



Entomological Entheogen

I never know what I will find on my daily ramblings. I have grown accustomed to encountering the extraordinary in the very ordinary. I expect the unexpected where I least expect it. Today, I stumbled upon the cosmic meta-mother and her young son, God-the-toddler. I had heard of nanotechnology but this was nanocosmology.

He had plucked a stalk of wheat and was using that hollow reed as a straw to blow bubbles - great rainbow-colored bubbles that hitched rides on intergalactic zephyrs. I followed the course of one of these bubbles. Its life began with the “big bang” of God-the-toddler’s breath, which it sent on an ever-expanding exploration of its own possibilities; and it ended with a “big pop”, when it impaled itself on a pine needle at the top of an elegant evergreen.

However, that wasn’t the end of its life but merely the beginning of its next incarnation. In the infinite wisdom of Akasha, the metaverse’s chief archivist, all the energy of the bubble and all of the information it acquired in the course of its life, was now transferred to the drop of water it had become. The great surface area was now repackaged and condensed into the tiny volume of a droplet, which fell to the ground at the foot of the evergreen. It immediately accepted this new situation and began to investigate its possibilities. Slowly it began to work its way underground, searching for the roots of this great tree. Finding them, it burrowed even deeper until it found the xylem, the hair-thin tubes that conduct water and ground nutrients up through the tree. Gratefully absorbed, it began the exacting journey, this time by the *inner* route, to the top of the tree, whose needle had ended the bubble phase of its existence. In a

living example of, “Love your enemy” it was delegated to nourish that exact pine needle. They embraced like long-lost brothers, “Wow, you look so different from the inside; I barely recognize you!” “Yeah, you too.”

Together they lived and laughed and aged and, finally, it was time for the pine needle to let go. Slowly it loosened its grip on the twig and went into free fall, impaling itself in the soft pile of a gopher mound. Again, this was not a death but merely the beginning of the next phase of the life of the “water needle.” “Who wants me?” it called out. A passing ant accepted the offer, and though the pine needle was several times heavier than her and much taller, she carried it aloft easily, high above her head, so as not to block her view. Carefully planning her route, she climbed over, under and around a variety of obstacles, until she had delivered it deep into the living quarters of her community.

Then a wonderful thing began to happen. The pine needle began to exude a psychedelic scent that soon had the entire colony “tripping.” It was an entomological entheogen; the equivalent of ants on Ayahuasca. They had a communal vision. In it they saw the cosmic meta-mother and her young son, God-the-toddler. He was blowing bubbles.....

May God continue to hold you tenderly in the hollow of Her hand.

Namasté,

Tír na nÓg
March 2012

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Seán". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "Tír na nÓg".