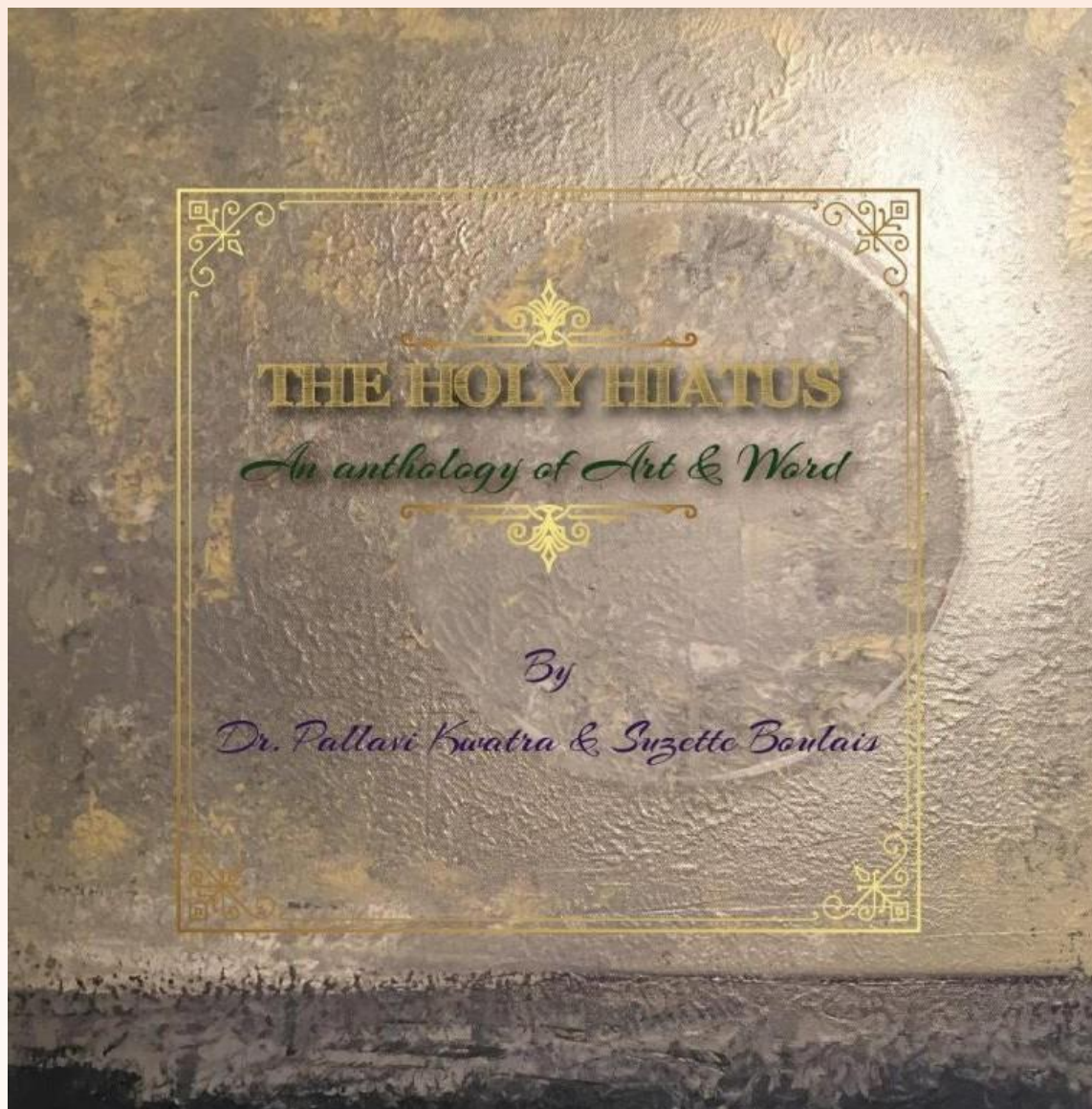




THE HOLY HIATUS
An Anthology of Art & Word

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ISBN: 978-93-5396-939-4

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EDITION 1; 2019

**Printed at SK Enterprises Regd. Office: 39-A, 3rd Floor,
Nirankari Colony, Delhi-110009**

Designing & Publication: Tabeer Publishing



“SILENCE IS SO ACCURATE”

-Mark Rothko

Dedicated to SILENCE...
from which all emerges

BOOK INTRODUCTION

The abstract and noumenal nature of the self and of most internal phenomenon has always enticed the human spirit to ponder and make assumptions, projections and interpretations of it. Its mystic and unknown nature has been inspiring the creative protagonist ever since humankind came on the planet. Artists, musicians, poets & religions ...all have attempted to decode this abstract existence and its nature.

A large part of one's spiritual quest or the travel to inner truths are guided by this question. In fact, one starts with the conceptualization and worship of forms and insignia and towards the end arrives at the question of "Who am I?" This primordial question enthralls him to delve deeper and know that the essential components of his identity as

mind body emotion complexes are a myth and his true spirit or self have no shape, form or attributes. At this discovery, the true rejoicing of one's immutable and ever-present self is the zenith of experience as a human being and is beyond the petty medium of words and forms to describe or translate.

Art remained a tool for the relay of perceived forms and religion etc. for many years until around the 20th century when Abstract art became a necessity for revealing the intangible plethora of human psyche. At this point, many courageous artists came to the forefront, daring to mould the convention of perception towards abstract ideas and presence. Wassily Kandinsky is a pioneer of abstract art and he painted some of the earliest works in the genre including what is known as the First Abstract Watercolor. Music, being abstract in nature, was an inherent

part of his art and he named some of his spontaneous works as “improvisations” and elaborate ones as “compositions”. Apart from being a painter, Kandinsky was also a prominent art theorist whose books had an enormous and profound influence on future artists. For his tremendous contribution in moving the art world away from representational traditions and towards abstraction, Wassily Kandinsky is considered by many as the “Father of Abstract Art”.

Jackson Pollock is not only the most famous Abstract Expressionist artist but also one of the leading figures of 20th century art. Pollock’s technique of pouring and dripping paint popularized the term *Action painting*, a method in which the physical act of painting itself is an essential aspect of the finished work. Mark Rothko is considered a pioneer of *Color Field painting*, a style within Abstract Expressionism

in which color is the main subject itself. Though Rothko is regarded as one of the leading abstract artists, he insisted that he was not an abstractionist as his primary focus was discovering mysticism and esoteric aspects of colors and its combinations. Painting was a method of spiritual expression for Rothko and many viewers have broken down in tears in front of his works. Despite his statement, the contribution of Rothko to Abstract Expressionism is monumental.

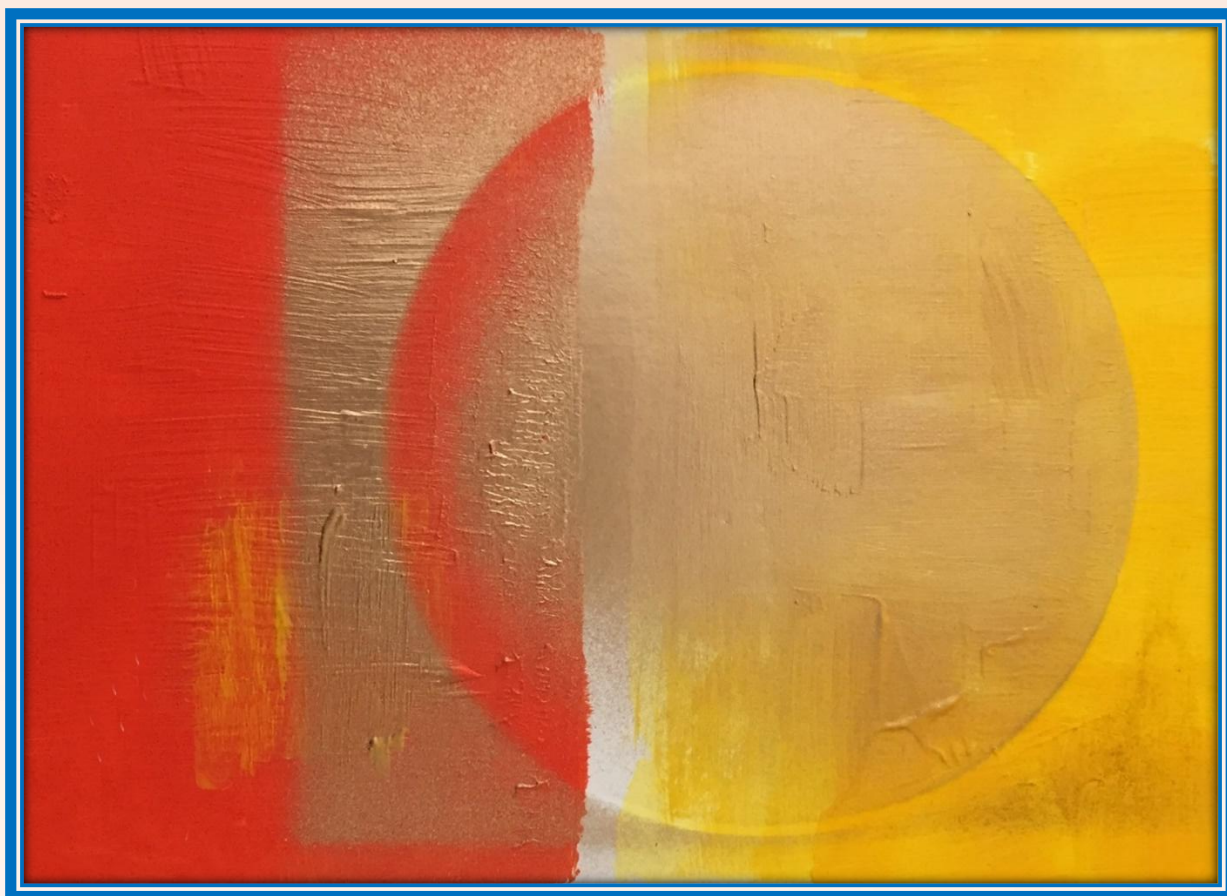
My own ideas on abstract nature of the self-found an orifice through minimal words which exploded out of me at the sight of my dear and gifted friend, Suzette's genius masterpieces. Suzette's art is inspired from Mark Rothko and is essentially nonrepresentational, not conforming to any particular theme, bias or genre. It has been a great honor for me to assimilate her work and my words into this

compilation which we hope will help serve the reader to embark on his/her own inner quest. Through the fusion of word and form... we endeavor to inspire, calm and beckon you at these incitements and use this book as a tool for self-discovery & awakening. That will bring us both joy and satiety and help us know we supported you on a noble pursuit...one which is the most worthwhile thing to do while one is still alive.

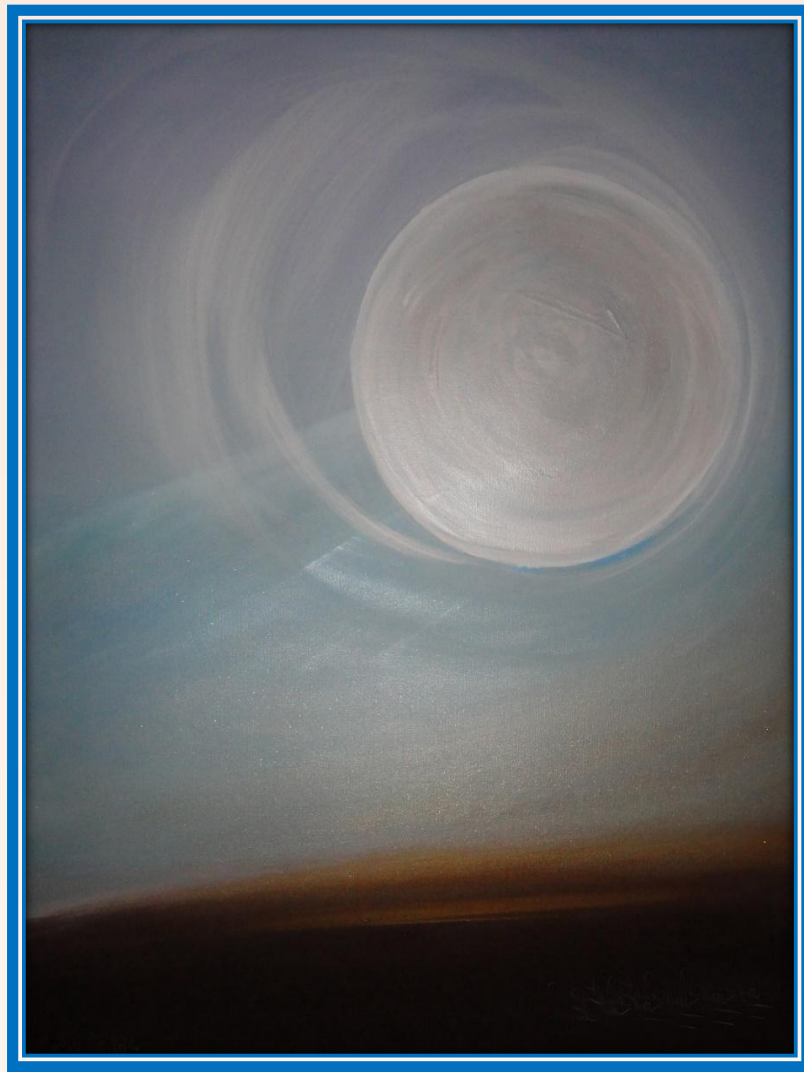
Dr. Pallavi Kwatra

Author & Publisher;

Tabeer Publishing & Digital Media



The golden stardust in the open palms...
“What can I give that I have not received?”



There is no Time....not even this Moment.



You will know it when it happens.



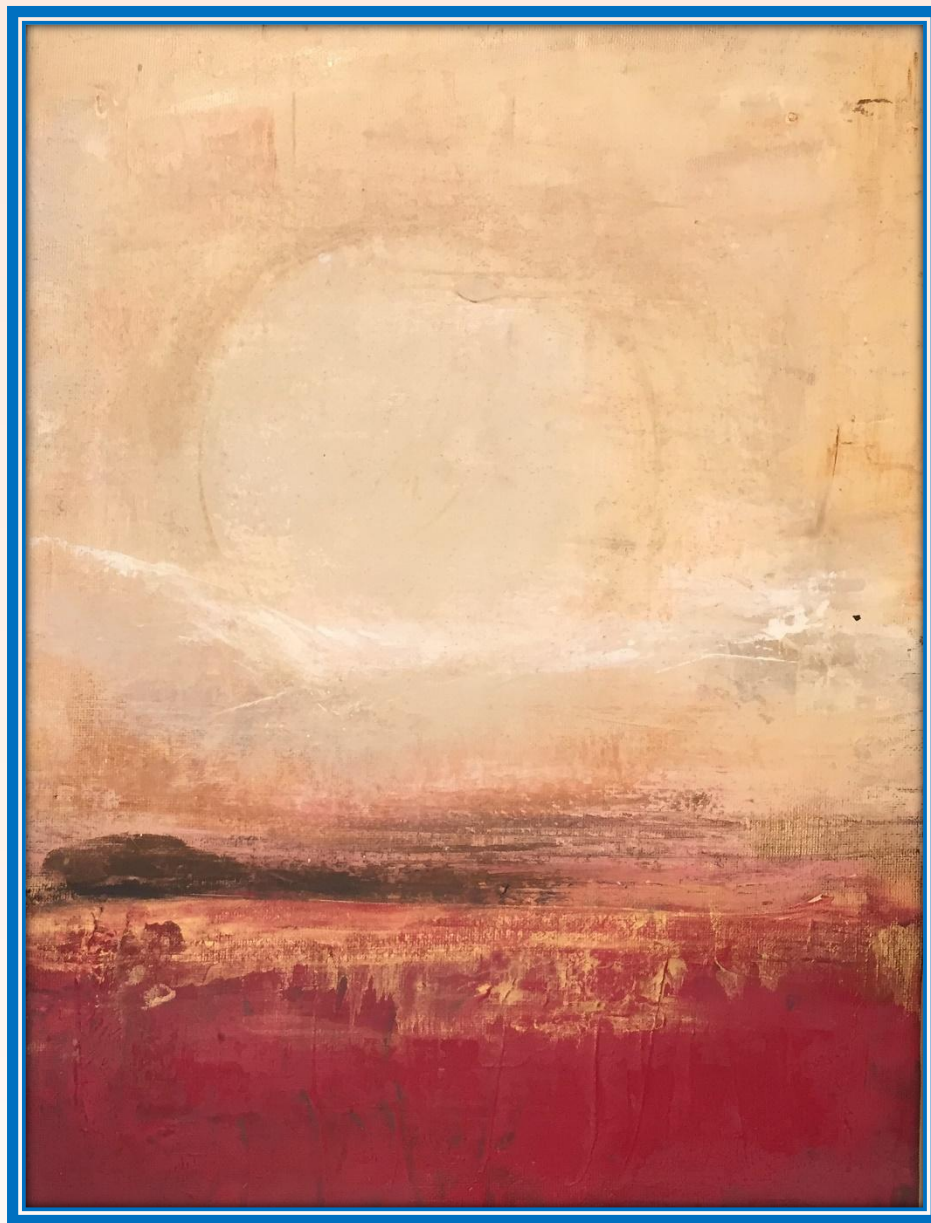
Infinites of Intimacy.



