## In this Year of Many Dreams

Re Kangling
(Translated from Tibetan by Lauran Hartley)

—offered to my friend Pema Tseden

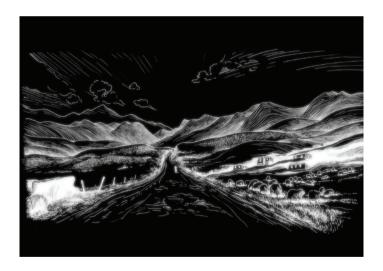
In this year of many dreams, saddle sores from the horse's back have been ladled into cupped hands. Flowers blooming from the veins are beheld as the cheeks of a young woman.

In this year of many dreams, an encircling wall of sand was erected inside a copper mirror.

Sunbeams from all directions finger the colorful silk knot.

In this year of many dreams, letters from the faces of stone pillars were poured into the magician's hat. A map from amongst the scriptures was unfurled across the sun and moon. In this year of many dreams, no laughter sounds in the rain. A lineage of echoes, the Tsangpo River bores into stone. Just boulders, wetted through.

In this year of many dreams, a sword of stars has been brandished. The armor of darkness is dispelled. Each and every fragment of light pierces the chest, pierces the heart.



A scene from Old Dog, illustration by Kuranishi ©Sernya magazine

क्षे.त्यस्रास्यान्त्रेत्ते. ने.म्यास्या

मुर्यायाची क्ष्याची व्याप्तीयाची

ह्ये. व्यक्षः स्वरः चित्रः चित्रः ह्या स्वरः श्चे व्यक्षः चित्रः व्यक्षः ह्या स्वरः श्चे व्यक्षः चित्रः व्यक्षः ह्या सः स्वरं स्वरं द्वे स्वरं ह्या सः स्वरं स्वरं

क्षुं'यायायदानी'वी'वी'देर क्षुं'यायायदानी'वी'वी ষ্ট্রনাঝ্যন্থ্যন্থ্যন্থ্য ষ্ট্রনাঝ্যন্থ্যন্থ্যন্থ্য

द्ये. त्यस्य स्यतः त्यतः त्यः त्यः क्रमः त्यः त्याः न्याः त्याः त्याः

ह्ये. त्यस्य स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वरं स्वरं