

# Soaked in Alacrity

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On August 8, 2020, I experienced one of the best days of my life when I came upon the discovery that not only do I have no head, but that the parts extending out from this single field-of-view, this newly realized no-thing, they were not really there after all. The parts I had come to understand and define as my arms, my hands and fingers, my torso, my legs, my feet; this incessant inconvenience of a pain diseased body, it had been stripped from the expansive complexity of its condition. Detached from my former sense and characterization of self, and instead appearing as an object—a cloud, in the inimitable space of my awareness. Not only was I free of mind and head, I was free of my body. I was free of pain.

What happened that day for me was truly remarkable, yet altogether quite simple.

After nearly two decades of searching, and testing, and bearing-through, and taking everybody else's godforsaken word for it, I had the opportunity of partaking in the local medical cannabis program, so I seized it. After a brief clinical processing period I was able to visit my first cannabis pharmacy. Serendipitously, they did not have the product I was hoping for that day, a strain called Gorilla Glue, so I instead tried what was listed as my second choice, Grape Animals. When I returned home I prepared the product, my environment, and myself for its consumption. After that was complete, and as I waited to see what effects may be produced, I decided to take comfort in the gentle swing of the hammock I witnessed swaying in the wind in my backyard. I settled in, closed my eyes and began to pay attention to my breathing. It was approximately 6PM, partly cloudy, and 95 degrees with a wind speed between 12-18mph. I wasn't in the hammock for very long before I found myself dissolving away with its gentle sway, the trembling of the trees, and the current of the wind. In actuality, I hadn't really found myself to be anywhere, let alone the hammock in my backyard. I had become lost in the breadth of my experience, whisked away on a marvelous immensity closer to me than that very meditative breath I had been noticing not a moment before. I thought,

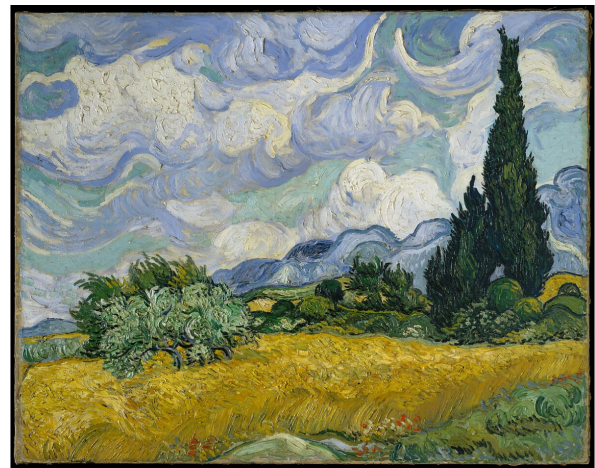
“How can I feel that there is a self unless such a feeling appears to be known?”

In a panic from the totality of my awareness and my newly discovered condition, I opened my eyes, leaping out of the hammock and onto my feet. For a moment I looked around at all the newfound light and shadow which had just shocked this immense darkness when I was overcome with fits and starts of laughter and crying at the elation and release of having discovered a life lived where I can be rid of all of my exhaustive and debilitating pain. The world was twisting and shouting and twirling, as if when I leapt from the hammock I didn't leap into my backyard, but rather into a Claud Monet, or a Van Gogh

painting; finding what dreams may come all over again. . . The movement of the grass, and the finitude of every blade dancing individually with the visible tracks of wind cutting through the clouded rays of the evening sun in a grand showcase of the harmony of color and light. I looked to the east to see my 75 foot Globe Willow towering upwards 1,000 feet, spiraling into itself and the blue patch of visible sky, as if the wind current passing through was acting as a distorted lens to the scene. In a few years time I would come to discover that this view—this impressionistic scene before me with its vivid coloring and swirling dance, was almost entirely the same as a low-dose, open-eye DMT trip. The similarity is utterly uncanny.



To better comprehend my experience and to gain a sense of control over these rising and falling emotions, I decided to meditate. I sat down in that flowing, painted grass, and I closed my eyes once more. Set free from the painful prison of my body and the fogged corridors of my mind I was inundated by the clear, present and painless expanse. The layer that I had considered all this while to be “me” shrank away into the Void as the crushing power of distant oceans waves flowed through my experience here, and mountain peaks converged into a rising oneness, seeming to situate me simultaneously on top of, and as one with the entire world. It was exactly the meaning of Zen in an instant,



“The whole idea of Zen is that, wherever you stand, if you realize Zen, you create a mountain. Everywhere is the mountain solitude, even in the middle of an uproar. This is *Sabi*.”<sup>1</sup>

It’s that notion from the LDS faith, that the temple, yea even your very temple, may function as, “a refuge from the storms of the world.” As Douglas Harding said,

“We suffer because we overlook the fact that, at heart, we are all right.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Watts, Alan., ‘*Uncarved Block, Unbleached Silk*,’ online at: <https://www.organism.earth/library/document/uncarved-block-unbleached-silk>

