

Ayahuasca

They say I raged
Against the ferns.
That I kicked
And crushed them;
That I screamed:
“Nature is my enemy!”

They say I smeared my face
With chlorophyll
And crawled shirtless
Through the brush.

I remember strong chicha,
A leafy crown,
An incredible fountain
Of vomit.

At sunrise,
Everything hurt:
Eyelids, finger bones, esophagus.

Shamans sat around a fire,
Laughing, boiling corn,
Indifferent as the universe.



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