

sweet

GANGES

BY PENG-EAN KHOO August 12, 2020

A GIFT FOR ALL a Ponder with PEK publication

Do you remember the boatsman? She is a woman. She didn't reveal her face. She hid it behind a veil. She is your boatsman. Take the oar. Not the boat, because you need to do your own rowing.

She is your friend. Her name is Govinda. She sometimes is Gautama, but sometimes she is Govinda, and you are Gautama.

She mixes all these things up. Mixes up metaphors all the time, because rowing in the Ganges is a swirl; it is an adventure of discoveries.

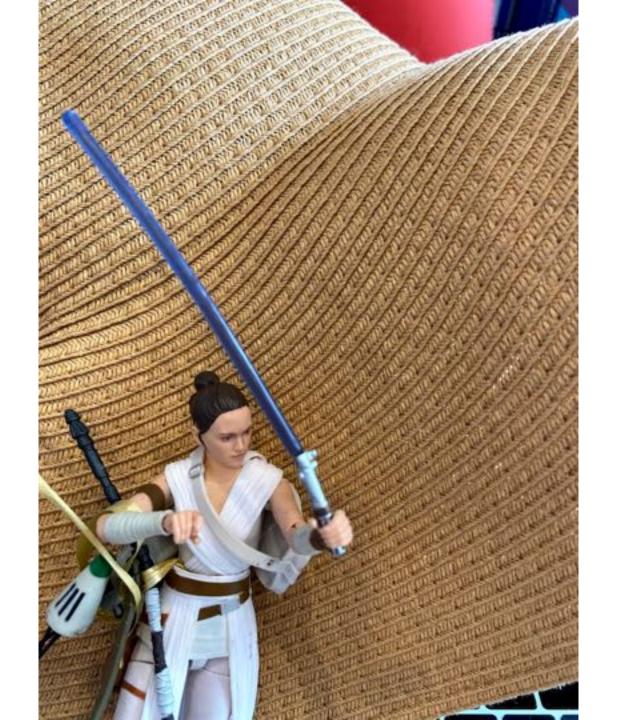
You go into the storm, the storm has beckoned you, it is you.



You go out of the storm, you miss it, and soon, the calmness becomes like stagnant waters. Safe, but no longer living.



Colours sparkle all over the ocean waters. You ride it. Maybe there is no oar. Maybe a song comes and delivers you a swan to glide over the ocean waters.



And you wonder who is that child riding the swan. She is all smiles.

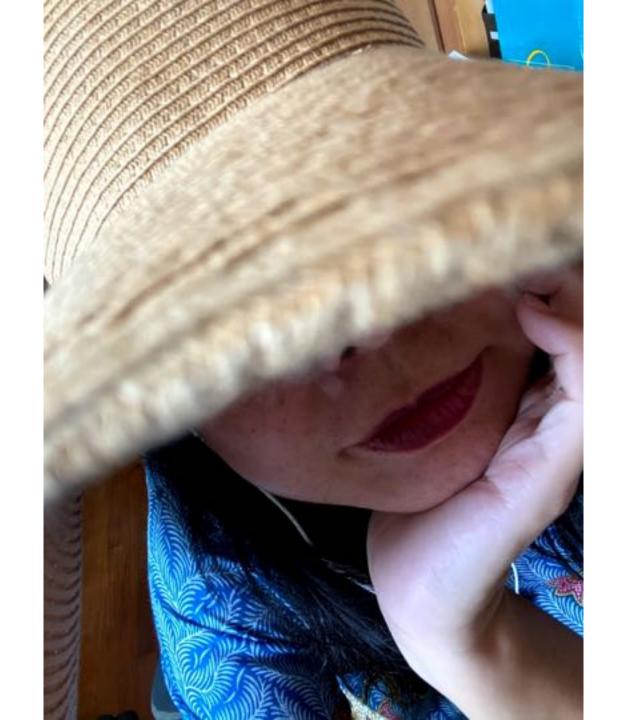


She is in full glee. The sun is shining. The rain is water as the ocean is water. The heart is sweet, like sweet nectar. Some call it wine. Wine makes you a bit tipsy. Maybe sweetness is a bit like that. Irresistibly charming. Because charm is from a place of nowar.

