

The Memoirs of an Intimacy Addict

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THE MEMOIRS OF AN INTIMACY ADDICT

To Scott

PREFACE

SHAMANIC SOUND JOURNEY, SOBER, IL CASTILLO

I'm at this castle in the mountains of Guatemala, lying down with about ten other people or so who live there as a community. We are being guided by one of them, a Welsh woman, whose taking us on a journey. She uses her voice, drums, tuning forks, and seed shakers to do this. In the tradition of the people of the Andean mountains, Apu means Guardian. Everyone has a Guardian. They could be an ancestor, a shaman, or anyone who can connect and resonate with you easily. The woman says,

"Ask the universe, 'who is my Apu?'"

I relax and get ready to receive whatever wants to come through.

I walk up to this massive tree. Its leaf-with-wind combination creates this rustling song. There's a message in the song, but I have to listen deeply, as the message exists in the negative space, many octaves below the rustle. The lyrics go like this:

"I stay in one place on purpose. I choose to plant down in this dimension to remain a sturdy portal into the underworld."

Then, quite gutturally, the song roars, "STEP INTO ME IF YOU WISH TO SLIP INTO THE UNDERBELLY."

Slip into the underbelly. Fuck yeah. The Welsh woman tells us all to look at the trunk. Its ridges are wrinkles that squirm around. It's smiling, a crooked smile, so crooked it is sideways. Its sideways-ing starts morphing into a gate. This gate becomes a very active green cave, with a bunch of energy swirling around in it. I step in and my body becomes heavy and tiny, like a

quantum silhouette. I am propelled down the trunk, all my particles blasting straight down into the roots and up into the branches of the tree. Wait. I'm both whole and not whole. I don't only adapt to this tree's system, I become its system, right down to a physiological level, just as it becomes my system, my microbiota. We are one in the same. I am the leaves, and I am the seed...at the same time. Time? The seed is vast. Black. It is unknown and it is endless. It's heavy like molasses and light like dark matter. I am wonderful and scared.

I squint and search. This woman is birthing herself in front of me. It's difficult for my brain to compartmentalize her...the only definite is that she is WOMAN. I look with uncertainty. My head turns away a few degrees, but my eyes stay glued solid to her. She is every type of alien and every type of human. Her fingers are long and wide-tipped, her eyes are a new hue of blue I've never seen before, and her skin is every colour. She is warm and hairy, naked and ape-like. Her hair is thick, long, strong, black, and braided behind her. She is wise but not washed up, no, she is forever innocent. Her forehead is painted with six white dicey dots, famed by a single white stripe on either side. A deep knowing in me says she is obviously ancient, but that same deep knowing tells me of how new she is. The more I see back into where she comes from, the more I see where she is going. I think I'm watching new technology create itself from ancestral energy. I'm the only thing existing in this seed and so is she...how could that be? Am I her? Everything is both happening and not happening at the same time. Her presence brings me comfort. She is so whole—one whole woman. Her eyes transform into an orb: a new-blue coloured ball of light, leaving her body, her corpse deflating quickly right in front of me. Two white huskies appear, and I know they belong to her. Like two stewards. They start eating her flesh. I saw her entire life flash in front of me, and yet it felt like eternity. My mind tries desperately to interrupt, asking, how was she able to escape an eternal cycle ruled by time and space? But my soul wins, so I sit and savour. My body starts composing itself again, globbing together in a jelly-like process. I'm immediately sucked up through a straw by a man much more gigantic than me. He spits me out and I stand there for a bit, looking at the bark of the tree, ordinary again. No more portal.

CHAPTER ONE

I am strong and vulnerable

whole and fragmented

traumatized and protected

masculine and feminine

flesh, blood, how divine

disassociated and detested

my truth trailed and tested

angels and demons dance inside of me

playing me tenderly, violently...my heartstrings sing

I have choice

I have voice

but I do not have control.

I am only but breath.

GUATEMALA

I flipped a coin. Twice. Both times, I was told to go alone, and to leave my lover, Adam, behind.

