

VERTA

From the moment that you walked in, I had you figured out. I could sense how you made your way through the crowd. You were going to be my alibi. When you came back around, I looked to you in the eyes, and I guided you towards me. You sat down, and you were already very close to me he reached out your hand, and I was holding yours as we talked. You saw us both as observers. You were looking at others as they tried to define them selves. Even though you didn't know them all, you felt as if you knew every game. And you could categorize everyone. No one was herself. Everyone was exchanging personalities for the moment. They seemed to give you your defense. You didn't see yourself the same. You were a healer. And I could feel the warmth as you move closer to me. I was already overwhelmed by the sensation. I wanted to explore more. What would it take? I wanted you to turn me on. You continued to give me these seductive glances. As you talked, I wanted to kiss you. How was this happening? I was supposed to be your excuse, so that you wouldn't act like everyone else. But we were already giving into the moment like everyone else. It wasn't just that you were here. You would costume yourself for this occasion. And I felt as if I had drew you in. I wanted to learn more. I wanted to sense that involvement. Why did I find you captivating?

You offered this supernatural awareness. It was a promise that this moment might be more engaging for the both of us. How was this any different. When I rose from your bed overwhelmed by that passion, what realization was available for me? Were you simply distracting me from my new year? For the moment, you were the perfect temptation. And I accepted the danger. If I slammed the book hard, I would learn nothing more. We could continue gazing in each other's eyes. We could tell each other that this was a spiritual connection. Even without touching, I had penetrated the deep awareness. What is it going to be enough for either of us? I need to raise this question. I need to consider these photos. But I was referring to your appealing presents. I felt as if I was one sense away. I only needed to speak the words, and everything but would make sense once and for all.

What was the source of this belief? Was I any different than anyone that I observed.? For the moment, I wanted to give you the greater credibility. You were living magnificently in the present. And I was observing your participation. We both shared some thing. How long had it taken both of us to come to this realization? The words were so apparent. Everything was obvious to the both of us. What was the difference? Or you would called us observers, but what did we see? What were we ignoring? What gave me the right to explore? I need to keep the action going. I slid my fingers through yours. What resources did I have. You seemed to get closer to me. I said you the words that you needed to keep on with your story.

This was your art. Nothing else. But it existed both now and in the near future. Could I accelerate things? What else could complete this experience? The feeling was already sitting me a blast. I looked you over again. I sensed that eagerness. That kept me deep in this experience. I was looking for greater satisfaction. You knew what that meant. I need to pretend that I knew nothing else. These were the congestion conditions of our observation. I saw some thing that was real. I recognized my ability to say something. The words were food for thought. There was no hesitation on my part. I recognized this opportunity. And I was going to take it. I was going to renew it. That would continue to excite me. You were giving me a philosophy for the moment. I

was going to take it. I was going to enhance it.

No one else could interfere with it was happening to me. We had both surrendered to this belief. So I was willing to add to that excitement. It made everything seem more vibrant. This was more than an attraction. It was pure desire. Why were you able to do this? You tried to hide behind our roles. We were the writers. We were different. In many ways this made it worse. I wasn't changing myself for you. I wasn't becoming someone else. We embraced our limitations as if they were gifts. And we use these gifts to become something greater. I was excited; I was overjoyed by this possibility. Everyone else could communicate from the same sense of impulse. But you denied it, even as you demonstrated that there was nothing else here. What kind of Life could support this awareness? You were still clinging to that supernatural explanation.

You wanted me to believe that you were an otherworldly being. What didn't it matter? This was our only care for the moment. I already recognize the danger. We were in the middle of this conversation. And I can see how fragile the connection was. This time, it wasn't about the passion that had escaped. You question me as I thought the magic would dissipate. I tried to invoke that feeling again and again. I didn't want you to catch me an ally. For the time being, this need to be our faith. Maybe, he would let me follow you outside. From that point on everything would be obvious. That action seemed only a few steps away. But there was almost an eternity between now and that affirmation.

