

A photograph of a green lawn with a red rose-shaped drawing in the center. The drawing is made of thick red lines, possibly paint or chalk, and is positioned in the lower-middle part of the frame. To the left of the lawn, there is a white background with two grey circles stacked vertically.

# THE COLOUR OF MY ROSE IS **WILD**

BY PENG-EAN KHOO  
August 8, 2020

A GIFT FOR ALL  
a Ponder with PEK publication



I don't want a love



That ties me up in your webs of intricacies






I don't want a love that binds me in all the secret rituals and open showtelling of fancydoms



I don't want a love that has constraints about what I have to say in order to tell you that

i simply and just a matter-of-factly:



love you.

Simply adore you to bits.







My love is like this:



It offers you the open seas, skies, forests, rainbows, nights, days, sunsets, dusks, midnight suns, dawns, noontimes, teatimes, dinners, breakfasts, lunches, ice-cream, peanut butter, chocolates, twisties, conversations, chatter, chatter, chatter, from morning till night and then morning again.



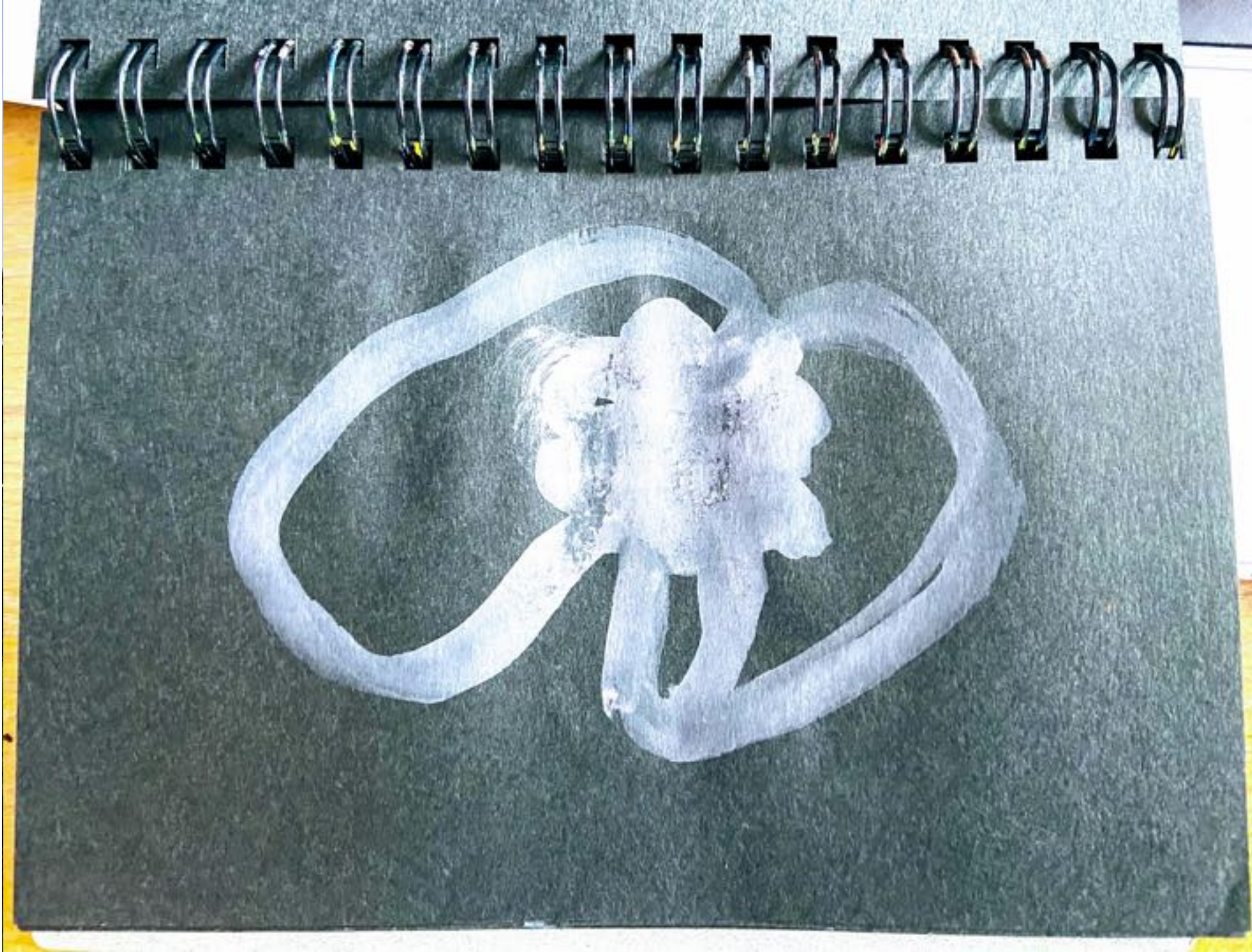
I send you my delights because when I think of you, my heart  
lights up. I love this way, simply.

