

# **UNCAGE EDEN**

**A spiritual philosophy book about  
food, music, and the rewilding of society**

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## Introduction

I've only touched money four times in the last year...

...and I've had the greatest adventure. I've broken free of the indoctrinated confines of capitalism. The systematic slavery machine that has held an entire species hostage and put Stockholm himself to shame. Contained us in a global dream of freedom, and terrified us from even attempting to wake up to the realization that we are anything but. We are in captivity.

We could come together and empower the Earth to become the greatest planet in the whole wide world, but instead, we trickle down the pollution of oppression and settle into the complacency of settling. The settlers are the most entangled in the constraints of the prison camp of america, but their plausible deniability allows them to turn a blind eye to their own cage, as they trade the freedom of the entirety of life on Earth, for the progression of convenience for the few.

We captured the kingdom of animals, and now their entire existence is dedicated to the servitude of man. But they can see the fence. They can see through the cage. They understand freedom, because there is no escaping the constant reminders of the enslavement that ensures they will never know just how green the other grass is. And of course, fences go both ways, as we force the plant nation to yield and produce, while taking drastic measures to enforce a complete lockdown of their life cycle. No visitation allowed. The family you've known your whole life, the symbiotic relationships you've evolved over millions of years, those that you understand have just as much right to the Earth and the Sun and the water and the pure unadulterated essence of life, and you get to watch them starve to death through the electric picket line. These perimeters of primate property have eradicated complex migratory ecosystems, and only to cage the forward momentum of our own captivation. Fences are destroying the garden, and the self-proclaimed intelligent species seems to be the only one that can't quite wrap their swollen skull around the importance of sharing, so we just wrap another fence around it instead.

We don't discriminate though, we're just as quick to captivate our own evolution, through the prophetic destruction of civilization. Just tricking, there's actually quite a lot of discrimination involved in the crimination of america. The factory farms composing our country's for-profit prison system, extend far beyond the walls and razor wire that are currently closing in on an overpopulation of indentured servants. Those trapped inside this cage, under the guise of rehabilitation, know first hand that the system is designed for the polar opposite. The profiteers at the top of the pyramid, those who make it their business to cut the corners off of human rights, they understand that a repeat customer base is essential to the bottom line. Not to suggest that they're not actively seeking new clientele, a simple map comparing the vicinities of prisons and orphanages will start to unravel just how streamlined they've designed their recruitment operation. The legal system rigged to keep down the populations that pose the greatest threat of rising up, is of course easily bypassable by those of minimal color and maximum capital, all others report for duty.

But what's the alternative? If we're going to continue to increase the privilege of the chosen few, well obviously there has to be an equal and opposite oppression of the masses. We can't sustain a world built on the convenience of disposable discount bins, without doing so on the backs and broken bodies of the inferior members of our own race. Those born into a broken system with a fast track to the big house. Or those born into a country that soon thereafter employs their tiny agile (and fragile) fingers, as they sweat so that you may shop from the comfort of your air conditioned home. So that you don't have to look away from your phone for a single second, no chance that you'll ever have to face the facts about just how much slave labor goes into each and every pixel of your latest vacation snapchat.

But there's no need to jump a border wall to catch a glimpse of a suppressed nation. To understand the cages our civilization must use in order to perpetuate our alleged freedom, one must only spend time on the reservation to begin to fully grasp the depths of living under the rule of tyrannical military force. Prisoners



built around our hearts. Around our spiritual centers. Our connections to our higher selves. Our memories of unconditional love, and the knowledge that it truly can conquer all. Especially fear.

So, yeah, we caged our own spiritual connection. Which directly led to us caging our planetary ecosystem. Which led to the cages of capitalism. Which profits from the cages of oppression. From which the only mass-marketed escape hatch is the cage of alcoholism. Which of course only created a further disconnect between us and our spiritual selves. Downward spiral.

This drill of devastation has been digging us into a hole for a very long time, but don't let that discourage you from seeing outside of the machine. It may have taken millennia to concoct such a contrived system of absurdity, the endless energy required to keep up the illusion of a functional disfunction, but that is precisely why it will crumble at the earliest onset of a global awakening. The cage is not inescapable, it is but a cocoon that has made possible the evolution of life, love, and an expanded awareness of the destiny of humankind. We will emerge completely transformed, as we shed the layers of confinement that have kept us docile for so long.

This is for real. The movement is alive. The planet is awake.  
It is time to uncage Eden.

# I. The Farm

*“One planet is turning, circle on her path around the Sun”*

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So, this one time, I wrote this book about my lightening blizzard winter at Standing Rock, it was pretty cool. It pretended to be an adventure cookbook, but spiraled through a much larger narrative starring agriculture as the original sin. The behind-the-scenes player fueling the destruction of the world around us. And financing it. I really went on and on about the whole agriculture thing, so I'll assume you're up to speed. Or at least able to understand that if we commoditize our plentiful Mother Earth, if we prioritize profits over plant life, animal life, and human life, if we take more than our fair share, then the cornucopia dries up. Ok, now we're all on the same page, page 5 or 6 or something like that, so where should I start this thing? Oh, well how 'bout that time I was taking a greyhound to virginia... to live on a farm.

Gotta love a good plot twist, couldn't remember if they go at the beginning or the end, figured I'd double up. Anyway, I was halfway done transcribing 'Step One', when I got wind of a water protector sweat lodge happening for the four days of summer solstice. I was in dire need. I hadn't sweat since camp, and like most of the water protectors, I was suffering from the psychological traumas of dealing with all that we experienced, and varying levels of reintegration back into society. I hadn't even attempted to check back into the grid, but I did spend a few weeks with family in rural carolina. You know, country folk. Good hearted, mild mannered, family oriented, church going, conservative, oil guzzling, gun toting, mcdonalds eating, turkey farming, homophobic, privileged white people.

