



AND THEN I COME to the centre

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A GIFT FOR ALL
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I arrive at the centre of the desert and the darkness of darkneses. I arrive on the spot where there is nothing, save for something indescribable in name. It is the most barren spot of everything.







In truth, though, I see a rose.





A place of no more heart, no more faith, no more hope, no more love requires one thing, and one thing only: silence.





I step into the silence.





















The innocence of silence.







The beauty of silence.

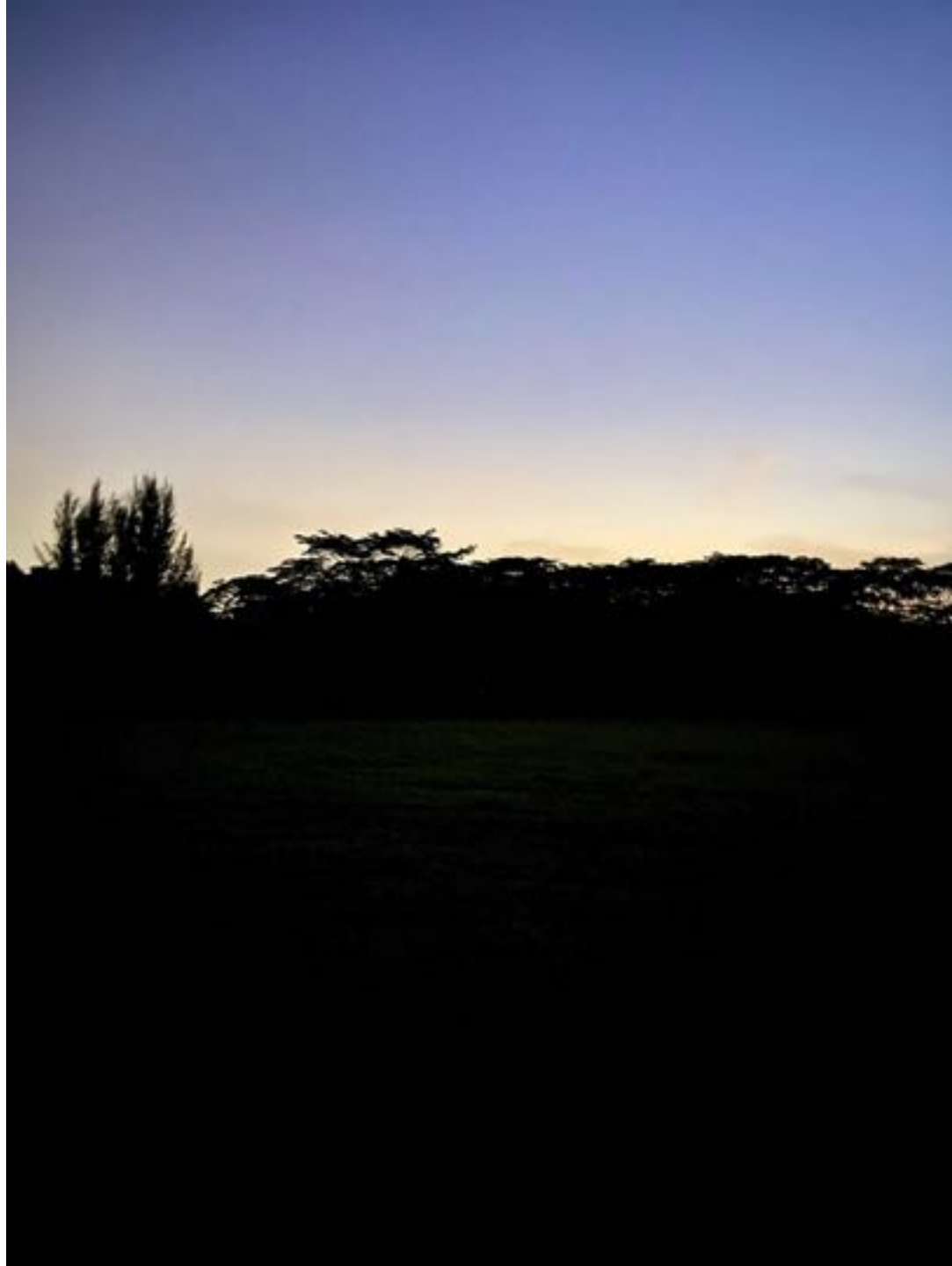






The faith of silence.

