

THE WILD PULSE OF

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THE
ARTIST



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.