

i. Nāsadyaḥ, sacred geometry

Where do I start? From a slit. A point. A ray, a gash, a measure, a beam, a line, a hole, a drum, a horn, a string, a skin, a wing, from a black square wet with worship and smeared red with turmeric and lime by wives that cannot exactly ask what they are asking for. Still, there is power in that too. One non-body vibrating against another non-body, being by being quiet.

I start from a slit. Darting, distorting till I pass through the next opening, custom without order, hole to hole, triangles and obelisks left as negative spaces in the sides of walls so my path through this town is unobstructed. The architect's false stitch, the builder's folly. My matter is my spirit, energy humming like the planets. Music hypothesised by a mathematician, geometry carved out by rhythm. If Pythagoras knew the tenor of trigonometry, then equally, I know the orthogonality of resonance.

Formless, I dwell in the depths of drums, a temple of *yāka:khi* horns, like a potion activated with secret formulas, mantras, mudras. *one hundred and eight tālas*. With the sticky thickness of dough mixed and the acetic cajole me to stay  
*t ā h - j h ē .*  
*o n     b r e a d .*  
not last long. You configuration of  
*b e i n g*

Use these foci to  
chakras churning  
dance invisibly.  
*p r o d u c e   t h e*

*p i t c h e s .*  
When you,  
dough, you  
emerges as  
This is true  
*a b s o r b*  
*p r o f a n e*

M i s t a k e  
know it's  
*n o t e*  
It's the left

*l i n e s   i n*  
sublimate  
*t h e r e   i s*



with beaten rice flakes, sweetened yoghurt  
sting of betel nuts, you might hold me down  
longer. If only all love was precise like that.  
Vermillion, then three silver eyes like stars  
Intuition in the darkness. A pure form does  
give even a square a face, an exploded  
meaning. A face is infinite and will resist  
constrained in a closed shape.

generate me, element by element, tantric  
their vectored wheels. Do not worry if I  
Visualise sound in the darkness, mentally  
music. Concentrate on the right hand of the  
reverberating drum, on the high  
Anyone is all and no one is not.  
maker of music, bite into the  
swallow parts of me too, and what  
music is really medium. *tin-chu chu.*  
for everyone, in a morsel you  
whole universes of sacred or  
forces.

me not for my counter world: you  
Hāimadya when you hear a half  
dropped, or a quarter note jammed.  
hand, the sinister low frequency.  
Hāimadyah moves in straight lines,  
which my music cannot be, vowels  
consonants, chaos ensues. Still,  
power in that too. I continue.