

## THE RAZZMATAZZ OF SOULFUL SEXINESS

*Written in June 2006*

**I** did not ever think that there would come a day or rather a night where I would not feel the intense need to go to a nightclub during my sojourn in Colombo. It was the only place I had experienced the compelling desire to go out at night either to dance with complete abandonment or for sexual conquest even after

I had stopped going to nightclubs in Sydney. Towards the second half of the nineties, I gradually eased out of my restless yearnings to party on Saturday nights in Sydney. Since I worked on weekends it was less feasible and being excessively conscientious at the job I did soaked up most of my time and energy.

This obsessive rigidity and commitment especially at work drove me to over indulgence and extreme satiation on my

vacations. In between journeys of quest and conquest, my holidays in Sri Lanka were spent living it up and cramming as much fun as possible into these titillating trips.

I was over compensating for the harsh, structural discipline I had imposed on myself in order to achieve my goals in life. It was an unhealthy self infliction but it was also the supreme sacrifice for the sake of fulfilling my dreams. In 2003, I realised I had to let go this weekend marauding after some severe inner conflict I broke the cycle.

By 2004 the compulsion to nightlife no longer existed and my days become more significant to me. I felt freed from those forceful urges and knew that I could spend time as I saw fit.

*Written in June 2006*

In this year of closure and contact I need to ritually shut old doors before I enter new

ones. I feel as if I am walking along the hallway of my life's experiences, as I pause in the seemingly endless corridor of memories I see the doors of my past, present and future on either side of me, some ajar, other firmly fastened. Those in the far distance beckon invitingly even imperiously. To proceed to what lies ahead I seek proper closure and completion of several segments of my voyage.

Understanding the cause and effect principle plus knowing what influenced my actions are vital to this process. To travel unshackled I must face the bogeys and even bete noires of my own past as well as my genetic legacy. Dealing with traumatic upheavals in one's own odyssey they appear as a pattern, even a sequence of events linked by a continuous chain reaction.

The wheel of evolution turns time in cyclic repetition, this is apparent in all existence. My difficulty in letting go hinders me from advancing, recognizing the real treasures and relinquishing the inconsequential will give me fresh impetus.

Rejoicing in the knowledge that I have explored life to its fullest makes it possible for me to conquer some antiquated demons and dispel previous phobias with greater

confidence. I appreciate the joys in life I have now while delighting in past pleasures, my bountiful collection of good times and the beautiful places I have been to thrill me perpetually. Looking onward I see an attractive passage to keep me going.

*Written in June 2006*

Day was dawning and the pristine atmosphere of early morning was sublimely exquisite. As the sun rose and spread its aurora over the distant hilltops, it gradually straddled the rest of the landscape wondrously unveiling the entire breathtaking panorama. All around, the leafy jungle stirred and awaited its light filled kiss of life with eager expectancy.

The first lustre at daybreak bathed the luxuriant verdure in a warm, gentle glow. The green vegetation glistened with moist dewiness displaying its wet lusciousness to the sunshine. Lofty trees stood still and serene, only their outermost branches swayed slightly in a delicate breeze.

Slowly the woody giants extended their arms to embrace the rays of brightness which on contact transformed into magical lamps of potent vitality. The resplendent greenery was soon awash with radiance as the day unfurled, brilliant beams danced sexily on the bejewelled leaves adorning

majestic timber, it was a ravishing array of nature in all its glory. Youthful, tender red and virile, verdant foliage illuminated by fervid lanterns partook in the creative wizardry of photo synthesis.

Flamboyant blossoms, their gorgeous, glossy skirts of rainbow hue decorated the picturesque scene enhancing the magnificent vision of vibrance. Delicious blooms enticingly exposed themselves in readiness for those who sought their sweet juicy nectar.

There was an abundance of winged creatures flying about above this opulence. Gay butterflies with frilly wings intricately designed, flitted amongst the most desirable flowers and drank their dulcet love potion. The melodious trills and chirping of birds reverberated through the air, from miniature warblers to larger, deep throated, songsters.

Since dawn, this echoing music orchestrated a harmonious symphony heralding procreating productiveness, it was a consummate concert of natural ingenuity. Ardently aroused, openly spread-eagled, the terrestrial thicket reached out to receive the passionate, phallic sun which thrust its shaft downward fusing the erotic union, the orgasmic intercourse was life's celebration.

### *Written in July 2006*

Over the expanse of water, the intense heat of a fiery sun had frizzled the air to a hazy mirage and the lake was a sheet of glittering crystal. Relentlessly scorching, gusty winds blew ripples of diamonds across the gleaming surface.

Earlier that day there had been a spectacular performance of winged creatures on parade. Myriads of elegantly slim, vermilion dragonflies darted swiftly about the water's edge. Turquoise ones gyrated amongst fronds nearby festooning the greenery with blue fairy lights.

Encompassing the lake was a leafy gala adorned with iridescent splendour, the atmosphere was humming with the razzle-dazzle of the loveliest fashion show on earth. Amorous butterflies, temptingly exhibited their colourful ensembles as they paraded the catwalk from bloom to blossom.

Following the irresistible fragrance of delectable nectar, the excited beauties fluttered their crimped chiffon wings in desire and settled on exotic floral displays to drink of nature's elixir.

Buzzing bees, wasps and other lustful insects joined them to feast frenziedly on

the flowery delights. Perfecting this work of art were the feathered models showing off their bold plumage on the airborne dais above the lush vegetation.

Predatory birds, powerfully presented in black satin, zoomed about in search of booty. Kingfishers emblazoned in rich royal costumes hovered close to the sunlit lake, dandy parrots bedecked in festive greens and reds whirled amidst the garland draped trees while perkily perched on tasty timber were scarlet woodpeckers with their frilly quiff held ahigh.

Adding zest to this 'bellevue' were mannequins in white taffeta, some in grey velvet and others in shiny, tan finery. The musical accompaniment was geared to jazz up the flashy flight, even the raucous cries of a scrimmage between hierarchies livened up the charming pageant.

The laws of nature and the jungle took precedence at this enchanting fête. Frisky squirrels attempted daring feats along their branched circuits, with acrobatics and clowning these entertainers merrily performed outrageous acts as they capered from bough to bush, climbed sturdy trunks and jauntily walked the tightropes of electric wires connecting their crazy route.

The amusing flirts streaked through the shrubbery in zany alacrity their glazed, stripy brown outfits coquettishly captivating.

As the burning sun crossed the sky, day altered into night, the windy gale abated and the shimmering lake was further illuminated by a flaming radiancy of evening light suffusing the area with a golden, orange glow. The magnetic recital at dusk proclaimed the approaching dark, twisted shadows danced in the gloaming that gradually dimmed and curvy, ivory clouds above changed to imposing ebony sculptures.

Spreading murkiness shaped sinister phantoms and these intriguing silhouettes lingered until dawn. In a throbbing surge the mysterious gloom was energised by masses of bats flapping their wings madly. The air was stirred by high-pitched sounds and hustling, bustling activity. Then all of a sudden it was calm and the darkness was miraculously lit up by the silvery luminosity of moon and stars. The gleaming water was a polished floor on which seductive spectres glided gracefully, stopping to pirouette prettily, then moving to meet in sensual caress before separating and vanishing into the magic of nightlife.