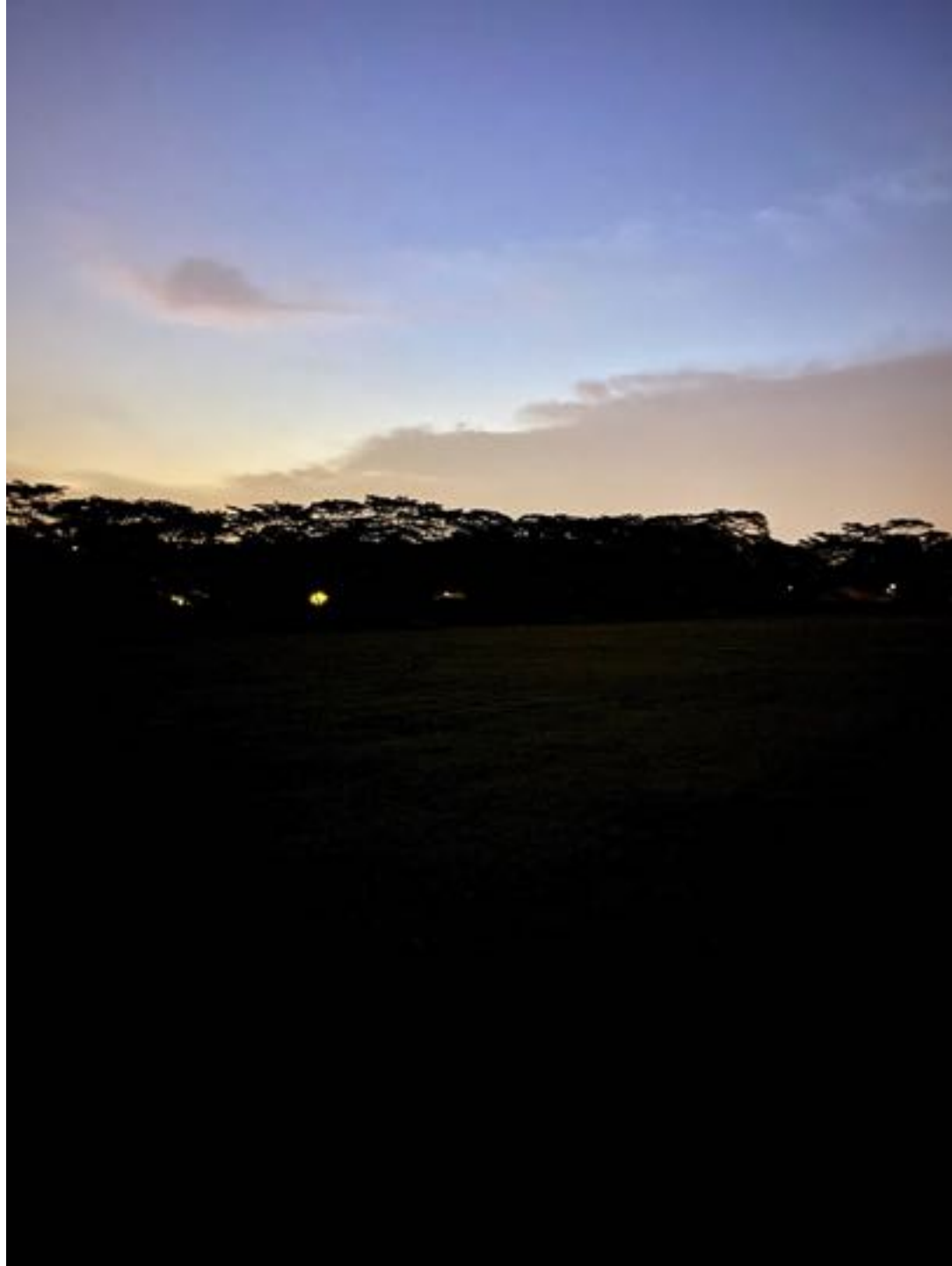






And so I stand in the middle.







I don't give up my hope.







I don't give up my faith.







I don't give up my love.







I continue to offer it.







As I am.

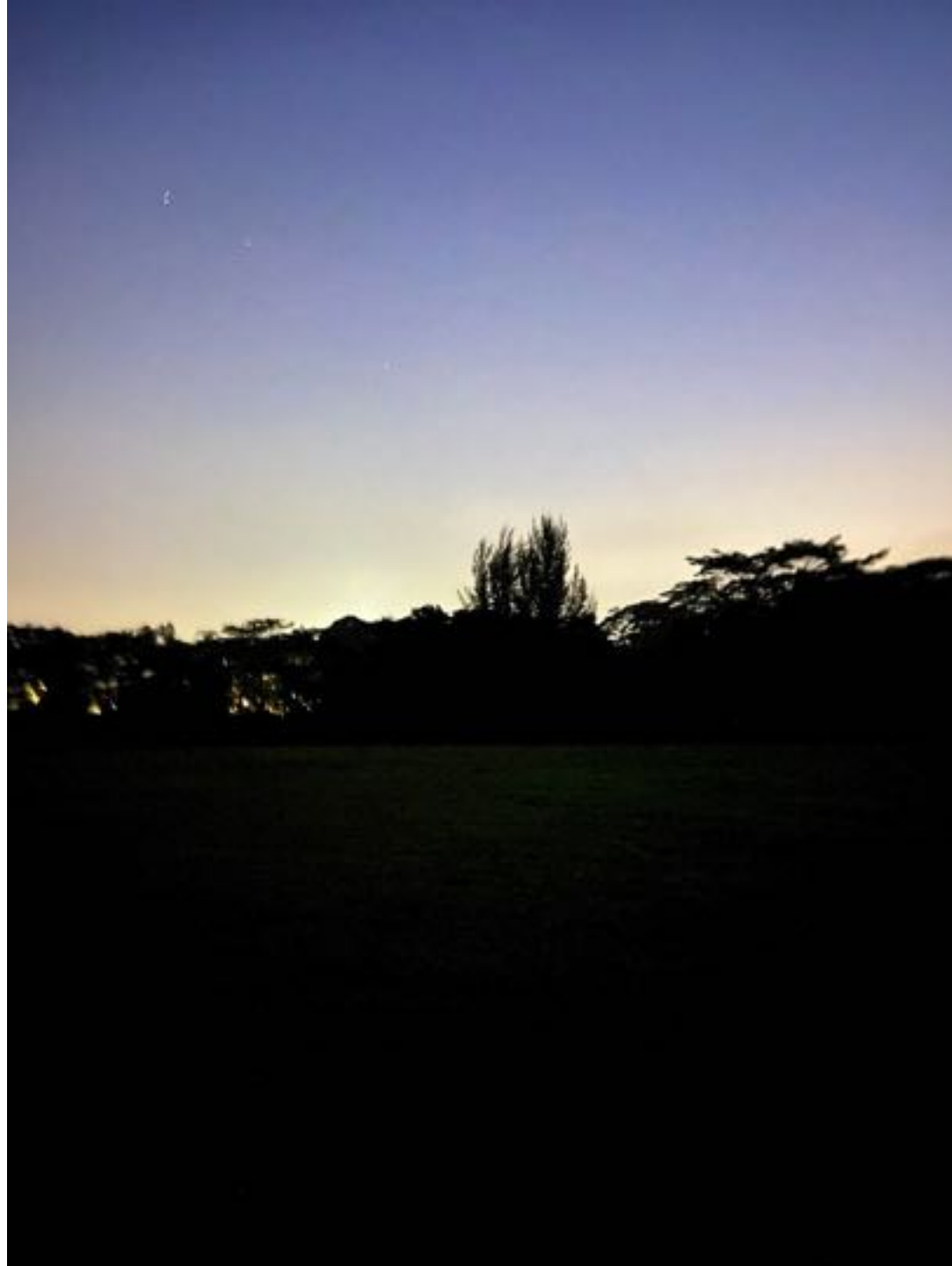






I am in the centre, I had felt alone.







Terribly alone, terribly scared, terribly violated, in need, needing someone to hold my hand.



But no one can be in this spot with me.





I have to be me, by myself.







And so, I let go the need to be defined by others. I let go what others think of me. I let go thinking. I let go fear. I let go rejection. I let go separation. I let go letting go.







I am a rose.







I am the name and the face of a rose. It's a terrible thing to say,
much less think, even more typing it out loud.



I am terribly, terribly, terribly, terribly, anguished about this
realisation.





I don't know what this means. It feels scary because it is so coveted yet so equally rejected. There are so many emotions around it. So many tensions. So many wars.

