



*“The Flower of Tantra has the fragrance of
love and the shape of consciousness...”*

Leela

Introduction

Tantra cannot be written about. It can only be experienced. This book will not explain what Tantra is or is not. It will point out a direction; it will evoke a remembrance; it will create a space for you to dive into the mysterious dimension of Tantra. And from there, you can decide whether you would like to experience Tantra for yourself. This book is intended to stimulate your appetite for the joy of living, of sharing.. It attempts to seduce you to enter the world of consciousness, of love, through the door of Tantra. This book is an invitation for you to say yes to life...

This book consists of four parts. The first part is a tantric story. Since Tantra cannot be explained in words, I have chosen to share my experience instead. I share it through a story: My own story and the story of many who belong to a mysterious Tantric School in India. It is a true story, though I have taken the liberty of altering some details of time and space, so as to enhance the flow of the story and render it whole. I have changed the names of various characters, to preserve their anonymity. Finally, I have chosen not to reveal the exact location where the story takes place, to enhance the sense of mystery...

In the second part of the book, you will find meditation techniques that you can practice on your own or with a partner. The main characters in the story experience these meditations. While reading about their experience, you may pick up a feeling, or notice a direction that the meditation is pointing out. I hope this will support you and seduce you to practice all these beautiful meditations.

The third part of the book consists of pictures, which express different states of the Tantric dimension. Everything that could not be expressed in words is transpiring through these pictures.

The fourth part is a surprise... so I let you discover it!

I wish you a wonderful journey through this book, through yourself and through the Heart of All...

With love and gratitude,
I bow down to your inner light

Pema

The Call

Chapter 1

In the remote mountains of Tibet, a long time ago, a young woman named Pema is awakened in the middle of the night by a powerful dream that will change the course of her whole life. In this dream she sees a man, who appears to be a Lama. In his right hand he holds a small golden statue of a smiling Buddha, radiating the infinite light of love. In his left hand is a statue of a beautiful naked woman dancing in ecstasy, radiating the same light. The Lama looks serene, yet powerful. In a deep and warm voice, he says, “Come to me. I will show you the Path of your own heart and of the Heart of All, the Mahamudra”. Other images then appear — a mountain... a path... a monastery...

When Pema awakens from the dream, she knows at once that she must go, that she must find the monastery and the Lama. She consults the wise people of her village, and describes her vision to them. One old man, who listens with a smile as she recounts her dream, tells her he knows of the monastery she has described and explains how to get there. He adds, “If you decide to go there, take your son with you. But know that you will never return here.”

Though she finds the old man’s words mysterious, she trusts him. She collects everything she needs for her journey to the monastery and what little money she has. She closes up her little house and hands the key to the old man. She says to him, “If what you say is true, that I will never come back, then take the key of my humble house. If in one cycle of the moon I have not returned, give this house to the first couple to marry in springtime. It will be a loving nest for them and their family to come.”

The old man looks at the young woman with a warm smile, and holding her left hand, says, “Your Path is to follow your heart. Have a nice journey home, beautiful Pema...”

She sets off with her three-year old son, Tsering. She leaves without regret or grief.

There are not so many people to hold onto. Her beloved husband died a year ago, leaving her with an inner conviction that love is the most painful attachment on earth, and that never again will she become so attached. Her husband's family live in a far-away village, and she has no contact with them. She has seen them only twice — on her wedding day and at the birth of her son. Her own parents died many years ago. The only family she has now is Tsering. There is nobody else to cling to.

The people of the village bid her farewell; some with smiles, some with tears. Some give her food, some presents. Children walk with her for a time, then stop, one by one. Finally just one small peaceful dog follows from a distance.

Tsering is silent. He doesn't ask his mother where they are going; he trusts her completely. He just walks, holding her warm left hand. He seems happy, somehow, to leave the village, to see new landscapes, to smell new fragrances of nature. It is autumn-time; so many colors are playing in the leaves of the trees.

One week later, as evening begins to fall, they arrive at the door of the same monastery she saw in her dream, a modest but beautiful building, hidden between majestic mountains. Pema and Tsering are warmly welcomed by a young and playful monk, who seems to have known they were coming. They receive tea and food and are shown to a beautiful little room. Pema immediately feels she would like to spend the rest of her life here. Tired from her journey, she lies down to rest with Tsering in her arms. Through the window she can see the half-full moon. "I too am half full," she thinks. "One part of me is still in darkness. But I will become full one day, bright and full like you, beautiful sister," she declares to the moon, before sleep overcomes her.

A dream comes to her. The Lama is sitting in a beautiful room containing a golden statue of a Buddha. He is calling her.

"Come, I will show you the Path of your own heart and of the Heart of All. Wake up to your own light!"

Pema wakes with a start, and feels a warm, sweet pain in the middle of her chest. Outside in the sky she can still see the moon, so she knows she has not slept long, perhaps only for the duration of her dream. She feels so full of energy that she cannot stay in bed any more — she needs to move. Carefully, she tucks Tsering up, trying not to wake him, then quietly leaves the room.

