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On the west face of the dam at Vasona Park just beyond the city limits of San Jose, California there is a peace symbol of carefully arranged logs (felled by the hands of the city). The icon measures twelve feet in diameter. Near dawn, well beyond the legal visiting hours for Vasona Park, we (three epic friends and I) scaled a fence in the uncertain and moonless night, just beyond the view of a ranger's station. Some effects of the drugs were still noticeable, mostly in our vision, our psyches, and as always with exotic tryptamines our stomachs were tied into knots of prima-cord in a perpetual state of detonation. Meditating in the deep darkness on the night of its construction, I felt an orange pillar of explosive light-energy rise up within me transmitted through the planet its self. That sensation was accompanied by something like the collective memory of all existence surging through my field of vision (which was now awash in the orange light) like translucent photographs of many gods' love.

It began with a deep breath and in the fog exhaled from that breath I saw the faces of my dearest friends present and otherwise, I saw their faces evolve into the faces of old men worn thin by rebellious children, I saw the Pacific blue of my mother's eyes crashing against the shore at Bonny Dune beach. In my breath I saw microcosms of the clouds we gawked at earlier in the mountains, every letter of every religious manuscript as the press first struck paper, and the many wounds said books would attempt to justify. Clear as the California Sky in summer I saw the countless iridescent Morpho Rhetenor butterfly wings of the South and Central Americas, the multitudes of dump trucks and greedy opportunists smoothly burning rural America to the ground making way for the old and spiteful men who had been worn thin by rebellious children. In this timeless wave-collapsing, kitten smearing implosion of the infinite I was shown the exponentially rising curve of the inevitable technological singularity, evolution of organisms,

populations, cultures, individuals, dreams, wavelengths of light beyond the eye's perception, noises made of ocular vibration, a view of the many poisoned crops, their routes of transit, their violent processing, the many poisoned people who consumed them, an image of their many homes in varying states of rest and agitation filled with religious manuscripts whom sprouted hands smearing their owners' with blood. Then I inhaled. Looking around I noticed my friends had all fallen into silence and meditation. The quiet of the wood was stirred (violently, exclusively) by the powerful sound of water coming through the dam. Unsure, somewhat afraid to enter that state again I kept my breath in my chest until I felt the fire rise up from my lungs to my throat and I knew it was about to come back. In the half-lotus position my head fell forward and my toes tapped into the air, I let the breath escape and this time I saw the smallest particle of water, hydrogen being bullied by oxygen, both of their electrons popping from one existence to another always keeping balance not just in two, but in infinite existences. I grabbed hold of one electron and it popped into another world, a fractal world, a world of pastel waves in space, a world not physical and not thinking, a world of only spirits and intentions. Then the electron popped back over because its brother had just departed from our world and with it my mind's eye drifted up into the stratosphere where it was carried out over the ocean to precipitate the next morning as fog.