





you were the lightning and i was the tree,
and your words were the fire that burned the best parts of me.
D.No.2001



SHEHNAI

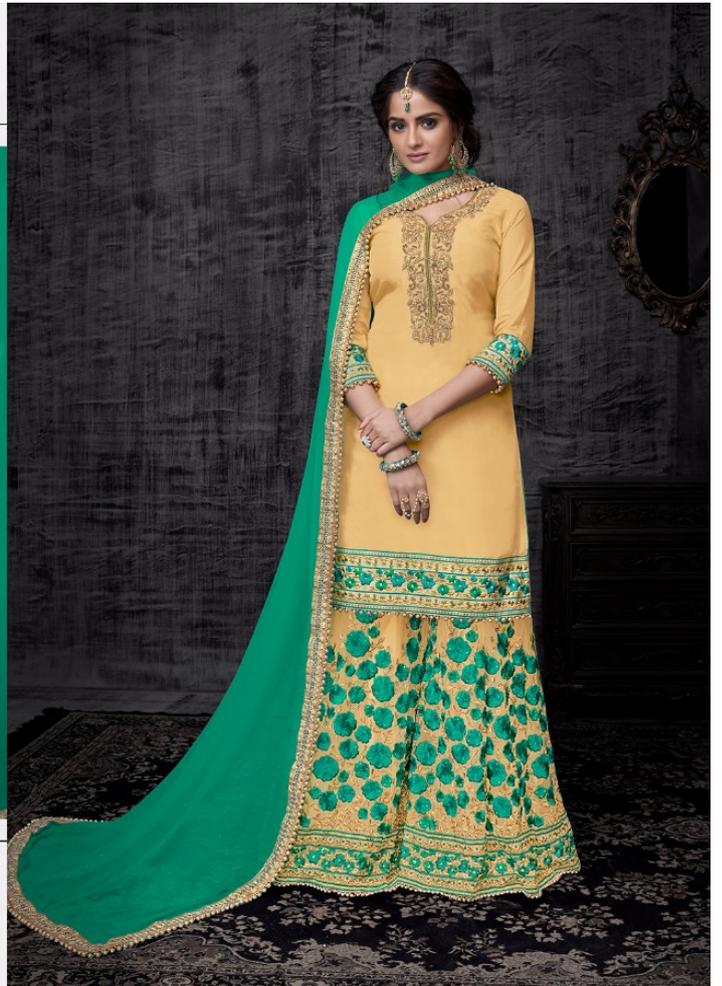
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Look for the woman in the dress. If there is no woman, there is no dress.
D.No.2003



Designers want me to dress like Spring, in billowing things.
I don't feel like Spring. I feel like a warm red Autumn.
D.No.2004





I am so tired of feeling like a shattered vase across a slippery floor and
I am so tired of watching you tip toe around the pieces so you
do not cut yourself on me.



D.No.2005







That is ever the way. 'Tis all jealousy to the bride and
good wishes to the corpse.

D.No.2007





1001



1002



1005



1006



1003



1004



1007

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