



## THE KALAPA COURT

Conquering Middle America with the Sound of One Finger Snap

As the orange sun glows

The crescent moon sets

Blackbirds play their tune

Owls are vanished

Our horses are beginning to stand up

in the appreciation of the dawn

I sat with friends throughout the whole night

After last night's proclamation,

Blackbirds are beginning to fly around

Mosquitoes have not woken up yet

I think of my wife who is on the frontier,

Fighting this endless war

I am disturbed that she decided to adopt six tiger cubs

But then she is born as warrior

What can I say?

Through her ladies in waiting;

I heard she had developed this idea of domesticating five hundred  
coyotes and jackals

Sometimes husbands and wives have conflicts

But in my case I give in

I let her have freedom to do whatever she wants to do

The only thing I object to is raising Arabian horses

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If she wants to flood our land with lots of horses I have no objection

As long as she doesn't breed any cats

The Mukpos are known to hate cats

Love tigers

Appreciate jackels

Heaven and earth begin to join

We begin to speak good Aryan language

We begin to burp in the extraordinary sense

Cherry blossoms begin to chirp

Raccoons perk up their ears

Philadelphia Dharmadhatu is beginning to appreciate Yumtso

Dharma begins to flourish as much as Niagara Falls,

with a rainbow over it

Meek Meades begin to fly in a hang glider which is unheard of

Frontier campaign is stupid and harsh

I am so glad to see the beginning and end of American Independence

by witnessing the Liberty Bell

I am totally flabbergasted that Liberty, Fraternity and Equality

can be seen purely by one afternoon's trip into the town

But I am so relieved that equality is letting people smile

I am so overjoyed that fraternity is that nobody fights for potential sanity

I am very cheerful that liberty could be non-aggression

Thanks to the lineage, Rigden Fathers and basic sanity, I have conquered

and am able to touch what is known as the sore point of the nation's pride

And the nation's wound, known as freedom, could be cured by medical aid

known as Vajradhatu band-aid

Hopefully, America could be healed

And hopefully, Liberty Bell could be proclaimed without sore spot

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Once, there was a Shambhala man who called himself Agent to the Sun

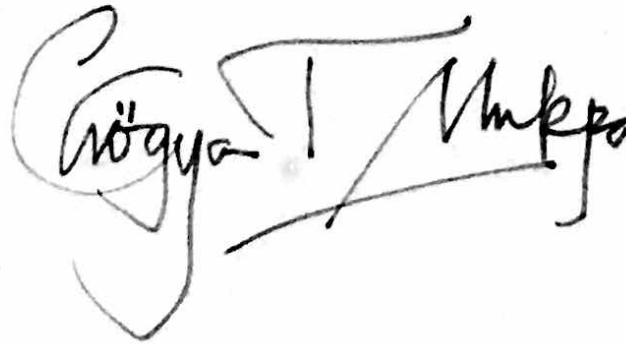
He applied an emergency bandage to the bleeding setting sun gash

Then the final healing took place, after six months

But we had to feed this patient with liquor known as Meade

The gentleman will cure and heal on the spot after six months

By Meade or means without going to various museums, I have discovered Mona Lisa on the spot, the burning of London without panicking on the spot. I have seen the portrait of the Fire of London by Turner more than fifteen times. So, my visit to Philadelphia has become successful, passionate and organic. I would like to dedicate this poetry to the exotic drink known as Meade.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Sriyuga Shankar". The signature is stylized and somewhat abstract, with large loops and flourishes.

May 5, 1983  
Stafford, Pa.