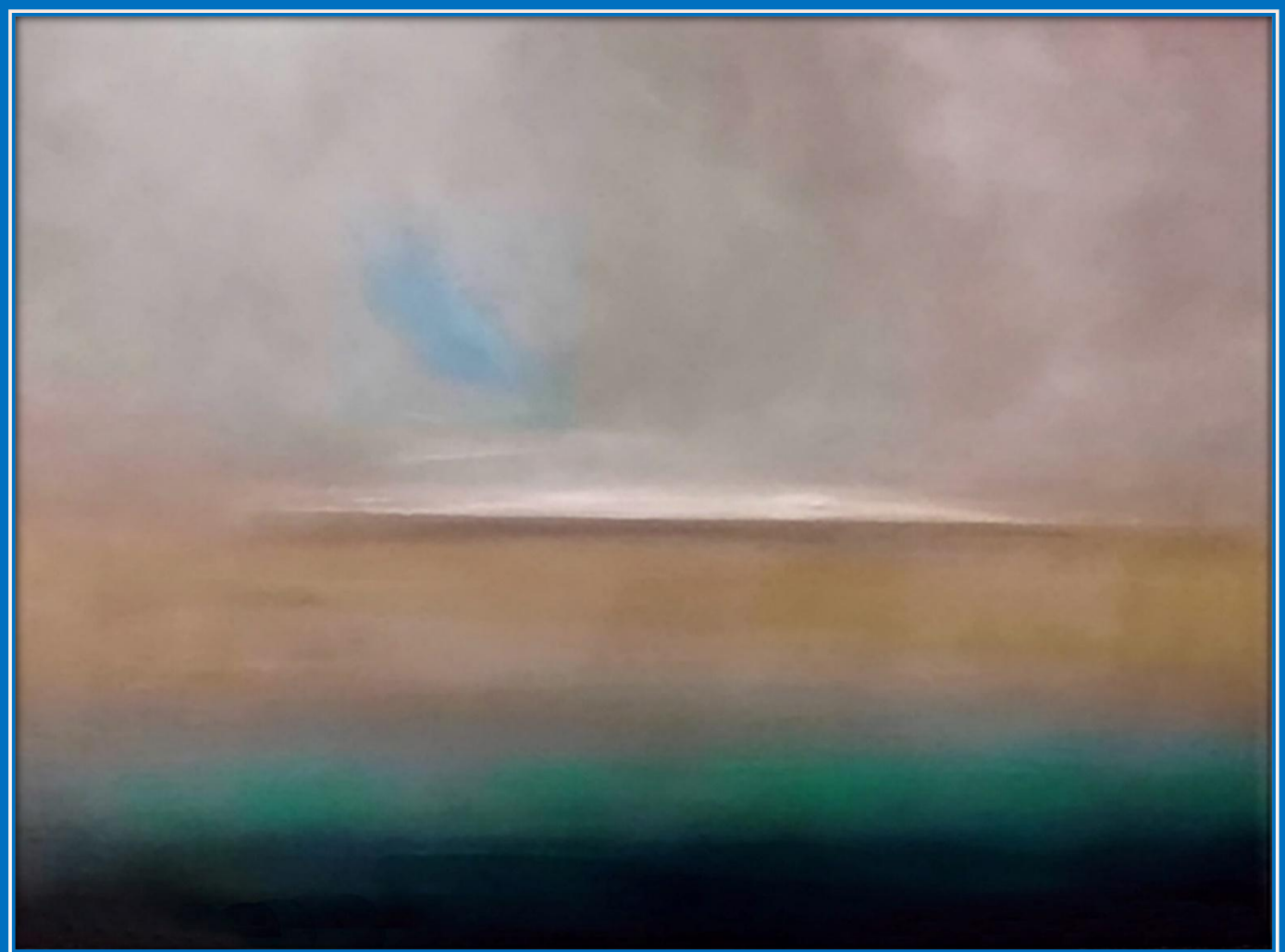
Beauty lies in Detail.



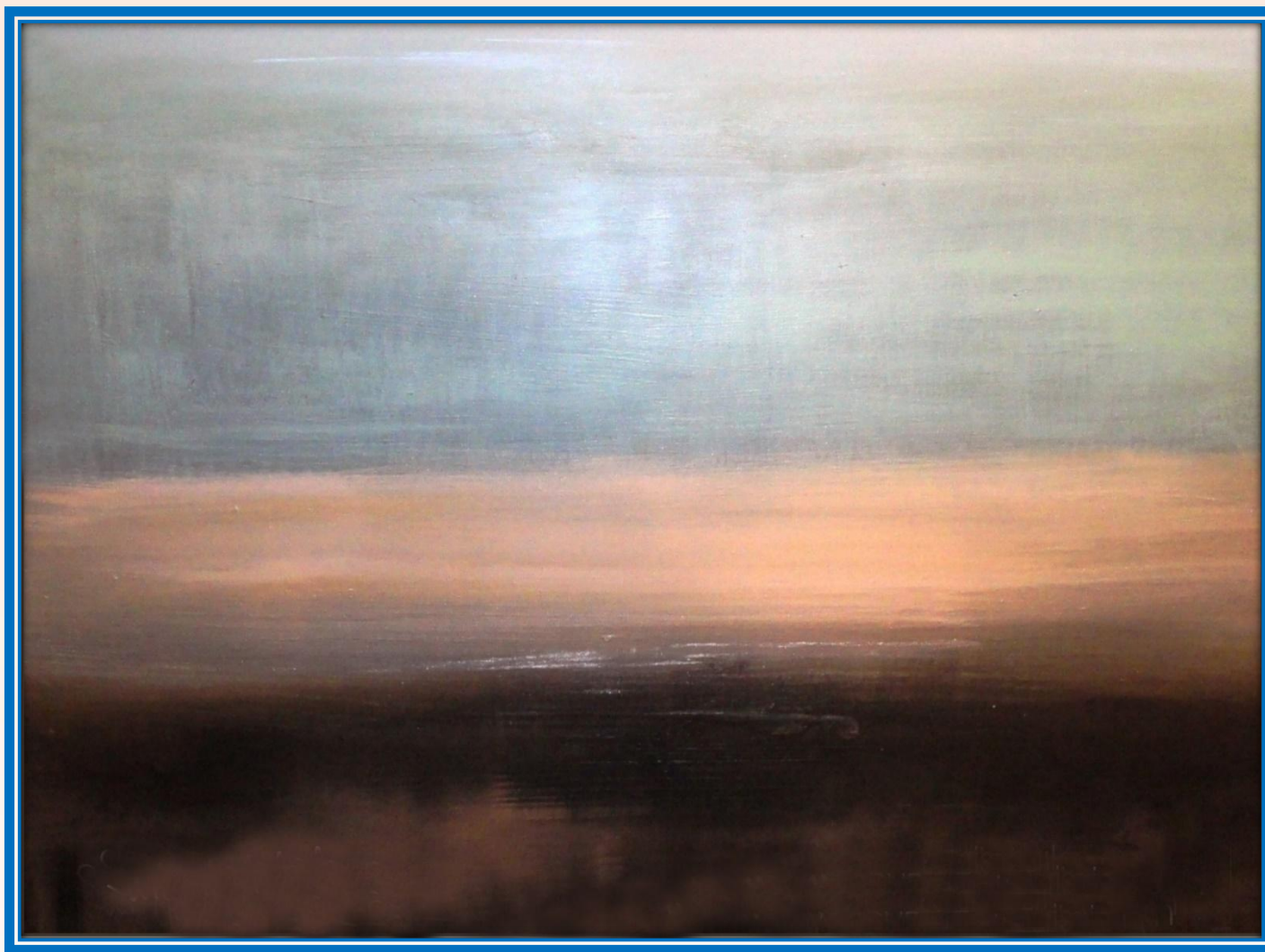
The loss of Conviction of Being @ Someone.



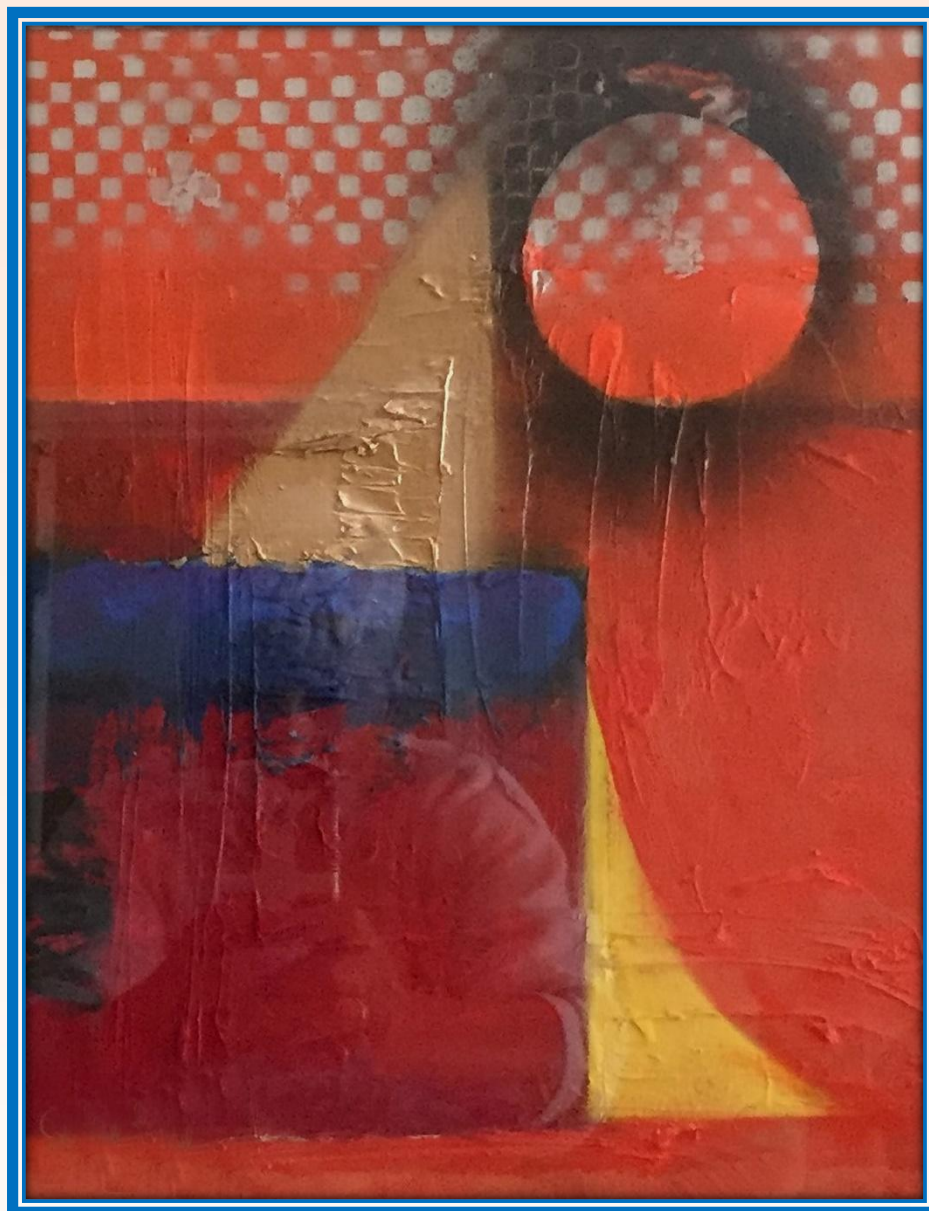
Attuned to silence.



The Silent thrill of Being.



In Awaiting.



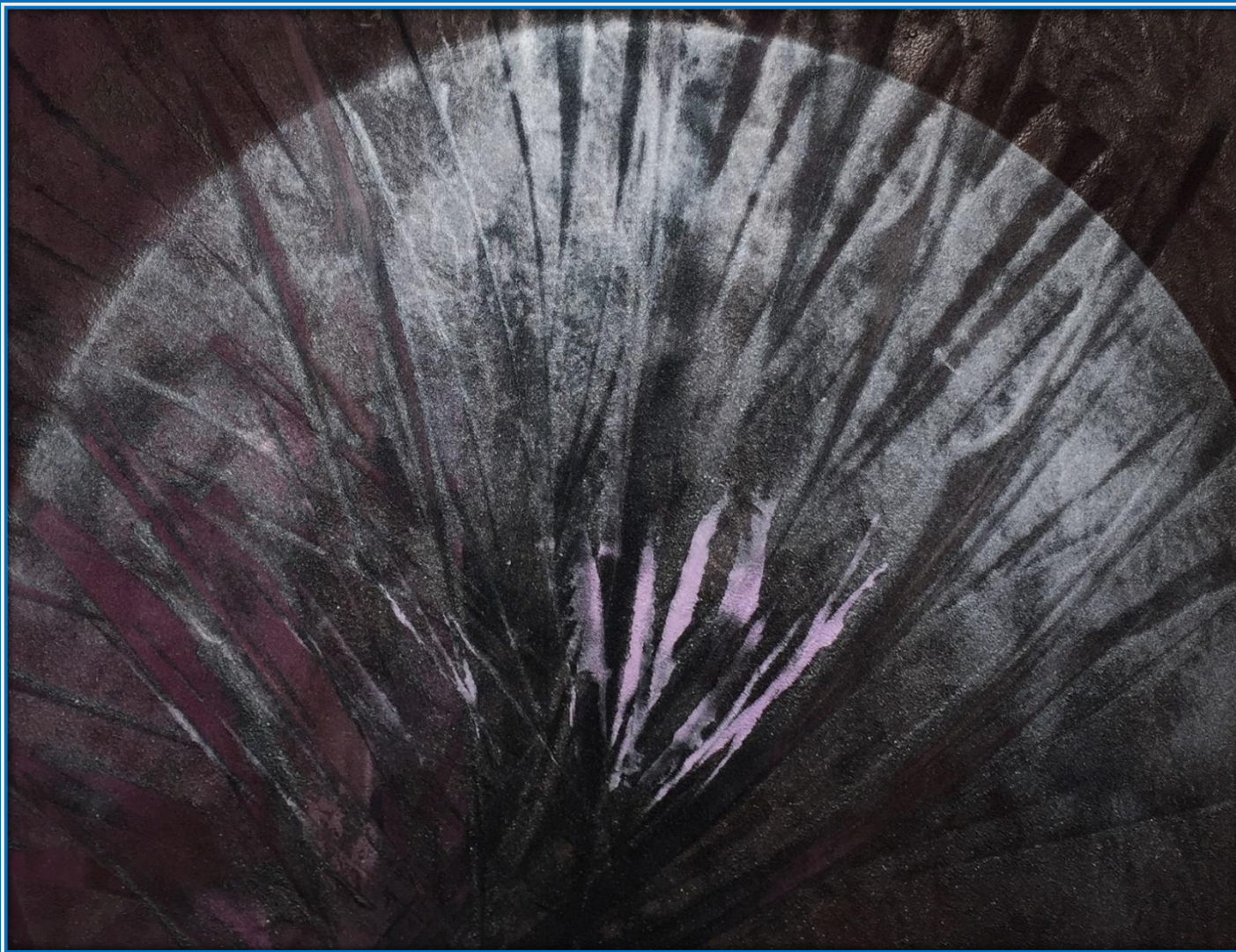
The melancholy of being many & one all at once.