Openly.



And truly.










I love you how I love you. I cannot love you if you require me to love you on your terms. I don't know love like that.




I cannot bow to such commands. I am not your worshipper, nor am I your servant, nor am I your subject, nor am I your object.





I am your love. I am the other side of you. I am the you whom your love cannot exist, if not for me. I am the movement, the other moving towards you, the choiceful embrace, that makes our love possible. I am the space of that dance of union that has chosen to be a freedom of something lovely, kindly, sweet, gorgeous and marvellous with you.




I do not desire to possess – you, me, any experience, anything or anyone!

Not even freedom, especially not the freedom to love each other well and spectacularly, for choice and freedom cannot be –  
possessed. Ever.







I am that daring that makes your love for me possible, and my love for you real.

I am the birth of that desire of hope burning in you.

And therefore, you may not possess me.



And therefore, I can not own you.

And therefore, I free you. I set you free. I set it all free.







You are the silence in the deepest abyss of my heart. You are the absence that I no longer need to ache for because now I know, you will always be here for me.







Because now, I can touch the deepest, darkest, remotest jetblue cool aliveness of you. It is not silence of silence, it is deep blue cool. I can touch it. I can finally touch the innermost, innermost of me.



I am reflected in your open seas of sparkling indigo blue in the wide open skies of the sun of all suns.

I understand your love.







I am your being and becoming.



It is a strange matter of love that I can explain to no one, so I shall just write it down for myself.







That's all I can say about this matter.

I am your freedom expressed.



I am your love.

I am yours.



And then, I am simply me. Plain old gregarious me. No longer afraid to love like I do simply do.

I love like this.



All silly and naïve, and completely way out in the open.













