

Now your cerebrum: curled against its shell. Let's wake it. Hello!-oh - oh.. echo chamber. As it stirs, ready your mouth into another O shaped sound. This time in Goodbye. Watch it stretch now. Oblonging, thin to thin, spider's web. Finally snapping, whipping your skull on its way out.

Now black abyss: fast fall, slow float. Down, down, beneath the earth's soil, weaving past the roots. See the locust larvae, in year 16. Quivering anticipation. Even deeper now. Through the bedrock, into the crystal cave. See the ring of fire. Jump into its pit. Falling again, down and down. Until you reach blue skies. Then, up and up. You're soaring. See the thick evergreens below and look for a clearing. Feet touch down to a soft landing, a small cloud of dust. Settle. Look around you. Call forth the Gatekeeper. Here he comes from around the bend. Friendly face, very large body. Your eyelids flicker. The weird visions flinch and begin to fade. No not yet, come back. Deep breaths. In for six, hold for two, out for six. In for six, hold for two, out for six..

He's here, the Gatekeeper: did you bring an offering. You did? Good. It can be anything. Look down in your hand, what are you holding. Weird Vision conjures a flower. (Plucked from a crack in the concrete when you went for a walk in the middle of your workday. You saw it from a distance, growing up through the chainlink fence. The neighbor's pitbull incessantly barking. *Goddamit dog, let me cry in peace. I'll kill this flower so I can hold its beauty.* Later on you pressed it. Days later, J found it and gave it to her baby.) This journeyed flower, purple and pure. A drop of milk falls from its stem and wets your wrist. Offer it to him, request entry. He accepts and bids you passage.

And now, The Veil:

- Hanna Hur, 2017