



Rite of Passage

Gabriel Quinn Maroney

A shaman placed upon my head,
The doorway to ancestors lead,
Scripture within vine and lotus petal,
Reconnection with death
brought new life to settle.

“The jungle is your blood” he knew,
Brilliant colors danced a cosmic stew.

Plant medicine from his bag,
Vanquished self doubt, the inner hag.

Breath and smoke blasted from his lips,
Fabric of reality tore after many sips.

What was it that I saw behind the veil,
That came down upon me
like meteors of hail?

Illness is a sacred treasure,
A rite of passage never to measure.

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