



When a little boy I took a trip to Wikame
the Holy Mountain, and slept at its base.

I felt of my body with my two hands
and found it was not there.

It took me four days and four nights climbing hard.

Later I was able to approach even the top
of the mountain.

At last I reached the willow roof in front of the dark house.

The creator was inside, and it was dark.

He was naked and very large,
and lightnings were playing all around.



When I was a boy I used to eat
Jimson weed leaves

plucked from
the West side
of the plant
to make me dream well.

