

iii. *bla*, subtle energy body

Pronounced *la*, like a song. Written *bla*, blah blah like a margin in a meaningless story. But meaninglessness tends to be subtle, meaningful meaninglessness that is, the kind of meaninglessness that makes you want to embrace the potential of the world, like a melancholic song that moves through you like a wave, a surge of urgency, write it! *la*. *Bla*, that invisible, ineffable vital essence that moves through your body, the loss or theft of which you experience when you are separated from love or your ocean is iceless, in the form of indifference in waking life and wild, thrashing, dark dreams at night, and which elicits a rare, forbidden frown on the moon face of the examining *amchi*. The astrologer checks your pulse, a glitch, blur, begins a divination to draw up a diagnostic list of medical tantras that mediation of *bombo*. memories, *ma*, with the *la*, the failure of

How do we make
plagues the elusive
your inner life, the
moral sonar, the
the sand, the
of what
lightness
L o v e
love leaves,
loss. Hook
from the
interacting
integrated in the



might retrieve *bla* with the Bombo awakens your deep sound of a drum, a rattle, bells. language.

meaning. The question that answer. Alive without body, stuff you keep secret, your spirit force, the shadow, liquid. Not the weight wasn't said, but the from less language. medicine. But when it leaves behind *bla* back by chanting heart-mind, by with the self that is not mess of the world. You

invite the world back in, then you watch the 'reveal, you do not know what hits you. You do not see with your own eyes. A pure emanation, clear like water. You only know a sensation which comes around your heart'. Is that where love resides? When the body is electric again, *bla* travels through you as a faint dizzy spell. Is that how moving through the world feels right now, sickness just the status quo and revelation not divine but simply regaining a sense of touch, smell and taste?

Free but not released. Free in a flame of consciousness, by burning the letters in which we reside, the butter language that once lit a limp lamp. Burning the paranoias, the prejudices, the effigies to pillars, the monuments to pills. *Bla*, the 'subtle' authenticity. But what is subtlety if not a praise of coldness in pain, a vowel that sounds like a consonant, a stream made of stones? *Bla* in this thin place between invisibility, disappearance and obliteration. *Bla* in attention. *Bla* a sounding. *Bla* a heart sensation, the perception of the inner eye. So that when you rejoin the world, you are social, you are vital, you are strong.