Needless to say, they didn't quite understand why I was fighting for the water in a land so far away. Or why I refused to pour gasoline down an anthill, to exterminate the original inhabitants of the neighborhood that my family only recently colonized. But, won't you feel bad if one of the precious young ones gets chewed up by fiery insects? Certainly I will sympathize with a tearful toddler, I love my little dudes, but I also sympathize with my six legged brothers who just had their home crushed by an inconsiderate higher species. How about we teach our young to be considerate? To understand that we share our home and should respect the space of others. Show them how to observe, how to pay attention, how to be aware of how they affect the living world around themselves. And how it may affect them. Mindfulness. Easier to learn it now, than after this attempted ecocide fails to subdue Mother Nature and a careless kiddo has to learn the hard way. And too young to know better? Not valid. Kids are brilliant. And resilient. Only recently embarking on their long journey of endless life lessons. And you'd prefer to end the life of an entire community of Ant families, just so that your little stinker never has to grow up? Overflowing from a world run by self-centered brats who never reached adulthood, disconnected from the consequences of their own actions, unaware of any type of symbiosis between man and the concept of a somehow separated nature, 'us and them' in perpetuity as classes are labeled to further alienate our biological allies, easily wooed with sparkles and sweets and the early indoctrination of dollar values, even if it does require using the Earth as a disposable diaper bin. I personally know kids that were with it before they could even talk. If it's important to you, then it'll be important to them. If instead, your life is centered around mindless convenience and an ignorance to your own Ant covered footprint, well, let's just say that this shelter you built, is going to offer zero protection from the stormy dystopia that you're passing down to our future. Sounds like it's not the kids who need to grow up after all.

Despite repeated warnings, I continued to walk around the yard barefoot, I just didn't smash any Ant habitats. Easy really, a higher perspective makes it effortless to navigate the path ahead, at least as long as no Ant farm fences completely sever the migration route.

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Across the neighbor's fence, there was another intruder, a beautiful Copperhead had apparently not

the no trespassing sign. Armed with Sage and a shovel, the only land dispute mediation I could offer was a witness relocation program to the nearby woods. But I didn't live in this community. I would be leaving and unthreatened by future run-ins, unencumbered by the guilt of enabling a poisonous Snake to bite a loved one. I get it, I understand the logic of murdering our brother to save our son, I just don't agree with it. So I would not try to stop them, I preferred to spend that energy praying. I carried the lifeless serpent to the wood line, smudged, and thanked this mesmerizing creature for its contributions to life's circle as I offered it up to the ever dwindling strip of neighboring ecosystem.

Of course, through the Lakota perspective, which my current connection to the planet was birthed in, killing that Snake was bad medicine. A dose of negative karma at the cost of such a spiritually significant animal. We would also expect to see an influx of slithering visitors as news travels through the Muscadine vine. A fun idea, an uneducated mythology of the uncivilized, a hollywood satire of english speaking pets, but quite preposterous that the real world has any idea what's going on out there. An unspoken interconnectedness between a nearly infinite range of organisms, nah, we can't even get along with ourselves. I prefer an understanding of the environment rooted in science. Like the largest organism on Earth, the Honey Fungus, a living mycelium that spans miles in the pacific northwest. And good old science has connected the dots on how this neural network enables forest-wide communication, as it reroutes critical nutrients to areas of prioritized ecological importance. And it turns out that the planet is pretty much held together by similar webs of fungal microbiology, that seem to be transmitting some kinda secret code. There is a planetary language of vibration. The hills are alive with the sound of music.

While I certainly contend that we are in no way superior to the rest of life, I also acknowledge that we are not at all inferior either, in principle at least. Just like our brothers and sisters, we are also perfectly evolved to tune-in to the soundtrack of our mother's womb. The hum of the incubator designed to give us comfort in knowing that we are being looked after. However, we have somehow been completely conditioned to ignore her love song, we let fear strike a few sour chords, and now the whole orchestra sounds out of key. Pretty naive for a creature who evolved a tin ear, to start second guessing the complexity of such a masterpiece. Throughout this journey, I've deepened my participation in this global symphony, becoming continuously inspired to connect as I crossed paths with those who seem to speak the language fluently. At this point though, I was only engaged in a one-sided creek bed convo with a passing Deer, until all of a sudden a Snake "fell" from a tree and landed a few feet behind me. He reminded me to be mindful of my surroundings, and I reminded him that I *also* mourned the loss of our dear brother. Spooked me a bit, made me jump reflexively, basic instinct, almost out of... fear? Well that can't be right. How could someone so into the natural world, so certain of a planetary web of eco-connectedness, someone prepared to live in an off-grid cave nourished only by the knowledge that all of my needs will be provided for, provided that I believe in the abundance of our infinite mother, how could I be experiencing the delusion of fear that only exists in the made up language of man?

Conditioning. Now, while fear is not instinctual, the street smarts to get away from an animal that might cause you harm, is. As far as this fear conditioning polluting the air, well, that's the kind of stuff that perpetuates the slaughter of an innocent in the name of comfort. Funny enough that with the Snake gone, the comfort level is now clouded with a new wave of Rat poison.

So maybe I didn't experience fear. Once I had jumped to a reasonably safe distance, I no longer felt anything but love for this creature. But it got me thinking, made me look inward, with humility, and admit to myself that perhaps I wasn't as ready to disappear into the woods as I was letting myself believe. How will I react if a visitor wanders into my bed at night? I trust that my instincts will take care of me in the moment, no worry about that, where the fear would try to sneak in would be through the pillow thoughts of my sleepless slumber. Night terrors of absurdity, as there's no nocturnal hunting party looking for me, I don't even show up on their radar, or menu. I won't wake up in a half digested state of constriction. They are not my predators. If anything, I could eat them.

