

"A love story exploring undreamed of human potential, as mere mortals unite to ride a wave of transmutation."



# Desire's Dance

Part 1

## Bridging the Gap

### Chapter 1

Desire carefully put his leather suitcase down on the platform and slowly reached into his shirt pocket for his ticket. He looked down and a sad smile pinched up his face as he sighed, "I always somehow make my way back to my ol' buddy, Ray...the Blissman."

He felt his body grow warm as he pictured Ray who'd been a touchstone of friendship for him the last eighteen years. He puffed out a smile and shook his head.

"I have to admit," he thought, "when I called Ray the other day, I was feeling mighty blue."

On the phone Ray had immediately recognized his heart condition and said, "Sure, come on out...just give us a couple of days."

Desire wasn't surprised. Ray had been making him a job offer with the new consulting firm the past two years that sounded interesting, but somehow not very exciting.

Desire laughed at himself, "Guess that's why I picked this train ride...I can feel like I'm headed somewhere, and it'll give me some time to mull over my next move."

Desire had always flown. He'd seen too many U.S. cities in his thirty-six years. In his days as a professional football player and after, with promotional visits and all, he'd touched down in just about every state in the union.

"Phewww." he said, "I'm just not in the mood for the zip-zip of an airplane right now."

Desire picked up his bag and went up to the ticket window, handing the clerk his ticket. As he was waiting to be processed in the computer, he thought about his quick rises to success.

"Jeez...everything happens so fast. I get an idea, set a goal, work hard and bam...it's accomplished...and then what?"

He shook his head, ran his hand through his thick, wavy brown hair, and laughed to himself, "Seam's like I keep doing my freshman year over and over again just about every four or five years since I was fourteen!"

He was thinking about his different football teams, his marriage, and his business ventures when the clerk handed him back the ticket.

The woman rolled her eyes right down his body and smiled on only one side of her mouth.

"Have a nice trip...handsome," she said playfully, deep in her throat.

Desire smiled warmly, looking into her hopeful eyes. He nodded his head and bent down, picking up his suitcase. Turning, he bowed his head slightly to her, smiled and sang, "Thank you...for the compliment. Please...have a nice day."

He ambled over to a seat across the way, feeling a fuzzy warmth, and looked at his watch...fifteen minutes. Placing his suitcase down, he stretched his hands up over his head and pushed his neck back and forth from side to side.

"Aaaah," he sighed, "gotta get this energy moving."

He put his hands down into his pockets, rolled his shoulders around and started to look around the waiting room. People were milling and spilling in and out of the station. He smiled and thought that travelers seemed to be the same everywhere...the departing, nervous and occupied; the arriving, giddy and relieved.

Sliding down into a seat, he smiled to himself, "Hello, Colorado...here I come. Let's see what eye-openers are in store for me."

Ray had gotten excited on the phone about the possibility of them working together again. But, Desire had to admit, the chance to visit with Ray, Neeta and Argentina, who was no longer a baby, had been the deciding factor for this trip.

"I just feel like being around people who know me," he sighed. He had to be honest with himself; lately, he hadn't come up with any goal lines to cross. Something was missing...something big. "I'm feeling that empty hole in my solar plexus again."

Desire looked away and his eyes slowly focused on a honey colored woman sitting across the room from him. She had a soft golden-brown haze in her immediate vicinity was as if the air was softly lit up somehow. She was gazing serenely out as if she were in a daydream.

She seemed fresh and poised...country clean. Her hair was full-harvest in long, bouncy curls blending silver, gold and brown. She held her body softly erect almost as if she had a drop of royal blood in her...she seemed open, relaxed, uplifted...focused inside.

Desire smiled and softly laughed in his throat, "Haungh."

He'd seen that kind of dignity in a variety of people from all walks of life from grounds keepers to corporate presidents...from maids to models. He'd always found their dignity refreshing. They were pleasant and content and had a quiet assurance about them.

"Where'd she come from? I didn't notice her sitting there before."

She was dressed simply, fitted green dancer's top, a long green and gold muted skirt and sandals.

"She's got that something about her," he noticed, not quite able to put his finger on it.

He continued to look at her, and thought he noticed that the air around her seemed to pulse.

