

AGHORA

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MUSLIM GRAVESTONES

Muslim gravestones
At night can be lonely
And the stone cools after
The heat of the day.
The mists of the early hours
And the dew of the early hours
Chill the bones.
But for the Aghori
The mists of the morning
Are like the perfume
Of a beautiful woman.

MUSIC

The music of the dance hall
Rises into the cemetery
As the drunkards go home
To sleep off the excesses
And the Aghori
Becomes drunk with the
Second hand music as
He plays with the recent skull
That has become his new plate
Slavering over it
Dreaming of the morning.

SHIVA

The girl scoops rice into
The skull
And the Aghori is grateful
For some breakfast.
She, innocent
Goes on to the temple to
Offer the rest of the rice
To Shiva.
The Aghori smiles at her
Innocent ignorance
Because he is Shiva.

EQUILIBRIUM

In the heat of the day
The next procession of
The dead arrives and the
Aghori smiles inside.
Dead old people, or children,
It doesn't matter.
Life and death are
Equal, an equilibrium.
The same tears and forlorn hopes
Attend all the visits.

FRESH SKULL

As the fire reduces to

Ashes

The pilgrims of the funeral

Go home.

The Aghori's eyes sparkle

At the prospect of a fresh

Empty skull.

And the Ganges keeps

Flowing with the offerings

Of the ignorant.

CREMATION

The blood red dusk that
Reflects the day at the
Burning grounds repeats
Every day.

No one notices the Aghori
Who sits out the cremation
Whilst the relatives light
Their fires and go home.
The Aghori waits for
The heat to go down so
He can take the
Residue of the cremation.

WARM

He sleeps,
The Aghori, in the
Warmth of the cremation.
A daughter, a father,
An old woman, a baby.
They are all just as warm.
In the late evening when
The chill comes to the air
The child keeps him as warm
As the loving grandmother.

BOUNTY OF GOD

In the night he is cold
And has to poke
The embers to keep him warm.
The bounty of God
That keep him warm
And the shimmer of the heat
Reduces so he can see
The stars clearly
Without distortion.

FORTUNATE THE DEAD

He thinks how fortunate
The dead.
It is near dawn and
Colder than it can be.
At least the dead are gone.
The sun presents itself
To the world
Ashamed and blushing
For leaving everyone to
Be cold in the night.

LIGHT AS ASHES

The Aghori stretches.

At least he can.

The dead are light as

Ashes now.

Another day for him

To sit and endure the

Tears and passion of loved ones.

Another day when he has

To wait for the fire before

He gets his breakfast.

KALI MA

Kali Ma is bountiful.

There are always lots of
People who have given up
The pretence of life
Every day.

The relatives don't understand
That, this is the way it is.
How many people do they
Have to cremate before
They will see the truth?