

KONA COLONIC – Personal Essay - Excerpt

I never thought I'd find myself lying on a ceramic bed with a two inch tube up my bum. In fact, if you had ever suggested that I do such a thing, I would have laughed so hard you would have thought I was insane. But there I was, lying on that bed, with a two inch tube up my bum.



And that's two inches long, by the way, not wide. I wondered too.

We were on the Kona Coast of Hawaii, in a golden, solar-powered house, off the grid. Heaven for someone like me, fed up with the noise and rush of modernity. This two-week event promised sunshine, daily yoga, swimming on Magic Sands, healthy food, a sound healer, a life coach, and....yup, colonics.

Before I came here I was giggling with a friend. *Who does these kinds of things?* We joked. *Isn't the human body capable of caring for itself?* Visions of the ASS MAN episode of Seinfeld kept flashing through my brain and I questioned my new acquaintance and her possible obsession with peoples' rear ends.

Do you lie on your belly while she probes you with a suction tube? Was it like the horror stories you hear, of the mile-long camera they insert into your body when you get a colonoscopy? She must be a quirky sort to choose a career like this. But that didn't really matter to me. I was there as the photographer. I was not there for colonics...

