

Who, a *Licchavi*

ALSO BY GAIL SHER

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For Brendan

Who, a *Licchavi*

Cakravartin dear man

blue man
cold in the tiger

her paw
her dandelion
sun

from earth to clay
dear dear
ear

to he
old river
eating death up

now in the lake
its essence[ness]
shattered

I cry cats
from the treatise of
each night

on-high *kündün*
honey-breasts *kündün*

white-swallow light
drowns the sweltering
dawn

waters the jewel
on the sea

to be of *Ah*
o tree of kings
to fling the afterbirth high

Ah gold
Ah in-the-lead

who, a *Licchavi*

two hundred cuttings
bloom in his left ear

o lama of the rain
of the welcoming
queen door

her kiss
as the well dries
up

stop it! (to the monk
tugging on my foot)

who, in hide hat,
yanks my foot again

Palden Lhamo
riding on her mule
clubs him, hurts him,
rubs his hurt hand

put blood
into your pocket

mend a crick of hair

marry the gases
in the graveyard

a saffron gulp
swallows and kills

as I, in sky,
consider
the threefold kings

say I, I, I

faces erect
carved to three stone

we, heel and calf,
whomever tongues
the monkey yield

chewing crackers for
thirst

chewing corn
of grayish woolen

blind cow
release your herd

two cow
two deft (mysterious)
princess

as I, Lama Drom,
bringing cow words

sodomy-in-blood
to fuse the calf
together

sweet guru said Kublai
sweet Chogyal said Pakpa

my statue speaks
(marches) farmers to the sea

my thousand neck
halo of tall
(fish)

in blue refrain
rowers sing

of vulture
from vultures passed

o mother of the rock
wing of the four-faced
bird

I cometh in a shell
from the valley of my
brother

he of ears
belly of wood

fornicate not
o brethren from the
ghosts

we two
in the bearing of high sea

Pehar and my doll
cook clouds
on the palace floor

young boar
in the shadow of its milk
meadow spry and
beam

be raven Mahakala
(sweet) Mahakala

be Tall Deer rock
be parental maturity

hear the grass
at midnight creep

(in early sky
a hawk will wail)

this is the service of deer
this is the service (of ones)
gifted with swift feet

I'm back
o beauteous woodland

Sadakasari of crystal paper

to your skull
I paste my hair

fearing my chalice of
wood

I enter her womb
(her dream of precious
books)

father's dream of Gendün Drup's
I'm on retreat
for now

o Moses (Moses)
on an old layman's skull

entrust this earth
to those with darkened skin

pure pearl mother
yogini of blue
flowerlands

hands of conch
(webbed fingers in their
lair)

at the bottom
of your voice

on the soles
of your feet

in heart I sit

holy evergreens
towering
below my rock

be safe from wild dogs
be safe from tigers
be safe from bears
sweet mother (I write)

touching lace
its robes of hair

to walk her heart
this little hair
of heart

one ray dries
in the flowering pasture

robes are cloud
mountains crystal
skylark

from HUM comes black
o Lhamo of two arms

old forest mother
to be a tree alive

inert in the precept
where I wither

I light lamps
my father puts down words

Jambudvipa, too, on this
precious mountain of jewels

Four-faced Mahakala
your magic makes me hear

next day I am happy
tell everything to my
mother

curling time

o critter of
toe

three (of three)
in manger-time
of hawking

old moss creeps
to find its mother
perhaps

a lama, a steeple,
to pull me back
to earth

easy wind
blowing mantras
on the sick

a lonely toe boy
(I, a tree,
afraid)

tourniquet of sound
twisting wood (sound)

o lamb of heart
blowing me
before myself

if I wander
father

if I sane the
Indian feather
pole

o Timothy horse
crumbs make land
easier

thy minute of silent horse

my nanny goat is home
(o white milk
thyme)

white wood tree
(to milk the earth
of bees)

