

Ethnomycological Journals: Sacred Mushroom Studies vol. VIII

who have no vision, begin to see that I had another side to me. A side which had just moments ago occurred when my eyes touched her eyes, and my ten finger tips spread apart from one another and in perfect harmony as once again, our finger tips met and gently melted together as one, forging our souls to become connected by creating a singular molecular strand formed between us in a neon glow as we sent unto each other from within our fingertips, another synaptic electrical fiber charged by my purity of my sensory auditory visual transformation that produces my sperm without me thinking that it is going to come and then before I realize it has happened, and in that very moment of a microsecond, in the blinking of an eye as we did so as one between us, we melted faster than a single bolt of radiated lightening as we oozed past the memory of our eternal existence and all of this occurred because in a minute eon of eternal time, a past particle of eternity had just sent another jolt of electrical mist the moment she and I had touched one another again with our twenty finger tips, and I remembered, my creation and her creation in the womb of warmth that in that very moment, as our eyes touched one another's souls, we had just been reunited as one as the warmth of the orgasm continued to cause our bodies to echo across the heavenly skies.

And so we laughed. Together and in separate tonal frequencies and we could see the number of our laughs as they played out their grids across our flushing faces of joy, tears of joy and in color as the sounds of our tears had the taste of the sperm misting into each others embrace.

Since I am a practicing agnostic, this in itself was a true miracle. I could actually concentrate, but only for a moment and then the ripples, the continuing vibrations, the multiple reverberations and the myriad flow of continuous echoes had once again returned and took command of our transformation. The continued existence of the spatial time-warped orgasm still sent both of us shuttering through the myriad echoes of time and space.

As I slowly but surely became the pot of gold at the end of the vocal rainbow of countless drops of fertile sperm as they each sought out their own supply of eggs we knew that it would only take one to create ourselves anew. And I could still hear her voice lightly beckoning to me, calling out to me, asking me to reach out and further touch her where she knew I should be touching her and I could hear her heart pleading in sensual rhythmic rapture as her body began to sway to and fro through the air which had stepped aside to let us float into one another because her finger tips had how sought out the moisture of my tongue and I knew what she needed me to give her because her eyes and lips said it all without speaking a single word. And while she sounded as if she were halfway across the universe, I could visually see that she was just sitting with her chest attached to mine, that she was there, directly in front of me, not more than a touch away. Her breasts glittered and sparkled with the sound of pulsating throbs, emanating from the beat of her heart which was like a beautiful rose, breathing every breath as if it were her first breath. And again, as I heard her eyes speak to mine; I noticed that no words emanated from her mouth.