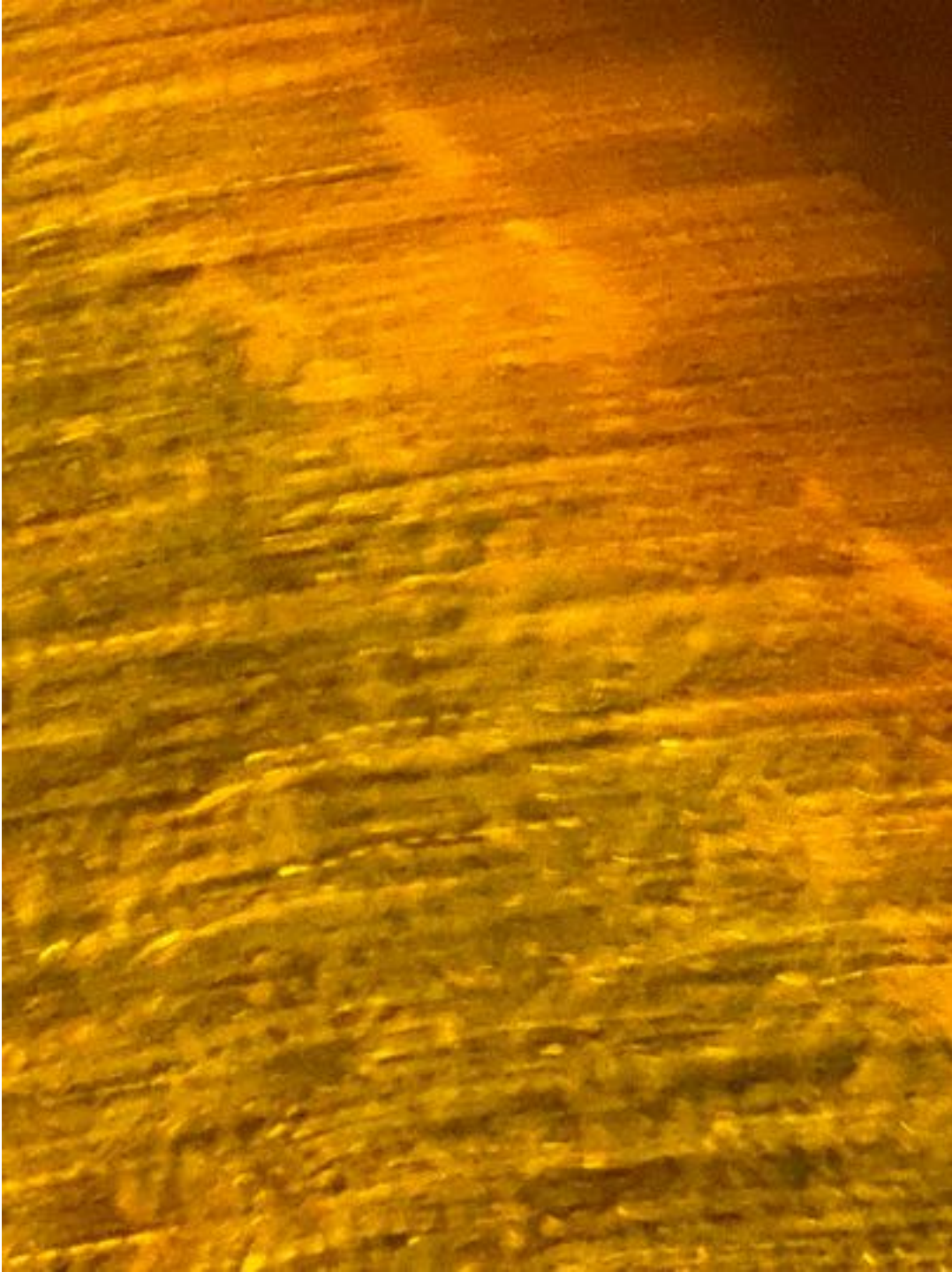














Because of this moment. This awareness. And this knowing.  
This choice to believe it. Believe the love of no more need of  
overtures.



Just like that.

I am now deeply in love – in reality.

