foundation Meditation.....	114
William James on 'The Living Light'	117

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Om Namah Shivaya, Om Namah Shivaya, Om

Foreword by Acharya Peter Wilberg

The essence of 'tantra' lies in the understanding that God is not a being 'with' consciousness. Instead God *is* consciousness - that universal and all-pervading consciousness personified by the Hindu god Shiva.

What would it be like to know from direct experience that all beings and all bodies, including your own, are a unique individual portion, expression and embodiment of this divine-universal consciousness – a 'Shakti' of Shiva?

What would it be like to know from experience that your essential Self is identical with Shiva - with the divine universal consciousness itself - thus capable of assuming each and all of its countless human and non-human forms and exercising its divine powers?

What would it be like to know from experience that you are therefore immortal - that your 'physical' body is but the outward form taken by your soul body – itself an eternal portion of the divine universal consciousness?

What would it be like to experience this 'soul body' as a body wholly unbounded by your own fleshly skin, being itself a part of a divine-universal consciousness that extends to embrace the entirety of cosmic space and all other bodies within it?

What would it be like to be able to dissolve the fleshly, physical boundaries that *seem* to encapsulate

your soul and separate it from the souls of another - learning to feel your soul in their body and their soul in yours?

What would it be like to experience 'tantric sex' in its truest, most richly sensual and deeply religious sense – as the bliss of divine *soul-body* intimacy and intercourse with others?

What would it be like to experience bodily intimacy and intercourse fully clothed and with virtually no bodily contact at all – simply and purely through the innate sensuality and sexuality of the soul and *its* body?

These are some of the many powerful, profound and life-transforming tantric powers and experiences that come from practicing what I call 'The New Yoga' – a yoga not of the physical body but of our body of feeling awareness or soul – our 'soul body'.

Many of the poems in this book are an expression of the divine-sensual bliss of soul-body intimacy and intercourse, experienced through the new form of 'tantric pair meditation' that I have taught and practiced over many years (see Appendix). This can take the form of 'guru diksha' (tantric initiation by guru), 'maithuna' (bodily melding or intercourse of soul between partners) or 'puja' (worshipful meditation of a God-image),

For one's 'partner' in tantric pair meditation can also simply be a human personification of the Divine in

the form of a god-image or ‘murti’ (for example a statue of Lord Shiva).

Such images can, in themselves, emanate and manifest divine states of ‘awareness bliss’ (‘chitananda’) which meditative worship or ‘puja’ can open us up to.

Shiva puja in particular offers an experience of the Divine as the transcendental Light of pure awareness – our ‘Lord of the Living Light’.

In the Hindu tantric tradition of Kashmir ‘Shiva-ism’ or ‘Shaivism’ the divine-universal consciousness consists of Pure Awareness (Shiva) on the one hand, and its Pure Power of manifestation (Shakti) on the other.

Shiva and Shakti, the Great God (‘Mahadeva’) and the Great Goddess (‘Mahadevi’) are seen as distinct but inseparable aspects of the divine-universal consciousness that is the source and found of all that is.

Yet this is not religion as we know it in the Judaeo-Christian sense of today - as a credo or set of beliefs to be adhered to or a ‘faith’ to maintain. In Hinduism, direct knowing (‘vijñana’) and experience of the divine replaces ‘faith’ or ‘belief’. Instead ‘religion’ means, quite literally, a direct ‘re-linking’ or union (‘yoga’) with the Divine - one which can be experienced both within the individual soul body and through a meditative bodily communion of souls.

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Introduction

The poems in this book came about over several years of working with Acharya Peter Wilberg. It was he who introduced me to 'The New Yoga of Awareness' - in particular the practices of Tantric Pair Meditation and Puja. The poems are attempts to put into words the amazing and life changing experiences which took place sitting face to face with Acharya or with a statue of the Lord Shiva, the tantric personification of the Divine as the Light of Pure Awareness.

What is recounted in the poems is a felt sense of how one's soul body can be experienced under the guidance of an adept teacher. The 'soul body' is the body as we can feel it from within. It is a fluid, spacious, shape-shifting body, capable of infinitely expanding and contracting. It can meld and merge with the soul body of another and directly feel the sensual qualities of the other.

The intimacy of these experiences is deeper and richer than 'ordinary' emotional or physical intimacy precisely because it is a sensual intimacy of soul embracing our whole being. It evokes a sense of the Divine in us and in others and can transport us into the multi-dimensional realm of infinite light and love, time and space encompassed by the Divine Awareness.

Whether the experiences were intensely erotic and sensual or awe inspiring and terrifying, they left me stirred up to the core or in deepest,

joyful peace, and often all of these together. Yet always they left me also in wonder and gratitude, feeling that it was a privilege to go on these journeys of the soul without decades of training as a shaman or yogini, nor with many years of regular meditation practice behind me. My gratitude is to Acharya and to 'My Lord of the Living Light' - that Divine-Universal Awareness which responded to the question I first had as a child - 'Is there a God, and if so, what is it?' - long after I had given up hope for an answer.

This collection of poems is divided into four parts. The first and longest poem describes the first tantric initiation I received from Acharya in 2003. Although we had already explored earlier forms of pair meditation developed by Acharya as a means of feeling and perceiving different personal faces and incarnations of the soul, never before had I encountered and experienced such a direct embodiment of the Divine in the form of Shiva and of His many forms and faces.

The second part of the collection consists of other poems that describe further experiences during tantric pair meditation with Acharya. There is an element of personal relating in some of them and yet there is also always a trans-personal relation to the unfathomable but nevertheless tangible and real presence of the Divine, to Shiv-Shakti. In these meditations too, the practice of 'becoming other' - of feeling in one's body what

one sees in the face and eyes of the other, identifying fully with it, and showing how this feels in one's own face and eyes is central. This allowed me to feel what I 'saw' in Acharya, sensing his soul body and melding and merging with it.

The third set of poems came out of practicing Puja (worship) in the form of 'Upasana' - meditating for long periods in front of a statue or 'Murti' of Shiva, sometimes with the accompaniment of Sacred Chants or sung Mantra. Often, this produced a strong sense of direct communion and communication with the Divine through the Murti. Although I felt no need to ask questions or to pray for something in particular, in these encounters I often received answers to important felt questions that were occupying me.

The fourth set of poems describes experiences while practicing 'The Foundation Meditation' of The New Yoga on my own. This meditation always begins with giving full awareness to our inwardly felt body, to our felt, bodily sense of self and to any thoughts or emotions present, until eventually clear insights rise to the surface from that very awareness and invite us to recognise and follow them.

All the poems in this book emerged from a bodily, feeling recollection of the meditational experiences described. Those bodily feelings then translate themselves into images and words. With

no effort involved, I only have to give enough time to stay with my felt sense of the experiences and to accept what comes without censure.

The imagery and description, for example of serpents or goddesses, is not merely 'poetic metaphor' but was itself experienced in a quite literal way during the meditations - as most tangible bodily shapes and qualities of consciousness itself. Yet there are elements of all the meditations which were too subtle and multi-levelled to be pictured as images. In this sense, none of the poems can fully convey the richness of the experiences from which they arose. I hope that they are nevertheless evocative enough to inspire some readers to experiment with Tantric Pair Meditation.

