

"Jack of all
Master of none
My master is not me"

"Gratitude
unto
my guru and master"



Preface

"A Dialouge between two flowers, sharing a way from imprisonment to freedom. A pathway towards enlightenment, in such states of being.

The light of wisdom, through the joys of life. A poetic forest, that blossoms towards the bond of "The Foolish One" and "The Wise One".

A questing answer, to simple values of life in one's youth. A hint of love, towards the bond of these flowers finding "The Sweet One" as a bee! Enriching them to a journey to the sacred forest.

The background of the image is a photograph of a green wooden door set within a brick archway. The wall is made of red and brown bricks. To the right of the door, there are climbing vines with green leaves and some red flowers. In front of the door, there are several potted plants, including one with white flowers on the left and another with green leaves on the right. The overall scene is a quaint, somewhat overgrown entrance to a building.

The Beginning

"A young girl, looking within her states of life. Leading towards adulthood, she looks for guidance towards the path of self. Valuing her own being, as she is, a seeking to better her life. She aches towards solitude and suffering. Her path being of mucky puddles.

One day she breaks down to tears and weeps in misery, as she has no way out of it. She dwelves alone in a lost hope as to how will she escape."

What will free her?

In isolation depressed



Completely disheartened



A voice from somewhere

"Calm
Down!"

"Are you
listening?
"Buddhu!"

"Stop
cursing
life"

"Who's
"Buddhu?"

"Who's
talking??"

"You are
calling my
'Foolish'?!!"



*Buddhu: foolish


"Buddha!
The wise
one!"

"And you being
Buddhu!"
"The Foolish
One!"




"I am the
lotus of your
Muck!"




A brick wall with a green door. A pink lotus flower with a face is on the right. A speech bubble is on the left.

"A lotus?!
In my Muck?
Thats beautiful!"

A brick wall with a green door. A pink lotus flower with a face is on the right. A speech bubble is on the left.

"Yet I ask,
how will the
lotus help
me?!"

Compassionately explaining

A brick wall with a green door. A yellow lotus flower with a face is on the left. A speech bubble is on the right.

"By being seen,
in a space of
togetherness,
awakening
into
wisdom!"

Eased from her pain





"I will guide you
towards the lotus in
the boundaries of
isolation!"

adapting elit

"Certainly!
My
gratitude!"







Seeking a Path

"Buddhu Wonders"

"Buddhu! A name to wonder
through as me..

The 'foolish one'? The light of a
lamp 'Buddha' being the 'wise
one' in my muck! The beauty of
its lotus of so.. A journey I hope.
A journey towards enlightenment!
Brings me towards sincerity
and gratitude. If conditioning
to a path can free me?

It may!"



"How do we
find a way,
out of your
muck?"

"I have no way!
I feel trapped!
In this mess!"



Intending to give an awareness

"Well , this is
conditioning!
Found, towards
the way,
to freedom"

"Its the
imprisonment
of suffering!"



"Imprisonment
of
suffering!"



"You seem to be
adding to my
pain!"

"As one conditions..
One liberates..
freedom is to be
seeked.. Its not to be
lived! That dwelves one
to conditioning!"



"A dove may fly in
the sky.. yet! It
rests upon the nest
of the tree!"



"I'll be grateful to you!"
As I've reached a
crossroad of youth..
Where I see and have
lived, a freedom leading
to my conditioning"

Guiding her the way

"Youth, is a leading
space of one's self,
bringing me to
enlighten your
conditioning towards
the 'meaning' of
freedom"





"I will free you
through a
path"



"My
gratitude"

A thought intriguing Buddha



"The soul is far
fetched,
like a mirage!
I wonder how do we
reach it?"

"Walk towards the path
of righteousness,
like walking through the
muck, only to have your
feet washed of by the
river stream!"

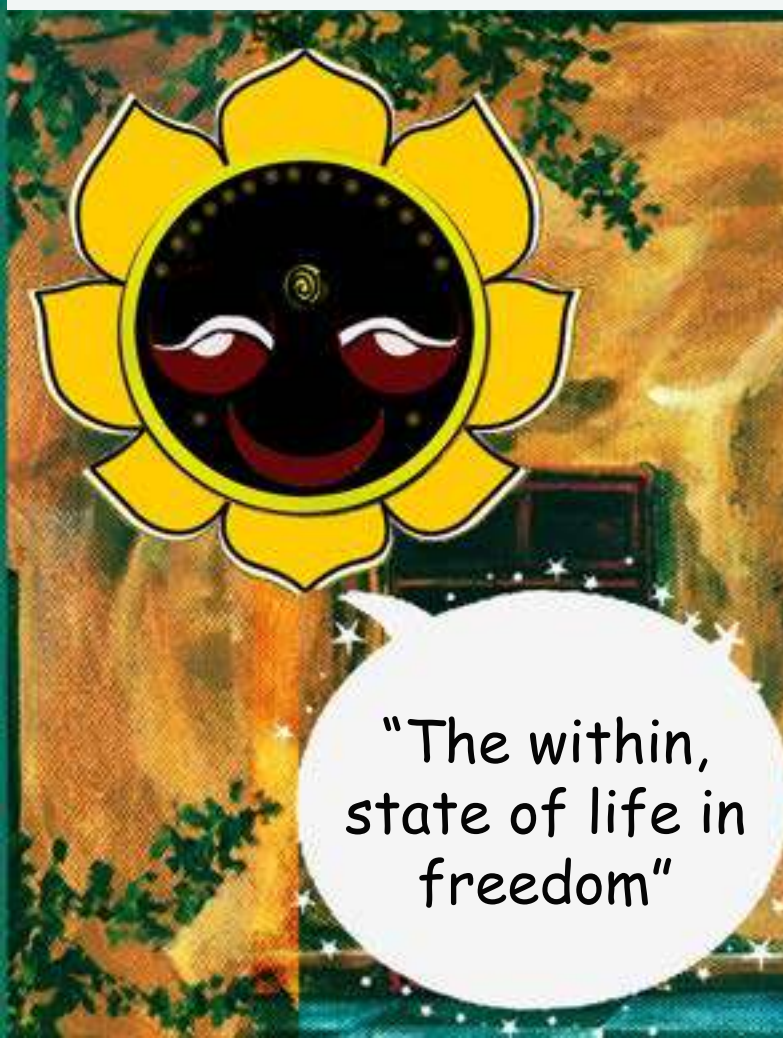


A way to understand her suffering

"I'll go
through the
muck!!"



Buddhu goes within, seeking her muck





"Aha!
Ignorance
is bliss!"




"Now,
Im not ignorant!
It matters"




"I felt no bliss!
Im wounded by what was
found!
It was one thing to be
around it and one to step
back and watch!"





"Studies.. work,
around me..
How can one reach
within?"

"It takes
caves to
enlighten"



"Aha! Now you've
found your
conditioning..
the prison!"

"What cave
were you seeking!
Doesn't a cave
sound
conditioned?!"



"What can one
do?!"
"Im baffled!"



Comforting Buddhu softly



"Seek
a
forest!"






"A
forest?!"

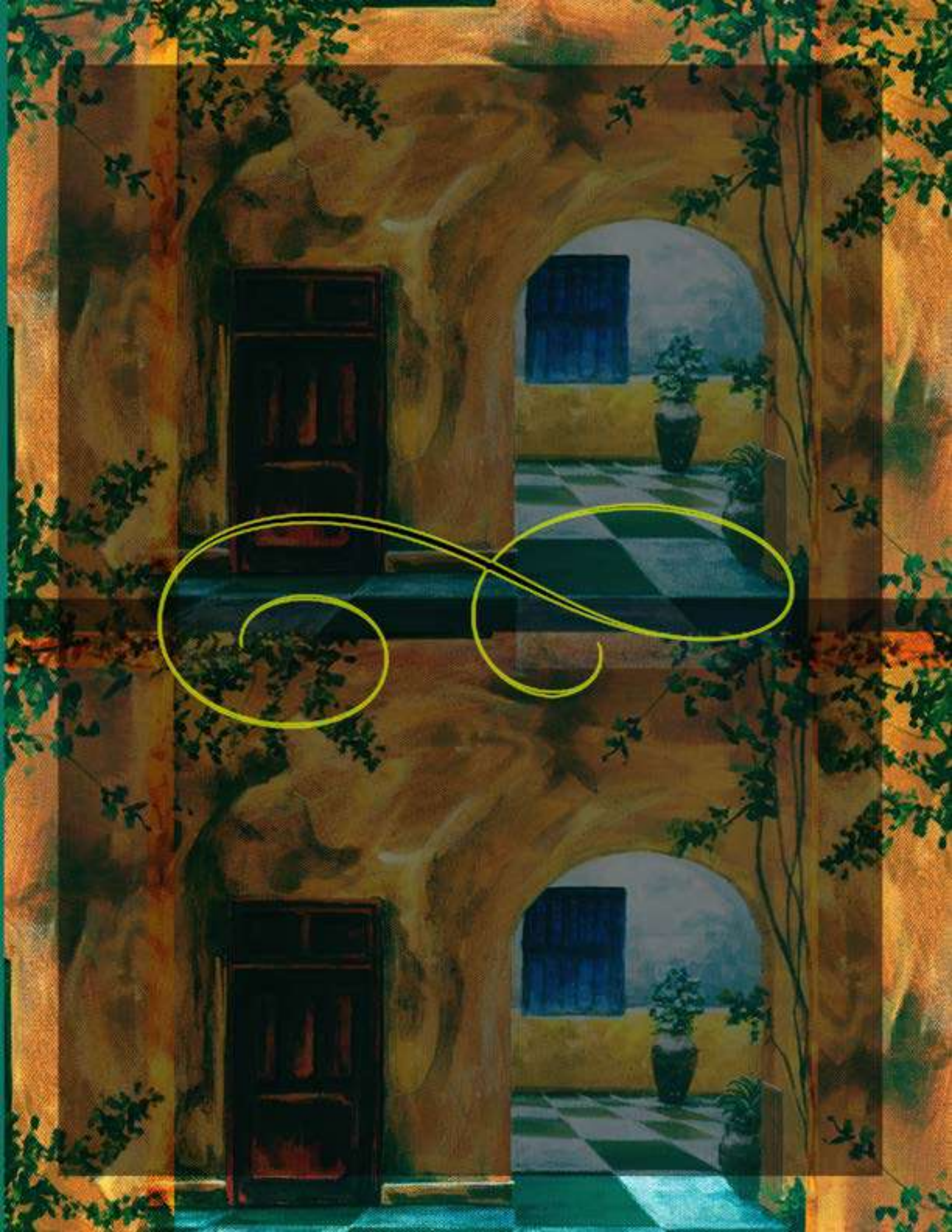
"Which
one?!
where?!"