to toss the sword
(in effigy)
magician of the cross

graze (crack!)
the slippery
horsey

sky *is*
the belly talk

he, in the sore,
in the stomach of
your yield

among my ribs
my tiger
throbs

sweet air of milk
washing our glands
with drink

in & out
the lambing wanderer feels

smelling her way
through the belly-high grass

the terror that she craves
(in my thigh
his corpse has settled)

feeling it
in her wrists and
long thin body parts

to green my mare
in fresh (cut)

in *Jataka* praying
chanting each new moon

hurt and cut
in the green valley
of Tolung

I, by the hawk,
the loveliest star

in white north light
the old ghost
burns

of feathers in their hawks
perched on my window ledge
bleakly

a ring of calm
to hold the tree
from tossing to the earth

o red lion (cow)
behold the tree
to death

tiger tiger
from Yarlung Valley head

arising from the flower
from the bath
of ancient wood

Tara of the neck
help me through
this birth

draw the word
through its beauteous
hole

raise the lamb
in séance Mahakala

wet me
pointed up
and fast

in my sac
my caul of butter aglow

waves *alaya*
in arc of our fathers

for in him I stand
where birds flock
in the afterworld

stealing from the cow
repairing a hundred rivers

my white tent sighs
on mountains of
snow grass

each lice to its sweet home

sky to sky
o stallion of the peaks

Yab Sey Yab Sey
of gentle sprinkle (of rain)

hrih, hrih, dhih, dhih
nor Tara tribes
in old (together) Harlem

in tribe (in earth)
from the moor
one seed

Tsona Tsona
fortress of tall
birds

I watch mercilessly
the dogs that prowl
my way

scoop the water
place it in your
blouse tonight

*come play and be
with our lady!*

come pelican
be my faith

disappear into my
lions

the lime tree basks
its five-fold leaves

white stars swell
sweep the sky
clean (finally)

slut o' Shol
of yellow paint

young son o' sun
a hundred tail
sweet

brown before time
the fingers of his voice

o hills
spare me this
green

pen me and drink
o girl-moon king

phoenix of blood
lining my green
jacket

the cuckoo has come from Monyul
you say

some say—
in sweep of thirst

its erect tip

dedicate the frond
o bleak-backed
bird

sell the gourd
holding the whole
earth

entire flames of wind
screech and fall
behind

wrack me to your
eyes, dear

don't leave!

earrings lay waste
(a statue springs
awe)

of pedantry
of miraculous yellow
monkhood

dolly dolly
don't die with me

forever come to my
neck

in full king

Yeshe

of copse

of life as a blue-black

bird

mad (becapped)

may I, quoth

the igloo

choir

white-hair child

in white-flower tree

wan wan wan
o kind
fragility

a bud, a flare,
to death

where birds born
the strap of birds
loving

one blue seed
spreading (dissolving)

I sob at the hat
my silk hair flows

I am blue
my gown, blue
cedar

having pulled me
to your face
dear vajra of
the southwest sky

and yes, this is the
esteemed land

sweet grass newt
may I hold you in my lap

mother of butter
offering butter

your hands smell
of cereal

of plum
of the wild man's helm

butter grows
a snow pear falls

a white bird hovers
in the walnut tree
nearby

one star shines
behind the western peak

be merry said the woman
climbing from the river

wild shoes
name my death

circle of stone
Shambala of spire

chipping blood (clipping blood)
a Gobi kills
to clerics ire

we of the collar
pray and look
downward

geshé geshé
you hook the word

o Usnisavijaya
(Shukden of despoil)

to gull the sky
sweet gull of northwest flowers

I am tall
I am slow full
walker

snowland child
(winter) boy

yearly in the eyes
wanting some
like Christ

a steeple, a cowshed
upon hay
in morning sun

dawn
simply up

wanting the thread
calling the stick
black

robe me
(now that you've
returned)

jetsun of me
of night holding tightly

I am pleased
to be (in
daylight)

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