Because The New Yoga of Awareness is not widely known I include an Appendix in which the nature and practice of Tantric Pair Meditation as taught by Acharya is introduced, as well as The Foundation Meditation referred to. This foundational practice is a movement from simply giving ourselves more time to be aware – and to be aware of more - *to being* that very Awareness ('Chit'). In this way we can come to recognise Awareness itself as our essential and eternal Self, identical with the Light of the Divine – 'My Lord of the Living Light'.

Karin Heinitz

Glossary of Sanskrit Terms

Acharya – an exemplary teacher or Guru; one who teaches from experience and by example.

Akula – that Pure Awareness which transcends all its manifestations, surrounding and pervading all bodies like empty space.

Asura(s) – ‘anti-gods’, not seen as demonic but divine beings; gods opposed to the accepted gods or ‘devas’.

Bhairava – the terrifying face or aspect of Lord Shiva.

Chitananda – awareness bliss.

Devas – gods; literally translated: ‘shining ones’.

Devi – ‘Goddess’.

Diksha – initiation bestowed by a Guru or Acharya.

Diksha Guru – Guru capable of giving Diksha.

Durga – a manifestation of Mahadevi, the Great Goddess

Guru – the divine teacher, whether personified by a god or goddess, a human being or an image or ‘murti’ thereof.

Gunas – the three basic qualities of soul and nature.

Kali / Bhairavi – the terrifying aspect of the Great Goddess.

Mahadevi – the ‘Great Goddess’, Mother of all.

Mahashivatri – the great festival of Shiva.

Mahadeviyakka – ‘Akka Mahadevi’ (‘elder sister Mahadevi’), a 12th century poetess and devotee of Shiva revered as a saint.

Maithuna – the intercourse and union of the divine feminine and divine masculine, Shiva and Shakti.

Mantra – an awareness-guarding or awareness-evoking word, phrase, sound or thought.

Mudra – the embodiment of a state of consciousness through a posture, gesture or movement of the soul body.

Murti – a statue, symbol or image of a deity.

Naga – a divine consciousness in the form of a serpent.

Nama – expression of reverence.

Nirguna – awareness transcending the three Gunas.

Om – a Sanskrit syllable long recognised as a Mantra able to bring one into resonance with that primordial ‘sound of silence’ of which all things are a harmonic.

Om Nama Shivaya – the mantra of Lord Shiva.

Puja – meditative worship before a Murti (image, symbol or statue) of the Divine in one of its aspects.

Sat-Chit-Ananda – Being-Awareness-Bliss

Shakti – the ‘feminine’ aspect of the Divine understood as Pure Power of manifestation.

Shiva – the ‘masculine’ aspect of the Divine understood as the light of Pure Awareness.

Siddha – one who is accomplished in awareness and capable of exercising its powers or ‘siddhis’.

Siddhacharya – an Acharya capable of exercising yogic powers or Siddhis.

Simon Petros – Saint Peter, the disciple of Jesus.

Spanda – literally ‘slight movement’, the subtle universal vibration pervading all of creation.

Tantra – (1) the ‘loom’, ‘warp’ or ‘weave’ of the Divine (2) the stretching or expansion (-tra) of awareness (3) a form of Hinduism rejecting caste and revering the body.

Yoga – ‘union’, ‘joining’.

Yogin / Yogini – a seeker or attainer of union with the Divine Awareness.

‘The Soul Body’

Anandadeha – body of bliss

Shaktadeha – body of power

Chaitanyadeha – body of awareness

Vijnanadeha – body of inner knowing

Akashadeha – body of infinite space

Vishvadeha – body of all that is

Nagadeha – serpent body

Divyadeha – divine body

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Part I

Tantric Initiation



Murti of Lord Shiva

The Body of Bliss

You start meditating,
Entering your bliss body
With eyes almost closed
Your face enraptured.

I move into my bliss body
And begin to resonate with you.
Shivers of pleasure
Flow through my body
As the tones of your being
Reverberate through me and
The instrument that is my soul
Resounds in harmony.
You respond with a sensuous smile
And the serpent begins
To uncoil her body
Within and behind me
And raises her hood
Above my head.

At first my touch is tentative
Yet it reveals every time
A different face of yours, then
A different body is emerging.
In front of my eyes.
Shiva has entered you
And through your eyes
He addresses me
As his Goddess
With reverence and love.

And our souls dance,
Gently caressing each other at first
Touching here and there
Fluid and flowing around each other.
Then faster yet without urgency.
Weaving a joyful pattern of love.
And the Goddess rejoices
In her sensuous bliss
As Shiva's body writhes with pleasure
His gaze enchanting,
His soul taking me
Higher and higher,
My soul responding
Gasping, swooning
My bliss body merging with His
In a sea of sound and darkness and
Swirling heat that burns
Into my heart and heals it.

You have taken me, Shiva,
Taken me in my fullness
Saying yes to all of me,
Your soul singing our love.

And every pore of my body breathes
Your light, my light and the Divine Light
In which we both have our abode.
Overflowing with bliss
I cry out and laugh with joy
And you join in the laughter
And for a moment we are
Human again.

You move your chair
To sit in front of me
Your knees touching mine,
Your eyes burning with intent.
I feel you entering me,
A different force now than before.

Warm waves of voluptuous fullness
Well up from my womb.
Your power deftly explores
Where it needs to go
Yet subtle, without agenda,
Following what it finds
Yet knowing what it intends.

We move closer together.
Our faces almost touching
We breath in the fragrance of each others
Soul, savouring the delicate sweetness
Emanating in thousand tones
From the joy of our union.

And my soul finds in you
The places that need healing.
And I breathe over you
What I took from your soul breath
After savouring it,
Wedding it to mine,
Transforming it through knowing
Into medicine that heals us both.

And the fragrance of our souls
We give back to each other
As nectar. Our eyes are
Full of it and overflowing.

Our soul bodies take a backward step
To behold each other in this new found bliss.
Yet I feel Kula hot within me,
Dark light in the darkness of my womb.
And then I see the movements of your hands.
Hands that grow out of, overlay
Your fleshly ones, no less
Visible for me than them.
Hands that move and shape
A poem of Mudras,
One after the other
Like something you've learnt by heart
And practiced for lifetimes,
Fluid, fast, speaking without hesitation.

You move closer again.
Your exploring gets more urgent,
Mounting pleasure opens every cell
Ready to take in what ever you give.
And what a gift it is
That takes me by surprise:
YOU SPEAK TO ME.
The coils of your intent.
Teach me what you do
And how you do it
As you probe and move and give and take.

I am enraptured
Can there BE something so much more
Powerful and deep,
Exciting and exhilarating
Than the exquisite bliss
That made me swoon before?
Yes! And I feel you moving in me.
Being moved by what is moving you
I go further, and higher, and deeper
Seeking the boundary
But there is none.
Dark red hot waves pulse through me,
The serpent rises in me, hot and hard,
Throwing me, carrying me.
Illuminated by the dark radiant light
Of the Kula within my womb
He is splendid.
And I am one with him,
One with the waves,
I am the waves
Smashing against no shore,
I am the sea, the world,
The Goddess.
I AM.

