

Anatomy of a Look

There it is—
Over there.
That image in the corner of my eye.
Light rays impinging on the retina of my peripheral vision.
Rays coming in. Neutral. Passive.
Innocent.
Brain processing the data as a computer.
Man the benign machine.

Then, the image moves closer and more data is processed.
The computer sets a flag: “Trigger material.”
Recognition.
Now I, the practicing luster, face a moral predicament:
Decision!
To drink or not to drink?
Suddenly I’m a spiritual creature with a higher will *using* the computer.
Man the autonomous Being!

I choose to drink.
Not just look. *Drink.*
Only the lustaholic knows the difference.

What is the drink?
Instead of light rays coming in passively and
registering a neutral image,
Something is now going *out* of me.
Taking. Plundering.
Against the knowledge and will of the other person.

And lightning-fast.
Doesn’t have to be the hard “drool.”
Can even be oh, so “gentle.”

Lust is always an act of violence.

Rebellion. Demand. I want. I must have.
I must have or I’ll die!
So I take. And get....
It’s free! And secret. No one knows!
Or will ever know.
I don’t even acknowledge it to myself.
The perfect steal.
Man knowing Good and Evil,
On the same order of being as *God*.

But it’s an act *against*.
Against the man or woman, yes.
But what about a mere picture or fantasy?
There’s something in *me* I have to transgress.
Something in *me* I must turn against.
The light inside. *God*.
Lust proves there’s a conscience,
and knowledge-of-good-and-evil, and *God*.
The tree of death is *within* me!
I *choose* to eat of “that forbidden tree
whose mortal taste brings death into the world
and all our woe.”

An act of defiant will.
Against the light I take. And shut *God* out.
Isolation. Separation. Escaping inward, getting lost
inside myself.
Losing my *self*.
But *seeming* to gain a shot of life.

And instead of the image serving oneness with that person,
I choose to use it *against* the natural.
Perversion.
Greedily I ingest and possess,
And am possessed.

The one glance is enough.
I now process the image any way I choose.
It’s no longer a person or picture out there;
It’s something in *here*, from a part of *me*.

The image is invested with a super-natural
Power and Presence.
Larger-than-life.
Infused with *spirit* to fill the god-emptiness within.
Spiritual intercourse.
With myself! —
(Or is it?)

This creative power I get is from being in the image of *God*.
That’s what I use to imbue this thing with its super-force.
Thus—
I pervert the very image of God!!

And this is what I want. Must have!
It’s taking me out of myself!
Mood-altering. Mind-altering.
Self-transcending! Spiritual! Ecstasy!
What power! I’m in total control!
I!
Create!
And possess!
I’m GOD!!!

The saliva of the false god juices a voracious appetite.
I gulp and devour this inner entity.
And am devoured!
Lust is self-consuming; I’m doing all this to *myself!*
No wonder it unleashes the negative force:
Rage,
And the litany of all my sins.

And what was once neutral, innocent reality,
A person, a mere picture in the brain,
Is now a perversion—
Twisted distortions of reality out of the inner darkness.

I, the Destroyer at work.
I, now the god of my own life,
Creating my own *God(dess)* of Desire,
In my own lust-image!
False worship.
Idols out of the *Id!*

And I have what I truly want:
My own god—*Me!*
The giver of “life” to me.

To what end?
Death!
Shutting out the light and love of *God* and man—
And woman—
Blinding me to the truth about myself.
For to see *that* truth would be to fall down and cry:
“*God* be merciful to me the sinner!”

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