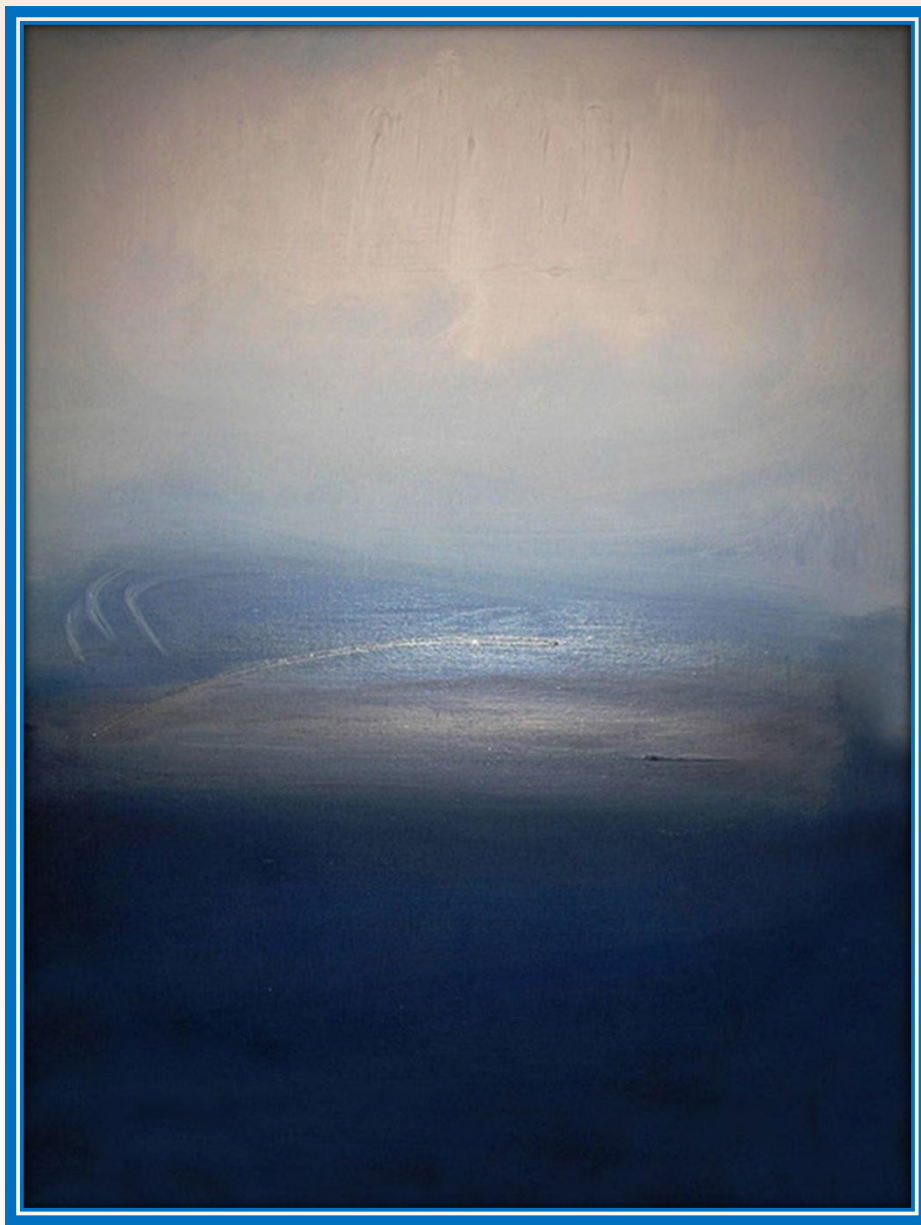
The Chaos of Questions.



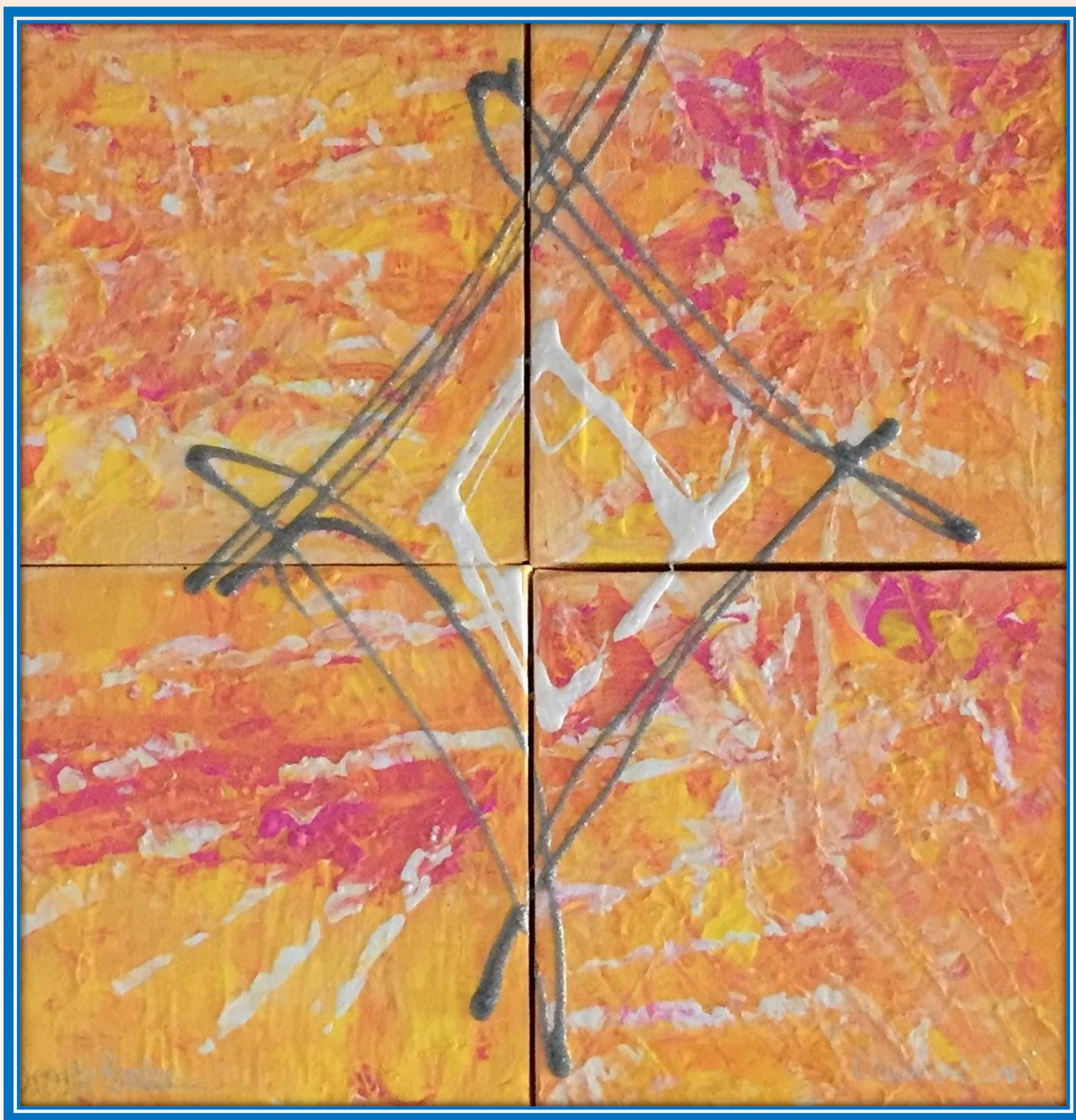
The interim.



Enticed by Nothing.



You lost me for the last time.



Etched... Splashed... Dismembered... Dissolved.



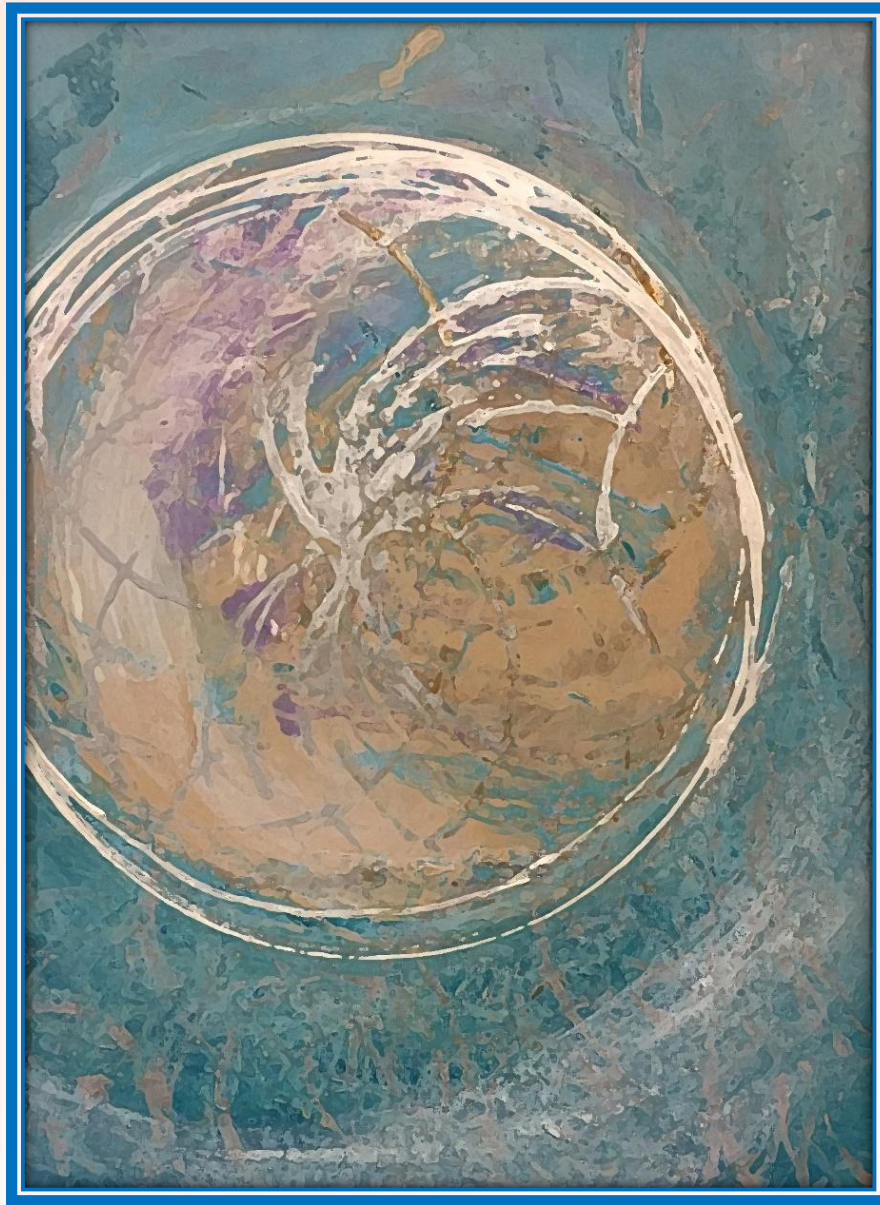
Asking for Nothing.



Embodied Light.



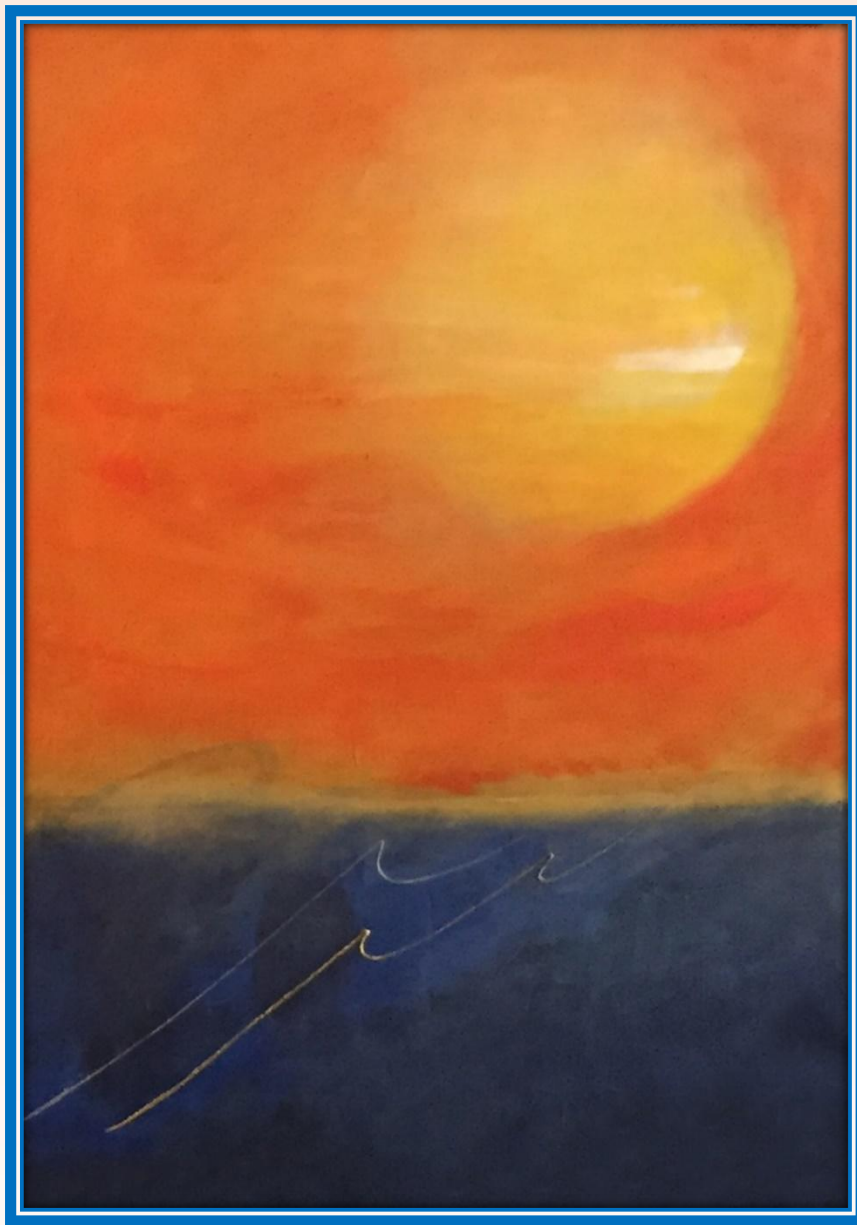
No Lacking.



