

i. Nāsadyah, sacred geometry नासःद्यः

Where do I start? From a slit. A point. A ray, a gash, a measure, a beam, a line, a hole, a drum, a horn, a string, a skin, a wing, from a black square wet with worship and smeared red with turmeric and lime by wives that cannot exactly ask in that too. One non-body vibrating quiet.

I start from a slit. pass through the without order, hole obelisks left as of walls so my path unobstructed. The builder's folly. My humming like the by a mathematician, rhythm. If of trigonometry, orthogonality of in the depths of horns, like a potion formulas, mantras, eight tālas. With the mixed with beaten yoghurt and the you might hold me



what they are asking for. Still, there is power against another non-body, being by being

Darting, distorting till I next opening, custom to hole, triangles and negative spaces in the sides through this town is architect's false stitch, the matter is my spirit, energy planets. Music hypothesised geometry carved out by Pythagoras knew the tenor then equally, I know the resonance. Formless, I dwell drums, a temple of *yāka:khi* activated with secret mudras. *one hundred and sticky thickness of dough rice flakes, sweetened acetic sting of betel nuts, down cajole me to stay*

longer. If only all love was precise like that. *tāh-jhē*. Vermillion, then three silver eyes like stars on bread. Intuition in the darkness. A pure form does not last long. You give even a square a face, an exploded configuration of meaning. A face is infinite and will resist being constrained in a closed shape.

Use these foci to generate me, element by element, tantric chakras churning their vectored wheels. Do not worry if I dance invisibly. Visualise sound in the darkness, mentally produce the music. Concentrate on the right hand of the reverberating drum, on the high pitches. Anyone is all and no one is not. When you, maker of music, bite into the dough, you swallow parts of me too, and what emerges as music is really medium. *tin-chu chu*. This is true for everyone, in a morsel you absorb whole universes of sacred or profane forces. Mistake me not for my counter world: you know it's Hāimadya when you hear a half note dropped, or a quarter note jammed. It's the left hand, the sinister low frequency. Hāimadyah moves in straight lines, lines in which my music cannot be, vowels sublimate consonants, chaos ensues. Still, there is power in that too. I continue.