

## Cathexis

The Eroticism of “Faith” and “the moments before Sex”: You are what You Eat

Cathexis: the concentration of mental energy on one particular person, idea, or object (especially to an unhealthy degree)

God: a spiritual being, all encompassing, the maker of all things, misunderstood and accepted faithfully, a spiritual parent

Reparenting: the nurturing of self with a new parent later in life, different than the original parent

Eating: consuming, licking, ingesting, putting external materials or objects inside the body

Eroticism: the feeling of being alive

Memory: imagined and collected conversations between artifacts

Ambiguous loss: the feeling of loss for something not known or understood

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There are too many erotic things in a day, that it is almost dulling to be alive.

Is death the opposite of eroticism?

Yes

What is it to live in eroticism--to live in the breath of the movement of the people I encounter everyday?

He handed me a green tootsie pop, half-opened, because after 1 hour of knowing me, he knows that amongst all the flavors, it is my favorite. He stops himself from opening it fully. What restraint he displays. How impressed I am. He passes it over to me, even though, it is his favorite too. What selflessness he displays, how much he must love me?

I don't have answers for you anymore than you have answers for me.

The simplest gestures become grand. He holds the door, he is in love with me.

He peers at me in the subway, glancing up from his book, and we will be brought together by fate a few days later on another subway to live happily ever after-- lustfully, longingly.

So, my desire for sex and my desire for a partner do not align?

Probably.

Will they ever intersect?

In my imagination.

Is that desire for a man, the same as my desire for God?

Maybe

The small bits of disparate eroticism sustain me more than the sexual offerings of men. If I live like this forever, it might be enough. To have just enough to imagine more, but never fully have it. To be on the cusp of an orgasm, but never quite receive it. Does that sustain us more than receiving love, receiving sex, reaching an orgasm? To always be on the brink of discovery, to explore, to suppose, to imagine, to fantasize about the what ifs... whys... and suppose. Is that enough to stay alive? Is eroticism the climax before death, before release, before we have let every inch of our body release unto the greatest desire we have?

Is my search for faith the greatest erotic feat I will ever venture after?

Yes

Is the search for God, the most erotic experience all humans face?

Perhaps

Is the desire we have for God absolutely sexual?

Yes

Is the love we have for God absolutely sexual?

No

We finally reach a point where our body gives out and wants no more of the pleasure we seek.

### **You Are What You Eat**

There is one Body.

There is one Blood.

Eat, take, believe it so

I may become real to you. I may become flesh to you.

We are bodies

Made of one body.

One blood.

Take, eat, in remembrance of me.

The sweet, repulsive fermentation—

The decaying body—

I ingest it to become drunk, to know you.

I drink to become sober. To mute all. To know all.

I eat you, and you are inside of me.

There is one body I want, but,

I myself am multiple bodies— multiple selves interacting with thousands of other selves that are neither whole nor half.

Either here nor there, but floating in space?

In my body?

That doesn't seem right.

“I lift up my eyes to the hills-- where does my help come from?

My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth.”

What if the expanse of hills are inside of us too?

What if the soil we came from is within our intestines, and has grown into mountains, and forests within us. What if the hills are inside of us?

That doesn't seem right.

We believe that ingesting another body, melding into another, somehow

Fills the empty chambers of our physical bodies, and somehow fulfills and multiples the capacity to ingest more souls.

There is a physicality in worshipping

A dance of spirit

The pungent incense arouses

The bowing and kneeling and standing, it excites.

The thrust of the organ, it overpowers.

God is relational. He/She/It asks us to love, and in us, is love, he is there within us.

As we are relational, so God appears.

The lover, the love, the beloved.

The father, son, and holy spirit.

The triangle, the hill, within us.

In the beginning was God, and so we began. We began from nothing, from the dust and dirt. To the dust and dirt we return with our objects and material belongings. We fill our lives with things to feel some peace, some fulfillment in the fact that we are here without the physicality of God. We worship things and people and places so that we can make it through the day. So that we can make sense of the day. So that things continue on in our orbit. The dirt fills the street, it fills our bodies, in our toes, and clouds our eyes. It is stuck in every crevice of our body.

There is dirt inside of me. It mixes with my blood.  
It thickens.

We feel a sensuous relationship to nature, almost as if, looking at it, ingesting it, lying upon it, rubbing our bodies amongst the grass and leaves could give us some respite from the day to day living. As if, we could ingest God, but we can. And we do. The eucharist? We want so badly a physical sign. To see to feel God within us. We have sex. We eat. We put things in our body to satisfy our desires. We are so physical, words are difficult for us, because they don't express what we really feel or want. We throw our bodies around hoping that something will stop us, consume us, fulfill us enough so that we will not feel the hunger so deep within our bodies.

My body knows more than my mind or words what I want. It acts involuntarily, subconsciously. Moving towards things that I can consume so that I can be whole, finally, eternally. Eating is like sex: the ingesting of another body or another object.

I feel sexual desire towards food, and an animalistic hunger towards men. I eat as if it is an orgasmic experience, I have sex— I bite, I grab, I put their body inside of mine as if to ingest them.

This is a body. I want to put him inside of me.  
This is His body. I eat the bread.  
This is his blood. I drink his spit. I swallow his cum.  
This is His blood. I drink the wine.  
I am aroused by eating, and starved for flesh.

I remember a love as a child so strong for my parents— I thought if I nuzzled my head into their stomach I could get inside. I could crawl so deep into their own body that I would not have to see, I would not have to feel what was around me. I would not have to hear. I could escape into the dark pathways of their vessels, intestines, and intertwine my limbs in the inner workings of their bodies. When I want to escape, I nestle my head into the body of the man next to me. Someone I lust for, hoping that maybe I can melt into them. I can rest within them, and then I do not have to worry. We are one. Of one body and one blood. That is why we love, why we need others. Why our love is relational. Why God sent Jesus to us. He did, right? It is why we want to live within those we love, and understand every movement they make, every thought they have. We want to understand God. I never knew Jesus as he was when he was live. I know him through other people, other organisms. I know him through the food I consume, the men I love, the friends I need, the natural world I live within. That is what I am told. That is the story I need.

You are what you eat.

You are the story you need.