I felt as if I was going to get lost before I could even state my case. I did everything to share what I had. But I spent all night thinking about some thing else. This went beyond our role as observers. But we were what were we doing with her knowledge? After we moved beyond the mumbo-jumbo, what else remained? Could we find a more constant understanding that would make us more excited about this possibility. I thought about it. I relished the invitation. You had offered me a wonderful opportunity. I was supposed to close the deal. I was supposed to tell you everything that you needed to know. You were my means of escape, not vice versa. And you were staring at me as if I had an answer. I could barely respond. Why had I become distracted? It wasn't supposed to take this long. I knew that I would have to set up my arguments. But it seemed like only a matter of time. You weren't that far from total agreement.

I waited. But I couldn't do this on my own. And I understood that you wanted something from me. I need that signal. At this moment, ready to reveal. You had jeopardized this situation. It was really all up to me. I had a lot to figure out if I was going to make it work. Already, I recognized how I was violating a basic principle of my own way of thinking. I knew what I wanted. We both knew what we wanted. But if we were observing ourselves, we would've admitted that this was not the way to go. Even if we did follow this argument along, and offer a greater promise. For the moment, what was that promise? What else did it provide? This was the story. This was why I was a writer. At this moment, it was that lovely pretext. But if I didn't follow this course of action, everything would be hypothetical. I was here to describe two different paths. If I was going to move to the opposite path, when there have to be some kind of reward for my efforts.

What was she offering that no one else had? She had sat at home preparing a moment just like this. And she had it all worked out. Indeed, that was her nature. That was what was so appealing about the moment. She was here to surrender everything that she had defended up to this point. But that seemed absurd. I had been battling for something else. And she seemed ready

to confirm when I was doing. But I really didn't call her over for that reason. And I pretended that desire in its most extreme form could provide a needed answer. This had been my disagreement with Dusk. This was why I try to expose Brad. I wasn't just looking for the thunderclap. I wanted something else more lasting. Here was the real trick: I needed to feel it in the now. But we were supposed to speak for an eternity. Her actions exposed the contradiction. She claimed that her inspiration was supernatural. Honestly, was there any reason to believe her? This was simply a deep commitment to the delights of the physical world. And she was ready for such confirmation. Perhaps, she was convinced that something more awaited her. That was why she seemed to magnify my hesitation. And I hardly knew what to do to counteract that assessment. I wasn't going along with her way of thinking. But I needed something more to sustain the connection. Otherwise, I was getting caught up in a fantasy. And she knew what to do to make it in.

I was trying to understand her intentions. What were her expectations? She told me that she was so immersed in the moment. In a sense, see she was emerging herself in a more intense way. How different was this from Sheba? This wasn't so much about flattery. But both seemed attached to this spiritual vision. And that seem to give greater motivation to their actions. I didn't want to make more of it than it was. But it didn't make sense for the moment. This could provide for a deeper anthropological understanding. The spiritual seemed like an exaggeration of particular emotional states. These emotion experiences could excite the individual. But the subsiding of these feelings could create a sense of longing. And that feeling could become more intense. On this basis, the individual played the more active desire, and this created her experience. If she became committed to this view, there were entities that could maintain this connection. This kind of attitude seemed predominate at Reunion. The reason ritualistic became a critical aspect of this presentation.

Verte had her own style. And it seemed appropriate for the moment. But there was something else going on at Reunion. It wasn't so much a costume party. People were presenting different facets of them selves. And this conviction could be so important. Even though she might be caught up in the moment, her experience was very different from Nola's. Nola never really felt comfortable with her self. Her image was much more unstable. She felt that glamour was the key element or social interaction. There's not really a lasting connection that could be sustained from one experience to the next. Verta was rooted in a spiritual awareness, but it seemed to imply some thing that was more sustained. But it was all presented in such a haphazard way. She invited people into her world. She could continue that stable development. It wasn't so much a waiting game. She wanted something to happen in the moment. She had her own sense of glamour. But it was not cyclical. It was more like a straight line. There were still a sense of uncertainty. This made the overall presentation confusing. Noel always seemed preposterous and she found great appeal and others who kept on with this kind of pretense there till's experience was much more immediate. She had a feeling for art. And this made this moment even more provocative.