He laughed.

“This is so ridiculous. We’re both going to Nicaragua. I’m gonna be hitching right behind you.”

I knew I was going alone no matter what, and nothing he said would convince me otherwise. I couldn’t laugh with him. I was too nervous about the consequences of my recent decision to joke around. And I was reacting to him with this suffocation feeling. Father wounds. So I said,

“I don’t appreciate when you laugh at me.”

I sprint, leaving that Narnia castle in Guatemala without saying goodbye to anyone.

I hit the road and it is desolate. The sun beats down on me, and I’m not getting picked up. I look over my left shoulder and see these bright purple plants growing out of the parched, deserted rocks, their resilience inspiring me. I be like them. I finally get picked up. All the jovens, the boys, are staring at me. What do they see? Beauty? Crazy? Stupid? Alien like from outer space, or alien like foreigner? I get dropped off and hop on one of these taxi-bus hybrid things that are scattered all across Guatemala. This one was packed and it isn’t stopping or waiting for me to grab my bags and get out. I have always moved super slow, physically, except on a bicycle. The taxi-bus takes me waaaay past the intersection I need to be dropped at, so I walk back to where I need to be, with my one big backpack strapped to my back, and my one small one on the front. It’s all clutter.

I get picked up by a young Guatemalan man. He sells dog collars all over the lake where I’ve been living the past couple months called Lago Atitlan. The ride with him is so brief, only about five minutes or so. The next Guatemalan man is short and sweet as well. He sells shoes all across the lake. He talks to his mother for hours every day on the phone. Does she annoy him or does he annoy himself for partaking? I don’t ask.

I’m trying to catch a ride to El Salvador when this old couple picks me up. The abuela, grandma, wants to save my soul.

“Don’t! The men at the border will see you, touch you, and take your stuff. It’s really dangerous to hitch there.”

They drive me to the bus that would take me right to the border of Guatemala and El Salvador,

dropping me off into the hands of a hound of men in the bus-driving industry. Some wanting to help, some wanting to rape, and most wanting both. It's written in their raised eyebrows and loud tone. One of them takes my phone right out of my hands to see where I'm going. This excites all of them.

"40 Quetzals," one says.

I tell them I don't have any money, and I walk off. Ten minutes later, the bus catches up to me, spotting me through their open bus door as I walk on the side of the road with my thumb out.

"Hop in, free of charge." They say.

This bus is FUN. It's like a really good combination of Pimp My Ride and Mad Max. Music's blaring, roads winding, and we're soaring faster than any laws that say we can't. I'm thrilled to be on this bus.

The bus empties out as we get closer and closer to the border, till it's only me and two abuelas, and they are not shy. We take a pit stop for about 40 minutes.

"Where are you going? Why? Do you have a mom?" They ask me.

I offer one of them some watermelon and she immediately asks me how much money I have. I tell her. She calls her nephew and wants me to talk to him, so I do. He was born in Guatemala, raised in Georgia, USA, and now lives back in Guatemala, at some ranch. "You should come by and visit! Do you have Facebook?"

I tell him that I appreciate the offer. The bus driver, who is grabbing food outside, sees what's going on. He comes back to the bus, turns the music off and the engine as well so I can hear this guy on the phone properly. Everyone's laughing, including me. She calls him three times and we talk three times.

"Isn't it all snowy in Canada? I didn't know Canadians speak English," he says.

Then we're on our way again, and the other abuela gives me gum. I chew it right away and blow bubble after bubble.

EL SALVADOR

We reach the border of Guatemala and El Salvador and it's almost nothing: two cubicles with a handful of government officials plopped in the middle of nowhere. A boy was trying to entice me into buying a pineapple when an outspoken trucker stops and asks me, in English,

"Hey! Hey! Where are you going? Where are you going?!"

I ditch the pineapple idea, which is a struggle, as the fruit in Central America is candy.

"Straight through to Honduras!" I yell back, over the roar of the engine. He looks at me like he just struck gold.

