

iv. *Yeshe Tso-gyal*, wisdom lake queen

A lake was formed as a result of several eruptions. *Tso*, meaning lake, *So*, a continuation, an obliteration, an adjustment of the present. A shrug, what.

A crater of water magnetised by matter falling from space. Cosmic iron.

A comet spun out of orbit and swung towards the sun, releasing vapour, burning before it barely

lived,
life's
day on
water,
born as
t h e

T h e
d u s t

t h e i r
h a d
h a d

If you
will see

o t h e r

a n d

m e t a l
h a d t h e



like a mayfly, completing its work in the span of one full earth. It singed into the and a lotus bloomed. I was a lake, my lost *bla* found in mouth of the lotus.

rock sank and interstellar mixed with seabed sediment. Anyone that drank from me remembered every detail of lives -- every small town they stopped at, every guest that visited their homes -- perfectly. Memory from a mysterious source.

stare at me long enough, you reflections, refractions, projections, possessions, dimensions. Mollusk waves forming and dying like stars, suddenly you're gliding through a night sky, a bolt of in outer space if outer space consistency of wax. Impressions, impacts, lost remains.

Tantalizing tantras, I climaxed into being, recovering my *bla* from the lips of the lotus with perfect recall, recalled by uniting with your body, bodies forgetting they exist, existing by remembering as a ritual, the ritual of spotting the shore, now a surface of glistening potential, recurring planes of possibility. *Tso* long.