

Talking Bull

(Trance Is)

by

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Light Eroticism
So Venture No Further
If That Sort Of Thing Offends
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fiction
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Trance is real.
Trance exists.
Trance is now.
But what exactly is trance? This is harder to explain.

Join Kat--short for Katrinita--as she draws swirling patterns on her arms and legs with a fountain pen. I like to think that a feathered quill would have more style and panache, but I should not complain. The fancy fountain pen is far nicer than the cheap ballpoint one usually finds in her hand...

Her hand. Did I say that?

Forgive me.

It is your hand. My hand. Our hand.

Need I say more?

Join with Kat as we draw swirling patterns on our flesh.

Feel the pen as it glides over our skin, scrapes lightly against it, and leaves a black inky trail in its wake. Feel the pen on your arm, your leg... and wherever else.

And then feel the pen in your hand, the coolness of the shaft, its tubular shape, and its lightness of weight, but most importantly, notice that the pen, the story, and the moment will go as they will and that there is little you can do to control it, so give in, let go, and succumb to its will. Your will. Our will.

When you have--been tracing patterns for awhile--look up from your labors and notice that you are in Kat's room. Notice the man on your bed. Notice the thrill of excitement, the passion and desire, which washes up through you and over you from the soles of your feet to the top of your head as you look over his form. It is as if he is from the cover of every romance novel you have ever read. Young. Virile. Handsome. And, strong.

Inside you know that he is disciplined, caring, considerate, and forthright. He is all that your heart--or your mind--could ever desire, will ever desire.

Watch as his chest rises and falls in long even breaths matching your own, and then notice the swatch of cloth, the sheet, blanket, or fur which covers his loins and shifts as he slumbers. Notice that what it covers--what it hides--could be as large, has been, will be, is... as any of the candles which surround us.

We are in a pentagram--albeit an imperfect one--but do not let these details cloud your mind, for it is time once again to focus on the swirling strokes of the pen. Our lover awaits. Spend a last moment looking over his body. Sense your need. Feel your desire. And, as the shaman's mask, which lays by his side, falls to the floor, let the twisting vortexes of the pattern take hold of your soul,

and allow the shifting intricacies of the planes to enter your mind.

You must be wondering at this point, what the swirls on your skin have to do with the man in your bed.

Nothing.

Everything.

Before we depart, concentrate on the pen in your hand. Feel the pattern that you are drawing. Learn it instinctually, intuitively. There is no other way.

Watch as the swirls of ink rise off of your skin and dance around you. Smile in delight as they fill the air.

Inhale.

Breathe deep.

Take in the dry, dusty tendrils.

Notice your dry parched throat as if for the first time.

And watch with wonder as the swirls turn to dust and your bedroom to a buffalo covered plain--a primordial scene removed from time.

These transitions cannot be explained. As with everything, they simply are. You have always been on this plane. This is your home--your home away from home--and you are welcome.

Look around you. You are in a herd. You are a welcome member of the tribe, the pack. Although you are not a buffalo, a beast, or an animal, they treat you as one.

As you appear, a great cow rises its head to look you in the eye, as if to say, Oh, it is you, before dismissing your arrival and resuming its endless quest of filling its belly.

You could take the moment to run your hands through their fur, pat them on the back, and walk among them if you desire, but you are Kat...

I don't know if you know what this means--at this point--so perhaps we should just give a little spin about, a little dancing twirl, nothing much, just a small joyous celebration for having

returned to this place, this plane, this little corner of make believe made physical and manifest.

In this place--in this moment--you are Kat, short for Katrinita. It is merely a name, but what it represents is youth, beauty, freedom, and innocence. You are tall, sleek, limber, and strong.

Feel your muscles.

Feel your flesh.

Believe me when I say, it is all you have ever dreamed of.

Take a moment to enjoy.

Twirl about.

Dance.

Laugh.

Sing.