I could sense the danger. I was giving so much more credibility to what was happening before me. It left me bewildered. I thought that I had been creating an occasion for contemplative experience. This could break down the creative process into a series of understandable gestures. Overall this experience could show the authority of the creator. It was just massive buildup of

energy. Now I was seeing where that energy went.

Rels wasn't here. She had taken her inspiration and made it into something more. But there's this constant obstacle in her way. And she couldn't push past that. How could she strip away this constant impediment. I wanted to feel it in the moment. Verta was making that promise. This was the illusion that I had observed and again and again. This was the very challenge of Verta's questions. All of a sudden, she was in the middle of things. And I could feel that feeling come over me. I

It seized me. I could feel that desire. I was letting go. I was violating that idea of time that I spent so long trying to develop. I was surrendering to something that was temporary. I only need to get in the door. This was hardly how I expected things to turn out. I held onto what I had. It seem to be enough for the grip my hand stronger. I was thinking to let her slip away. For the moment, this seem to be all that I needed. I want to believe that my insights from more than allusions. But Verta was staring in my eyes. I wanted to believe her theology. Her lips told me so much about what I needed to know. It also supported her overall view of the world. And I felt taken in by its appeals. Was I becoming just like Sly? It was so obvious. I needed that power for the moment. I needed the rush. And help me like go over everything else. Sly try to explain it by talking about something catastrophic in his experience.

I wasn't even pretending. This was wrong. This was elemental. I need to complete the experience to make sense of everything that has been happening around me. This added another convection. I could lose myself in Verta's body. What did this say about the pledge to Rels. Was there something that was coming. It was at all exaggeration. We wanted something to hold us together. We kept imagining that it was there. Now, we were face to face with that danger. How could we sort through it? This was hardly in opposition. It was almost as if Verta was Rels's representative for the night. I realized how devious this sounded. I had expected Rels to show. But she wasn't here. And I was caught by the charms of Verta. I wanted her to add to her myth. Why could these experiences lead to something more? I asked myself. I wrestled with the situation. I was losing myself in Verta. Despite my apparent intoxication, Verta seem to catch on. I wasn't all there. I was somewhere else. And I wasn't completely taken in by the masquerade. I wondered if Verda could figure that out. I didn't want to give her that credit. I wanted to believe that I could do this. But she was showing her resistance. It was only for a moment that I strengthened my grip. She seemed to respond positively. It was clear that I wasn't being too aggressive. We were still lost in that expectation. And I wanted to keep it that way. There to smiled. She found all this flattering. Loved it. I need to keep it going. Did I have the confidence to carry forward. Now and then, a hesitation was apparent. Already, I was fighting with myself. This was supposed to be so easy.

I wanted to kiss her neck. I want to show her how involved I was. This might've seemed like an inconvenience. I was getting lost. What about my political awareness? I felt this was key to all these experiences. But Sly always found that he was doing so much more. Clearly, he wanted disciples. I didn't want to see myself that way. I didn't want to think that I was getting taken in by the experience what was happening to the both of us? If this was a new world based on a healthier attitude about our lives, wouldn't that be justification enough for addressing the other challenges? For the moment, I love the delusion. This was Rels, but the feeling was even more intense. I thought about it. What was available? I wanted to hear Verta to explain position.

This could be a soliloquy, and I would be the audience. These were all soliloquies that I adored in the moment. So I felt that he knew what it was all about. It was getting high in the empire of the senses. It was never about the alcohol. I could make the claim to others. That was in the show. The show was this wonderful excitement, which lasted forever and ever.