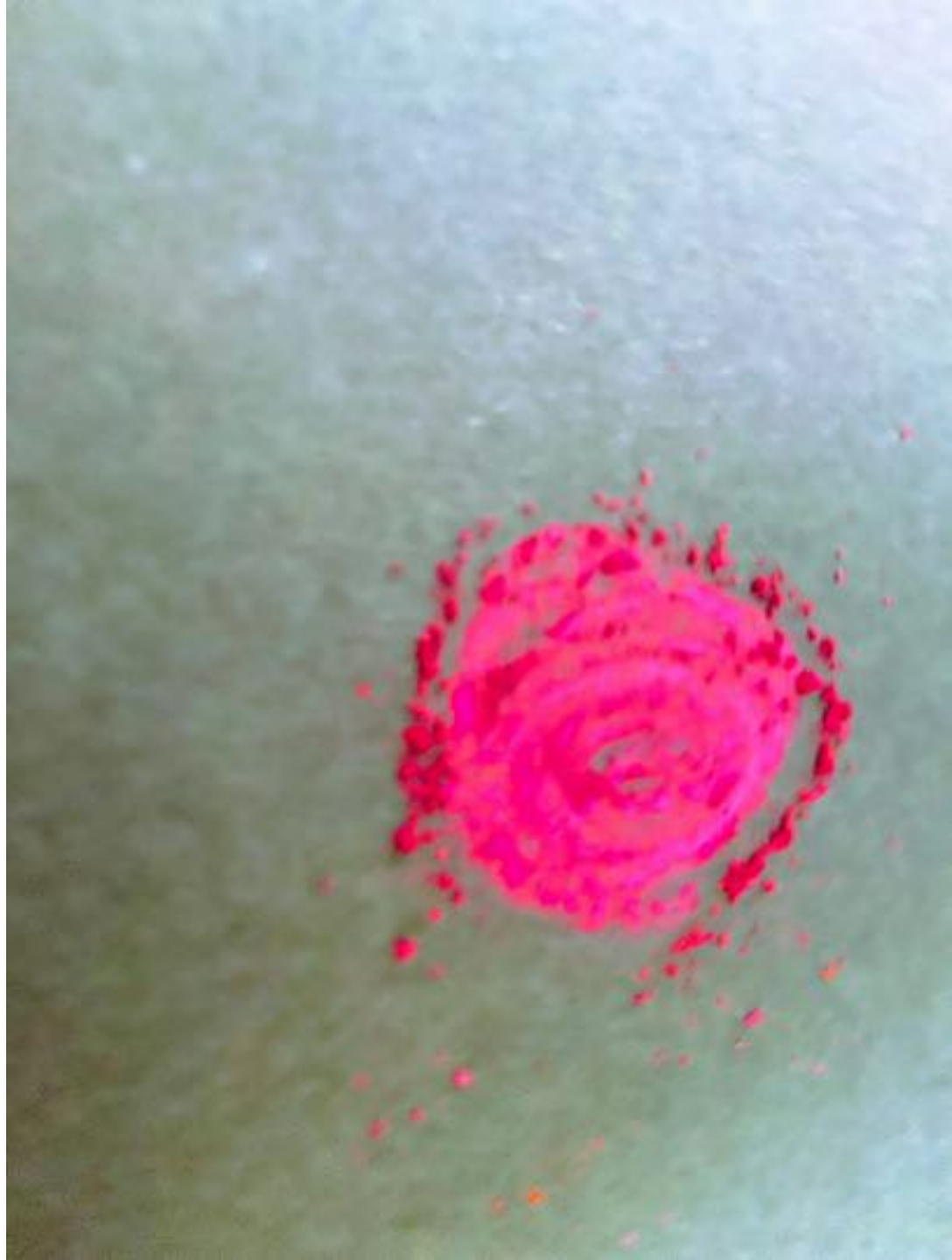




I close my eyes to imagine the abyss, and the colour of the sun  
of me is pink. Hot pink.









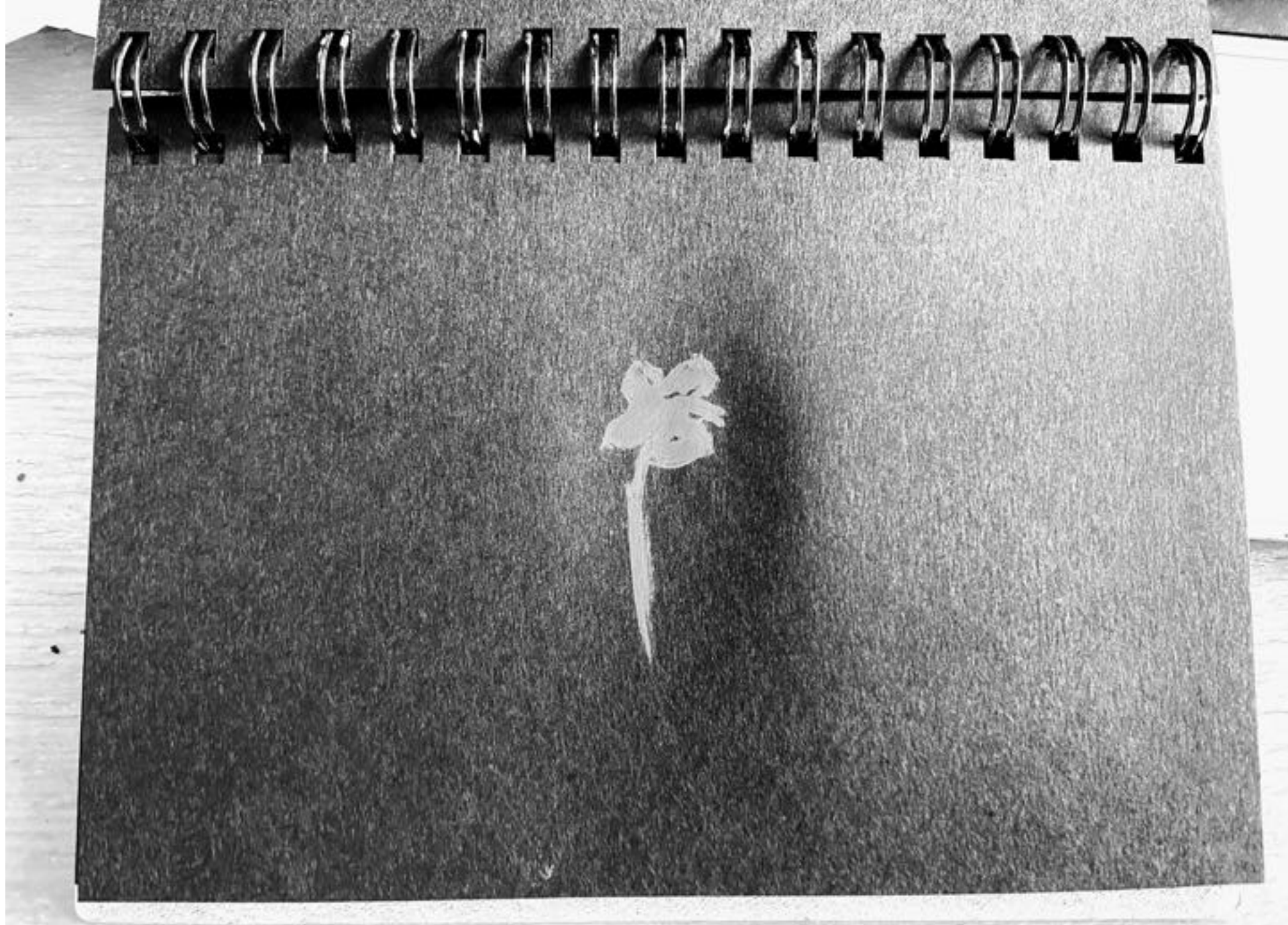
The colour of one's total and complete freedom cannot be prescribed. It is discovered and revealed; chosen.