As you move, notice the playful swish of the long flowing red dress, which you wear, and if I may be so bold--and contain my rising envy--please allow me to make note: You wear it well.

Long black hair flows about you while the swirling pattern on your skin has become a tattoo--that covers all that your hand can reach. I suppose I should mention--as you must surely have noticed--you have more than just a few piercings. Savor the thought, the memory, and the pain.

When you are done. Lift your feet and notice the heavy black, silver buckled, rune inscribed combat boots that you wear. Not many people could pull the look off, but somehow, on you it works.

It shouldn't be surprising. With a body like that--a body like yours--it can be hard to think straight, let alone be critical or objective.

Not to worry. This phase--of life (of unbridled allure and animal desire)--will pass quickly enough.

Look up and around. Sniff the air. Sense the changing

winds. A storm is on the horizon. Fear takes hold of the herd and in a snap--the sharp crack of a stick--they are off.

Run with them with your long legs, combat boots, and your long flowing party dress, but you are no match. You start to lag, to fall behind. You are no buffalo. How could you, a mere girl--a mere girl--ever hope to keep up?

Feel fear creep into to your heart; and then, toss it off. The thing to do is ride. Jump onto the back of a buck--a strong alpha male--dig your boots in, and ride my child. Ride.

Feel the strength between your legs. The raw energy. The power. This is the way to join the herd. On the back of a gallant beast.

Riding high.

In command.

In control.

The wind flies by. Dust and dirt fill the air. It fills your hair, covers your dress, and coats your flesh. But this is not a thing of concern. This is the power of the stampede and it is yours to command.

Once again, feel the thundering power of the bull as his need to run, to drive, to push on ever forward rises through you. This is not some pony, not some boy, not some child. This is a man among men, a beast among beasts, a barbarian, a myth, and a legend.

Feel the sweat soaking your body. The arousal. The urgent need to merge... and not let go.

Clasp down. Hug the great animal. Throw your arms around his neck. Smell the intoxicating aroma from his exertions.

Reach down and wrap you hands around his chest. His chest. Let it sink in. Let it go. You ride him piggy back, but oh, if he would only turn around.

He is a man. He is an animal.
Smell his hair. Such perfume.
Run your hands over his chest. Such muscles. Such strength.
Wrap your legs about him. Squeeze tight. Quiver. Shake.
Loose control.

“Yes. Please.”
Unbidden. Helpless. The words leave your mouth.
The buffalo are gone. You are alone with this man. This
warrior. This tribe.

He carries you about the fire on his back as he dances and his
people watch.

“Please,” you beg as you hold him tight, sweat dripping from
your pores. “Take me. Please.”

He is a man. He is an Indian. But more importantly, being a
man, he is not big on words. But he will acquiesce to your
desires--as if he was doing you some sort of favor.

He lays you down--in his tepee--by the fire. It makes no
difference. All that exists are you, your need, this man, and its
fulfillment.

Gaze into his eyes.
Reach under his clothes, whatever they call that leather flap.
And, yes! Oh my, but yes!
Feel your heart race.
Watch helplessly as your mind explodes.
As reality dissolves and flutters around you like the trailing
sparklers from an explosion on the Fourth of July, as you and them
both slowly drift down back to earth.

Soaked in sweat you awake from the vision.
You need not look around. You know what you will find.
Talking Bull, or Stan as he sometimes calls himself, will not
be here. This is not his world.

You--Kat--are alone in your bed--hugging your blankets and

pillows about you, trying to make them more than they are, as you grasp frantically at a stave, call it wand only larger... more life size... more accurate a representation.

Toss it away. What good can it do?

You know what you want. I know what you want.

Throw the covers off in frustration and as you do, notice your arms. The ink has smeared. Who knows where the pen is? Your teacher, Morgana, constantly harps that you should use a quill and ink--nothing but the finest--but where would they be now? You'll have to wash your sheets as it is. But if a bottle of ink was in there, they'd be ruined.

