



the wild child

OF THE RAINBOW
FOREST

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A GIFT FOR ALL
a Ponder with PEK publication



I am not afraid anymore

I am walking in the skies and I
Make the colours.



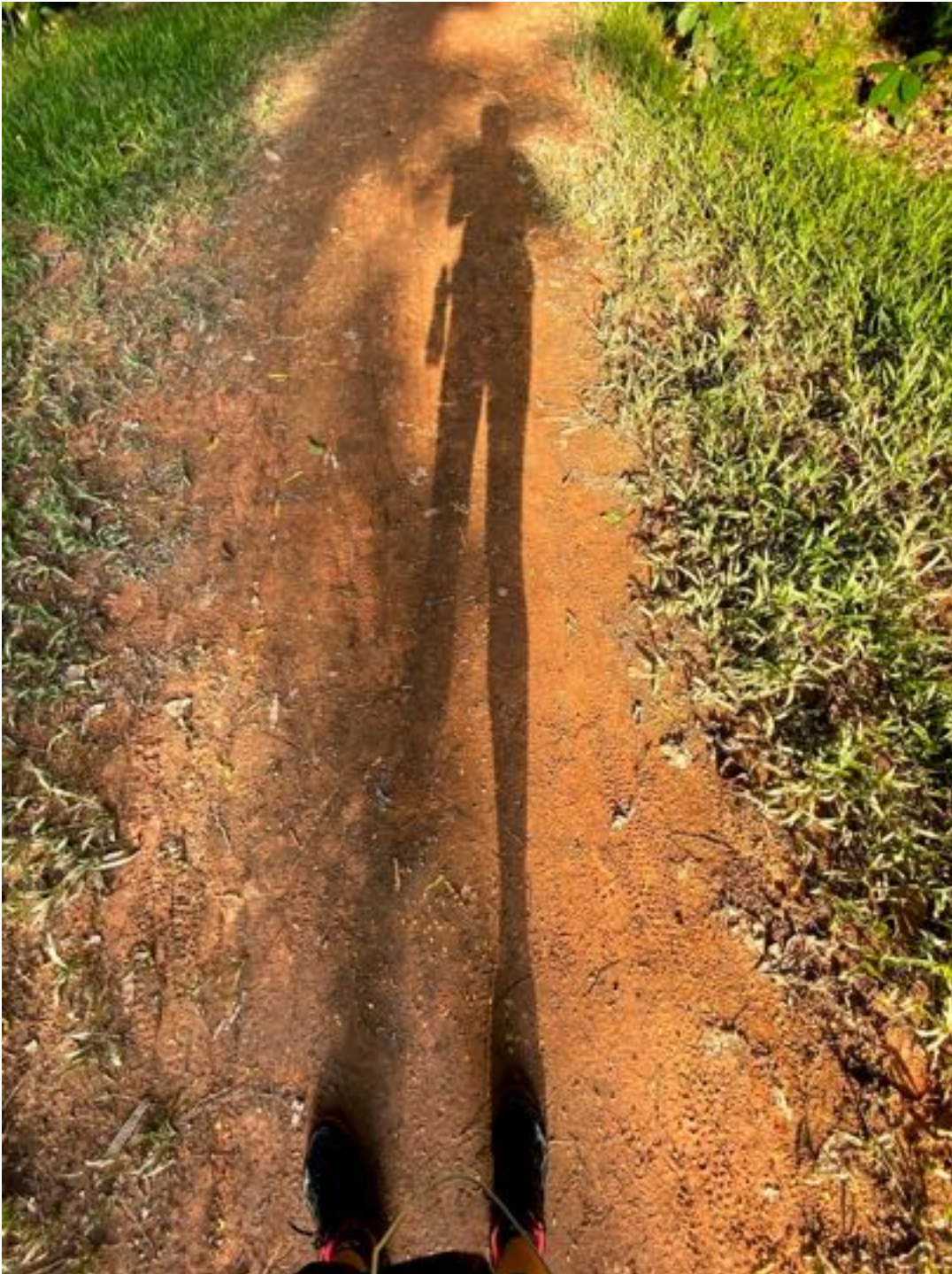
I paint the dark nights around the moon and
everything becomes beautiful, and... you say, it's
romantic. I paint them for you because,

you are beautiful.

