



# Tantra

Vol. II

The Hidden Mysteries

Pema Gitama

*“Be grateful to everyone,  
because everybody is creating  
a space for you to be transformed,  
even those who think they are obstructing you,  
even those who you think are enemies.  
Your friends, your enemies, good people and  
bad people, favourable circumstances,  
unfavourable circumstances ...  
All together they are creating the context  
in which you can be transformed and  
become a Buddha.  
Be grateful to all.  
To those who have helped,  
to those who have hindered,  
to those who have been indifferent.  
Be grateful to all,  
because all together they are creating  
the context in which Buddhas are born,  
in which you can become a Buddha.”*

*Osho*

### Isn't this book an illusion?

Perhaps, but if it serves to illuminate the reality of the heart then it can no longer be considered an illusion, but rather the tool of a Master! For even if a book is full of illusions, it can still serve to awaken the heart of the reader. And so this book is, in fact, the tool of a Master, or rather a Mother, designed to wake up the hearts of her children. Every word of this book serves the hidden mysteries of love. Every trick is possible! Painting beautiful pictures can make people dream, then in a sense it is putting people into an illusion. Of course, this is not what this book is about; it indeed paints beautiful pictures, but they are anchored in the reality of the heart of all. But this might appear like illusions for those who have lost the connection to the heart. They will see the paintings, the pictures, the words as illusions, unconnected with their life's reality, because they are too beautiful and thus unrealistic when compared to their miserable lives. For them, it will feel as if Pema is dreaming, when in fact she is actually awake and it is them who are totally asleep. This book contains the hidden mysteries of love, of Tantra. Its words have a great capacity to seduce anyone to fall back into the heart of all. So while its words may paint illusions, this is just a device for seducing readers to fall into the reality of their own heart, to fall into the reality of the hidden mysteries of this existence. Thereby the readers have a choice as to whether to live it or not, but one thing is sure: they will no longer be deceived by their own illusions. Something will awaken in them while reading. For some, it might take time to realise what this awakening is about. For others, the realisation will be immediate. They will experience a feeling of great responsibility to place themselves at the service of love, of beauty, of consciousness, and to manifest it. This is what a Mother transmits to her children: Responsibility for manifesting the creation of existence, and caring for it by beautifying it with dance, with songs, with love, with consciousness. This book is simply a Mother's gift to all her children. It is a gift from the Path of Tantra. The readers can receive it or reject it. Just know that Pema can only share this gift, because a Mother has no other choice than to share the wisdom with which she is pregnant.”

*Noor*

13 January 2016, Taray, Peru



*“It is an art to participate  
in the flow of life without identifying with it.  
This art is called Tantra.”*

*Pema*

The true problem we all face is identification. You might believe that the greatest problem you need to solve is your fear of death, of madness, of violence, of jealousy, of your greatest nightmare. You might have done, or may currently be doing, many things to solve all these so-called big problems that have drowned your life in misery, but let me tell you a very open secret: Identification is the only true problem to resolve. All attempts to solve these other problems are a waste of time and simply cause more misery and anguish. You will only end up spinning round and round in the same loop, generating more confusion within yourself, and making it even more difficult to figure out what the true problem is.

Over the last 7000 years, Tantra has developed a whole science to support us in understanding the dynamic of identification through the very accurate methods of awareness. All these methods aim towards the same goal of liberation: freeing us from identification in order to be in more direct contact with existence. As long as we identify, be it with pain or with pleasure, with love or with hate, we are bound to suffer division, thus creating separation between us and existence. Tantra’s methods break us free from the bondage of identification by tapping straight into the unspoiled multi-faceted life-force within us in order to bring us back to the centre of reality, away from fictions, from projections, from manipulations of our distorting ego/mind where the root cause of identification plays out. The methods re-route the life-force involved in the ego/mind back to the watcher and finally back to the centre, to the presence we are. In this state we are in direct participation with creation, with existence and yet this participation is spiced with an amazing, mysterious paradox: You can be fully in the river and not be weighed down by the water. You can partake fully of its freshness, its aliveness, but not identify with it. There is a powerful embrace, a union between you and the water and yet you are untouched by it. This extreme paradox is a mystery I hope nobody will ever solve, but that everyone may experience fully. This book is a sincere, humble invitation to explore this mystery by walking the wild Path of Tantra.