What does Morgana know anyhow?

Nothing my child. Absolutely nothing.

But that is neither here nor there. Laying blame when there is no blame serves no purpose.

Trance is everywhere all the time and it is nowhere, never to be found.

It cannot be cultivated and it cannot be lost.

No doubt it is an illusion, a delusion, and a lie... but what a sweet lie. And my children, of this you can be sure: as long as there are words on the page--or ink in my quill--the trance will live on.

But pay me no mind, I am sure I have learned nothing over the years. Instead let us rejoin Kat, as she... as we sit on the edge of the bed and turn off the lamp we set there so long ago.

The lamp is broken. It does not want to switch off, and having been turned off it does not wish to turn back on.

It should be a clue--a sign, an omen--but for Kat, it is not.

Take a moment to look over the pentagram Kat has made: two lamps on her nightstands bracketing the bed, a reading lamp desperately in need of repair at its foot and two flashlights tossed

(TOSSED!) to either side with the whole connected by silver threads powdered with chalk.

Or at least, long ago they were connected by silver threads, but now--after our exertions--the lines are tangled and broken, as if to signify that this is not the first time we have left the protection of the circle.

But be not afraid.

Never be afraid.

Notice the lamp is broken.

Notice the circle is broken.

Notice!

But nothing more.

There is never a need for anything more.

Lying for so long, you would think we would be rested, but we are not.

Tired.

Our muscles ache. Our hair is soaked in sweat. Our body is sticky from head to toe.

A bath would be nice.

Draw the hot water. Watch it steam.

Select from the spices and choose cinnamon.

Sage... dried wildflowers... no doubt there are better choices for calling our lover back, but we have always been partial to cinnamon, and we are done for the night, are we not?

Bite your lip softly in anticipation.

I think you know better than to believe we are through.

So, dump the cinnamon into the water with abandon. It is a measured amount. Empty the bottle. And then, lower yourself into the steaming bath.

Don't wonder too hard where the candles came from, that there are five, or that once again they form an imperfect pentagram--it's not like we wish to keep others at bay after all.

And then, notice that you still wear your boots... and your dress.

You must really be tired.

So, relax.

Feel the water seep into your shoes. Feel the warming--almost burning sensation--of the cinnamon. Perhaps you've used too much. Notice... that some parts of your body are more sensitive to the cinnamon than others.

I wonder which parts that could be?

Notice the tingles, the pops, and the small tiny explosions, as an itch--that so desperately needs attention--slowly grows.

And as you do, lean back and relax.

Let the warm, heady water soothe you. Feel your dress swish about and cling to your body as you sink lower in the mud.

Do not think.

Let it be.

Let the snorts of the herd comfort you.

You are at a watering hole.

Open your eyes. Stare into the blue sky, and the blue eyes of a massive bull--or is it a cow--that stands over you, as it gives you a nuzzling welcome and drinks by your side.

The fear of the stampede is over. Its smell is gone. Notice the clean luscious coats on your friends.

They are your friends. Aren't they?

Then why don't you know their names? Any of them?

How many times have you been here? And you have never bothered to learn a name.

"They don't have names," yells the man, the Indian. You recognize his face from your bed. He is the man of your dreams, but then he is not. Before your eyes, his head morphs into that of a buffalo. He could be a shaman, a guide, a spirit, or a totem.

As you grope to make sense of this, he repeats his earlier

remark, "They don't have names." And then, just to make sure you recognize his anger for what it is he adds, "They don't want you here. I don't want you here. You're not welcome. It would be best for you, if you left."

Notice your desire along with any surge of passion that might have been gathering together at his arrival suddenly depart as he speaks his words. You might also want to notice that along with desire so has left your will... your impetus for action.

You might like to say something. You might like to do something... but I think I mentioned something about how your will has suddenly departed and left you stranded and alone.