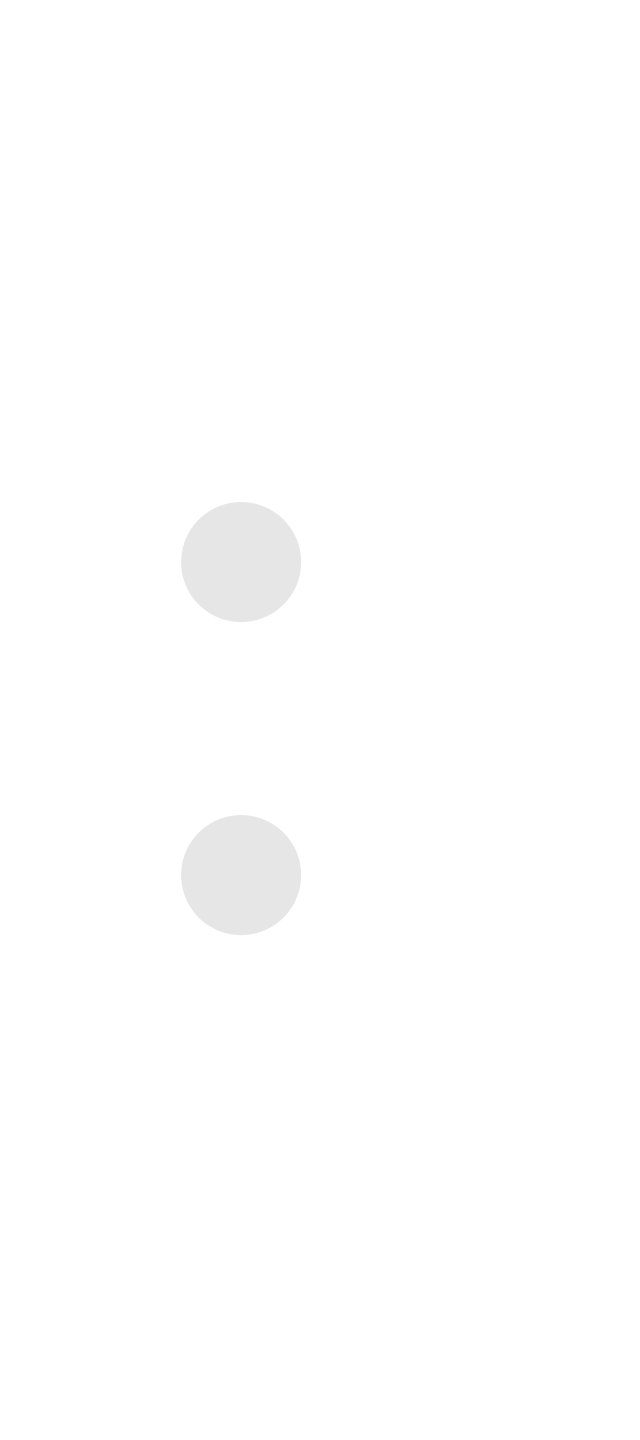




I fly across the blue skies and I stumble upon a star in the clouds. It is you, too. Lost but not alone. Alone but not lost. It is a strange sight. I look at the clouds comforting you, changing shapes as the wind blows.

