If only beliefs were fragile, transient and castles not hate, of time and space; to be washed away to be washed away to be washed away that speak to us of what is trad alive.... treal and alive....

2 steilea

The Pomegranate Seed

l pause to savor the sweet-tart juice of every pearl transient, wrapped carefully, around every tiny seed -Life's lessons for me. infinite outcomes.

bitter and sweet.

bétween birdsong and Bollywood, stillness and busyness, being and doing; between sunrise and sunset, dreams on wings and dreams on with love, l am here. l am alive. l am alive.

nsewied

an unhinged door invites the wind and the light; it gives itself to be whole to be whole in the uncertainty, and love what is; rooted in its own self. detached. unflappable.

beǥnidnU

along uncertain shores. frequencies and movements for velgref interplay - səvew bəssih-nus əht htiw their endless dance τρεγ στο τέο αγαλ , sbnes gniffing shf ni now quickly hiding the ruthless waves rush in; , tn9tni dtiw gnidotew - they know no tear where the waves break in; who make their homes 'ypeag λuuns e uo the little sand crabs l remember ike a tidal wave, exploding into me the many headed monster - reef by Fear when I am stalked

## Sand Crabs on a Sunny Beach

## The Whetstone

sharpened on the whetstone of love, a focused mind can cut through any heart, with gentle love.

## Looking for a rose

walking in the garden, looking for a special rose, blind to all the love and joy, in the wild flowers, waiting close.

## The Whetstone of Love



Priya Desikan

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