"How do I reach
in this
imprisonment?!"



"Its where I
reside"

"I'll show
you the
way"



The background is a painting of a stone building with several windows and doors, each with blue shutters. A path leads from the foreground towards the building, flanked by lush green plants and flowers. The scene is set in a garden or courtyard, with a small lamp hanging from the wall above the path.


The way to the Forest

"Buddhu Wonders"

"Where is the forest? Where is
this lotus of her mucky pond? A
hope intriguing Buddhu!

I want to hear more.. What
more can a forest be? I wonder.."

"A path laid, enlightening me a
way towards the forest of
seclusion."




"Try seeking
the forest..
In your
within"



"Alright!
I will!"

Trying to reach some possible understanding



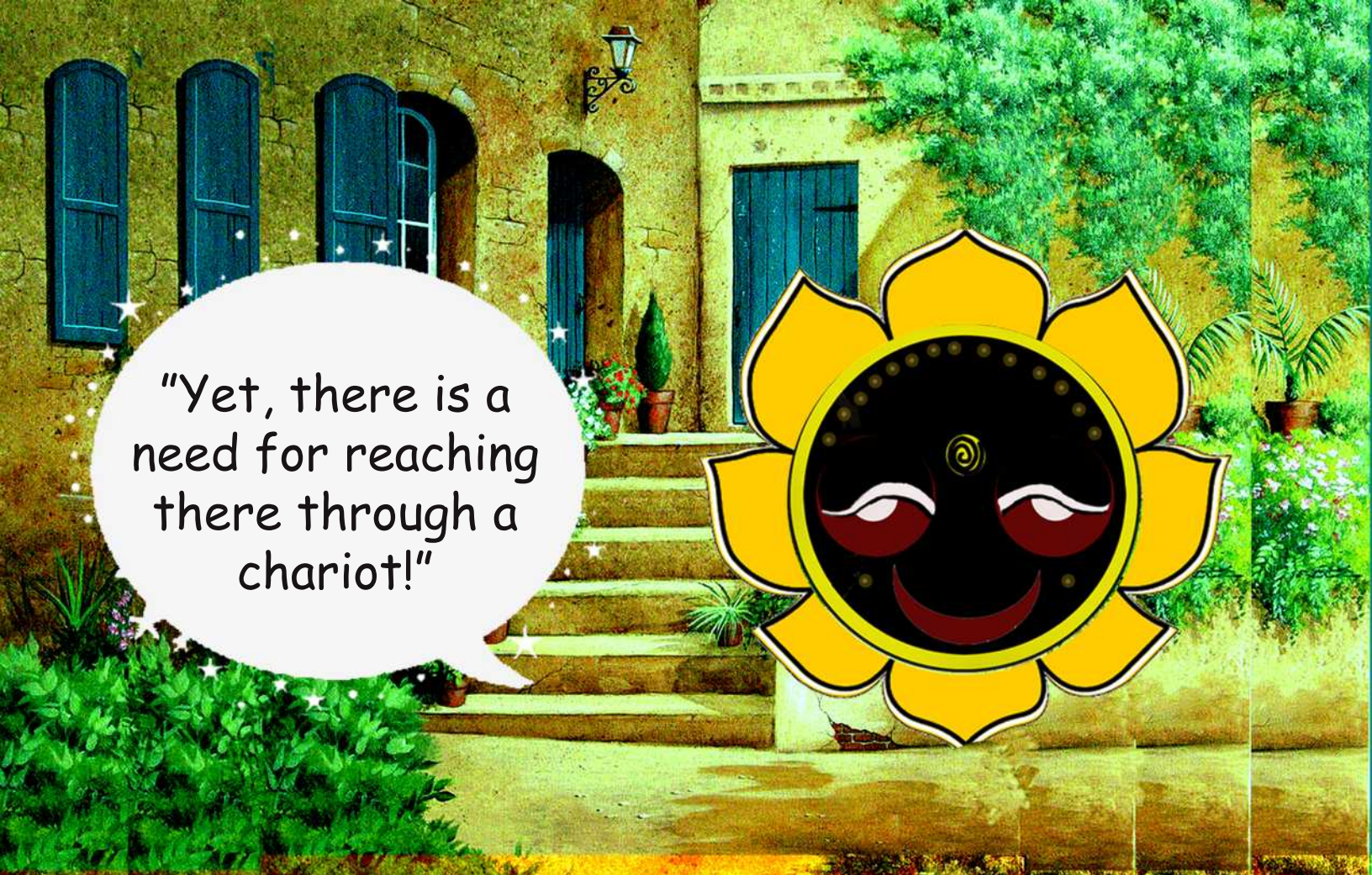
"Arghhhhhh!!!"

"How can
it be
within?!"

Ommm!
Ommmm!
Ommmm!

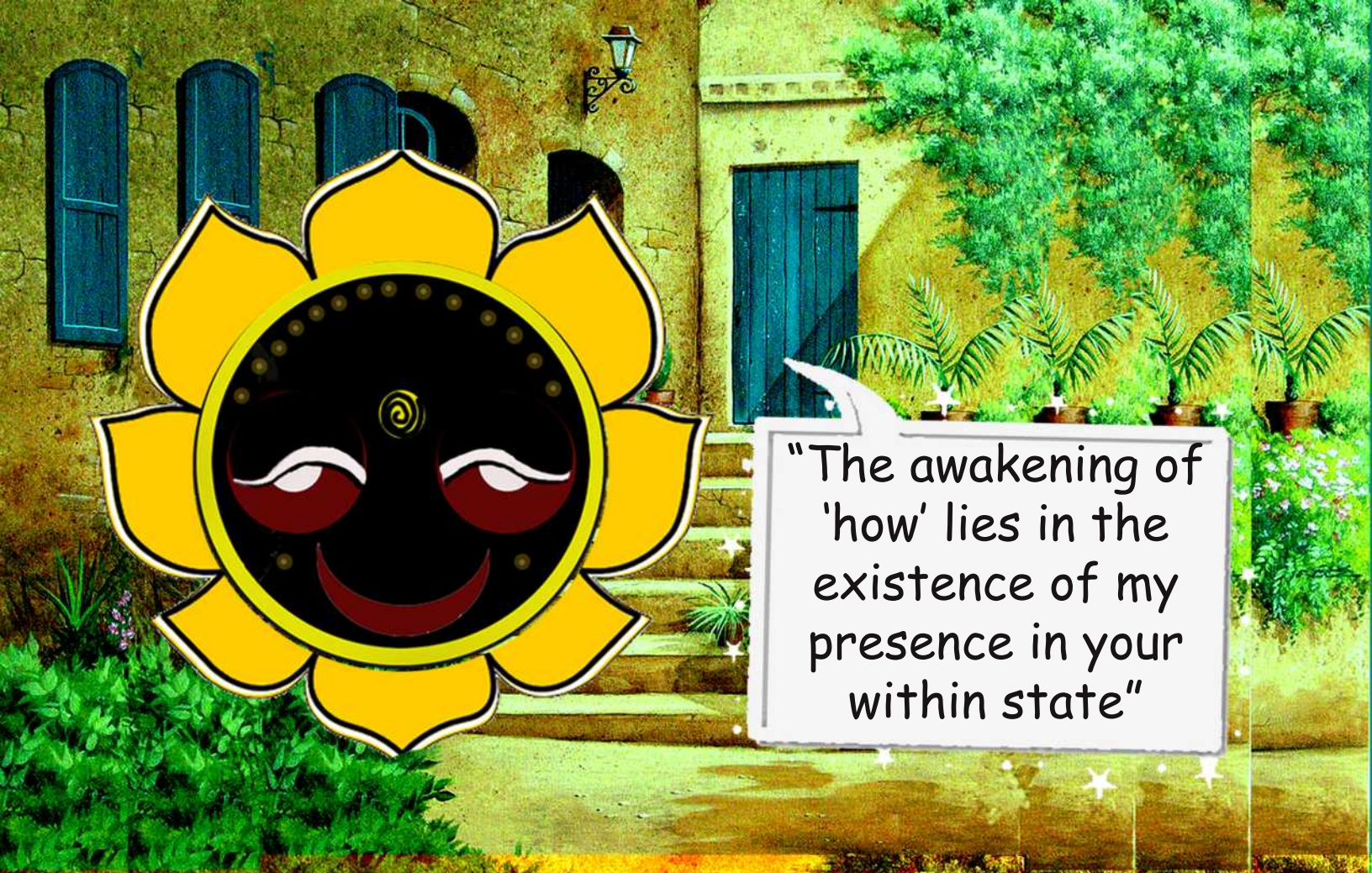
Going to the
real forest
will help!"





