

letter from Azar to Rose (handwritten as usual) Thursday, 13.12.07

Rose,

Yes, you 'are' difficult, scared, arrogant, wanting to feel special, not wanting to go down etc. – however, what is 'too' (much)...

Anyway, I have to give your rejection of me a form. If you don't want to be with me, only with and in my physical presence, with a (man's) body, while resisting Me, then it's difficult, if not more and more impossible, to meet.

Your withdrawal from me takes one month and a half by now. In itself Truth (to Show up) has its Own time-schedule, and we cannot interfere. But in the waiting-room It will never come, that's for sure. It need not last forever.

I'm not insensitive at all to your again and again reoccurring energetic rejection of me – even if, indeed, I don't take it personal, as it is not. Still, I cannot tolerate your rejection of Man (that is: of Your Own Truth), and feel naturally Urged, as an Honest Response (to what you 'give' – or withhold from – 'me'), to (as Man) Reject your rejection. If I don't, I get killed by your Female, Separative, Manipulating, Subterranean Dark Force, and by nature I have to Fight back. Even if I'm Beyond your Fight with Me, I have to Fight and use the same kind of weapons as you (half-consciously) use – only, I do it Consciously.

Except for Bayantha, Chantal's sister, who was a real (and, temporarily, even literal) bitch, I as man was never treated like this, like you do or try – even though you're not (fully) aware of what you do, and even if you seemingly don't want to. In this relative short time now with you I have never before had so much pain to digest and tears to let stream in a relation with and to a woman – culminating last Sunday. When I cycled home I felt something I have never felt before in my life. My body was totally cut into two pieces, a higher and a lower part, and they couldn't communicate (anymore), but even more present was the huge and pure pain I felt all over my body, and exactly the same in the two parts. There was only pure pain left, nothing else. Like my body was totally dead(ened) but still after-glowing or after-vibrating, after-tingling. It seemed a huge battle of life and death, body and mind, going 'out' of the body and not being able to, giving up and not being able to. 'Of course' I cried on the way back, the tension was too big to keep it in. I was astonished by how you function, energetically so far turning away from me, like I don't exist anymore at all, not even as a boring fly or air, that's how it felt, and I feel your pain – for it's all your pain – as (your) self-obsession, in your ignoring Me, Love, Reality and turning into a cold, dead self. Your self-obsession is your pain. You're protecting a(n illusion of) self, that is: you're protecting your pain (against feeling) – as you yourself (as protection-mechanism) are the pain. What are you protecting if you protect against Love, allowing love to flow...

Sunday evening things might have been easier to feel because you, after meeting Amany, were (much) more energized than in the one and a half month before. To my surprise you were energetically present suddenly when I saw you at the ticket-office in de Oosterpoort – although it diminished more and more later on and your defence against and retreat from me had to be re-established.

These days I work like crazy on the cramp/pain that I took in, with the top on Monday morning (whole morning). But still – and even again and again – my body gets crushed from 'you' or, let's say, from that which you're somehow associated with and cannot yet let go of. A hell of a fight still rages in my body. Quite some times I have to – to not totally get chased away from body, from earth – beat with a cushion on the couch; very nice at least to feel some power again.

Why are you so angry with 'man'?

Why are you so afraid of 'man'?

Why do you play with 'man' – like he's not even a piece of shit?

Why do you hate the bitch that you seem to be?

Isn't there One Answer Beyond all answers to these questions?

You exclude me... as if you have your life and you can try to fit me in somehow. As if I'm not (Part of) You. As if you want to live forever in the Lie of Separation, of No-Touch. I Am Touch. I Am Feeling. I Am Non-Separation. I Am Love. I Am You. I Am the Whole Only in (and as) Which you can Relax.

I won't withdraw – for I cannot.

Only, things Happen on My (not my) terms, your control is one big illusion, or postponing to See and Feel (as) Your Truth.

I won't retreat but I'm not going to cry your tears and beat your anger forever if I notice you don't take over (the Responsibility) at some point.

If (I feel) you like being with me instead of with your self-obsession, we can meet. Or else there's no meeting anyway, whether we'd meet or not. I don't see any point in it then – unless I'd See a sincere Impulse to (Beyond yourself, Want to) surrender the painful self-cramp. Two bodies cannot Meet. Two Essences neither. Only where Essence and Body, or Consciousness and Energy, Meet there is Life, Truth. If you don't want to Give yourself to 'me', why do you still want to be with me? What's in it for you then? 'To become Conscious' is not Enough for me as an answer, there's some Lie in it. Without (Allowing) Love, Consciousness is a Lie. And anyway, I cannot make you Conscious without Love.