Smiling and shaking his head yes, he said, "Yep...she's one of those women who give you the whole picture all at once. But you can never really know what mysteries lie beneath. These women just kind of smile and say, 'Hi, here I am...take your chances'."

Just then she turned and looked at him. She sent a golden-brown beam of light right into him. He felt her inquiry prickle, and he

laughed nervously. He shifted his weight, took a big breath...nodded slightly and gave her a little wave.

When Faith felt eyes on her, she had turned to look. Sitting across the waiting room from her was a bright younger man, neat, clean and shiny; tallying up the goods.

He was dressed in a brushed blue silk shirt and light cotton pants. He was tanned and had a rugged, out-door quality about him.

"Uummm, a pretty picture! Body's loose and strong, face is expressive and distinctive. His air is sure and...ummm...a bit lonely."

"Ohhh, he looks like a mover and a shaker...and surely, a heartbreaker," she laughed to herself.

Then he nodded and waved, and she felt the air between them ripple in a warm, easy flutter of greeting. She smiled and waved back, thinking he had a nice touch.

"I'll bet women have loved him!" she said.

Just then the image of one of her third grade students sitting at his desk flashed in her mind.

Laughing, she thought, "He is sort of like that little Bobby Plimpton, so sure that everyone would like him...no matter what he did."

Turning away, Faith smiled, feeling this little exchange with the handsome young gentleman was a nice little signal for her that she was on track by taking this train. Someone somewhat familiar had drawn her attention....

Faith knew she didn't have any sensible reason for taking this train. After she had received Zeke's letter saying everyone was getting together on June nineteenth, she just started getting this image in her head of traveling to Colorado on a train...only the train in her mind seemed to be one of those steam engine types from the last century that made a lot of noise.

At first she had laughed, but as the train image continued to pop up in her mind, she'd called the train station and realized she could easily take the three days to travel to Zeke's.

"A train ride...why not...it could be fun!" she had said.

She was in the mood for a riverboat journey, anyway...floating along, making stops along the way, chugging or churning through the country and the cities in a steady movement forward. She was in transition, and she had learned many years ago to take it easy at this stage of any growth process.

She smiled as she realized she was looking forward to seeing everyone at "Zeke's Place". She hadn't seen most of her cohorts in a year. Their group had been taking two weeks together at Zeke's mountain retreat for the last four years, calling their get-togethers "heartland" conferences.

Each participant would bring the gift of his and her own discoveries along the evolutionary path for the rest of the group to digest and contemplate. They had been using this time together to charge up in a communion of shared discovery.

Faith laughed to herself, "We're sincere explorers, both scientific and mystical...and what a motley crew we are. I'll bet we have a sizzler this year. Five's the number of total activation and this will be our fifth year! Uummmmm...wonder what everybody's up for."

She started thinking about her own past year. "Simple and quiet...and very introspective."

Mostly she had written and taken care of herself and the house and the plants. It had been as if she had built a cocoon around herself and had been gestating. She knew she had only just recently come out.

"My new wings feel a little bit awkward," she laughed to herself. She took a deep breath, rolled her shoulders around and massaged her neck with her hand. "These new stages of mine...they keep me fluttering. "

She bent down and picked up her straw bag and rose from the seat. She took her ticket from her purse, looked around, and was drawn to a pleasant looking man with a uniform.

"Excuse me, sir...could you tell me where to board the train?" she asked, holding out her ticket to him.

The sparkling-clean, older gentleman looked at her ticket, smiled into her eyes and said, "Right down there, Ma'am...two cars down."

"Thanks" she said. And touching him lightly on the arm with her fingertip, she smiled and said, "Are we almost ready to depart?"

He looked at her, lit up and bowed slightly. Tipping his hat and flashing a white smile, he said proudly, "Ready as can be, Ma'am...our job's to make sure ya 'rive on time...safely, comfortably and in good spirits. Enjoy your trip, Ma'am."

Eyeing him warmly as she turned to go, she nodded and said, "Thank you, I will. Oh, I think I will do just that...enjoy myself."