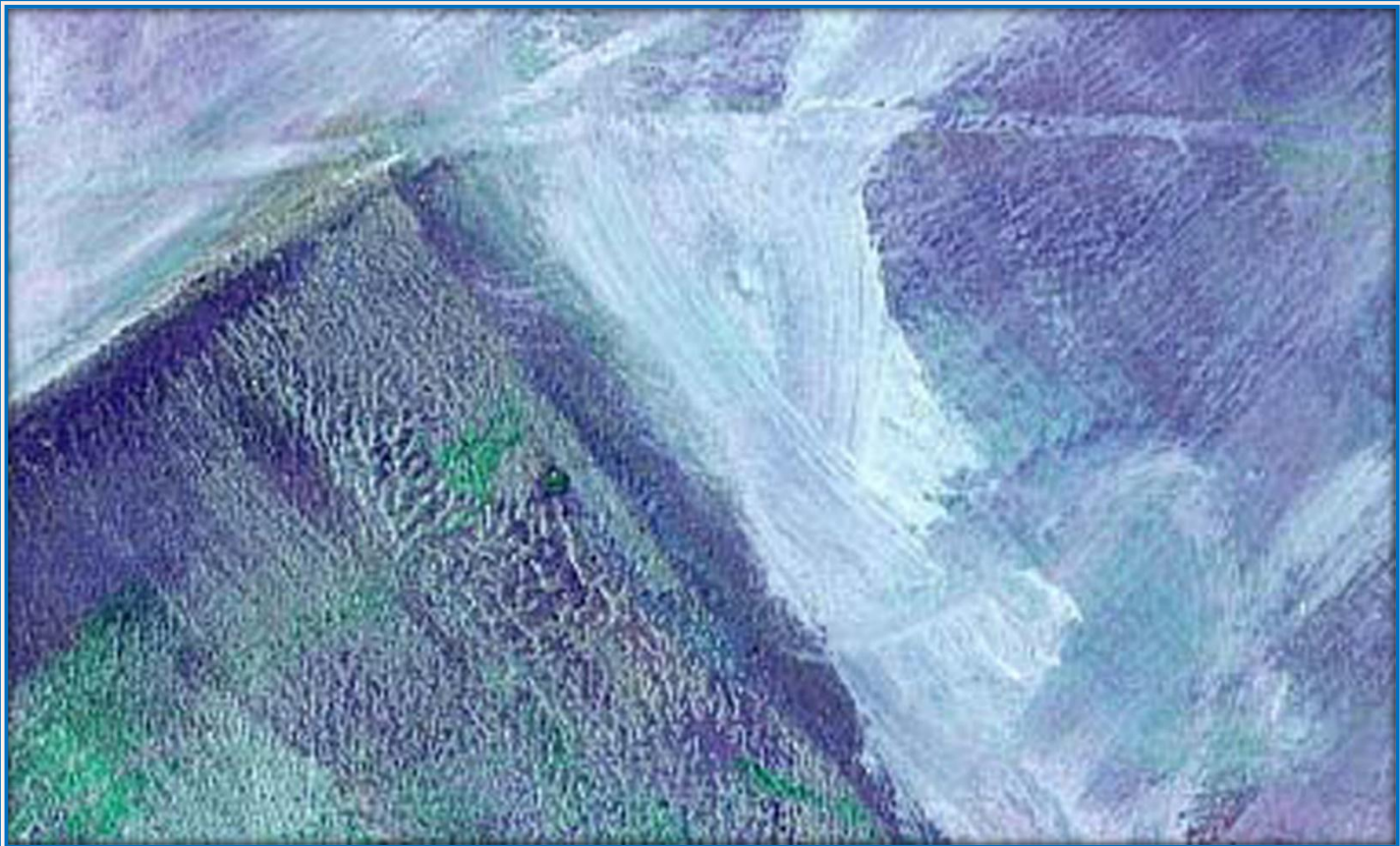
Cause & Effect happen to Someone or Something.



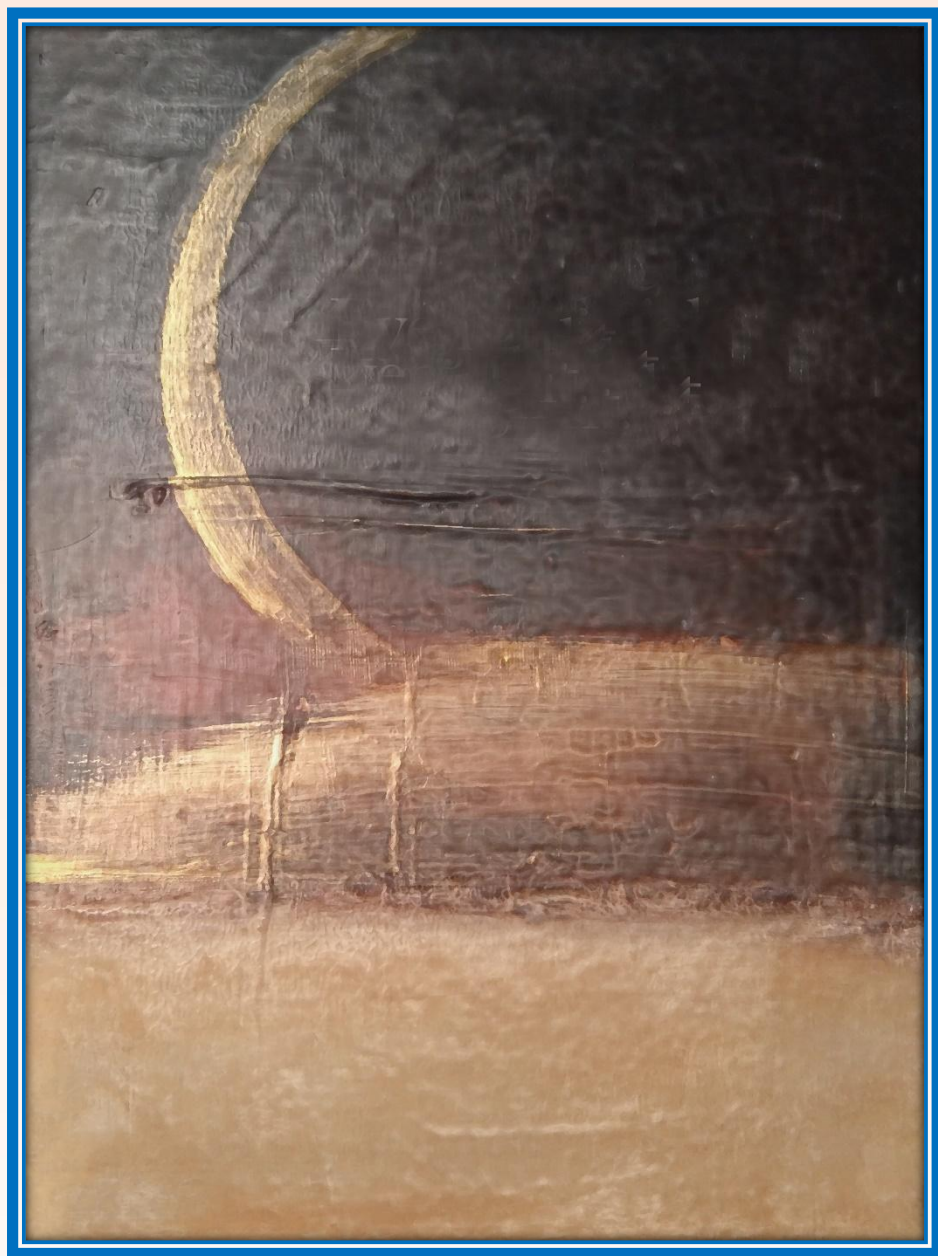
Life is to Wonder Ceaselessly.



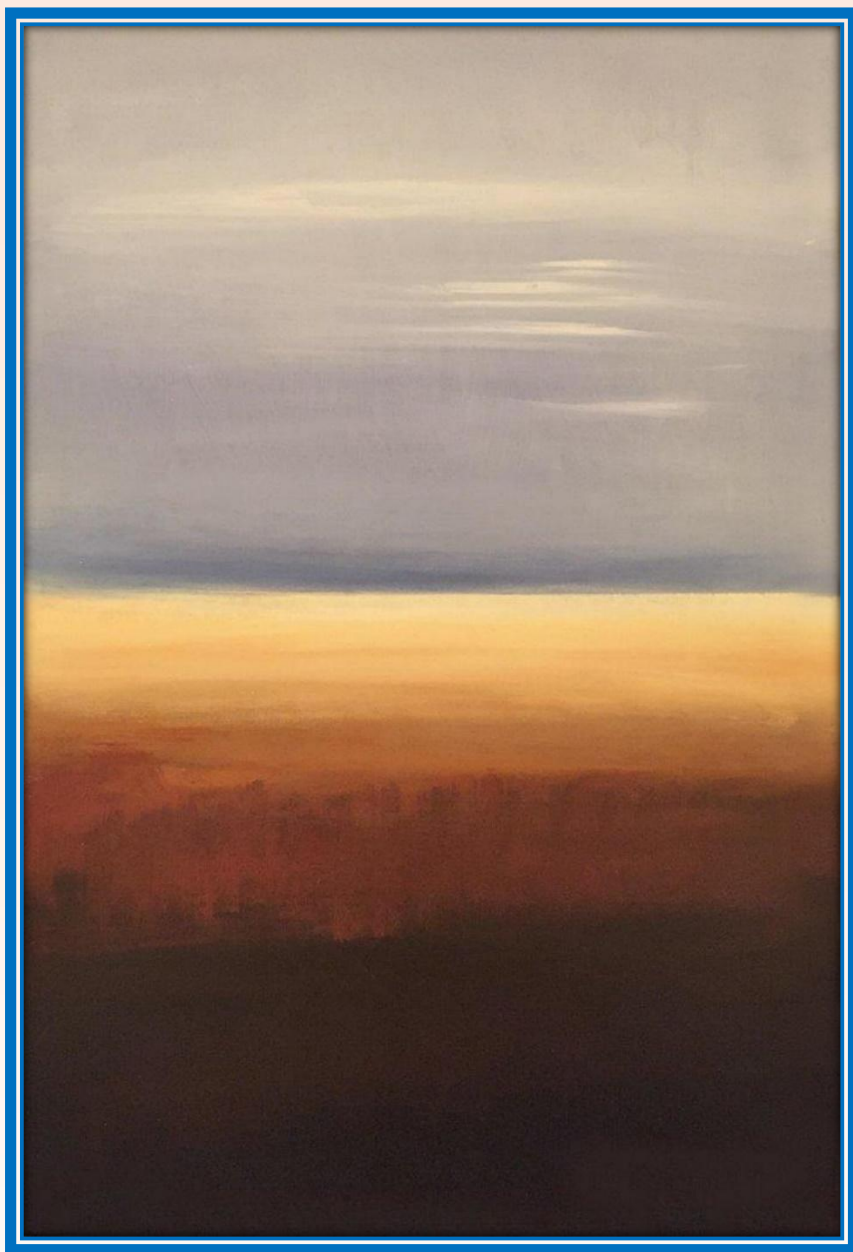
Indeed...It was time I bless myself.



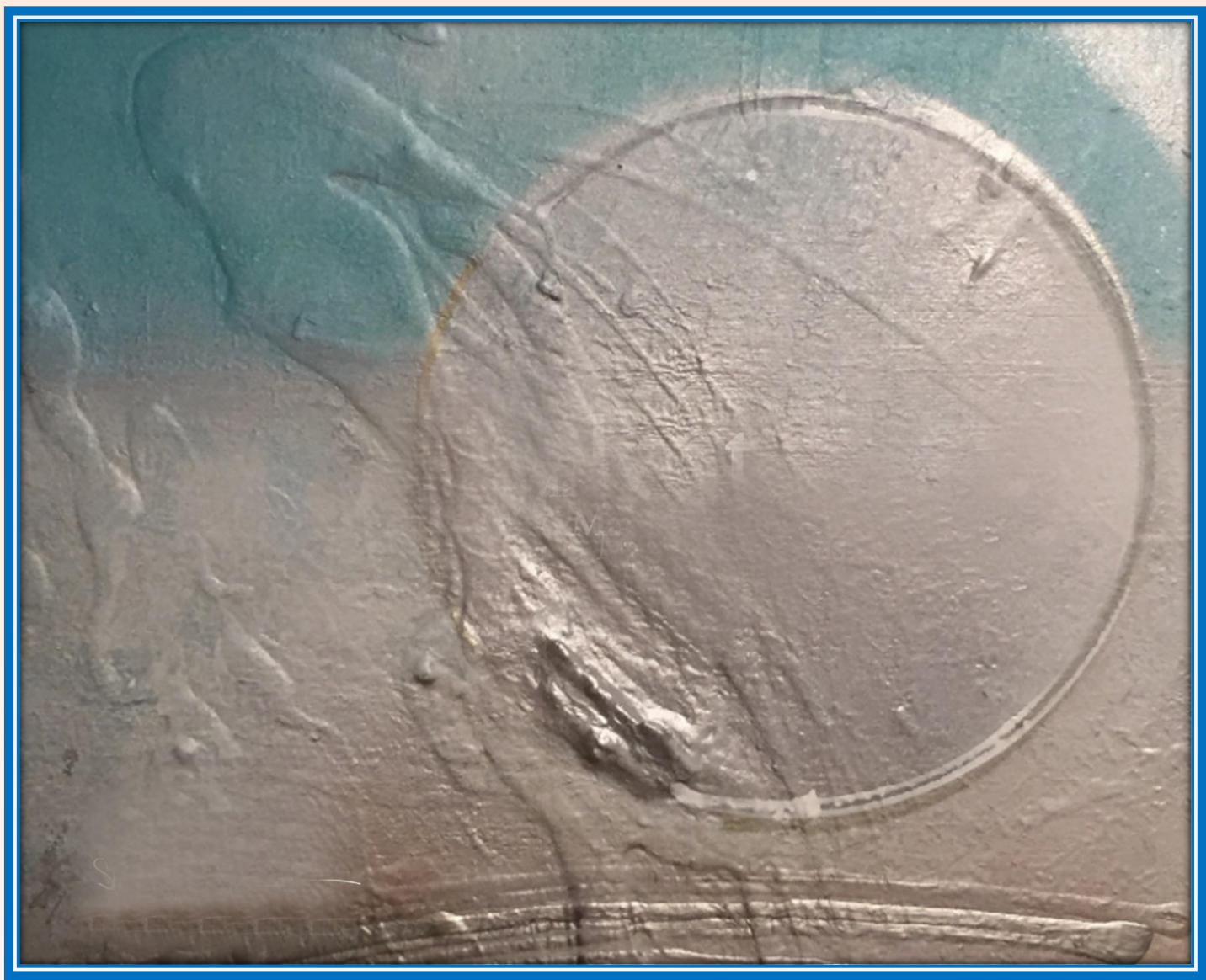
This Arrival did not need a Departure.



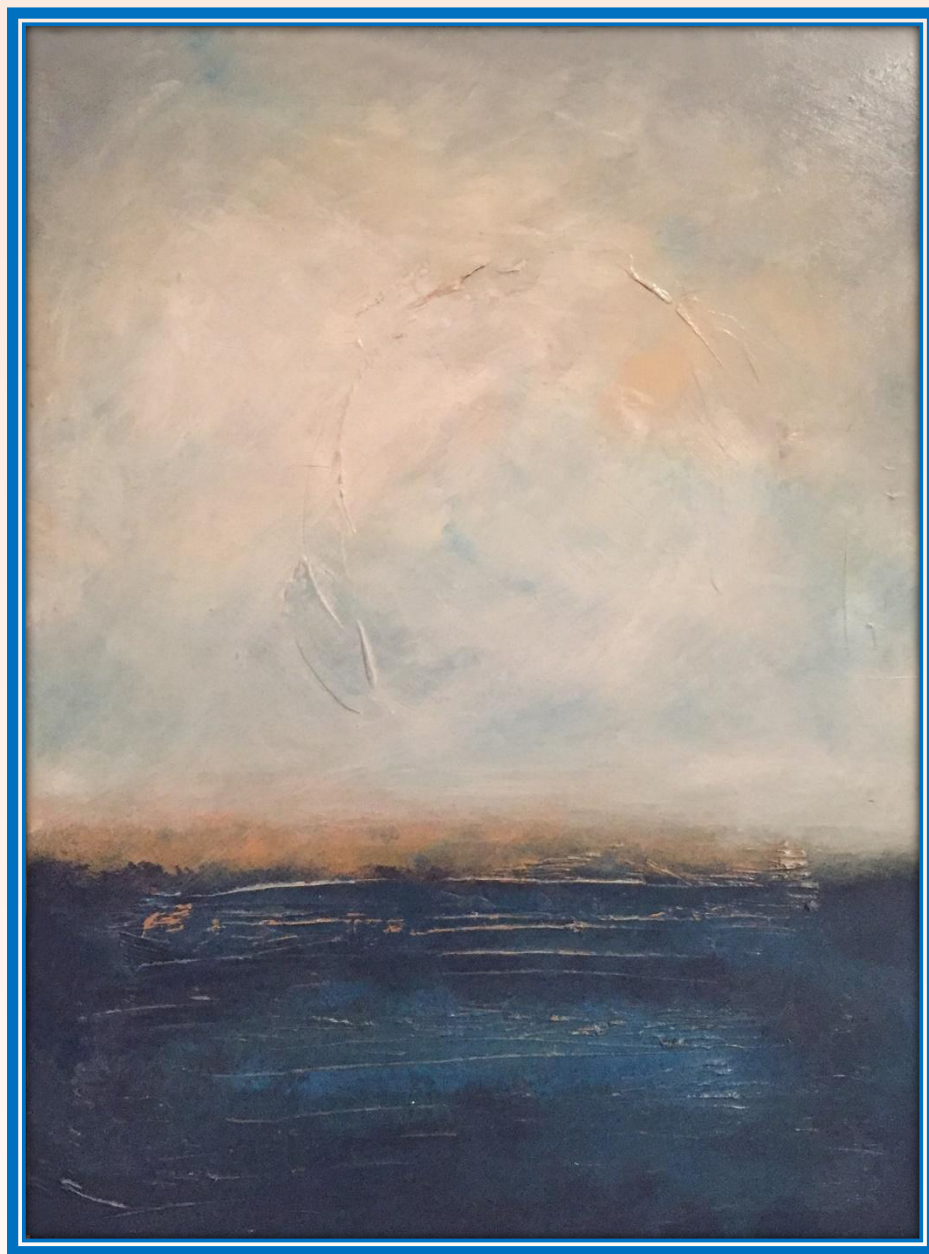
A fragile presence.... without a Premise.



