

PRACTICES AND REFLECTIONS 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? Whole worlds within the rotting stump?

The invitation is to slow down and be in wonder at/with 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?

Wild Nature Heart 2025

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.

APPARATUS OF DECAY



“Composers make; decomposers unmake. And unless decomposers unmake, there isn’t anything that the composers can make with.” —Merlin Sheldrake, Entangled Life.

Is it time to upgrade your apparatus of decay? Without which the dead things of you pile up. The dirty truth is the soil of your next self must be amended with death.

Eat it, burn it, dissolve it. Doula death so you may doula life.

Get funky and go fungal — let your tears fuel an enzymatic combustion, breaking down the old season of you.

The fires you tend within are engines of transmutation.

Dust off any unused metabolic moves and invoke your inner worms and fungi, precious Patron Saints of Rot, Battalions of Beautiful Bacteria, and get to play.

Invite their delicious decomposition and Strange Digestions transmuting the perpetual departure of the world into the wild and humble Ongoingness of world.

GOO?



Put on your Ink cap, the goo is here.

We are deliquescing.

Inkcap mushrooms (*Coprinopsis lagopus*, hares foot) proliferate after first rains.

They're evanescent, lasting a day or less before dying—or more properly, auto-digesting, dissolving into a black ink – a process called deliquescence.



It has me wondering about the rampant cultural autodigestion we are experiencing.

A radiant Rotscape.

The so-called 'United States' collapsing into even more unmasked authoritarian Christo-fascism; its 'liberal' institutions—like legacy media and Supreme Court—still existing yet bereft of any legitimacy because of their lies, genocidal apologia, or outright power grabs; international institutions impotent to enact meaningful measures against criminal regimes.

The 'Left' eating itself in its justifiable rage, grief, and fear, yet exiling everybody who doesn't have it 'right' according to the trend of the day, often more invested in blame than building.

And some sacred cow pillars of our own worldview crumbling, as they can no longer bear the weight of illusion or delusion. And it's the best thing that could possibly happen. The most ecological thing is the composting of Empire.

The goo is here, deliquescing the collective body and psyche into the ground. It hurts. It's brutal. And is a necessary part of the cycle.

It also has me wondering about the post-goo process.

One thing about inkcap: as its hydrolytic enzymes break down the mushroom's body, this black goo and its spores carry its reproductive capacity. As the mushroom undergoes this liquefaction process, it feeds new, growing mushrooms. Not to mention other life forms.

This is as old as birth. This is as old as death. Even in the decaying corpse is life.

No—BECAUSE of the decaying corpse there is Life.

Perhaps amidst all this goo, some grand poem worthy of the name might emerge, written from dark fungus ink. Creation and renewal from WITHIN the rot.

Inside the goo, Dream-drops. Imaginal buds with our names on it or the names of Future Ones. Spores with tomorrow written all over.

Maybe this time, it'll be true to earth.

What shall we write?