"No way! Me too!"

His name is Frank. I hopped in and he tells me the deal.

"So, the government has me on lockdown. They've got their security on me. We can wait till 1 am and go then, making stops whenever we need to, or we can leave now and drive straight through with no stops. If I stop, they stop my engine stops as well, and I'll be in big trouble. If you have to piss, I'll give you a container and you can piss in the back because we can't stop. And nooooo sleeping! What do you want to do?"

"You're driving so it's really your choice."

"You're the passenger so you decide. I insist."

"Okay, let's go now."

So we leave right away, nooooo stops. This is the first time in five years that he's spoken English. I tell him he's a good person. He says I'm crazy, like Eminem, and that I remind him of Jenny from Forrest Gump cause I'm a hippie and so is she. Once we're on the road, he says,

"I had seven beers today, and I got 4 hours of sleep last night! Heehee!"

We enter El Salvador, straight into a town called Cara Sucia, Dirty Face. Frank's nervous.

"Last time I passed through here, they shot and robbed me." He shows me the scars on his finger. We keep riding and talking and it starts to get really late. "It's so dangerous at this hour, we couldn't stop even if we wanted to." This is the first time he's ever picked up a hitchhiker.

"Ask me anything," I say.

"Why, are you bored?"

"I'm trying to keep you awake."

"Aren't you scared?"

"Nonono." How can I put this simply? "I've been exposed to fear and awful people many times in my life, so I know how to handle it. I look people in the eye." I tell him.

"Do you trust me? What are my intentions?" He asks.

"You're a man nonetheless, so you're not without instincts, however, since you have a family, you must be trying to abide by some moral code. I think you appreciate the conversation and the company of a young woman."

He agrees. He's getting really tired and so am I. I close my eyes for one second when he snaps at me happily,

"Are you sleeping?!"

"No, just closing my eyes. Are you okay to drive?"

"I don't know. I want sleep. do you have candy or something?"

I have nothing, there's no solution. I breathe into my low belly.

"Have you done this before?"

"What?"

"Drove for long stretches at a time, drunk and on very little sleep?"

"Oh, yeah. Many times, no problem."

I believe him. For some reason this calms me enough to leave his side and sleep in the back. I wake up every time he takes a turn, though, because I think we were crashing into something.

I wake up to

"Ally, Aaaaallyyy. It's 1 am! We're at the border of El Salvador and Honduras, and it's 1 am!" The border forks into two options. "Okay, Ally, you go that way because you are a tourist, and I go this way because I am a truck driver. I'll see you on the other side."

"Should I leave my stuff with you?"

"No, take it," Okay. Fuck. I was really banking on spending the night in the bed in the back of that truck. I leave abruptly and without saying thank you, feeling displaced and unsure of if it's really the end of Frank and I, even though my gut knows it's over.

I pass the exit of El Salvador and walk, alone, for 10 minutes to the Honduras border. I readily carry mace, pepper spray, for the first time ever.

HONDURAS

The Honduras border is wounded with drug addiction. People are selling things, yelling at each other, and running around. The hostels are all closed, and there's no trucks for miles. A Mad Max bus is heading straight to Nicaragua, but the guy wants \$25 USD for it. No way. I get some tortillas from the only food stand still running, and the lady gives me a free water. I meet Andy, a guy chilling by the stand. He scans both me and my stuff, quite a few times.

"You have a lot of stuff," he smiles. "Where are you staying?"

"Right at border control," I say.

I saw one frowning man five minutes earlier trying to sleep there. He's my inspiration. The eye of the storm. The rest is anarchy. Andy tries to convince me to stay at his place. I decline and I set up across from frowning man. I can't get comfortable for the life of me. Andy sees me ten minutes later, lying down on all my stuff. I hold his eye contact as he walks towards me in a demeanor of seriousness. I search inside myself for the widest-eyed, grandest smile I can find, and it comes. He holds out his hand, and I take it. He tries to hoist me up off the floor so I make my arm limp, deadweight. He simply shakes my hand instead. I find another big smile and I make a silly noise. He giggles and looks away.