No Question arises in Abidance.



Evolve to Love.



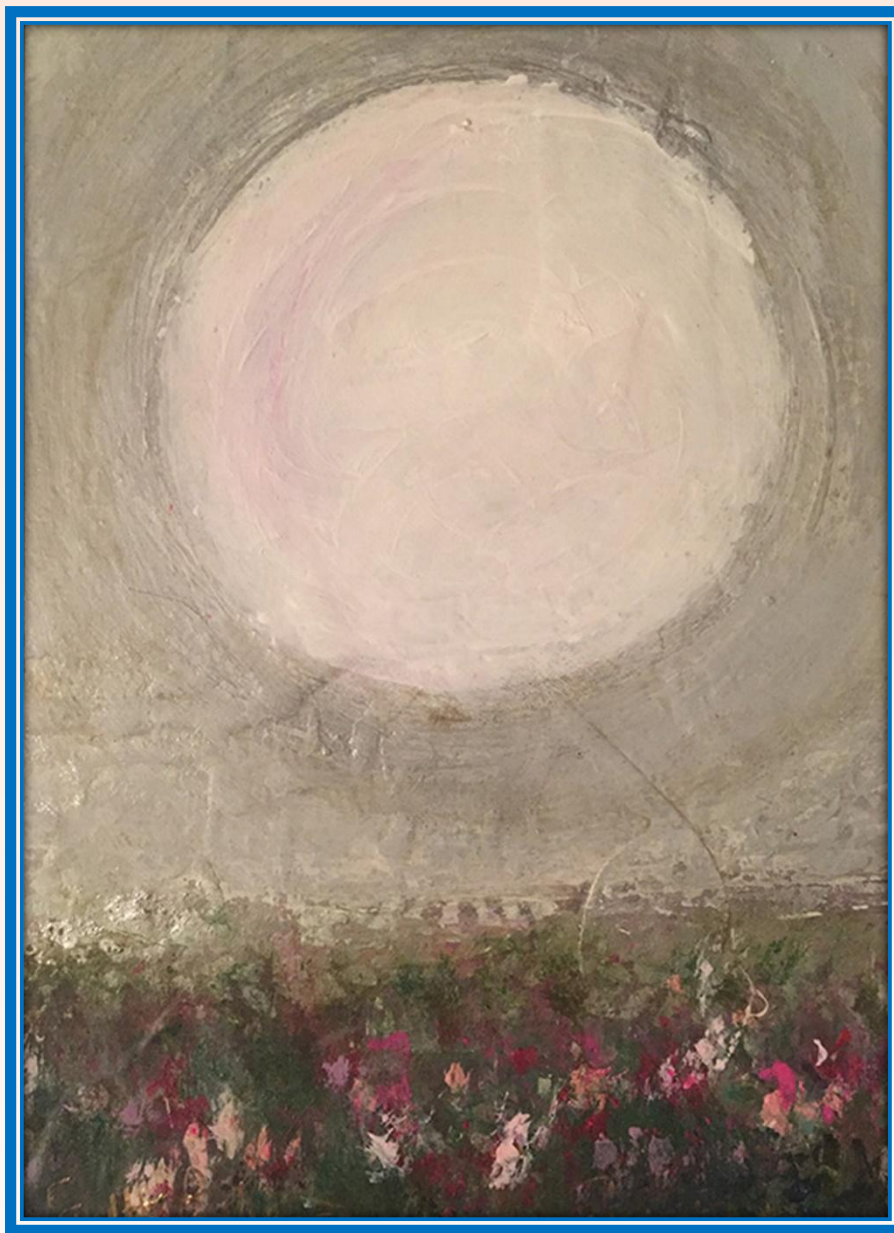
The Cacophony of Thought.



The Paradox of Yin & Yang.



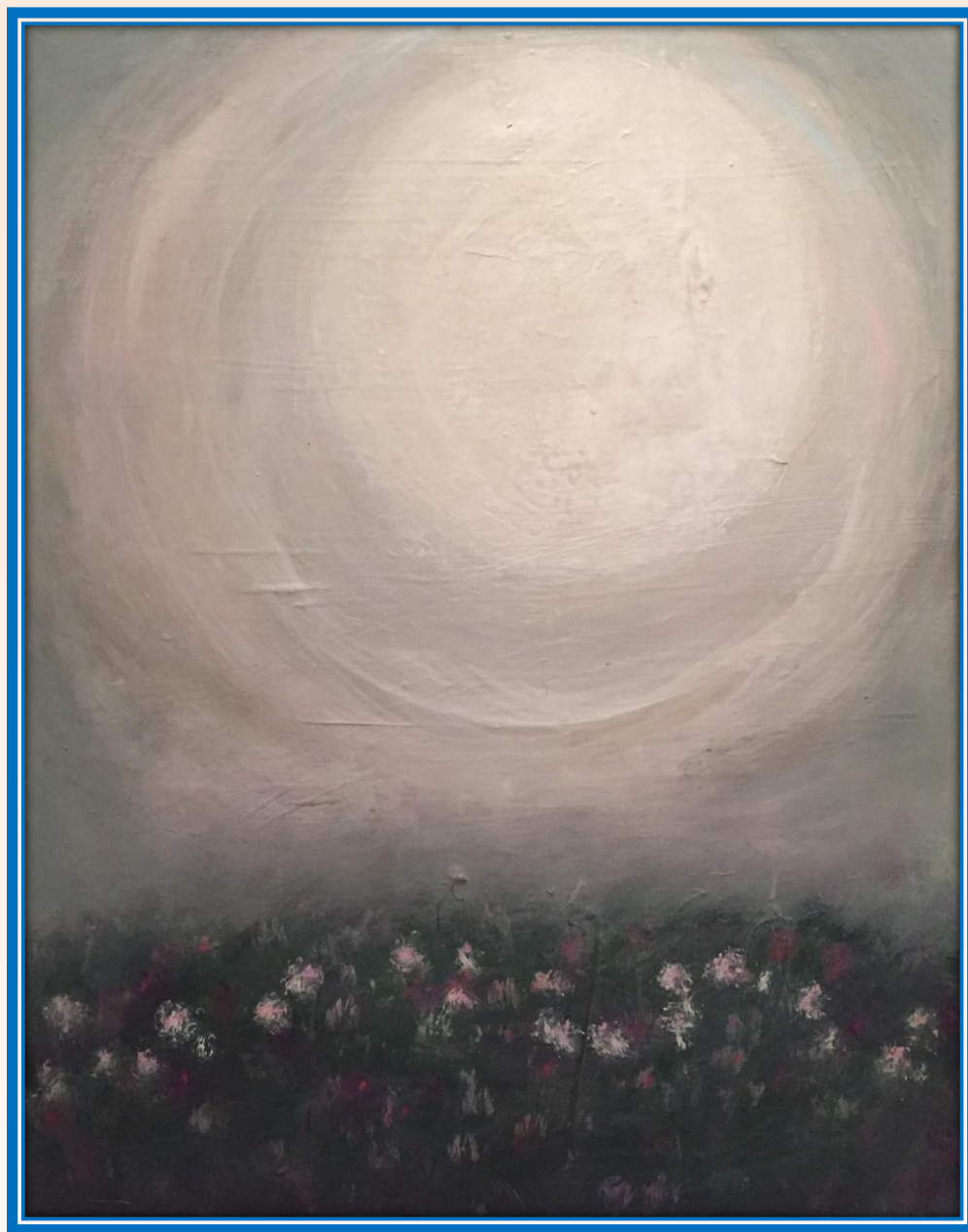
Love is the lack of Judgements.



Nobody else... Not even ME.



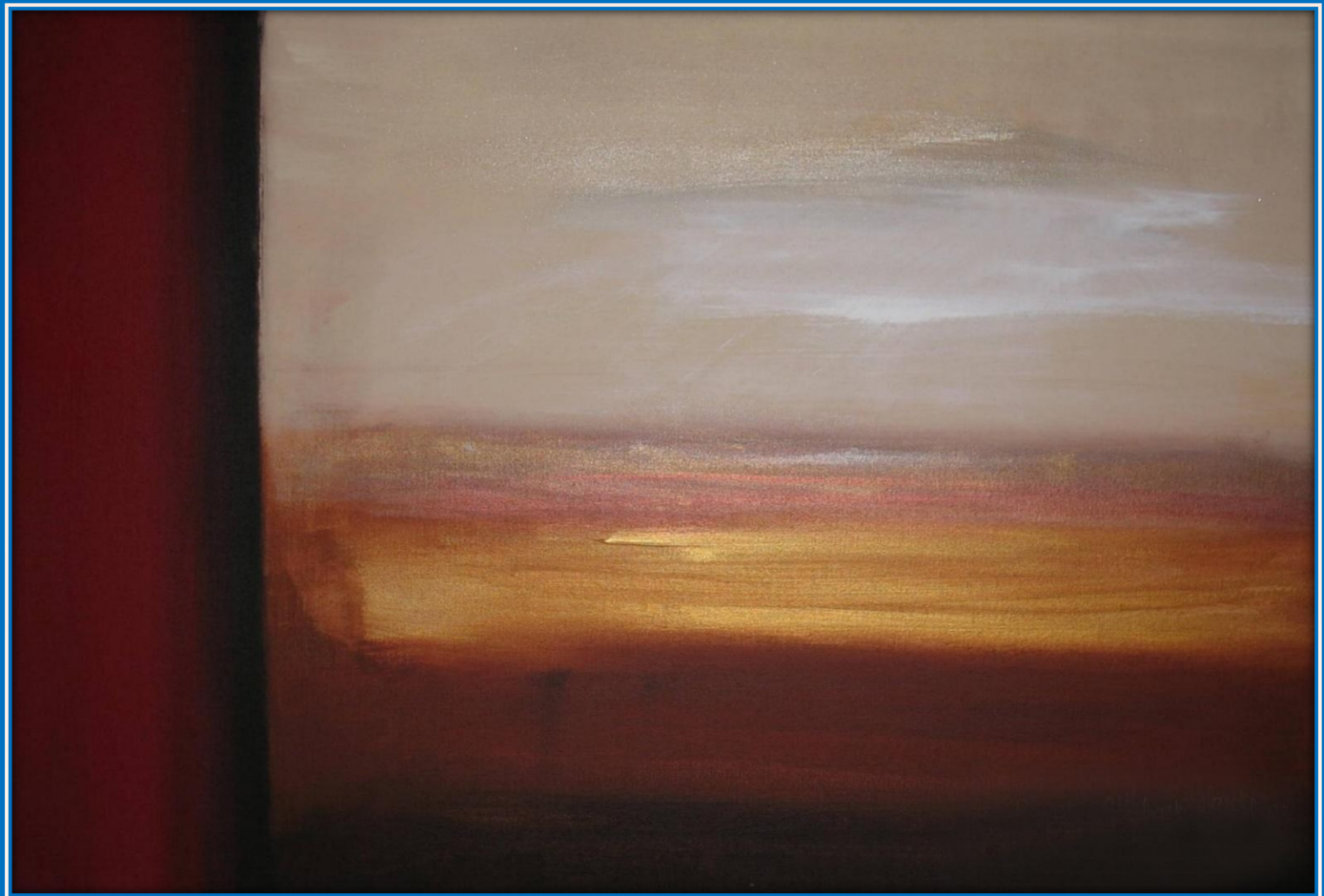
No Blossoming begs for the fate of Time.



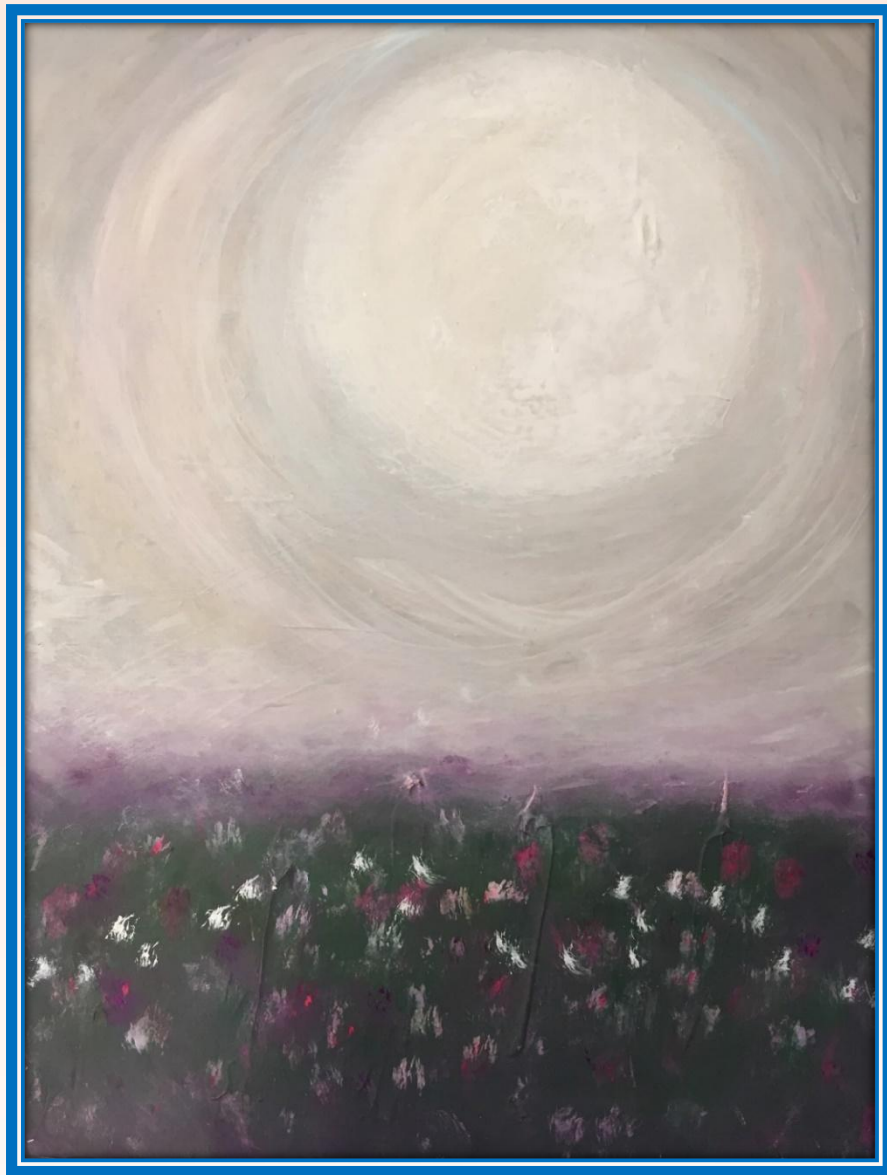
The Erotica of a Silent Waiting.



