

v. Molha, *fallen star, blessed landscape*

Ouroboros, your open lake drained into my river. Molha, crimson flame from Mars, fell from the skies, swooping down to drink at the river, like a deer at dawn. But I liked the taste of the water down here, and stayed a few seconds too long, sipping, slurping, listening to the sweet music of the serpent-spirits.

In the daylight, I no spectacular gown brushing against the heavens wouldn't was, so I stayed on banks of the river as

[a rock resembling]

a [rock] resembling spirit.

[there are other seated forms of the please the senses.

[or possibly: a secret

[representations of] light.

the [topography of]

In some cases, I am the mythical bearing an ear of

hundred entrances, some from beyond the river where other mens' copper pots dip into my swelling. My gates are thresholds through which the transmissible rituals of the inner and the outer are conducted.

My counsel sounds like cymbals, bronze discs riding and splashing and crashing. On cloudy days, when the upper valleys disappear and the lords that preside over me soften, I sing my prophecy. The oaks whisper them to the listeners, guiding them to the otherworld where fire and water unite. And this is my message is all: that here is not apart from there but a reflection of there and the atom is the whole universe, exploding, proliferating and this entanglement does not cause suffering, is not the dry bank but the river of pleasure.



longer glistened in my with its long, wispy train ether. The lords in the take me back, polluted as I the valley floor, on the a rock.

[god]

an obstructive [protective]

rocks] that look like the goddesses of offerings that

cave] [a salt mine]

energy, the mind; the body,

the body ecologic.

called Molha Choögyal, of underworld. A prophetess wheat and a crown. I have a