

THE WILD PULSE OF CREATION



The mind is barren at times like nature in harsh summer days. Creativity seems to dry up and like birds in thirst longing for water from the heavens, I desperately search for ideas, look for inspiration, sometimes, even a divine intervention. And then, suddenly a storm begins to gather and ideas start to flow. Like the Baishakhi wind, my mind expands its inner depths, and suddenly, there is beauty in whatever I create and, in that moment, I get a taste of ecstasy.