There is no Fuss...Only Being.



When Autumn comes, Can Spring be far behind?



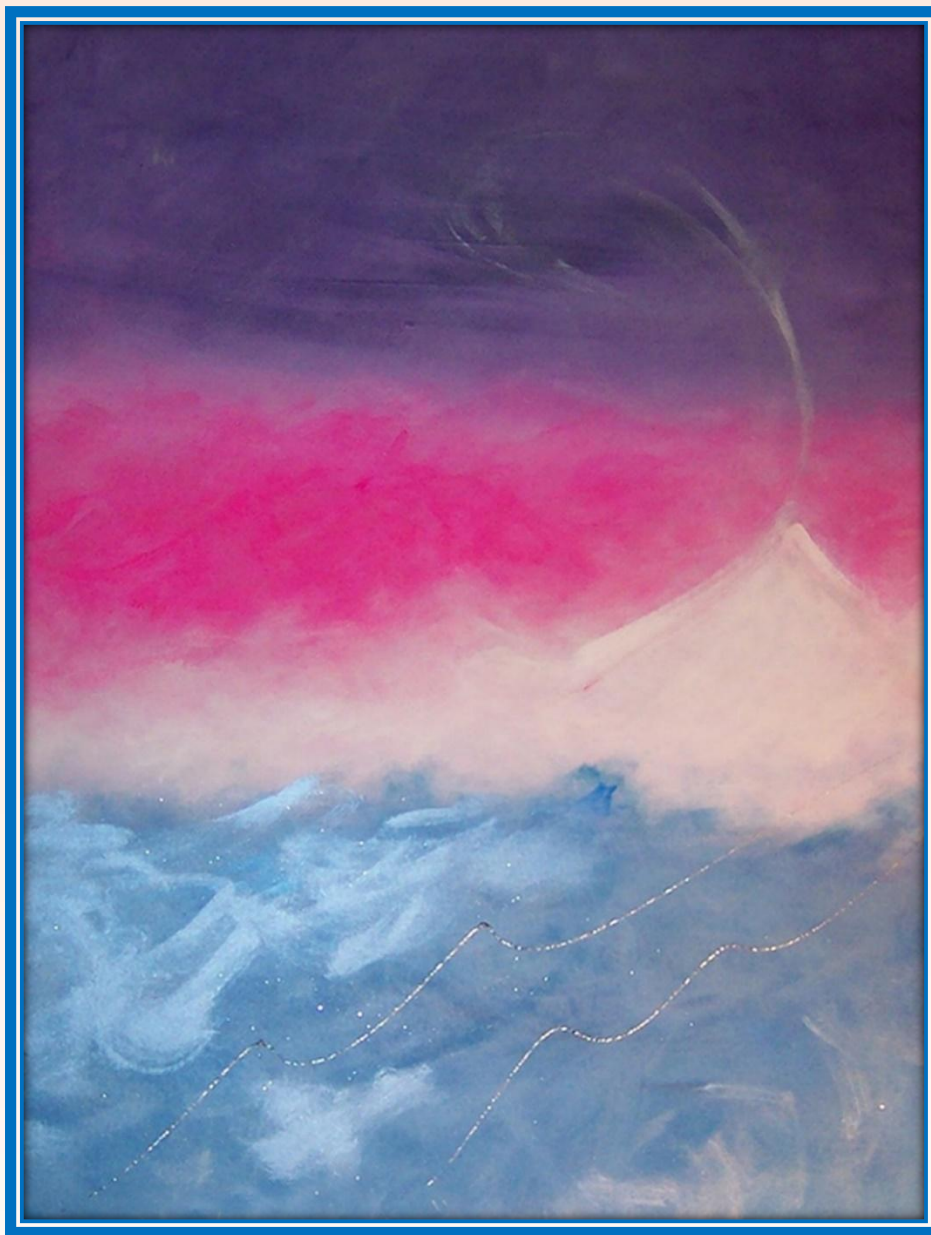
The Recurrence of Experience.



In and As the Abidance.



The Aesthesis of Metamorphosis.



I ache to a sky I soon become.



Unaware of.... what is Silent?



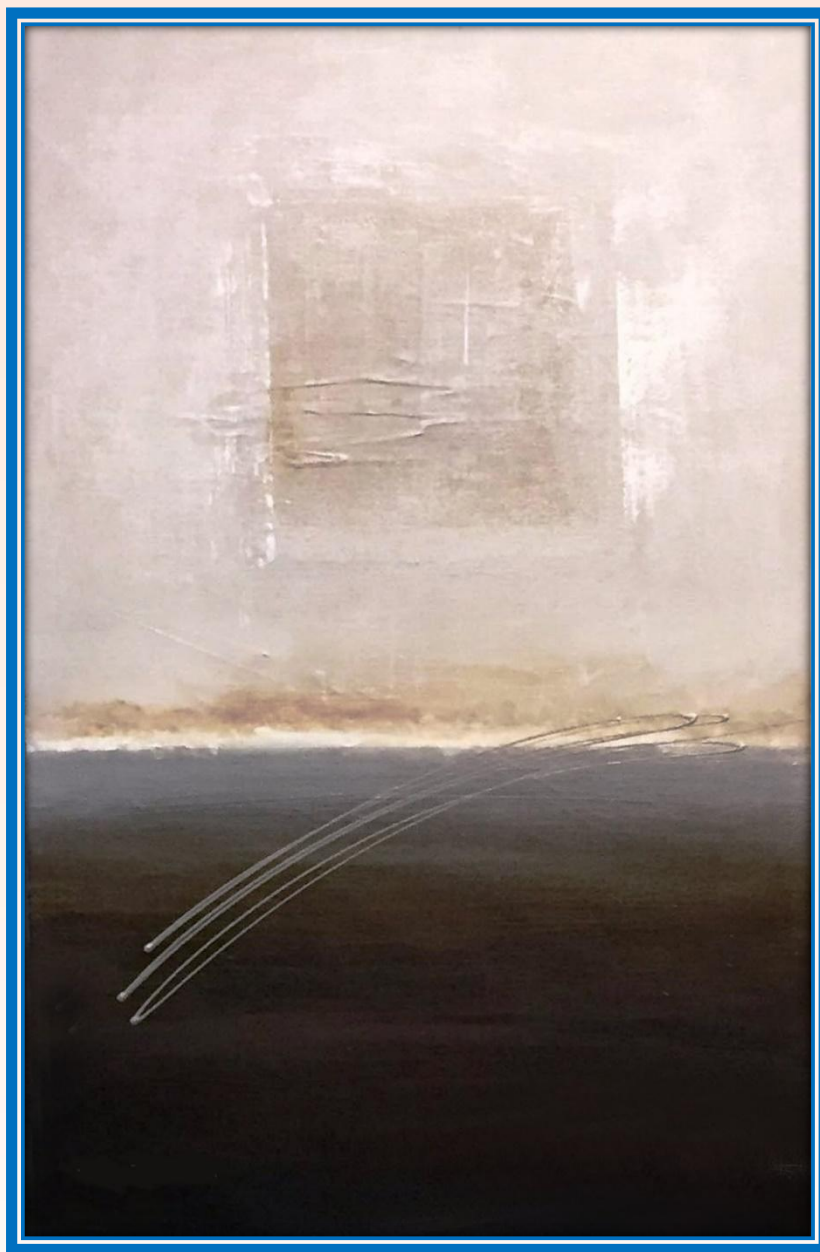
Redeemed from Fate.



The Fragility of Association.



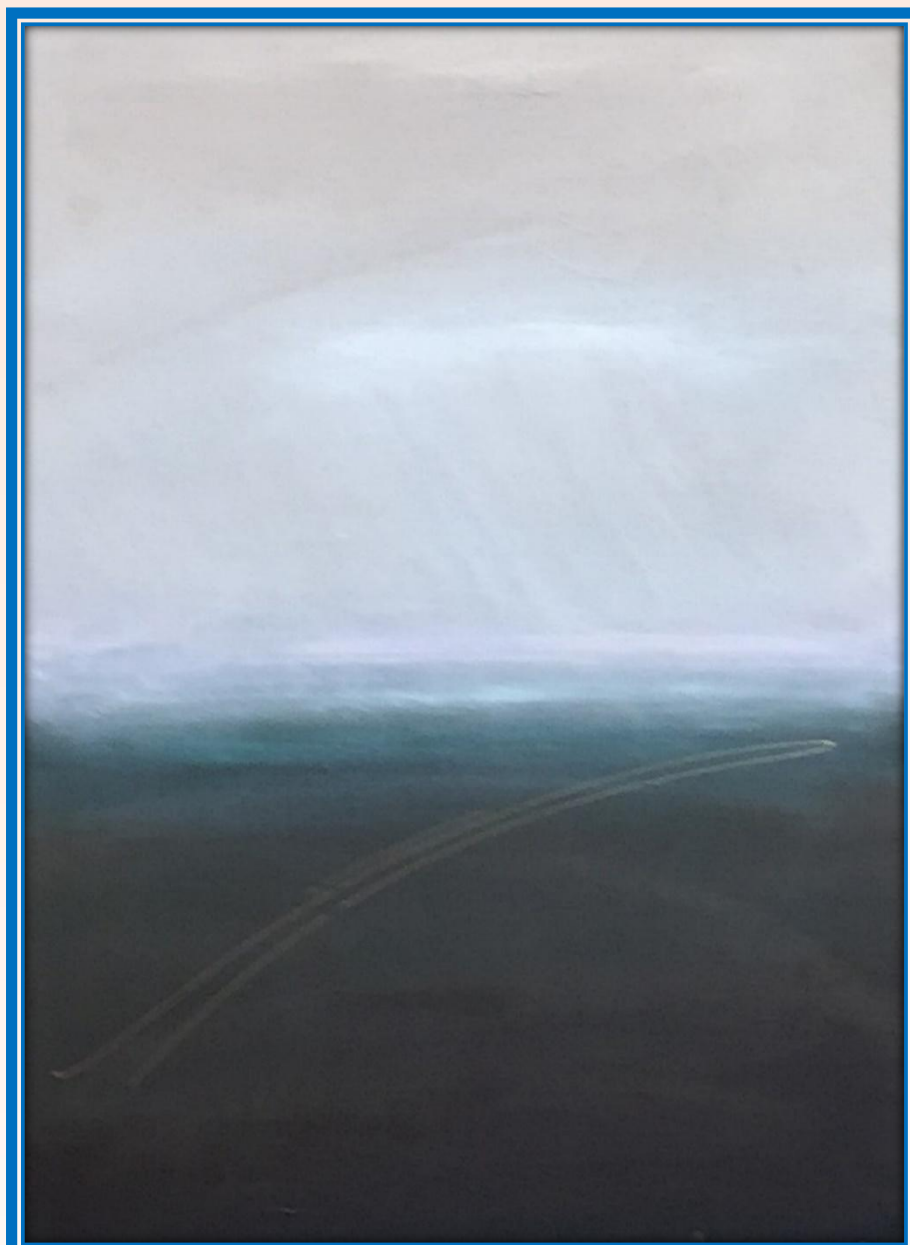
The Grace of Solitude.



The longing Exhausted...then Vanished Me.



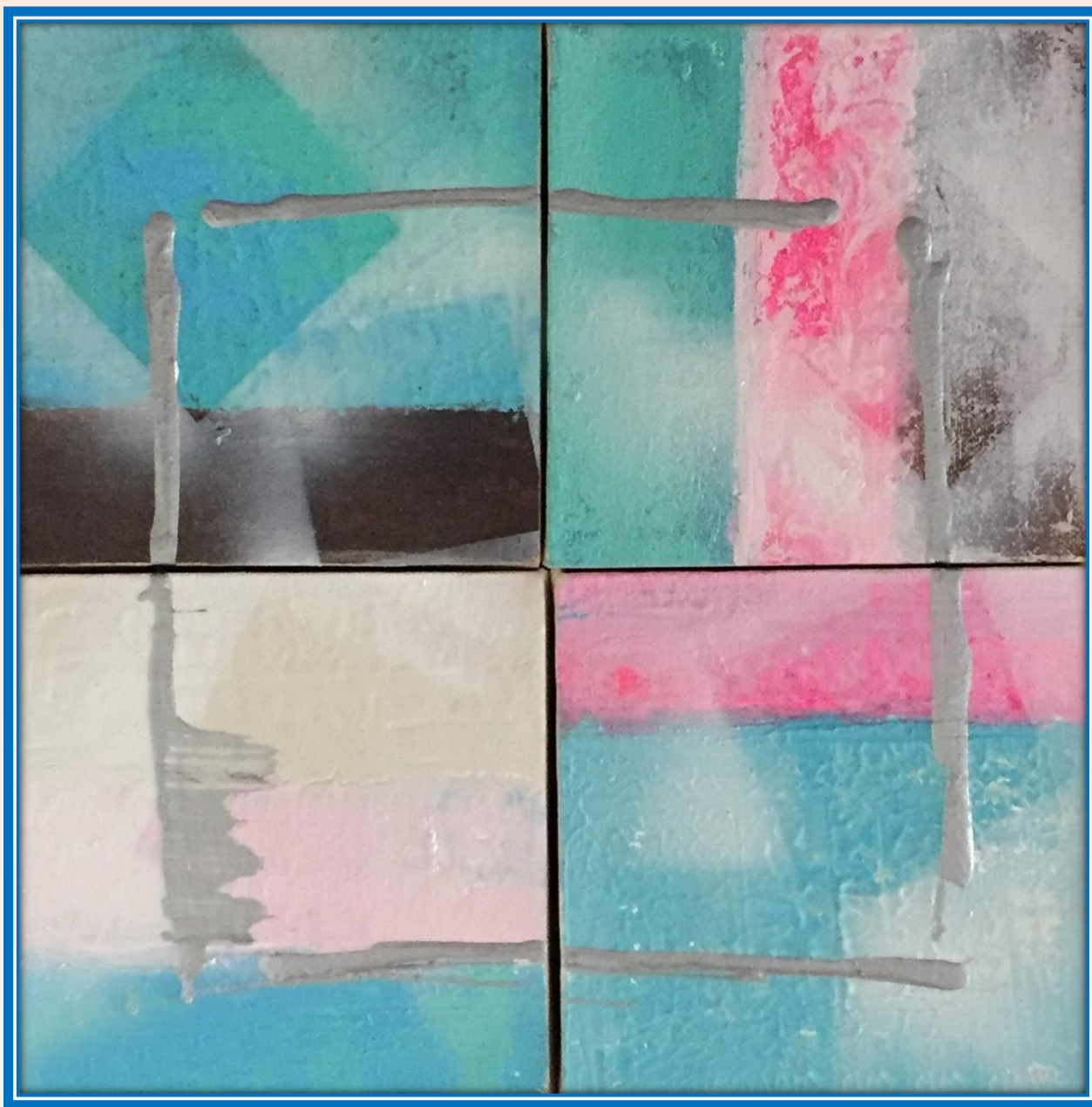
The Reverie of a Vacant Reception.



This Alone is.... has always been.



Best before Dying.



Detachment is Devotion.



No Answer has answered any Questions so far...

None ever can.



