

iv. *Yeshe Tso-gyal, wisdom lake queen*

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
swung

barely

the
It
lotus
lake,
mouth

The
dust

their
had
had

If you
will

other

and

metal
had



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

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

stare at me long enough, you see reflections, refractions, projections, possessions, 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 the 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.