She wanders the corridors of the monastery, not really knowing where to go, yet without feeling lost. Somehow she feels as if she has been here before, as if she knows the place already. Pema notices a light coming from a room at the top of the

monastery, and makes her way up several darkened staircases. On reaching the room, she pushes the door open ever so gently, feeling as if she is about to enter some sacred and secret place; everything is so quiet, so peaceful. There is a quality she has never felt before, as if the room is pregnant with silence. She stops in the doorway, just sensing the atmosphere. There is nothing to be seen — in fact it is totally empty and almost dark — but to Pema it seems as if the room is full of colors, of lights, and unknown shapes dancing everywhere... the sensation is quite magical. On the far wall of the room are two open doors, to the left and right, from which a warm, dim light glows. She stands in the doorway for a long time, absorbing the mysterious beauty emanating from the room, and peering into the semi-darkness towards the two entrances from where the light is dancing. She feels a strong urge to see the room behind those two doorways, yet she cannot move. She feels paralyzed and also somehow afraid, as if waiting for permission to enter.

Suddenly a voice comes from the lighted room.

“Whether you enter the Heart of All through the left door or the right door, you enter the same light, but with a different quality. The door you choose will show which quality you have developed to enter the Heart of All. Come!”

She recognizes the voice of the Lama from her dream... yes the same voice, warm and loving, but with a certain sharpness. She steps into the room and walks towards the light. Without hesitation she walks through the left door. She finds herself in a small room containing a golden statue of Buddha, shining like a sun. She can see nothing else, only the light radiating from the Buddha. She falls to her knees, bows down and starts to cry with joy.

“I am back home...” she whispers.

A warm hand touches her gently on her back at the level of her heart.

“You have never left home, but you will have to travel a long way to understand this,” she hears the Lama say.

She looks up at him — a beautiful man, apparently ageless. He could be twenty years old, or ninety. He takes her left hand and tells her to stand. He looks towards the Buddha statue and says, “He is none other than your own heart. Now, you must realize it. You must search for him inside you by following the Path of Tantra.”

He puts his hands over Pema’s ears, pressing them as if to prevent all sounds from entering, then places his forehead against hers. Instantly, she feels a huge space open up between her eyes, like a new eye, a new window, through which she sees a very bright and clear vision...



C a r e s s M e d i t a t i o n

***L**ittle by little Chandra moves towards Pema. After each slight movement, Chandra stops and looks at Pema. And when he feels more relaxation, more trust, more space in his heart, he comes closer. This gentle approach continues for a long time, allowing them to meet in the same energy field, as if entering the same cocoon of energy. Finally, Chandra touches Pema delicately. He caresses her face softly. She cannot move, her breathing slows down and her whole body becomes awakened to this new sensation. It is so intense, to receive his caress. She closes her eyes and enters into the caress, enters a timeless dimension where she becomes the caress.*



Recommendations

This meditation has no set time. It is important that you follow your own rhythm, as this is one of the key points of the meditation.

Meditation steps

Sit with your eyes open, about 2 meters away from each other. Imagine that this is the first time you meet. As you look at your beloved, let your heart come into a space of innocence, of no-expectation, of trust, of wonder. Take time to let your heart see your beloved. And when your heart feels like moving toward your beloved, move forward just a little, very slowly. Both of you should move with the rhythm of your heart, not necessarily in synch with each other; one might be moving faster than the other. It is very important that you respect the rhythm of your heart. Once you are close to each other, very gently start caressing the face of your beloved, as if for the very first time; as if you were caressing the most fragile, precious thing in the world. Be present, sensitive in your caress, let your heart caress. By and by you can let the caress expand to your beloved's entire body. Always stay in touch with the sensitivity of your heart. Gradually you will enter a timeless space where you can melt together as one heart and where you may find it difficult to move. Then simply sit in yab yum and melt together. To conclude the meditation, bow down with gratitude to your beloved.





The Snake Charmer Initiation

For two weeks, Pema prepares herself to receive the initiation. At the beginning of the first week, she is instructed by Leela to go into the jungle every day to try and find a snake, but without success. She is told to try and move like a snake as she walks in the jungle. At first, this is not easy, because she has never seen a snake, but by and by she begins to feel a vague remembrance in her body of how a snake might move. She recalls her first initiation on her arrival in the Kaula, when she stayed in the dark for three weeks. After some time her body became possessed by the energy of animals, and even plants. Then she remembers crawling on the floor of the cave, just as a snake might. She can still feel this strange, cold, but so-alive energy moving through her body.

Chandra, her guard and lover, follows her everywhere. His instructions are to follow her as he would follow a snake. The second week, she is told to go once more into the jungle to find a snake, but this time at night. Finally, on the second night, she finds one near the river. It is Chandra who catches it and brings it to Leela. She places it in a large hole from which it cannot escape, and asks Pema to sit and watch the snake's movements.

"Feel yourself totally impregnated by his movements and let them resonate, vibrate, in your energy. Let your body and energy respond to them." This is Leela's guidance to Pema and this is what she does for five days.

In the third week, Leela calls her to the Master Cave...

"I want you to invite the snake to wake up without touching him. Charm him and let him charm you too," says Leela to Pema, who is sitting naked in the middle of the Master Cave.

Leela has just carefully placed a basket with the coiled snake inside in front of her. It seems as if it is sleeping.

"And whatever happens, stay seated and don't move!" says Leela with a loving but firm voice.