Words are empty and yet greatly pregnant with the intention of the one using them. My intention behind every word of this book has been to lovingly unveil the space where you can be directly connected with the resource of consciousness that you carry within you.

I wish for you to take a dive into this space and never come back from it, and I hope that from this space you can take on the responsibility to manifest

consciousness in all its mysterious creative forms.

I wish that you may find the courage to say yes to your power of clarity which cuts through everything that is sabotaging your access to a life of harmony and abundance.

This book is the follow-up to *Tantra Vol. I, The Whispering Transmission*, where in the form of a story I share my Tantric experiences and my meeting with Leela, a Master of a mysterious Tantric School in India. The journey continues in this book, this time following the current of an Indian river upstream to its source in Tibet. Along the banks of this river various Masters from different Tantra lineages share their wisdom and offer unpredictable challenges, situations and precious Tantra practices.

The book is divided into nine parts. The first six parts recount the story of the meetings with the Masters, along with deep teachings and experiences of totally unconventional tantric methods. The seventh part is a compilation of the main meditation practices the characters in the story (Pema and Chandra) experience during their journey. The eighth part contains some last words that I wanted to add. The ninth part is filled with some surprises, which I will let you discover for yourself!

I wish you a joyful journey into existence...

I bow down with love and gratitude to your inner flame,

*Pema*



# The Food of Love

## Chapter 1

‘**T**here are some lovers so hungry for love that they end up being consumed by it, and that is exactly how it should be. A love that you try to eat in every possible way should end up eating you. Those lovers who are consumed by love are true lovers, while those who try to consume it are only beggars. You become a true lover the day love absorbs you so totally that you are nowhere to be found.’

The Master closes his eyes after saying these words to Chandra and Pema, who sit holding each other’s hands, with tears in their eyes, their heart expanding in one light. The Master appears as quiet and loving as a mother, yet at the same time seems to emanate the power of a bear. He opens his eyes and regards them sharply.

“Are you hungry?” he asks.

Pema and Chandra nod silently.

“Excellent!” exclaims the Master. “Then let us see who is going to eat you first!” He rises and heads towards his little house, leaving Pema and Chandra under the mango tree where they have been sitting together.

He returns some time later with some chai and sweets. He sits and presents the plate to Chandra and Pema, who don’t really know how to respond. They have just arrived after walking for nine days, having been sent by their Tantric Master Leela on a year’s journey to visit various Masters and to travel to Tibet, Pema’s birthplace, in order to bring back her son Tsering.

Before they left, Leela had explained: “An outer journey is only worth embarking upon if it becomes an inner journey; if not, it is better to remain at home. I am not sending you on this trip to visit the outer world. I send you instead to visit new inner realms, supported by those powerful outer places within the energy field of beautiful Masters.”

And so here they find themselves, in a beautiful setting, drinking chai with a mysterious Master. Around them are a mango tree, a nearby river, a humble mud house, a man. This is the beginning of their inner and outer journey in search of the hidden mysteries of love.

“Food, hhhmmm... Food is love. For nothing can nourish you more than love,” says the Master, sensually savouring a sweet. “Hmmm... Feel it! Its sweetness comes from the love it contains, not from the honey it is filled with. And the secret is that it is even more sweet and nourishing because I eat it with love,” he says, closing his eyes and slowly swallowing.

“Love eating love - that is the secret; a secret I can share with you, my true lovers,” he says with a smile.

Pema is so struck by the charisma of this strange, powerful man that she doesn't dare move, let alone eat or drink. Chandra holds a cup of chai. With eyes closed, he smells it before bringing it to his lips.

“Drink carefully! Let the love of the chai drink you, and let the love in you drink the chai... It is like two lovers making love,” the Master tells Chandra.

Chandra drinks slowly, carefully, releasing a soft contented sigh as he swallows the warm chai.

“Yes my son, it is like drinking the very juice of a goddess's yoni\*!” exclaims the Master with joy.

At this, Pema bursts out in laughter, followed spontaneously by Chandra. The Master smiles, apparently pleased by his own remark.

“Let's drink to the life juice of the goddess! To the milk of the mother goddess. To the dark blood of her yoni and the transparent nectar when she is light,” he says, bringing the tea to his lips.