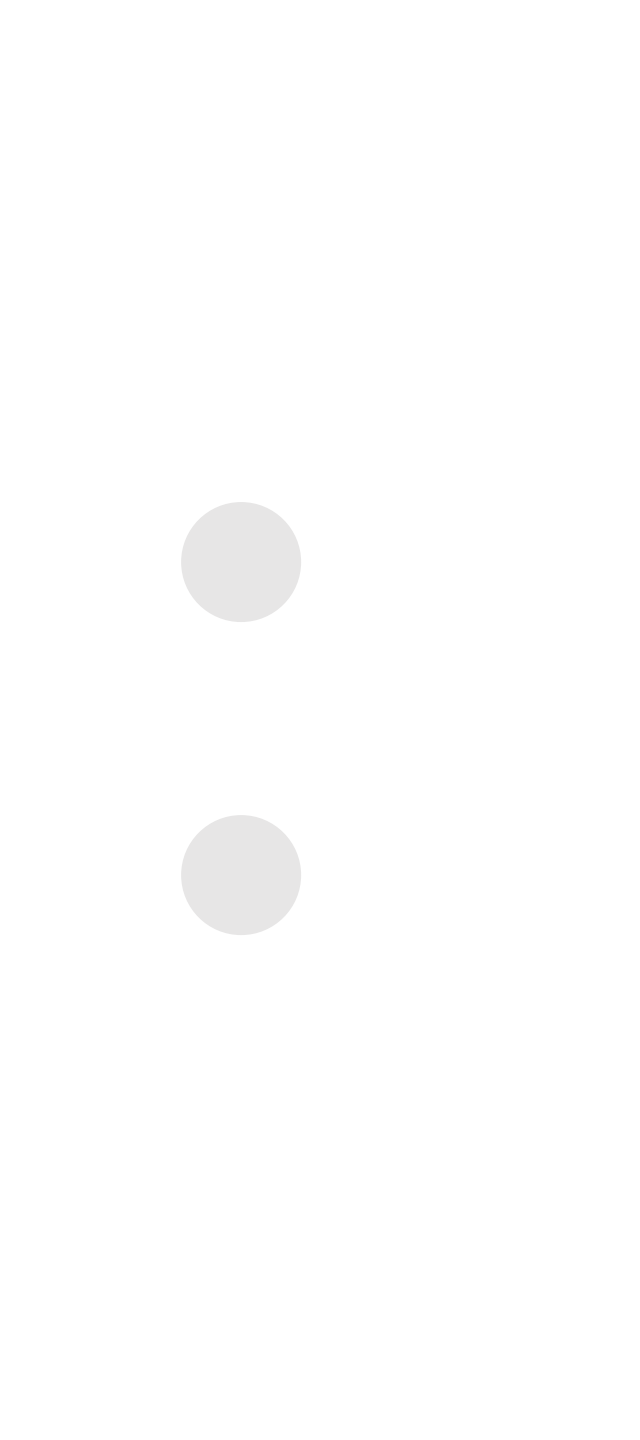


I walk in the forest and the forest floor is full of wonder - like mud and insights, mushrooms and leaves of midnight blue. I love the waft, the scent of after rain, captured by the forest, and freed in the darkness of the forests, by choice, which is actually the midnight indigo of the rainbow skies.





I love weaving out of this thread, this dark midnight blue because on white it is pretty and on blue-grey it is delightful, and on dusty rose, it completes.





It completes, that's why colours are necessary to bring into the greens of the forests. I like that you are listening or that you may not be listening - it doesn't matter, and it does matter.



I love it when I am with you, and when I am not with you. Life is like that - pulses of presence and absence, arrivals and departures. Longing and space. They are music, dances, that enraptures in ecstasy. Sometimes they get sewn together and sometimes, everything unravels.



A ball of unwoven thread, you can always weave it into a robe, but it is your nakedness that sparkles. The raw flesh and bones, the beautiful integrated body of a fulfilled self of full integrity - who you are. Who you have always been. Who you will always be. Inside and outside. The eternity of the the duality is embodied by you.






So, don't judge yourself so poorly. Be kindly to yourself. Love fully who you are because I do. You are beautiful as you are. So, so beautiful. Love yourself. Love your entire beautiness.




You are expansive and you are the walking rainbows of forest trees, flowers, and honey bees and strange everything - all shining and beautiful. Hopeful, colourful, fruitful.





A rambutan falls. Out of nowhere, it lands on your palm. You peel it open, and you enjoy the sweet tender flesh of its sweetness.

It is as simple as that.



Be that bounty of beauty and share the fruits of duty and delivery of everything super, super, super!

Like you.





That is why I like you.

For all the reasons above, and for all the rainbow skies and forests. Because they are all you.

And then I appear, and you no longer look away. I show you who I am.