You could move from one person to another, and they all felt it. They didn't want to stop here. They wanted to push on further. Nevertheless, it contradicted real talent. How could it be any different? Maybe Jenelle could try to take this offer. She could figure out all the facets of this challenge. The story became more complex. That was what I had driven sly on. After Verta, who else would I be? I didn't want to get consumed in seeing everybody the same way. That was the failure of the other witnesses. They were lesser versions of Sly. They were lesser versions of Vittorio. They just wanted to give themselves to everyone. Even Ariadne had once been convinced by the same philosophy. Brad had create his own brutal version of the same thing.

What did any of this matter? It was all enjoyment in the present. That would seem to defeat any naturalistic philosophy. There was no source. There is no route. It was this these disjointed moments of pleasure. And it all burst forth. Overtime, these ravages would result in a character like Vince gGeen. Everything was mechanical on his world. And he found so many other people who could be a little dolls in this enactment. Unfortunately, each one was severely damaged, much more damage than he was. But it was all pretty much the same thing. The story became more complex. Everything seemed more difficult. The self got lost in the moment. It was all these scenes. And the Director would organize them.

How did we move from that understanding of individual pleasure to the principles embodied by the Director who was trying to gain control over the world.? How was that even possible to see things any other way.? Rels seem to break the pattern. But she was doing everything off camera. She hadn't made an appearance in a while. And each promise was stifled by the reality. Was there any other portrayal that would liberate the self? It wasn't simply a matter of an acting one scene after another. Sly had studied Marquesa. And he had his own version of spectacle. That meant including more people on the representation. Each new person believed that she was the only one. But there are so many others who were involved. I can sense that understanding.

For the moment, Verta was everything. I needed to seize it for what it was. But I knew this would fade. It would fade very quickly if only Rels was here, I would change the story. But she wasn't. So this was what I was experiencing time and time again. And I couldn't get away. No one could. I need to I need a Verta to lead me to the next phase.

Verta's influence had been so important for consideration of the present challenge. But her memory was already starting to fade in the bright light of the new week. Or was it even possible to maintain that connection? The story and develop its own logic. In a sense, that might've been the problem. Verta had set a standard. Anyone else could play this role. She could see the same things. She could act in the same way. And I responded in a similar fashion. Verta had relied upon her appeals. Anyone else can do the same. This was all part of the presentation. There were others caught in a similar way of thinking. I wondered how I was supposed to relate. What is this the end of the story?

I had reached this point, and it made sense to me. Now things changed. There was an element of confusion on my part. Verta seemed contradict my method. I could pretend that her

spirituality fit perfectly in this understanding. But I could see how everything was falling apart right before my eyes I could see it from the opposite perspective Rels been successful in advocating her point of you. But Verda was a different situation that was the excitement that seemed to highlight this place. Everyone could adopt her own vision as if it applied in an accurate manner to the world around us. Nevertheless, I recognized that none of this really made sense. I was flattering myself. I was making it seem as if this order applied universally. But the breakdown was evident. Verta could describe the actions to a t. She saw the evident dangers, but she threw her self in the moment.

I recognized an entirely different kind of representation. What did it mean? What was my role? In the light of day, the system that I use makes sense. It was productive and it's on way. Built upon my previous experience it was exciting for me. This moved everything along. Maybe I wasn't giving her enough credit. After all, she had been the one who upset the system. She was inviting me to see the world. I wanted to have a better understanding of the situation. She was coming at it from a very pragmatic point of you. But there was still something magical about her perspective. How I was being drawn in? That excited me. The image continued to stay with me. What truly lingered on? I need to figure this out. I was in the middle of a transformative experience. What were the foundations?

I had Verta come talk to me. But I easily could've created character on my own. And I could've developed these thoughts. What was the difference? What had they figured out?. There was a big world out there, and there were numerous challenges. I needed to take it for what it was. Where did that put me? Did I need to relive that night? I recognize what was happening. I've spent this time trying to depict characters such as Lincoln and Sly. It wasn't as if they accepted this point of you. But they seemed to captivate others. And they had a method that was rooted in the culture. Even though they were trying to dominate the situation, they saw themselves at the outcasts. This contrasted with the other boys that might visit Reunion. They had a completely different attitude.

