

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

Somewhere in mid-Atlantic, my mind stopped churning out odd spiritual extravaganzas, and I got enough sleep to be responsively civil to the Customs Agent, who couldn't believe the picture of the young surfer on my passport was actually the disheveled monk in animal skins before him. Suggesting world travel could alter one dramatically, and intimating he might do well at it, I was brusquely escorted to one of their little rooms out the back.

While this irascible, old curmudgeon prided himself on his abilities to sniff out smugglers, I stripped in silent prayer the jewels wouldn't start clanking or give off odors offensive to his sensitive olfactories. Somehow humoring him into a paternal mood with tales of the twenty-thousand miles clocked on my skateboard, I was grudgingly granted reentry to the great American dream.

Delivered through time itself, we sat on the beach like aliens from another planet, while stoic aristocrats of the Outrigger Canoe Club glared past their cocktails at intruders of a most obtuse nature indeed. They'd demonstrated a pronounced disfavor toward me during my formative years, obviously grown worse in my absence, so Zander had to be the one to use their phone and call the girls. Our little gang regrouped on those familiar shores as the sun slipped off the horizon of what seemed just another day. It wasn't gonna be at all what it appeared...

The earth-circling tour didn't even surface. Kela and I just wandered down the beach in an unspoken understanding as if she'd been along. Looking with a knowing smile and saying something about travelling in her head, she put a capsule of LSD to my lips. A severe shiver ran through me, but I chased it away with my beer, holding her hand once more, walking directly into the "magic" she'd described, and trusting I was home at last.

A thousand trips around the world could not have spanned the distance we covered that night. An ecstasy of union and pure bliss, unfettered by the mind's distractions, held us in a wondrous embrace on the shores of the universe. We curled in warm sand at the water's rippling edge to experience birth, life, and death in currents of unimaginable color and sound. We didn't move for hours, and although wondering what sex would be like, I was so removed from my physical self in those early stages it was all I could manage to remain a simple observer.

I mean, we're in something beyond your wildest dreams here, count on that much, and I've trusted you with my story thus far, so believe me now. When sensing we were both far from our huddled bodies I tried to mumble something, she

was, to my pleasant surprise, also "out there" with me, watching us. I hesitate to describe the indescribable. I can only attempt, like the witness in my travels, to tell the truth as I saw it...but know I almost came completely unravelled with its first rushing through me.

What can be said about oneness--a totally new level of consciousness? Or should I even try? How can I explain love in full-blown colors, music in waves, undulating with the entire cosmos, and sights utterly beyond previous experience? Seriously, we're in a whole new ballgame here, unparalleled in all my lifetimes and any abilities to describe. We'd need a totally new vocabulary. In these states, words are absolutely dysfunctional, useless, and most times lead to hang-ups, which can easily turn to bum trips. Talking was ridiculous. Even forming a thought brought giggles to both of us simultaneously. We were "children of the future" from our first seconds...and "thinking was the best way to travel," without a doubt! I wouldn't even chance considering where this was gonna take us as a couple or a generation. It was far too incredible to forecast any outcome. Naive as I was, there's no way I would wager on this one.

None of us ever did...those few who tried went insane on the spot. Forget it. I wanted to tell you about the beauty. This is for our parents who wonder why we took the chance, those who didn't get on the bus, and the ones who decided to stay home after a trip left them uneasy. None of us knew where it would lead, but if it was transferred by a loving guide, you were OK as the next space-time traveler. That's all we had in the beginning.

Eternity spread before us in sparkling clarity. With waves lapping and palm fronds swaying in harmony, we lay absorbed in splendor and perfect oneness with the dance of life. This is what's so important here. The promise had finally come true and actually been delivered! Believe me...for there were millions of us who did!