What can I do with someone who is happy if her lover is gone for 10 days, what are we doing for show then in such a situation?

A self cannot be with me, never, no matter how you do your best. Only Love can. Only in Selflessly Recognizing that Love is of Incomparable much more (or is even at all of) Value than a(n illusion that is) self that exists as a trying-mechanism to keep Love out, Love Rules Consciously and doesn't have to wait anymore forever in the dungeon of life.

'You', or the Female Force through you, kills or tries to kill all Natural (Response-)Impulse from Man to you. If I'd tolerate this man-Fucking Force then in no time we, man and woman, are in a boring, dead relationship (which with me you won't manage anyway) and you justifiably would look and surely, easily find another man-form who is willing to be sucked out by you(r Wanting but never Giving Force). True, if man is empti(ed), why not look for a not yet empty copy of what seems to be 'man'. I feel like shouting raging screaming and yelling at you. Fucking Bitch!! Forever too good to be Vulnerable.

If you're fed up with your own supposed invulnerability though, then it's time to Finally, without any judgment, See the Bitch in the eye. If there's one thing, She, the Bitch, doesn't like, hates, then it is to Be Seen (and not being judged). The Bitch likes to be judged, then She can fight and screw on, screw herself up and everybody who dares to touch her... Love is what She cannot stand.

Without Bitch no (Manifestation of) Divine Woman, by the way.

I feel this letter still doesn't give me any relief. It's so much, this unFelt Pain in you. Still, I sense it's good to give things back (even in words, not only energetically). I'm choking without giving back. And you're dying to be kicked (after all this time) – as (My) Love is Something you really don't Understand (at all), not Directly at least. Woman supposes: love without kicking can't be True. Only The One who kicks (Consciously) can She Love, the One who has no mercy on Her Ego.

The tension sometimes has to get bigger (and bigger) to be able to result in a deeper or real Relief – like with the phenomenon of orgasm. And so are we engaged. You invite me kindly to go in your drama – even though you don't give it truly, energetically – and my body Responds and is Living it Consciously now. It's hell! So I Understand (for I Feel) very well why you have such resistance to go into it, to Whole-Heartedly, Whole-Bodily even Feel it, become Aware of it. It's easier and more pleasurable to read Osbo for instance and nod or do whatever (than to Stop and be with (and as) whatever it takes – and everything, the whole circus, will show up then).

I'm working out a lot through my body. Follow what happens in you these days. Today, Thursday, is even worse than before. Such a big cramp, that if there would be at least some relief it can't be noticed regarding and relative to the hugeness of the remainder. Yesterday evening plus/minus 21.45 -22.00 it started already to worsen again very quickly.

What can I say, I feel (even Bodily) your Pain of wanting to be touched but not allowing it... I see you sitting on the bed.

I am someone or Something else though (than people who secretly, behind their expressed touch of you, want in fact to be touched by you). My Heart Touches you Wholly, if you would allow. I don't take You away, I Give You Back.

*Persisting in Love, Taking You totally Seriously, Waving through the Fog in you,
Azar Baksh*

PS. You asked Me, without words, to Feel you. Now I ask you, with words, Feel (Me and, thus, yourself). Just Feel...

Rose to Azar - Friday 14 Dec 2007 10:00 PM

Azar,

I read your letter so many times and every time I read it, it's telling me something else. The first time I was in such a shock, so full of sadness and I am so glad that I didn't react right away. I was already saying goodbye (again) but really don't want to. Not this time, I really don't want to, really don't want to say goodbye. It felt like something died in me that was finally alive. So sad about it that I will not be alive ever again. While I type this I can only cry, so scared that I can not/dare not go into this, although I am in this already for a little bit. It feels so difficult to stay with me, with my feelings, to not flee into my work. I have been working like crazy for this last week. Checking my email every 10 minutes (the whole day), waiting and waiting for contact (totally desperate). (In my emails to Amanya I was only complaining about my life and am so sorry for that/ Ignoring Samaya since her email, because she triggered something in me/ Hating you because I met you). Crying a lot this afternoon, because so not happy with the fact that I met you. I cannot deny it anymore. I met you and I hate it. I hate it and I am so thankful for it too. I totally understand your letter, every word of it. The more often I read it, the more I feel it. Thank you so much for giving this to me!!! I'm also really afraid that I will keep on rejecting you, because it's not my intention, although it is, because I do it. So scared that I will let you down, although it's about letting myself down. This last week, I was totally pushed to myself in a way. I had to rely on myself, on my feelings, and going into the truth or untruth.