Ding, ding, ding. Now we're talking. Name a single animal longer than a breadbox that would be easier to hunt without a weapon. If our initial reaction was that of gratitude for the abundance of life, if we saw not as a pest but as a bounty, if we honored their contribution to the universal cycles of evolution, perhaps wouldn't feel compelled to act on our fear of the unfamiliar. Certainly helps me sleep at night, both in a

floor tipi and amidst the confliction of taking another's life. If I can eat you, then you're fair game. Circle of life baby. Game on.

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Of course, my new menu plans would probably seem a little out there to my grandmother, but as the only unemployed members of the family, we had plenty of time for our worldviews to collide. And I made indian tacos for mother's day.

She's adorable and sweet as can be, and has raised such a beautiful family, and her hearing aids made for some entertaining yelling matches across the back porch. She was of course glad that I'd had fun on my "campout," and was clueless about this "french climate thing" that her president had just dropped out of. I aggravated her by refusing to use disposable plates in a single-person household that generates a bag of trash per day, and grossed her out pretty good by either not flushing every time, or just evacuating outside. She got me back with her inability to conceive of a world without oil, when she should have been the family member least removed from a simpler time. Tried the whole 'no money' idea too, but how will the family afford to drive across town to get to work? Bless her heart. But even as off-the-deep-end as it must seem I've fallen, I also returned with prayer in my life, while alcohol had vanished.

We pray in different ways. To me, all are valid. To her, not so much. I did go to church with her once though, first time in a long time, and it wasn't near as bad as I had prepped myself for. The guest pastor's sermon was about becoming stronger through adversity. Facing challenges head-on with the faith that you will be better for it. Humility. I agreed with every word. This place wasn't that bad after all.

Except that I understood the prejudice built into these walls. I knew the backstory explaining the recent string of guest pastors. This particular conglomeration of sixteen presbyterian churches, recently voted to allow homosexual preachers to provide spiritual counsel on a church by church basis. In backwoods conservative carolina, progressive indeed, way to go dixie.

Of course, the mere possibility of having to interact with someone different from themselves, pushed members of the church, including some of my family, to pledge to leave the congregation, "if the gays take over." Then their long time minister retired and stopped by the house with the new guy, everyone in the church was in love, at least until someone facebook stalked him and discovered his idea of a good time. Half the church kept their word and boycotted, forcing the organization to reorganize their leadership. The defecting members returned, having successfully persecuted one of God's children over differing religious beliefs, so half of the rest of them boycotted the returning bigots, unwilling to share a place of worship with such hatred and lack of compassion. Maybe a little of the humility that today's lesson touched on, except that a cloud of homophobia drove away all those willing to attempt to understand something outside of their indoctrinated comfort zone.

But I survived church. I survived the small town lifestyle I spent my life escaping. I couldn't have done it without my own prayer though. Without a bundle of Sage and some reassuring words to remind myself of the importance of my mission. Being without an inipi, without ceremony, without a spiritual leader, without a fire to pray into, without the Lakota way of life around every corner, it somehow made my connection to spirit even stronger. I was forced to rely solely on my heart to get me through, had to stay continuously humbled and walk in prayer just to stay sane, it strengthened my faith as it strengthened the words of 'Step One.' Anyone can preach to their own choir, it's much more transformative to learn to preach to another's. Just another evolution of strength through adversity.

As the time was nearing to begin typing the book, my concerted lack of planning received ridicule from those who see nothing wrong with our fractured civilization. Where will I go? How will I survive? How will I possibly eat without money? An answer of believing in the abundance of an all powerful planet won't satisfy the query. Faith in God to provide for me as I actively pour love out to all, well that won't do, even God money to operate. Belittling criticisms of our entire movement, a legion of slackers living off the pockets of others, a community risking persecution and prosecution, sacrificing safety and comfort to stand up for what they believe in, protecting the people of a planet who can't speak up for herself, and making our home a place while spreading the message of universal love. And all funded by the donations of the followers of our



doctrines, those at home who support the changes we intend to make upon a broken world, those praying no matter what we do, we don't give up. How again is this job any different than that of a beloved politician neighborhood minister? Oh yeah, you fired him too. Touché.

So I stayed strong in my faith, as I held on tight to the one Lakota prayer song I'd managed to learn, and finished writing the last page of the book, on the night before a ride and a computer manifested itself into my path. And now I find myself on an overnight bus, as I travel to a fully self-sustained farm capable of providing everything I could possibly need to survive. Just gotta believe.

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Exhausted from a world of exhaust, feeling rewarded for a job well done and grateful for a reunion of brothers returning to ceremony, I was reminded just how intricate the web of life is woven, and that as long as I trust in the universe, my devotion to spreading unconditional love will have me in the exact right place to truly impact the greater good. As I boarded the bus, I was drawn to sit next to a peruvian woman near the back. I intended to type on the trip, but conversation organically developed and it became apparent that we were meant to be travel companions.

She was on a path of bettering her eating habits, as she continued to learn about the connections between the horrors of our country's agriculture industry and her lifetime of chronic illness. She was also on her way home after a trip to the Cherokee reservation, in search of healing from ptsd, specifically, she was hoping to find a sweat lodge. Needless to say, we hit it off as we traded stories of the good, the bad, and the Ugli fruit, although our conversation seemed to be focused more on the nutjobs down at the FDA.

Walnuts to be exact. A miracle food. Capable of sustaining human life, yet only five percent of our population incorporates the naturally evolved menu of tree nuts into their diet. Rich in omega-3s, antioxidants, free radical killer, cholesterol lowerer, healthy heart advocate, and they're even shown to stop cancer growth in mice, so no wonder the FDA wants to classify them as a regulated drug. Can't have our sickly consumers going nutty as they derail the gravy train of the pharmaceutical giants, the only ones able to afford the price tag on their costly approval process. But alas, turns out that the FDA didn't actually want to make headlines faster than a corduroy pillow, they were merely using their intimidation techniques to censor the health claims being made from the all-natural walnut industry. If it's not made in a lab, then you can't advertise its health benefits. Only drugs heal people. Please see plastic packaging for possible side effects.