The buffalo, the beast, the wild animals seem suddenly large and daunting--2000lbs of dumb equipped with razor sharp hooves. As one, the herd shifts away. They eye you wearily from cold vacant sockets full of death and danger as they try to decide whether to bolt and run; and if so, in what direction.

They surround you. Whatever the decision--whatever the direction--you would be trampled, minced by the hooves into confetti, very bloody confetti.

"Go! Get out of here!" the spirit creature commands angrily as he approaches waiving a tomahawk about threateningly.

It would be easy to loose ourselves in the moment, in the fear of death, and the tomahawk's biting blade. But luckily, we remember Morgana's advice and let the fear of the moment wash over us like the soothing waters of a scented bath.

This is not real. Nothing is. And that, makes everything possible. A possibility that should be embraced.

"You do not remember me," Kat--which is to say we--says calmly. "We are friends, lovers, and more."

"We are not friends," the apparition insists as he approaches not slowing in his advance. But there is no need to worry. There never is.

“But we are. For, we have given you this gift, this merest token of our love, which you have accepted,” we counter, as we remove our dress pulling it over our head.

Don’t ask me how we manage this, nearly paralyzed as we are, but it is done, and we meet the creature’s gaze as he tosses the dress aside.

“It is clear that you want more,” we instruct the man--the beast--and our word becomes law.

“I’ll take what I want,” he says as he lays us back down in the warm mud.

“Please,” we whisper in response, the needs and wants that left us only moments before, have returned in full force.

“I do not need your permission.”

“Of course not.” There is no need to argue, to rile the beast.

Let him tower over you and become your world. Let his body arch over and protect you. Feel the soft touch of his chest against your heaving breasts as he pushes you gently, slowly, but inexorable deeper into the mud.

Feel his heavy, full breath in your ear.

Inhale deeply and take in his rich, musky, intoxicating scent.

And as your eyes meet his, let whatever is left of your will fall into the deep bottomless insatiable wells of his desire with the knowledge that you will be cared for.

Taken care of.

Satiated--in your desire.

His weight on top of you, you are helpless, but do not fear. Rejoice. This is what you want. What we want.

Let his lips find yours, soft like a horse’s, like a beast’s. Feel his shaggy beard, his mane. Moan softly as his lips brush against yours for the first time. Is this the first time?

Sparks. Electricity.

Feel it in the balls of your feet as you arch to meet him.

Feel him press back as he cradles your head in his arms and

offers you his tongue.

Yes!

Accept his offering. Gladly.

A tongue like no other--like no man's--with the taste of hay and sweet clover.

But he is a man and there are other parts he would like to kiss, to enjoy, to experience.

Let your desire guide you as you move longingly, slowly back and forth squishing in the mud as his lips trace circles down your neck, to your breasts, down the center of your belly, past your hips, and then finally, to you thighs.

Feel his heavy breath.

Sense the moisture of his exhale, melding with yours, the lapping of his tongue, the quickening of your pulse, and your breath growing heavy and deep.

The torment.

So close.

Yet so far.

Your heart gives you away.

Thumping madly, loudly, at the edge of endurance, our entire awareness is given over to our heart and its beat. Listen to its echoing sounds as it fills the tub and the bathwater with its resonate beat.

Smell the cinnamon in the air.

Feel the cool of the water. We have been gone awhile.

The candles have burned low. Once again, the one has gone out.

If one did not know better, one might believe the vision was over.

Somewhere along the way you have lost your dress and your boots sit in a puddle of water on the floor.

Get out of the tub. Towel off. Drain the water. Go about the mundane rituals involved in starting the day.

You may ignore the candles. They were never really there.

It is no way to spend a night.

All the same, it is the only way to spend a night.

Tired, but refreshed.

Exhilarated, but aching for more, you go down to the kitchen, put on the water, and make some tea.

Shake the loose herbs, the black flakes of Oolong, into your cup and watch as they dissolve. Follow the patterns. Let them flow. This is the real test. This is where trance starts--and ends.

