

iv. iv. *Yéshe Tsō-gyal*, wisdom lake queen ཡེ་ཤེ་སེའོ་རྒྱལ།

A lake was formed as a result of several eruptions. *Tso*, meaning lake, *So*, a continuation, an obliteration, an adjustment of the present. A shrug, what.

A crater of water magnetised by matter falling from space. Cosmic iron.

A comet spun out of orbit and swung towards the sun, releasing vapour, burning before it barely lived, like a mayfly, completing its life's work in the span of one full day on earth. It singed into the water, and a lotus bloomed. I was born as a my lost *bla* found in the mouth of the lotus.

The mixed that every small every homes

If you will see

and

metal had the



rock sank and interstellar dust with seabed sediment. Anyone drank from me remembered detail of their lives -- every town they had stopped at, guest that had visited their -- perfectly. Memory from a mysterious source.

stare at me long enough, you reflections, refractions, projections, possessions, other dimensions. Mollusk waves forming and dying like stars, suddenly you're gliding through a night sky, a bolt of in outer space if outer space consistency of wax. Impressions, impacts, lost remains.

Tantalizing tantras, I climaxed into being, recovering my *bla* from the lips of the lotus with perfect recall, recalled by uniting with your body, bodies forgetting they exist, existing by remembering as a ritual, the ritual of spotting the shore, now a surface of glistening potential, recurring planes of possibility. *Tso* long.