

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

I start from a slit. Darting, triangles and obelisks left as The architect's false stitch, the hypothesised by a trigonometry, then equally, I

Formless, I dwell in the depths mantras, mudras. *one hundred* sweetened yoghurt and the all love was precise like in the darkness. A pure configuration of meaning.

Use these foci to generate not worry if I dance Concentrate on the right one is not. When you, emerges as music is really universes of sacred or

Mistake me not for my or a quarter note jammed. lines, lines in which my power in that too. I



distorting till I pass through the next opening, custom without order, hole to hole, negative spaces in the sides of walls so my path through this town is unobstructed. builder's folly. My matter is my spirit, energy humming like the planets. Music mathematician, geometry carved out by rhythm. If Pythagoras knew the tenor of know the orthogonality of resonance.

of drums, a temple of *yāka:khi* horns, like a potion activated with secret formulas, *and eight tālas*. With the sticky thickness of dough mixed with beaten rice flakes, acetic sting of betel nuts, you might hold me down cajole me to stay longer. If only that. *tāh-jhē*. Vermillion, then three silver eyes like stars on bread. Intuition form does not last long. You give even a square a face, an exploded A face is infinite and will resist being constrained in a closed shape.

me, element by element, tantric chakras churning their vectored wheels. Do invisibly. Visualise sound in the darkness, mentally produce the music. hand of the reverberating drum, on the high pitches. Anyone is all and no maker of music, bite into the dough, you swallow parts of me too, and what medium. *tin-chu chu*. This is true for everyone, in a morsel you absorb whole profane forces.

counter world: you know it's Hāimadya when you hear a half note dropped, It's the left hand, the sinister low frequency. Hāimadyah moves in straight music cannot be, vowels sublimate consonants, chaos ensues. Still, there is continue.

ii. Jagar, awakening the ancestors

A triangular fire pit, because there are three sides to every rising, curling into a horn or a shell, dying even before they

You, *hurki*, hold your *damaru* at the point of rest. shake it frenetically, turning it over and over. revolution begins in resonance: vibrating from a shudder then, hairs quivering, passing warmth how can you do what needs to be done.

How can you do what needs to be done. A brass plates beaten with sticks, *lagana*, to stick, done to. If only we understood this. That you are

You spend the night on a cremation ground and An invocation of twilight, and a list of sacred mountains, multitude of bodies, you, the chosen mouthpiece, the *dangari*, dancing. Yawning, stretching, trembling and sweating. Eyes half-circles, transmission of a pulse by contact at a distance, ringing at a frequency high enough to send missives to

The poet-shaman repeats the word with a magical, material, possessed or oracular language. A wake. Awoke. Woke. Stay your body shaking is resistance, but it's not an insistence on it's porous thresholds. Gurus, gods, spirits, oracles, vehicles, just to feel what it must be like to be human in this present, to awake, dancing, gasping, ecstatic, sticky, slippery and

Three hundred and thirty million deities waking up and wind, clutching, crying, wanting so much just to be body. I

story. Oil lamp lit, the fire reaches out to the juniper, djinns fully form.



The drum is shaped like an hourglass, you Healing your future by learning your past. A hand through wood, string, ears, a tremor now, to the elsewheres of your ancestors. Chanting,

proposition interrupted by bursts of sound, summoning possession. As if to do were to be me. Thou is us, now I am body.

your throat opens with the sound of the word. forests, rivers. I materialise inside you. Your body is a the beast of burden, the *ghori*, the little horse. The all-night closed, shoulders shimmying, feet shuffling, torso turning in hapsis of flesh and breath into the collective body, crickets Saturn.

conceptual and emotional tintinnabulation. Ecstatic, awake. Awakening. In the wake of. A funeral. A rising. Maybe agency. This is structureless surrender, it's fluid non-dualism, patients. Caressed by other bodies, I return again and again know your ancestors and those that will come after you: screaming.

nothing has felt more sacred than this fire, the heat, mouth to leave behind a quill and a sword.