

*Varnam*

(for M.K)

In the beginning,  
No beginning, only  
The silvery glimpse of a history,  
Solid as a rock,  
Or the lotus.

Till you, Shiva,  
Ashen faced, plough lined,  
Danced the dance of destruction,  
Your right leg, a  
Stern spear, to the moon,  
Your left, black root,  
Upon the orange womb, this earth;

Prayer, the wild  
Dance of your hair,  
Place of our pilgrimage,  
Where all is surrendered,  
Clay, ash, the universe. . .

Time is only the unfurling  
Of the blackness that we track;  
So, learning the names of origins,  
I can never go back.