

PART I

Impressionistic Images; Quest of Eve




Eve'; Graphite on paper.

When I woke up
today;
I wished I was a Man;
Just for one day.
A hero in his
mind.
Always;
One of a kind.
Always;
In control.
Always;
Ready to roll.
When I woke up
today;
I wished I was a Man;
Forever
And a day

SILENCE

It dawns upon you;
As night falls.
The noises grow
louder.
The heart calls out.
The soul gets
ready
To wander about.
The senses scream
from
Within;
Without.
While the eyes
Tearless;
Hungry;
Suffer the
Drought
In silence.



PATIENCE

Patience; 'Tis like a
big, soft ball
That lives inside.
It does help, you know?
To make the Pain
subside.
How come though?
Some don't seem to
Have any at all?
How come though?
They pluck at yours
Wait for your fall?
Do they not know?
It grew with Love?
Do they not know?
It comes from above?
Can you please tell them?
Leave me alone?
Can you please tell them?

I have no bone
To Pick With Life.
All I do is wait,
Ironing all the creases.
Till the day He
promised;
I'll do as He pleases.

SULKING APOLOGIST

Come here and lie with me
Under this big big tree
Come here pretty please,
Let me tell you a story.
The story of how and why I came to
Be
The story that breaks me
At every count of three.
You have to be Adam
I have to be Eve
When I tell you my tale of how
I came to Be.
But listen; please listen,
Please listen carefully;
No tearing of my insides,
No ripping me apart;

When I tell you the tale of how
I came to Be.
For don't you see my darling?
Don't you, at all, see?
That's not how Adam and
Eve were meant to be.
Bodies, not souls,
can only cause misery,
And that's not why
Adam and Eve were meant to be.
'Twas about souls and hearts and
words, don't you see?
'Twas about how and why and all in
between.
'Twas about Him and His love all
along, don't you see?
'Twas about learning how, He really
made us to Be.
In these hows and whys lies the story

I meant to flee. To the path He
showed you, I was also meant to see.
So now, 'tween us, the story floats free.
Please wrap it and bottle it and sail it
out to sea. Then take my hand and
pray.
Pray help me see
The path He showed you,
I was also meant to see.



'Eve' Series; Conte crayon on treated paper; 30"x40"

TENDERNESS

'Tis not a paltry Word;
You know ?
'Tis what makes my
dreams Sparkle and glow.
It sprinkles itself o'er
One and All;
E'en the little stuff
No longer feels
Small.
'Twas not a 'Sorry'
Made of lips and kisses.
'Twas everything a
Melancholy heart misses.
'Twas made of a
Forgotten smile and some silver tears;
There were cracks that shone and
spoke Of laughter and fears.
When two Beings melt
In each other;

You know ?
When fingers lace
And the eyes,
They show
Tenderness.



'The Dweller'; Pencil on watercolour paper

DOUBT

The writing on the
wall
Shone like day
Clear as Truth.
She wondered at its beauty
Embarrassed by her ugliness
She dared not run her fingers over it
She dared not taint it.
Was it hers to see?
Was it hers to feel?
Was it hers to speak?
There were tests she failed.
There were tasks left halfway.
There was a journey left midway.
He said, he was a traveler of The Path.
What was her path?
Had she chosen it?
But the writing on the wall.
Was it hers?

She touched it.
She was Eve again.
She heard the whispers.
It was gone.
Forever.

Can it rain today?
To wash the pain today?
To wash the worry
You need not hurry
For us
You little darling.
The world;
'Tis big
And
You'll have
To dig
Your own little
Heaven
To Survive
Their tongues;
Wagging
Bragging
Nagging
Jagging

Jibes
Their vicious
Vibes.
You never
Worry
You never
Hurry
You do your thing
Your wear this ring
Of hope and love
That I have woven
With
Giggles, no tears
With
Stars, no fears
From Heavens
Within And
Stars above.

When your heart misses a beat
At a snap in your day;
When that ray splashing on
feet
Pulls your mind away.
Breathe a moment;
Drink that Sun.
Let that figment
Blink and run
Far away
Far away
Far away
For a little trickle of Eternity
In your very fickle Day.