She boarded the train two cars down and found her seat, so pleased with the conductor's message about this journey. She settled herself in and sat back, looking out the window at the people on the platform. She sighed, thinking she was glad she had the window seat. She had heard it called "keeping one side free".

"These seats are higher backed than I remember from my vision, but something feels the same inside the car."

She closed her eyes and breathed it all in. "Yes, the train has the same atmosphere of conspiracy...not plotting together so much as breathing together."

"Well, I'm here, I'm now...I'm in the `for real', Holy Mother and Father," Faith sighed. "Let's see what surprises You Two are up to."

She opened her eyes and let out a "nay-saying" smile when she saw the shiny young man from the station come sauntering up the aisle looking for his seat. He looked down at his ticket, slowed, and stopped right next to her. Flashing a playful smile back at her, he said, "Hi," as he organized his things and sat down beside her.

She quickly turned and looked out the window, giving him the space to make himself comfortable, thinking, "He feels alive...he's so present...soo here...sooo vibrant."

She took a deep breath and thought, "Ummmmmm..What a creation. The Mystery of the Universe has given us tickets to sit side-by-side. I wonder if Holy Mother and Father have something Divine up their sleeve?"

Desire, bringing up his cool, hospitable self, immediately struck up a conversation.

"Looks like we'll be traveling together," he said jovially.

Faith, being inherently quiet, answered him simply, "Yes, it does seem so...for a while anyhow," and turning away, added nothing further.

Soon the passengers settled in and the train pulled out of the station, starting slowly at first. Steadily and quickly, it began to

gather speed and soon began to burn. Faith could feel a brimming quiet start to churn inside her chest.

"Will you look at that face he has," Faith thought, "he's been sculpted by the goddesses for some woman's fancy. And are his eyes really purple?"

Desire could feel his own energy warming up. Her voice and eyes were deep and resonant. He found himself stemming a tide. He just kept wanting to smile.

"Ummmm...she does have that something to her. She isn't one of those knock-out, fall-down, beautiful types but she...well, she's just one of those women who makes you smile."

"You just look into their eyes and your spine starts to tingle. Just one of them ladies who gives you the sillies."

"This could be fun," he smiled to himself.

He felt like talking, so he tried to engage her again. She didn't seem to want to talk, answering his questions mostly yes and no. He settled down and stared down the aisle. His leg started bouncing up and down.

She politely asked him if he could quiet his leg. He apologized and stopped for a while continuing to gaze down the aisle. Feeling her warm presence, he didn't know quite how to approach her. He noticed his leg was jumping again after he felt her give him a look.

The third time, she placed a soft, velvety hand on his knee and said laughing, "You seem to have something aching to get out."

"Sorry," he turned and said, embarrassed. "I'm usually not this...out of control. It must be the confinement of these seats. I will be more conscious of my leg."

"Thank you," she stated flatly, noticing he didn't acknowledge her words.

"Ummmm...he seems to approach things from a slant pattern," she thought as she went back to her silent sitting.

Desire was suddenly feeling more revved than he had for the past few months. He couldn't look at her directly, sitting beside her, so he focused on her peripherally. She seemed to be in some kind of reverie.

Her silvery, brown hair was shining in spiral curls around her face and her skin was a rosy tan. Her features were small, cute, and sort of curved into each other. Her body was toned and seemed strong.

He could feel a calm warmth swelling around her, and a smile played around her lips. She seemed so happy! He wondered why she wasn't excited...she seemed to be going to something that made her feel good.

"Ummmm, excuse me, are you going to a wedding or something? You seem so happy."

"What?" she said, turning to him somewhat startled.

"Oh...forgive my intrusion...I was asking about where you were going...you seem so happy."

"Did you just ask me if I was going to a wedding?" she laughed heartily, "what a message. Haaaa...perhaps I am in for quite a surprise!"

"Don't you know where you are going?" he asked her in astonishment.

"I know perfectly well where I am going," she stated flatly, smoothing out her skirt. "I'm going to Colorado."

Looking back at him, she said, "The question is...what kind of a journey it will be. By the way, my name's Faith, what's yours?"

"Desire."

"Desire?" she spurted, not holding back her amusement.

"Yeah," Desire said, coughing and sitting up.

