

PRACTICES FOR CELEBRATING DECOMPOSERS AND BEING WITH ENERGIES OF DECOMPOSITION



BEFRIEND THE SMALLS

When was the last time you looked at the world through a worms-eye-view? Or got on the ground to meet slug's four sensory stalks, marveling at their beautifully textured slow shuffle through the world? Have you ever followed the emerging fruit cap of a mushroom through their life-cycle? Danced with a Dung beetle?

Have you ever noticed that when people are asked to envision a favorite animal or other-than-human ally, it's often a majestic bird or mammal, like a jaguar or eagle? I remember when slug and soil and beetle came to me, it felt like I was no longer overlooking a whole world under my feet (literally).

What about those beetles? That snail and the piece of lichen they are munching on? Or how about the unseen critters under the leaf mulch? The purple russula mushrooms or maple candy caps, that visible aspect of a wondrous underground mycelium network.

The invitation is to slow down and be in wonder at these beautiful kin, who have their vital role in the ecosystem. To say hi to millipede, to be in awe at the undulating behavior of black slug, to put your head to the foreground in surrender to bolete, to marvel at the spiral beauty of snail.

Who pops up over night after a rain? Learn the names of a few fungi friends.

In gratitude, we bow to their miraculous way of being in the world.

See the Poem, *Don't Forget the Smalls in Your Basket of Whos*

POINT-OF-VIEW



“Noticing the world differently can have material consequences that could be the difference between taking care and perpetuating paradigms of oppression and needless suffering.” —Bayo Akomolafe

What must it be like to experience the world as a worm in the compost? Or as a tree, living deep time over decades or centuries, whose symbiotic mycelium remains unseen but vital? As a gut microbe, breaking down undigested food? As a witch’s cap mushroom delighting in the long-awaited rain?

This is an invitation to practice taking the perspective of a being/element in a creative form. You might ask them what it is like being them. This could be acting or moving in the way of that being, writing poetry from the Point-of-view of that being, telling a story of the living experience of the being.

What wisdoms might be revealed in these ways of being? Such intentional connection can help bridge the gap that humanity has developed between itself and the web of life. cultivate relationality for living world

Whether it’s from a worms-eye-view, an eagles-eye-view, a fungi-eye-view, or a moons-eye-view, the other-than-human perspective can enrich our own. And perhaps we are the sort of creature that is able to momentarily align with those for the wild purpose of being in right relation to our animate home.

HONORING OUR INNER FUNGI



What needs to be decomposed from our previous season to prepare for the next? What if we allied ourselves to the energies of the season? Welcomed the breaking down that is vital to regeneration? The dirty truth is the soil of our next season/self must be amended with a type of death. This applies to the individual as much as to the collective.

We can invoke our inner worms and fungi, our precious Patron Saints of Rot, our Battalions of Beautiful Bacteria, and get to work/play.

May we invite their delicious decomposition and Strange Digestion of the world, transmuting it into beauty.

Our inner Decomposers are awaiting.

We are in a season that is not only inviting the breakdown of the previous season, but also much of what is considered normal in the colonial OverCulture. And much of what is considered normal is not serving Life and Liberation.

What are the seasonal anchors you are cultivating to be present with what is?

What has been paved over?

What are you putting on your Sacred Compost Pile?

SLUG SEMINAR: INVOKE YOUR INNER SLUG



We might spend time with slugs, snails, mushrooms or other slow creatures, or evoke their image and energy. Can we meet the slow ones at their pace? Sometimes even watching a video of them soothes the nervous system and brings out a deeper breath.

For regular things you do, try it 80% of your normal pace. Now how about a half of the speed?

Do you notice any resistances within to letting go of freneticism and list-making?

This isn't about not getting things done. But about bringing presence to what is being done. We can also practice delayed responses and pregnant pauses, becoming comfortable with silence, not filling the space.

SLUG SPELL



Return to the pace of Earth.

Give a good death to the grind.

Eat the conspiracy of freneticism with a fierce slowness.

Throw modernity's colonial clock into the mysterious maw of your ravishing radula.

Metabolize the rotting corpse of the Overculture
by Dropping Empires into your unending sarlacc pit.

Regurgitate soils from which mature future worlds grow.

Secrete the sacred slimy truth:

*Freedom is a Dream.
Liberation is each Breath.
Revolution is Irresistible.*

Undulate your truth until the sun sleeps.

Then begin again.

Flow on. Slow on. Know from the Soul on.