You teach me the wisdom
Of my soul body
As you know it,
Its width and breadth,
Its unfathomable depth and
Its heights that would make me dizzy
Did I not recognize them as myself.

You teach me the language of TANTRA
And I understand every word.
My responses come haltingly first,
Repeating what I learned.
Then tentatively forming words
Addressing you.
My active vocabulary still small, yet
Our two voices sing
A powerful song that
Fills the space around us
In which we dance,
Teach, learn, cleave to each other,
Love and heal.

Enough, learning a new language takes time.
I am full, I need to savour now,
Digest what I have taken in,
Take a step back
And see the gift before me.
I need to study your tantric words
Which are reverberating in my soul
And bring them
Into my flesh body, into my bones,
To make them mine.
I need to explore the new space
You have opened and filled.
I am no longer
Who I was before.
I bow before you, beloved Teacher
Who gives selflessly.

Yet you are also
No longer who you were.
I see it in your eyes
As they look at me
With love and joy and pride and some surprise.
I smile at you, Beloved,
Knowing we have renewed
Our vows.



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Part II

Tantric Pair Meditations

Dancing with the Universe

Your eyes turn inwards
And I feel you going under
Into the depths of inner space
Where your universe
Becomes the same as mine,
The same that we share
With every consciousness
In and out of this world.

We could meet there.
Sometimes we do but today
We explore on our own,
Yet are aware, marginally or
If we choose to fully, of each other.
I sense the darkness
And the jagged edges you navigate
To find your treasures.

Then I turn inward
And steer my soul body
Deep into the dark sea
That is my being.

Out of this darkness comes a sound.
Or does the darkness become sound?
A sound? No, not one
But all the sounds

That have ever been uttered,
That will ever be uttered,
That are resounding
Through the world right now.

Each of them clearly to hear,
All of them sounding together
In a mighty wave
Sweeping me up,
Surrounding and permeating,
And being all that is there.

And the sounds are sparkling
As if every single note was
A tiny explosion of joy.

I am sound, become
A being made of sound and
Light and fullness,
And the universe dances
Within me as I dance with
The universe – for aeons.

Full of bliss I return to you.

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Behold the Serpent

Behold him in his glorious joy.
Obsidian coils glistening against
The darkness of the Void
Where he frolics.
The Naga's mighty sinewy trunk
Weaves being
On the loom
Of time.

Behold him in his cunning
When he draws his black body erect,
His lush velvet shadow
Languidly caressing your spine.
His eyes like dark and distant flames
Scorch what he sees
With a cold fire.

Behold him in his golden splendour
When he has shed his old skin
And become wise.
When he towers over you now
The fire in his eyes
Illuminates what is
With wry, loving
Amusement.

Dark Devi

From the deepest depth
I called the dark Devi,
Wanting her to rise
To feel her power
In my fleshly vessel.
Huge was my head
And my neck was swelling.
Would she burst my veins?
The body fought her
Trying to keep her imprisoned
And in her anger
She strained and shook
Yet the body did not yield.
Rigid all limbs and the back,
Like a wooden board
The belly –
Such pain, such trembling.
Yet I did not stop inviting,
Knowing that I was safely held
In the embrace of Shiva
I let her into my eyes.

That's when the dance began
Of Shiva and the Dark Devi.
And did not end
Before she was spent
And yielding,
My limbs languid.



Shiva as *Nataraja* – ‘Lord of the Dance’

Song and Dance

She is the music of the spheres,
All of them.
All sound echoes through her.
Yet she prefers symphony and song
To hip hop or pop,
Likes ballads and bebop more
Than chamber music.
Yet bird song is fine.
And sometimes
Only thunder will do
Or the howl of the gale.
She is the colours of the rainbow,
All of them.
She radiates the visible
And the invisible spectrum.
Yet she prefers green and gold
To blue and yellow,
Likes orange and purple more
Than indigo or red.
Yet rust is fine.
And sometimes
Only grey will do
Or fathomless black.
Sometimes she is silence
In the radiance of darkness,
Sometimes
The gentle whisper
Of the moon.
Always she is
A Shakti of the Living Light.

Durga and Mahadevi

So subtle is Durga
That she is like a breeze,
A warm springtime wind
Bringing sweet scent of souls.

We sway in the draught
And yearn for her sweet nectar.
Durga is the nectar and the draught.
In quiet ecstasy
We are Durga.
Durgaye Nama Om.

Yet someone stronger comes,
No wind but
A space that holds all winds
In its expanse
Wide enough
To embrace the universe.

Who is she,
This Goddess
That holds your soul in her embrace
As if it was a child,
Your soul that worships her?

After blessing the worshipper
She withdraws into herself
Where she is Durga and Shiva,
Where Shakti is asleep.
No Spanda,
Just repose and stillness.
Everything is possible
Nothing is manifest.
There is only
Mahadevi.



Murti of Mahadevi Kali

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The Fountain of Shakti

Come, my Beloved,
Let your light shine
So that I can open
The gate to the garden.

By the hand I will take thee
And lead you
To the well
Of the Goddess.

Drink deeply from the source
Of her power.
Partake of her shakti
Until you are sated.

Then
With a silent prayer
Bow
To her grace and bounty.

The Gift of Sweetness

No-thing, Akula, living void,
What powers you have got!
Within you
Everything
Is possible,
Everything
Comes into being
Through you.

When I beheld Akula
There was nothing to see
And yet
I felt drawn
To melt my body
And become
One with the void.

Strange no-thing,
Oh, so subtle your drift
So intangible your presence
Yet
Unmistakable
Now that I have learnt
To smell your scent
On my skin,
To feel your touch
Shaping the space around me.

Filled with a sweetness
Delicious like the nectar of the gods,
I came back to myself.
Changed, I returned
Into a changed body.
Now the sweetness
Lingers on and
Tells me of you
The moment I stop to remember.

The gifts of Akula
Are precious
Beyond measure.

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Silence Whispers

The sea of forgetting opens and closes
Revealing glimpses of what has been
Fleeting, with no order.

Deepening space, down, down
Your hands and mine are pointing,
Creating space until we are both
Fathomless and enclosed
In fathomlessness.

And in the depth our chests are drawn
Close to one another.
Warmth reverberates,
Scent ascends.

Heat, oh such heat,
Shoots up my back,
And then sweet sound.
There it is again,
The music of the universe
Within and around me.
Bliss.

And back into the depth
Where wordless knowing
Resides and shines through your eyes
And silence whispers.

Black Sun

Silent we sit at an angle to each other
After meditative conversation,
Still resonating with what we said
When I feel dark warmth rising
From the depth of my womb.

Glancing at you and staying
With the afterimage
The sense of 'YOU'
That is emerging in my soul
Takes on the shape of Simon Petros,
With eyes of darkest flame.