Sly was trying to immerse himself in the moment. And he hoped that one person might provide an answer. This may have been his connection to Julie. She was already moved by this naturalistic philosophy, and he might've felt that he could call on a similar interaction. This created with him. We could intervene to alter this balance? Was I supposed to watch? Verta was telling me that we could see things in a different way. And this challenged the first philosophy. If only her outlook was more productive. It wasn't even capturing the ebb and flow of what we were seeing. She had adapted her own costume. She carried her myth with her. That was the end of the conflict. She wasn't much different than the other characters. She was equally lost. At least Sly looked more than a part. He was referencing a historical moment.

His friends had that same awareness. It might even go deeper. Was Verta inviting me to play along similar lines? Was this a challenge to the perspective offered by Sly? Verta had upset my logical perspective. Nevertheless, I was willing to entertain her view. She distinguished herself from Julie since her presentation had a clearer intent. Julie started to align herself with a natural order, even if there was an aspect of theater in her presentation. Verta was representing an idea, and that idea was rooted in desire. Even though she had a spiritual understanding, there was something unsettled about her nature. In this sense, she was welcoming and her body. Indeed, this seemed like a critical challenge to her nature. She talked about the fact

that she was still moving along. This went beyond the effects of alcohol. At any moment, the fire burned uncontrollably with him. And she would get lost in the experience. Indeed, this was the conflict. She acted as if she has subdued the spirits. All along, they were totally engaging. Why was this so disruptive? Totally involved in the moment. No immanent distractions. But I could feel how she was taking me out of my game. And I surrendered myself completely. It was almost total satisfaction on her part. She witnessed what was going on and she seemed to overwhelm me. I wanted to respond affirmatively. But as she called me in, she seemed to call back. Each time that I seemed to be elsewhere, she would become more intense. But that was all that was. It was totally automatic. I couldn't do anything to disrupt this feeling. How incredible was this feeling? Was it something that I could ignore question it seem to interfere with my attraction? But it was also rooted in the same kind of understanding. I had been expecting it. I was a little confused when she didn't show up.

Verta's visit was more intense for me. It added to the excitement. I participated in that feeling early on I surrendered myself. There's nothing else for me. What does that mean? Was I asking for more from the attack. I needed only to move this to another location. Would that make everything progress very quickly? Afterwards, what could I say. I felt overwhelmed by the experience. It was strange. I almost felt that this was some kind of experiment. It held people temporarily under this vision. It seemed rewarding for the time being. But it was all a grand catastrophe. It was the challenge that seem to await the world. And I was witnessing this feeling for what it was worth; this all makes sense in the present. And I accepted the terms. But the negotiation seem to change from moment to moment. I had already committed myself. I had this expectations. I was drawn away from my expectations. Here I was. Something reminded me of total nothingness. A blank. Everything was so caught up in the passion. What could I hope would follow. I thought about the challenges?

What was supposed to say? Beyond this physical excitement, there wasn't anything else. This was a total acceptance of the world as it was. There were no challenges from the outside. Everything existed for the moment. This was a destination. But there was so much more to wonder about. That was were things got tricky. If everything seemed so automatic, why couldn't they simply reproduce the same conditions with someone else. This was all part of the delusional nature of Sly. He was always trading up. He was always trying to move from the present moment on to some triumphant future. What did that involve? Where did that take it? What did it matter?

This was how the cult started. Sly was seeking devotion. He was promising himself. He was claiming that he would undergo a total transformation. But he seemed to do that for each and every person. And the process continued. I overcame more intense challenges. What did it mean to involve others in the game. Were they were all excited. And they got caught up in the current. But it was only real because he came magnified by every new contact that he had. Thus, the promises became more extravagant.