*Time has no control over what
Thought has not constructed.*



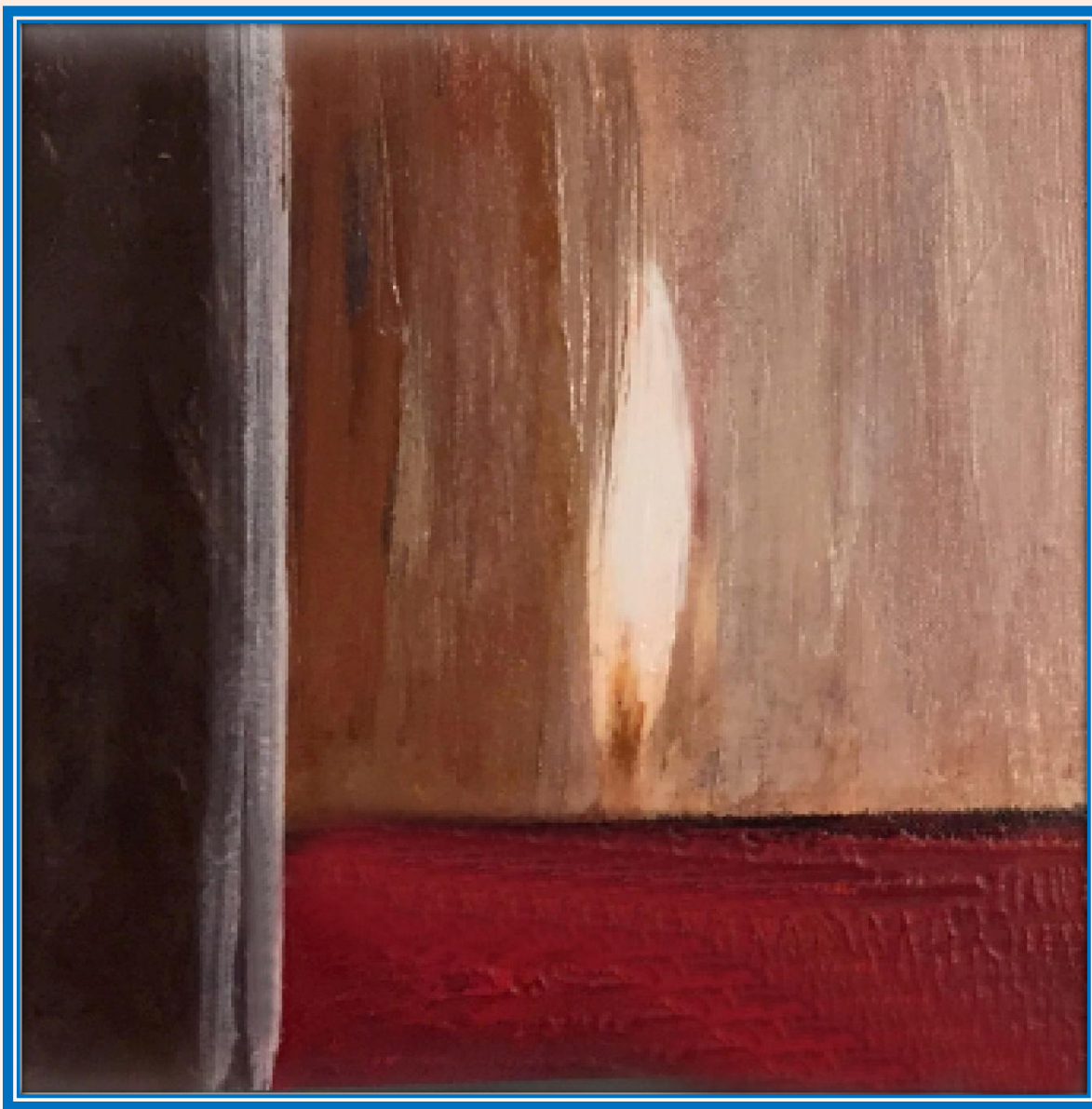
An unposed Question....A Recurring answer.



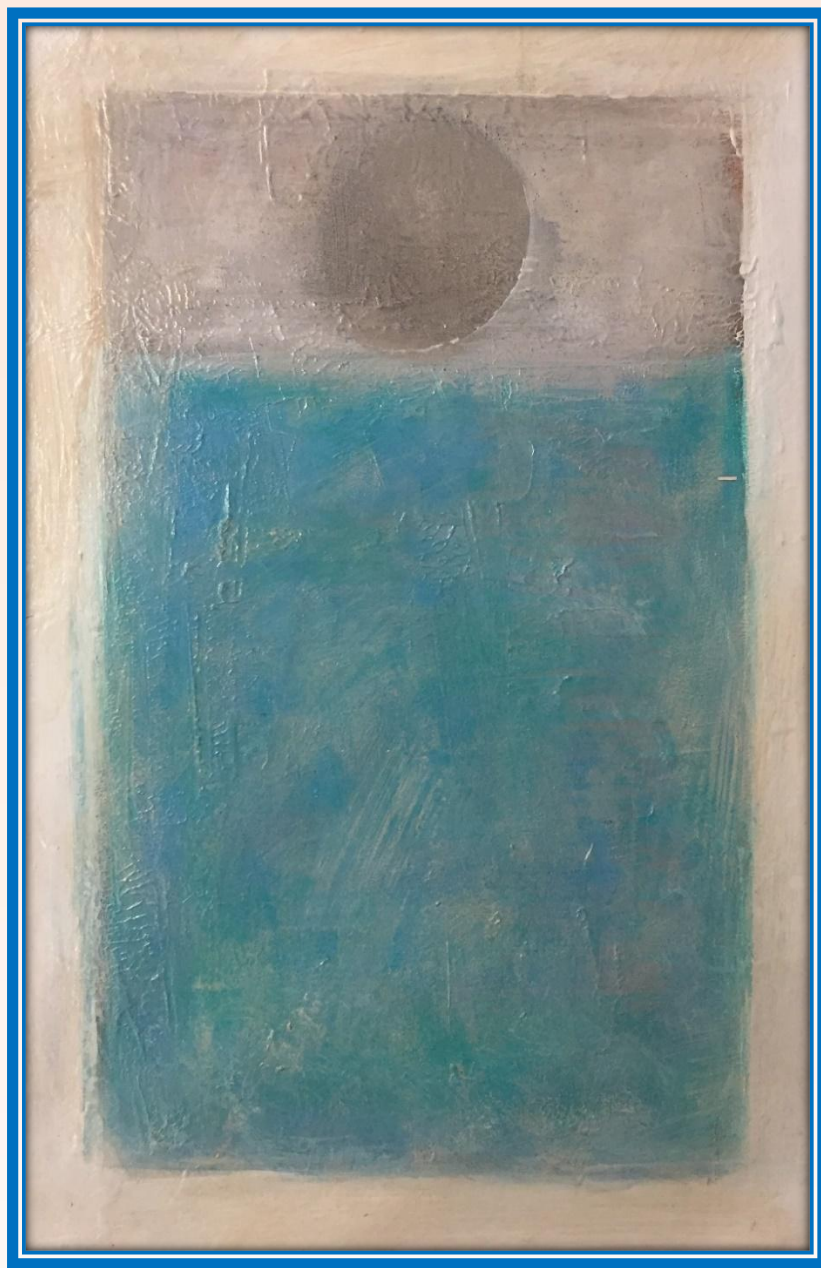
Just before Seeing....The Seer.



The Release from the Garbs of Identity.



In the Silent Awaiting of the Light.... I became it.



The Questioner in Evaporation.



The Subtle Power of Silence



In the Watching....its Enacting & Transcendence.



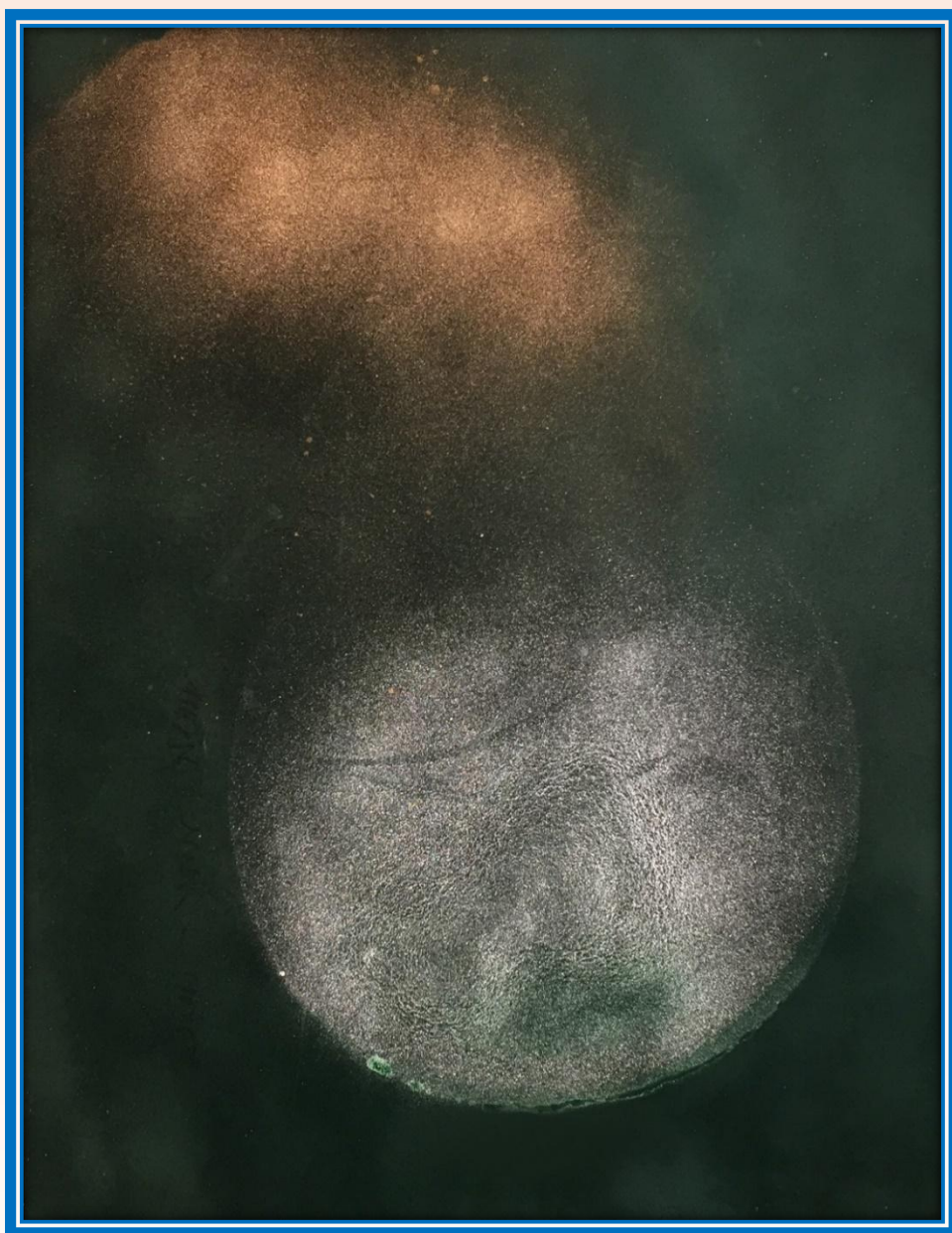
The View has kept me Alive.



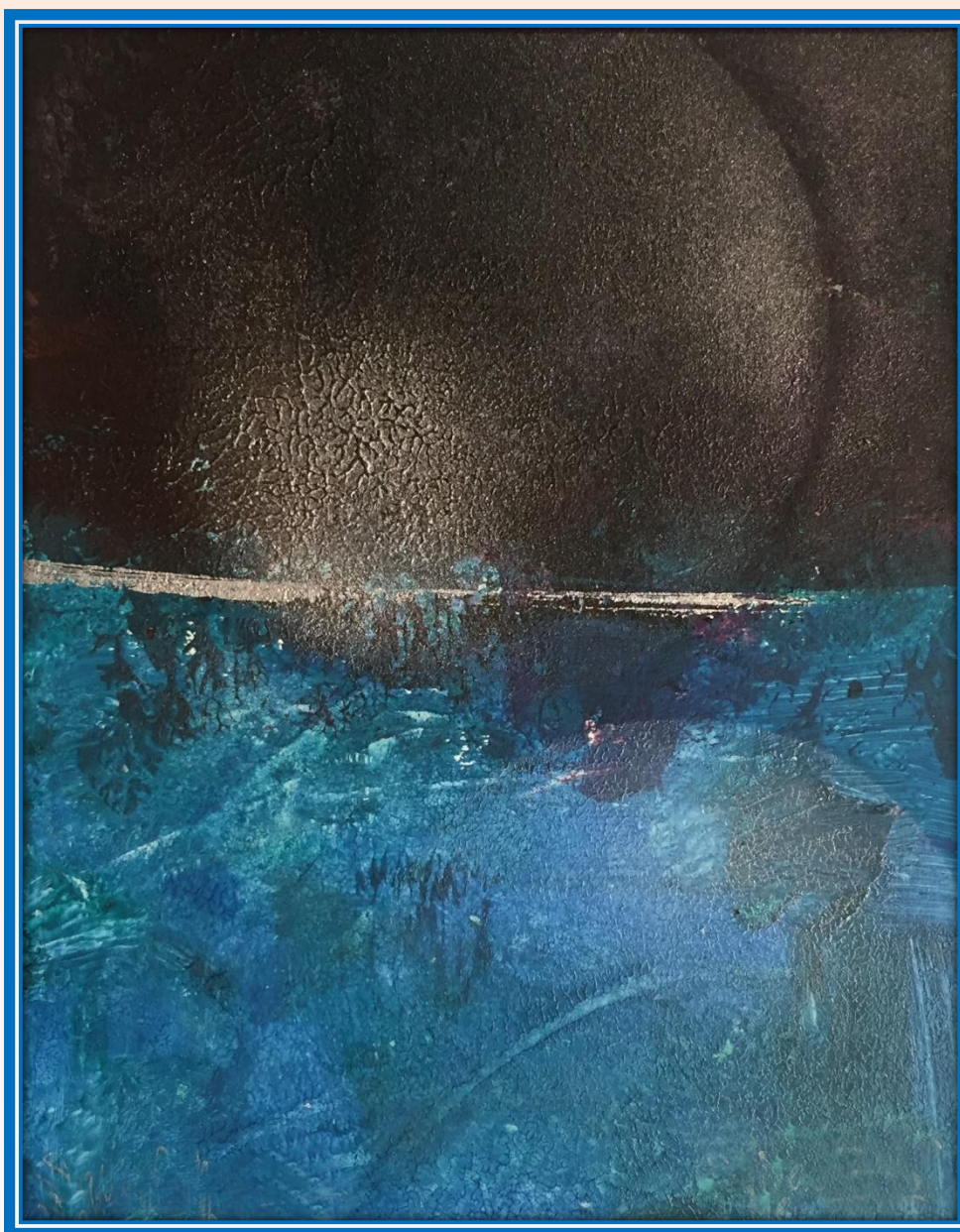
Compassion is being IJ.



