



# Remembrance is the Crossroads of Initiation: After "Impregnation and Solace Over this Irreducible Soil Where With Fruition I Insurrect Myself" by Hugo Calhim Cristóvão & Joana von Mayer Trindade Chris Page

*Do not trust those who analyse magic.  
They are usually magicians in search of  
revenge.*

Bruno Latour, *The Pasteurisation Of France* (1984)

*Initiation never ends. It sits within – a  
prism, refracting the light. And it requires atten-  
tion, lest it cast its spectrum across the unwanted.  
A lifetime of care is required, stretching out  
to all horizons.*

*The unsteady balance of this coalescence  
is here interpreted. Woven through wai khru,  
tarantella, and the eight directions of two cross-  
roads intersecting, giving birth to a chaos that  
refracts all time.*

*Hung upon a structure that charts the  
course from ritual opening to the town of rebirth.  
Here is your path. Be ready.*

## 1. Prelude (Sarama)

in service here  
stand I  
in honour  
opening  
my wings  
here  
in deference  
I  
in form  
here  
I

come  
let us walk the corners  
expanding

out and  
upwards  
come  
let us define  
the limits  
come  
let us unfold

—

the coils run in chains about the room

I feel them against the edges of my breath

a temporal pressure

embodied

I raise them lovingly as towers

—

focus on  
the rhythm  
of the exhalation  
let it become  
your centre  
as you escape  
the definitions  
you have come  
to wear  
as a skin

a new territory  
expanding  
from the maps  
of respiration

feel the shedding  
of your masks  
as the web  
is plucked

the line stretched  
almost to breaking  
taut ancestral and potent

feel the slipping  
of time  
about you

feel the web  
begin  
to shake

—

I see you flickering  
outside  
the boundaries I have cast

snaking in and  
out  
of the towers  
surrounding

I feel you dancing  
across  
the line of my ancestors

your movements  
are  
as silk

## 2. Counterpoint

cross the edges  
cross the threshold  
cross the border of the light  
reflections open as doorways

and now the names fill up my lungs  
echoing something I thought  
was memory  
or  
was it  
perhaps  
a dream

—

from quickening shadow  
the longing  
manifests response

resonant and  
drunk with augury as  
a font

you appear  
not yet in focus but  
collecting in the limits

seeking out the  
binding contours that  
connect you to this space

here  
within  
where skin  
becomes  
more malleable still  
let us unfold  
the play of Maya  
against a membrane  
of towers

—

open as  
vibration

and locate  
the subtle

frequency

—

coaxing you closer I pluck  
the threads

a lattice of sensation drawn  
of my centre and

hung across ether  
remaining tethered

here

I

move

respond

and through

the shifting

dance

a quiet  
threshing of the air

collects

into

a weave

---

you  
trill  
as I  
pluck

### 3. Polyphony

I wear  
new skin  
for you

in protection and  
encoding of my form  
to enter  
your web

the vestments of ritual  
reflecting  
time and light

their colours  
drawn  
in the potency  
of shadows

---

show me your body as it sings

show me its endless variations

refract the holy in your form

and weave it slowly across my refrain

---

collect the song  
I  
coalesce

control the breath  
I  
direct

connect the pulse  
I  
vibrate

let me take  
your melody

let me draw  
your form

closer

---

the frequency shifts  
as I become  
in time

you have drawn me here  
in space  
enmeshed

with echoes  
of  
your  
self

distinct yet  
fragile

I am  
entangled  
in presence

will you let me speak  
as I shed my skin

and this harmony  
reveals  
its teeth

---

what convolutions  
draw you closer  
in poisonous courtship

here I open  
and close  
within and  
without

you

come

let us draw in the corners

expanding  
onwards and  
towards ourselves

come  
let us dance across  
the limits

come  
let us enfold

### 4. Peak

you give  
way

you  
 sense  
  
 my form  
  
 and soften  
  
 as I  
 become  
  
 paroxysm  
  
 here  
  
 we  
  
 collect together  
 the centre  
 of all  
 our presence  
  
 in truth  
 I had known this  
 always  
  
 had thought it  
 dream  
 though perhaps  
 it was a memory  
  
 connecting now  
 all ways  
 the pulse  
 of breath  
 in our limbs  
 contracting  
  
 and drawing  
 the limits  
 of this web  
 into us  
  
 here  
 in venomous embrace  
 I  
 remember  
  
 and yet  
 it fades  
  
 and now  
 as all time folds  
 I need this  
 to remain  
  
 respire and  
 knit  
 the threads  
 within

the limits  
 close  
 about  
 our limbs  
  
 but here  
 is restlessness of balance  
  
 the coils that connect  
 know too the power they contain  
 is measured only  
 in their change  
  
 and I feel the shifting  
 in these exhalations  
  
 an opening  
 that cannot be  
 undone  
  
 you did not warn me  
 of this death  
  
 a haunted shroud over my breath  
 as it undoes  
 the web of longing  
  
 and the shadows again  
 begin to coalesce  
  
 contracting with definitions  
 against the light  
  
 here  
 I  
 remain  
  
**5. Coda**  
  
 distinct  
 in space  
  
 time  
 collects  
  
 tempered and  
 uniform  
  
 a coiled  
 spring  
  
 bearing  
 no weight  
  
 but leaving  
 marks  
  
 upon  
 the body

in returning here  
am I  
in apprehension  
folding  
my limbs  
here  
in repossession  
I  
incarnate  
here  
I  
  
—  
  
generation upon generation  
  
stretching out  
  
an endless scar of fecundity  
  
like Lichtenberg figures  
  
across the body's cartography  
  
days unfurling towards the horizon  
in a procession of augury and memory  
  
—  
  
let us cherish  
the wisdom  
of loss  
  
let us honour  
our eschatologies  
  
here  
  
I  
  
enduring and

risen  
  
a tower  
  
returning  
  
emboldened  
  
and calling  
  
out to the skies  
  
above  
  
to bring  
  
the lightning  
  
down  
  
upon me  
  
once more  
  
—

*In service, in experience, so flowers wisdom. To retain it, in this centrifuge of refrains, is to be still against the passing of time. To become the heart whose pulse is only ever marked as NOW.*

*The present arcs the past and future around it as sidereal constellations, incandescent across the long night.*

*Here you stand. Here you remain. Try to remember. ☞*