And then there's the Almond orchards still trying to squeeze out every last drop from a dilapidated landscape. Forced to live in a dried out desert without access to water, so the only option is to steal it from the poor as we further liquidate the rich. Barren of the buzz necessary to pollinate such excessive nutfarms, we literally ship eighty percent of the nation's commercial Honeybees across the country for two weeks of double dipping. A contrived process which is no doubt just as destructive to the insect's way of life, as the other myriad of offenses we've enacted in the name of winning the convenience war.

But whatever would we do without our nut based knockoff of an animal by-product? One that we didn't even evolve to consume, and only in recent western culture have we replaced the healthy habit of lacto-fermentation, with destructive homogenization and the even more hazardous process of pasteurization. Probably shoulda just drank the two-thousand gallons of water that it took to produce that cup of milk, or twice that for the Almond alternative.

But no worries, even after the Bees have stopped milking the Almonds, once our chemicals and technologies have driven their populations into the ground, the same tech company will be there to pick us back up. How convenient. They have robo-bees now. For real, no joke, robotic bees to facilitate the artificial pollination of agriculture's highest tech, but does it still count as organic? And RoboHoney? Are we now entering a dystopic future of full metal yellowjackets? Are we saving an ecosystem, or are we just validating our destruction in the pursuit of progress? No need to worry about the damage of our future poisons and frequency jammers, as long as we keep at it, we'll be able to replace the ecocide with tomorrow's technology.

Or they could just replace us. I'm pretty sure I've seen these stingers in a teenage mutant video game

before, no doubt fully hackable by the NSA and their latest scapegoat of terror. Outfitted with camera and microphone as it surveils undetected, or sleeper cells packing a stinger full of genocidal neurotoxin, but we already knew that agriculture was poisonous. That's right, this wasn't even an ecosystem, it was a giant field of a modified monocrop that a disparate farmer was cornered into buying from Monsanto. And now that their genetic pesticides have killed off the Bees even faster than they're killing us, well, guess the farmer's on the hook to order a big ol' box of beebots by spring.

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This way of life is absurd. A completely unsustainable globaculture of agribusiness, where our only solution to the endless list of problems we create, is to comically throw more problems at them. But the thing is, I like technology too. Far more useful than agriculture as we expand the evolution of the human experience. I may be on a path of minimal plugging-in, as I return to the old ways in search of wisdom and understanding, but part of that is understanding that I will never understand the complexity of this cosmic web. For me to believe in any type of divine purpose for the universe, or for myself, it would be pretty short sighted to write-off the miraculous things possible through innovations of the heart. Although progress is the executioner of perfection, it would still be naive to assume that nothing good could come out of this digital destruction.

As agents of information, together we've evolved the collective unconsciousness to this incredible level, a simply complex understanding of how the mechanics of the material world function. How could this have been for nothing? How can I retain a concept of any cosmic order, if this has all been some type of anomaly. So there you go, whether or not I'll ever be enlightened to the magnitude of our interconnectedness, I certainly believe that there is a future capable of integrating technology with an existence beneficial to our planet.

We're not there yet though. It will take an honest introspection to even begin to catalog the obstacles that technology puts in our path, and somehow all in the name of convenience. Like our complete disconnect from the non-human natural world, or from each other, or from ourselves. Or the environmental impacts due to the production and installation of solar panels, as they currently justify our growing dependence on electricity. If there's any chance of ever experiencing a true techno-utopia, free of destructive oppression and oppressive destruction, I only see one way for the math to ever work out. We have to remove money from the equation.

If we can dissolve the only motive that would ever necessitate a way of life blinded to the environmental cost of low prices, we can begin to use our newfangled science to offer reparations to the natural world that we destroyed as fast as we discovered. We also have to continue to remember that we are natural. We are nature. We are not above it. We are not better than any of the rest. We absolutely must end the bigotry of human supremacy. Money has been the instrument of prioritizing the classes of our own kind, but even without it, we will have to relearn that we are not in charge of the planet, we are in charge of taking care of her.

*"Earth Mother is calling, her children home"*

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She saved my number as DJ Sweatlodge, but I hadn't had a phone since the national guard bulldozed my last one, and I was on my way off-grid to finish my anticulture manifesto, while I moonlit as a farmhand. Honestly, I had no idea what kind of scenario I was walking into. I only knew that a small group of water protectors would be sweating for the solstice, no other details, but a complete trust that I would be in the right place. Not building expectations, leaves you much more free for adventure. Who knows what type of opportunity this return to ceremony could manifest? Who would want to?

And now this particular tale of crossroads has brought me to my own. I've internally debated the logistics of writing this book, and always landed on the ultimate faith that I will follow my heart and do whatever feels right in the moment. Well, the moment has come. How can I share the elegance created by the interwoven paths of the water protectors, without simultaneously drawing a blueprint of the movement and faxing it to dapl. Sure, I wrote about all that other stuff at camp, but I changed names and kept descriptions vague as I switched up a few details. Even with their admitted use of facebook hacking to map our infrastructure, the close-minded intelligence community would be hard pressed to get anything useful out of such a freshman attempt at prose.

But if I started connecting the dots of our family tree, while it would create a more compelling invitation for you to join us on this fantastical journey, I would have to remember that the journey is now. We're still in it. We are the resistance, and even though I know in my heart that we will win, I must resist the urge to write as though we already have. I can't risk compromising the revolution. If I am to build on characters previously seen on the Standing Rock Show, then I will be forced to censor myself for the good of the cause. I can't do it. I can only write from the heart.

So only one option for anonymity, extreme makeovers all around. Witness protection program for the whole family. You get a new name, you get a new name. Intentional vagueness and misinformation as I lead you on a narrative that one should assume, is more interconnected than even I understand. You may speculate on who is who and what it all means, may even get some of it right as I struggle to mask my love for the closest of allies, but for any definitive proof, you'll have to wait for the post-completion animated series I'm saving for retirement. And they say I don't plan ahead.

