

Bliss

She often asks me, "what does it feel like to rest your head on my stomach?" And my answer is always the same. "I can't describe it, my love." I thought that I'd try now in this letter. I can only try to equate the bliss that I feel when my head is at rest on her stomach, with that of having my head caressed by my grandmother's hand. She had this way of caressing my head and temples that would always evoke some kind of temporary fix to whatever was the matter in that moment.

My grandmothers' hand on my head and chest always gave me calm and relaxation that always seemed to remedy the problem and soothe my mind. My grandmothers' hand was my go-to for healing; her hands were my proverbial balm in Gilead. The tenderness and the warmth of her hand was my personal sanctuary and my resting place. A place to escape the things that I'd face, day to day as a child and the shelter that I needed in that moment. To cover me, protect me, to shield me and to disarm me.

The other experience that I can relate to my head resting on my love's tummy is when an infant is in its mother's womb. Quiet and still in a stable and serene environment. Completely disconnected from the outside world and safe from all harm and care. The fetus only knows peace and comfort and relaxation.

My lover's tummy is like being in a warm bath of milk and honey. Or like lying in a field of grass with soft summer breezes whispering in my ear. My lover's tummy envelopes my cheeks and the side of my face and sinks in a bit to accommodate my head settling into it.

And then that warm sensation and the softness of her skin begins to change my mood all together. And then the moisture accumulated in her navel begins to merge into my face as I roll my face around in her tummy, gently and slowly. Then my lover's tummy quivers and wiggles a little as head nestles into in and kinds shift her abdomen around.

My lover's tummy is my newest place of sanctity; the greatest that I've ever known. In 50 odd years, I've found nothing as soothing as my love's tummy. When it's moist and when it's just after love making. And then my lover places her hand on my head as I fall off to sleep with my head in her bosom. Oh, the smell of it. Oh, the scent of her love after having made love; after she's climaxed. This is the greatest peace that I've known, since the first time that I saw my daughters face. A peace that passes all understanding; a supernatural peace and comfort.

My lover's tummy has become my personal place of healing and there's not judgement there. My lover's tummy is my connection point to throne of God; my lover's tummy is an altar. I pray to the most high, I give thanks to the most high for her tummy. I love her. I pray to God when I rest on her; I'm so grateful. Her bosom has given me my life back. My lover's tummy has given me my groove back.

I laugh when I rest in her bosom, I sleep on my lover's tummy. I am having an existential outer body experience when I lay my head on my lover's tummy, in total bliss. We've just made love and now I rest; I've poured my love into her; I've given her my soul to keep. I've placed my spirit into her bosom, our astro bodies intertwine. My crown chakra interfaces with her solar plexus. We are floating through the cosmos; we are celestial beings in love and in space where there is no time.

We laugh all the time together. We talk all the time together. We lay all the time together. We spend time together in ways that I've never done before. We share things that I haven't before. I've revealed all of myself to her, when I lay my head in her bosom. When I rest my head into her stomach. Her tummy is mine, it's all mine. She's given herself to me, and we've decided on a Miniature Schnauzer and a ring with Truffles, to seal the deal.

I'll ask her hand in marriage, I'll propose with the ring a Schnauzer. A blue or a grey eyed Schnauzer. I cannot live without her. I cannot spend my life with her head on my chest or my head in her tummy. How can I let anything get in the way of that? How can I allow any force to come between us? How can cause us to be separated? How can I just stand by and let her go?

Have I forgotten the euphoria of having my head in her tummy? Have I lost my mind? Why haven't I pleaded with her? Why haven't I begged her forgiveness? Have I let my pride and ego get in the way of my love and of our life together?

We've planned, we've envisioned, we've discussed, we've built, we've revealed, we've seen each other's souls. How have I turned back to nothingness and pain, why have I given up? Why haven't I prayed for forgiveness and for hers? Why haven't I done all for us to be together? Why have I wasted so much time? Why haven't I even tried, given I've had my head on her warm soft bosom?

I know, I will go back home. I know, I will ask her to forgive me. I know, I will tell her that I am sorry. I am the prodigal son. I know, I will beg her mercy and ask her to take me back. I know. I will remind of us how we were together. I know, I will trigger her memories of when she loved me. I know, I will take her back to a place of bliss, when she told me that she loved me. I know I'll remind of what it took for her to say that she loved me. I'll remind her of my blackened Salmon and my Omelets. I'll remind her of how planned to retire from the money from 1000 Jewish guest at our wedding. I'll remind her of how I make her shoulders relax. I'll remind her of how she rests in my arms. I'll remind of how she felt when she's on top.

I love her. I love her. I love her. I love her, no matter what. I will push through and get us back together, for the sake of bliss, for the sake of our future, for the promises that I've made her and for the promise that I made to God.

God told me that he'd give her to me, if I gave myself to him. God has kept his promise, and I will keep mine to her. And we will get back to bliss. And we will have our Schnauzer in our warehouse.

I want to see her in that wedding dress. I want to kiss her as my wife. I want to fall out sometimes, and then fall back in love with her. I want to get back to our harmony. I want to get back to our bliss.

I love you Ingrid. I'm sorry.