

xi. *Tulpa*, emanation body

They participate in the ground by knowing the ground. The ground is fluent in them.

They pick up and flicker through the sky, they cross over to the place of the free without ever having stepped on stone. In the heart of the night, they find an appetite.

They grow into the third person.

They are portals and pathways running from estuaries to arteries, from the mountain to the myth.

In the centre of their chest is a drop, a spot, a dot, a mote, a number. Real and imaginary: a non distinction or a hyper-architecture, the way the ear represents the whole body.

Listening is a fractal.

They make material and immaterial, inter-penetrable, like any true affirmation.

Auto-gnomon, or the weight of nothing.

They echo the dawn, they will, they phenomena.

They cloud illusion. Dreams curling into sleep,

the dark side of infinity with no moment and no mission.

Spiralling.

Or abstruse mission, liberation by miraculous disappearance.

Only hair and nails, and a rainbow. A thought forms. How does a thought form?

Where is its event horizon? A projection of the limitation of our consciousness.

Thoughts begetting other  
Thoughts bursting  
casing and flying away, flying to  
thoughts emanating

what a pilgrimage



thoughts.  
through their celluloid  
feel elemental,  
from between their legs,

they've had.

Bright, or white, rust seeping in at

Light no longer theirs, or ours even, light illuminating their own shadow self, the dream, their own death.

the edges, radical repair.

They recognise this: it is.

They kneel at the horizon, it only opens a crack, a sliver of the too-muchness out there.

They shape-shift into a line, they contour through to the other side.

They are emergent, they are meteoric.

They are medieval and modern.

They feel this distance in the proximity, this estrangement in the attainment.

They call upon their guides, emanations of other, previous or forthcoming matter.

They sit on their shoulders.

They become family.