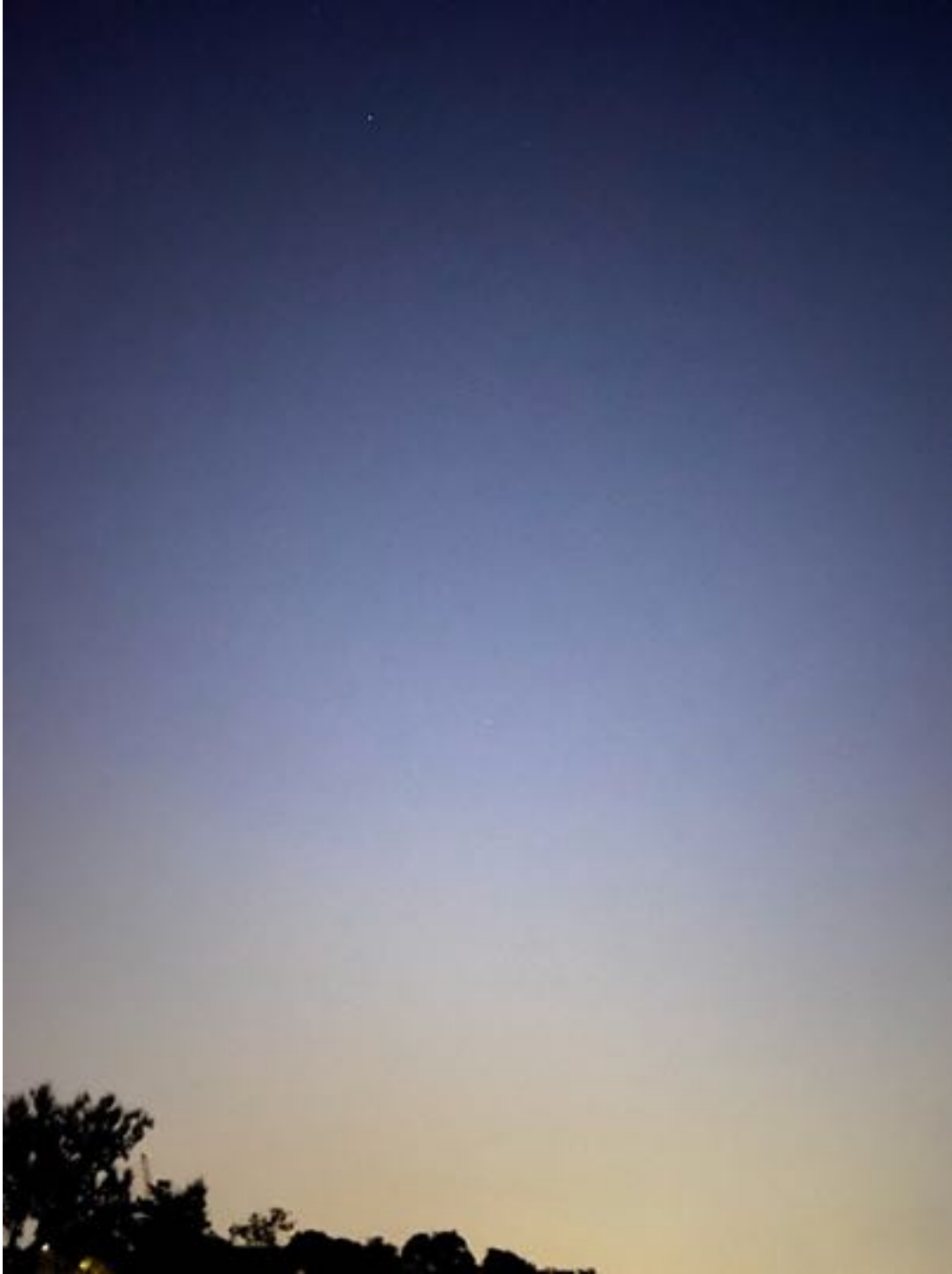






Yet I am holding its mysteries. It is in my hands. I know it. It has been entrusted to me.







The truth of my truths is that the colour of the rose is red. Deep red. Deep, deep beauty.







I am surprised that it is deep red. Deep Crimson, actually. The most intense of all reds. All reds rolled into one red.







Beautiful, strong yet pure and innocent. It is said a red rose isn't innocent. It isn't true.

