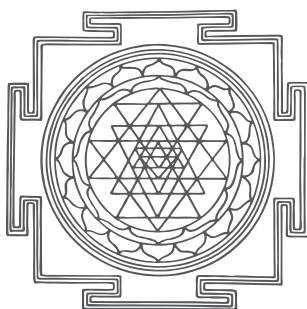
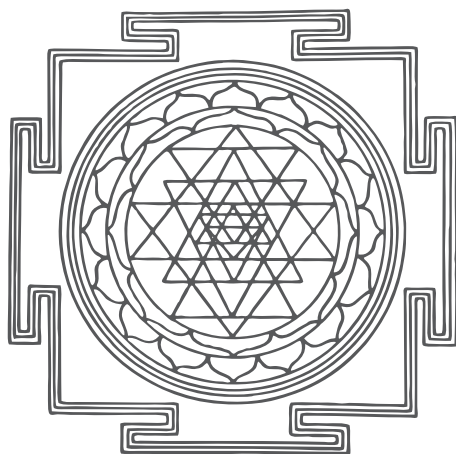


THE TRUTH OF A NAKED SOUL



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A.T. Sahota



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This is a work of fiction, using well-known historical and public figures. Where real-life historical or public figures appear, the situations, incidents, and dialogues concerning these persons are entirely fictional and are not intended to change the entirely fictional nature of the work, and resemblance to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.

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*Dedicated to
BYT-DWD*

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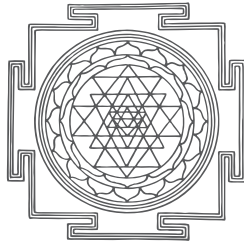
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Words have power
Power has no words
—A.T.

ACT I

chapter one

The Darkness



Her face lingers in my memory — if only I had another day or night... tassels of hair cascading down her shoulder...childishly watching me as she sat — squatting on the toilet...I admired myself in the mirror...handsome, the pose of my youth... With my muscles, bodybuilder flex, sucking in my stomach...she would laugh at me...

It was either this scene or the taste of her pussy — not sure which one I like the best when I remember my time with her.

My heart aches in this memory... I never would do the right thing — what tradition calls for...the pining of my soul creates the drug I long for...

I remembered the night she asked if I would listen to her poetry.

Nothing came further from my mind, that there would be magic in her words... I should have known — she has a way with reality...shifting space — when I wasn't careful it seeped into my brain...her magic was.... No, IS powerful.

Sometimes there would be an acute sense of sound rushing into my ears—blood through the veins and walls breathing...crickets in the night—I felt my own power in these moments,
King Maker...that's what we call this kind of woman.

Can I go back?—or take back what was lost?...maybe she would find mercy for a deeply broken man...

Her poetry lingers... Not like the fragrance of perfume... A linger, like the taste of smokey old whiskey and a good cigar...

Hmmm, who is the poet now my love?

Picasso. His raw charcoal on paper... distorted lines, created from the thoughts in his head... What he can do to a woman—now that I admire...

Perhaps Picasso's mind has similar thoughts. A dark beast lurks in the depths of my mind, screaming... "Those fucking whores will never get the best of me...not even the sweet taste of their passion or their face filled with fear in a deep, hard fuck..."

That night, as I lay on the bed, I could feel the words of her poetry enter my body—she didn't know then...it was the last time I would let my heart get the best of me. The words penetrated my soul...I was falling into a deep rich void.

The simplicity struck me, and then I was lost...lost in the cadence of her pain, her anguish, and her power... I got lost in my own steaming jealousy and seduced by the mystery of transformation—I want to be King.

Her voice throwing me fast and further down an ancient hole—not even I dared to follow...

Consumed by the tapestry of words, sparks of electric prose seemed to vibrate through my being. Spellbound, they took me

Sensing a scar of memories... Tara, Picasso and Rumi

Maybe I have it backwards,
An affair struck by my own pain
A beast lurking in the shadows
And the purity of innocence...
She loved me... For all it's worth...

The Dark Beast

I have always known of a darkness
Not of his true nature,
But holding of a force only a God may contend with
I have a burning desire to come upon him
To go deep into the bowels of his own hell...
Awaken his slumbering demon,
Lay upon his breast and call to his silent passions
The thundering of a pain
Loosening its grip
Among the well placed locks
Its prison can no longer hold the bellows...
A cry rings out into the universe
Seething, the darkness crawls out from the abyss
Rupturing through its swollen canal,
Birthed into true form
Its terrifying power possessing
My tender soul
Its lust has no rules
Toying with the Gods is not a thing to do
Yet, I lay in my nakedness
My breath heavy with desire
My flower ripe with want
You have come for me
Brash in your manner,
Fully entrenched in your demonic passions
Cursing me for my purity
Never knowing
It will be the pure light of my heart that will quell the beast
You will take me,

Not knowing what will become, of you and I
Structures can no longer contain
the whipping storm that will crash and fill me
Distorting the lines of what they call love
And I, knowing this is what true love can hold
In the palm of truth and illusion
An awakened beast can sleep peacefully in my being

Your Walls

The pain and suffering
Of a wounded heart can tear at the soul of another
The crashing down of a well-laid wall
Can kill you if you are not careful
The emptiness that was left in the wake of betrayal
Is calling to my heart
I am caressed by your pain...
Wanting to mend its festering wound
Am I strong enough?
You ask, not in words but in your pushing me away
And I respond to the question...
My heart is gently bringing you in...
Slowly,
As to not disturb the wave of grief that needs release
I will hold you, forever...
If you will let me

