



IN THE NIGHT

we are stars

BY PENG-EAN KHOO
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A GIFT FOR ALL
a Ponder with PEK publication



in the day


WE ARE
WILDFLOWERS



Blowing in the storms of midnight and midday and sunset and sunrise
No matter what we do, Bob Marley turns up and sings the wisdom of
all times:




‘Baby, I love your way.’



Your way is the loveliest way because it is you. It is your beauty and it is your charm and it is your sweet smile, and your crazy frustration. Your crazy, crazy way.

It doesn't matter if this is verse or if this is a poem or the form of this way. It flows and it is cool, and it is the highest chill.



I am tossed and turned in the sweats and toil, and yet we can't click it, can't meet the day. And then night happens, and Bob Marley appears. His words start flowing in a place I have forgotten, a place I didn't know can beckon me, beckon my innermost desire of going nowhere.



Going nowhere, just staying.





There is no where to go, just here and now. With you. With me.
With you again. With me again. Pulses. Rhythm. I got rhythm,
it's rhythm. I gotta dance to the beats. It's cool. It's jazzy. It's
crazy. But it's the best.









How does he do it? The rhythm. My rhythm is Bob Marley. The best thing about discovery is you never know what really is you until you find it. And then you know it.





Paul McCartney's love songs. He is so funny, so warm, so witty, so kind, so charming - in love. That's why he is a charm. So cute. Cutie pie in his expression.







Mary Chapin Carpenter is so flow. She knows her way. She knows her love, she knows what's important to her. She is so cool. She is her own woman. And she works it, and works it, until she knows it. Knows that's her way. That's the way she writes songs. She doesn't care what music comes out of it. She just knows the words, the language.







Bob Marley - epic. How can someone write truth like this, and then you start to wake up, wake up, but you don't get angry. You just cruise with him. It's his rhythm.









The flow of life flows. From the swamp we all become lotus. The rose is now a lotus and a wildflower of nothing and no where.







August Moons is the craziest, and the funniest, and the heartiest.





And suddenly, on rereading, a blue lotus appears.



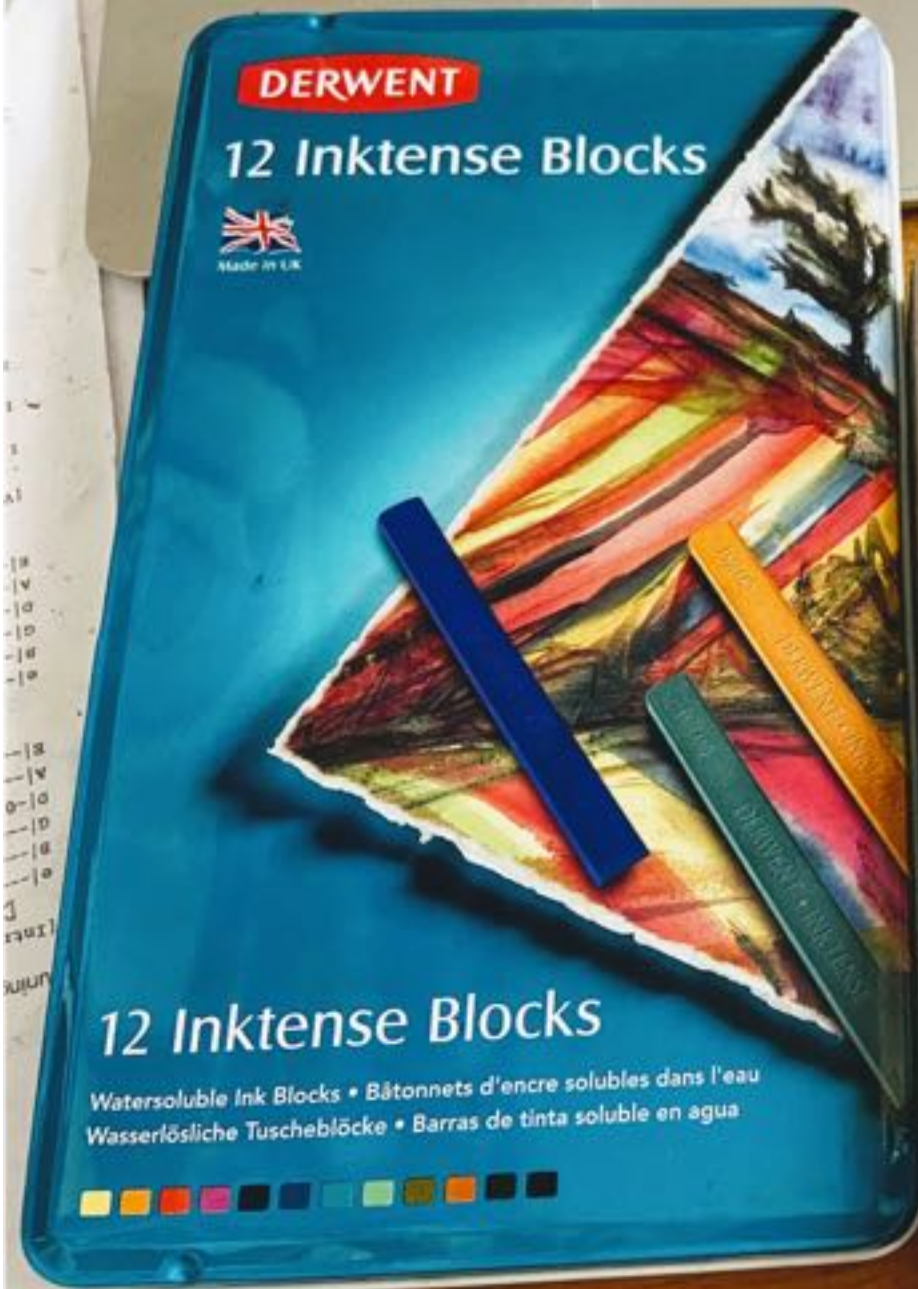
Crazy, crazy symbolisms.











‘C’EST LA VIE, BON BONS. TRALALA” – is a collection of art & poetry that emerged during the COVID-19 Pandemic. It is a body of work where the poet-artist is reflecting on how ‘small is beautiful’* looks like in daily life, what ‘Development as Freedom’** means personally for her in global society, and it documents her examination of the statement that ‘simplicity is beautiful and profound’. She discovers that this is the name, the way and the voice of the journey and homecoming of herself in a poet-artist’s studio.

*EF Schumacher, 1973

**Amartya Sen, 1999

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