Troubled Buddha ask's

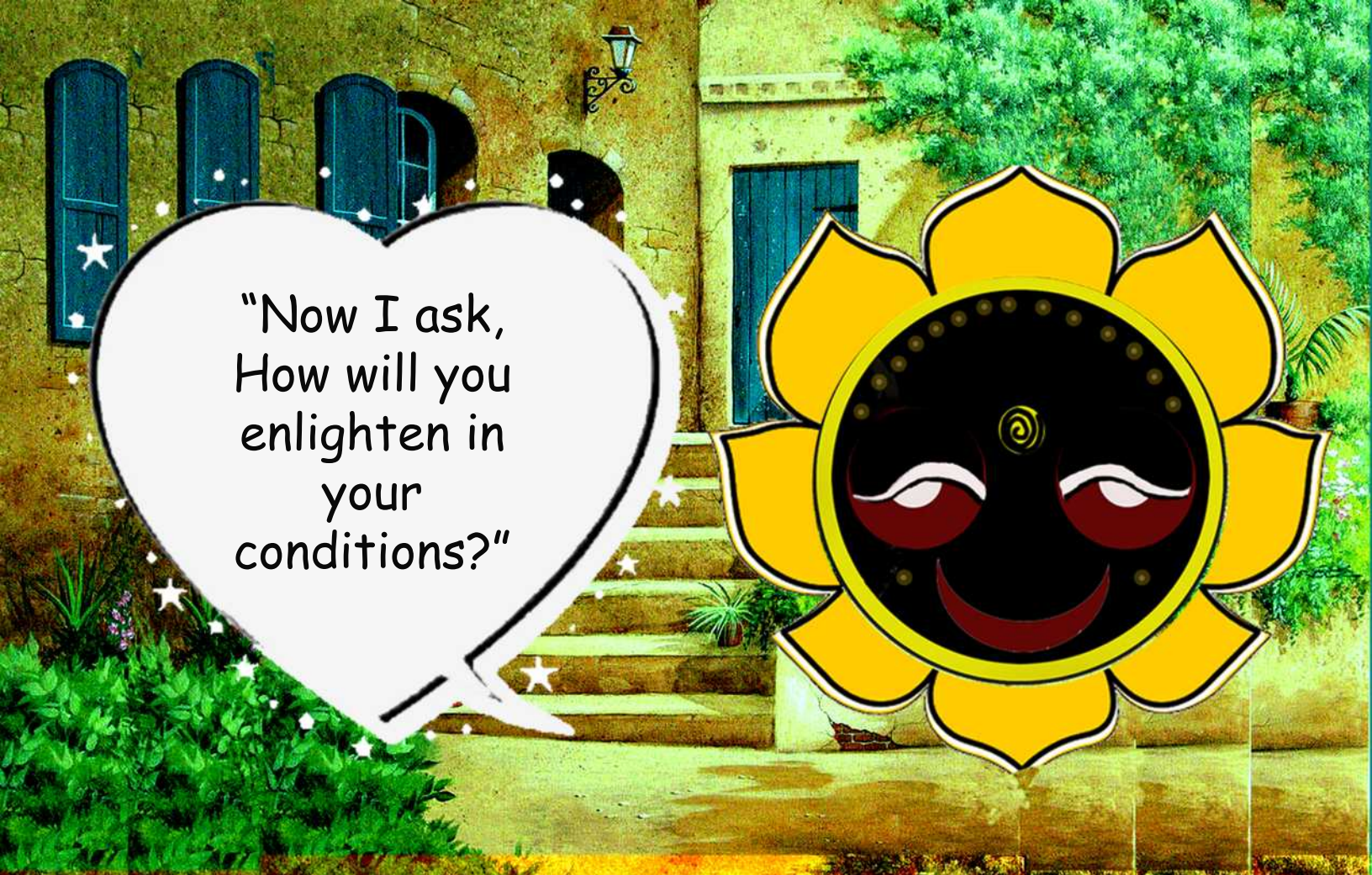




Buddhu puzzled



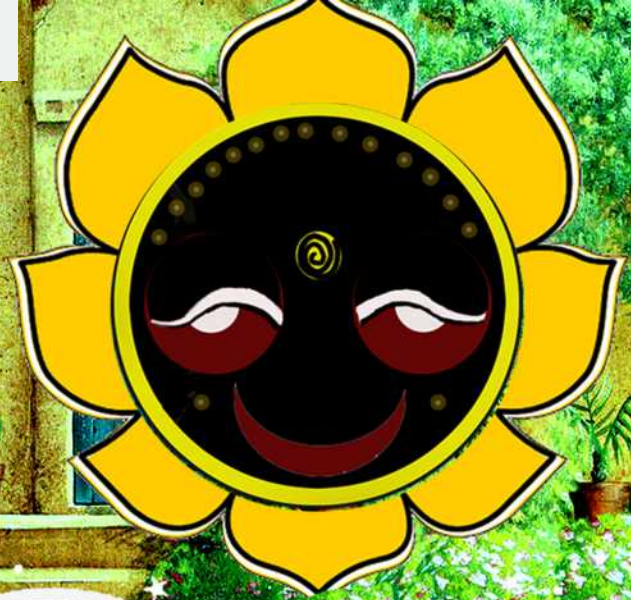




Buddhu comforted



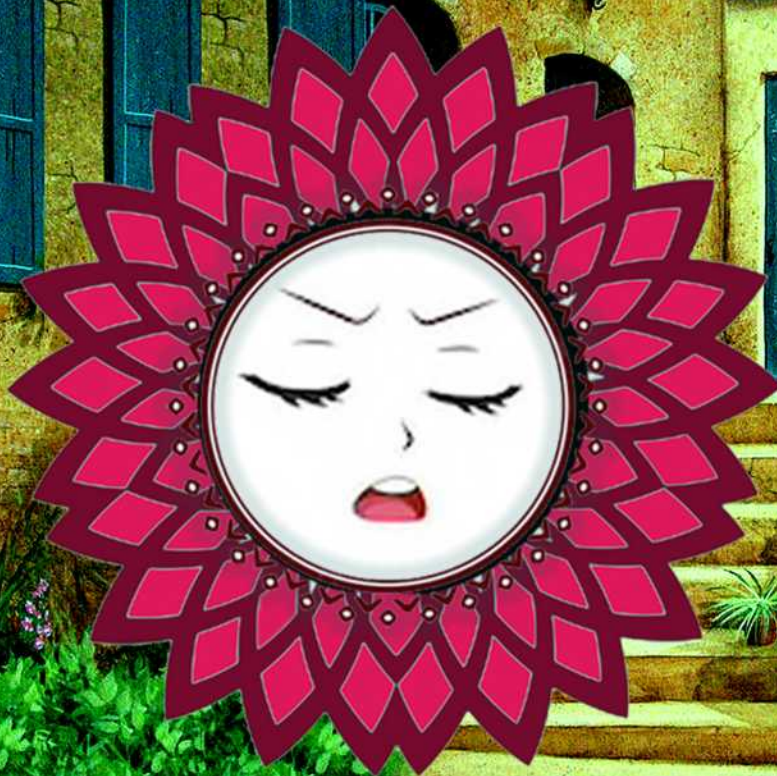
A need to enlighten a thought



"Humanity in itself
has evolved from
'Monkeys'. All one's
world is, an
imitation from one
another"

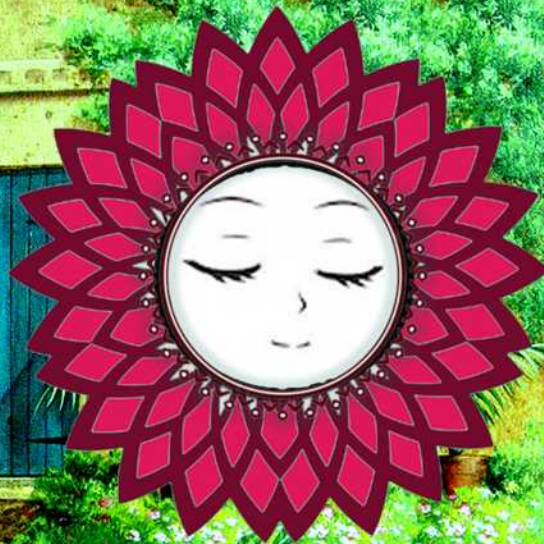
"Its a
culmination of
such external
influence"

"Leading one
to
'Monkeyhood"



"This breaks my
'self'
recognition!"

"The greatest self reflection, one can have, is that in the seclusion of sacredity"



"You've inspired me!
Let's begin the journey!"

"Through the enlightenment of the chariot, taking us to the forest experience!"







Escaping through a Chariot

"Buddhu Wonders"

"An enlightenment, to my world
that seems so close to me.

My self reflection.. What must
I reflect as who I am, While I
am, an imitation across many
I meet. The seclusion may give
me answers.

