

# TANTRA TOUCH RELEASES IMPRINTS by Janet Kira Lessin

Excerpt from *THE DANCE OF THE SOULS* Book One: *Pierce the Veil*



I left Honolulu and began my tantric path July '97 as a detour from visiting my parents, whose health was failing back in Pittsburgh. Distressed over their impending deaths, I'd become "short" with Jason, my live-in. I snapped at him, then became remorseful and apologetic. My sister called from Pittsburgh and said Mom was dying. "*Get home quick,*" she said, with panic in her voice.

I saw a chance to escape from Jason. Jason, alcoholic, had been beating me up more and more. I loved him; yet realized enabled his drinking and violence. I feared he'd kill me in a drunken rage. I also needed a break from my other boyfriend, Phil, with whom I'd taken up from pity and as a balance to Jason. I pitied Phil. He'd become impotent when my best friend, Jill, dumped him and fled to Alaska to get away from him.

Phil had suggested we go to a tantra workshop. He'd found one and set his sights on it: the tantra segment of the Loving More polyamory conference in California in July. I pooh-poohed his suggestion and said. "*I don't have the money.*" But soon the money magically materialized and I was on the way to the tantra workshop and my destiny. "*The Gods must be crazy,*" I thought; but who was I to question them?

At the tantra workshop in California, I sat across from Dr. Sasha Lessin, the teacher. We fell in love, love at first sight, made love, cohabited in Maui and married – all by the first week of October. It was insane.

As I settled in with Sasha on Maui, Mom hovered near death; and I fought hard to repress an increasingly nagging, subconscious irritation. “What is repressed turns daemonic,” Sasha teaches.

During an early vaginal healing session with Sash in our therapy room at home, I began recovering unpleasant memories of Mom. I lay on my back as Sash kissed my clitoris and systematically explored the inside of my vagina with his fingers. I felt a sharp pain when he barely touched a certain place inside.

*“What associations do you have?”* he asked. I closed my eyes and looked within, but dismissed my first answer.

*“This is too silly, it can’t be,”* I said. My Judge came out and my Critic started censoring me. But Sash urged me say what came to mind.

“When I was small, we walked home for lunch from school. We didn’t have a lot of time to walk, eat and get back up the hill to school. I always felt like I needed to poop after I ate, but my poor diet constipated me. Mom would yell outside the bathroom door, *“Hurry up! You’re going to be late for school.”* I’d painfully force myself to poop, if I could. Sometimes I cried; I couldn’t make myself release. I forgot all that until now.”

*“What did you want to say to your mother then? What do you want to say to her about that now?”* Sasha asked. *“Tell her, as though she’s here now and will listen with empathy.”*

I told her how tortured I was in the situation until my charge was gone and I was no longer tense. My body relaxed and let go

of the old pain and shame of the lunchtime bathroom battle. Sasha moved his finger in me from the place that triggered my memory and another spot inside that felt exciting. Then he moved his finger back to the trigger spot. *"Now how does that feel? Is it still painful in that spot? How about here? No? Now how does it feel here?"* The pain was gone! And I felt free, light! *"No,"* I realized, *"There is more."* I felt lighter, but not totally light.

Right before Christmas I received the call. *"Mom died today. She's gone,"* my sister reported. It was over. My house was full of holiday company. A couple was on their way to our home to do therapy. I cried for a bit as Sasha held me. My company said politely, *"I'm sorry for your loss."*

All too soon, a knock came to the door. The couple in trouble was here for our help. I pulled myself together and, amazingly, I was there for them. *"You can mourn later,"* I told myself.

I couldn't afford to go home to Pennsylvania for the funeral. On top of that, I had more company coming from the mainland. We live in Maui and when the cold weather comes into "the States," many people like to escape to Paradise. Sasha had just spent a year on the road, in exile during a bitter divorce settlement, and had accumulated many "lodging debts" that now demanded reciprocity.

I was newly married and in a new relationship, living in a new home on a new island. On top of it all, we defined ourselves as "polyamorists" as well. I had never been actively poly; and had only toyed with the philosophy and had affairs and cheated. There were many adjustments for me. Besides, I couldn't leave Sasha alone to handle our house guests by himself now, could I? "Pleaser" had come in and taken front and center stage big time.

We had a "date" with Sasha's long time lovers, Coyote and

Rose, two days later. *"Should we cancel?"* we pondered due to my being in mourning. *"No, I'll be okay,"* I decided.