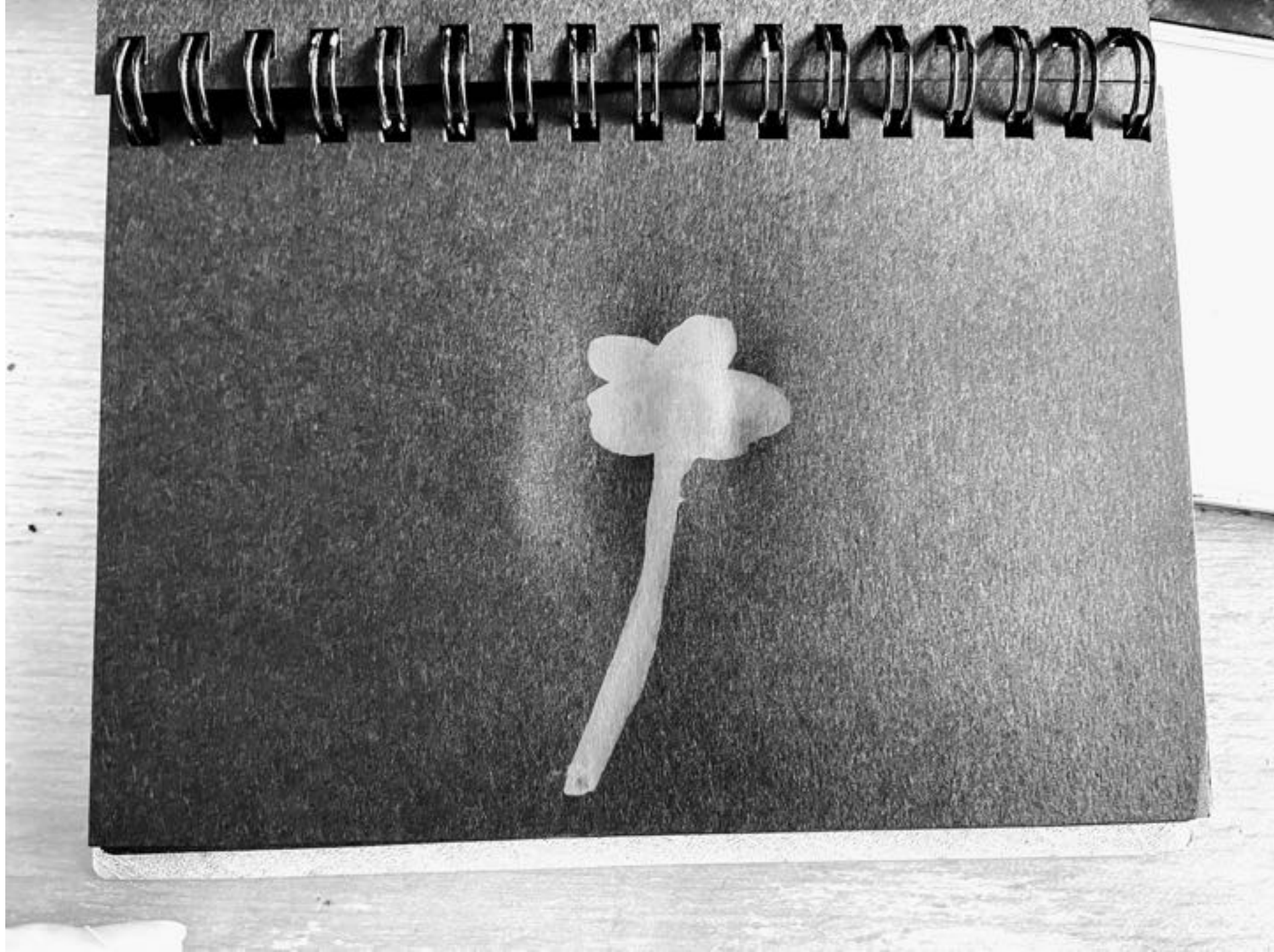


The colour of my rose is -





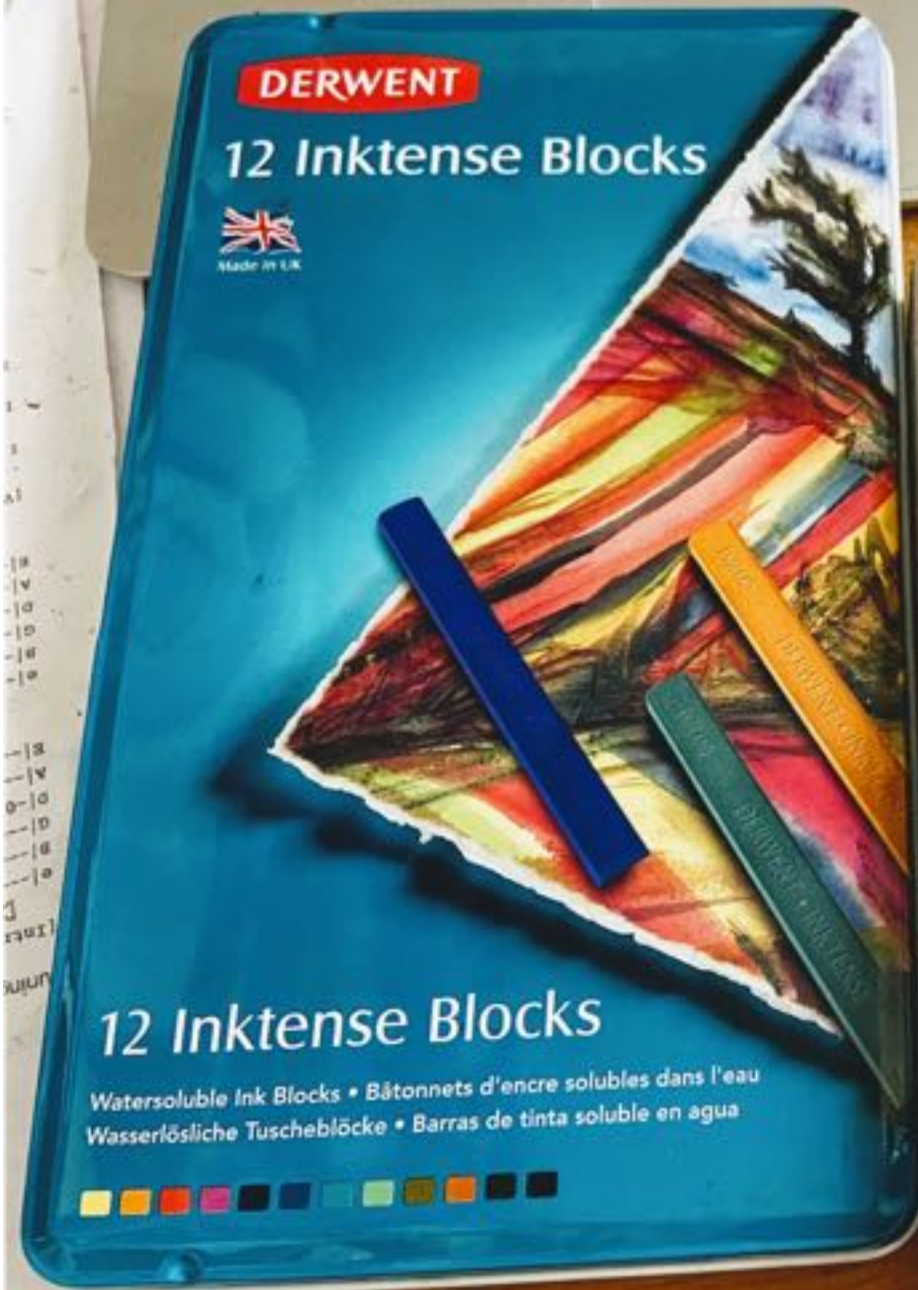












‘C’EST LA VIE, BON BONS. TRALALA” – is a collection of art & poetry that emerged during the COVID-19 Pandemic. It is a body of work where the poet-artist is reflecting on how ‘small is beautiful’\* looks like in daily life, what ‘Development as Freedom’\*\* means personally for her in global society,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

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