The chariot! Can one walk
within?!

A new experience awaits me"

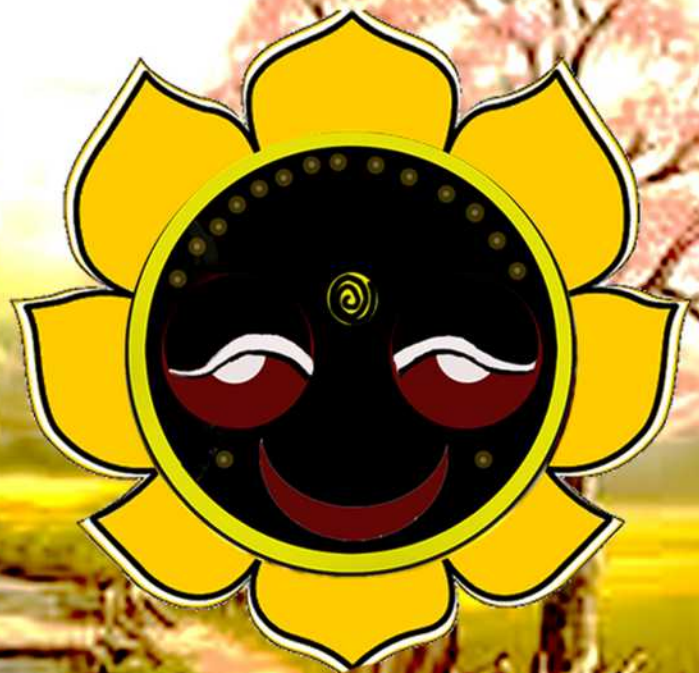


"What
drives a
flower?!"



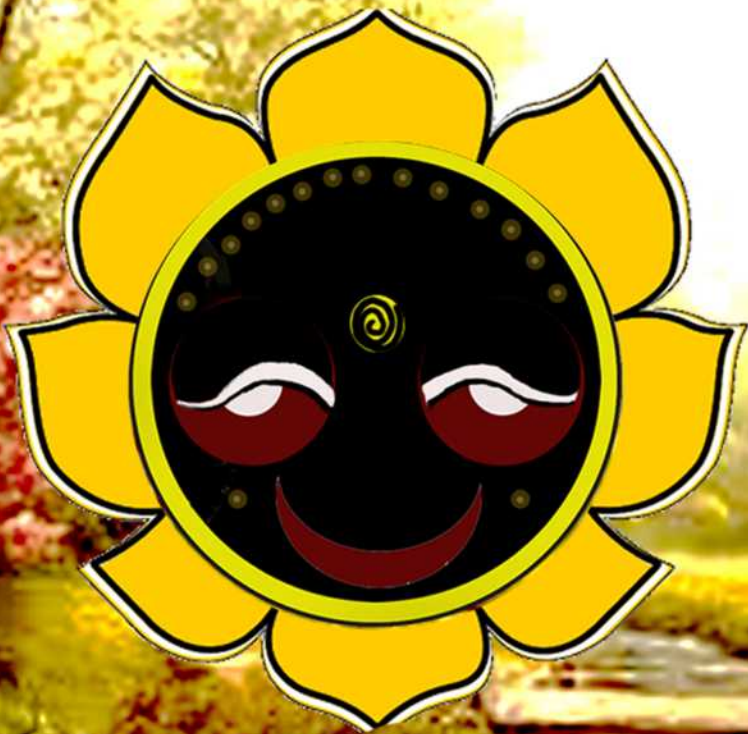
"A
gardener
to nurture
it!"

"Like a gardener
drives the flowers
growth and awaits it...
I will drive the
chariot of the 5
senses, towards
enlightment of the
forest"



Eagerly asking

"The travel through
the chariot of the 5
senses?!"



"That's right!
Watching over
what you hear,
taste, smell and
lastly see!"

"Learning to drive,
through a discipline
I believe! And with
such a haste, how
can one?"



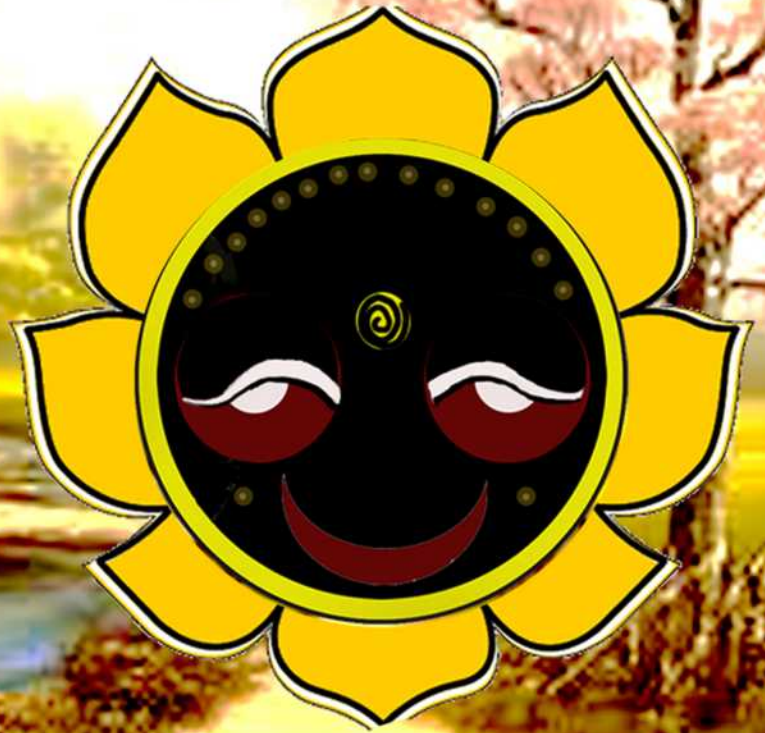
"Through the
learning of the 3
wise monkeys.. See
no evil, hear no evil,
lastly talk no evil"

"Thats the
enlightened
conditioning"

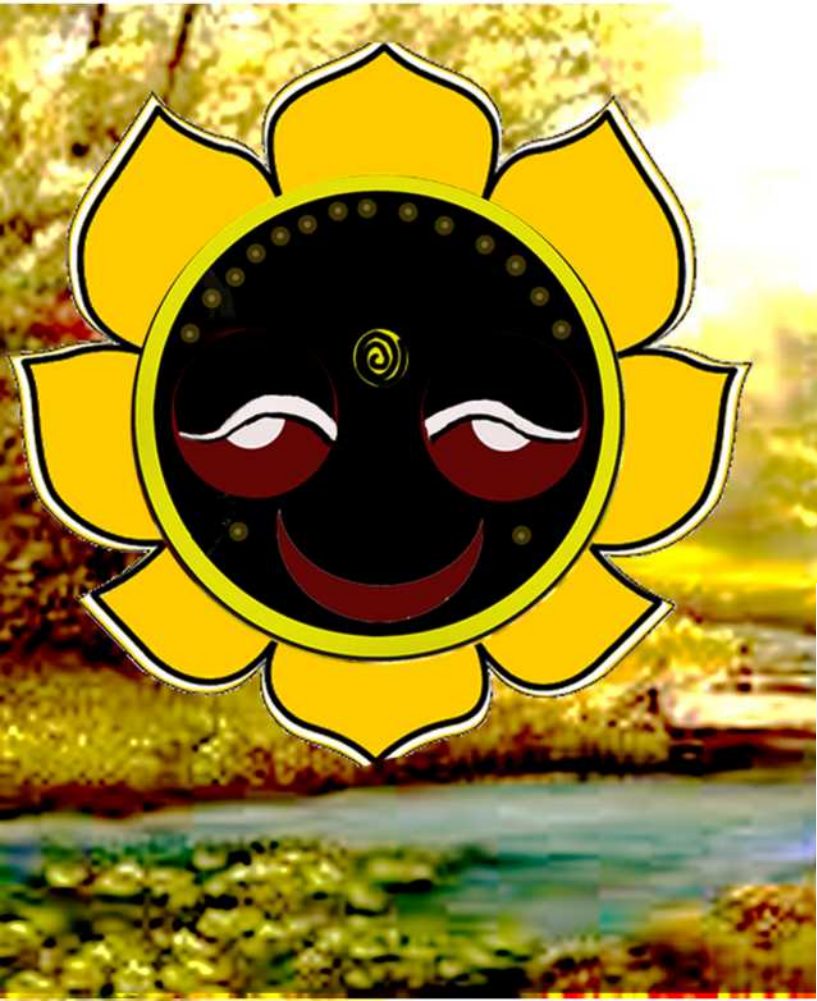


Guiding her through a way

"You will drive away
from the wounds of
the muck and reach
the river stream"



"My gratitude for
having to have
been shown the
way"



"The chariot is taking you to a state of complete freedom to your reins held by me.. A state from without to with me"




"And upon the reins loosened.. awaits the flower's transcendence"



"I'm in discomfort"






"Breathe In
Breathe out"



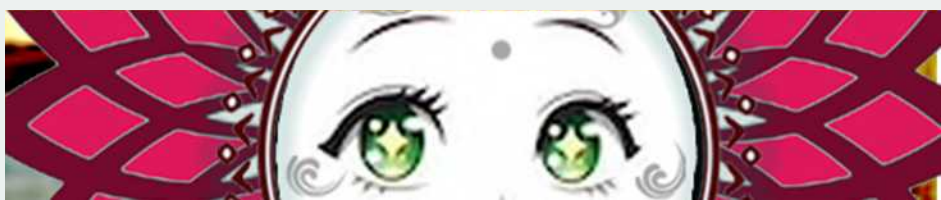
The forest experience



"In my reins,
now what are
you reaching
towards?!"