Feeling shy and rubbing his head, he added, "My mother originally named me Robert but after a week, she went down and legally added Desire to it. She said I cried a lot as a baby and never seemed satisfied."

Faith laughed and said, "Oh...that name does carry some extreme heat. Do people have expectations of you?"

"Yeah," he laughed, "imagine how I felt when it came over the loudspeaker: `Starting at left tailback, Desire Fortunado'!"

"And what does a tailback do?" Faith asked, smiling at the picture his memory chose to call upon to answer her question.

"It's a football term. This tailback used to run with the ball and catch passes, Ma'am," he said, sitting up a little straighter in his seat.

"Oh, I can't imagine you were much good at it," she giggled.

"What!" he hammered quickly. "Of course I was good at it."

Desire felt himself getting agitated. Why the heck would she think he wasn't any good at it? Some writers had said he was Hall of Fame material...if only he had stayed in the game. He shifted himself in the seat so he could look at her more directly.

"Whatever gave you the idea I wasn't any good at it!" he hammered again, more slowly.

Faith leaned back immediately, realizing she had offended him. She nested in his demanding eyes softly...and waited gently. His hard eyes finally shifted into hurt. Without speaking, her eyes quietly begged forgiveness.

Desire looked away quickly. "What the heck is going on here?"

Something in him grew squirmy. He got up quickly, excused himself and walked stiffly down the aisle. He walked out the back door of the train car...and disappeared.

Faith sighed and said to herself, "Ooooh, this Desire is a very sensitive creature on the inside, but his mind doesn't seem to know what to do with telepathic information."

Desire was gone for several hours as the train streamed through the city and the suburbs and out into the country. Faith sat and watched the passing buildings and houses and trees.

"Hauummm, my life has suddenly picked up speed again," she mused. "Holy Mother and Father, I will be checking in for guidance...frequently."

When Desire came back into the car, he was talking to a pretty young woman, laughing easily, moving with greater ease. As they walked past, Faith smiled, thinking he had made a nice catch of that lovely young woman...or perhaps he had thrown a pass at her.

She giggled at the paradoxes of life. "How often we think we are doing one thing when we are really doing another!"

"C'EST la vie," she whispered lightly, relieved he could easily find a way to feel better.

Night was coming on, so she got up, found the toilet facilities and took care of her bodily preparations. She then settled in comfortably to her seat, her little pillow wedged between the seat and the window.

She felt the movement of the train, and she acclimated its steady motion into her system. She began to enjoy its subtle, solid rocking and roaring, and she felt almost cradled in this steel crib plunging ahead at thundering speed. She closed her eyes and her mind began to drift, her body grounded in wheeling steel.

Sometime deep in sleep, images of another time and place started to take shape in her mind. She seemed to be somewhere in the past, sitting on a veranda and who should come walking up the flowered path but Desire, all decked out in tights and lace. He extended his hand to her somberly, and as she arose, she extended her own to his, a sadness filled her body.

They walked silently down to a little flower pond surrounded by willows swaying gently in the breeze. He informed her that he had joined the army and would be leaving in a fortnight. She cried and pleaded with him that he was placing himself in grave danger. He said it was his duty to protect her and the family and the country from foreign invasion. She said war was so barbaric and women could only stand helplessly behind and hear news of fathers and sons killing each other. She said there would come a time when men would no longer fight to resolve conflict. He said it was a very long way off. He assured her he would return. She said she would have faith....

She was abruptly awakened by Desire plopping down into his seat beside her. She was disoriented, her mind suspended between here on the train and there in the dream.

"Oh, you have returned," she muttered fuzzily. "The war did not take you."

"Is that what we were having...a war?" he said, amused. "I thought it was just a disagreement."

She looked into his eyes for a while, wondering if he even had a clue. This young man sitting beside her had triggered a memory encoded in her mind. She scanned his face.

"He's still quite handsome...not as delicate as before...his hawk-like features are more defined."

She finally said to him with a warm smile, "Yessss...maybe it was a slight misunderstanding."

Turning and looking out the window into the speeding darkness, Faith said to herself, "Holy Mother and Father, you seem to have returned a loved one from a past life to sit beside me on this journey. Please, grant me the courage to see into this unexpected development."

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