

MRINALINI HARCHANDRAI

## **HER VOICE AS A THANGKA PAINTING**

The cloud unscrolling across the textile of lapis lazuli nerves is how silence explodes. Unframed, raw-edged, a wheel with the long strokes of lifetimes.

The lama says dark knows itself by the shaft of light. Her light is the radical counterforce to the mandala of caverns she was twisted out of.

When the darkness of apprehension falls across the monastery, a thousand eyes grow on the silken relief of her body.

Mystique is a closed-off posture that falls between the Bodhisattva and her desire, between the hop of a beetle or birdflight. Defence is a stylistic trajectory of cause and effect.

She weaves in the secret symbols for love, wisdom, peace, anger, abundance, invites the Lord of Death to emboss the golden foil of time. Geometry is her insight into the brocaded wheel of becoming, an invitation to step beneath the veil and open another sense quite smoothly removed from algorithms of the gridded course.