

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, obelisks left as negative stitch, the builder's folly. My geometry carved out by resonance.

Formless, I dwell in the mudras. one hundred and and the acetic sting of that. tāh-jhē. Vermillion, long. You give even a constrained in a closed

Use these foci to worry if I dance invisibly. of the reverberating into the dough, you true for everyone, in a

Mistake me not for my jammed. It's the left music cannot be, vowels



distorting till I pass through the next opening, custom without order, hole to hole, triangles and spaces in the sides of walls so my path through this town is unobstructed. The architect's false matter is my spirit, energy humming like the planets. Music hypothesised by a mathematician, rhythm. If Pythagoras knew the tenor of trigonometry, then equally, I know the orthogonality of

depths of drums, a temple of yāka:khi horns, like a potion activated with secret formulas, mantras, eight tālas. With the sticky thickness of dough mixed with beaten rice flakes, sweetened yoghurt betel nuts, you might hold me down cajole me to stay longer. If only all love was precise like then three silver eyes like stars on bread. Intuition in the darkness. A pure form does not last square a face, an exploded configuration of meaning. A face is infinite and will resist being shape.

generate me, element by element, tantric chakras churning their vectored wheels. Do not Visualise sound in the darkness, mentally produce the music. Concentrate on the right hand drum, on the high pitches. Anyone is all and no one is not. When you, maker of music, bite swallow parts of me too, and what emerges as music is really medium. tin-chu chu. This is morsel you absorb whole universes of sacred or profane forces.

counter world: you know it's Hāimadya when you hear a half note dropped, or a quarter note hand, the sinister low frequency. Hāimadyah moves in straight lines, lines in which my sublimate consonants, chaos ensues. Still, there is power in that too. I continue.

## ii. Jagar, awakening the ancestors

A triangular fire pit, because there are three sides to horn or a shell, dying even before they fully form.

You, hurki, hold your damaru at the point of turning it over and over. Healing your future hand through wood, string, ears, a tremor of your ancestors. Chanting, how can you do

How can you do what needs to be done. A sticks, lagana, to stick, summoning That you are me. Thou is us, now I am body.

You spend the night on a cremation ground twilight, and a list of sacred mountains, bodies, you, the chosen mouthpiece, the dangari, the trembling and sweating. Eyes closed, shoulders contact at a distance, hapsis of flesh and breath into the Saturn.

The poet-shaman repeats the word with a magical, language. A wake. Awoke. Woke. Stay awake. but it's not an insistence on agency. This is spirits, oracles, vehicles, patients. Caressed by other present, to know your ancestors and those that will

Three hundred and thirty million deities waking up and wanting so much just to be body. I leave behind a quill



every story. Oil lamp lit, the fire reaches out to the juniper, djinns rising, curling into a

rest. The drum is shaped like an hourglass, you shake it frenetically, by learning your past. A revolution begins in resonance: vibrating from now, a shudder then, hairs quivering, passing warmth to the elsewheres what needs to be done.

proposition interrupted by bursts of sound, brass plates beaten with possession. As if to do were to be done to. If only we understood this.

and your throat opens with the sound of the word. An invocation of forests, rivers. I materialise inside you. Your body is a multitude of beast of burden, the ghorī, the little horse. The all-night dancing. Yawning, stretching, shimmying, feet shuffling, torso turning in half-circles, transmission of a pulse by collective body, crickets ringing at a frequency high enough to send missives to

material, conceptual and emotional tintinnabulation. Ecstatic, possessed or oracular Awakening. In the wake of. A funeral. A rising. Maybe your body shaking is resistance, structureless surrender, it's fluid non-dualism, it's porous thresholds. Gurus, gods, bodies, I return again and again just to feel what it must be like to be human in this come after you: awake, dancing, gasping, ecstatic, sticky, slippery and screaming.

nothing has felt more sacred than this fire, the heat, mouth to wind, clutching, crying, and a sword.