

YOPO: THE END

I had my first serving of Yopo delivered by a pipe that shaman Juan Pablo used to blow the ancestral medicine up my nose. It wasn't long until I felt very heavy in my body, tingles all over and within me, and I was scared. As had previously been the case when feeling fear, I tried to push it away, to ignore it ... but I couldn't; and as the medicine took hold of me even more, I laid there asking myself what I was so scared of. As I sat there with this question, it became clear – I was afraid of the unknown.

I was no longer in control of my body, was completely at the mercy of the Yopo, and questioned what was going to happen here today? For me, this was very hard, because I've always had this bravado perception of myself as a strong man who fears nothing, and who provides protection and comfort to those who do. Well, in this moment, the very core of me, the sum total of all that I am, was struck by the revelation that hey, it's okay to be scared, and it's okay to admit it to myself.

Why is the harmonica so amazing? The harmonica is one of the languages of life, it speaks to the heart and to the soul.

Why is life so special?!

A. Nobody

It's okay not to understand! I understand that it's okay not to understand.

Breath is life.

Why do I always doubt myself?

It doesn't matter if my book is successful, it will be what it needs to be.

It doesn't matter because nothing matters.

Everything will always be exactly as it's meant to be.

The medicine made me feel like I wanted to be sick, but when I grabbed the bucket provided for this purpose, the feeling was gone. Instead, looking at a fragment of dirt inside the bucket, my higher self explained to me: "That has to be that, so that this can be this ('this' being everything we perceive; 'this' being life). Everything has its place in the universe, everything has to be exactly as it is for everything else to exist. I have to be me so that this can be this ('this' being existence; 'this' being everything outside of me). Everything exists exactly how it exists in every moment that it exists, so that everything can be. If I don't do what I'm doing right now, then the world can't be. Everything breathes together in the moment of now, the present moment. If I wasn't here doing what I'm doing in the moment that I'm supposed to be doing it, nothing else could be.

"When we don't accept the present moment, things still exist, but in a state of disharmony. Everything will always exist, but it's up to us whether they exist in positive or negative harmony, although this is from the human perspective, because when we zoom out and see things from the universe's perspective, all there is, is harmony; everything is growth ... growth from what we humans call negative, and growth from what we call positive."

As the medicine took over my body, I watched my right hand dart out towards the sky, reaching, pointing and grabbing. I was made to see that I am constantly reaching for something out

A Few Words From An Absolute Nobody

there, when actually everything exists right here within me. My finger began to change the direction in which it was pointing, from the sky back towards me, repeatedly prodding me harshly in the chest with the message: "Look within, for that is the answer to everything. Do aliens exist? Of course they do, they exist within me. Because for me to be able to see something out there, I first have to imagine it within, and what is imagination? Just another way of perceiving something. Nothing exists without it existing within beforehand.

Things can only exist in the way that they do because I will them to be that way. This cannot and will not ever be understood by the human mind. Everything I want is right there at the tip of my finger, but it's not within my human grasp. Everything I want to understand about life is right here, but I will never understand it as long as I'm alive."

A small Yorkshire terrier dog that was there, wandering in and out of the ceremonial space, came over to me, and as I stared into its eyes, it was explained to me that this dog, with what I would label as a most simplistic level of understanding, knew exactly what life was and accepted it, which is why it was so happy being what I would describe as 'just' a dog.

My hand involuntarily shot out in front of my face and, as it moved and I followed it with my gaze, it stopped directly at the point where I could see the face of the lady in ceremony beside me. As it dropped away, and my view of her face was clear to see, the message was: 'You, me ... we are beautiful just as we are'.

Then I was reminded of all of the women in my life with whom I had had a real chance to be with, but had found reasons as to why they hadn't met the superficial requirements that I had imposed on them. My higher consciousness explained to me that this is why romantic love will always be that little bit outside of

A. Nobody

my grasp, because as a human I'm flawed, and that's okay ... this is the journey.

I was shown that it's okay for my life to turn out exactly the way that it's going to, because this is the journey! Hallelujah, what a relief. It's okay for my life to turn out to be absolutely shit, if that's the way it turns out, because 'shit' is just another label and that's why I came here – for the journey, not the end!

I love everybody so much; love is the key, love my thoughts, love myself.

I love sadness so much. Why do I find such profound beauty within the despair of sadness?

I vomited into the bucket, and when I was done, I asked it: "What are you?" The reply I got was: "The understanding of life." It made me vomit out every last bit of it. 'It' being the understanding of life, in the totality of the degree to which it had immersed me during the peak of the experience.

"Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, however you're feeling and whatever you're going through, right here right now, is all part of the experience that you came here for."