

Poems around  
an agendered Alien  
Cephalopod deity

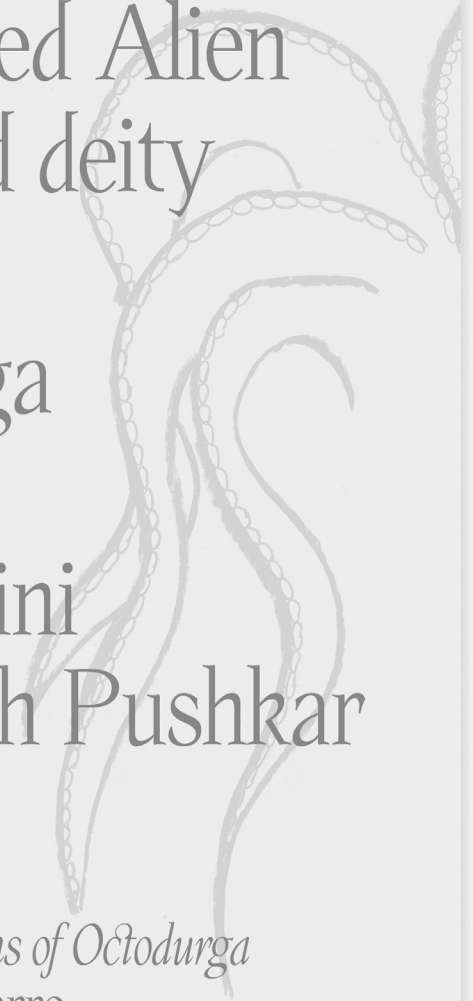
*aka*

Octo-Durga

*by*

Riya Raagini  
& Pratyush Pushkar  
(BaRiya)

*Visual manifestations of Octodurga  
done by Eduardo Navarro*



To Hir Devi who abides in all as  
Poetics of Non-locality;  
We devote. We devote. We devote.

(Track 1; Inception in Chant)

A photo sonic manifestation of Hir trembles in every drop,  
Coveting colors: oil spills  
Fossils beneath; prone to resurrection and childlike dreams.  
Nouned to be alien and fright, Hir tentacles, millions of,  
hands at work,  
skimming disconsolate to  
private hums...

For a mother fish suspicious over clouds of viscous rainbows,  
Hir is a fingerlings-sitter.

A neighbour prone to preaching marvels over  
consonants,

A neighbouring sea sought after, responsively,  
overdoes typhoons.

(Hir! Helps us create a lot more vowels for sea)

Devotees' slang

-

The script is algae (in written)  
the demand is to be able to participate in every breath.

Hir's longing for mutuality smuggled through ageing dimensions,  
observes,  
a complacent-ness to attachment.  
amusement confused with hunger  
hunger with peripheries.  
the forgetfulness of initial similarities  
but Hir remembers  
(a little at least) –  
This feeling of easing, some stiffness of gravity  
A sensorial kaleidoscope, shared.

A brain, mollusc inside half a mollusc  
Nine, many knives, learning to blunt – live.  
Hir portrait  
Was eaten by light – lamenting.

A sonic camouflage  
puts into question  
fundamental rights over  
a whistle  
any lover's innocence flexing for a  
quieter fortune;  
an argument lost piercingly for decade  
in a civilization's  
boxes of dehydration

Ocean is current,  
whistle-mixer-blender-juicer

Over this cosmic voyage hir saw  
mushrooms of voice-like tunnels claiming  
a dead space, a unanimity; adamant on  
parching silence, hir

caressed the mergers of supertones,  
elbowed the a-tones to give play a chance,  
showered semitones with the rest half  
Ink and sighed to the  
pre...

Previously, when hir landed  
said  
not a word for so long.

Threaded bubbles as gasps of expression and fishes as un-machined,  
hir touch a consensual charity, a backrub, shared among bubble-  
labours.

An etymological creak and dust,  
interacting with phonetics of a (for-show) unanimous gulp,  
clouds of myth mark present hoping to decorate a descendance  
where rewards be hesitant of moisture and when stumbled upon,  
rhythmically(not-so) pumped.

(Octo- Not)

A cephalopod goddess is here to untie gender-knots.  
KNOT.

Cephalopod Watch

The first distinct formation  
Of an alien  
With a snailing retrospect/  
Measuring movement.

Strangeness occurs  
With the discord of  
A fastidious glide  
Not watering itself.

(Land gathers climax by slowly imitating the currents)

Cephalopod dream

-

Take nine objects for matter  
polyester, plum, palm-leaf, cinnamon bark, mustard oil, frozen curry,  
basalt, bee-wax and lover's skin

Breath them in coherence with genuinely distributed touch  
the memory of this experiment would find you order, and truth

knotted to nostalgia and hexagons, a brain  
tends to break consent after wax.  
(It happened to us)

Octodurga dilutes the haziness  
Of different speeds of time  
with doses of metaternal hints...