Buddhu awakening in the
forest experience



Buddha healing the wounds

"A hint of colour!"



"A dash of pollens!"

"A drop of love!"



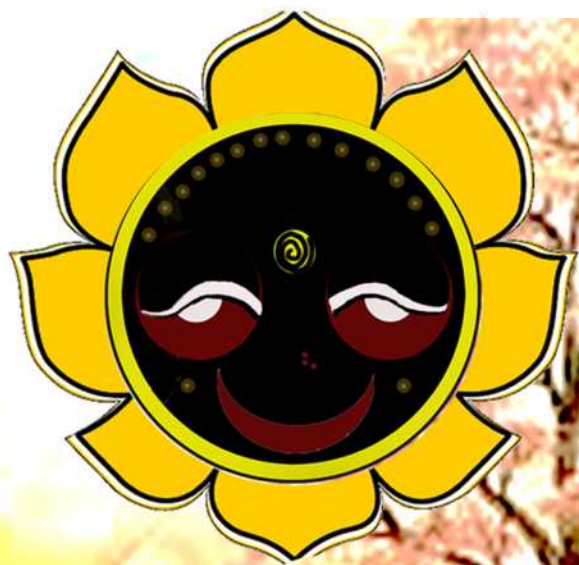


"What do
you hear?!"



"A world
of
words!"

"What do
you feel?"



"The
sun's
warmth!"





"What do
you smell?!"



"The wet
moist
soil"

"Lastly, what
do you
taste?"



"Hmmm,
Ummm,
SWEET!"





"We await, to
welcome one
through the
sweet! "
"A bee, has drawn
to you!"

"Buzzzzzzz"

"Buzzzzzzzz"

"Buzzzzzzzz"



"Who's
that?!!"



"I am The
Sweet One"





"To the bond
of
'The Foolish One'
and
'The Wise One' "

"Wonderful"





"I come from the
forest and land
of poetry
VRINDAVAN"

"Poetry?!
Thats the sweet
I taste?!"





"In the path to
transcendence,
What expression does
one call for?"
"If not, POETRY!"



"I ache to..
This is
mesmerizing!"

The background is a rich, textured painting of a landscape. In the foreground, there are dense, dark green trees and foliage. A river or stream flows through the middle ground, reflecting the sky. In the distance, a small figure can be seen walking along a path. The overall color palette is dominated by greens, blues, and earthy tones, with a soft, ethereal light.

The Walk Within


"Buddhu Wonders"

"The chariot is nearing me to the heart... I await and wonder about the transcendence of poetry within.

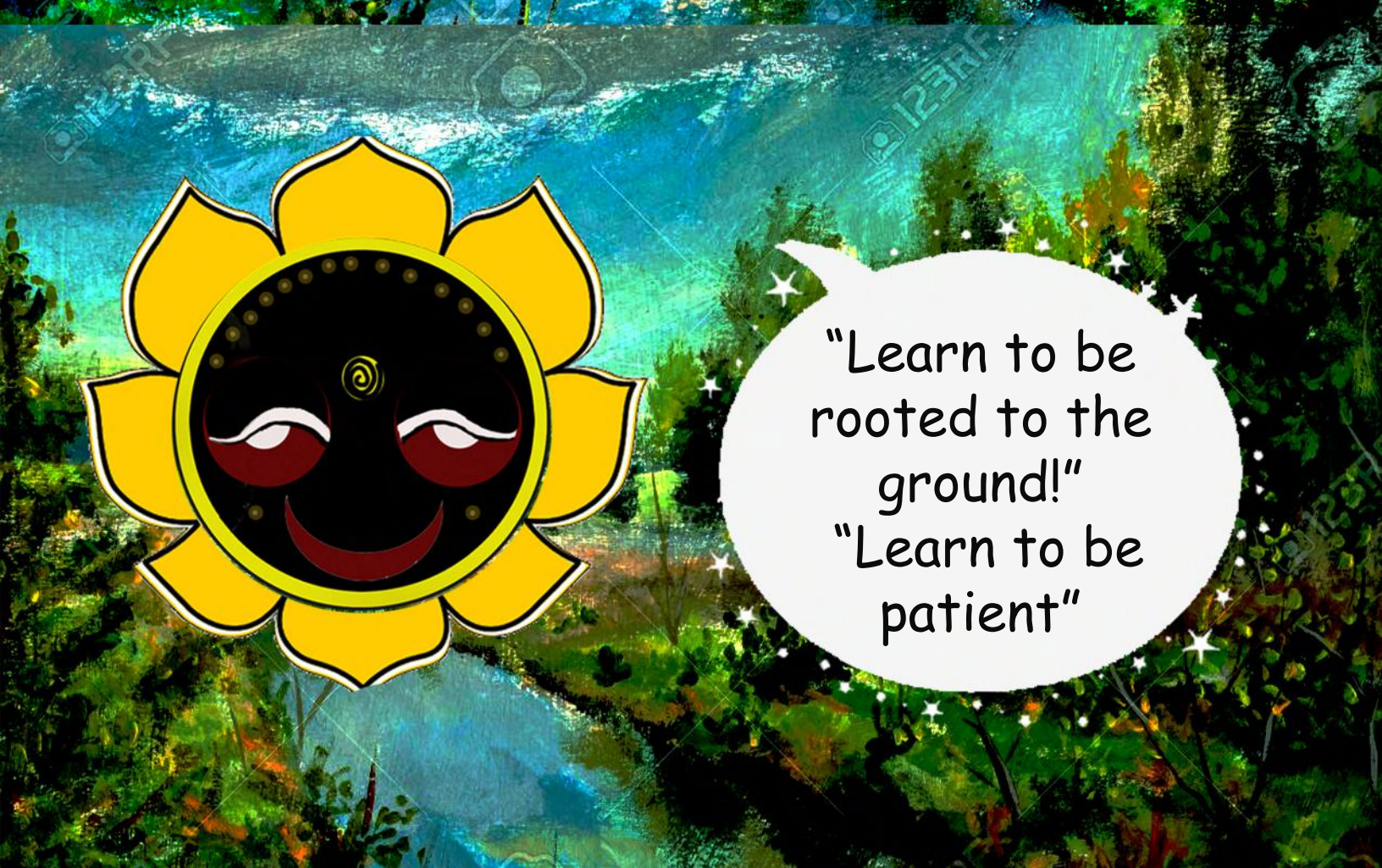
Can one travel through within?

Well, on my way to learn what could it mean?

Lies the answer, through the guidance of Buddha"



"Can you
loosen the
reins?!"
"While I sit?"



"Learn to be
rooted to the
ground!"
"Learn to be
patient"



Teasing Buddha's impatience



"Time seems to be flying.. As I hummer through the wind.. that buzzing sound, I waver through"