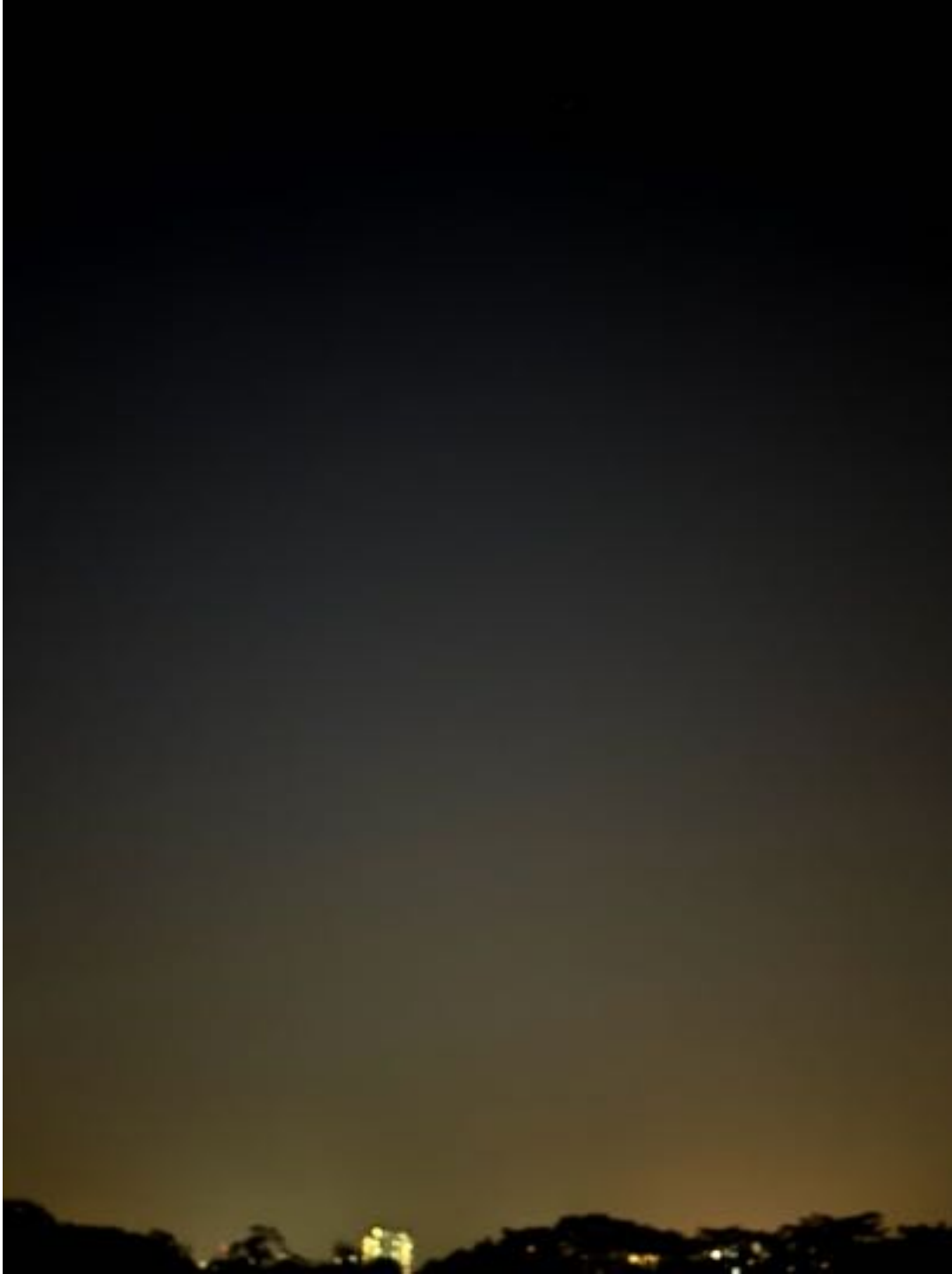






Red is Always innocence. If there is no more innocence, there is no more discovery. If there is no more discovery, there is no more hope. If there is no more hope, there is no more faith. If there is no more faith, there is nothing.







Faith cannot be seen with the naked eyes. Faith can only be known. Deep in one's own marrow, and heart, and consciousness.

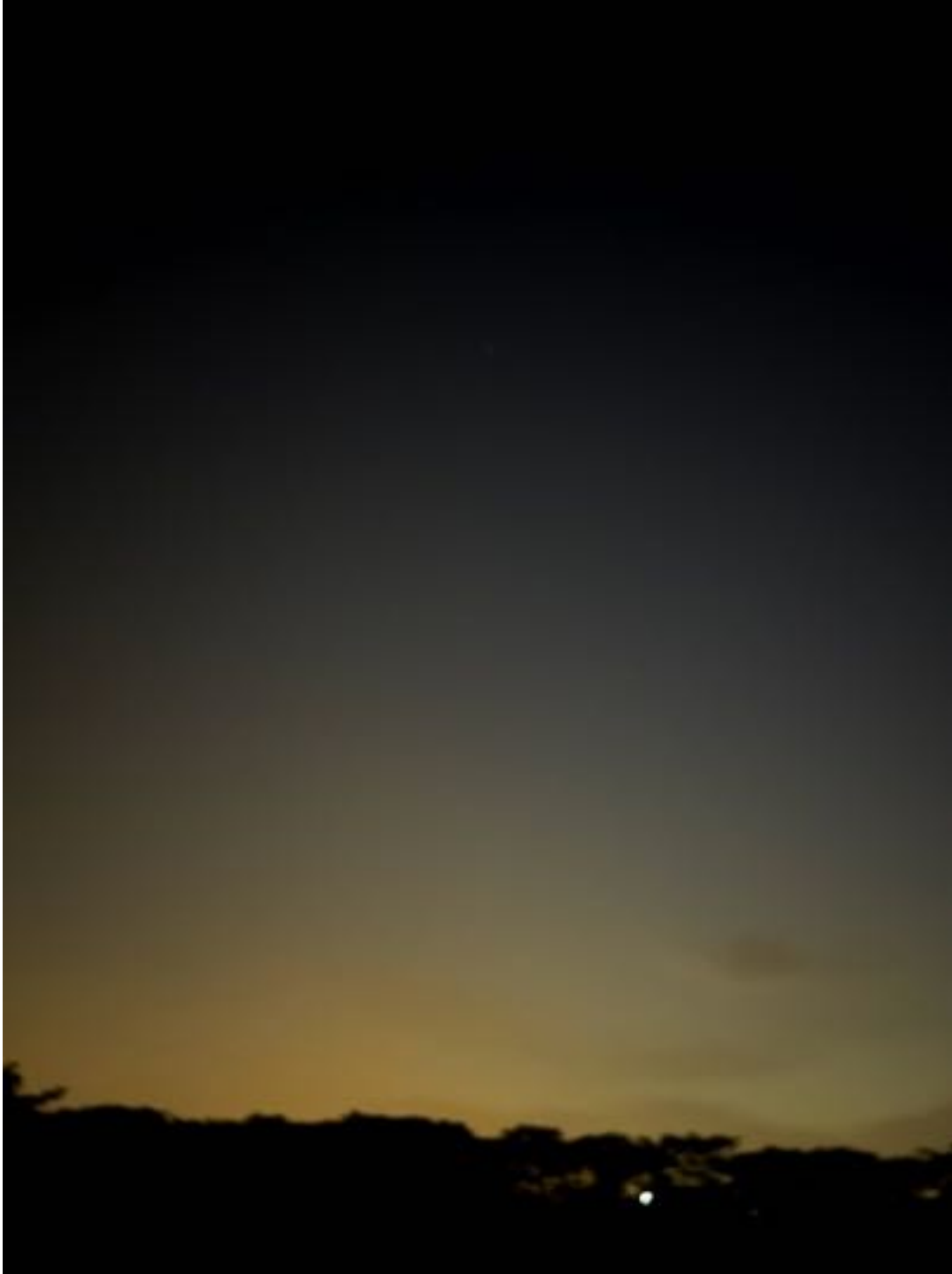






Truths are horrible to bear, but bear them we must, and we shall.

