

xiii. *Gyalmō*, Mount Meru, multiverse རིའི་རྒྱལ་མོའི་རྒྱལ། འཇིག་རྟེན་གྱི་ལམས་སྣ་ཚོགས།

Where do I end. At the top? No, you say, the base is also the peak.  
The expanse from the summit, the stones afoot.



Why don't you end in the middle.  
I wake up with you on my mind.  
My mind and you, both, a surface where everything is not visible at once, from a single point.  
Prisms of crystal, ruby, gold, lapis.  
I face your four faces and I am you in every direction.  
Every mountain is me and you are every mountain.  
Avalanches unearthed fossils of fish: you are also an ocean.  
Tremors shaking off your past lives. Danger, near, and delicious, ash.  
What shall I carry with me?  
A rope and an axe.  
To keep things together and still let the cracks form.  
The centre is warm, at the edges it is freezing.  
But here with you, the heat comes in waves.

I sweat, you crystallize. I shiver. You are immovable.

A sudden feeling in the centre of the chest.  
I arrive at the last minute. Heaving. Shadows of many others that walk this way too.  
I blink. My eyes are open now, and you see me.  
It's bright and light here, the sun, the half moon and all the planets circle us.  
We are about to have the time of our lives.