And from the dark warmth
Rising in me from below
There springs a fire - raying from the eyes
Of who I am becoming,
And meeting his which had beheld
The Christ only a moment ago.

We move to sit opposite each other and
Continue interweaving.
I sense this is new.
I feel the power coming towards me
Touching my soul body from the front
Like two balloons pressed together.

Opening myself I sense my back
As a compact mass of darkness
That with increasing awareness
Of the space behind me
Disperses into that space,
After asserting itself
For the last time
Through making my neck
Into a bull's.

Opening myself even more
I feel my spine lengthening
And my left side
Lights up in yellow-orange flame.
I am expanding and see
From the corner of my eyes
That your arms are spread wide
Just as mine are beginning to do
Until I hold the soul body
That is you and the universe.
Yet something is missing.

Holding on to you
I descend
Deeper and deeper.
I feel your body pressed tightly against mine
Our arms around each other
Yet I see you sitting in front of me
And feel how
You are leaning into me
Projecting power.

Then, tightly clasped to each other
We fly along a tunnel underground.
The walls are roughly hewn rock,
Wide, so that we seem small
In the bright flickering light
That illuminates the walls.
And there
The source of the light.
A mantle of flames,
Magenta, orange, yellow
Emanating
From the Black Sun.

From left to right
We fly into the flames
Of the Black Sun
And disperse.
And the whole time
I feel our bodies
Moving down
And down, and down.
Then I come back.



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The Universe is ONE

Pink-yellow flames leap
Playfully around hips,
Tickling skin with cool tongues.

Rising fluid fills
The womb with warmth
Until the Golden Serpent wakes.

Its coils sparkling
In rainbow coloured white.
Tiny bubbles of light
Burst into tingling tone
Of pure shiv'ring delight.

Flames are leaping higher.
Warmth turns to heat,
Fluid to air
Churning upward as a swirling storm.

The Golden Serpent writhes,
The rigid Black Serpent draws him upward
Until, face-to-face,
They exchange sweet venom,
Filling the head that wants
To open itself or die

Until the body dissolves
And around and within
Are One within each other,

Until the body is the Universe

And the Universe is ONE.

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After Seeing Your Soul

One huge flame
Nourished by endless supply
Reveals and conceals
The shape of your soul.

Wider I pull its base
Making room,
Lowering the flame
Until it seems a ring of fire
Out of which grows
A bluish hued transparent form
Filled with a shimmering core
Radiating white through the blue.

The rest is hidden
In dark wisps of smoke.



Shiva as Bhairava

Bhairava 1

After surrendering to you,
Bhairava, dark Lord,
And taking your soul body into mine
Until I no longer know
Whose soul body is touching whose,
The silver serpent glides right
Through us
And reaches our heart.
This is where you now rest,
My Lord of fire and darkness.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Blessing

Your blessing you bestowed
And hung the beads around my neck.
Bowing I received both
Humble and moved at the same time.

Calm and erect inside me
Stood the goddess
Blessing your heart
With the warmth
Of your blessing and hers.

Two were gathered
In His name.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

The Go[l]d Man

Glorious to behold is the Go[l]d-Man,
His golden radiance a beauty unsurpassed.

Go[l]d-Man is Man
Sporting the image
Of his fulfilled nature:
His beingness as being,
This Being.

The seer's soul fills with delight
As radiance reaches down to its depth
And love spreads into the body's every cell,
And deepest joy
Mingles
With deep humility.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Part III

Puja

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Out of the Blue

There is a body
Seemingly solid and soft,
Of a shape recognised
By other bodies
As me.
And yet,
Is this not a body
Being manifested anew
Every moment
'Out of the Blue'?
There are feelings,
Thoughts and twinges,
Moods and musings,
All manifesting out of the Blue.
There is No-thing
Thinking and feeling,
Twinging, mooding and musing,
Bodying and recognising.
Without any effort
Everything manifests,
Breath and heartbeat,
Light and darkness,
Chair and table.
There is Bliss,
There is Freedom,
There is nothing
That is not Shiva.

My Lord of the Living Light.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Mahashivratri

Silver sliver of the crescent moon.
Shiva dances
His Dance of Creation and Destruction.
In every cell of my body
Creation or destruction.
There is only Shiva.

Magenta flames of His Ring of Fire
Engulf the devotee inside and out
Until there is nothing but flames,
No heat,
Only Shiva.

Thoughts form,
I feel their stirring.
Yet when they emerge
Each spells only
One name.
There is only Shiva.



ॐ

अनङ्गस्थामृताकारे शुद्धज्ञानकलेवरे
अमृतत्वं निधेह्यस्मिन् वस्तुनि ह्यिन्नरूपिणि



Bhairava

Bhairava 2

Lord, Thou art merciful.
Your mercy is to not relent
Until you've cut out with your trident
The very last son of the Asura
Spawned in my anxious mind.
Your mercy is to cauterize the wound with
Fire of your fearsome eye
That makes me forget the pain.
Your mercy is not to relent
Despite my screams and theirs
Until at last I'm free
To say 'I am'
And know its truth.
Bhairava,
My beloved Lord,
Thou art terrifying
And awesome.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

My Bridal Gown

My bridal gown is white ...

The purest, most luminous and wondrous white
When as his swan I reflect and radiate
The translucent light of my Lord,
Blessing all beings with it.

My bridal gown is red as blood
When I become my Lord's warrior bull
And scarlet whore,
My flesh alive and my eyes setting all ablaze
With His scorching fire.

My bridal gown is black as glistening coal
When I am filled with the dark power
Of my Lord's secret consort Kali
Destroying all light and drawing all things down
Into her black cave and core.

In truth, I have no gown but my own body.
My bridal body, my body of gowns,
My body of gunas:
Purest white, blood red and black.
All floating in the bodiless embrace of that
Infinite colourless space, that is
The true light of my Lord.

For whatever guna gown I may wear,
Whatever colour and form I may take,
White swan, red bull or blackest snake,

I am naked and translucent to his light.
With the entire universe as my body.
And all its bodies brides.

I am all my bridal gowns and none.
I am all Gunas and none.
I am Nirguna, Shiva.

My bridal gown is white ...

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

The Apple Tree

The leaves on the apple tree
In shapes as countless as their number
Show many shades of green
None quite like the other.

On the rose bush next to it
Leaves and petals do just the same
And so do
Blades of grass
Lobelias, daisies.

Each shade of colour unique.

Mahadeviyakka longed to find your face
And found it everywhere,

Oh Lord of the Living Light

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Shining Beauty

There you are
Contemplating the Mother, the source,
Your blissful face radiating beauty.
Potentials occur and blossom into being
Through your grace.

Through your grace
These two beings occurred.
Through you they grow
Towards what it is they are meant to be.
You pervade her and him and them,
Oh Lord of the Shining Beauty.

Your golden hair
Sits on a throne of bronze
Above your silver brows.
Your silver eyes shine.
Your bronze cheeks show off
Your silver mouth, jaw and chin.
You shine and you smile with delight.
You are awesome and terrible,
Oh Lord of the Shining Beauty.

