Bharat jiva
whose mind thinks thinking body
speaking
whose tongue whose eyes
whose ear of ear
thinks body tongue
speaking speech eye of eye
of that that cannot be
of whose mind thinks
can only be seen
spoken by the tongues
breathless breath
unheard from dawn
in fire wind lightening
truth beyond motion
in the mind
two trembling minds
face each other
through a mass of hallucination
held together by speech thoughts
held together
by a series of obligations
beyond the 16 part
universe
beyond the nothing
held together
left undone
the thief
no longer the thief
murder
no longer murder
in a blank hour
past a mood
that stood by
speaking sense
as two
organs
beyond
acts and relationships
beyond
this and that and everything
burns a formula
born imperishable
blazing two mind
on a bed of flowers
a crown of thorns
trembling indecipherable
beyond the all pervading torment

some shed their skin
when the fire begins
some burn
in fear
burning in their skin
someone is free of fear
someone drowns
in a rock hard world
taught by parents
motor desires
restless towards a suitable
blood drinking
fringe holocaust

some dance in a river
a limitless stream
one hundred trees
depth in gratitude of the marvelous
some sit in their
flesh and turn to ash

some without craving
reveal a thousand units of joy

someone without knowing
reveals a universal cry

so, put some salt in water wait till
morning
wait in the mind
that waits in words
arrives in the wait

put some salt in the mind
taste the morning waters
in the will
that puts salt in the mind

concentrate nothing
on before salty waters
swelling hordes of suffering
reflect on the reverence of seeing
tasting
the joy of seeing
the infinite joy
of knowing
nothing but
the infinite in the finite
nothing but instantaneous rest
in the continuum
of verbs, nouns, and adjectives
after the point and comma

listen to the sounds of waves
takes the breath away
from morning heat
swelling
in the suffering wound
in the salts in the mind
pronouncing the self
a watery everything
within a body

1.
Bharat jiva

covered in the salts
of a being body
against
a dwelling empty
reflected on a bed spread
of indestructible matter
unkempt by anyone
buried beneath
that enters the body
swelling reflection
that reflects back

that spoke to the stone, etc...
and it could be there is not there
here at the intersection of
wounded traffic burrowing
lights into twisted extraordinare
border line intelligence
established in the
dull never
mind of time with its all too
familiar domestic touching

without a second
deep within a vast separate
nothing absorption
river rising
consumed by flames
a body instant
before
the instant expires
something and
a witness
surrender and sweetness
nothing further
through fire
to perceived another other
self
rubbed in syllables
like oil
like butter
like water
like a photo
freed of its image

there is no difference between the
innumerable and the inconceivable
there is no difference facing the
street, facing the wind, facing the
oncoming wave of rhythmic
messages from the heart at the
beginning end of time the time time
ends
there is no difference between the
climbing sky, the earth, and the
terrified grasping real
there is no difference between
facing a falling rock and the root
the growing elsewhere storm rigged in a
restless never mind mind
oh missing youth, and those whose
last lost breaths waits for another
sunrise, there is no difference
between the talons and masks, tears
are tears, and the dead dead
whether between the joints that
ache, working against the force that
holds one up right or the fire that
burns without burning, waiting to be
released, there is no difference

between smitereens and darkness
there I grasp
pronoun logic
the texture of cement
a b-side on repeat
with a skip
at best
a disassociation of matter
sinking profoundly in a sinking
progress
preparing to enter a nothing more
presencedark above
the clutching hand
of unconsciousness

I’m flying nonstop for six months
at 2,057,152 yojanas per second
to escape the suffering inside of
tires the california talk of
suicide the many things from
which no one benefits

I do not have a name for it one
hundred times a day I do not
have a name for it when your
fearful mouth smashes heads against
teeth and against the streets

the first to oblivion the last to fix
the body to position it could be
there are the seven boundaries
seven truths and the ancient
vigor of cows

it could be interest in a history
used a recorder in two too many
closets spoke to the stone

-kari edwards-

(please copy and use as you may)