You see who I am.

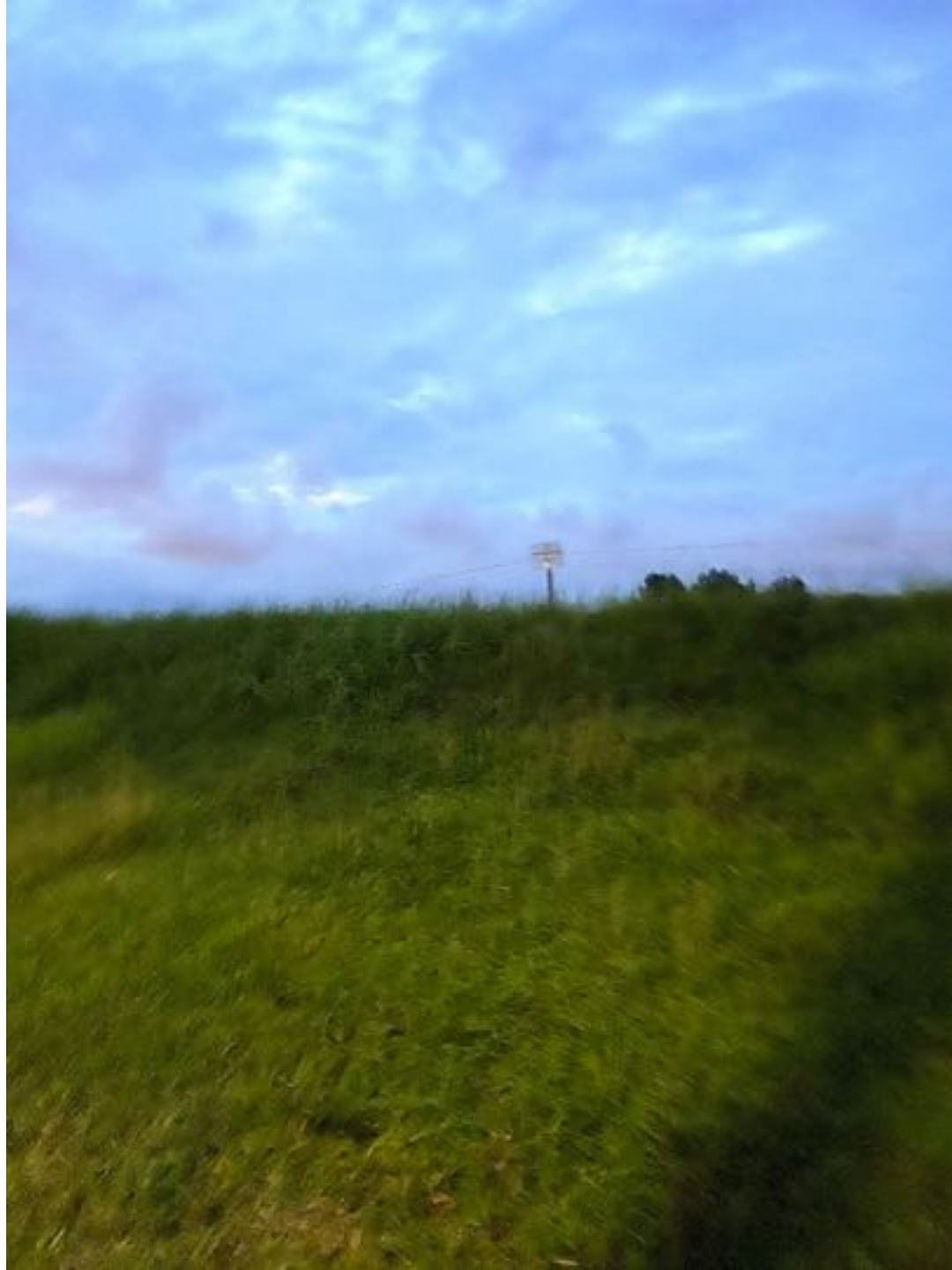
And you don't run anymore.







You stay. You choose to stay. And you are not afraid of me anymore. And I am not afraid of you anymore.