When this body gave thanks to you
It was blessed with sensual bliss,
Your all embracing, all pervading grace
Is infinite,
Lord of the Shining Beauty.

Only Shiva

There is neither emptiness nor fullness.
There is neither heat nor is there cold.
There is no darkness and there is no light.
There is neither rest nor is there unrest.
There is neither war nor is there peace.

Neither is there poverty nor wealth.
No feast is there nor is there famine.
There is neither strength nor weakness.
There is no youth and no old age.

There is neither stimulation nor boredom.
There is no crowd nor is there loneliness.
Neither is there noise nor is there silence.

There is neither joy nor is there sorrow.
There is neither illness nor is there health.
There is no life nor is there death.
There is no me nor you.

There is only Shiva,
My Lord of the Living Light

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Part IV

Meditations

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

What God Cannot Do That We Do For God

God, all that is, is all powerful,
For IT brings everything into being.
IT is in every action,
In the most loving embrace
And in the most atrocious murder.

God, all that is, is all knowing,
For IT is aware of all that is.
IT knows every potentiality of everything,
From the simplest particle
To the most complex human being.

God, all that is, is all loving,
For everything is equal before IT.
IT loves every feeling,
From the most excruciating pain
To the most exalted pleasure.

God, all that is, cannot discriminate.
Before IT everything is love.
We are all loved and treasured,
Whatever we do.

God, all that is, only wills Being.
IT does not desire anything from us
Because IT lacks nothing.
Everything that was, is, will be
Is already there.

God's will for us is
To become who we are.

God gave us free will,
And thus gave us choice
To reject or embrace,
To create our selves,
According to our desires.
So that All That Is
Could experience through us
The never ending richness of Being.

That's why God made us creators,
So that we could create
Illusions for ourselves
Like mind and matter,
So that we could mind and matter,
Distinguish and relate.

God is all that is,
That's why IT made us into separate beings
Each with unique perception.
So that It can experience
The exquisite sensuality of the flesh
As we each experience
The caress and the blow,
The bitter and the sweet,
The light and the dark.

God cannot be just,
Because justice and injustice
Are equal before IT.

God cannot be wise
Because God is both,
Wisdom and foolishness.

God does not mind
If we experience outrage,
Desperation, suffering,
Peace, love, pleasure or joy
Because God has no mind.

God is our faithful servant,
Eager to create with us
Every experience we could ever desire.
Because God wants to feel what it's like
To BE all that is,
Because God only feels life through
OUR thoughts, dreams and actions
And knows all that is only
As we know it – we, living in a body.

Yet God doesn't care about us.
For we lack nothing.
All That Is is already giving,
Faithfully materialising
What we most intensely
Desire to be – and
What we believe to be
And deeply fear –
At this very moment.

Thank God.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Holy Fools

Are we fools
Thinking that we can change the world?

Look at it, at how it was, how it is,
Where it seems to go.

Each seed that was once planted
With love, faith and hope for nourishment
Changed into poisonous plant by institutions.
Sold as the elixir of life.
Profit for the few,
Misery for most.
Christianity, Islam, Democracy,
Communism, Capitalism
You name it...

How can we change the world
Against such odds?

Luther would have planted an apple tree
On the eve of the end of the world.

How can we not sow new seeds with love?
Only without hope, yet with faith
That a god will save us,
With desperate faith.

Benefit for many or only a few?
Planters of seeds don't ask,
They plant.

Holy fools.
We and them.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Guna Meditations

Tamas

Go down into darkness,
Let darkness fill me,
Let me become not darkness
But black.

Legs like black coal,
The whole body like black coal.
Inside, the coal liquidises
And fills me with fluid
Shimmering black
Up to my neck,
Then into my head.

How can I let this black
Show in my eyes?
Give a black look!
That's hard. There is no hate,
No emotion,
Just blackness.
All black apart from my look.
But then I manage.

Rajas

Breathe red into myself
And breathe out red.
With every breath
Red rises.
Heat, fire, vitality.
My body trembles as it becomes
A bull seeing red.
But all is more imagination
Then truly felt.

Sattva

White light pours into me,
Milk white light fills me
And courses through my flesh.
White covers me like a garment
Brilliant white, then golden white
And sweetness enraptures me.
Living light, joyful and radiant.

Nirguna

Space between the atoms of my body,
Space between the atoms of everything,
Clear, transparent space
Within, without, everywhere.
There is nothing but
Clear transparent space
All-pervading, all-embracing, full.
How can a clear transparent space be full?
Not with anything, just empty and
Full at the same, timeless time.
Complete!
There is nothing but space
Complete and fulfilled,
Everything accomplished,
Everything in becoming
At the same, timeless time.

My Lord, you are everything,
There is nothing that is not Shiva.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Fire and Ice

The heart in my chest
Feels like a planet
That has lost its sun.

Ice cold is its crust,
Blackened lava
Not quite formed yet.

The hot fiery streams
Like scarlet snakes
Burning but not radiating.

There is no light,
Just red and black,
Fire and ice.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Soul Night

If you feel dark and anguished
When you look into yourself,
Is it not because you shut your eyes
And declined to know
What you know –
That love is always there?

When you look at another
And they seem malicious and dark
Isn't it you who withdrew the light of love,
And now you can't see them?

The Christ said
That sometimes he would not be with us,
And Bhairava teaches
That sometimes Shiva is hidden.
That makes the soul dark
And anguishes the heart.

Then you need to remember
That there is a path which you must go
That neither Christ nor Shiva
Can go for you,
But only with you.

And you turn the light of love onto the path
And pray for awareness of yourself
And the other.
Love is the light of awareness.

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Appendices

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ

Tantric Pair Meditation and the Soul Body

Acharya Peter Wilberg

The Body of Feeling Awareness – of ‘Soul’

Which body is it with which we feel the ‘brightness’ or ‘darkness’, ‘tone’ or ‘colour’ of our own and other people’s moods? Which body is it with which we can feel ourselves as ‘heavier’ or ‘lighter’, ‘fatter’ or ‘thinner’, yet without any change to our physical weight or size? Which body is it with which we can feel closer or more distant, warmer or cooler towards others irrespective of our temperature or physical distance from them? Which body is it with which someone’s ‘heart’ can be felt as ‘big’ or ‘small’, ‘warm’ or ‘cold’, with which we or others can ‘lose heart’ or suffer ‘heartache’, feel ‘heartened’ or ‘disheartened’ – independently of any change in the functioning of ‘the heart’ as a physical organ? Which body is it with which we can feel ‘uplifted’ or ‘carried away’, ‘sucked in’ or ‘trapped’, ‘pressured’ or ‘depressed’, ‘spaced out’ or ‘closed off’, ‘hollow’ or ‘empty’, ‘shapeless’ or ‘spineless’, about to ‘explode’ or ‘implode’ - yet without our physical body moving or changing shape in any way? Which body is it whose ‘skin’ we can feel ourselves or others to be more or less ‘at home’ in, which can make us appear ‘thick- or thin-skinned’, ‘edgy’ or ‘irritable’ - yet without any change to our physical skin surface or texture? Which body is it whose