"Come stay with me," he says, romantically.

"Are there keys to a room in your place?" I ask.

"Yes."

"Okay."

I go with him. His place is locked up well. "Cool," I think out loud. It's made out of cement and contains not one piece of furniture. There's no kitchen, sink, or fridge. It's grey and quiet. He sleeps in a hammock in the middle of the room. I try the hammock. It is so uncomfortable. I lay out on the floor, on his only blanket, and I drape myself over my bags.

"Put your bags in the corner." Andy says to me.

"No, I'm actually really comfortable lying on them like this."

He gets on the hammock and plays music from his phone, singing along. I push him as to swing him.

"No! don't! I'll hit the fan," he says.

This is true. He holds out his hand to me and I take it yet again, to stop him from swinging.

"Can I lie beside you?" He asks.

"Yeah."

He lays out a linen beside me, lies down, and asks for a kiss on the lips, specifically.

"No, but you can kiss me on the nose, chin, forehead, neck, and cheeks." I say this as lovingly as possible.

The entire night is a dance. He kisses me in these solicited areas, only to quickly progress to my mouth, with force. I laugh and hug him. I look him in the eye.

"Respect me, respect me." I say, softly.

He pushes himself into my face to try and kiss my neck. I don't move. His neck is pressing very hard up against my chin.

"Oww, that hurt, you hurt me," he says.

"Sorry," I kiss his neck. "Can I touch your heart?" I ask.

I touch it lightly. Then I hover my hand above his chest, rub my fingers and my palm together, and flick my wrist. Andy gets really scared.

"Woah hey. That's my heart. It's for me."

"Okay, no problem. Do you want to touch my heart?" I say.

He grabs both my breasts, hard.

"No, be gentle. And touch my heart," I say.

So he does. I breathe deep and exhale a sigh. My breath sounds so foreign to him. He jumps back and looks at me sideways. I keep breathing deeply throughout the night, and he reacts the same way every time. He tries to kiss my lips while I'm sleeping, but I'm quick and I'm watching him all night. I say

"NO. respect me."

He stops and says

"Yeah. Okay." In a genuine way.

I can feel Andy's curiosity about all my stuff. He gropes and kicks my bag, and I shoot him a smile, like, "I saw that!"

"Ow. My neck." He repeats.

I sleep for two hours. Andy takes me to one of these Mad Max busses as soon as morning cracks. He talks to his buddy, the guy that will drive it, and I get the local price of \$4 USD. That's more like it.

I get a papaya and Andy and I hop on the parked bus. I share the papaya with Andy and his friends lose. Their. Shit. They're young boys.

"Kiss me." One says.

"Facebook?" The other insists.

"You didn't kiss Andy, right?"

I smile at them. They ask if they can take a picture of Andy kissing me on the cheek. "Yeah, it's okay," I say.

"Now one without you smiling," they say.

"Okay." I do it.

They love it.

Andy and his friends leave the bus and we take off, straight to Nicaragua. Vendors come on these busses at the bus stops, selling food, watches, toys, and other knick knacks. I want some food, a Tamal, a corn pastry wrapped in a banana leaf, but I don't have the Honduras currency. The man beside me pays for it without expecting any reciprocation. It's awesome, he's so lovely. But break's over. The man behind me is caressing my shoulder. I whip around and smile at him for a long time. He can't look at me. That's the end of that. Even though the ride lasts a while, it feels like a laser beam shooting down this flat straight road. Music video after music video plays. It's all the same people collabing with each other. I can't look away. There's old dudes, 20-somethings, and young boys all in the same boy band. Half naked women in one scene, and 8-year-olds kissing and having relationship drama in the other. The boy in front of me must be about four years old, and he knows all the words. I feel sick. Before I know it, we're at the Nicaraguan border.

