

ii. Jagar, awakening the ancestors

A triangular fire pit, because there are three sides to every story. Oil lamp lit, the fire reaches out to the juniper, djinns rising, curling into a horn or a shell, dying even before they fully form.

You, *hurki*, hold your *damaru* at the point of hourglass, you shake it turning it over and over. future by learning your begins in resonance: hand through wood, string, a shudder then, hairs warmth to the elsewhere. Chanting, how can you do done.

How can you do what proposition interrupted by brass plates beaten with stick, summoning possession. As if to understood this. That you are me.

You spend the night on a cremation the sound of the word. An invocation mountains, forests, rivers. I a multitude of bodies, you, the chosen of burden, the *ghori*, the little horse. stretching, trembling and sweating. feet shuffling, torso turning in half-contact at a distance, hapsis of flesh and crickets ringing at a frequency high enough to send missives to Saturn.

The poet-shaman repeats the word with a magical, material, conceptual and emotional tintinnabulation. Ecstatic, possessed or oracular language. A wake. Awoke. Woke. Stay awake. Awakening. In the wake of. A funeral. A rising. Maybe your body shaking is resistance, but it's not an insistence on agency. This is structureless surrender, it's fluid non-dualism, it's porous thresholds. Gurus, gods, spirits, oracles, vehicles, patients. Caressed by other bodies, I return again and again just to feel what it must be like to be human in this present, to know your ancestors and those that will come after you: awake, dancing, gasping, ecstatic, sticky, slippery and screaming.

Three hundred and thirty million deities waking up and nothing has felt more sacred than this fire, the heat, mouth to wind, clutching, crying, wanting so much just to be body. I leave behind a quill and a sword.



of rest. The drum is shaped like an frenetically, Healing your past. A revolution vibrating from ears, a tremor now, quivering, passing of your ancestors. what needs to be

needs to be done. A bursts of sound, sticks, *lagana*, to

do were to be done to. If only we Thou is us, now I am body.

ground and your throat opens with of twilight, and a list of sacred materialize inside you. Your body is mouthpiece, the *dangari*, the beast The all-night dancing. Yawning, Eyes closed, shoulders shimmying, circles, transmission of a pulse by breath into the collective body,