

ix. *Namkhe Lhamo*, the hail-avenging, Black Bon witch

Sometimes, a man is unaware where the weather comes from. A piece of hail on a hot day, a paradox on which his life depends. He must follow a few simple prescriptions. Some hair or hoofs. A wayside shrine. A single drop spilt from a sieve. A punishment. Various misfortunes.

A circle is drawn on a piece of paper. The life be cut. The heart be cut. The body be cut. The power be cut. The descent be cut.

The paper is folded. Horn, blood, goat, rope, aconite, water. Two black spiders. Black thread.

The magician must take great care that the magic doesn't work on him instead.

In a pan, he places nine ranges of mountains, and nine oceans.

Then a triangular form, three stones lit and an ominous sound.



Clouds bolt. A metal storm made from the milk of crushed chrysan- themums.

Complete concentration.

The magician must first meditate. At dawn, before the dragon. He dreams of a great river gushing. I emerge.

In a bamboo grove that whistles and sings.

Thunders. It is used as a

tube into which the bark with the inscribed life mantra is inserted. Then, the magician must write. His ink is menstrual blood. His paper, white aloe wood bark.

He must write to me, the goddess of the sky, a hundred thousand times, *it is not your fault*.

The receptacle of the body. The receptacle of the mind. The spirit of the stone.

Inserted into the heart tube.

To gain power over the hail. In order to be able to call me back. To use me for his own means.

To send messages.

These icy circles are rituals crossing the four continents. I am the mistress of the cemetery, the black ferocious one with three eyes, I will throw some soil backward over my shoulder. Blow my trumpet of thigh bone. Fill a vessel with water. Feel compassion for the demon.