



WHEEL *of* TIME
MANTRA BLADE

Jampa Dorje



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Protection Mantra of 21 Taras

*In memory of Joe Saviers
1950-2002*

May the samādi
of bliss & luminosity arise
in his mind stream

This book is for TASHI & JACK

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skull bowl memorial
in the charnel grounds
 life against death—
a dreadful dream

Tashi prays over your ashes, naked
 on her moon time
menstrual minstrel mistress
her pussy
 which you so loved—
speaking to your mind stream

you dead, gone to Bardo
busted in your beard
o, horror

.

is issuing from the brain
shinning upon us
to block our knock off
a pearl in wine
the web of life, and a worm
weaving deep in the earth
a wooden bowl
is being filled with blood
to make bread
as the cauldron boils
more gold and more gold
is issuing from the brain
white is holding a corpse
in the east of the brain
red is holding a banner
in the west of the brain
yellow is holding an arrow
in the south of the brain
black is holding a bowl
in the north of the brain
as the worm weaves

.

Tashi phoned me and asked if I would drive with her to Montrose, Colorado, and pick up Joe's

truck and horse trailer, inventory things in his storage locker, then drive to Joe's ranch in Telluride to see if the house could be put on the market as a completed shell, check with the contractor, check with the lawyer, check with the realtor, stay in Montrose with Jack, at his brother's, deal with the mortician, where Joe's brother, Pierre, had left the truck and trailer after freaking out about hearing Joe willed everything to Tashi, had loaded the truck with stuff and left it with this dude who'd cremated Joe, who might be difficult to deal with, him being a debarred lawyer and used car salesman as well as a mortician, who might be holding the truck ransom for storage fees, hmmm, obstacles, Joe had been having problems with the crew working on the house, trouble getting his construction loan, all kinds of pressure, Tashi said she was afraid to live in a tent near a gang of ex-cons with Joe driving them hard to get the work done, and she'd gone back to Point Reyes Station, then, Joe flew to Venezuela to a Norbu retreat, and he had begun to drink, fallen off the wagon and got crushed under the wheels, and would I drive with her in a rented car and sort out this stuff

"Sure, why not?"

.

Tashi and I take the lonely highway
which is a lot of desert to cross

heading for a 40 acre spread
near Telluride, land between
the ranch of a movie star and that
of a retired four-star general

there's property, and then
there's land

Joe left

left this world
left a home half-built
a four-wheel drive truck
a four-horse horse trailer
three horses

and debts
spread to the ten directions

left half-finished yet, somehow

left
right

on time

•

Pony Espresso Deli
on the old Pony Express Trail

espresso coffee
in every small town in America, now

driving a diesel and a horse trailer
hehaw

the open sky— a part of me
turning

never returning, always rising
a thousand roses

practicing
Xitro, Chöd, Simhamukha on the way

rock ‘n roll
we’re in the mandala

we are the mandala

•

Jack thought of him while he was circumambulating the Karmapa’s stupa in Crestone and had driven to Telluride to see him, arriving on the day Joe died, found him laid out in his tent, surrounded by knives, knives stuck in the tent posts, in the ground, knives everywhere— Joe stabbing demons with his purbas, the autopsy said advanced stages of cirrhosis, liver failure aggravated by alcohol, no knowing

•

And could it be suicide?
a reckless act, a hopeless soul
headed to ultimate torment

Oops

But what do we know?
A few pieces of the puzzle
fragments— mostly nothing

ignorant of your hopes and fears
your wishes
your epiphanies

.

we're on a longitude
on our way to a latitude
on our way to a kill box
flying around with hot ammo
intending to kill everything
or
 we're rowing across a lake
getting nowhere fast
talking
about the causes of happiness

this is where
my mind stalls— there's a gulf
a war in all of us

.

on a mission for the Kempo—
a stupa mission

an energy generator
must draw negative energy
and transform it

needing to prime the pump
we searched for
a skull for the negativity chamber
blood from an accident
earth from a fresh grave
 some weapons—
a gun from a gang killing
a switchblade
a rusty pistol from the Spanish American War

a hunting bow and arrows
a sword

“Maybe, we should listen to the police band
for an auto accident.”
“Just hang on, I’ll probably cut myself shaving.”

put the earth in a plastic bag and drove back
and at the turn by the red barn, a road kill
a porcupine— sans head

no head
still pondering that bit

.

in the ticking present— nothing
of consequence

don’t get attached, Joe
seeing us going through your stuff

no putting the petals
back on the stem
now the flower
is torn

.

your photo album—
a photo of Hem on a fishing boat
a photo of Coop in hunting gear
photos of The Stones stoned
you in bell bottoms
ice skating with Sun Valley snow bunnies

you laughing
your gentle, giving, forgiving laugh
your impish irreverence
your healing side, then
your quirky switch to macho
your 30.06 in the gun rack
your knives

and bear skins and drums

your skull bowl
your saber tooth tiger tooth
hint at who you were

.

I mourn the loss of my friend

the years taken
the stories untold
the

I mourn the loss of my friend

I bless him
I pray for his quick return
I

I mourn the loss of my friend
his spirit among the shades

.

God is crazy
God is a castrate
God is a blind eye wrecking havoc
on beauty

Violence, violate, vile

My friend is dead, ded
daid, died, done
gone BEYOND

both virtues and faults

.

here— I'm sure
this is what you want
to be remembered for

walking down Fall Street
you pick up a piece of dog poop and say
“Look what I almost stepped in!”

.

your shrink didn't know
your family and friends didn't know

and even if we did
what could we do about it

you kept drinking
and drinking and drinking

and now we say prayers
by the oven where you are cremated

and we did a puja in the gompa on a full moon night
Tashi heard your voice, it was raining through sunlight

two rainbows appeared, so she put flowers on the shrine
and Jack got a message, “What's up with the dead flowers?”

.

I tried to kill the rose
creeping into the tower
but it came back
with a vengeance

from your heart to
my heart

of you, part
to part, of me
now, healing

we are rampages of feeling

heaps of hopes and fears
tangled in thought webs

top, bottom
and at the edge
of beyond

suns
burn in you

clear light
pure fire