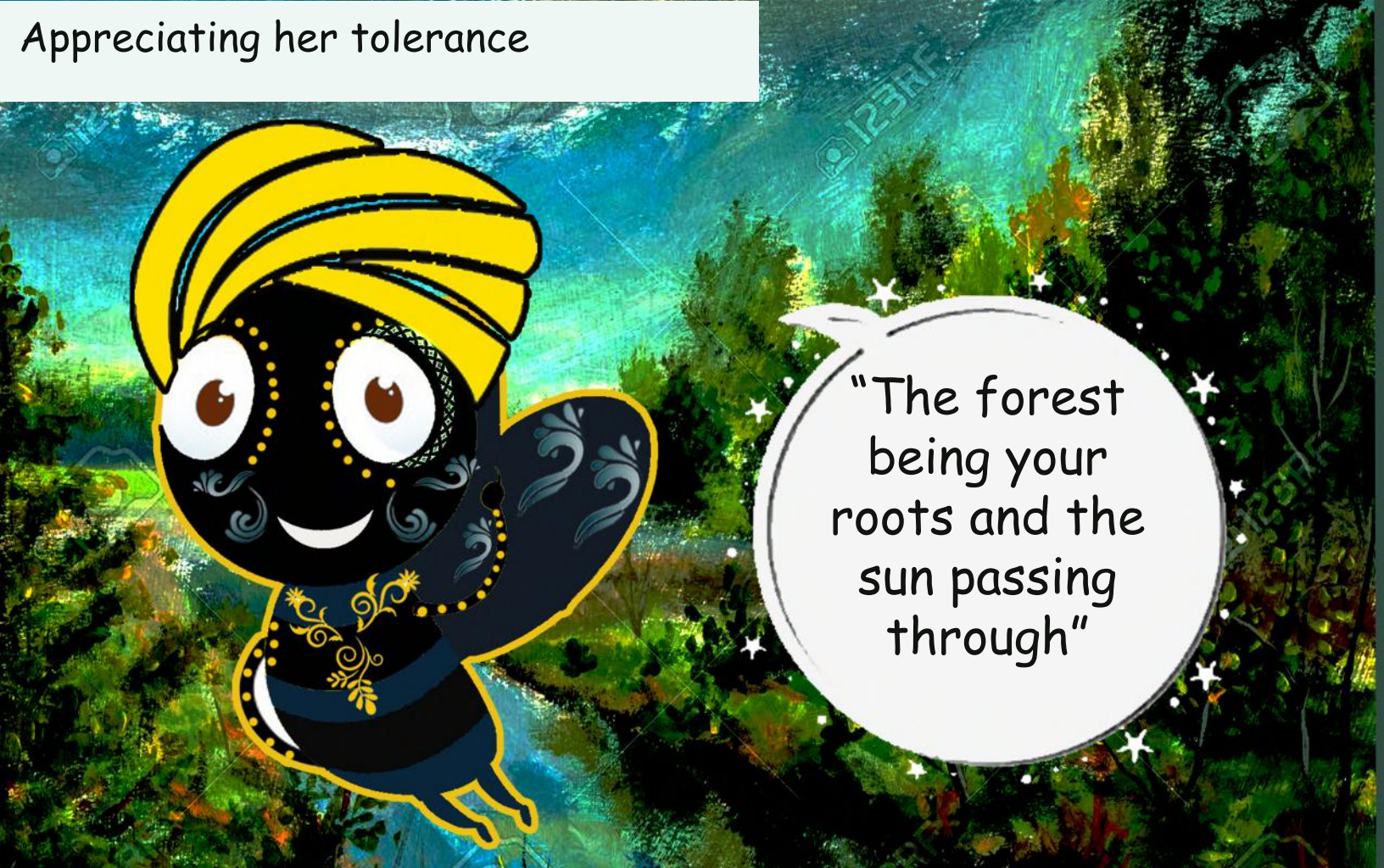


In pain

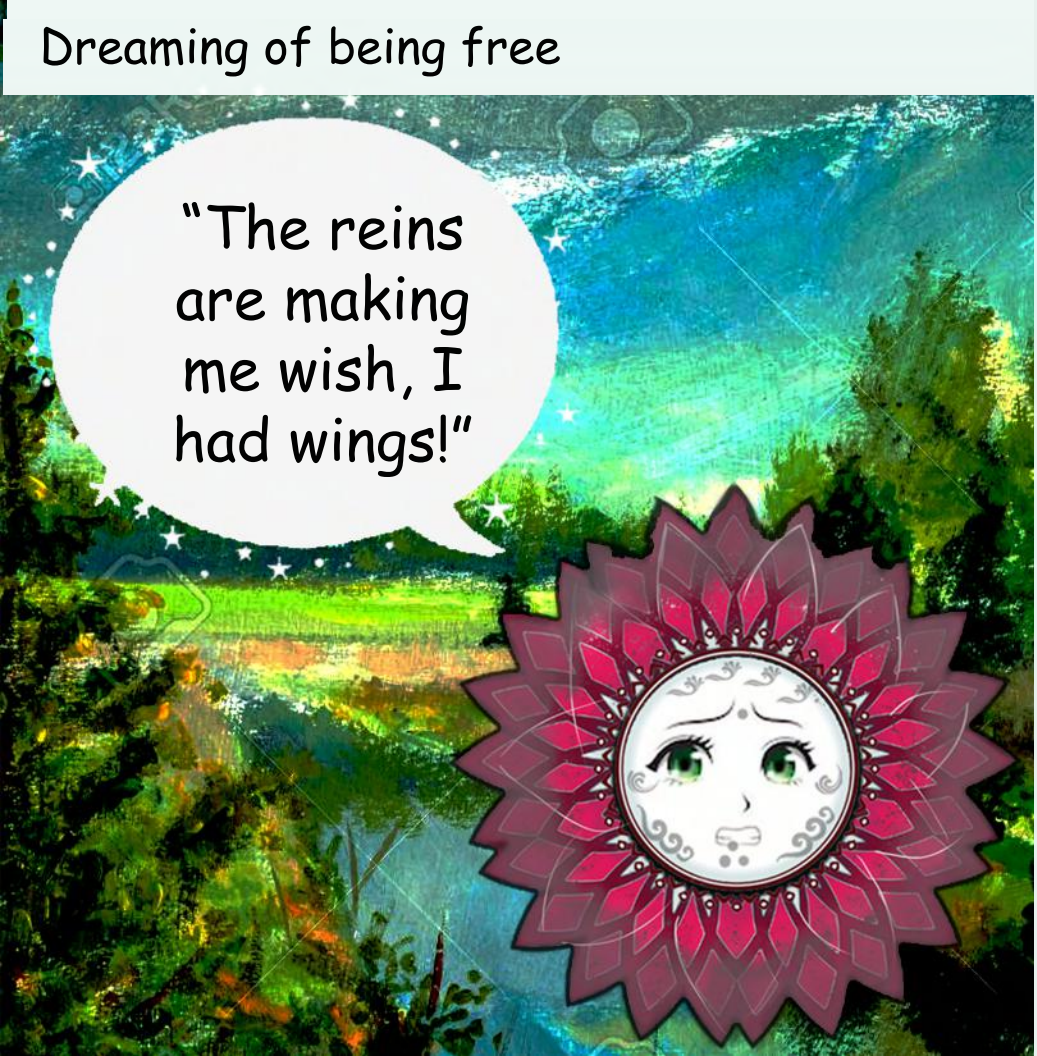


"Well, I am grounded to the breaths, transcending me to the windy sky, hoping to maybe touch the sun, as I grow tall being a tree!"

Appreciating her tolerance



Dreaming of being free





"HOLD ON!"

"A tolerant
tree
to be!"



"I think
I will fall!"

"How
longer!
My fragile
petals!"





"If you intend to grow tall, to reach the sun.. know.. moment by moment builds a minute, minute by minute builds an hour, hour by hour builds a day"

"Yet the sun seems to loose its discipline very few minutes here and there as it gets eaten by the sea"






"Yet! I wonder
how can one
pass it? Breath
by breath like
the saints by a
tree!"

"You be rooted
as the sun
awakens "





"Hearing the wind
chime your leaves..
breathing the joy
of having to have
reached!"



"And the reins
loosen upon the
breath of
meditation, sitting
like a tree!"





Trouble Arises at the Forest

"Buddhu Wonders"

"The fragility of the flower and
the weaknesses towards being
one.. brings me to wonder..

A flower may belong to the
forest..

A bee may dive through the vast
trees..

Quests Buddhu about her
belonging."

Feeling peaceful

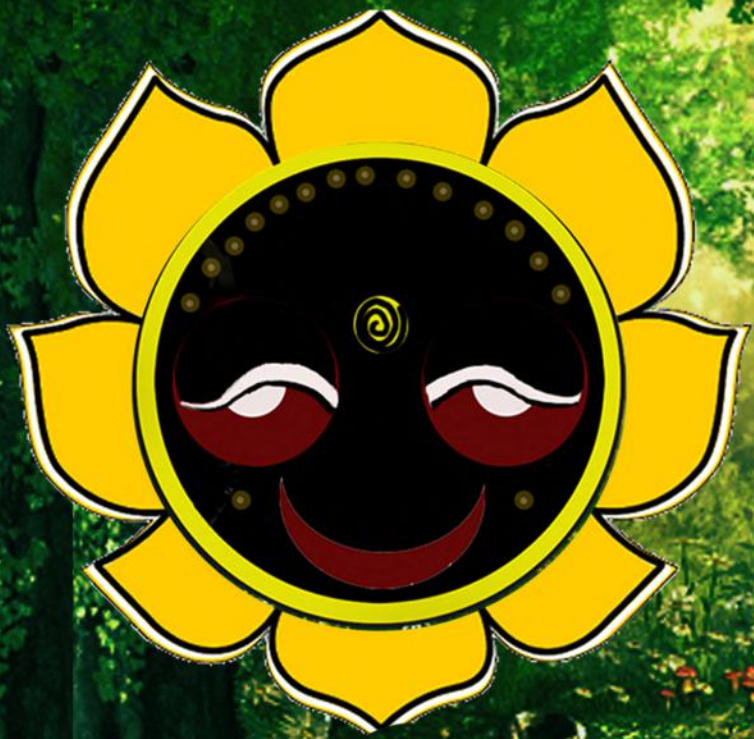


"I feel a
transcendence in
myself"

"A flower
nestled upon the
leaves, the earth
of the forest!"



Questioning her belonging being in seclusion



"Can you belong?
Or may a flower
perish in
seclusion?"



