

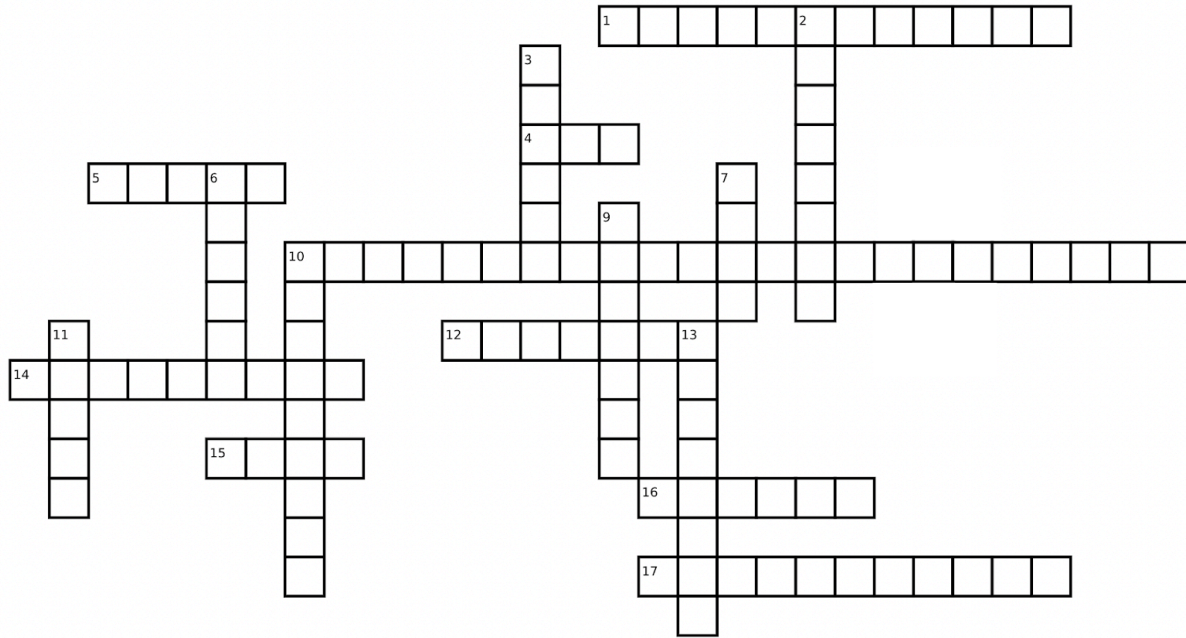
Where I left my Guru

(Poetic Excerpts)

will you understand our story?

guruji said: not knowing something is not dangerous, knowing something is not dangerous.

only knowing half of something is dangerous because you might fill in the wrong blanks.



12. my guru. see also, Guruji.
14. musical instrument. push air into it with my left hand. keys of a piano that i play sitting by Guruji during classes. not a sitar or harmonica but _____.
6. 16th century singer and composer in Akbar's court, famous for Miya ki Malhar. also called Miya _____, but his real name was Ramtanu Pande. he had a Hindu name & a Muslim name.
13. the first string on a sitar & the one that is actively played. Kuhu of _____.
2. name of a forest. translates to a shameful lack of pitch in hindi.
1. sacred thread-tying ceremony common in the Hindustani classical music tradition.
11. the thread used in the gandabandhan ceremony. transliterated to english & translated back to hindi, it means dirty. how could you understand yet?
17. in hindi/marathi, service of the wrist. mandated by gurumauli. consent between family cannot *cannot* be revoked.
15. type of scale in Hindustani classical music. Miya ki Malhar, Koyalsong, etc. hard to translate. isn't this whole thing hard to translate?
7. never mentioned directly, but Tavre is a _____.
10. the most important relationship in any shishya's life. _____ + _____ + relationship.
9. not just any student but a guru's student. see also, Kuhu. see also, Ishika.
10. guru + mother. mom's guru, not mine.
3. my guru. see also, Khansab.
16. ripped from Khansab's floor. the only thing i remember about not saying goodbye. will i ever look up?
4. color. blood and lines and pillowcases and uterus and nostalgia.
5. the word for death in hindi. see also, Rani's castle.
8. the word for grieving but nobody died.