<sup>2</sup> Harding, D. E., ‘*On Having No Head: Zen and the Rediscovery of the Obvious*,’ Shollund Trust, 2014

Sound was abounding, coalescing, and riding on the limitless winds of this no-time—singing out into the spiraling arm of the galaxy from this crystal speck of an echo chamber called Earth; singing out from me, to me, for me—as me. I seemed to stop thinking, and to stop breathing all together—my moment of clarity in a life blanketed by fog. This peaceful, awake emptiness had released me from the unendurable burden of my body. But I don't have a body, and this experience wasn't a moment, for a moment is a thing and I am timeless. I am space for moments, but moments are not me.

I opened my eyes and there was the shape of my body, but nowhere was my head. I was speechless. There was no imagining the scene before me—only seeing that which plainly was. A single field-of-view accepting—among other things—that the willow tree twisting in the wind before me, and the foreground of the mountain upon which it sat, and the way it stretches ever-upward to that edgeless sky are not actually distant from me. In fact neither is that wind, or that mountain, or that unlimited sky. They are here. But if they are here, then just how is it that consciousness feels precisely like *I* when the feeling of self is itself an appearance, a sensation—a magnificent tree with an expansive mountain backdrop—in consciousness? Every object in the scene became sharp and distinct, and the sky began to curve, revealing the bubble in which we float, not altogether unlike the striking appearance of things on LSD—as well as the accompanying flares of psychoanalysis.

How could I feel this self unless such a feeling was indeed appearing here to be known? Moreover, how is it that the joyous, inquisitive daughter I catch within this vast openness presented here, how is it her sense of experience can feel so immensely entangled right here within my own and yet exist across that apparent distance of our backyard?

For it was just as I had began to gather my emotions that my three-year-old daughter burst through the back door with her pointed energy, running straight into the yard toward the round tree swing, diving onto it belly first, and giggling joyously. I was in complete awe—elated simply watching her. As the swing swung about she rolled over onto her back and began staring up into the sky with limitless wonder and curiosity; a bundle of pure joy, and inquisitive nature. This was one of my very first instances of recognizing vintepathy with another human. Vintepathy being a more thorough form of telepathy, which doesn't seem to magically communicate through some invisible, organic telecommunications broadcast system, but rather through the vibrating amplitudes of surrounding entities.

In the previous story of my childhood memory, I mentioned my late Malamute, Wolfie, (name given by this three-year old). He was actually the very first being with which I would notice this. He was laying in the yard one day, I was doing dishes. I was looking out into the yard with similar feelings as looking across at my daughter; I love them so much and I am so happy to have them in my life. I remember thinking very specifically, “Wolfie, I love you.” Just as I thought that, Wolfie perked up out of his nap and started looking around the yard. I thought with the same intent, “I'm over here, bud.” He immediately looked in my direction, but couldn't see me, because I was up in a window. I thought, “I'm up here!” He looked me directly in the eyes and gave me that Alaskan Malamute smile, happy to see dad

after having vintepathically felt his love from no-distance. This type of communication was honed, especially with this pup, though others have taken to it as well, but Wolfie, the previously abused rescue husky, who never howled or barked in the time we had him, who was scared to death of adults at first, he knew what was true, and he loved communing in that Space.

My daughter was staring up into the tree of the willow and off into the sky when I thought, with an inundation of more overwhelming emotions, “God, I love you so much.” Instantly, as if she had heard me say her name, she looked across the yard at me, yelling, “Daddy! I didn’t know you were out here!” She danced out of the swing and skipped in my direction, falling into my arms for a sweet hug. She noticed that I was crying and asked, “Daddy, what’s wrong?” I told her that this would sound confusing, but that Daddy was actually crying because he was so happy because he didn’t hurt anymore. She said that she didn’t understand. I asked her, “have you ever seen daddy do this?” I picked her up and sprinted across the yard with her in my arms for the first time like I never had. She was delighted, screaming that it was so fast and fun, and we were laughing, and smiling so much our cheeks hurt. That was until I rolled my ankle in the hole hiding in the uncut grass left by our newer, younger Malamute, Nikola. We tumbled and rolled a little, and we were laughing together on the ground, but my pain had all but just been returned—with a little extra. An instant lesson in balance, and a reminder that while it is the absolute best medicine I’ve ever found, it is not a cure to the overall state of my situation.

This short trip was tightly-packaged and replete with mindfulness, joy, tranquility, inquisitiveness, and concentration. It seems it all took off rather quickly but without my initially noticing. This, before peaking, and realizing an experience of no-pain which evolved into an equanimitable state of peaceful euphoria. This was until I rolled my ankle, shifting my valence ever so slightly toward the irritation of my circumstances, rather than the acceptance of them, but while still maintaining a high-energy that was mostly soaked in alacrity.

