



Body Memory Traces - A Travelogue on Experiencing and Navigating Sexual Boundaries and Needs - Alexander Hahne (T* Point: 2nd Issue – first published 03/21)

In the following text I give sketchy insights of an inner view, a personal experience and feeling of a body: many mixed encounters, reduced to the essential, meagrely embellished, scenes of different encounters - sometimes mixed, sometimes single.

I have only this one body and I am in the here and now. The process of life is a stringing together of various snapshots.

Contact

I see you. Perceive you briefly with my eyes. Your contours and edges. Do I feel sympathy for you? I don't care about the rest.

At the other end of the room

I take a step towards you and wait for a reaction from you. Will you also take a step towards me? I am curious about you and wonder what you will smell like. Are you curious about me too?

An arm's length away

Come here if you want! Or I give you a sign and ask with a smile or a grin if I can come even closer to you. Wait eagerly for your reaction. Notice how my body becomes more compact for a moment, my muscles look forward to what may come.

An elbow's length away

I have no patience for this distance. I want to smell your sweat stronger and rub my face against your body hair. To experience the resistance of skin against skin.

Immediate touch on my skin

What do I want from your closeness? What meaning do I feel from your touch? What is your motivation to touch me?

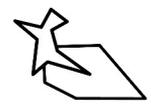
The warmth of your hands on my body leaves imprints on me. Paths of heat that tingle in different ways and make my hair stand up comfortably. Shared sweat settles on my body. I enjoy the dampness.

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As your hands touch my naked torso and especially my nipples, I first feel the little vividness of my nipples pressed between your fingertips. My scars show with a pain that makes me flinch at first, a pain with a history and a past. It is disturbing, but then becomes clearer and more pleasant. I notice the change between more and less pressure of your fingertips, the pace of your touch varies. You respond to my reactions and my pleasure, relate to them, to me. Through your responsiveness to me and the dosing of your pauses with shared breaths and moments of making out, I feel your experience with bodies like mine. This doesn't give me more feeling in my nipples, but I feel my history of the body part finding more and more a place in my body memory. Feel accepted by you through your reactions.

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In moments when I experience your skin contact, your stroking and grasping, used to show you



your sleeve, I feel like an interchangeable object. My presence has no relevance in the situation. Any other person could also take my place: my_a body as resistance for you, so that you can experience your body boundary, your skin. A contact that is not for me. A touch from you that is only for yourself. I don't want to be used for your need to feel yourself. I want to experience your full attention in the touch, your commitment, your devotion for me and for this moment together. This makes me feel seen by you. I may be ready to engage further. This is what the communication of the bodies, the common encounter, the dialogue for me arises from and can develop further.

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A clear being-with-me, feeling myself, being with me. Sharing the experience of my pleasure with another person and the reinforcement of my experience of myself through the touch of another person. As a mutual interplay. This relating to each other as the basis for more. Your touch should be dedicated to me and the time we share together. Just as I give you my concentration and attention through my touch, and am a companion and supporter of your arousal and your experience of the moment in the here and now. Less is not possible. I don't want less. I am worth that to myself.

Transitions: opening up, enclosing, taking in, penetrating

At this station I am considering and weighing up how much more I can and want to show and give you of myself. What am I willing to share with you?

For me, this is the moment when I want to have already opened up inside before I show you that, me. That I feel my junk swell, I become stiff and wet. Standing up, I notice my inner stability with every movement of my legs and continue to hold it up. How my junk is gently pressed and squeezed and the ever increasing moisture from myself delicately increases the sensitivity. My arshole opens and presses down, ready to enclose you.

As if my insides want to show themselves on the outside. Nah, not what you're thinking now. This isn't about messing around today. Rather, that I want to give you some of my soft, inner warmth. That I show you and share the fire inside me.

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The moment I notice my accelerated heartbeat throughout my body, which feels like excitement but means rising arousal inside me. When my breathing becomes a little faster and deeper, the pauses after exhaling become shorter. My inner tension gathers to be able to pulsate in a concentrated way. My entire body volume is filled by this pulsation, I expand and enlarge myself as a whole. I feel how these waves are driven by my breaths, how they can be shaped. An interplay of my body between contraction and relaxation, emptying and filling. A cycle that I want to enjoy, let go of and at the same time shape or get out of at any time. Because I always decide anew what I want right now. Together with my partner, I weigh up what is possible and what is not. What do I really want right now?

Inside me

Have I made myself comfortable enough to want you? Do I want to feel the effects you are releasing in me right now, feel, to feel me? Or is the connection and shared arousal the priority for me right now?

Are you helping me to feel myself even more or am I asking you to do something for me to



experience and get what I want to feel? Am I taking what I want right now or are you giving me what I want right now? Is this delicate balance being maintained? This is a friction point of perspectives, not mucous membranes.

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I want to show myself to you, your gaze and presence is the attendant witness of my lust and arousal. My lust and arousal is framed by your gaze, not the other way around. I have as much space as I take, not as I get. Limited by my own painful restrictions. There comes a point when I realise I am filled enough. Then I've had enough and I change something about the situation. If I then continued, my body would become uncomfortable and the inner balance of tension and calm would change. My inner stability would become unbalanced. I don't want that to happen.

Me inside you

Not today.

Alone again

After a day or two weeks, what remains of the situation in my body, in my embodied memory? What do I remember? What do I want to remember, what do I want to embellish, what do I want to forget or let fade away? When I am back in postures from the shared situation, I feel a shadow of feeling and arousal. A shadow that becomes more transparent with time and fades further. The memory of my pulsating body makes me smile.

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Alone again, I consider whether I would have acted differently in the situation. Not necessarily weighing up whether my boundaries were not respected or violated, more whether I pursued my actual needs enough. Did I want more or less from a touch or encounter? What would I do differently next time?

How far away is close enough for me?

Epilogue - What does this mean for you?

What do you find yourself in when you read this situation? What is close to you? What is very different for you? What would you like to experience? Or what do you definitely not want to experience?

How would you like to touch yourself and be touched by other people? Is it caressing, gentle holding, massaging, scratching, firm grasping or a completely different touch? What is important to you? What do you want to sense?

Where is your attention when you are being touched? Being with yourself and your own bodily experiences? Being with the other person? With what is stretched out between you? When does a mutual touch become a dialogue for you?

Where can you feel yourself from the outside? Where from the inside? Where inside? For which parts of your body do you want to get a resonance from the outside in order to feel supported in your experience?

Would you like a travel companion? What does that look like for you? If you like, you can write your own "extract from your inner dialogue".