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I got to town at dawn, on the second day of ceremony, where Benjamin scooped me up and hauled me to the outskirts of the matrix. "Hoka, brother." Or "c'mon" or "it's time to ride" or "s'go den." A Lakota battlecry to rally the team, though it seems that before we started shooting at them, it was more like an enthusiastic cheer at a pep rally.

It was still a good day to die, a spiritual warrior's commitment of living life to its fullest, but also the heartsong of all who hold death as sacred as the life they live, and what better day than today? What an incredible honor to give my energy back to the Earth on such a magnificent day as today, and with that in your heart, nothing can stop you.

I remembered Ben a bit from the winter, we weren't too close, but I musta left a good enough taste in his mouth that he didn't hesitate to cover the import cost of getting the chef to camp. Well, not quite a camp, or even much of a farm for that matter, more like an elaborate homestead with agricial tendencies. One could imagine the interesting conflicts with my new worldview, but I just practiced a little humility and saw this synchronicity as an opportunity to better understand another perspective. To see more clearly the gray area between gardening and farming. Plus, he was a water protector. A guardian of the sacred. A defender of the Earth and all participants of life. This was a biologically clean operation as humane as humanly possible. Maybe not a design of divine perfection, but certainly as close to Eden as I could hope to stumble onto with

the first step of my new adventure.

And what is the possible alternative in today's concrete jungle? At my grandmother's, I ate the genetically modified run-off of mainstream factory farms, and had to fight just to keep it out of the microwave. So this has to be a better solution, right? Cutting out the cage of capitalism, but hanging onto the fences of ownership. Where exactly is the line between managing the garden and controlling it? What are the morally sound transitional steps we can grow through, as we wean our agricultural civilization off of the formula that led to its own obesity? Therein lies the question, the philosophies that consume my waking life, and how miraculous that I should arrive at such a destined nation at the precise climax of my aggregated culture. Or the coincidentally remarkable launching point for this next inward trajectory of breaking out.

This place was pretty much paradise. I couldn't hope to pray about envisioning a manifestation of a more perfect place to return to a good way of life. I stayed in the Apple barn, no longer an orchard, it served as a sort of hilltop headquarters and the primary kitchen on the farm. So, I have a room built onto the back of the kitchen? Mmhmm...

There were still a few Apple Trees though, and the Nectarines were exploding with flavor for another week or two. Fruit filled the bottom of the fridge, then a shelf stacked with egg cartons and big jars of raw milk at varying stages of separation. Matter of fact, picking me up had delayed the morning chores, we had to milk Lacey before she got too upset at us.

A quick walk to the horse barn and I was officially milking my first Cow. Neat. Trying to stay open minded as I explore the grayer areas of my unconscious conscience. The barn kitty rushes over for her payment, a few warm squirts to the face of today's on tap crème du jour, utterly delightful. Lacey doesn't seem too bothered by the whole ordeal, she led the way and knew exactly which stall we'd be in. And she knew we were late. Because everyday when she gets milked, she gets a nice big scoop of milled wheat. Her neck is in bars, and loose chains keep her from kicking, but this is certainly the highlight of her day. Far more luxurious than the animal farms in my head. Her and her cellmate share the fence with a big field, grass fed happy Cows, and the scoop of Wheat is as clean as kitty's milkbowl. Although he does have a hand crank mill, we used a half-Horse motor to finish grinding up last years grain harvest. Now, I might not be all that edumacated, but I don't reckon half a Horse would be all that strong.

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Horsepower. A modern day unit of strength, but one spouted out with little-to-no thought of what it really means. Here, there were two giant work Horses, complete with a utility belt of gadgets to be implemented at a moment's notice. The entire farm could be operated without oil. Very cool. The Wheat could be collected to the acoustic whoosh of a Horse drawn harvest, instead of the toxic vibrations of diesel exhaust. A two horsepower engine. Two Horses, being held in captivity, as they trade their lifeforce for the universal right of access to food. Sounds similar to both the slavery of our past, and the current brainwashing of the working class. Better grab a whip.

But these dudes have a kush job, never more than a few hours a day, a bucket of feed to convince us that it's symbiosis, plus they get a big fence to run around in, while they imagine what it's like out in the other 123 billion acres of planet that we are all supposed to be a part of. And they do seem to like working, they've been humavolved for that exact task, and their ability to follow commands remotely, actually expands their range of cart pulling convenience.

Could I possibly prefer petroleum over the sweat equity of an indentured servant? But how could I even own a Horse to begin with? How could I claim command over my brother's life essence? The two-legged came from the four-legged. Mitakuye Oyasin, we are all related. #endhumansupremacy

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But this is still the first day, I'm just taking it all in and experiencing the transition into the cleanest way of life I've ever experienced. This was my happiest day since camp, emotionally healthy, mentally stable, I

had been working through my issues, and my prayers had just literally come true. And it hasn't stopped getting better since. This expectationless lifestyle has me expecting the impossible tomorrow. And somehow it just keeps happening.

We hopped in the truck and drove up the mountain to the sweat lodge, with gridless bootcamp already underway, it was time for me to learn to firetend for the inipi. I was pretty stoked. The coals were still smoldering from an overnight stump, so we prayed with some Tobacco and Saged the city off of ourselves. We sang a few songs into the hills, I had only picked up that one from camp, but I poured it out for all to hear. Less a poetic romanticization of nature, and more directly directed at the ears of our brother Charlie. He was out there on hembleciya. Up on the hill. Vision quest. Four days alone with our mother. With our creator. In ceremony. No food. No water. Left only with the distractions of internal dialog, as inner demons start to voice their opinions. It's time to pray.

