

Di-methyl-tryp-tamine.

He exhaled the harsh smoke and settled back into the dream.

Colours washed over him like a swarm of hungry insects, plucking mercilessly at his corneas. Beautiful arrays of reds, purples, and blues assaulted him, occasionally morphing into meaningful objects or concepts, but decomposing before he could interpret them.

The chaos was overwhelming. There was no longer any familiar point of reference. He stopped trying to fight the experience and allowed his ego to die gracefully. His eyes fluttered closed.

Whole stories and lifetimes unfolded out before him, spreading infinitely in every direction. He did not know in which direction to proceed, but felt confident that there was no wrong decision.

Beings laughed at him from the shadows. He turned to get a glimpse of them, but by the time he was facing the location of the sounds, there was nothing to be seen.

A reality more real than humans could possibly imagine. "Our reality is but a tiny subset of this universal fractal chaos," he mused as geometric flowers bloomed and died in a heartbeat. "We interpret what we experience as order, as consistent, when in fact nothing could be further from the truth! China could arise and fall a million times in a single second, and our brains would simply be shifted to accommodate that fact, without us ever being consciously aware of the loopback recursive insanity!"

And then they appeared to him. Beautiful beings made of pure light. They existed simultaneously standing in corporeal form before him, but also oozing from the walls and ceiling. There was no physical distinction and one creature would be oozing into existence and existing in the same instant; matter had no limitations in DMTspace, if indeed these creatures consisted of matter.

With a cosmic shudder, the beings began to sing. Softly, at first, their "words" (for lack of a better term) reverberated the very fabric of infinity. Only they did not sing in sounds, but in beautiful rainbows of light and energy.

He stood in awe. In retrospect, he would have said his mouth was hanging open, but at the time, he was not sure that he had a mouth. In fact, he had ceased to know that such a thing had ever existed.

They telepathically urged him to join them. There was no exchange between them, but he could feel their influence on his spiritual form. He interpreted the vibrations as, "Do not be afraid. Just do as we do."

He overcame his stupor. He was not sure how to proceed, but he allowed the universal essence to build to a tumultuous crescendo in his body, and then poured it forth. And soon he was creating dazzling spectra of light. The colours and textures flowed off of him like he was a visual harp.

He was overcome with spiritual ecstasy. How could he have been so foolish before? How could he have not seen this? This beauty... it made everything so irrelevant. War, death, life, peace... these were meaningless, fleeting concepts in this eternal place. When everything is an infinite continuum, the chaos and its ever shifting manifestations become nothing.

"It is time for you to return. Do not forget us," the playful beings vibrated.

He suddenly remembered that he did indeed exist in some subset of this reality as a physical creature. He had been so caught up in his recycling of energy that he had

completely forgotten.

Would he remember this when he returned? Would he somehow be able to apply this to his life? Would he believe that there was more to this exploration than the delusions of a drug-addled mind? Hell, did it even matter?

His eyes flickered open. Things were still moving, but lines and patterns were settling down and reintegrating into concrete objects. He felt old. Wisened. But refreshed.

And that night he danced out under the stars in his socks, drinking in the scents of autumn. Hugging himself as he lay, spent, on the dew-soaked grass, he knew that if the world could only glimpse the things that he had seen that all racism, prejudice, hatred, religion, war, anger, and dissatisfaction would end.