

ii. *Jāgar*, awakening the ancestors जागर

A triangular fire pit, because there are three sides to every story. Oil lamp lit, the fire reaches out to the juniper, djinns rising, curling into a horn or a shell, dying even before they fully form.

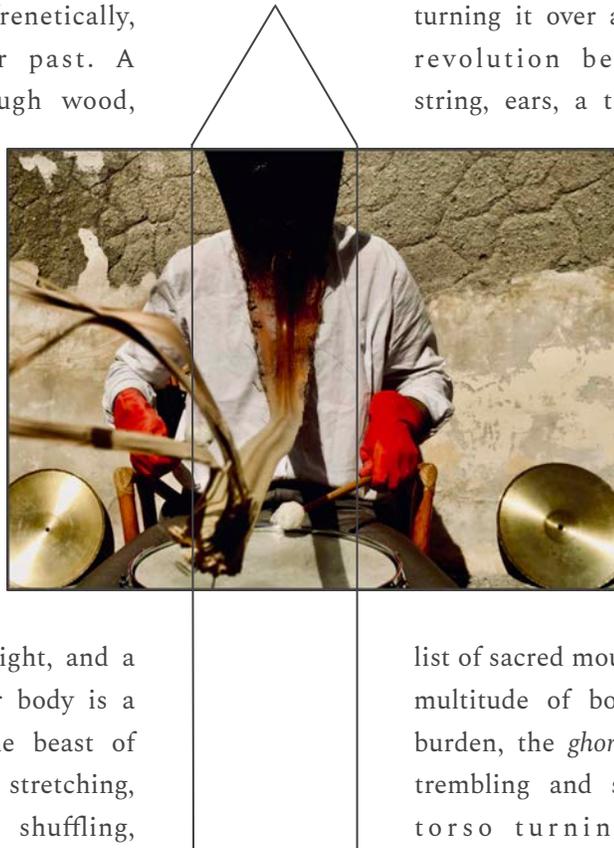
You, *hurki*, hold your *damaru* at the point hourglass, you shake it frenetically, future by learning your past. A vibrating from hand through wood, then, hairs quivering, the elsewheres of your how can you do what needs

How can you do what needs proposition interrupted by brass plates beaten with stick, summoning do were to be done to. If this. That you are me. Thou

You spend the night on a and your throat opens with word. An invocation of twilight, and a materialize inside you. Your body is a mouthpiece, the *dangari*, the beast of all-night dancing. Yawning, stretching, shoulders shimmying, feet shuffling, transmission of a pulse by contact at a the collective body, crickets ringing at a to Saturn.

The poet-shaman repeats the word with a magical, material, conceptual and emotional tintinnabulation. Ecstatic, possessed or oracular language. A wake. Awoke. Woke. Stay awake. Awakening. In the wake of. A funeral. A rising. Maybe your body shaking is resistance, but it's not an insistence on agency. This is structureless surrender, it's fluid non-dualism, it's porous thresholds. Gurus, gods, spirits, oracles, vehicles, patients. Caressed by other bodies, I return again and again just to feel what it must be like to be human in this present, to know your ancestors and those that will come after you: awake, dancing, gasping, ecstatic, sticky, slippery and screaming.

Three hundred and thirty million deities waking up and nothing has felt more sacred than this fire, the heat, mouth to wind, clutching, crying, wanting so much just to be body. I leave behind a quill and a sword.



of rest. The drum is shaped like an turning it over and over. Healing your revolution begins in resonance: string, ears, a tremor now, a shudder passing warmth to ancestors. Chanting, to be done.

to be done. A bursts of sound, sticks, *lagana*, to possession. As if to only we understood is us, now I am body.

cremation ground the sound of the list of sacred mountains, forests, rivers. I multitude of bodies, you, the chosen burden, the *ghori*, the little horse. The trembling and sweating. Eyes closed, torso turning in half-circles, distance, hapsis of flesh and breath into frequency high enough to send missives