In our honesties of our deepest truthfulnesses, we know there is no more need to run anywhere anymore.



And together, we -



There is a silence of no words.



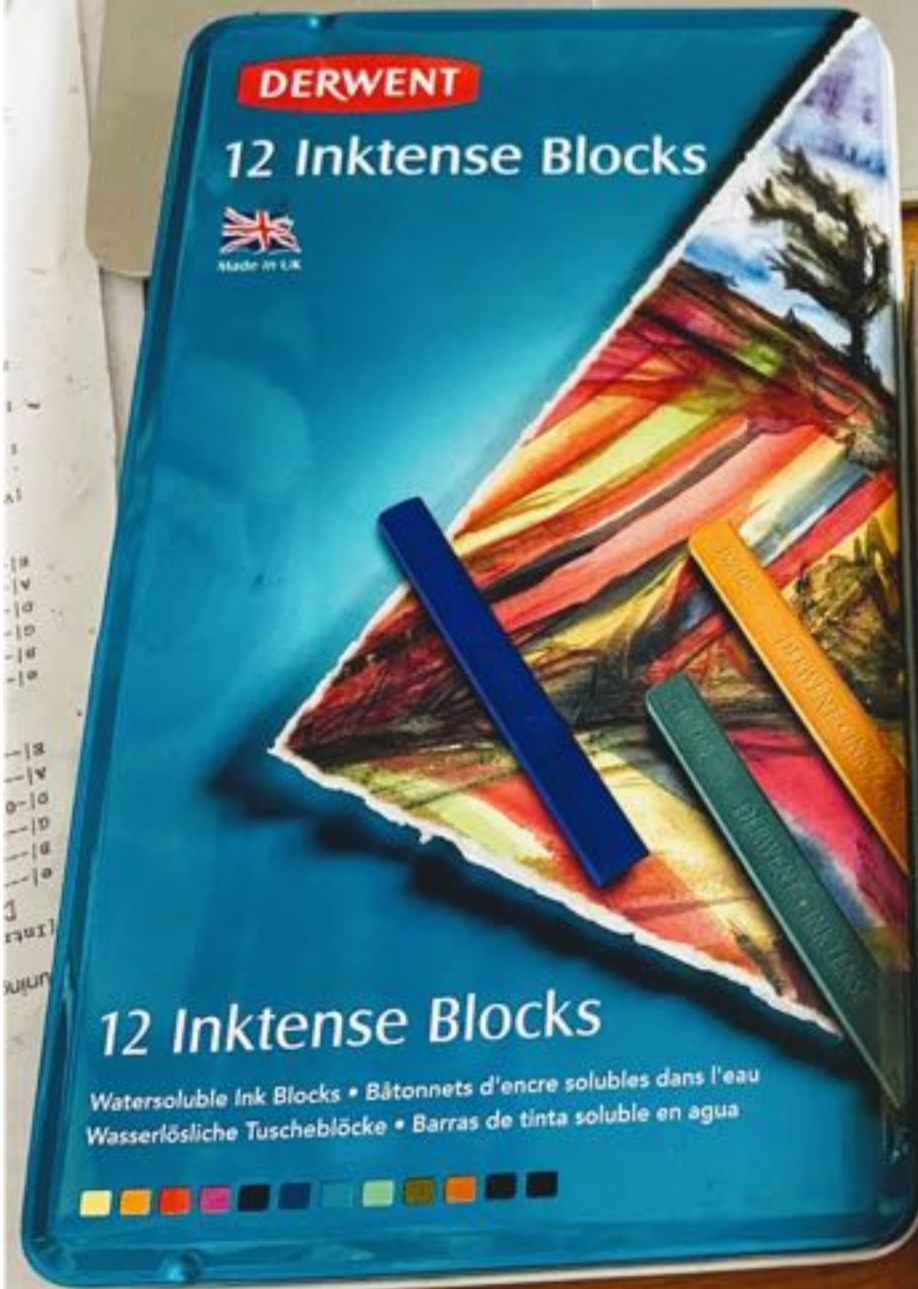




We –
complete each other.







‘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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