The sudden realization that you can never leave the one world behind. It will not be forgotten.

It will not be discarded.

It will not be abandoned.

Hours later?

Time has become unreal.

Look up from your cup. Morning tea has become afternoon coffee, as you watch the cream swirl. It reminds you of the patterns you draw on your arms.

Wonder which came first.

And then glance at your arms and realize that you have finally gotten those tattoos you've dreamt about... and the piercings too.

Discretely--always discretely--rub your thighs together under the table. Feel the metal studs rub against one another. And as the electrical sparks of excitement and sexual daring shoot through your body, notice that it is followed by a sense of déjà vu. You have been this way before.

"I was hoping you'd be here," a man says, as he takes the seat opposite.

Despite yourself, bite your lip softly, as you wonder whether it is fair to call such a creature--such a divine creation--a mere man. The word doesn't seem to do him justice. Those arms. That chest. Those eyes. And that mane of hair. No other word seems to apply.

You can feel your desire. This is why you wear skimpy dresses, decorate your body, and long ago left such pleasantries as panties and bras by the wayside. Let your mind drift as you realize how ironic it is, that in a timeless land, seconds are so important.

No you are selling it short, turning it into something base. Build it up again into something beautiful, pure, and true.

For a man--for a man such as the one that is before you--is the reason you live and breathe.

Be still my beating heart.

But the arrogance. Who does he think he is sitting down uninvited? And hoping you would be here? Is he stalking you?

Fear--the mind killer--creeps in as he takes hold of your fingers with his big, powerful, yet at the same time gently and soft hands, while the other paws--and yes there can be no other word for it--paws at your dress--as if he owns it.

The presumption.

The arrogance.

"I was wondering if I would ever see you again. You left so quickly. When you never came back, I figured I'd have to come find you, return what you left, and even the score," he explains simply as his fingers let go of your brand new silk dress.

"Do I know you?" you manage at last as you stall for time.

"Apparently not," he concedes. "Maybe we should start from scratch."

"Maybe."

He has not let go of your hand. His touch is warm, safe,

inviting. You don't want to let go, and so you don't let go.

You could stare into his eyes forever.

Apparently he feels the same way.

“Coffee?” you ask finally breaking the silence.

“I never drink the stuff,” he replies and then realizing it is time for words he adds, “You're having a vision you know. You're in a trance.”

Yes. Of course you know that now, but all the same...

Look around. Look for the signs. The truncated horizon. The fuzzy edges. The lack of clarity.

The primitive chanting echoing in the background, “Hiyiyiyi. Hiyiyiyi. Hiyiyiyi.” that goes on for ever... and ever.

“I still don't know you?” you insist.

“How can you know anyone?” he counters. But sensing your withdrawal at the game, he whispers your safe word, your sign and counter sign.

“What? How?”

Safe words are a dime a dozen. How many would you like?

You remember the words of your teacher. You feel your pulse quicken.

“Relax,” he says reassuringly as he waves his hand about. “A coffee shop is your world. Let me take you back to mine.”

He stands and formally offers his hand.

It is an invitation.

Six, seven, eight feet tall. I suppose it matters whether you measure the horns or not, and for how long he's let them grow. But we all have our imperfections, our idiosyncrasies. They are easy to overlook if you like. And the rest of his form...

He's solid muscle. From the cover of a book, the pages of a magazine, or a picture in an art gallery.

Your legs feel weak.

Your mind slips and turns.

How could you refuse?
Why would you refuse?
Reach out your hand and take his.
Do not be alarmed as the background fades away. You are in
his custody.
Relax.
You are safe--in his arms.

Listen to the hum of the tires on the highway.
He drives a rusted-out old-time pickup truck. Go figure. He
could drive anything. But he likes the leg room. And he especially
likes the head room.

Cozy up next to him. Feel his protective arm wrap around
your body and pull you in close... and tight.