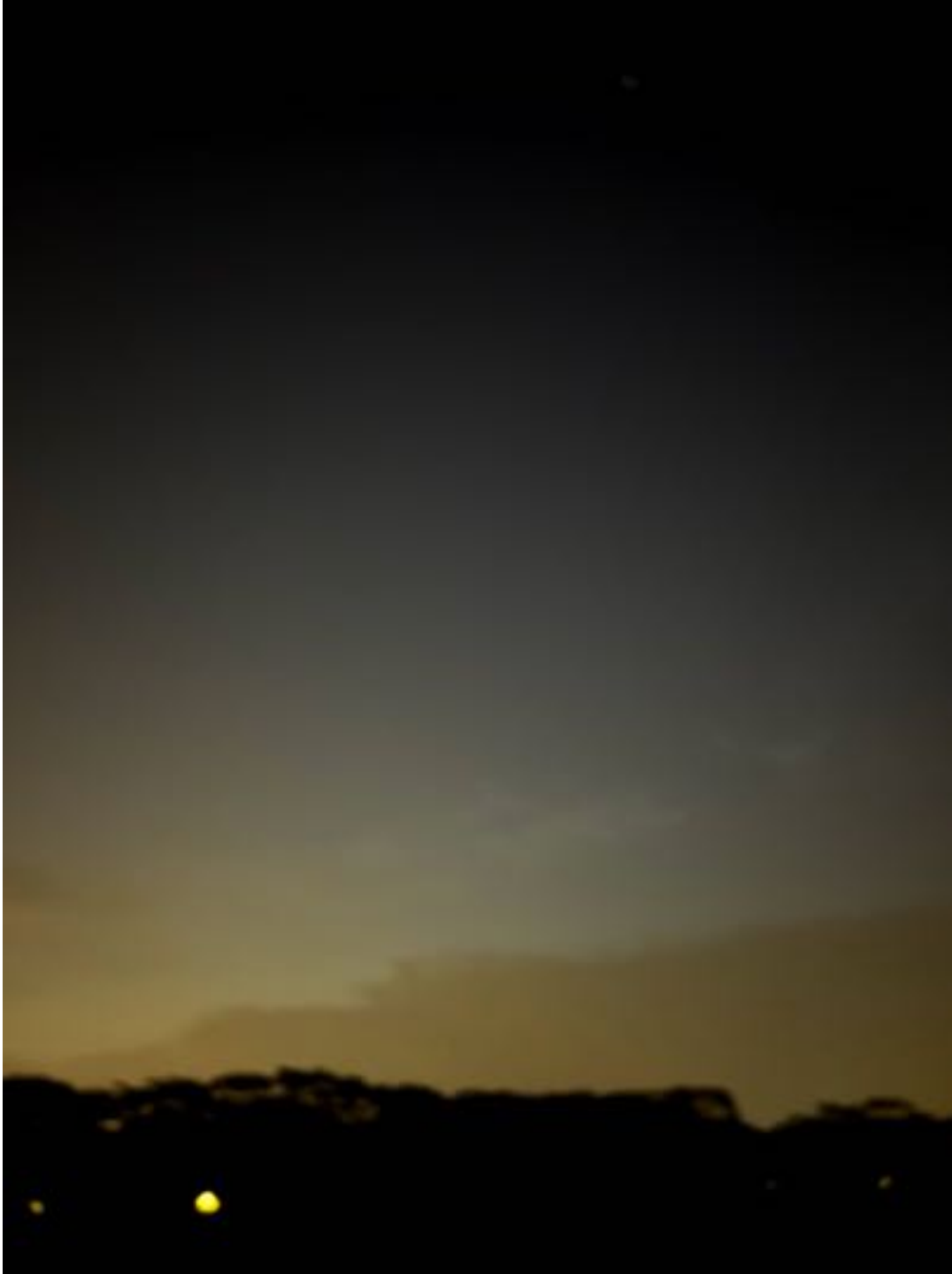






There is nothing anyone can offer for it, nor can anyone offer anything for it.







Deep beauty.







May you find your centre. The flower of your desert night and
days and night and days.

