I have tasted of the hidden life, only thee—let my
that expands in the repeat rth,
and thus I,

let this be my parting word.

That I want to, it is this:
it is the pang of unwashed
all desires to spread throughout
like a flock of homesick cranes
flying night and day back to their
mountain nests. Let all my life take its
voyage to its eternal
home in one salutation to thee.

when I go hence let this be my parting word,
that what I have seen is unsurpassable.
but where are
our arts;
which, like the
outbreak of spring
flowers, are the
spontaneous
overflow of our
deeper nature
and spiritual
magnificence?
I believe that the vision of Paradise is to be seen.

Several objects that are seemingly insignificant.

Figure 7

Rabindra #3
Mixed media: thread, ink, pastel, pigment, kite paper
5" x 7"
Nov. 2009, Santiniketan
Figure 9

I wanted to preserve the whole of the wonderful vision to be unfolded before my waking eyes in the morning light.

The freshness of the experience would be spoilt, I feared, by incomplete glimpses in the vagueness of the dark.

Rabindra #5
Mixed media: Photograph, pastel, kite paper, ink, charcoal, thread
7" x 6.5"
Nov. 2009, Santiniketan
The first days sun
asked
"The world's first engineer. Who are you?
There was no answer.

Years passed
The last days sun
asked a final question near the smokes
of the Western air
amidst the silence of dusk
Who are you?
There was no answer.

Shush Lekha #1
mixed media: photograph, pigment
ink, acrylic, thread
6” x 17”
Nov. 2009, Santiniketan
"In this quiet and lonely place

I eagerly await to unfold my life
in meditation and love.

Rabindra #6
Mixed media: photograph, thread, paper, pastel
5" x 7½"
Nov 2009, SanFrancisco.
where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls; where words come out from the depth of truth; where the timeless striving stretches its arm towards perfection; where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreamy desert sand of dead habit; where the mind is led forward by the into ever-widening thought and action; into that haven of freedom, my Father.
Figure 1b: The idea of all art
expression in painting is
larger and more

Abundant. The mind
must find free

space. It must therefore
seek for its own

language—line, color, sound and

light. (

Figure continues on next
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