I liked Rose immediately. I felt such warmth and love radiating from this delicious being. What a goddess! But there was something about Coyote I just couldn't put a finger on. I wasn't just not interested and not attracted; I was downright repulsed. Poor Coyote. He had done nothing to me; he was quite sweet, with gentle energy and kind eyes.

Sasha was honoring me, his mouth on my clitoris, fingers in my yoni. I was going very deep into the sensations. He focused on me for what seemed like hours. I became one with my body after so many years of feeling barely there. I felt all the levels, subtleties and intensities of the different types of orgasms. My mind raced with stories as I sank deeper and deeper into altered states of consciousness, carried there by my beloved devotee who worshiped at my shrine.

All of a sudden, I felt violently ill. I raced to the toilet to vomit. I expelled the "poison." Sasha came into the bathroom and supported me.

All came back to me as my body convulsed and I wretched to free "it" from my throat. *"Oh my God! Tom! Oh my God, he's raping me. He's choking me with his lingam. I can't breathe. I can't breathe. Help! Someone help! He's killing me! Oh my God, someone please stop him, he's killing me!"*

The memory of the rape of 4-year old Janet came forth from the deep recesses of my subconscious mind. My mother had a boyfriend while my father was at work. We would all sit around naked after their lovemaking and laugh. I was a precocious toddler who ran between them. I slipped and fell into Tom's lap, my young lips brushing past his lingam.

I became embarrassed for some unknown reason and ran to my mother. She laughed and held me, reassured me all was fine. I ran back to Tom; he reached for me. I laughed and jumped

lovingly into his arms only to be betrayed.

Tom shoved my face, my mouth, over his huge, erect lingam. He became excited and thrust mercilessly, deep into my tiny, little-girl mouth. I had polyps in my nose from allergies, and I couldn't breathe properly. I wasn't getting enough air! I was choking! He was tearing my mouth with the force! He ejaculated. I couldn't breathe! HELP! I was drowning. HELP! I was passing out. No, I was out of my body. I was dead.

I hovered and watched the scene from the ceiling of the room. My mother had been beating on Tom, and he simply ignored her in his lust. I collapsed and hung like a limp doll as he smiled and went "hmmmmmm" with blissful delight.

The focus finally shifted to me. He became aware and began to respond, but it was too late. They both worked feverishly to revive me, but neither of them had the slightest [get klonopin online](#) knowledge of CPR. My mother screamed hysterically, "*You've killed my baby! You've killed my baby girl!*" Tom smacked her and somehow calmed her, at least for that moment.

*"Let's call Marty; I can hear him next door working in the yard..."* The neighbor called and seemed to know more. At least he wasn't as distraught as the two perpetrators.

He struggled with my body for a while, but his efforts were fruitless. I looked in amazement at all the fuss below. As they talked, I "noticed" my body and zoomed over to it in my etheric body. I'll never forget how I looked as I gazed down at the form that was myself. It was as if I was a rag doll and was deposited on the floor as such. My left arm was cocked over my head in a 90 degree angle. My right arm was twisted behind my back. I lay face-down with my shoulder-length mousy hair all matted up. I was curious, but I don't recall any other emotions that I felt.

"You two have to turn yourselves into the police," Marty whispered softly. "She's gone, June. Face it; she's dead."

My mother let out a piercing wail. She screamed, *"No, no, no, no, no!"*

The two men calmed her the best they could. After a long discussion, they made the decision to call the police. They turned to leave the room.

Time stood still at that moment. From behind my right shoulder, my "guides" came to take me across. They spoke to me in symbols and words not translatable into human language. They showed me the alternative future histories of what was to come if I decided to stay with them. The love I felt was a hundred times any love that humans are capable of feeling here on this plane. It was truly "bliss," truly "heaven."

They showed me how my mother would be in jail; how she would finally end up in a mental institution. They showed me how my family would suffer; how my father, brother and sister would react, feel ashamed and never quite recover from losing me.

Despite the peace and beauty of all that was offered to me, I didn't give a second thought when I saw what would happen. I no sooner could think, *"No thank you; I'm staying"* when I found myself rushed back into my body.

I was fully charged with the love of the divine light. Energetically I was still in that next dimension. As I snapped back into place, the force of it bolted my body upright into a standing position. My chakras glowed; my aura intensified with a bright Christ-like light. *"Hello!"* I declared with a big shit grin on my face. Having just touched the face of God himself, I was alive, happy and joyous!

Tom, June and Marty all turned in their tracks at the doorway. They turned and saw me alive after nearly 45 minutes of being dead. All three screamed and bolted from the room like they had just seen a ghost. They had; and it was me.