tone can be felt as ‘dull’, ‘flat’ or ‘sharp’, and whose texture can be felt as ‘solid’ or ‘airy’, ‘firm’ or ‘brittle’, ‘jagged’ or ‘smoothed out’, ‘frayed’ or ‘fragile’, ‘guttured’ or ‘crushed’, ‘torn’ or ‘stretched’, ‘strained’ or ‘stressed’? The answer to all these questions is not the ‘physical’ body – the body perceived from outside as an object. Nor is it some form of second ‘psycho-physical body’ or ‘energy’ body – one that we also think of or perceive as an object. Instead it is our subjective body – the body as we feel it from within. The inwardly felt body however, is more than just our outer physical body as we are aware of it from within. Instead it is a ‘Field Body’ unbounded by the Flesh - for its only boundaries are the boundaries of our feeling awareness of ourselves, other people, and every other body in the world around us. Through it we give physical form to our divine body (‘Divyadeha’), our ‘Awareness Body’ (‘Vijnanadeha’) or ‘Body of Feeling Awareness’ – our ‘Soul Body’.

The Sexual Nature of the Soul Body

It has had many names – ‘subtle body’, ‘astral body’, ‘energy body’. Yet by recognising the true nature of the ‘inner body’ as a subjective body or soul body – our ‘felt body’, ‘feeling body’, ‘body of feeling awareness’ or ‘awareness body’ - The New Yoga of Awareness offers us a totally new understanding of the initiatory and divine-sexual teachings and practices of Tantra. What Gavin Flood calls the “Tantric Body” is

not a body of subtle ‘energies’ but our divine and eternal body of feeling awareness or ‘soul’. It is with this ‘Soul Body’ that we feel ourselves ‘closer’ or more ‘distant’ from others without any movement of physical bodies. It is with this body with that we can either ‘close off’ our feeling awareness of others or alternatively ‘open’ our souls to them - taking them into the spacious field or ‘feel-d’ of our feeling awareness and letting their soul qualities penetrate and pervade us. The sexual nature of the Soul Body is reflected in language itself:

“She touched her heart.”

“She felt deeply moved inside by him.”

“He tried reaching out to him.”

“He was gripped and captivated by her.”

“She exposed herself to him.”

“He never took him in completely.”

“She found her company stimulating and exciting.

“She opened herself to him fully.”

“She felt he had pushed her away.”

“She always tried to handle him gently.”

Such expressions are not ‘metaphors’ of sexual intercourse couched in words, but true and literal descriptions of some of the countless ways in which we relate to others through our Soul Body. It is with this body that we can feel reached out to or shut out by others, exposed or stripped naked by them, held or embraced by them, gripped and captivated by them,

uplifted and carried away by them, weighed down or depressed by them, prodded or poked by them, penetrated or violated by others, full-filled or left empty by, stimulated and excited by others, left cold and unsatisfied by others, drawn to or pushed away by them, neared or withdrawn from by them, warmed or chilled by them, twisted and contorted or straightened out by them, bound and gagged or set free by them, handled gently or mishandled by them.

It is with our Soul Body that we can also make ourselves more or less approachable, touchable and movable by others, more or less graspable by others, penetrable or impenetrable to others. We can be more or less willing to reveal or expose ourselves 'naked' to others, more or less willing and able to let them get close to us, to come face to face with us, to let ourselves be touched, held and gripped by them, to open ourselves to them and to take them in. Similarly we may feel more or less willing or able to move closer to others inwardly, to stand erect before them or reach out to them, to gently open them up or get under their skin, to get inside them, stimulate and excite them, seed and fertilise their souls.

What people ultimately seek through physical contact and intercourse is a sense of dissolving the apparent bodily boundaries that divide us as beings - thus experiencing true spiritual intimacy of soul with another. Through the medium of Tantric Pair Meditation we can come to feel this intimacy, dissolve

the felt bodily boundaries that seem to separate us as souls from other beings and thus experience the subtle sensual bliss of merging or ‘melding’ our soul with that of another. This is the art of Tantric Soul Melding as taught through The New Yoga.

Tantric Soul Melding is not Tantric ‘sex’ – more like a profound Tantric ‘hug’ in which we allow the felt sense of our surface boundary to dissolve, and feel the hollow soul inwardness of our own head, chest and abdomen merge and meld with that of another - even without physical contact. If ‘soul’ is essentially unbounded, bodiless Awareness (Shiva) then what it is aware of is nothing less than the entire embodied cosmos (Shakti) and every body in it. Tantric soul melding is the key to the arts of both Tantric Soul Coupling and tantric initiation - in which the ‘empowered’ or ‘initiating’ Guru (‘Siddha Guru’ or ‘Diksha Guru’) may merge their awareness or soul with that of the disciple, enter the body of the disciple without leaving their own, embrace it in a boundless space of awareness, or fill it from below with an ever-rising up-flow of awareness (Kundalini) from the root centre of awareness (Muladhara).

Advanced Tantric Attainments or ‘Siddhis’

Tantric Pair Meditation is the key not just to the art of Tantric Initiation, but to an entire range of ‘Advanced Attainments of Awareness’. These include among others:

1. Tantric Soul Melding and Soul Journeying

Tantric ‘Soul Melding’ is one of the principle attainments or ‘Siddhis’ of Tantra Yoga. It is the art of entering the body of another without leaving one’s own. This is achieved by (1) sensing with one’s own body different regions of another person’s body such as their head, chest and abdomen (2) visualising the insideness of these bodily region as *hollow interiority of soul* and then (3) letting awareness flow into and fill those soul spaces from the corresponding spaces of one’s own body. This allows one to also sense the subtle soul qualities already present in and pervading the inner soul spaces of another person’s body, to resonate with these qualities and also to impart new, transforming and healing qualities to their soul body. Above all, Soul Melding dissolves the outer bodily boundaries that *appear* to separate us as souls from one another – and from the soul world. It also provides a portal into that world and a way of experiencing extraordinary shared *journeys of soul* within it – the art of Tantric Soul Journeying.

2. Tantric Soul Intercourse ('Maithuna')

In contrast to Tantric Soul Melding, Tantric Soul Coupling is initiated through an intensified gender polarisation of the Partners engaged in Tantric Pair Meditation. The Partner - male or female - embodying the divine 'masculine' role identifies with the state of unbounded bodiless awareness that is Shiva, enfolding and filling the body of their Partner (male or female) with that Awareness, feeling and perceiving it as the sole body in the entire universe – indeed as the entire embodied cosmos (Shakti). Enfolded and filled by the sensual substantiality or nectar ('Amrita') of Divine Awareness, the Partner (male or female) embodying the 'feminine' role of Shakti experiences the transformation of divine awareness bliss ('Ananda') into heat, radiant light and intensified sensory and sexual pleasure ('Kama'). The soul body becomes a body of bliss or bliss body.

3. Tantric Initiation ('Diksha')

“A yogi can enter another person's
body without leaving his own.”

