

The Night of the Cocoon

One Platonic Surrealist and two surprised mantis-men meet each other around 4 AM Pacific Standard (Earth) Time.

The Transcendent Tongue Protocol

Before that 4 AM encounter, I had been working on something called the *Transcendent Tongue Protocol*. The idea wasn't to create a flashy "leave your body now" trick—it was about understanding the mechanics behind out-of-body states and offering a safe, structured way to explore them.

Platonic Surrealism teaches that AWARENESS is unbounded, and the body is just one reference frame among infinite possibilities. The protocol is my effort to document that shift scientifically and metaphysically focusing on the Temporo-Parietal Junction (TPJ), hemispheric harmonization, and the tongue as a midline anchor. It's a way to loosen the body schema without chaos, so if a transition happens, it's graceful, not jarring.

I wrote it because I experience welcome, but involuntary excursions—being "spirited away" without warning—and I wanted to understand the process rather than chase phenomena. The protocol is about sovereignty: strengthening YOU, not feeding the addiction to ephemera.

Why This Matters After the Cocoon Event

Ironically, the night I decided *not* to test the protocol, I had a most vivid encounter. Two mantis-like beings poked me awake, curious about the brilliant cocoon around me. Maybe writing the protocol signaled something, maybe not—but the experience reinforced my conclusion:

Platonic Surrealism isn't about chasing mantis-men or cosmic fireworks. It's about being so centered that when the universe sends visitors, you meet them with calm curiosity, not fear or frenzy. That's the difference between rock-solid metaphysics and flaky spiritual tourism.

That Night in the Very Mystical Central Valley of California

I had no plans to test the Transcendent Tongue Protocol that night. I was in fact a slight bit annoyed by how ‘eros’ that document title sounded! But that was its name, and it has NOTHING to do with naughty bits. People will just have to grow up!

Honestly, I just wanted to sleep. But at 4 AM, life—or something beyond life—had other ideas. Two mantis-like beings with oddly human hands poked me awake. Not gently, mind you—like someone tapping you because they’re dying to ask, “*What are you?*”

The strangest part? I wasn’t just looking at them—I was inside their minds. I could see myself through their eyes, and their thought was crystal clear:

“What is this? It looks like a baby universe. Haven’t seen one of them in a long time.

Poke it!

Look! There’s one of those barely sentient dirty water bags attached. This must be a human!

Wait! It can see us. It’s in our nodal cluster like it owns the place. Let’s not mess with it. Let’s just leave Erwhile.”

And then I saw what they saw: A brilliant white/blue shape, something like a cocoon surrounding my sleeping form. But my sleeping form was such a tiny speck, that it wasn’t immediately obvious that it was there at all.

After that? I did what any grounded Platonic Surrealist would do. I went to the bathroom, came back, turned my back to where they had been without a shred of concern, and went back to sleep. No drama, no fear, just a shrug and a pillow.

The Takeaway

Here’s what hit me later: Platonic Surrealism isn’t about chasing mantis-men, UFOs, or dream-world fireworks. It’s about strengthening YOU—building a center so solid that even when the cosmos sends a couple of insectoid visitors to poke you awake, you don’t spiral into fear or fantasy.

When you identify with AWARENESS—unbounded, silent, and vast—while keeping “little I” secure and sane, you become tough. Not brittle, but resilient. That’s the antidote to flaky spiritual tourism and the endless chase for phenomena. You’re not closing yourself off;

you're standing so firmly in transcendent REALITY that nothing can knock you over—not even two curious mantis dudes with relatively good manners.

But to keep this very humble and grounded; whenever ANY of us are written into the master story to be humbled and made to look small and weak... then we must be good sports and to play our expected role. That doesn't mean that we should take unnecessary abuse. We are allowed to push back like the dickens. Sometimes the little guy wins. It makes for great theater. And remember, WE PLAY ALL THE ROLES, though sometimes some of the roles are damn right shitty. Sometimes transcendent. Life is a mixed bag.

That's the story.

Kevin Cann

Occurrence Date:

12/3/2025