

vi. *Viśvamātā*, tantra of time ལྷ་མཚོགས་ཡུམ། འུ་སྐྱི་འཁོར་ལོའི་རྒྱུད།

In your twenty four hands, you hold a thunderbolt and a bell, a sword and a knife, a noose, a drum, a wheel, a shell, a gem. I mount you, you drop them all. They spill on the floor like raindrops, rolling a little before forming a puddle.

I am here to square the circle. The pictures are pictures of a triple-layered cosmology, the outer, the inner and the other. Still, they tell your story, Kalachakra, in which the universe is structured in accordance with your indigo skin, your fanged smile. My back tells its own story. I look away with all four faces.

The sun and
same time.
waves below.
is a map of
imagination
city, the
entire
feeling are
the whole.
infinity is the

We are
personified.
are not non-
space-time

occurring at
from decay,
a seed
onto another
the future
of objects
and
field. We are
other, we are

We are also not, and can never be, entangled with each other and the other.



the moon rising at the
Clouds that look like the
Petals like tongues. This
cosmic reflections, an
in which the body, the
earth, the elements, the
universe and every
microcosmic mirrors of
Zero multiplied by
realization of emptiness.

Entanglement,
Still, we are separate. We
dualistic, but we are not
either. Ether itself is
differentiated, renewal
a point scattered away
continuity blooming like
dispersed by the wind
continent. Here is there,
elsewhere, like the knot
slipping from your grasp,
assembling on another
entangled with each
entangled with the other.

This is my protest: if the Kalachakra were also a cosmology of justice, turn me around so the world doesn't know me by my back, which holds the histories of all those who've been made to look away, those that reflect emptiness back.