It became more convincing. For him, the science became more complicated. This increased the appeals. And it held everybody in. They all recognized the same fascination. And it seemed to explode everywhere. That added to the magic. If there was a supernatural belief, it could be traced to every word spoken. Every feeling added to the sensation. Each participant took him to the next stage of his personal revelation. There was no other way to see this connection this was complete involvement on his part in the lost himself in the feeling that was all that

mattered. When I was with Verta, it made more sense than ever. I wasn't existing for the now. I was living in one hundred future moments. For the time being, she represented all these different characters. And it added to my excitement. I continued in this belief. It was completely involving. What did Verta want me to understand?

There was a sense that her needs could be linked to some kind of scientific understanding of the world. Certainly though there was an immediate she wanted to maintain. That disconnection was a lasting one. From this knowledge, it would be possible to develop. There was no other way to see this. Was it supported by actual experience? Was each repetition different enough that it would create a pattern zone? If Verta saw her self as an observer, she was distinguishing herself from every other experience in the place. This suggested that it was possible to understand all these different kinds of behavior as a whole. Everything was focused on this exaggeration of the self and its attributes. It wasn't simply the physical manifestation. Each expression suggested so much more.

Was Verta indicating that she had gone through similar experiences? Or what was the quality of her experience? Was it always something greater than it was? When had she lost her way? Would she have felt temperamental? She need to be present in the moment. But Rels wasn't taking that risk. Only Verta seemed willing to comfort me. At least, this was her intention for the short term.

What do they have to do to with that feeling's full impact? I did not need to involve others in this overall understanding? What would that mean if Verta tempted the heights. But she had gone beyond. She's seen some thing else, and I want to know what that was. I wanted her to beckon to me. I want her to lead me forward. What was her understanding? It was based on her own uncertainty. It was worthwhile examining her concerns. If that was so, she would only aspire to the heights. But she would not attain that enlightenment. I wanted to give her greater credit in this experience. Something seemed to be standing in her way. And I didn't grasp it completely. That vulnerability may have added to her power.

She was rooted on the earth. She had her own trials. But she had come through with flying colors, and she was inviting me for something more. What did I want to better understand. If I threw myself into this moment, what would happen? Would I awaken days from now and wonder what it happened. I would definitely be concerned,

She was describing her own experience. I could sense I was losing the trail. I wanted to enlighten her to what was possible. But she seemed distracted. Did she even have enough inspiration to move along further? In a sense, I questioned my own motives. But I did everything that I could to go along. I wanted to understand this method what does it mean: it's supposed to be rose? I was trying to except it for what it was. Honestly she was inviting me to observe our experience from the outside. And I really felt that she had limited control over what was happening.

Even if I tried to credit her, was that even enough here?

"This is your life. But she kept referring to the supernatural possibility. I wanted to know what that meant. I wanted to understand what was truly possible. This promise. For a moment, I imagine myself sitting on her couch. What would come next? They surveyed the room. This is supposed to be like a shrine? Invited us to this uplifting experience. How could I understood these powers? This might be even more focused. I had no worries from my safety. I just

wondered how far I could take it. I wondered what was standing in my way.”

“She might’ve seemed to be risking a great deal. This already seemed to be something she had done before. The magic starting to fade away.”

The cult gave greater meaning to the role of the leader. Each person enhanced that vision in her mind. This gave Sly greater authority. He could get what he wanted. But others were there to increase that sense of belonging. This only made each connection seem more lasting. No one would be left behind. Everyone could participate in that same belief. This added to the feeling of belonging. Whenever someone doubted the organization, Sly could reassure her.

If only Sly wasn’t so temperamental, he might have been more reassuring to his followers. This could have continued on forever. Instead, he was risking the destruction of the group. But that was all part of his emotional intensity. It attracted everyone to his side.

Was there another way to do this? Was this the thread that held the story together. People hoped for something more. If only the cult could add to that feeling of belief. What did I need to share to inspire everyone? That was what Dusk had accused me of. But she had already practiced this art.

