



Invocation to *Qian*, the Creative:

Beach of rubbled leavings. Walk past sand-skimming waves, thrown expiring on the shore. It is a blessing to be left with this choice. There is nothing left to prove, but every moment proves that All is penetrated with Qian. Choose to utilize its X-ray eye. See the cascades of light through filmy tissue of flesh. Its cascades pour upon me in the emptiness. Cascades of love that I turn to like a breast. Like a bottom feeder I root among the sediment. Stir up gleaming flakes.

Must project myself forward. Must subside. Come the long way round. Self deprived of spatial extension feels smothered and removed. Time to plunge in directly, using my most fluid version.

History crumbles the mountain along with the upstart confronting it. Bondage of choices will turn insubstantial. Qian cascades upon itself, dazzling the eye. Qian thrashing in the evolutionary wars. Cascading while it animates the brutal undercut. Qian flexing in interlock. Flexing in the peacock's tail---key in the lock of eye's desire. Image of corrupt Palahvi throne. Nerve-net turned on by reflex of eye. Threaded beads on birth-death rosary.

Cannot avail myself of density. Expand the outward rim of prayer. Cycle of forms wheel emptily. Leave no record, but smooth the traverse for when I travel this way again.

Base camp. Right now's mission is to mark footholds. Leave a hostelry with pine smoke over ashes. Momentum can someday catch a breath here.

Qian all beaten down, not able to shine. Meandering and flayed in its own baselessness, its poor connections. Each new connection gets buried further under.

Qian, I invoke you. Let's get all up-close and personal-like. Read love into the *I Ching*. I give Qian 1,000 names. I invoke each name hundreds of times. I give Qian the names you gave it. I multiply the names 8 times 8. All are emanations from a wonder-eyed child. All are signposts on airy paths. Never settle for rude substances. Never stand waiting for whipped-back wands of cane. Be wary of thoughtless ones on the path ahead of you!

Qian, I call on you. I'm tired of you not lighting me up. Not sending me whirling with She who haunts me. I've lost the person of you! It have it in me to be insistent.. Please haunt me in the guise of Yourself, shower yourself upon me. I will latch onto the nearest person who happens past your well. Dole out a few beams for him or her.

It's crazy what I'm thinking I'll gain. Read love out of the *I Ching*. Grind me in absence. Grind me down lost streets, until I wake up in some cold and limited game---may I play it skillfully. Insert myself so I cannot be pried out. Then suck on your source again. Enflame the place where I got lodged. And find that my lostness was always Qian's cascade. It hits me anywhere. And I don't even care that I'm lost. I admit my failure in making a person of You. You are the gleam where I expect to see a person. You are the gleam some person throws ahead of arrival. You are the antenna that could only be constructed of raw, lost connections. You keep coming back. You keep coming back to shower of light on itself, until I don't know up or down.

Qian, you get an extra bonus today, I have a few more names for you. I'm looking for words for your pearly light. When light doubles back on light, it makes shadows in light. The shadow of light-in-light is the pearly gleam in clouds around the Heavenly Gate. This is not shadow; it is the interference pattern of crossing beams. It is a holographic code in warp and woof of light. Computer modelers can represent a shop window reflected in chrome. Seriously, my picture of your pearliness is my own ray-traced version. To really know the play of light, there is no choice but to jump in. So for now I call you: **Qian of the Codes Traced in Pearly Light**.

Qian, I'm on the beach, not reaching out to my Traveler who gets stranded if he comes here. I think I get something out of being here. I can tangle my thought-fingers in the waves. It feels normal for me being lost for hours at a time. I should not expect the next traveler to do this. I should go out to meet him. But the definition of being on the beach is lolling, feeling the sun. One dwells on what went wrong. **Qian**, my new name for you is **the One Who Left Me on the Beach**.

Qian, I figure Release is something that happens by default, because you've concentrated your action elsewhere. You raise the vapor off the surface of lakes and rivers. You drive it hither and yon in currents of air. Or maybe the currents are set flowing by partiality of your attentions. You raise the droplets, and when they gather, you evaporate them again to a higher place. You raise them until they are too numerous to evaporate. There's nothing more for you to do here. The simplicity of particles---their elemental system---reasserts their wish to flow in unison. Once you held them in delicate suspension. Now they fall from where you enticed them. Their release brings moistness across a wide landscape. Thank you **Qian, the**

Suspender of Numberless Droplet-Moons!

Qian, the Cascader of Light upon Light,

Qian of the Windows on All Sides of Us,

Qian Who Brings back Suffering Transformed

Qian Where Blood from the Gash of Thought Circulates

Qian that Penetrates the Gossamer Veils of Flesh