I said to myself, *"Wow, look what I did to the adults,"* and

giggled.

Suddenly, I felt exhausted. I had been vibrating at an intensive level; and just as quickly I settled back into my body and the rhythm of this third-dimensional plane. I found my way to my bed.

I fell into a deep slumber. Hours later, my mother cautiously crept back into my room and saw my sleeping form. I had forgotten what happened for almost 40 years.

Sasha stayed with me and continued to process until the wee hours of the morning. I was completely destabilized. What I had thought was my life, my childhood, had all been rewritten and had taken on a new meaning. With my mother's death, my psyche had felt "safe" to reveal what lay within.

Poor Coyote, he didn't know why I reacted to him so negatively. Here, with a bald head and large ears, he had resembled my perpetrator! My logical mind knew this was a nice person. My inner child was in panic.

*"Run away, run away fast,"* she screamed to me.

Like the layers of an onion, with many layers to go, my healing process had just begun. Even with this memory released, catharsis was only the first step. A few weeks later we "rewired" my primal brain with an alternative program during a Holotropic Breathwork session. That story is for another time.

I never did quite resolve things 100% with Coyote. We did manage to go another layer deeper, to connect and to make love – if only for a brief time. He and Rose are gone now from our lives, perhaps forever. They did not like "processing." Alas, my processing has only just begun.

Sasha and I continue on our journey. I am grateful for his love, devotion and support. I am hopeful that I can now live a

full life, free of the internal tortures which affected my health, my life expectancy and my happiness.

I hope in the telling of this intensely personal story that others may see the avenues to their personal healing. Tantra's a valuable tool of love for the healing of others, for greater depth and intimacy and for sustaining pleasurable sexual connections throughout the duration of any relationship – not just in the early years, but until death do us part.

## **LET YOUR YONI\* TALK by Sasha Lessin, Ph.D.**

Read the cues in bold print aloud (silently follow directions in [square brackets]). When you read out loud, emphasize italicized words. Where you see \*\*\*, it's your partner's cue to respond.

Lie on your back. Relax. [Give her time to relax] Put your right hand on your yoni, and put my right hand on your right, or, if you feel safe, put my right hand on your yoni. [Give her more time to relax]. Feel your sexual center.

Imagine you are your yoni. Imagine, Yoni, you have a voice that responds to my queries. What, Yoni, is your existence, what are you like as [her name]'s, vagina? \*\*\*

What's your history, Yoni, from birth to now? How have you been treated physically and emotionally? \*\*\*

If you, Yoni, controlled [name] and were her main inner voice, what would you have her do? \*\*\*

How have you served her? What would you like to be appreciated for? \*\*\*

Thank you, Yoni. Please let return to her Center (Aware Ego). [Help her shift.]



Notice if any of your yoni tissues hurt or worry you, or feel numb, now or in the past. If no area hurts, imagine a part of you wants to speak of an event in its history Tell me what you get. \*\*\*

Select one of the areas you mentioned. If numb, deaden it more. If tense, tighten more. If it hurts, let the pain grow. Make the sound of how it feels now. \*\*\*

Remember (or fantasize, for this life or earlier) when you experienced similar pain, trauma or frustration that involved another person. When you recall a situation or scene, tell me how old you were. \*\*\*

Relive that situation. See, hear, smell, taste, feel the emotions and physical sensations, think again as you did then. Describe the situation in the present tense, as though it's happening now. \*\*\*

What emotions do you feel in the situation? \*\*\*

Feel and intensify those feelings now. Then express yourself aloud to people involved. \*\*\*

What did you decide as a result of this upset? \*\*\*

How did what you decided influence your life? \*\*\*

What would you have like to do that you didn't? \*\*\*

Let's REDO the scene the way you'd now re-write it. I'll play the other person involved, but this time, I'll act the way you say. I'll play [Mom, Pop, Boyfriend-whomever your partner's specified]. How would you like me to play this? \*\*\*

[Re-enact the incident again, following the new scenario. Encourage full expression of feelings.]

FORGIVE yourself and each of the others involved. Or, if you're not ready to forgive, tell me what you need to

complete. \*\*\*

Create an AFFIRMATION to summarize what you learned. \*\*\*

Shout your affirmation. \*\*\* Again, louder. \*\*\*

Imagine and describe a future scene when you live from the affirmation instead of your earlier decision. Describe the scene as you imagine it. \*\*\*

Tell me what you learned. \*\*\* Thank You.

\* Female genitals.