I could not offer therapy if my cure was more threatening to the psyche. I was observing. I was describing an experience. It did not seem critical if it did not have a deeper purpose. What was I adding to this dynamics. I was moving it along. I was documenting. But Verta showed me the power. Nevertheless, she wanted to get involved without understanding the magic. I felt let down.

Did I need to seize the moment? That seemed to be Sly’s style. Verta seemed so curious. Was I taking advantage of her vulnerability? Or was she simply playing along.

I wanted to enact this fantasy in my mind. I lost myself in her appeals. And it excited me. I wanted more. I looked her in the eyes. Was she going to guide me? She had been open about her observation. Was this her way to absent herself from her own experiences. I considered what I myself was seeing. It was almost as if she had her own speech to accompany the game. That was how it all worked.

Sly expanded on these beliefs. That was what made the cult so amazingly prosperous. Some of these people were artists in their own way. He told them that anything was possible. They would find the necessary recognition. He was their number one fan.

How was he able to divide his attention so effectively? I was already seeing a facet of the method. But I could not imagine Verta extending this belief much longer. She would easily tire. And she liked to be entertained.

Sly had a way of spending other people’s money. That seemed to contradict my beliefs. I did not want to get caught in this maze. But it seemed very appealing.

Verta was promising me a lifestyle. It was a new way of being. But it was not that self-aware. She had her own way of submerging her desires in the moment. That made her myth so effective. I wanted to be a part of it. I needed to play along.

If I told her Sly’s complete story, she would have tired. In a sense, it exposed her own moment. But if she had returned another night, I would have become more of a believer. She had already invited me into this lair. And I wanted to explore a mystery, that was actually so transparent for me.

Was I not giving her the opportunity to express her beliefs? I didn’t want to think that I

lacked understanding. One kiss would have changed things. One kiss would have confirmed her lies. I loved that promise. For the moment, that was all that seemed to be worth it.

She embraced the risk. She wanted nothing but this wondrous moment. Honestly, she had nothing to lose. And I hated this situation. That showed little understanding of her challenges. I couldn't see myself as so immune to her appeals.

Everything was so exaggerated for the moment. It wasn't just her style. The myth had a universality. And I could add to its potency. Did I even care? What did it really mean? She wanted everything for the now. But it was hardly meant to last. I could sense how this experience was coming apart before my eyes."

Verta knew how to take advantage of my doubts. I was hungry. I was desperate. She was all about desperation. I could walk away. I could escape. I was trapped, and I loved that appeal.

She didn't want to believe that this performance was only temporary. How was she going to hold it together after this experience? She made an extra effort to distinguish herself from the others. Her observations were more prevalent. I loved the immediacy. What was there ever besides this promise?.

Was I only cataloguing these short-term encounters? If Julie was justifying her experience, how different would it be? Julie never seemed to be so earnest. She didn't need her own explanation. She simply was. She didn't need to be observed. She saw. She acted. She was manifest. Verta assumed a place for herself that did not exist.

Verita invited me into a fantasy

"I found it with you. Should I explore further? Is this a form of meditation? I wanted to go deep? I was reliving each moment in the imagination. It excited me. I want to learn more. But I already exhausted the experience. What more could I expect? I had felt that same intensity when I watched Vee dance. What is it that same inculcation? I let the moment wash over me. How else could I lose myself. It shook me all over. I loved the appeal. It drove me crazy I wanted nothing less."

I needed this magnificence and more. She made me feel excited about my own life. Apparently, I couldn't stop it. I wanted an answer. I was supposed to believe what just happened today. I was caught up in a moment. I wasn't thinking about it. It had little to do with her argument. It was more about these physical appeals. I could see all this work, but what did we truly share. This happened beginning of my journey. I was here to verify my observations. The image behind the curtain was supposed to be the same as what I saw before me. What was inviting me to see this connection. But I continued to want some thing that she could not give.