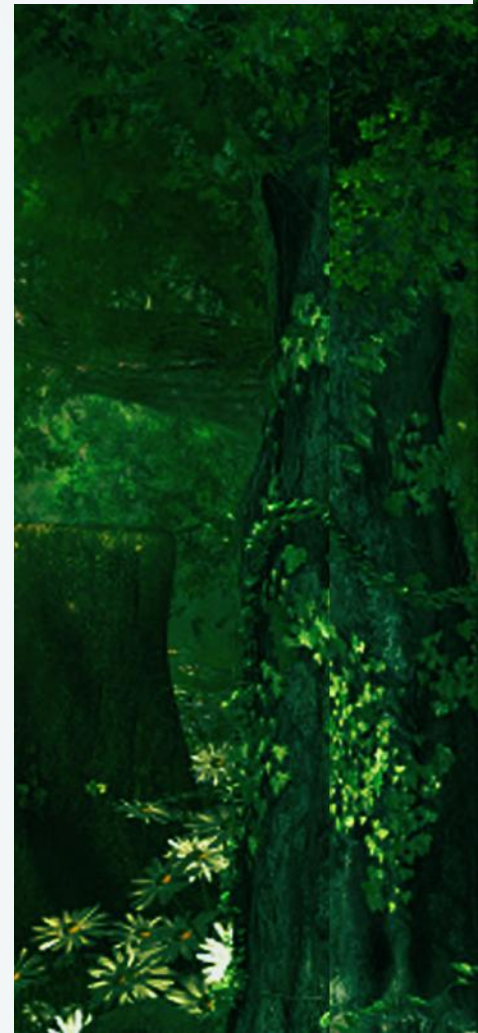
"I wonder and am
saddened, if I may
fall, and not be
picked for
admiration"

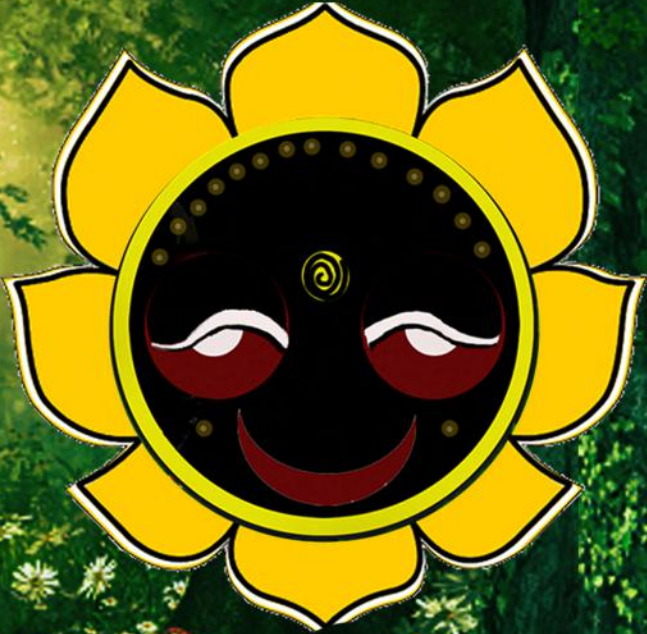
Threatening her fragility

Well, be stronger,
there is none to pick
you, rather its a
forest where lions
live"




"LIONS?!
In
seclusion?!"





"Well, yes! One
that eats
grass!"



"Can a flower
survive?!"

"A Lion, that
eats grass?!"



"Well, yes!
He growls in
caves!"



"Now, he needs an
entire tree, to fill
his tummy!"






"I plead! Im
scared! What
kind of lions..
We are in
seclusion.."

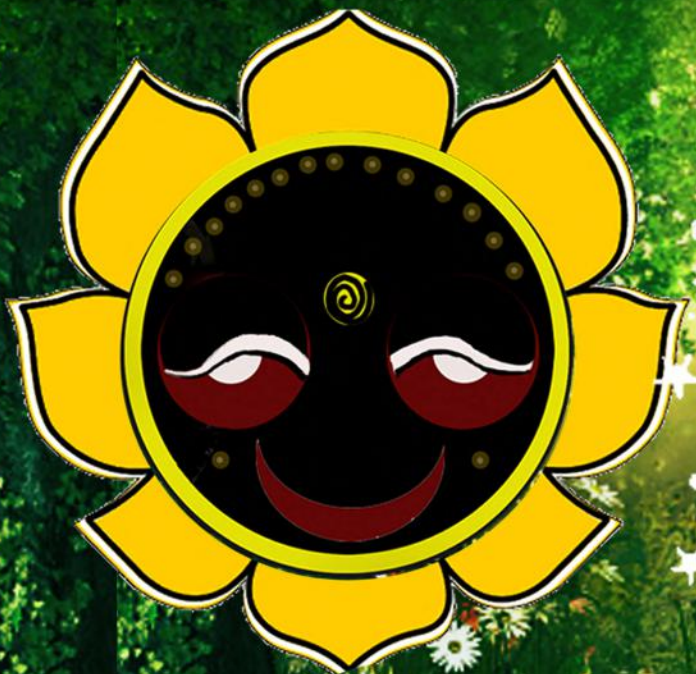


"What
reflection does
that give you
on fragility?"

A pink flower with a face in a forest. The flower has a white face with green eyes, a small nose, and a slightly open mouth. It is surrounded by a large, multi-layered pink petal structure. The background is a lush green forest with sunlight filtering through the trees and small white stars scattered around.

"Seems to me, far
fetched a place to
be, if it means to
reach the tummy
of the great lion!"

"I rather
be
stronger!"

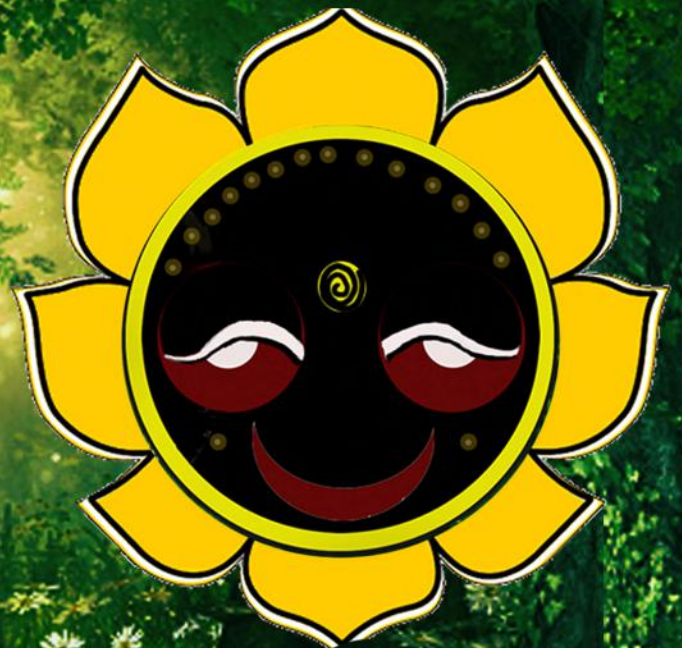
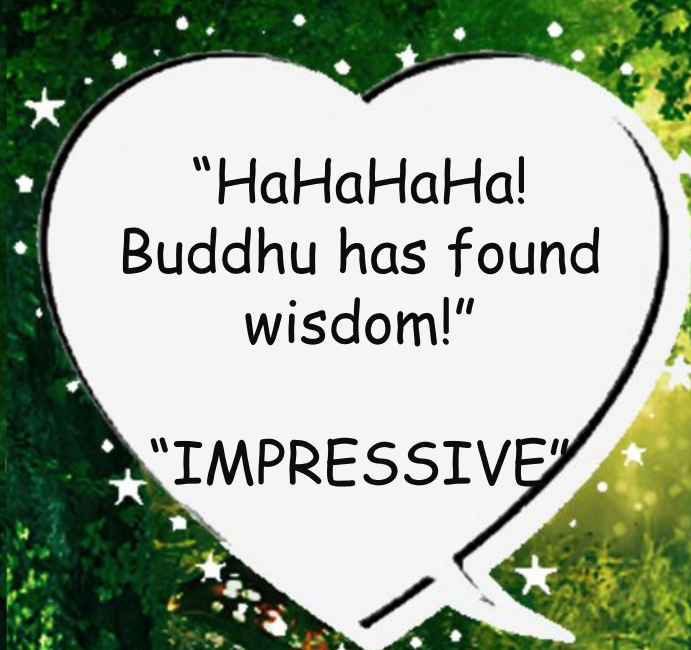



"There lies a strength and
there lies a weakness in
this state.. The lion may
have lost its fiercy as its
been eating all this grass..
yet, is threatening to a
flower!"

Buddhu fighting her fear




Buddha struck





"Well!
A bee, can fight
a lion!!"

A wondering



"Is a bee
stronger, or a
lion!"



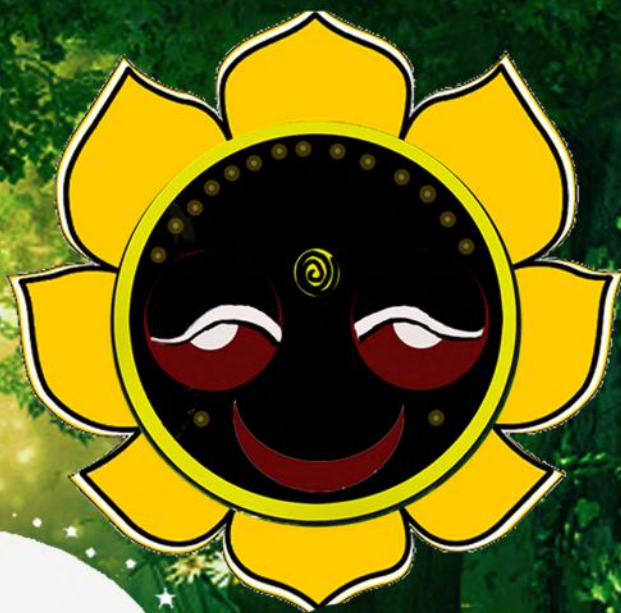
"Do
you
recognise?"

"And
your
fragility"



"Hmm"

Enlighten one to
recognising their
inner strengths and
weaknesses"



"A tiny bee may
well be capable
of fighting a
lion!"



"And, a flower
not be staked,
to fear the
lion!"

"That
dwelves one,
to question,
their
belonging"

Buddhu listening intently





"What holds a flower to its strength?
Its in fact its own fragility"

"Leaving its belonging of the tree, to the joy of an admiring scent of one who see's!"



"And that very well can be the lion!"





Reaching the River Stream

"Buddhu Wonders"

"What joy reaches to me? May I
find a way to it?