He stands up and pours out the remainder of his chai at the foot of the mango tree. He bows down and says some words only he understands.

“At the foot of this tree many years ago, I made love to a woman. I have never made love since. The experience was so overwhelming, so fulfilling, even after all these years, that I am still in an embrace with her,” he says thoughtfully. “Her body is dead. I placed her ashes at the foot of this tree. This tree was witness to our blissful union; he was part of it. We shared ourselves with him. If you connect to the tree and listen carefully, you can hear the sensual ecstatic scream of love of our union,” he says softly touching the tree.

“Love never dies!” he concludes, looking at Pema, who is close to tears.

Chandra stands and delicately pours out his cup of chai at the foot of the tree. He bows down, and looking at the Master, says:

“To the one I do not know, but whom I can feel through you.”

“Yes, to the one who made me enlightened that night under the stars, under the mango tree of love!” replies the Master playfully. “Come my son, let's eat the sweets of love!” he says, taking Chandra by the hand and leading him back to Pema.

“She is the sweet of love. Eat of her, day and night,” he says, looking tenderly at Pema.

“Feel at home, my dear lovers. Go to the river, take a bath in her and sleep on her bank with the sun covering you with its light and warmth. We will meet again at sunset,” he says with a smile. “My house is your house. You can come anytime. Feel welcome!” he says, pulling Pema and Chandra close to him.

“My name is The Fool. At least, that is what villagers around here call me, because they think I am mad. But for the intimate ones, I am called The Wise One. You can choose what you wish to call me.”

“The Wise One.” says Chandra.

“The Wise One.” repeats Pema.

“Then it's you who are the fools!” he exclaims laughing, weaving like a drunkard back to his humble house, leaving Pema and Chandra holding hands and smiling in wonder at this mysterious wise Master.

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In the evening, Pema and Chandra sit again with the Master in his little cottage, holding hands in front of him like two shy children. The Master looks at them with a mischievous smile.

“So tell me, what made you come here, my dear lovers?” he asks.

Chandra proudly replies, “It was our Master Leela who sent us to you.”

“Ah yes, I see... hmmm, Leela...” the Master says thoughtfully, gazing up at the ceiling. “Yes, I remember her very well. What a great time we had in her father's palace!” He pauses, looking deeply into Chandra's eyes. “When she was 15 years old, she was fucking around with everyone! Oh my, what a cute ass she had!”

Chandra is outraged at these blasphemous words, but before he has time to respond, the Master continues:





## Inner Caress

*A hand caresses Pema's face and moves gently down her neck. She knows it is happening on the surface of her body, yet it seems to be happening inside of her. How delicate the experience, the sensation! She can't even say it is sensual. It goes beyond any kind of physical sensation she has had before. Two hands slide over her chest, and slowly down her belly. The caring hands have removed the skull. They move slowly, lovingly, all over and inside Pema's body. It is hard to for her to explain, mere words fail to explain sensations! The hands remove Pema's clothes. She doesn't move or make a single effort to help, but just lets go totally. She feels as if it is her skin that is being taken off and this opens up a totally new dimension. Without skin, what was contained inside of her is now outside. It is very confusing and yet totally orgasmic."*

Chapter 19: The Seed, page 165

### **Meditation Steps**

Choose a position that feels good for you in the moment, and let your partner slowly undress you. While your clothes are being removed, sense all of the gestures as coming closer and closer to you as if they were slowly happening inside of you. Once naked, your partner caresses gently your skin. Now, this is the moment for you to let all the touch be inside you. The caresses are no longer happening on the surface of your skin, but inside of you. It will give you the sensation that you do not have any skin. The touch must be more and more delicate as you are going to feel very sensitive. Feel as if the hands touching you are actually inside of you. Going deeper into the sensations, you may sense it is your soul which is being caressed, which may stimulate a great healing process.

At some point, when you reach certain depths, inner and outer are going to blur and may even vanish, leaving you in a space where in and out are melted into one. This is a good moment for your partner to stop caressing you. Stay present in the moment, in the space. Do not move, let your breathing slow down and enjoy the journey!

End the meditation by bowing down to each other.

### **Little Advice**

This method is very intimate and delicate. You might feel over-sensitive when you come out of it, which is not a bad sign, but a gift from the method. Take time to rest before moving out.