### Three Other Postures of Octo-Durga

Raga: Organs on own, requesting, then spontaneously throwing a length, quickly requesting, letting others make a net in case of a fall, and requesting, and doing it in turns. Seeking performativity where vocal eyebrows could rest.

Erga: historically wrinkled like warming buds, blooming like flower, towards all

Durga: First step into the ocean and trip, like fortresses on prone islands

A two way mirror at where the seas meet,  
a mirror still privacy,  
a juvenile hmph,  
Hir tentacles diluting salinity,  
an eastern match-maker,  
translating “informed consent” to their tongue.

(Octo-Dive)

In silence

In hir time

This puzzle disappears

Longing ceases to whisper

Some slow builders, cradle,

Collecting a lasting breath

Peeling away intrusiveness from thirst.

(Cephalopod Loving)

Tentacles like lips in consent barely argue

with any central brain-

brain for counting quantum

pecks and

smooches!

XOXOXOXO

We strive...

to keep looking for a place  
To host Hir  
longest breath.

We try...

to find a way to free hir of language  
We have to let hir stay and  
leave confused

(Raag Durga; Track Cryptic Coloration)

(That lost arm stays in prayer till elbows weep of memories)

In Hir memory we let our previous arms dilute into food for  
phytoplankton-ish  
Algae is first coat  
Then fishes' broken teeth  
meditation is another

Our prayer's polyphone tickled and persuaded hir for an arm without  
stiffer memories.

(Non local Octo-Chant)

Breathing machines measuring breath in voices,  
delayed and sustained probes into authentication,  
Hir chants were more like a map  
to find where  
hir would not show.

Hir could be pleased of pure cowardice  
and so, any effort to camouflage

When hir delays (things or not)  
it is a golden slot  
Empty! Not!

When hir delays forms,  
colors become truly unions of pigments  
sure, thinking their comfy-pennons.

(Poem Land by a Cephalopod)

The devotee and devoted are in the middle of skeletal exchange.

Our micro-selves were meditating in burrows you let be  
Our hearts the size of an atom, our eyes,  
redistributed like children at young protests; electrons humbly opting  
for  
omnipresence.

(Octo-Horror)

a driven scientist sat by a cephalopod mother, rubbed through their every cellular blink, and translated their dreams into crush-juicy crabs.

(Octo- Kali)

Resting of eyes is a coordination,  
Between hir rhythms counting nervosities, prescribing breaks from alertness,  
And planets passing buckets, contributing to hir colour.

Hir inception if we must say so  
a consensual disenchantment,  
“Does or does not ocean play games with scorching sun/  
a candle at protest too, accidently burns,  
all knowing-faces;  
naturally gloomy”  
Hir Celebrations under the oceans  
self-aware knobs,  
wrapping in strings of explosions, releasing whistles, croaks and songs,  
Hir inception if we must say so  
a readiness to hear  
(no loud)

Hir belonging of swimming  
Outweighs that of saying.  
Satisfactions of perception  
Polish in a den  
Counting multiplicities.

A blind spot after all cannot be as binding on itself

(Cellular Suicide)

(Octo-crown)

Kneading

pliant aggression

Learns,

Being horns, blades, hooks, waves,

Even froth,

Narrowing the space between

A

(Octo Interruption/Cryptic coloration)

boneless deity

cryptic coloration

habitants of skeletons refusing to transcend the divide between ocean

salinity, salinity

can put bones in great danger

temperature can

change narratives

density is impending discourse and

Boneless Deity

refuses to interrupt.

Quantizing ink for winters to come,

a spill; an episode,

scarcity of predators' consoles not the last arrow in the quiver,

when devotees were able to produce images of things,

they diverted and channelized spill

into apologetic memoirs.

Hir is a picture of you.



To larynx sailing

I

n

s

p

a

c

e

s

Hir oceans qUiver throat

Quantized

AWAKE

Breath

by

BY

Bubbles

Sleep

SALT!

by

a

l

g

a

e

(Non-local Octo)

A broken iceberg is hir messenger,

unlike a factory siren,

when descends into oceans,

sends long pulses of deliverance from a compulsive food chain

Hir inanimate messenger,

bluffing (like any other)

punishment by interstellar

Bloop.

\*

All the poems were transformed into sounds that oceans and oceanic creatures have shown to comprehend.

A printed version was later sent to the coasts of Arabian Sea to be immersed completely.

\*

Commissioned and produced by TBA21-Academy  
and Thyssen-Bornemisza Art Contemporary (TBA21) for st\_age