Prior and future lifetimes swept by us, and during this initial stage, time stopped still in it's tracks. The sun continued to set all night, where swirling currents and eddies of color were being sucked slowly into a yawning vortex. Blinking as one, we sat up, or should I say "became into" a flickering world of electric, vibrating particles of energy so violent at times I couldn't make her out from the patterns surrounding us. It was terrifying and beautiful.

Attempting a comparison to the aurora borealis of my Bering Sea days, I fell back on the sand in near hysteria. My outburst echoed around us in colors and faded again to awe, which was where I usually ended up after any effort other than plain worship. "Wow!" and "Oooh!" were the only safe words as we moaned in unison, rocking each other in that new space so full of love that tears streamed from our eyes.

Never in my wildest dreams had I thought such bliss

possible! Yet here it was...and it was us! It didn't take great faith, investigation, or figuring out...only simple trust. Our surroundings were not quite familiar but this didn't concern me, as we were definitely in touch with each other, far more than we'd ever known. That's all I needed to be cured...a little belief, her touch, and this cosmic dose of medicine to be a part of life at last.

Nearby, a scene from the Arabian Nights was unfolding like petals of a slow-motion rose. Camels grazed beneath ancient palms, choreographed by pink coral arches leading to a huge pool in a lavish courtyard. Sounds and smells of an Egyptian bazaar filled the night as we mustered ourselves to a standing position for our first steps into the void of this brave, new world. That's all you had to do to claim your magic birthright...just believe and take one step and it was yours forever!

Already I noticed a sparkling path lined with intricate jewels directing us where to go. Shaking the sand off, I distinctly heard each grain crashing onto the beach. The more I shook from my hair, the more appeared, falling now like boulders. I was really into the sand thing, when she laughingly took my hand and we began making our way through life as now fully presented on the scale I'd always suspected...simply splendiferous.

It led us through some surreal mirage of pastel arches to a glassine oasis of silver and velour. Stone bleachers rose up behind us and the night sky lit our way in a shower of colored stars. I recognized the place--it was the old Waikiki Natatorium with its saltwater swimming pool--but the thought barely registered through music pouring like syrup from the nearby Queen's Surf nightclub. Whenever I needed "reality," it seemed somewhere at hand. Befuddled for a second, I stood there "hung-up" in an infinitesimal morass of possibilities. You shouldn't stop to think, I told myself real quick.

Gazing into the mirrored depths, I heard the Coliseum's crowd roar as wild beasts tore their victims to shreds--son et lumiere--the sound and light show from the night display at Giza encored. Pharaoh himself raised his staff to quiet the multitudes. Across the moody expanse of dark water, my princess stood in rays of brilliance, all becoming silent now. Her arms spread through rainbows. She unfastened her pareu, and outstretched it hung like a robe of glittering diamonds marking a goddess before me. There she waited, haloed in crystal shimmerings, ushered by angels, and bathed in a celestial symphony, while I blundered along like a salesman with his fly open.

My God! I was being beckoned as a performer! That moment's hesitation stirred a rustling through the court. You couldn't just be an observer in this cosmic drama...it behooved one to be an actor also. This was obviously the catch! Trembling, I glanced over my shoulder, and roaring

disapproval from the gathered throngs deafened me. Whoa, there was no way out of this spectacle!

Kela smiled across from me, her gleaming nakedness arousing my every passion. The sheepskin vest slid from my body, and facing each other across that pool, prince and princess became one in some dream come true. We dove into the dark mirror as if cued by a heavenly director, and in its sultry liquid, the sensation of being observed left me.

We met, churning and turning, gathering and grasping each other's bodies like animals in ecstatic abandon. Entering into her sucking warmth, we sank together in vertigo through colors and bliss beyond measure. Her legs locking around me, I was alternately soothed by the womb of creation, then gobbled up penis first by snapping jaws of some prehistoric mouth. Jeez! Bursting in sexual fluids, we moaned from the depths to float on the surface under a canopy of diamonds and filtered curtains of light, breathing as one in amazement. There was no time, no rush, no need for anything to be done in that orgiastic state. Still locked together like silken squids in our inky environs, we giggled to find we had finny feet...and just by wiggling our toes could swim where we wished, still entwined in love's embrace.

