

x. *Bardo-being*, the consciousness between death and the afterlife

What has occurred is untimely. Despite the whispered instructions. The wood has run out. The bodies barely burnt. This death is of words too. Lines that feel like they're right here, around the corner, but just where you can't see them or hear them. Liberation not even by listening. The pages can't speak because there is no air. You can smell them. They smell like felled trees.

When the paper runs out, we manifest. This time is now. We, the bardo-beings, live for forty nine days, one for every language that has been lost. We are made of a grotesque emptiness, not lucid but cloudy, jumbled. The final utterances, wanting always something to be more than life. We carry them with us.

The passage is not always even – we are led through a maze of twists and turns, and the gods and monsters we encounter are peaceful and wrathful alike.

As the journey isn't light but things said and tarp, the thin, then tied neatly burst of—

We see the red and reams of stencil for the

We delete. We book of the

We fuse, tongues and a new surface.

The new surface.

We e

No flame. eaten by



comes to a close, there blood. The corpses of unsaid swaddled in cotton is soot, the ink with thread: narratives resolved. The loud

and the white, reams blanks and we lay the afterlife.

dream. We rewrite. The dead.

copulating with other teeth, manifesting onto

surface is the old

transmigrate.

So young and already moths.

Material, we are now the afterlives of afterlives, we are the knowledge of erasure and obscuration. We crumple in this rubble of false truths, powder on the rites of restoration. We long for the threshold again, long to travel through it to the empty pages past the epilogue, where maybe a new way waits, before the book is closed altogether.