

Shaman

Adventures in the Ecuadorian jungle with my brother...

In the rainforest, I can hear a strange chorus
Of frogs and crickets playing for us; my brain is porridge
As the medicine man prays to the source
Holding my head in his hands; my presence vanishes
Into the depths of this trance; images dance
And spin as he chants and shakes a bundle of plants
His lungs expand and flows of cigarette smoke
Exit his throat, as the rumble in his chest grows
In the background, the jungle silhouettes glow
Then all at once he lets go; my head is sweat-soaked
I'm a humble guest, though, with no question marks
I think I just lost control of my wits in this pitch dark
A matchstick sparks; as the blackness splits apart
The medicine man sits with a candlestick
Held in his hands lit; the flame's dance enchants it
Then he hands it to me and stands, and that's it

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