Charlie was my homie, so I couldn't help but be bummed about waiting three more days to see him, but I also understood the importance of this sacred ceremony as he prepared for Sun Dance. Or I was beginning to at least. He was getting some work done inside that circle of prayer ties, purifying his mind, body, and spirit, to ensure maximum prayer capital at Sun Dance. I've even heard someone say that hembleciya is just as powerful a prayer as the vibration of the dance itself. A personal journey within, no distractions other than your own psyche, a connection to the stars as you cry out for a vision, a different way to pray than the collected effort of communal ritual. And we'll be at the foot of the hill, in the lodge, praying for you brother. You'll hear our song through the heat and darkness. You'll know that we're beside you. God it feels good to have returned to ceremony.

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So a couple of big logs running east to west, a bunch of small stuff between them, then four split pieces crosshatching a platform. The cradle. The mechanics of getting the rocks so freaking hot. Here, we don't need a fire big enough for a giant pile of lava rocks, we'd only use seven stones, or grandfathers. Benjamin credited the age and density of these east coast rocks with their warming sensations, they hold so much more energy of our ancestors, seven will be plenty, load 'em up.

We alternated holding stones as we prayed to the four directions, we thanked the spirits for hearing our prayers and joining our ceremony. A stone for Tunkasila, Grandfather Sky, the rain of the sun and all of the universe. And Unci Maka, Grandmother Earth, the world we came out of, not into, and our direct connection to the hierarchy of universal macrocosms. The last stone goes inside, the seventh direction is inward, and there lies the key to the entire map, yes, the creator within is the stuff legends are made of. With the cradle now rocked, we fully encapsulate the whole deal with wood, stones pop sometimes, so we have to fence them in for their own safety. No worries though, they'll burn their cage down in no time.

This time yesterday, I was stuffing the anxiety of surviving society into a knapsack, and now here I was in the calming spiritual center of such a magical mountain majesty. This spot was even more disconnected from colonization than the farm, which fostered a deeper connection to everything that actually matters. I was back. My body had returned to spirit. Felt like home. Then the others started showing up.

Brothers. Whether I knew them or not, they were water protectors. We are all related. But of course this infinitely complex fabric of existence never seems to disappoint, or we can just call it luck that every single person there, had also been in my very first sweat back at camp, my maiden voyage into the frozen depths of universal consciousness. Pretty cool, and I've spoken to other protectors who shared similar stories of uncanny coincidences surrounding their returns to the inipi. I hadn't really known most of these guys at camp, but we remembered each other enough to share the ultimate trust that comes with being a card carrying member of the water protecting club. JK, I don't carry an ID, sorry officer, musta left it in el segundo.

So we sweat, hot as fireballs, spiritually out of shape, but also more connected than ever, felt good, felt clean, and then came the best part. Instead of the fourth door leading to a winter wonderland of instant frostbite, we completed the purification ceremony with seven dunks into the clear water of the spring fed pond. The crispy mni ignited a new wave of connection, and apparently he does this year round, yikes. A

few big gulps of water before the mud gets stirred, the only pollution making it this far up is that raining from the chemtrails above. It's a pretty solid platform that this dock provides the structural integrity of our circular life, I can't imagine a time when I would have eaten seafood less touched by the taint of man.

We regrouped around what was left of the fire, passed the chanupa, and sent our final heartstring vibrations into the universe through a puff of smoke. I grabbed a few Wineberries, wild Raspberries, and then back to HQ to light a fire under the chef. We still had hours of best daylight ever left, and I got to spend it in the kitchen I had been dreaming about. No electric stove. No propane. It was the exact woodburning kit that I had already written into manifestation.

A small compartment on the left for old barn wood to burn, super dry, doesn't take much if you split it up and make a crisscrossed stack. High heat above the fire and a gradient of warmth across the surface of the instrument, definitely took a little finesse to tune the fretless temperature gauge of the cast iron. There was a knob that redirected airflow once the fire was going, it retained the heat better and slowed the burn, as it circulated hot air over and around the central oven compartment.

Aho. Wopila Tanka. The exact farm implement I'd been actively trying to manifest, and there were still secret compartments and upgrades under the hood. There were sliding doors on the warming cabinets up top, and another warming chamber on the right that could also heat liquids, but it was the retrofitted aquacycle that kept us perpetually in hot water. A small tank was mounted inside of the firebox, and as the water inside it gained temperature, it was propelled towards the exterior reservoir that collected heat as it recirculated to the firebox tank. The by-product of this stove was a radiator full of hot water that lasted into the next day. Now that's convenience.

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Though nothing is ever quite as innocent as it seems, there's of course another eco-impact to take into account. Wait, are you talking about fire? Burning wood. Fire is who we are. It's even more fundamental to our under-evolved existence than agriculture. Certainly you're not going to suggest that we cut fire out of our diet too.

Doubtful. I have a sacred relationship with fire. Each Earthly path to spiritual connection is elemental in nature, and mine is most assuredly through the flame. But it has also given me the humility to take an honest look at what it means to be human. What it means to share the responsibility of learning the depths of our destruction, while understanding that we are the only ones that can do anything about it. So hopefully I don't have to put the heat on blast, would be a canon backfire if that happened, but just because we founded a civilization on it, I'm still not trying to burn down our planet. Luckily, the synchronistic conveniences of the natural world lighten the load of firewood a bit, it seems that wood releases the exact same amount of carbon emissions whether it's burned, or decomposes on the ground. Score.

So is that it then? Doesn't this mean that I can cook dinner without dilemma? Minimal impact and maximum flavor. I also realize that I'm out there on the spectrum, at times extreme with my philosophical meanderings, but I also feel that the approach is the only way to fully realize our greatest potential. My style of systematically shedding the artificial conveniences of the material system, is directly correlated with my concept of sharing the planet with the rest of the world. Do unto others. We are all related. So I can't do something that I wouldn't want you to do. Or that I wouldn't want everyone to do. All at the same time.