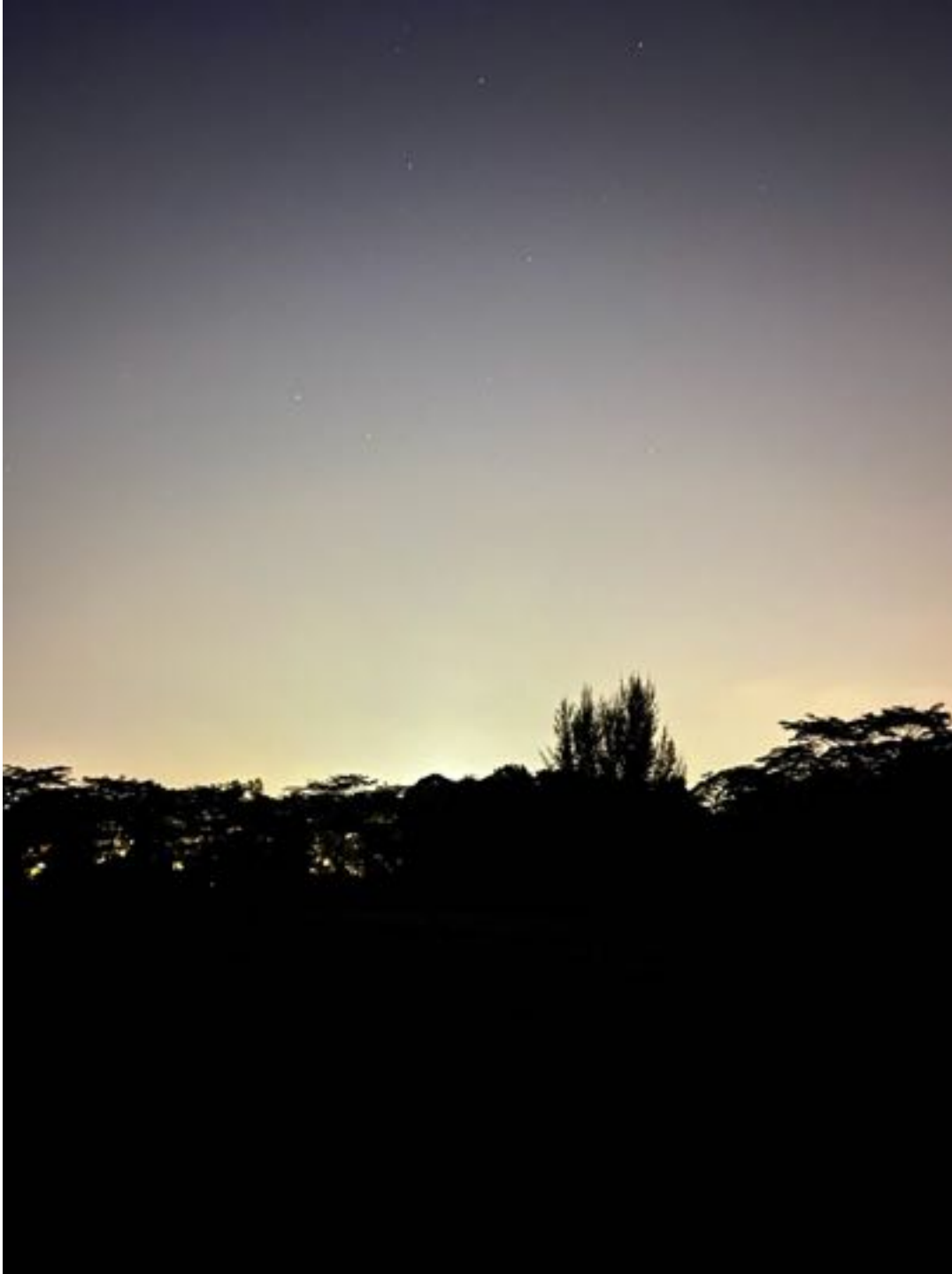






Be not afraid of being deeply beautiful without fear. Without doubt, without being destroyed by others. Or by yourself, because of the doubt poisoned by the mouths and thoughts of others.







Stay still. Don't waver.







You become the light and the fragrance for those still
wandering the deserts of their dark nights.







It is a gentle glow, a whisper barely uttered, a presence so soft,
maybe only the wind can recognise the rose of the wild wind
seas land skies night days today yesterday tomorrow.





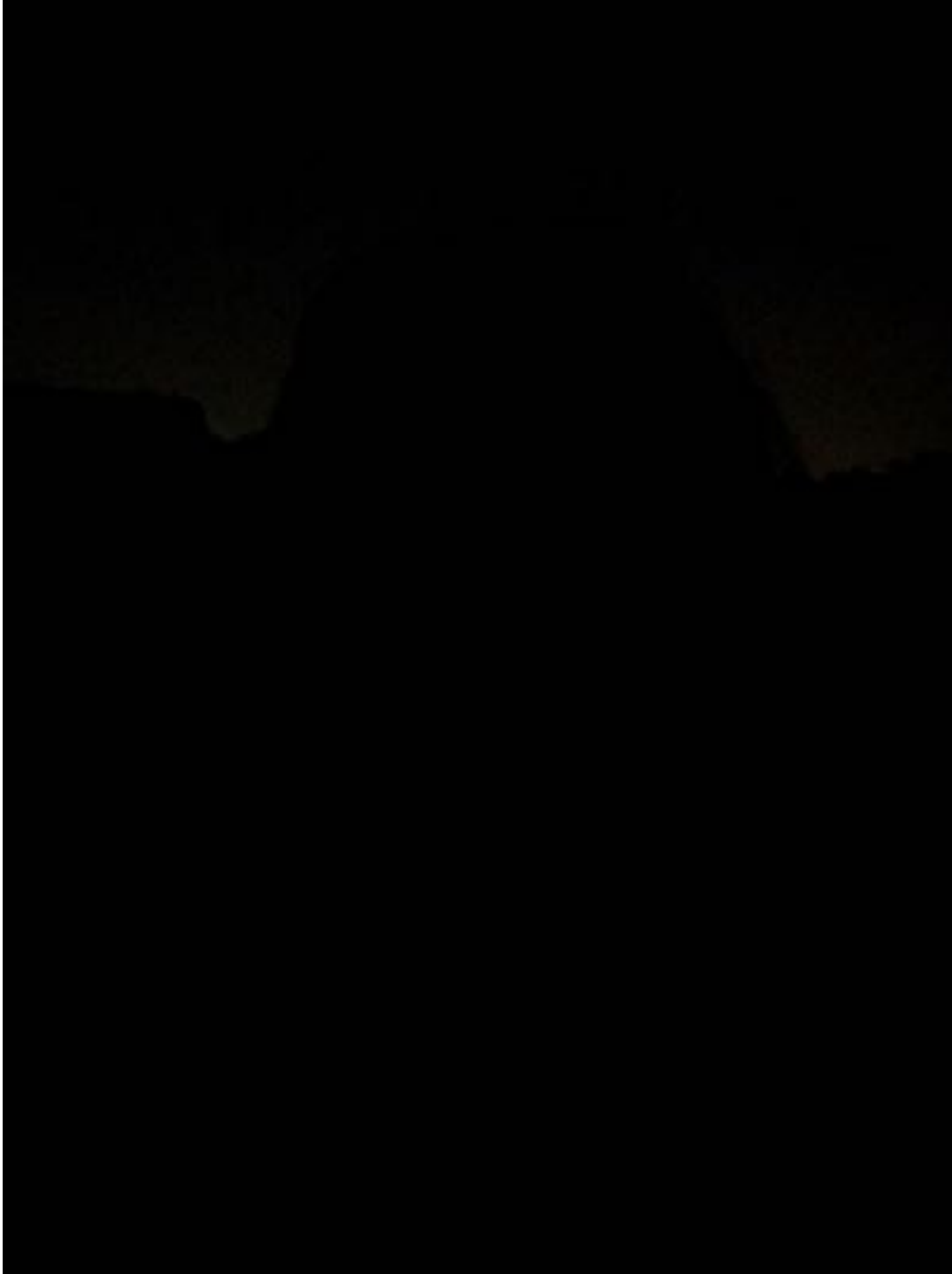


It is only in the very, very, very special acceptance that one can receive fully this purity of love. Of mystery that has no meaning, no plot, no nothing, no trade, no guile, no terms. Only very simply a gift of true friendship made completely of and out of true, sincere inexplicable love.

