We lay on flat stones beside the ocean drying in their retained warmth. Swift catamarans sliced across painted waves of perfection before us, while hotel lights glittered like a million candles. I kissed her lips, her hair, and her breasts...warm milk flowing, to become a baby cooing an infant's delight and wonder. Sometimes fear or awe would overcome me, and I worried about a group of drunken Hawaiians finding us or a cop's flashlight shattering our fragile reverie. Maybe we were invisible to the ordinary mind, but such thoughts also passed. To accept this miracle was all there was, to question it sheer and immediate chaos! I was sure of this much. A "bum trip" would be real.

I held her warm tit in my hands as it turned into the Great Pyramid with tiny figures crouched like caterpillars on her nipple smoking a hookah. I rolled over, tears streaming down my face, and laughed and cried silent thanks to the Lord of Creation. Kela held me, nodding in acceptance, eyes like pools, infinite in depth and knowing. Her face turned to cells, the building blocks of the universe, and through living flesh I could see blood pulsing in crimson veins.

She melted then and I held her bony skeleton, hollow sockets glaring at me from a gleaming, white skull. Yikes! I freaked out and fled through an endless maze of fear-filled images, but there was nowhere to hide and no way to turn it off! My panic passed as my lover resumed her reassuring purr, snuggling me close and wrapping me in security. So it seemed to surge with trust and fear from one extreme to another, I deduced, one very cautious thought at a time.

We found our clothes on the marble floor, the soft sheepskin soothing my flesh as I slipped into its living

caress. My princess waited with her long hair pouring gold over sculpted breasts. I wrapped her in finery, lest the world outside steal her beauty, while Heaven looked down, solemn witness to the scene's change. My God, it was what I'd always thought could be--life without end, without beginning--a perfect, unalterable love of all things so true I cried great sobs for my sin of searching too far and wide the simple goal of being.

It was here, right in front of me, at the center of now, and always had been. What was all that detective work around the world for? She didn't let me dwell here long, and I don't think I sensed her leading me further in, but looking back, very discreetly my gal gave me my head and let me run. She was my guide and I never knew it 'til now. Remembering many years to that beginning, it was so wondrous and pure I'll never be able to get it across, unless perhaps you're one of us.

Infinity waited politely in the wings while I gathered myself from this emotional crisis, so long overdue. The sand wiggled out a path for us to pass on, and we were led forward by the latent destiny of our divine fantasy to find ourselves sitting in the lifeguard tower in front of the Queen's Surf nightclub. Kui Lee was singing "In the Days of My Youth" and we were his audience, as much as the full house of tourists. His voice carried through the night air a youthful reverence for the Islands we knew so well. He settled my mind, and seeming to feel our oneness with him, turned on stage with a knowing grin and sang to us. He told jokes and the audience roared. It seemed I was taking my job of "guarding life" too seriously.

The Aquarium lay between Queen's and the Natatorium, and once over the wall, we were in another world. Seals awoke from their languorous slumber and sniffed at us with long whiskers and fishy breath. "Arf, arf," one welcomed us aboard, and if it weren't for the creepy sharks, we would've cavorted with them on their island. Down dark hallways we peered into dimly lit tanks--all the kept creatures peering back in a similitude of communication with us. The power of LSD's early hours had diminished enough now to allow some interaction with the drama around us, and frolicking with the fish and finny creatures of that watery world, we bid them aloha to make initial contact with our fellow human beings, something which brought on some anxiety.

An elevator door kept trying to snap us up, and its blinking lights and whirring motors left us giggling like children. We rode it up and then back down, closing our eyes, holding our breath, and collapsing in hysterics for no reason. Then we entered the penthouse which was filled with music, chatter, and people. The Lovin' Spoonful was playing, "Do You Believe in Magic?" as all my buddies got down on the floor like Muslims bowing to Allah chanting, "Here comes 'da monk...it's Swami O. D. to da Max!"