For a way of life to truly be non-destructive, it would still have to function at a global scale, and with our oversized population, this is more critical than ever. I could drive to the neighborhood grocery store, and if I was the only car on the planet, I bet she'd hardly even notice. But if all of a sudden there were billions of cars, and car factories, and car junkyards, and gas stations, and oil spills from leaky pipelines, well, now I can see that the little things do add up.

I want to be a positive contribution to the delinquency of society. I don't want every person to fence off an acre of ecosystem out of fear, I want them to give freely with the heartfelt feeling of abundance. I don't think they should each create a daily bag of garbage without thought, but I do think that if they considered the facts, if every single person realized that the pollution of the money train is the engine behind the entire clockworks, if every human Earthling joined me in boycotting the dollar while picking up trash and loving

one another, then the world would be a much better place.

Now I'm just confused though, does that mean I can get fired up or not? My small cookstove is certainly of minimal impact, but what does a planet with eight billion fires look like? We're greenhousing this mother. But equal carbon emissions, remember? That wood would have had the same footprint, even if ours were nowhere to be seen. So, fire good. How long does that take though? For wood to decompose and release its energy? Way longer than burning a hole in your pocket. So it may have the same long-term effects in each tree's environmental impact study, but if eight billion fires each reduce a single tree's half-life to half a day, there will be a surefire change to the chemistry of life on Earth.

And just like fire, changes to our planet's melting pot are completely natural, and were happening long before we manifested our destiny. That's how we got invited to the party in the first place. It was the Cyanobacteria to be more specific. Some of the original inhabitants of our secondhand home, except that we didn't inherit it from our parents, we borrow it from our children.

For hundreds of millions of years, they pretty much had the place to themselves, as they excreted humourous amounts of the specific toxic emission that led to their own mass extinction. A poisonous by-product of their civilization's method of converting stored energy into motion. And they just let it spew into the atmosphere until the entire species suffocated in a cloud of fumes. A prehistorical precedent of an organism on a collision course for self destruction. And what was this life crippling substance exactly? Oxygen.

They created the oxygen rich skyline that choked out their worldview as it empowered the complexity of life on Earth. So does that make the Cyanobacteria the bad guy? A single species causing a global extinction event. But they followed natural law, so it was completely legal in the eyes of our mother, she was better off for it as she leveled up to a new stage of planetary evolution, it seems it was only the Cyanobacteria who fell out of paradise. Just like how she'll be way better off after the destructions of our civilization, once carbon breathing plastic eaters fill the next planetary niche.

Wide scale shifts in chemistry happen in nature, which result in temperature changes, which result in water cycle variances, which drastically change a giant island's ecology. Nothing to worry our pretty little heads over, global warming is a totally natural occurrence, it's just that so is a worldwide extinction of the particular species that brings it on. And their millions of years of experience, kind of nullifies the argument of a so-far-so-good track record.

So now we have to assume that each and every fire has a specific environmental impact. We can also assume that the ancient wisdom of the indigenous firekeepers, was just as in-tune with the language of the garden as anybody else was. Through their deeper connection to the bigger picture of the planet, they used ritual and prayer to find equilibrium between the yin and yang of the natural world. We pray to the Buffalo Nation, Tatanka Oyate, and through our sacred practice of taking only what we need, abundance remains for everyone. If instead, we lose sight and slaughter them all as we harvest their skin for profit, then the entire nomadic ecology that followed their migration is out of luck. So if my community's way of life preserves oxygen abounding habitats instead of clearcutting them, then there's a good chance that I'm all up to fire code.

And, also, we evolved with fire. Not for most of the trip, but longer than agriculture, by far. Pre-humans caught on to fire, which probably led to us being human in the first place. Anthropologetic scientists think that the use of fire led to adaptations of the jaw, meat was easier to chew when it was cooked, which selected for lighter mandibles. With less demand for energy to eat, the excess was converted to brainpower as the evolution of the ego grew out of hand. Central heat also greatly reduced the calories required to survive the night, which enabled farther travel into expanses previously unthinkable. So obviously fire is here to stay, even I'm not crazy enough to suggest otherwise, but it need not be overlooked that everything we do has an environmental impact, and once we've destroyed the environment, we will be the ones most impacted.

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Good thing I landed on yes, otherwise I'd have missed out on the best popcorn of my life. Benjamin

had grown it last year and put it in the freezer before it was completely dried, so the moisture in some kernels, caused them to only half explode into little yellow puffs that almost tasted buttery. Even the unpopped ones crunched, now just a splash of super heady salt and it was on.

Salt was one of the few items imported to the farm. Salt, Black Peppercorns, Coconut oil, and the occasional dark chocolate bar. He had actually once gone three years without buying a single thing. But even in this land of plenty, it seems not everything can just materialize out of the Sun and the Earth and the water. Most of it though.

Assuming we can get the whole salt tree thing figured out, we're probably still a few years of global warming away from the appalachian Coconut orchard's fruition. So what are our options? If we can reduce the radius from which we obtain ninety-nine percent of our calories, what's the big deal of importing a select few of the necessities of nutrition? Well, we could start by looking at the monocropping practices of the impoverished countries who supply our growing demand, but I'd bet you already know where I stand on the single-handed homogenization of our planet's dwindling biodiversity.

Clear-cutting the Mangrove forests that regulate erosion, is likely the only way to meet production requirements, but the math gets a little tricky once this balloon of hot air gets over-inflated. Over the last ten years, our country's Coconut consumption has increased by 1000%. Isn't that grand? Especially for the equatorial economies in the equation. You'd think, but most people don't, and don't want to. Faced with the implications of impact, they'd have to examine the extreme poverty of Coconut farmers, some of the very poorest in the world.

