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Namaste Sweetheart

by Lou Beckerman

When they met sparks flew. No – really – they did! Almost as if someone had lit a celestial sparkler. It was the electricity of recognition, though they were indeed strangers. Well, in this lifetime anyway. She thought how he reminded her – just something about the timbre of voice - of her best friend’s husband. A new-agey spiritual type who always had time for her. (The one thing she was jealous of her friend for having.)

Jennie felt sure they must have been related in a former incarnation and made a note to consult a past life regression practitioner she knew.

He was a bit conservative (small ‘c’ she hoped) for her liking but had a certain charm. Clean-shaven; not exactly a sharp or snappy dresser but classic in a slightly fossil-grey way. Nothing grey about his views on life though which were uncomplicated for him – things were black or they were white. He had opinions on most topics. And sparks of a different nature could explode. He’d be quick to ignite but just as fast to defuse and forget about whatever had annoyed him.

As an observer, I have to say Tony was the first vaguely eligible male she’d met in aeons. He was a systems analyst and wasn’t quite what she’d fantasised about, but she felt sure she could mould him to fit her ideal mate template. After all, Spirit was guiding her. It was fate. Meant to be.

Months before, she’d made a relationship shrine in her flat – you know with some incense and hearts and a picture of Rati the Hindu goddess of love. Eros and Venus had their own space there too (though not together – that would never do). Hedging her bets she’d sing along to Sinatra’s crooning: *Strangers in the night exchanging glances...* Astrologers had been consulted and she read the Tarot cards daily. Then there was her vision board to help manifest her dream soulmate. ‘Manifest’ - she liked this word – its first syllable full of portent.

Anyway – long story short - they got together. And she set to work.

What meals to prepare – that was the first thing. He'd watch nature programmes and profess an affinity with the animal kingdom. Then he ate them without a second thought to what was on his plate, as long as it was cost-effective. But she would educate him and make it seem as though it was *his* idea to become vegetarian. Vegan even. It was going to be a long but worthwhile road to enlightenment.

She liked it that his feet were firmly on the ground but perhaps he could be a little waftier. Softer. More giving. It seemed a good idea (on *his* behalf, after all - he needed rescuing), to find a few remedies, herbal to begin with, which might help. These she surreptitiously stirred into his tea. To him it was all quackery. Superstitious claptrap. After a time he did lukewarmly agree to come to a meditation session (where the regrettable couple shouting next door was all he could concentrate on).

One thing he readily approved was the 'Tantric Sex for Couples' weekend. And when she said it would be sensual if he grew his hair a little and perhaps a beard – he did. Was this the turning point?

Encouraged, Jennie secretly sourced other herbs, homeopathic tinctures, ayurvedic medicines. She lay crystals under his pillow and engaged healers to work on him through the etheric realms. And anything else she was guided to. She thanked her angels when he started to learn yoga instead of boxing.

A certain calm ambiance was unfolding but also a disquiet within her. He quit his job. She'd return home from her stint in The Cosmic Buddha shop to find him having spent much of the day in downward dog or child pose. Sometimes outwardly asleep while executing a perfectly balanced headstand, the pile of house chores tottering. Tony was becoming, well...a bit bland to tell you the truth – un-opinionated, like he'd undergone an opinionectomy.

Walking in, one day, to his '*Namaste sweetheart*' she did begin to wonder if she'd gone too far. You remember that initial spark? Phut! Smoking embers. She was thinking they seemed to be greater strangers than before.

A final word from me, if I may – just do be careful what you ask the universe for...