

## To Touch Truth: Toward a Consciousness of Connection



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...we walk  
upon this Earth  
as foreigners,  
pioneers of destruction,  
the poison people.

**It seems these lands** are forgotten even by we who build our homes upon this sacred soil. We do not live here, rather we reside within the weathered walls of our wandering minds, eyes closed, not looking in, but blind.

Alive?

Maybe merely breathing. And barely. Surrendered to our own invisibility, unseen and silent, we walk upon this Earth as foreigners, pioneers of destruction, the poison people. Having forgotten what it is to be whole, we stumble within the softness of our own home.

And yet these bountiful beautiful lands beckon to us, invite us to remember that its breath and ours are one. Singing soft songs of Earthly insight, wind whispers a warm welcome to the home of our hearts. With each step we are forgiven, if we can manage to forgive ourselves; open to our world as we open exhausted eyes and remember what it is to see.

The children of this Earth are witnessing a unique moment in planetary history; steeped in the magnificence of creation, it is a moment marked by our species' struggle for survival. These times call for a consciousness of unity still unseen by this world, albeit resting within the realm of possibility, held delicately in the daring hearts of dreamers and visionaries.

It is a reality veiled only by the fear that arises in such tumultuous times. For to impact the momentum of this environmental crisis demands a conscious commitment from communities, families and individuals – a global awakening. It is an interesting challenge in a time when consumerism, war, and an ideology of separateness and domination mark the mainstream culture of the Western world. To be fully present with the overwhelming truth of these times requires that we awaken to the woven web of being, the intricate interdependence of all we have defined as separate. We must remember that we ourselves are an expression of nature, conscious creatures of constant creation, given the gracious gift of this moment to be alive and wholly experience this reality.

We must remember what it is to be whole.

For millennia the power structures within civilization have worked to silence and dominate the natural world. In stifling our connection to the wild within and diminishing our sense of connection and empathy to the worldly wild, civilization has attempted to sustain itself in this failing experiment of industrialization. This behavior is suicidal, rooted in a deep seeded ideology of separation and superiority to the natural world, and lends itself to the exploitation of an environment experienced solely as a resource. What this moment in human history calls for is a deep remembering that to destroy this environment equates to the destruction of our species.

Let us listen and respond to this crying call to consciousness; a relocating of our individual selves within the body, a growing sense of self-awareness. For it is through this that we may remember the power sleeping dormant within the

source, the same whole. In that knowing we are inspired in her service and our own healing, and we feel the extent to which those two are one and the same.

Consider the role of psychedelics as the key to a door that does not truly exist, for the barrier between our mind and our body, our body and our world, is merely an unconscious construction of an overly empowered ego. To take this key into our hands, and our hearts, empowers us to step into a world we believed to be so distant, and to realize that it is in our power to dissolve that door. We can choose to live consciously in a timeless tapestry of revelations and relationships. For psychedelics are a sacred medicine which, when used in an appropriate context with mindful intention, may move us toward a consciousness of connection, and a remembering of the love that unifies us all. •

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*We Know*

We know, in that moment, that this Earth is an extension of our being

and that we are an extension of hers... In that knowing,

dreaming creatures that we are, and intimately experience the unity of all things. There are songs in the stones that speak of wholeness. Let us give voice to those who have been assumed into silence so that we may know that the stones sing for us all.

To touch wholeness, oneness, as many report experiencing in the cosmically rooted dance of psychedelic consciousness, and to fully feel that wholeness with the entirety of one's being, inspires a deep caring and compassion for all that is, has been, and will be. We know, in that moment, that this Earth is an extension of our being and that we are an extension of hers; that we are of the same

we are motivated to serve her and heal ourselves,

and we feel the extent to which those two actions

are one and the same.