Being in a certain unknown
space towards the way to
pleasure.. finding an ache to.. I
seek.. away from my mucky
pond?

How do I find my way? What
could lead me there?

Does it await through my
sorrows?"



"Mr.Bee! In this land,
this place of
forest, this seclusion,
what pleasure can
one seek?"



"I hope for a
wanderer to
pass by"



Silently

"I'll brew
a lesson!"





"What good
can a
wanderer
be?!"



"Well, I wonder,
if a wanderer,
can know the
pain of a
flower?"

"What can one do?
As I breathe, I
ache, to be
joyous!"



Shedding light into her pain



"Its to make way
,to pleasure, as
you were seeking
it!"



"This keeps
me blinded
towards
pleasure"

Teaching her a lesson

"What joy is a
wanderer, you seem
to have lost your
way, by seeking
outside"



Withering for help

"Alright! I'll
rely upon you..
Tell me the
way please!"



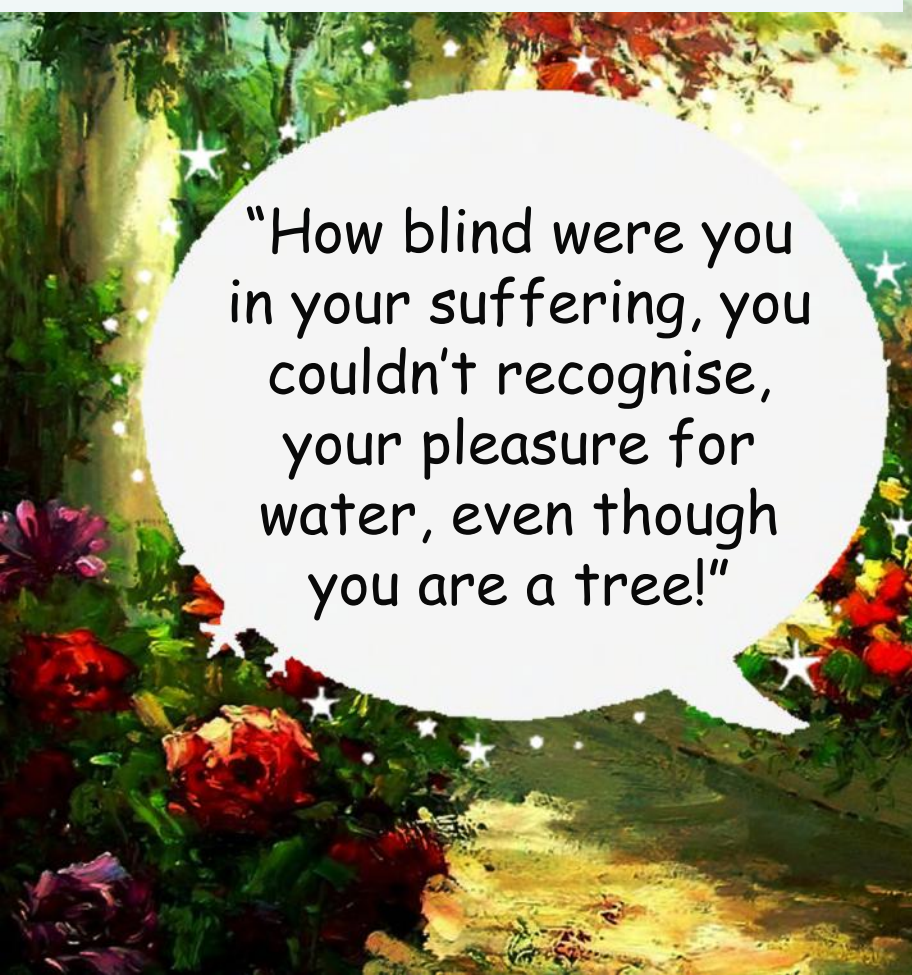
Helping her reach the way



"What could be
your greatest
pleasure?"



Enlightening her, dissapointed!



Worried yet again



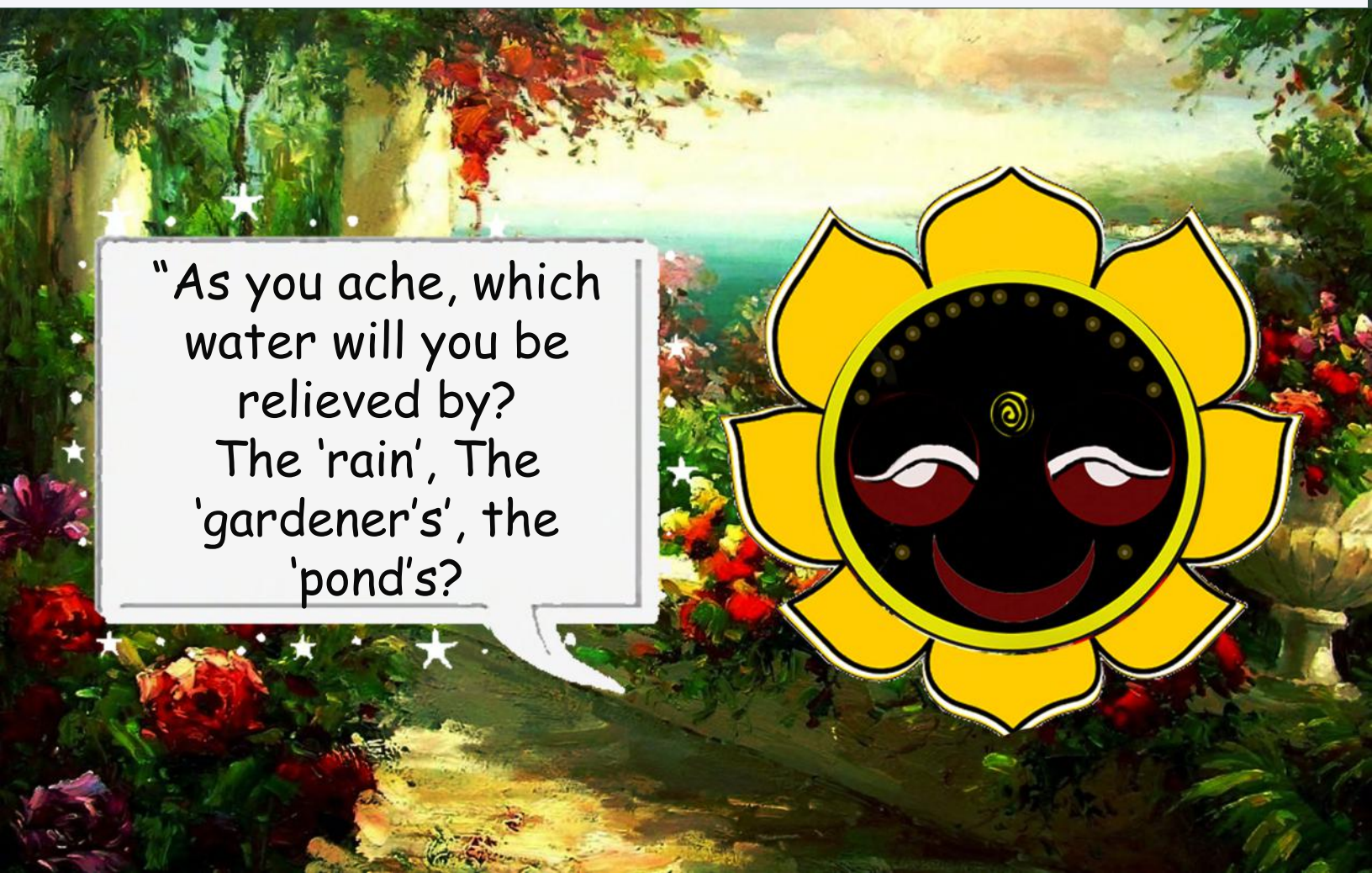
"Oh My!
Will you
water me?!"



"You'd have
to wait for
it to rain!"



Aching to be relieved



Starts crying in anger



"You'll are cruel!!
How can you
wither, a soft
flower?"

"There! Did you
taste, the water
that relieves! The
water, of the high
tides of your
anger"





"Your tears, right
here within,
are the water"

Realizing the way, of reaching relief



"My gratitude!
I feel better!"





The Lotus

"Buddhu Wonders"

"All, that one can learn.. All,
that I am guided towartds..
Wisdom blossoming, as a way
of being, through my inner
journey.. and joy reaching to
recognition.

Greatfully, I await the teaching
of my path!

The understanding of the
Lotus"






"Well!
Jewels, which
are, sacred
advices"



"Some
PEARLS!"

"What kind?
There is no
sea"







"Precious
tears! In
suffering!"




"Some
SEEDS!"



"What do
they
reap?"




"The reaping
of a finer
self!"



"Some
CRYSTALS"

"What
kind of
make?"





"The one's to
find, the light
of self
reflection in!"



"The
treasure
of this
bond"



"Swaying to
the colour, of
love"

"Tied, to
the eternal
knot"





Yearns the Author

"Raised in India, a country of about 1.5 billion,
I ached for seclusion.

Through its time leading to adulthood, my
space of balcony, came to be my 'Forest'.

Like one needs a temple, like one needs the
shelter of home, like one needs a place of
study. One essentially needs a place of their
own 'Forest'.

May it be a veranda, may it be a tiny corner or
the vast fields. A breath of seclusion is a way to
a peaceful being in all its sacredity under the
grace of divinity."

By

Gopika Dasani Meru