

BY NISHA RAMAYYA

*You want to imagine futures. You want to create futures' objects in your mind and to hold them there, until your mind turns into the shapes of these objects. The practice of imagining turns into the rightness of action, according to the metaphysics of the ritual, so that flowers formed by the hands become the fruits of the practice become abolition's efflorescence. The ritual must be repeated until it turns on itself, its objects destroying their causality. You turn on yourself, move into the void in yourself, and begin...*

The red door to the temple is guarded by two elephants, both vomiting rainbows. Their vomit meets in the sky above them and fuses to form a lunette. The lunette is decorated with brides-to-be standing a corpse-width apart. One is to be enjoyed; one worshipped only. The brides are protected by lions, who are nothing like the real police sitting across the street from the real temple. They protect and enforce the reality that requires them; you do not require them.





You prefer these lions who prop open their mouths with the heads of your enemies. You decide to substitute yourself for your enemies, abolishing liberalism by means of liberalism, placing your head in the lion's mouth. Lying between the brides you realise that your body is corpse-width; yours is the corpse by which you must enter.

Past the first hurdle, you throw coloured powders at the space where the door should be, trying to make it appear in your mind. It's a jewelled throne on an island of butter in the ocean of milk. It's a forest of the lotus of the heart that abides in the citadel. It's a red door to a temple in the cremation ground inside your body. Mind guards the door to consciousness.

The coloured powders fall into a geometric pattern on the ground of being and non-being. You lie down and puff your way in—it's easy!—you make it all the way, breaking through three straight lines, discontinuing tenses. Blow time out of mind, let futures flowers...

Another line appears, a dark line formed by a cloud's shadow. The cloud rearranges itself in the sky—it's an elephant, it's your mind stuck in mind—the dark line marks its time of death. The elephant bursts into hundreds of thousands of silvery spheres. You stand in the shadows, looking up, mouth wide open in awe of futurity. You swallow spheres, internalise obstacles that you may pass them through your body. Pass memories of elephants, pass clouds.





The line increases and covers ground; it's the side of a circle, accounting for error. The circumference is planted with golden arms, reaching upwards, stretching to hold each other's hands at the apex. You know there are no multicoloured hands across the world; there are oceans of wine surrounding mountains of flesh. Nevertheless, you visualise a circle of arms raising a cone of power, vitriol crystallising into bluestone. True solidarity is a beautiful and charmingly corrosive process. What if the future is faceless?

Return to the shadows. You project your shadows onto the clouds, casting your self-esteem, all those little mothers, into outer space. Mind-rays alight! Little mothers carry lamps out of your body and up to the stars. Infatuated with darkness, you resist their advice: 'Luminosity is the state of things that are luminous and also of things that are dark.'

You want to be left alone with your mind-rays, a cosmic puppet, dangling in the grandeur of the inner void, your desirelessness. But you are surrounded by kissy noises, resonating concentrically. Everyone and everything is kissing, except you! Your mouth is stuffed full of flowers and even these flowers are kissing each other, inside your mouth as if you were simply a space in which desire takes place. You struggle to imagine kissing from the perspective of your mouth. Your tongue is a brazen plate struck by lightning, and





struck, and struck. You know that subtle sounds are better, unstruck sounds are best, and bite down on your tongue.

You bite off the head of your enemy and join in with anticipation. The cracks in the walls of the temple are stuffed with little yellow chrysanthemums. You remove these flowers and destabilise the temple in your race to one-pointed consciousness, which is the brain-facing lotus at the crown of your skull. The crown hides a hole, into which sky drips, feeding the thousand-petalled lotus that blooms behind and occasionally into and out of your eyes, your ears, your mouth. Feel the petals tickle your mind when you shake your head out of time. Feel the roots of the lotus penetrate the wet soil of sky and spread into the infinite wetness of space. No, not yet; the temple stands.

You must grasp the triangles, for one who is not a triangle must not worship triangles. The lines and angles suggest hundreds of thousands of awkward bodies, golden arms, sword fighting, sunbeams, laser quests, illuminated parts. But you strive for unbroken light, sectionless consciousness, sparkling waves of bliss.

The triangles exist in another dimension. They cast shadows in the shape of cubes in the shape of spheres, cast these shadows upon your body, cover your body in perfect solids. How absurd, the masters say, to spread perfection on





your body like jam on bread. But you delight in hyperreality, this calculated immersion in pleasure, you pass yourself through your body without breaking your body, you make your shadows dance.

Your shadows hold hands, rub beaks, play footsie, wind tails together, totter rosily, cheek to cheek, bumpity bump bump bump. They circle each other, full-body bobbing; they take each other by surprise, stand to attention, and stargaze. The absolute soul of the universe is an assemblage of migratory birds, whose agitation is indeed creation. You understand that when they say they dream to change the world, what they really mean is that they sleep badly. You say something about sleeping badly: 'The death of death whose destruction is liberation.' You say nothing about the seeds in your heart, the roots creeping into your circulatory system, the seedlings poking out of your centre of consciousness.

In truth, your desires are infinite, your actions infinitesimal. You are as close as you can get to the centre before sneezing, the temple inside you implodes in a mess of cremation ash, yellow pollen, third-eye twinkle, and sonic dot. You are as far away as you can get from the world without renouncing it. Opposing yourself, you do all this as an offering to me, these flowers formed by the hands, this worship through the flesh, these lightning flashes of social life, this rhythm through rightness and opposition. You turn out of these objects, turning out.