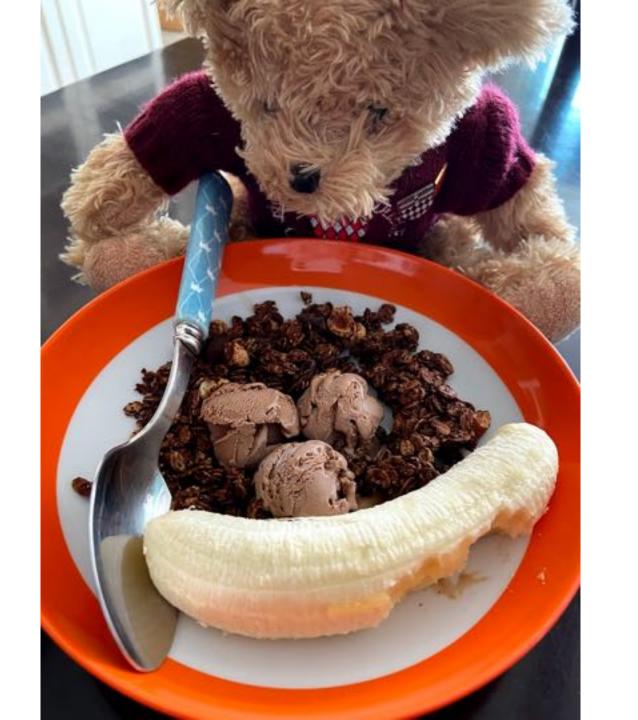




I am mixing all nonsense again. Who is to say blue is a body or sky? Who is to dare that stripping of robes down to nakedness of something really pure in us - the joy and delight of love.

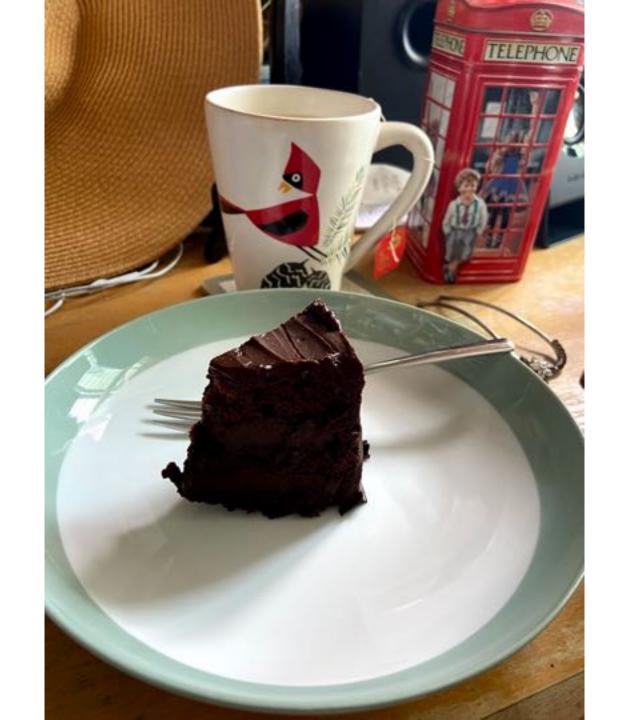


Who can feel this except a human? It's a human prerogative. Kindness feels like sweet ice-cream. Really. Literally. When you make ice-cream and then offer it to others, it is doubly joyous and sweet.



So whisk up your ice-cream and make buckets full of it, to serve sweet, kindly goodness.

Sweet cakes, sweet dreams, sweet realities.



There is so much wonder. One adventure after another. Be alive. Be fully human, and enjoy the swan-glide.



Oh, and the Ganges? It's a river in India.