With the single-crop success of a low-yield drupe eroding profit margins, growers only pocket about a dime per Coconut. In a good season, discounting of course the unnatural increase of natural disasters, they can expect to harvest around 18,000 pesticidal nuts per acre. Seems like a lot when I consider the dangerous task of climbing all those corporate ladders, but it's only eighteen hundred dollars a year per acre. Makes it a little tight to provide a proper healthcare package, but that works out since the child labor pool often employed, aren't really that experienced at contract negotiation. And if kids aren't your thing, if the animal nation makes up the priorities of your prerogatives, then it's probably worth mentioning the chained necks of the enslaved Monkeys who hand-picked your pina colada. But is it still vegan?

And is it any worse than all the other third world productions? Conscious consumers can always research the various fair-trade practices of purchase, but even once diesel powered industrialization revolves around to their side of the globe, they still have to ship the commodification of their backyard to ours. How much oil are you willing to burn for that piece of frybread? What are the acceptable limits of collateral damage? How long of a list of ecological destructions and primate rights violations, does it take before the cost of doing business outweighs the health benefit? How much oppression are you willing to personally spread into the world, so that you may enjoy a life of luxury? Only a sixteenth of the Earth's population live in this world of excess, the other ninety-four percent pay for it.

But how would we ever survive without it? The important importation of a non-native menu is a fundamental building block of colonization. Of course, so is a non-native population. Certainly they were on their way out anyway though, unless they were canoeing for Coconuts then their fragile little bodies would never have survived a winter without the tropical fruit. I'll hope that between my sarcasm and your intelligence, it's understood that I'm joking, and also that it's not funny. That's pretty standard though.

The Coconut explosion is arguably healthier than the long-chain fatty acids of hot oil mechanization, but there's no argument about the superiority of naturally evolved local food systems. The locavore enjoys the undeniably reliable nutrient richness of symbiotic partnerships, ones that simultaneously benefit the systems of ecology and digestion. The indigenous inhabitants of the land your grocery store sits on, were far healthier than the colonicization of our current occupation.

The promoters of agriculture and western medicine, who of course are one and the same, love to boast about their boost to human life expectancy. They do, however, forget to mention the part about agriculture being directly responsible for the very ailments that plague our population. Studies around the world have shown that when a culture transitions into an agricultural way of life, they suffer from widespread disease and bone deterioration. We become far more brittle than a planter's Peanut farm.

Of course, the indigestion of inferior food isn't the only culprit, the decrease of personal living space



and the increase of un-ergonomic hard labor can't be discounted when totaling the cost of this American life. Then there's the modern tradition of broken dental records. It's highly documented that pre-agricultural humans had way better teeth than their current counterparts, but we have to ensure the income brackets of the working class dentist's union somehow. American natives not only chewed with champion chompers, they regularly lived over a hundred years and were more highly evolved than us in every way. Well, every way except one.

While agriculture definitely lowers the quality of life of all organisms it encounters, humans are a pretty resilient group of people. We can even adapt to the agronomic culture of civility. Only takes a few thousand years of weakened populations dying off, often the lower class with less access to healthcare, and not-so-suddenly we're able to digest gluten grains with the best of them. Kinda.

Egyptian archaeologists have found proof of deteriorated skeletal structures coinciding with their advent of agriculture, and then a slow restrengthening period spanning millennia. Native Americans, however, are just a few generations into the recovery program, and it's easy to see the degeneration of the so-called colonized cleansing of the continent. The Lakota have only been pushed into the white man's world over the last seven generations, starting with a treaty that pressured the tribes to cultivate the land that we temporarily deemed infertile enough to let them keep. Predisposed to diabetes and alcoholism, as well as a host of other diseases, and not nearly as known for their pearly white supremacy.

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So what were they like? The pre-America Americans? What made them so special? Well, certainly exceptional vibration sensory, vision and hearing and that kinda stuff. And let's consider how on top of their game they were before the introduction of the Horse. Imagine just how physically on point they must have been in order to hunt for the tribe, quick like the Rabbit, strong like the Buffalo. No wonder we had such a hard time wiping them out, even with all the guns we brought to an arrow fight. And while the Indians proved to be fantastic riders, they certainly questioned the morality of 'breaking' any member of our Earthbound family. There is of course the method of beating them into submission, a little too close to home for a people whose home was closing in on them, but luckily their connection to the songs in the wind helped them whisper sweet nothings into the ears of their new allies. They also didn't lock them in prison for a crime against nature. Holding your brother in a barn cell and exchanging food for hard labor, is not symbiotic, it's slavery.

Although the farm was in so many ways a perpetual paradise, it still stalled out a little too much for me. Besides the two fenced-in work Horses, there was another equine who lived in the barn. A race Horse. A Horse kept in its stall for twenty-three and a half hours per day, only allowed to run in the yard for her practice lap each morning. Gotta keep her in shape, which means running at top speed for a fraction of a mile at a time, then back to thinking inside the box. She was most definitely taken care of, conversated with, poop was scooped, and she ate only the most expensive food and hay. And we all know that money equals love, even if she was on the hook to earn her keep with a victory lap.

Contrary to the clichés of the common, however, it seems that money cannot conquer all. During my stay, Benjamin was offered a free ride on an unwanted broken Horse. His previous master also 'owned' an entire sports team of athletes, who were probably just as likely to get canned for a broken ankle on their practice lap. After a work-related injury, the Horse was thrown away. Purely a monetary investment into the life force of another, the dude had to cut his losses. Just get rid of it. Glue, Dog food, whatever it takes. Ben wasn't sure about taking him on, even a free Horse will cost a lot to board, plus rehabbing the ankle will take up a lot of time. But after a night of discussion we landed on the obvious, can't look a gift Horse in the mouth.

He was funny, undeniably a sentient being, and anytime I went into his stall, he'd try to prank me. Gotta love a good prank. And he was in his stall all day, everyday. No morning jog. His hurt ankle meant that he needed a solid month of rehabilitation. Confinement. Personal treatment from an experienced and loving caretaker. From an injury sustained performing for the entertainment and profit of his captors. Fellow beings of life's energy. Children of our mother. Unci Maka. Fruit of the Earth. Brothers.

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