The evening with Amany and meeting you at the Oosterpoort was an eye-opener. I could feel (and finally could understand) what you mean with energetic. It felt so good and when you said that you wanted to spend the night with me, something happened. I could not dance with the music anymore. I felt also the need to go to the musician and hit his instrument on his head. Was totally irritated because you were moving along with this music on the last song. I said something else to you later, but that was to please you. You taking me home and telling me I was rejecting you was so painful. Totally denied this when I was in my apartment, didn't want to feel this, didn't know what to do, really felt anger about it towards you. My mind was working overtime and making up stories about it.

I feel the need to hide myself in my house, not ever come out again. Scared that I let myself down, scared that I will give you more pain (and that I don't take the responsibility for it myself to feel it).

I even notice that when you say "What can I do with someone who is happy if her lover is gone for 10 days" I react on the word LOVER. I had to stop reading and was even a little shocked because of this word. The situation with you is so different that I don't know how to fit you in my life (like you said). It is different than I ever had before (of course it is) and I cannot find a place for you. Even don't know how to have contact with you. How to deal with you. And I also know that this will be natural if I just feel.

Want to say so many things and scared that I put the wrong words. Scared that you find me stupid because I don't get it already, don't understand. Realize that this is a judgement to myself. And yes, I have the judgement totally. Always so scared of doing wrong, doing not the right thing. That's why I want to be alone, so I cannot do anything stupid/wrong. People are telling me that I sound really down and I even want to apologize about that. SO SICK OF IT. I want to feel down and want to be left alone. LEAVE ME ALONE, I want to scream to everybody and I realize I even want to scream it to you.

Thank you for your letter, the truth, it hits me like a hammer.

Rose

Rose to Amana - 28 December 2007 6:00 PM

I am feeling so low (sad) today! Don't know how to describe it. Low energy and feeling low. Did you ever had a moment with Azar when it was total confusing for you. Surprised about the shouting and the words he gave you and not knowing exactly what to do with it? I am really curious?

Amana to Rose - Friday, 28 December 2007 8:31 PM

When I hear Azar shouting, I'm melting in love (doesn't matter if the shouting is to me or not), and I can't say if it's my love or I feel the incredible, total Love behind Azar's shouting (or in fact it's the same, in those moments I feel only love, not divided like usual: my love, others' love). And for me so far it is nothing more uncramping that a good 'slice' of Azar's shouting.

As for the words he gave me, it depends, mostly I cry, once I got furious, once I got a very strong bodily reaction from the intensity of pain felt in that moment, but no matter my reaction one thing is clear: they were right on spot and it depended only on me if I allow Azar's gift and get freed from some burden in me that I wasn't even aware was there, or I resist it and squeeze my mind for various explanations of his words (the most 'functional' tendency is to blame him and to project my shit on him...and also this one hurts the most, when I realize how 'nice' and 'grateful' I respond to his heart-gesture with this blaming); and all this resistance only not to feel my pain, not to feel it is my own cry, begging to be addressed like this (or 'mistreated' as my ego suggests in a desperate trying to comfort itself), mute-imploing to be shown where and by what I'm chained. But even when I have resistance, Azar's words are still working inside me, I have no peace, none of the mind-explanations stand and it drives me nuts, so in the end I have to 'return' to Azar to get some more of what I refused to allow in the first place and get freed of my stuckness. With every happening of this sort I gained more and more trust in Azar and more eagerness to go to him and get some ego 'slapped' (as I called it), I don't want otherwise anymore, I don't want to be lied in nice talks (while full of hidden interests) anymore as it happened all the time and from every single man in my life (with not a single bloody exception) before I met Azar. The more of this slapping the more I feel love...or the other way around, the more I feel love the more I dare to present to Azar things to be slapped, both look same real to me (and so, in this last phrase, I just gave you a sample of my confusion, which I have a lot).

I find it (this process) hard and painful and annoying and tiring and crazy and disturbing...but my other alternative is to go back in sleepiness (for another 1000 lifetimes from now on) where nothing hurts and nothing matters and where no Life, no Love is felt and lived either... so in the end I don't really have an alternative (and now, just thinking that it is possible to (pretend to) live with no real Love allowed (as most people do) I got so sad and am crying)