

Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

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Organic

I wonder if Terence McKenna went to Woodstock. His beliefs make me think he just may have. He believes that psilocybin mushrooms were the "evolutionary catalyst" from which language, projective imagination, the arts, religion, philosophy, science, and all of human culture sprang. McKenna's hypothesis concerning the influence of psilocybin mushrooms on human evolution is known as the "stoned ape theory."

Now I don't know if one day monkeys ate a large pizza with extra mushrooms and next thing you know they are playing chess or not. Truth is I don't know what to believe. However, I do know that mushrooms are wild and beautiful. I can see how they could put a monkey in a suit. I like to believe the angels do mushrooms.

I spoke to angels once. Took myself a big whack of DMT and melted into the couch. Fractals appeared all around me and I assumed I had died. Can you overdose on DMT? Like I said I don't know much. I do know however, I was with the angels. Except it wasn't heaven. It was inside of my couch. I slipped away deep into the cushiony kirby sucker fish mouth of my love seat. That's when I heard it. BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! BUUUUUZZZZ! What the fuck is going on? What is that noise? BUUUUUZZZZ! Suddenly I felt little hairy arms grab me at once. The couch started to lift up into the air and through the ceiling. Up higher and higher. Up above the water tower where college freshman Julia Patts climbed to treat eight senior football stars with her best falatio skills. Up higher than the time the man tried to make a wingsuit and fly from the Eiffel Tower. Up higher than the exploding hearts of the 9/11 jumpers. Up higher than the frowns on all of Christa McAuliffe's student's faces when they watched the Challenger make a premature return to earth. Eventually up high into the opening theme of the Simpsons. Into the clouds. These hairy arms. Arms of bumblebees. Snatched the couch right out of the house and into the air. As I broke into the clouds, I heard deep booming voices not of this world. They all stopped at once and looked in my direction. Angels. That's when the bees began to laugh and soon the angels chimed in. I felt like that fat pie boy in Stand by Me. After the joke was over the couch came crashing back into the house and I was shot back into the world as I once knew it with a deep breath. Now I don't know if Angels do mushrooms but they damn sure dabble in DMT.

I do mushrooms. All different kinds and ways too. Eat 'em whole like Mike Tyson on that podcast once. Put them on pizza as if to be Jay, or Bill, or Ted, or even Silent Bob. I talk way too much to be Silent Bob. Drink 'em down in some tea like a gypsy pant wearing flower child.

I went to a party once. One of those loner parties yanno what I mean? A low light party. Almost a book club party. In the dead of winter I was still partying like the mid of summer. I was supposed to go with a bunch of my life long friends but they all bailed. I decided I was still going to go and have some fun. I had the address so I trucked along in the snow in my almost deceased Dodge Dart. Lime green. Was a shit box but it was mine. I worked for that car. When I showed up it was an old Victorian style house in the city. I knocked for what seemed like fifteen minutes until my knuck-

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les were bruised. Finally a frat looking fellow opened the door. No questions asked he just said "Come in friend."

They must've been partying for a while because he had the biggest smile on his face and his eyes looked empty. He motioned me with his hand to enter like he was directing a plane to park. The place was old on the inside but kept well. Some short tempered Mexican guy was doing pull ups in a doorway screaming about how he was going to do coke all night and cheat on his girlfriend. Another guy was downing a bottle of tequila and trying to forget the fact that his girlfriend was probably doing some coke and cheating on him. Wondering around through the house I found myself going up the steps to the next floor. The sound of Kid Cudi was thumping along the walls and reached out to pull me to the source. That it did. I wonder if Terence McKenna would've liked Kid Cudi.

The sound of the music took me to the most mellow room of my life. A bunch of woke hippy sun children were sitting around a speaker staring into nothingness. One guy said "You don't want to be in here." "We don't need trouble." Not sure what he meant by that but I filled in a seat on the couch. Next to me another frat looking guy was reading a big old boring world literature book. He kept reading and looking at a painting of a forest on the wall. Back and forth. Book then painting. Back and forth. "How long have we been in the woods?" He asked me. That's when I felt a hand grab mine and drop some mushrooms in my clammy palm. I looked up to a beautiful face. I ate past the taste of shit and gulped these little monkey to man makers down.

After a while of joining in the silence, this beautiful girl grabbed my hand again and walked me to another room. We sat on the bed for a while, not saying anything and that's when she took off her top. I think I started at her tits for twenty minutes before touching them. After tuning her radio for a little she laid back and started taking her pants off. So naturally I mimicked.

After sliding down my Tommy Hilfiger jeans, I looked down and something was wrong. Where my little man should've been was a fucking rattlesnake. I don't know how I missed it. How could I not feel this snake? Why didn't it bite me? I started freaking out and it seemed like this girl was trying to be a hero because she tried to touch it. I said "Back up I'll deal with this." "Oh that's how you're going to be big boy." She said and smirked. This crazy chick actually started to rub herself between the legs. I guess she figured I wasn't scared. Time to be a hero. Slowly reaching into my pants pocket, I grabbed my switch blade and sprung it open. I quickly grabbed this snake behind the head like they do on TV. Its mouth started to open so I had to act fast.

In one quick swipe I sliced right through the back of its head. It was still wriggling so I started to stab and stab and stab. Well I guess this girl wasn't so brave anymore because she started to scream and get off the bed. Blood from the snake was spurting all over her and me. I just kept stabbing and slicing through each veins I was fixated. I had never seen the inside of a snake before. She took off screaming through the whole house. I severed this damn thing in two and now I was curious. What does a snake taste like? I grabbed it and walked downstairs, stark naked, covered in snake blood and plopped this bastard on a pan and right on the stove. I

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figured I would cook the venom away. I wonder if Terence McKenna had ever tried snake.

I cooked it up and took a bite. Fucking delicious. That's when I passed out. It must've been the venom because when I woke the doctor told me I was lucky to be alive.