

A Toast to Carlos Castaneda

Don Juan? Carlos? What a wild way that was.

I was an acolyte / attending classes when
the twilight sky became
an opening between worlds.

An enormous moth spreading its eye-wings in the sunset,
or a big black dog with phosphorescent eyes
and match-stick claws igniting sparks as it
chased us through the mythical desert landscape,
confronted our beliefs
with the possibilities of knowing ourselves,
through the Other.

As it was,
the Mescalito, the Humito, the lophophora,
— the witches and other totemic operators
through which we pretend —the *bricoleur*,
we were initiated into the higher dimensions
and spent our youth, treading the line between worlds.

What a hunger for experience there was. . .
after all that time alone, with others in school.

But I always listened, through the border blaster radio,
— the sound, of screaming Jay Hawkins
and Bobby Blue Bland
and Wolfman Jack exhorting us in the night.
The sound washing over us in waves,
of energy / feeling / propagating at the speed of light
. . . somehow in a dream.
There were Time Animals moving through
like clouds, like the wind through fields

you couldn't see it
unless it moved against a tree or a flag.
Like shadows
— projections
— scudding across the planes . . .
. . . leaving trails . . .

I have long hair,
so that you might feel yourself
confronted to look beyond the <Not Us> mode.
And it kept me out
of your market place:
I learned to live on found objects in another economy,
of Negative Capability
— halfway between Percept and Sign.

They thought that because I revered
revelations that I would allow
the special effects department to burry me
with car crashes between the commercials.

I have this habit, like Levi-Strauss or Feynman,
of looking for the general in the particular
and the particular in general,
and tightening up the leaky O-ring,
so that no one will get lost.

What was there for us, in that.
An encouraging ally? A tunnel between worlds?
A luminous being?
If I have lost the material desire
to be part of the status quo
then I have the responsibility to find
my own group and make it go.

I have been indigenized,
that is why I say this.

You Nagual, have sent out invitations to
the separate reality.

That analogy is above as below,
and is still the percept rising to sign
in our poems.

We savor it. And the people who have heard It,
take it home. And after smoking whatever it is, that
relieves them,
create radical fields
to extend it.