I did my best to acquiesce and acknowledge their humor, but, to my surprise, they appeared distorted like plastic mannequins, and Kela quickly ushered me to a balcony vista of the ocean below. Good grief, why did they think I was so weird? They were the queerest creatures I'd come across in a voyage rivaling Ulysses...but my name had been coined for all time...I was guru of the overdose from then on. By the time this was all over I would definitely live up to my calling!

The can of beer in my hand began commenting in agreement as I leaned on the railing, watching camels browse around the parking lot near the Natatorium. To hell with such limited cynics if they couldn't see what was clearly out here! Palm trees danced with each other, swaying to succinct chords of celestial music, while the sand swirled into intricate mosaics of words and faces. Friends from my past life came to pay respects and inquire of my journey. I found those sincere ones who were real, just that--real. I tried to mumble replies, but finding myself lacking conclusions, gave up speaking or pointing out special sights after my first encounters with the "straight world." I withdrew to a private perspective with Kela snuggled by my side and an endless array of unfathomable sights unfolding steadily before us.

Every once in a while I'd catch myself peering into the party like those glowing tanks at the Aquarium--all manner of existence swimming in liquid sound and distorted dimensions. Eyes with a familiar sparkle caught mine as Zander and Katrina gazed coyly from a maroon dias under a festooned painting of the Madonna. They twinkled and the painting smiled a comic, toothy grin. Harold and Tinker wandered about, flowing through the drunken revelry, giggling on their imaginary path through the thick carpet. There were others of us out there! My sigh of relief was heard, and it seemed I was expected to make some statement. Gulping in embarrassment I relapsed to my shadowed station in the moonlight. I did way better with the simplicity of nature.

Sometime in early dawn the six of us piled into an automobile. I couldn't believe my first acid trip in a car! They're hilarious mechanisms, complete with personalities, humor, and even human failings. Like a clot of amoebas, we whizzed along arteries of asphalt, bumper cars at a carnival, then blood cells in a vein flowing in symbiotic unison with the rest, in a flushing, red current. Through a kaleidoscope of fluorescent city lights and frightening intersections, we squiggled along, avoiding malevolent buses that tried to gobble us up, staring at a panorama of sometime obscene proportions, like sequestered voyagers on a starship sailing past other civilizations.

Beyond Sandy Beach we rumbled in our yellow submarine searching everywhere for the sun's rise, giggling at something so easy to find and sure to come! We wound our way up Makapuu Mountain and settled into waving grass high above

the ocean's roar on carved cliffs in a subtle surrealism, which throbbed like a heartbeat with the blinking beacon from a lighthouse. I held Kela between my legs, leaning against a smooth rock, her yellow hair wisping across my face in the soft caress of a fragrant breeze.

There, in silence broken only by sporadic cries of gulls rising on willowed currents, the punctuated brilliance of the rotating searchlight maintained its pulsing beat with the heart of the universe, as slowly the sun began to lift itself ponderously from the sea. Rainbowed rays of Jacob's Ladder spread fanlike across the horizon to herald the great orb's coming. A trail of gold, flickering in harmonic ripples and graced by arcing dolphins, stretched away from us where the source of all life now poured across the waves in deliverance of a new morn.

Suddenly it came to me! I recognized this from thoughts stored in my soul! It was youth's vision of love in all its pastel perfection...fragile birds floating on layers of rainbows, cool grass swaying in delicate eddies, and my lady beside me as I'd always dreamed possible. Life had delivered its promise at last, without any effort at all. I burst into tears I'd never known were in me and sobbed the greatest joy and thanksgiving I'd ever poured out to anyone or anything. Our star had truly risen, the new age was upon us, and it was more beautiful than I'd ever imagined...