“Watch the road,” he instructs with a voice smooth and
mellow like melted butter. Watch as the yellow dashes tick off
time as the miles drift by. Loose yourself in the mirrored reflection
of the safety markers.

“Highway hypnosis,” he says distractedly.

“Are you trying to teach me?” you ask. But don’t get your
feathers ruffled. You’ve been gone so long from his world and he
misses you so much that he came to find you in yours.

Even now, he worries that you won’t come back again, that
your feeling will change, or more simply that you’ll forget--or
forget the way.

“Don’t worry,” you assure him as you nuzzle in closer. “I
won’t forget.” But you know that you already have--at least once--
so you study the road as he urges and watch the scenery drift by.

It is a repetitive task. That seems to be important for the
trance. It is what sweeping the floor, kneading dough, or stirring a
pot all have in common.

From there you’ll have to fill in the blanks yourself. I’m sure
you are capable. You seem like a smart girl.

Stare into the void. Let the chaos grow. And having seen its

heart and soul exposed and in the open, with any luck you will be able to recall the pattern and call it forth... anytime, anywhere.

I don't suppose there is any need to make the lesson more complicated than that. It is not the idea that is difficult. It is the years of practice that go into training the mind and making the idea a reality that is tiresome.

It's hard enough to light a candle in a storm when you have matches and can use your hands. Imagine doing it in the dark, with your eyes closed, and the closest thing to a flame being the diminishing spark in your own eyes.

I suppose if I was cynical, I would point out that the only ones who offer any guidance are those who make their living telling lies--to themselves and others.

You are a fool if you think I am different.
But then, this is not a confessional.

You are here. You have found the way. And this moment is your reward. So snuggle up to Stan--short for Stampede--and feel his warmth.

Or, if you prefer, you may refer to him by his chosen name, Talking Bull, as you run your hands over his body. His hands are occupied, one around you, and one on the truck's steering wheel. So, press your advantage and size him up. Feel the hair on his chest, the strength in his arms, and the bulge in his pants.

I'm sure you could work it like a stick-shift--rubbing this way and that--but pause for a moment to consider: if he has the head of a buffalo protruding out from above his shirt collar, what does that say about the other end, the appendage currently aching to be unleashed from below?

As you reach to unbutton his jeans and find out, the truck seems to lose control and proceeds to skid off the high mountain road upon which you have been driving. But not to worry.

One moment the truck spins out of control. And the next,

Talking Bull, the great buffalo spirit, is holding you in his arms, trotting along.

Trucks can only go so far. And we have reached the end of the line. We have returned to his domain.

Watch his body strain as he shoots five flaming arrows high into the sky. Even before I tell you, I am sure that you know they will land to form a perfect pentagram. No visitors are desired. No strangers need call.

Let him carry you into the pentagram marked by these torches where he lays you down on a bed of furs and skins. Once again he hovers over you.

“The dress is mine,” he says as his hands reach under it.

“Yes! Take it! Take me!” you reply as you arch your back to meet him.

Remember that it is exactly for moments like this why you never wear panties. Every second counts. Feel him pressing close. Your heart beats faster. His mouth finds yours and once again he owns you, succumbs to you, and declares his love for you all at once, with greedy, loving, strokes from his tongue.

Let him inside.

“Yes!”

“Please!”

“Now!”

You shout to the night and the sky echoes your cries.

And then, there is silence.

There is no sound but the beating of your heart... and his breath in the air behind you.

You... I mean Kat sits on the edge of her bed. She concentrates on the movements of the pen in her hand. The vision has faded, but it will come again. It always does. The key is to be mindful of the moment, not get too excited, and keep one's breathing steady.

Remembering the words of her teacher Kat whispers softly to herself, “It is your heart that will give you away. And it is your heart that will take you away.” But one can never be heartless.

Of course, of this last, Kat need not be reminded.

She licks her lips, tastes her lover on them, and anxiously awaits his return.

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Trance is now.

But what exactly it is. This is harder--much harder--to explain.