SHAKTI - the play of female energy has no beginning and no end

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The bones of all the dead  
Not burnt to ashes  
Sparkle in the water  
Of the Caroni River

Life blood from the mountain  
That beats like a heart  
Strong and booming  
through a stethoscope

Like a bongo or tassa drum  
Slowly heating up to a frenzy  
Of Chutney churning waists  
In a matikor to Mati, the earth Herself

Wet mud encircling the white bones  
Spinning in a potter’s wheel  
Creating me from bone DNA  
Ashy mud and the furiously

Beating heart of a tassa drum  
Forming me by the riverside  
Hardening me with the heat  
Of a cremation fire

Transmuting tears into iron  
The red blood cells coursing  
Through my veins journeying to life  
Like the clear mountain water

From the heart of Cierro del Aripo  
That dissolves sandstone absorbs clay  
And turns into ochre rich silt in the mouth  
Of the Caroni

Spilling into the belly of Paria  
Filling the amniotic sac of the Great Goddess  
Shakti reincarnating us all  
In the circle of the cosmic play