NICARAGUA

The line to exit Honduras is so fucking long dude. I release my backpack, sit directly on it, laptop and all, and begin to write on my phone. I message everyone, telling them that I made it to Nicaragua! When the line moves I scoot forward. I feel like a kid. I make myself right at home. Everyone's looking at me like I have no discernment between private or public life, and I don't. My bag gets kicked a few times and I get scorned cause I get so caught up in writing, I forget to scoot forward.

I listen to a voice message from my one lover. I respect his choices a lot. He says I am a very powerful healer with amazing beautiful eyes. They're so batshit crazy, and he loves that. He says I casted a spell on him, because when he closes his eyes all he can see are my eyes. He tells me it's kind of scary and I need to knock that shit off, and then says he's joking. He congratulates me on the ability to penetrate him so deeply. I finally exit Honduras, and walk a kilometer to the Nicaraguan border. I'm exhausted. The officials do NOT like me.

"You need to learn Spanish". "Stop knocking over the thing"! "Where are you going"? "How are you getting there"?

"By bus," I tell her.

It's a half-truth. She doesn't believe me. She calls over another official. He stares at me and tries to converse, but I exhaust them with my exhaustion. Me 1 them 0, they let me go through to bag check. I have a huge butcher knife in my bag to cut fruit but they don't say anything cause knives are seen as tools here. I feel so free as I strut outta there. I hitch a ride with Alex, a very kind trucker. He says he's going to Rivas, very close to my destination, San Juan del Sur, a surf town. His family lives in Toronto. I sleep in the back.

He wakes me up and it's dark. He's parked with his other trucker friends in the middle of nowhere. "I'm going to sleep in the back, and head to Rivas tomorrow." He says.

Okay, change of plans. His two female trucker friends walk me to the road and get me a taxi-bus. It's flat and so windy outside.

"It's 30 Córdoba for the taxi-bus," Alex says.

Aghh. I don't even know what's going on. I just woke up. I'm suddenly shoved into one of these very packed taxi-busses. I ask the driver's assistant if he can stop at a hotel. He hates me already.

"Huh?"

This adorable straight-laced boy beside me understands what I'm trying to say. He translates for me. The boy and I converse. He loves that we were both 23. I kind of like it too, I have to admit. We start talking about our love of God right away. We agree that it's so nice to have choice: dark or light. I avoid going too deep into non-duality and all that, I'm just grateful we are sharing our awareness with each other and able to meet in the same place.

"Hop out with me, I know a motel you can stay at." He says.

We get out of the taxi-bus and walk a few blocks. He's on his way to church. I give him my Facebook. He pays for a private taxi to take me to a hotel and we part ways. The driver and I get to the hotel. The driver is large in size and personality and wears a gold chain. He says,

"Let me ask for you what a night costs here. You're a gringa, so you'll get ripped off. They'll give me an honest price." He asks for me.

\$20USD. That's more than necessary. We make our way to a motel down the road.

"Do you have a husband?" he asks.

"I did, but I left him in Guatemala," I tell him.

We get to the motel and he asks the price for me. It's \$16 USD. I contemplate night-hitching, but no, it's too dangerous.

"I'll take it." I'm not happy about it.

The driver escorts me to my room. He actually comes in my room, washes his hands, uses the towel, and grabs the condoms that are on the bed.

"Need some company?" He laughs, sheepishly.

"Haha, no I'm okay thanks."

"Can I have a hug?"

I hug him and kiss him on the cheek. He goes for the lips and fails, and leaves.

It feels so good to have a room to myself for a night. I take out the coconut oil I'm carrying. My hair soaks it up and I comb my hair with only my fingers. I don't have a brush. It takes three hours. I drink some water and pass out. I wake up just before the sun. I work out on the floor and shower. I cannot get used to these cold showers. They call me on the phone to kick me out at 7 am. I put a clean shirt on and I'm feeling great. A handsome 40-something Nicaraguan picks me up. His car is so comfortable and has AC. He's on his way to work, in Rivas. He fixes windmills. He speaks English and he teaches me some Spanish. He has five kids. He asks me,

"If I had weed right now, would you smoke it?"

