**MDIIY 20.08.14**

The Institute is an ashram today- joss sticks stifling the throat.

Newspapers from the subcontinent download black edged-  
Guruji has drawn his last breath.  
The scheduled lesson’s in abeyance.

Today's practice is now restorative- no weeping or eulogies,

Just a reminder of physiology:  
Benefits to the pancreas; the prostate soothed by his study of the Sutras.  
For fifteen students encamped around the hall

The lesson’s a celebration of “furniture yoga.”  
Each body surrounded by a bolster, blocks, bricks, blankets, belts-

A barricade against sorrow.

We squat, salaam, bend over backwards-

Laid low by the news, wireless from Mumbai.

A Hindu would have loved the chaos-

Two pranayama pillows, mats in layers chairs facing in,

As equipment piles accumulate and dot the room.

Till finally Savasana -the corpse pose.  
And Guruji held fast by our thoughts

For a final ninety minutes, departs our consciousness;  
Iyengar the man dead-

Iyengar the yoga enduring.

**Paul Walker**