



## A lust for The West

### Description

I watch him with her, filled with pleasure from him. He is above her. For a brief moment I am there and not there. Itâ€™s not in our culture for a woman to see her husband with another woman, and certainly it is not in our culture that she watches him comes and thinks how spectacular it is. How beautiful it is, and how closely (when he comes inside of me) I have no chance to see it. Not this way. Itâ€™s called, simply, perspective.

And the perspective of deciding one day ( remove the irrelevant or leave them all. Or better yet â€“ add your own! ) to get away out of the matrix, break the rules , to conquer our path with our own feet, go our own way , to live this life differently. Call it anyway you want to â€“ for us this perspective would have not been possible without opening our relationship.

And open relations, oh how sleazy this sounds now, and I really do not want to imagine what youâ€™re thinking of right now. Go wash your brains with a soap, Yuck ! But the Open here is really not all about the sex. First of all it is about open your heart, your mind, and especially the complex and delicate dialogue of a person with himself and with his partner for life.

And if we were not in this process of checking, whatâ€™s behind this title Open, I believe that we would not have been here right now.



Photo by Zoe

So where is "here" .. ? Here, on this blog. Attempting to document while living the way out. Out of the system of father " mother " three children " dog " "omg! How much I hate my job". This system.

I do not want to tell it all at once. A moment, slowly.

Just wanted to say that it is not just for the traffic that I decided to put at the beginning of the post descriptions of sex. Well, maybe a little. But mainly because it really is part of our way, our test " what is our true path. Where is it going to and what we do while the way, the manner of ways, unfolds before us.

You know these cases that you are looking at the same place you always look, but something gets a different angle for a moment , and suddenly you see something new and fresh , something that was not there before .. ?

So this moment, when it emerges and spreads, it seems that there is an intense movement but in fact, it is precisely the moment when everything stops. Like a pampered cat that moment dozes before your eyes , stretching shamelessly in the warm sun that exposes it to all the tiny-tiny details. The moment itself does not even notice you, and only then can you fully understand it and hear that little voice asking, wait, how I have not seen this before . It is so obvious.

If I love him, why do I have to limit him.

If I love me, why do I have to limit me.

If I love him, how can I lend a hand to a murder of the soul which he passes every day at work he does not like, traveling from here to there without end and without a cause, turning him into a thief of pleasure minutes instead of the king he is.

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Still, I'll try to give you some background. Since we go together on our way, aren't we?

At the starting point of this blog, we are 41 (me) and 38 (him). We have three children whom you will probably meet later. We have a silly little mongrel she-dog. He thinks she would stay here with his mother or his brother. I say "sure sure honey", but my fantasy was little goofy coming along with us, to be citizens of the world.

That's the plan right now. Leave the oppressive, suffocating, burning, counting-our-souls-down system, Pardon my morbidity and so, and become citizens of the world.

And spare me a minute, is there any other country in the world that leaving it involves so much guilt? I suppose that anyone who leaves the place where he was born, grew up and lived, might feel some sorrow, missing in advance people and places and smells and everything. But only here in Israel he feels fucking guilty. Guilty! About how he wants to live his life without the system overpowering him , without working his soul to the ground , without dancing to the golden calf. Call it what you want, but you must admit, really, we hate it. Yes, you too.

So, gee, we plan to get out of here. Start living by our rules, our time, raise our children, and grow up a little bit ourselves. Live. Without running all the time, without being angry all the time, without a constantly fighting over longed resources " money, time. Money, time. I personally would have been glad to not work so much for the additional resource, which is " food, but maybe it's a different blog. And perhaps by the way it will change as well, who knows .

And as always like in all good stories, except a colossal sex scene, there should also be a defining moment, a moment where something happened , something after nothing was the same again. Usually it is related to real estates. A word of grown-ups.

Because sometimes, people make investments, and sometimes it's successful, very successful. People braver than us may have set off this path without this golden opportunity. Us, well, we needed

some help. And God, it is well known. She is cool.

So we came upon an opportunity, something in real estate. If The One, may the spirit rest on him, might agree to explain it to you a little deeper. The bottom line is that I seek my poetical moment to carry on here.

One evening we returned from a meeting related to the real estate mentioned above, and we talked in the car. He looked at me. I almost died of love at that moment. I looked back at him and told him "honey, this opportunity can work for us in more than one way".

Until then we also, like many other people, were preoccupied mainly with our pensions, in what will be and what is left behind for our children. How can we give our children more than we received from our parents. The One had a master plan for that, obviously.

And maybe it will even get off the ground, the way I know him. But in the meantime, a radical thought came "this opportunity can allow us to live. Just live and now. Live in the country, live in the world, pave our path . Right now. A year from now " this is where we are aiming to. We still have work to do, from preparing the ground to the moment of takeoff.

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