

**Bharat jiva**

whose mind thinks thinking body  
tongue 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  
tremble  
in their own hands  
  
beyond this and that and everything  
beyond  
acts and relationships  
an ever changeless  
web of spiders  
beyond a blank  
attempting to speak  
to a victim's  
own mythological motif  
a place where fat melts  
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  
others repeat a layer  
one feels the limits of  
the fashion of fashion  
one feels the limits of fire  
some a deep solemn smile  
gratitude for the mundane  
some are fed on fear  
some from the river

*kari edwards*

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  
deep 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  
some mistook the cry for  
an atom  
others for a thing  
with a name  
others dance in the river  
of limitless time

*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*

**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

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

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 extrordinaire  
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  
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

in some ways  
I am afraid  
I've been someone  
in a headache of dust  
not adept at advocating for others  
transpiring away in crevices

*kari edwards*

between smithereens 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

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