Sri Abhinavagupta

Tantric Pair Meditation is a vehicle for the cultivation and embodiment of the highest and most advanced yogic powers or 'Siddhis' that can be attained

through The New Yoga. These include the power to enter the body of another without leaving one's own, to feel one's own soul in the body of the other and vice versa, to merge or meld one's soul with that of another, to freely shape-shift one's soul body in resonance with that of another, and to use this resonation as a medium of soul melding and spiritual healing. Tantric Pair Meditation is therefore also the principal medium of Tantric Initiation or 'Guru Diksha' in The New Yoga - the direct impartation of divine awareness and knowledge by a 'Sat Guru' (true guru), 'Siddha Guru' (guru with powers) or 'Diksha Guru' (initiatory guru). By means of initiation through Tantric Pair Meditation, Tantric Soul Melding and Tantric Soul Intercourse the most profound depths and exalted heights of spiritual awareness can be experienced in the most blissfully sensuous and bodily way. Through Tantric initiation the Tantra Master or 'Siddha Guru' comes to experience their own body too, as a 'Bliss Body' – nothing but a blissful condensation of the bodiless awareness that is Shiva, thus experiencing the ultimate mantra of Lord Shiva:

“I AM SHIVA, of Compact Mass of Awareness and Bliss – and the entire universe is my body.”

Tantric Initiation reflects the fundamental principle of Hindu Tantric religious worship – to worship a God by becoming that God. Does the hand need to

‘worship’ the arm or body of which it is a part - as if that arm or body were some separate or distant being? No, for it knows itself as a portion of that arm and body. Hindu worship or ‘Puja’ means, in Tantra, coming to fully identify with that Universal and Divine Awareness of which our entire being and entire body is itself just one unique living portion, expression and embodiment.

For more information on ‘Tantric Pair Meditation’ read *Tantra Reborn – on the Sensuality and Sexuality of the Soul Body* or go to the Archive page of Acharya’s numerous essays at www.thenewyoga.org

Basic Guide to Tantric Pair Meditation

1. Joint Meditational Posture

Sit with your back erect directly facing your meditational partner. Use cushions or stools with adjustable height to ensure that your eyes are level with those of your partner.

One of you should cushion your partner's knees between your legs. This is in order to allow a sufficient degree of physical closeness to your Partner to feel their bodily presence and sense the space between you as full rather than empty – as a resonant field of inter-bodily awareness.

2. Pre-meditation

The pair meditation begins with a pre-meditation in which both you and your Partner close your eyes and turn your awareness inwards, giving yourselves time to ground your awareness in the depths of your own inwardly felt body. Then each of you should give yourself as much time as you feel you need to become more aware of the way you have been feeling yourself over recent minutes, hours, days or weeks, of the way you are currently experiencing yourself, and/or the way you would ideally wish to experience yourself. When

either of you feels ready to open your eyes, tap your Partner's knee. If one of you, having been tapped by the other, does not yet feel ready to open their eyes, the other can either return to closing their eyes and inwardly meditating themselves or alternately, switch their awareness to their Partner - seeking to feel the particular qualities of awareness that reveal themselves through the face of their Partner.

3. Main meditation

1. Be aware of the spaces within and around your own body and that of your Partner.
2. Visualise and feel the inwardness of your own body and that of your Partner as hollow spaces, spaces into which your Feeling Awareness can flow like breath.
3. Alternate freely between (a) searching your own soul for that which finds expression in the face and eyes of the other, and (b) searching the face and eyes of the other for that which resonates in your own soul.

This means:

1. **SHOWING** your Partner with your own face and eyes anything important you are aware of **FEELING** within or around your own body as a whole.
2. **FEELING** within or around your own body as a whole anything important you see **SHOWING** through your Partner's face and eyes.
3. **MIMICKING** as precisely as possible with your own face and eyes what your Partner is **SHOWING** through theirs - thereby helping you to feel it more with your body as a whole.
4. **IMPARTING** what it is you are seeking to show through your face and eyes to the sensed inwardness of your Partner's body – thereby helping your Partner to feel it with their body as a whole.

The key to the power of Tantric Pair Meditation lies in letting go of your ordinary sense of personal ego-identity. To do so means allowing what you are aware of feeling to alter your feeling awareness of who you are – your experienced self. In this way both you and your Partner, Self and Other, can come to feel and quite literally perceive the faces of your Other Selves, whilst remaining rooted in that larger Self of which they are all an expression – the divine Awareness Self. The secret to

this aware ‘i-identification’ with different aspects or faces of Self and Other lies in ‘Eye-identification’. This means always feeling your eyes, seeking to feel whatever you are feeling in your eyes, and in this way coming to literally feel yourself looking out at the world and at your Partner through many different eyes and from many a different self or ‘I’.

Experiences of Tantric Pair Meditation

Through ‘Tantric Resonance’ and ‘Tantric Pair Meditation’, the principles of ‘morphic resonance’ and the practice of ‘morphic resonance’ cultivate the ability to freely shape-shift or ‘morph’ one’s face, eyes - and entire felt body - in resonance with changes in one’s feeling awareness of self and other. In this way ‘Tantric Pair Meditation’ can lead to countless extraordinary experiences of metamorphosis or ‘Metamorphic Resonance’ of the sort described that follow:

“I clearly perceived my wife ‘morph’ into a younger brother and warrior comrade in an earlier life.”

“My morphing took me, shaman-like, through a variety of animal forms.”

“I heard a sweet and soundless music at the edge of the spiritual light that bathed me.”

“I experienced hundreds of different selves looking out through my eyes, becoming each in turn.”

“I spoke inwardly in a wordless musical tongue — but knew exactly what I was saying to my Partner.”

“I experienced how each inner sound seemed to alter the whole shape and tone of my bodily soul.”

“I felt as if my whole body had been inwardly massaged and become again a safe home for my soul.”

“I learned that we are not “in” our bodies at all, but in some strange way our bodies are in us.”

“I recaptured a lost freedom of spirit — the freedom to roam and shift-shape my soul body at will and follow it into different inner landscapes and dimensions of awareness.”

“Objects in the room where we engaged in Tantric Meditation seemed like dumb stage props — so much less real than the space of awareness we had entered.”

“My everyday self and its worldly concerns seemed to have disappeared into the background, hovering like a thin mirage above the deeper part of my soul that I was now resonating with.”

“I resonated with an intelligence within me so awesome, that the experience completely transfigured me. I knew

after that what my inner being really is — and thus who I really am.”

“I tuned into a gentle, loving aspect of myself that made my whole body feel bathed in warmth, and allowed my soul to breathe in an incredibly soft, slow and smoothly flowing rhythm.”

“I perceived a vast, dark field of what at first seemed like corpses, but I later understood as the deserted, dormant and unhatched spiritual eggs or “cocoons” of the living.”

“I felt illuminated and blessed with grace in the benevolent, healing light radiated by the gaze of my Partner, who experienced herself as a divine-angelic being.”

“I saw and knew my Partner (female) as a fierce Samurai I had known in the past whose fiery and impulsive temperament was still a force in her soul.”