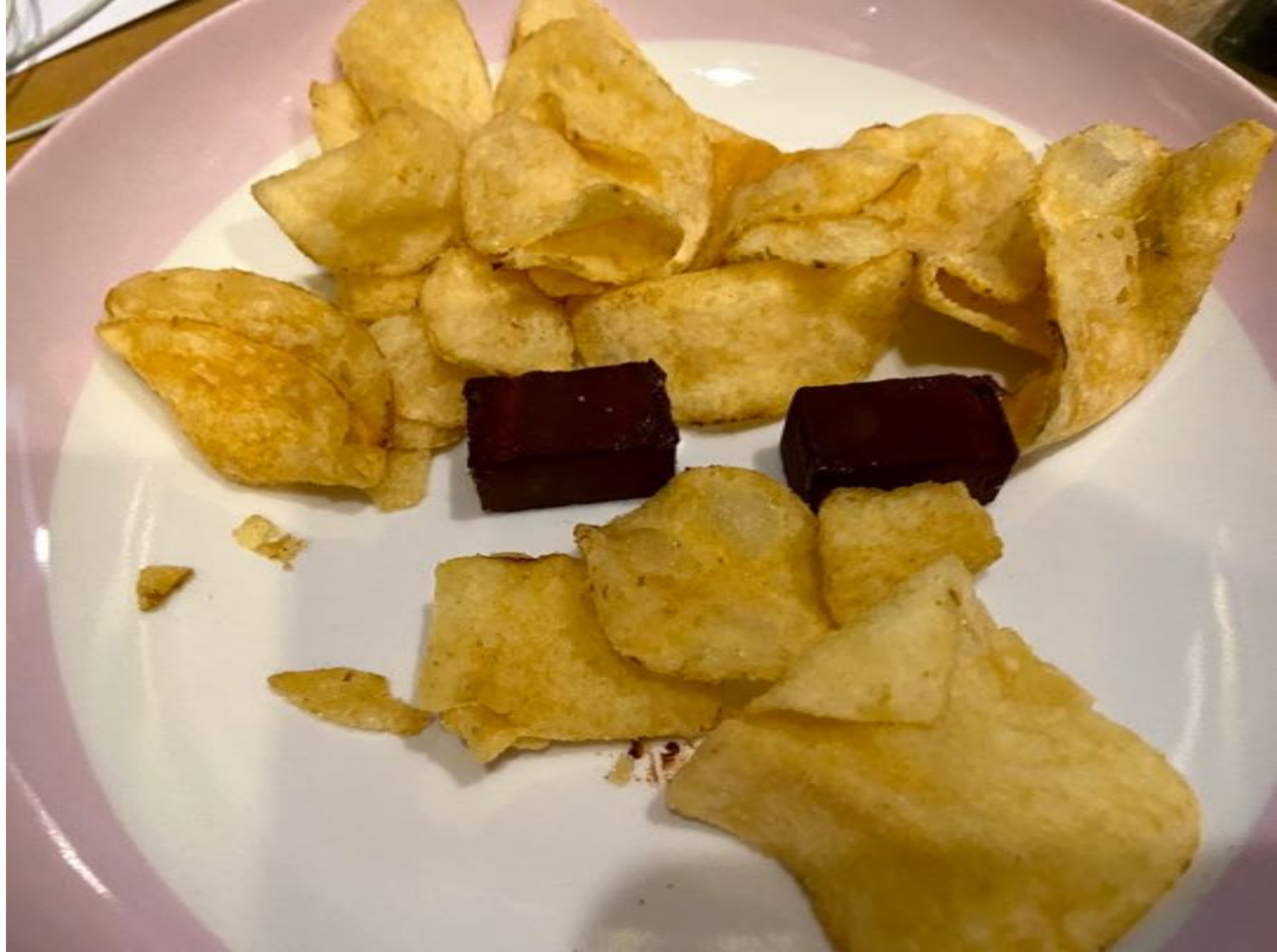










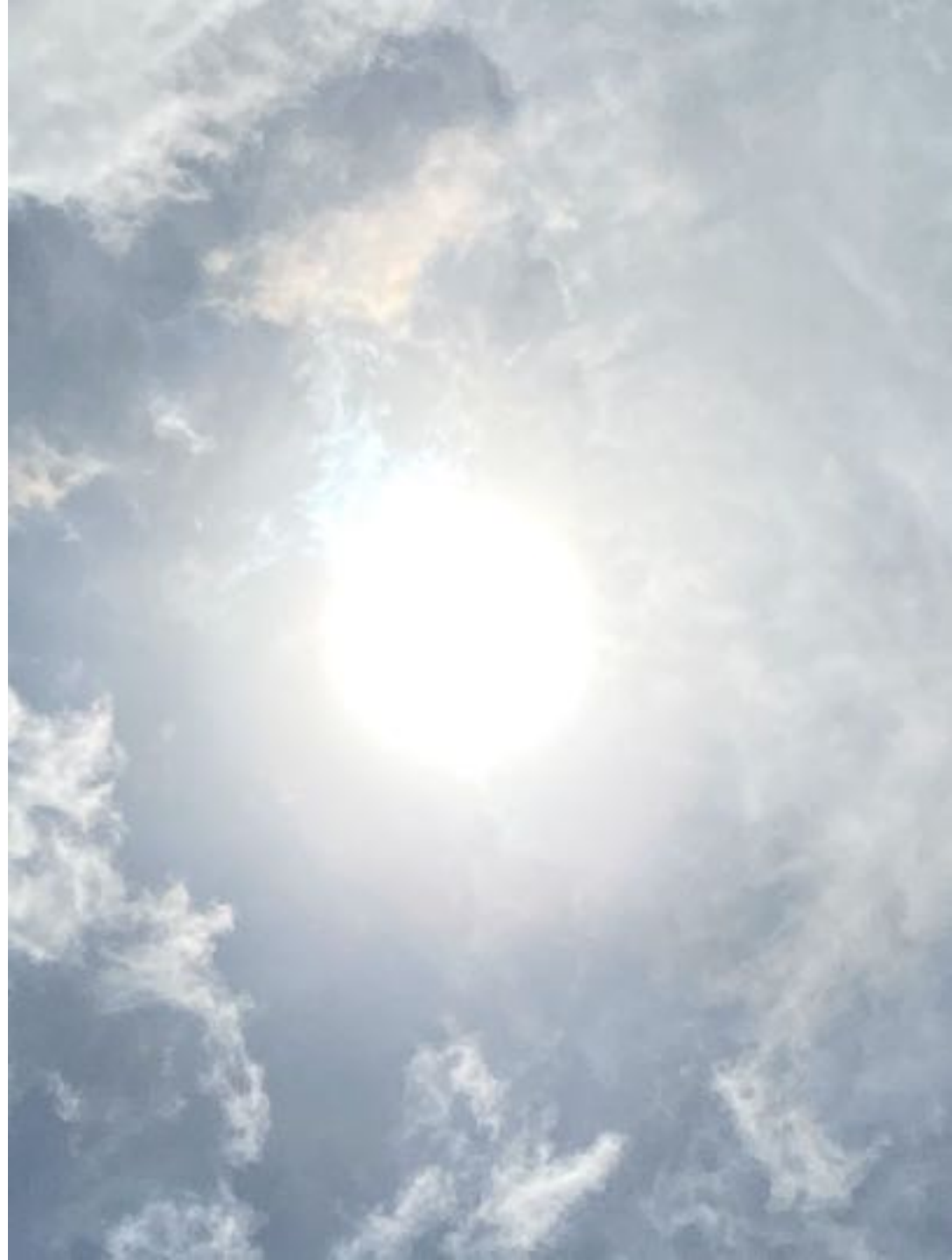














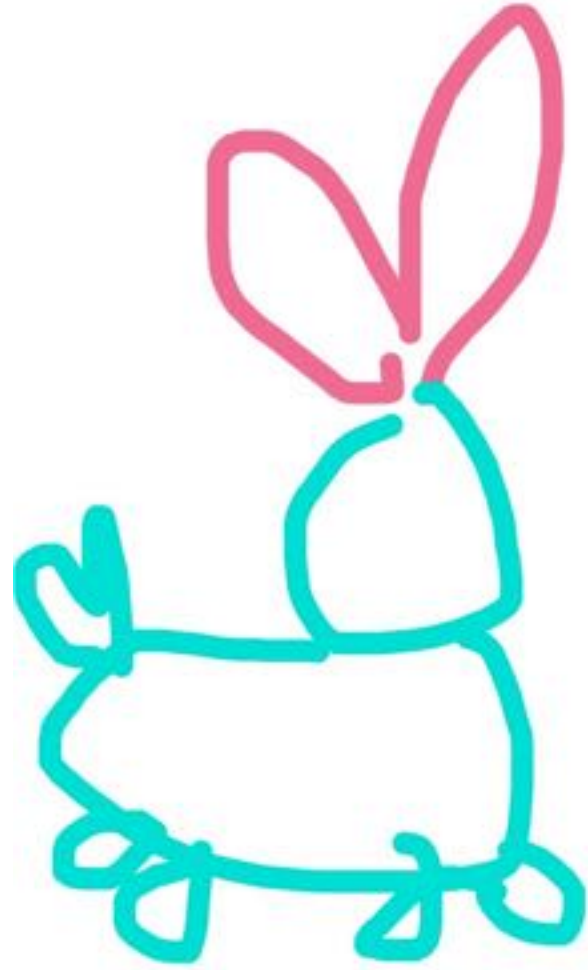










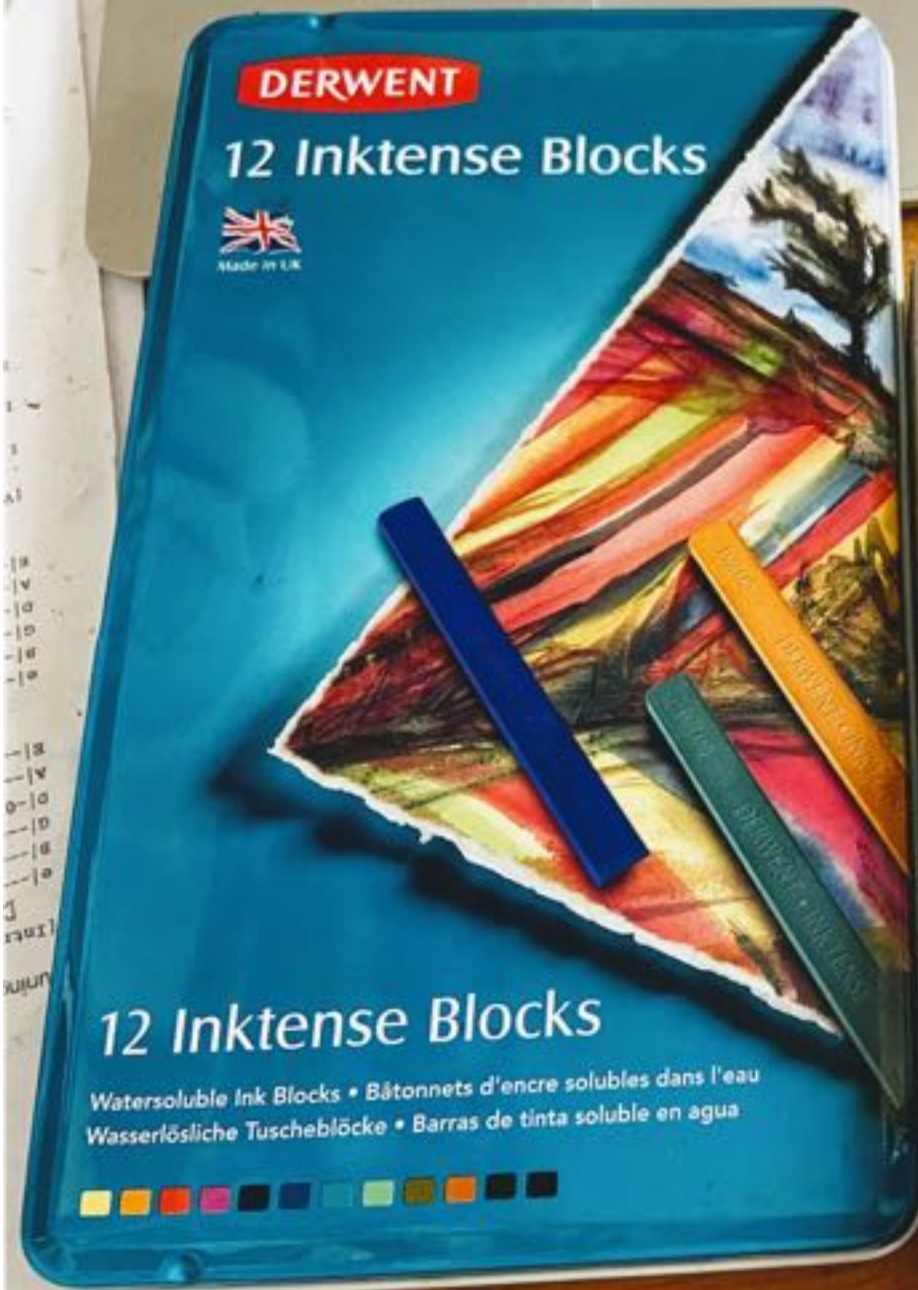












‘C’EST LA VIE, BON BONS. TRALALA” – is a collection of art & poetry that emerged during the COVID-19 Pandemic. It is a body of work where the poet-artist is reflecting on how ‘small is beautiful’* looks like in daily life, what ‘Development as Freedom’** means personally for her in global society, and 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

‘IN THE NIGHT we are stars’

by Peng-Ean Khoo

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