decorum

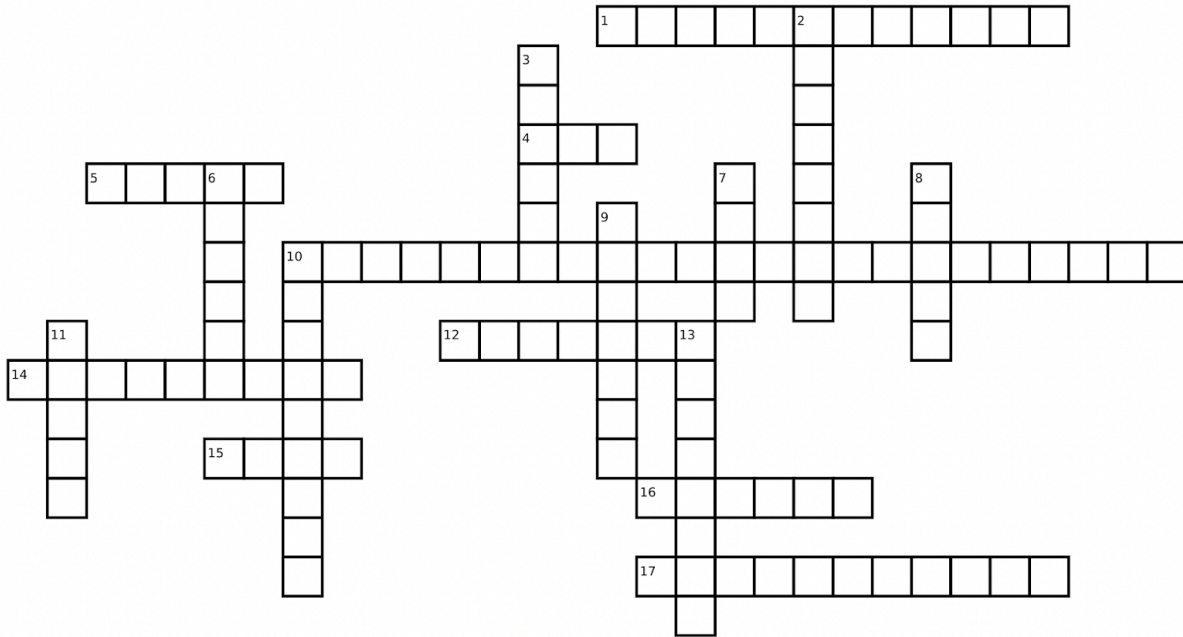
pair any decorum poem with other decorum poems by printing them out on paper as thin as memories and layering these memories upon each other.

<p>Stage</p> <p>-d. The Cancellandri you shared for five years. I haven't evah the image of my sunday normal, sunday music, morning music, evening raags at 6 AM, Gullie, curd new the feel how my saags with my harmonium and sitar, my room burned my gards, she</p> <p>shoes got, gururaut. o jurnan nari, whose name means gururaut—Hras, rather, the vrechhar to curbeded got, o! should say an even, gururaut to d my room. that's what! —the god not the man that's what's with her and she got through her mother's eyes. gurujii praised me kya baat hai¹. and i trusted my inaspable capability.</p> <p>when men burnet the gards, we were at his studio apartment, he had had a raags that had freshed our design, I heard the, I heard him, o' of indad from I couldn't even see the ostry, and i did not shoope my Guru.</p>	<p>Guruji drinks chai.</p> <p>the room heater has been running long enough to make the carpets feel like blankets.</p> <p>harmonium</p> <p>dozens of students sing so loudly that nobody can hear the rain anymore</p>
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¹ Kya baat hai (*exclamation*):
 “You sound amazing!”
 “What happened?”

<p>Naivadya. Ishika bring the naivadya from the god's room table when you're ready to eat.</p> <p>when I asked her what naivadya meant she said it was prasada, and I didn't ask why we don't just call it prasada then. I am conscious of when the switch happened.</p>	<p>a sevekari is coming later today, she wants to sit in front of Swami's picture. she just wants to sit there in front of Swami—she needs a guru, guidance—I think she's dealing with a lot.</p>	<p>Stage</p> <p>-d. The Gendebavel her was she god. for five years. I have't she can't image of my sundey named. sundey music. morning music. evening rasage at 6 AM. Gaudi. sundey rasage and before my rasage with my hair curtain and other. my heart generated by Gaudi. she</p> <p>chose god. gurumauli. a human man, whose name means gurumother—I have neither. gurumother</p> <p>is considered god, or i should say, an avatar. gurumother</p> <p>told my mom that swami —the god not the man himself—</p> <p>is with her and she got through her father's death. Gaudi with passed voice</p> <p>she said he, and I missed my hospital case to try. their eyes held pity for what they know I would soon learn. when they had come to me. she has lost me.</p> <p>we can from turned the gas idea, we were to sit the studio apartment in</p> <p>the love had a stage</p> <p>then they heard of our singer. I heard it. I heard him and walked down. I looked down at the aspeet, and I did not choose my Gaudi.</p>
<p>https://www.dailymotion.com/video/x2wz9u1</p> <p>Now it is religious books with gurumother on them.</p>	<p>nobody sits on this bhartia baitak. we just couldn't store it in the other room anymore.</p>	

epilogue: do you understand yet?



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