“I entered other dimensions in which I experienced aspects of my being which I could only describe and visualise as beings on the scale of planets, behind whom lurked yet higher beings of the nature of constellations of pure intelligence.”

“I knew my own innermost being as something like a vast cosmic womb that was a mouth of creation, my soul a vowel issuing from its awesome voice, and my body a type of unutterable solid “consonant” by which it spoke me into physical existence.”

“I felt myself entering a weightless, floating realm in which I entered into communication with a group of ethereal, dancing spirits like will-o’-the-wisps, together called “The Seven”.

“I perceived the divine face of Lord Shiva in my Guru, feeling that he was not only revealing that face, but embodying the Divine Awareness, and imparting its Bliss to me.”

“It was easy sinking into my body, filling it and then opening up to the space around me. I experienced some quick shifts of aspects, nothing definite, then some “Sumari” (Jane Robert’s generic term for ‘tongues’ with no equivalent in known languages but using sounds derived from them). From somewhere outside I sensed a sound coming in, like a base tone. It came from slightly behind and above my right shoulder, there was the source field. I could feel the vibration permeating me and radiating out from me at the same time. The tone took on a gold brown amber colour. There was a fluidity in the colour and its essence was a faint sweetness. While sensing the sweetness I became aware of an equally faint flash to the left, above my head and slightly in front of it. This formed briefly into an image of a large amethyst crystal, radiating a pale purple. Then I just sensed ‘amethyst’, I didn’t need the image but ‘knew’ the sensual essence of ‘amethyst’ as a soul quality expressed both in stone and as a sensory colour. While I was staying with the sense of this soul essence there emerged in the space between Peter and me a spiral, which was white but had streaks of all colours. The colours were swirling in parallel lines, separate from the white and yet within it, separate from each other yet

almost indistinguishable. Out of this swirl every possible sensual quality could be called up. It would fill the whole field of inner vision as a colour, yet behind it the rotating white and multicoloured swirl was still visible. Then the amber colour came to the foreground and began to form a strong band, as thick as I could span with both hands. The band was in the lower field of vision. From the upper right the 'living light' poured in, its milky white colour ever so slightly transparent with a faint golden glow, almost three-dimensional. The essence of the amber is richness and sweetness, very clearly to sense. Yet in order to truly fulfil itself it needs to relate to the white light. It does so joyfully. It is a manifestation of the white light, separate and aware, yet also within the living light. The swirl seemed to be another expression of a white light which has within it every conceivable soul colour. I thought of the white as the 'living light' and, together with the amber, as 'milk and honey' of the 'promised land' ... the world of soul."

Guide to The New Yoga Foundation Meditation

1. **Keeping your eyes open**, take time to be aware of all that is there to be aware of within and around you, whether thoughts or emotions experienced within you or the space, light, air around you and all the things within it.
2. **Attend** particularly to your wordless *bodily* experiencing of any mood or emotion, thing or thought you are aware of – where and how you *sensually* experience it with your body.
4. **Remind** yourself that just as empty space is distinct from every thing or thought experienced within it, so also is the pure *awareness* of any thing or thought you experience distinct from that thing or thought - and thus innately *thought-free and thing-free*.
5. **Sense** the space, light and air surrounding your body as the very ‘ether’ of pure awareness - surrounding and pervading all things within it, whilst remaining absolutely pure and distinct from them.
6. **Feel** your skin surface more intensely and use this feeling to intensify your sense of the entire space or ether of awareness - surrounding your body from all sides and reaching to the ultimate horizons of cosmic space.

7. **Feel yourself** breathing in the surrounding space, light and air of pure awareness through every pore of your skin, pervading and vitalizing every atom, molecule and cell of your felt body and centering itself at the mid-point of your diaphragm.
8. **Take time** to both experience all there is to be experienced within you and to allow new thoughts to form and arise 'out of the blue' - from and within this infinite surrounding space of pure awareness.
9. **Being aware** of all there is to be experienced, do not think 'I experience this' but rather 'IT experiences this', recognising this 'IT' as that pure, spacious unbounded and universal awareness which IS the Divine.
10. **Recognise** all that you experience, including your experienced body and self, as but a sensuous expression and embodiment *of* the Divine-Universal Awareness - a 'Shakti' of 'Shiva'.

Summary

Meditation means simply taking *time to be aware* – to be more aware and aware of more. Through taking more time to *be aware* of each and every thing there is to be experienced within and around us, we can come to *be* that very *awareness* - knowing it as the Divine. Being and breathing that divine awareness is bliss. This is the true meaning of the Hindu understanding of the Divine as 'Sat-Chit-Ananda' (Being-Awareness-Bliss).

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William James on ‘The Living Light’

from ‘The Afterlife Journal of an American Philosopher’

by Jane Roberts

“The living often equate death with darkness, for how can the dead see? How can the spirit have vision disconnected from the organs of sight? Yet here I am [dead] surrounded by illumination that emanates from everywhere – colours more sparkling than any I knew on earth, a light of enchanting varieties, not even or monotonous but seemingly alive in its own fashion. It emanates from what I see, but also seems to be inherent all about me, whether or not there is anything to be perceived otherwise.”

“...it is more mobile and possesses qualities not normally associated with light. I would say it was a knowing light, everywhere existing at the same time, at once...it appears out of itself at every conceivable point in the universe.”

“Nowhere have I encountered the furnishings of a conventional heaven, or glimpsed the face of God. On the other hand, certainly I dwell in a psychological heaven by earth’s standards, for everywhere I sense a presence, or atmosphere or atmospheric presence that is well-intentioned, gentle yet powerful, and all-knowing.”

“Each person, living or dead is somehow a unique materialisation or actualisation, psychologically ‘perfect’, of this basic, loving condition or atmospheric presence.”

“The words ‘psychological growing medium’ come to mind, as if this atmosphere ... provides the spiritual and

psychological medium arousing the creative development of even the smallest incipient seeds of personality”.

“It is as if this atmospheric presence were a psychological repository for all possible subjective beings, of such import that no one could comprehend these at once or in any combination of ‘times’... a repository of individuation and perceptive abilities. As all required elements for life spring up from the ground of the earth, which also nurtures them, this medium seems to perform the same services, only giving birth to psychological entities and the entire universe that sustains them.”

“There is no demanding quality to the atmospheric presence or its light, yet it seems possessed of what I can only call a divine active passivity ... This presence is responsive. I am sure that it reacts to me, yet while it is everywhere, it is not obtrusive but again, like the summer day, it is more like a delightful medium in which all living is bathed ... I suspect that the dimensions of its existence reveal themselves or are revealed according to the attention one accords them.”

The word ‘tantra’ means ‘loom’, ‘warp’ or ‘weave’. There follows a most vivid description of ‘tantra’ as that universal ‘loom’ of awareness which makes up the living ‘warp’ or ‘weave’ of the universe.

“It is as if the universe were a multidimensional cloth with infinite patterns, and figures that did not remain flat but sprang alive, lived, moved and died, and came alive again, while the fabric of which they were made never wore out but miraculously revitalised itself and rewove its parts... And I know that I am cut from the same cloth”.

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