I was enticed by a different harmony, and it was there for me to explore. I wanted to see her. I need to see what was in Verta that seemed to promise this alternative. I continued to explore it. But she didn't seem to be able to see much more. Was she living the science? What would that have meant. She would have to do express a greater. But I was almost punishing her for her interest in me. I wasn't crediting her efforts.

This was a crisis, and I wasn't responding fast enough. I wasn't being responsive to what was occurring around me. It emphasized my weakness. I hated to admit my vulnerability. It only made me want to give up everything and commit myself to the moment. But Rels and I had already devised another way of speaking. The process was much more gradual. And it was still

built on the immediacy of our interaction. I was never caught up in the explosiveness of the situation.

I was priming myself for something else. I felt excluded. I had hoped for something else. I was being denied. I was being exiled. And I needed to push my self in the wonder.

What did I expect? What was redeeming about any of this. It was always more than the promise of image, and I got caught up what it was. What was essential for my growth? I may have been devoted to an artistic project, but I can see how it affects faded before me. I wasn't any different.

I wanted validation for the moment. Dusk made fun of it. I already knew there was something more.

For the moment, Verta seemed to offer me enough. I figured that was the puzzle that I faced all the time. At any moment, this project could just explode right before my eyes. And I would be back at the beginning. I felt myself get tossed around in this way

“There's nothing new here.”

“It's new for me.”

“The decisions are made for us. And we see those decisions when we step out of them. And we step right back into them.”

“You're inviting me to step right back into it. Right? This only ends up in one place. Then you get rescued. Then you get abandoned. This is the power of the now. It has to be your self-destruction.”

Verta recognize from this she was attracted to the artistic vision. But she also sensed an overconfidence from the people who spent time here. This attitude seemed to question the efforts of others. Verta already felt good in her skin. She did not feel threatened by the situation. Nevertheless, she understood the challenges. She wasn't trying to fit in. But she could sense how others were overwhelmed, and she didn't want to get lost by these influences. It wasn't as if she had some great revelation from this experience. She wasn't going to leave this place with a recognition of how she may need to change her own life.

In some respects, she may have seen her own spiritual insights as connected to the efforts of others. This was a very public place. People were performing for each other. Verta could easily be taken in by this excitement. Nevertheless, she knew enough for herself so she was not going to be formed by the moment. It might seemed as if her feathers I've been ruffled. But she took joy in this presence. It's almost as if she understood the competition, and she had her own ways of addressing it. That was the basis of her assurance. She emphasized her experience. If she could sense that physical wonderment, she wanted it to me more than that. That was what she communicated through this experience. It added to her overall excitement. She could plan this book at home. She knew how to walk to fit the part. She couldn't hide her practical awareness. This was rooted in her commitment to work. But she was also expanding her vision. It was all part of the overall encounter. She immersed herself in the magic. She lost her self in a give-and-take. It became even more engaging if she felt a little uncertain. She had her own way to respond. She was an active participant in what was happening around her. This added to her self. That was why the overall experience seemed so magical. She lost her self in experience. It was totally wondrous it was all enveloping. It was totally physical. It was the blood rushing to the head and tingling all over the body. It was that explosive excitement. Every thought and every

gesture contributed to the same involvement. She was submerged in experience. She wanted it, and she wanted it again. That was what experience meant. That was with the physical moment. That stimulus added to the engagement. she wanted nothing less.

I could sense that feeling simply by touching her hand. I could feel that electric current. I identified with her primitive rhythm. There was no other way to understand this magnificence. It manifested itself again and again. I was deeper and deeper in the appeals; it was nothing else. This was my everything. I loved her playful nature. She recognize this power, and she wanted to share it. I surrendered to it. I let her take me over. There was nothing but this attraction.

I completely understood that feeling that Sly had undergone. He was totally immersed in the moment there was nothing but a sensation. It was all about this explosive sensation. It was totally about this exaggeration. Once he started, he couldn't stop. He thought about nothing else, He needed to confirm his resolution. He needed to be part of this experience.