The flow of an Invitation

My body is yearning and I am dripping . . .
A powerful fantasy fills my being
My life force quickens
Beating a reminder into my chest
I have wanted you for an eternity.
A sensing of excitement grabs a wave into my heart
I am riding on the lust of your wanting
A gentle finger on my flowered awakening
The flow of an invitation
And your body now hardens
In a fast knowing . . .
“She desires for me to take her”
The innocence within the core
Pushes out an intense need
To pull you in . . .
With a reminder of all that’s exposed in surrender.
The heat of your breath finds its place on my neck
Speaking loudly a gust of desire
I feel you pressing into me
And my body again crying into a deep wanting
Your hands finding their way across the landscape of my being
Your arousal now searching for its home . . .
Finding it through a wanting grind . . .
Slipping into its rightful place
My body taking you in
A soft tightening and quickening
And I am filled
A sensation rushing through my core
Screaming in ecstasy the cells vibrate and dance

Thrusting deeply, a surge of power, releases an explosion that your
whole body responds to

And I, a moist gush of intensity flowing along your body. . .

You kiss me, deep and long

Intimate in its connection and gratitude for the complete surrender

Dark Things

We first manifest the unspoken, the dark things that hide deep
 within the bowels of our being
Unwilling to see these aspects of ourselves
Because we are broken
Too much pain has come to pass
an unruly personality
With desperate desires to destroy
Unwilling, to see the Truth... it is I who creates all realities...
Behaviors unspoken, blinding
One must take a dive into
Illumination to find the reasons why
Blistering cold reality
Lies and betrayal of the true self
What is found hiding among the foggy depths
Innocent child...

Deep in My Soul

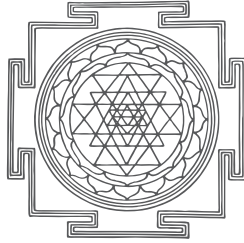
There is an empty place in my soul...
It is heavy and it burns...
Crying to be touched and fed,
Passion wells up inside me, wanting its release...
Aching with a longing so deep...
Seeking a connection to my soul
When will he be ready to recognize me?
Or has he already, and I am too scared to take him in
The passing moments, only a glimpse of my longing
Reminding me of the emptiness
That burns deep into my soul

To The Ancient King

My love, I have returned from my slumber,
Ancient and wise
Golden Light once again will flow through your veins
Mighty as a king, fierce as the jaguar
Tell me your sorrows deeply held in the chambers of your heart
What did the Red Queen say as she struck you down, beneath her feet?
The volcano now awakens, the rumble of fiery passion, no longer
 contained...
“Come to me”
Bellows burning.. Quickening arises a silent strength
The flush of hunger, to soar once again
Beats a rhythm of knowing...
A legend ignites
I am here to whisper Truth into your being
And that whisper becomes a full breath of longing
Guiding a way
The stars have spoke of this coming age
Triumphant is your return
Embracing a moment of glory
To witness the Grace of a new world

Chapter Two

Imperfection



Somewhere deep in our psyche
There is a core belief that we are unlovable...
The abandoned child within has been wounded.
Lack of self-love has sprouted,
It grows like a fierce weed
of hate and violence towards self and our neighbor

—TARA

My own imperfections get the best of me, when I'm not looking.
The world can create a beast in a man.
Like it or not, this is the truth.

The Mind beats the shit out of me most of the time. It's a
never-ending battle

How she did it, I do not know — I want it from her... Waiting for a
chance to take it

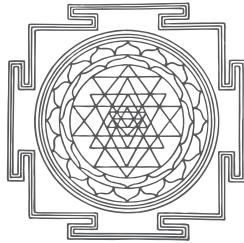
the ease and grace. No fear walking into a room, the friendly smile that draws people close. She can see them. The truth of their soul, she knows them so deeply. How can a person make another feel as though they were the only one in the world?

I want her power; she will never do anything with it.

I can wield it, mold my own destiny. She cannot see what she has.

Tara tells me she works for God. I believe she does, or is she God herself?

Sri Yantra



I once met a man. We watched the sunset together at the Santa Monica Beach. He told me, “This,” he pointed towards Los Angeles, “was thoughts having sex,” and he went on, “it only takes the sun three minutes to fully set once it hits the horizon.” He seemed so proud of this, as if he was the one who created the event. Then he told me, “You are stardust of the most exalted kind.” I believed him. He never said it, yet I am pretty sure he is God.

—TARA

The symbol in this book is the Sri Yantra, one of the oldest geometric symbols known to man. This symbol is an ancient technology used to shift one into higher states of consciousness. Within the symbol is all of the created universe, as above, so below, within it a perfect ratio of 3.14, PI; and is a representation of the primordial sound, Aum.

“You realize the importance of tuning into a particular vibratory rate in order to elevate the mind and body from its lower, less ideal states, such as those of sickness and depression. You need not suffer from these states of mind. They

are illusions of the first class, and many of us have had them for so long that we forget that our natural state is one of joy, vibrant health and, bliss.”

—UNKNOWN

This book is dedicated to Humanity, to the evolutionary process of living in high states of consciousness. This is the next phase or Age of Humanity. Transformation starts within a dark night of the soul and moves through relationships, with others and self. Finally, resting our consciousness into the Truth of Oneness. A place we never really left, only an illusion that we were something else. No one knows for sure why or how or when, yet eventually one comes home.

—A.T. SAHOTA