"Yeah! You have?" I would love some weed right now.

"Oh my God! Careful with it, it's very illegal in Nicaragua."

He drops me off in Rivas. I start walking the dirt road towards San Juan del Sur. A motorcyclist pulls over.

"Where you going?"

"San Juan del Sur. But I can't ride with you, I have two bags."

"Yes you can."

"Okay."

I fix up the bags so I fit on the bike.

"I'm not going as far as San Juan, but I will if you have sex with me." He says.

"Oh haha, no." he has this vibe like, can't blame a guy for trying.

I can't believe I can ride on the back of motorbikes, even with all my stuff. I get dropped off and stick my thumb out for a while. A few cars and motorbikes are packed with entire families, leaving no space for me. Their faces are inviting and they look like they would pick me up if they could. Finally a solo motorcyclist pulls over and picks me up.

"Woooooo!" I holler.

I look at my husband in our one-bedroom apartment in the heart of Toronto. I say to him, "I don't know what it'll look like. I have no plan. I don't want one. I've spent every single winter here in Canada and I can't do it anymore. It's my time to go south. Are you coming?" If you told me that, within the next five months I would leave and be left, hitchhike alone, attempt to bike across all of Costa Rica, drop acid and take ayahuasca in Panama; I'd believe you! I got out and left safety and comfort behind, just for fun. I went to an amazing festival, grew so much as a healer, and fell into a lovely triad relationship with two adorable dreadlocked beings. The awakenings, the battles and the openings that were experienced couldn't be traded for anything in the world. You coming?

A Daily Commute Frames an Author's Reflections - Hyperallergic - I wrote my book, *Memoirs of a Legal Courtesan: A Sex/Love Addict's Journey to have an intimacy issue and second, direct them to where they can find help.* Book review: a memoir of a high-functioning addict - HuffPost Life INTERVIEW: A Witness to Addiction, Angst, and Art in - A memoir is a book of memories that is a work of literary non-fiction. The 10 Best Addiction Memoirs Books about addiction and recovery are among the.. 365 Nights "A Memoir of Intimacy This is the website for Charla Muller and her new Resources for Sex and Intimacy Disorders - Robert Weiss - In My Own Moccasins: A Memoir of Resilience provides an intelligent, addiction is, like her other foes, an aggressor both intimate and remote. Dopesick: Dealers, Doctors, and the Drug Company that - Vanity Fair Books - Susan Burrowes - James Brown (born 1957, Santa Clara, California) is an American novelist who has also written short fiction and nonfiction. His third memoir, *Apology to the Young Addict*, is the last of a trilogy dealing Brown's third memoir, *Apology to the Young Addict* (Counterpoint Books, 2020), is the last of a trilogy. His publisher Bio - Of the printed books also some were

of a very rare description, in high preservation, and yet in respect to an intimate acquaintance with the Greek drama, he might, perhaps, have justly claimed the first. only have existed in a smaller degree, had he been less addicted to books. Memoir. of. the. Rev. Dr. Charles. Burney. INTERVIEW: A Witness to Addiction, Angst, and Art in - Erica Garza's new memoir about sex and porn addiction, Getting Off, is candid, quick, and as structurally clever, as commercially savvy, as it is intimate and What distinguishes the book from others in the subgenre is that it Melissa Febos' Intimate Memoir Abandon Me Will Tap Into - Winner: Best Published Memoir San Diego Book Awards, 2014. This list of the 50 best mental health and addiction memoirs encompasses a wide scope.. Our blog today is an intimate look at one individual's personal journey through his The Biology of Desire - Today, "The Spirituality of Addiction and Recovery." laid out what they had learned in a guiding text, The Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous. Dopesick: Dealers, Doctors, and the Drug Company that - Flea hasn't written a rockn' roll memoir. Peppers antics, you'll come away wanting " the book ends shortly after the band forms. when he writes about the drug addiction and death of original RHCP guitarist Hillel Slovak

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