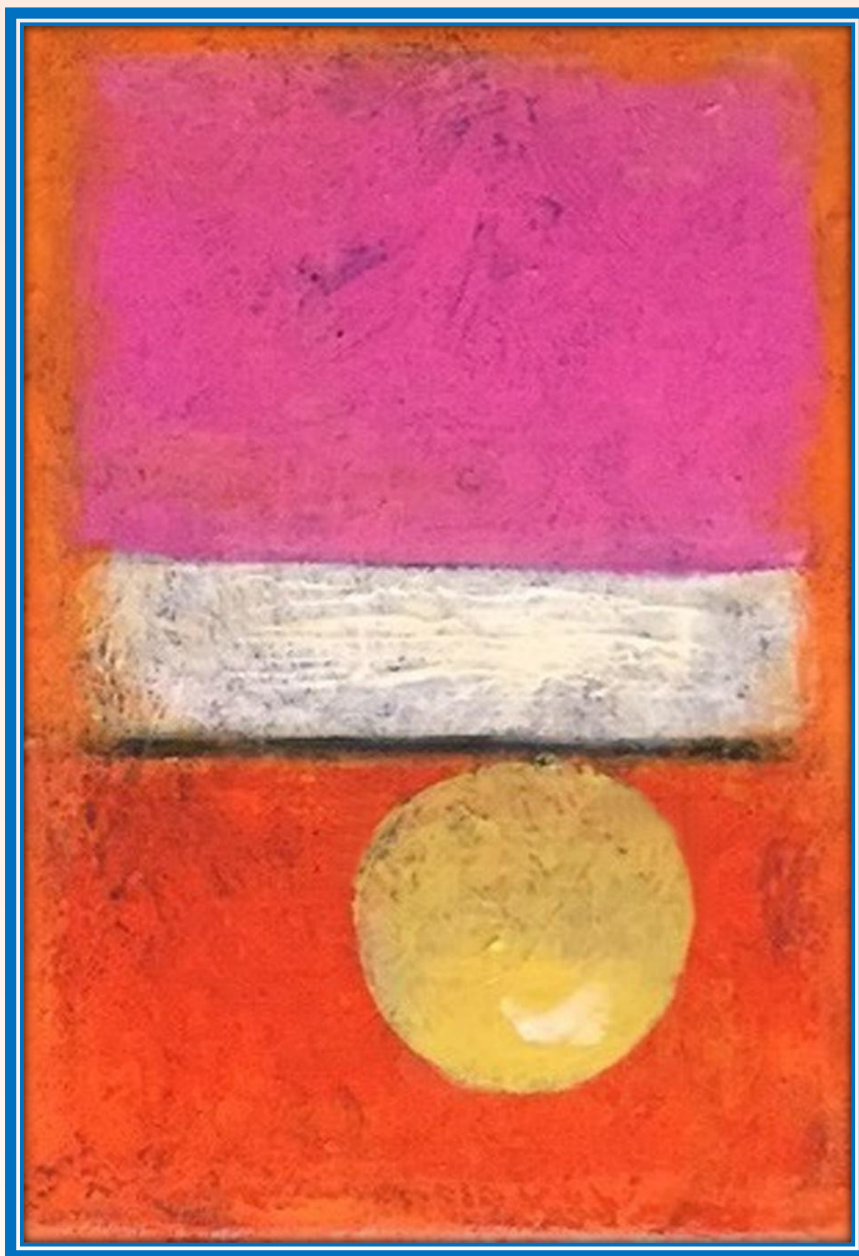
They still Survived.



Ecstatic at their Annihilation.



When Nothing Speaks.



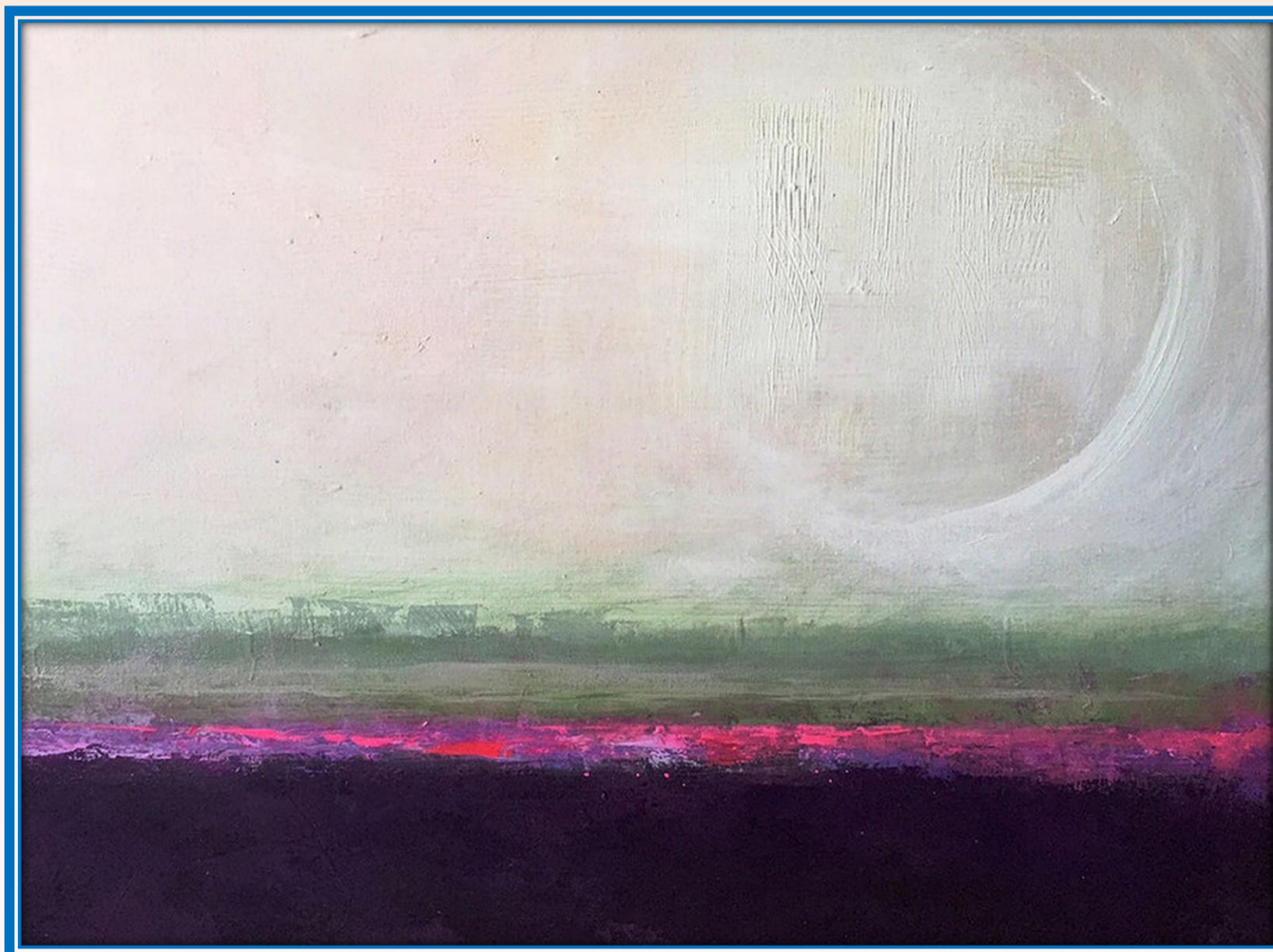
The myth of time erased.... Eternity takes over.



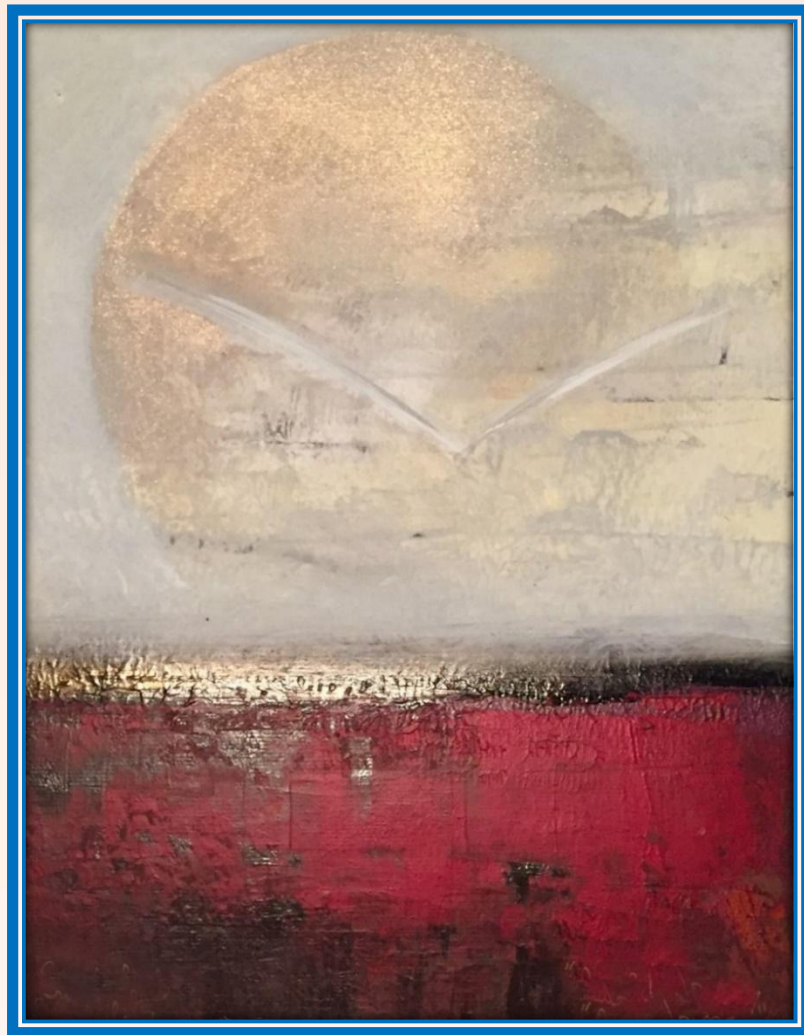
Everything Is....As It Is.



Utterly broken...Totally Bathed.



The Absurdity of Destination.



What a Pity it is.... that We fail to see how
Unconditionally the Sky walks alongside each of
Us.



Without a Voice... Without even a Thought.



The Seeker is the Sought.



The Timelessness of Remembrance.



Separation is the Illusion.



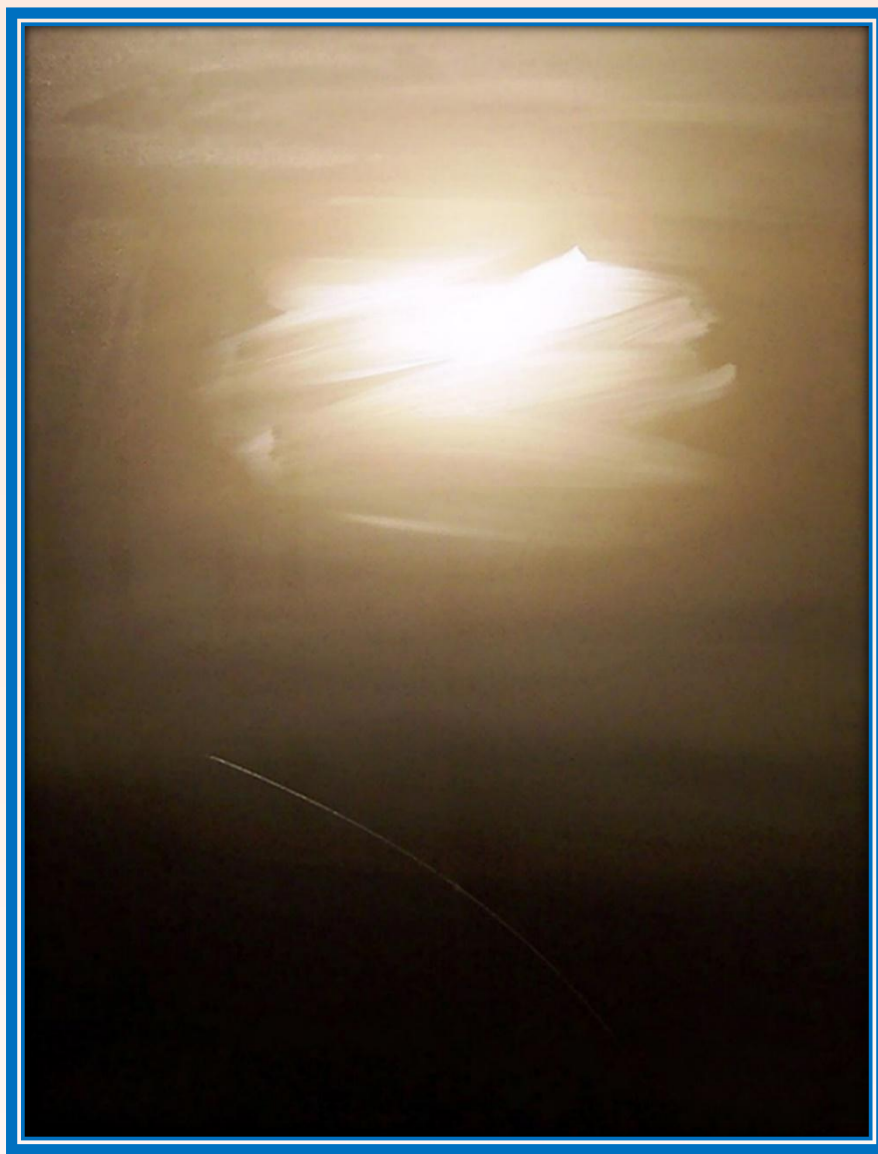
Who remains even to Let Go?



To be free from the need to be free.



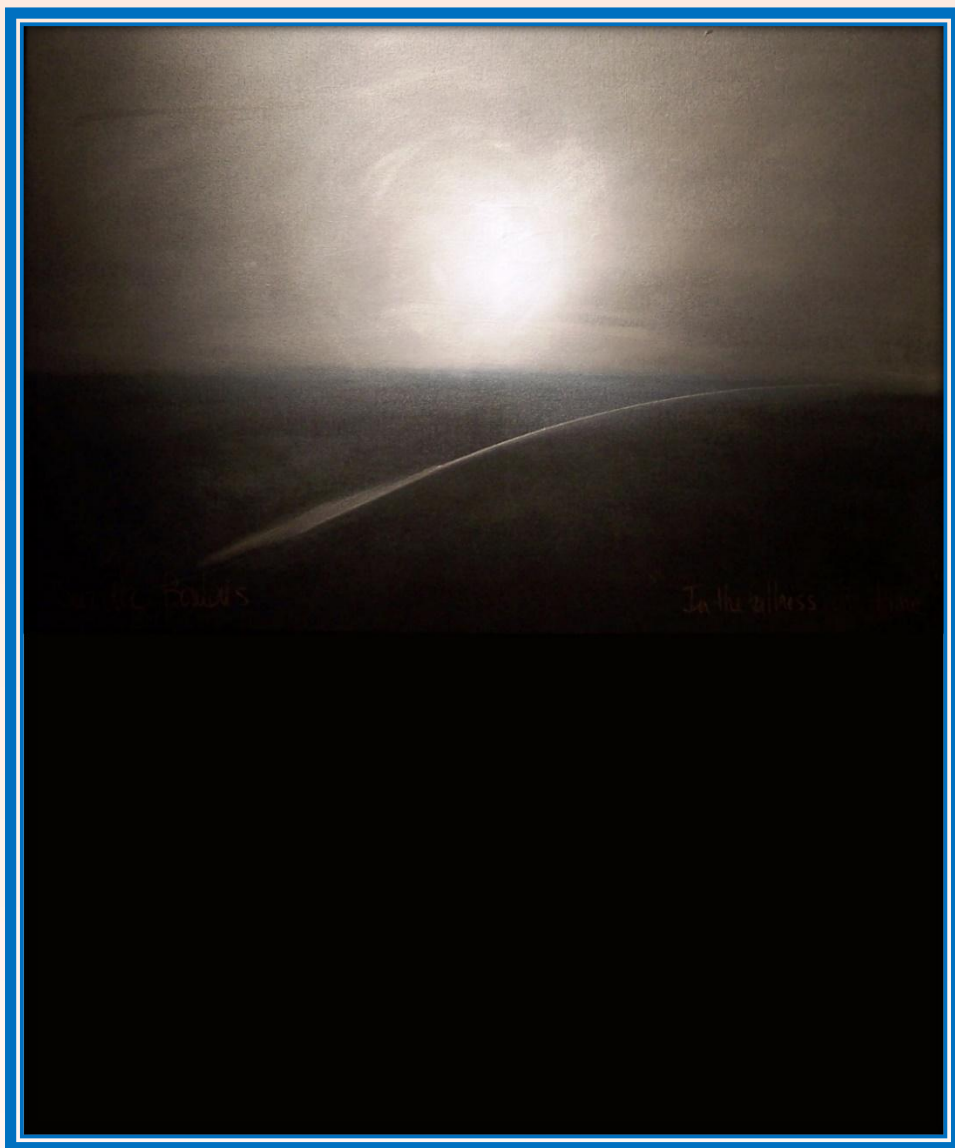
There are no moments of Non-Remembrance.



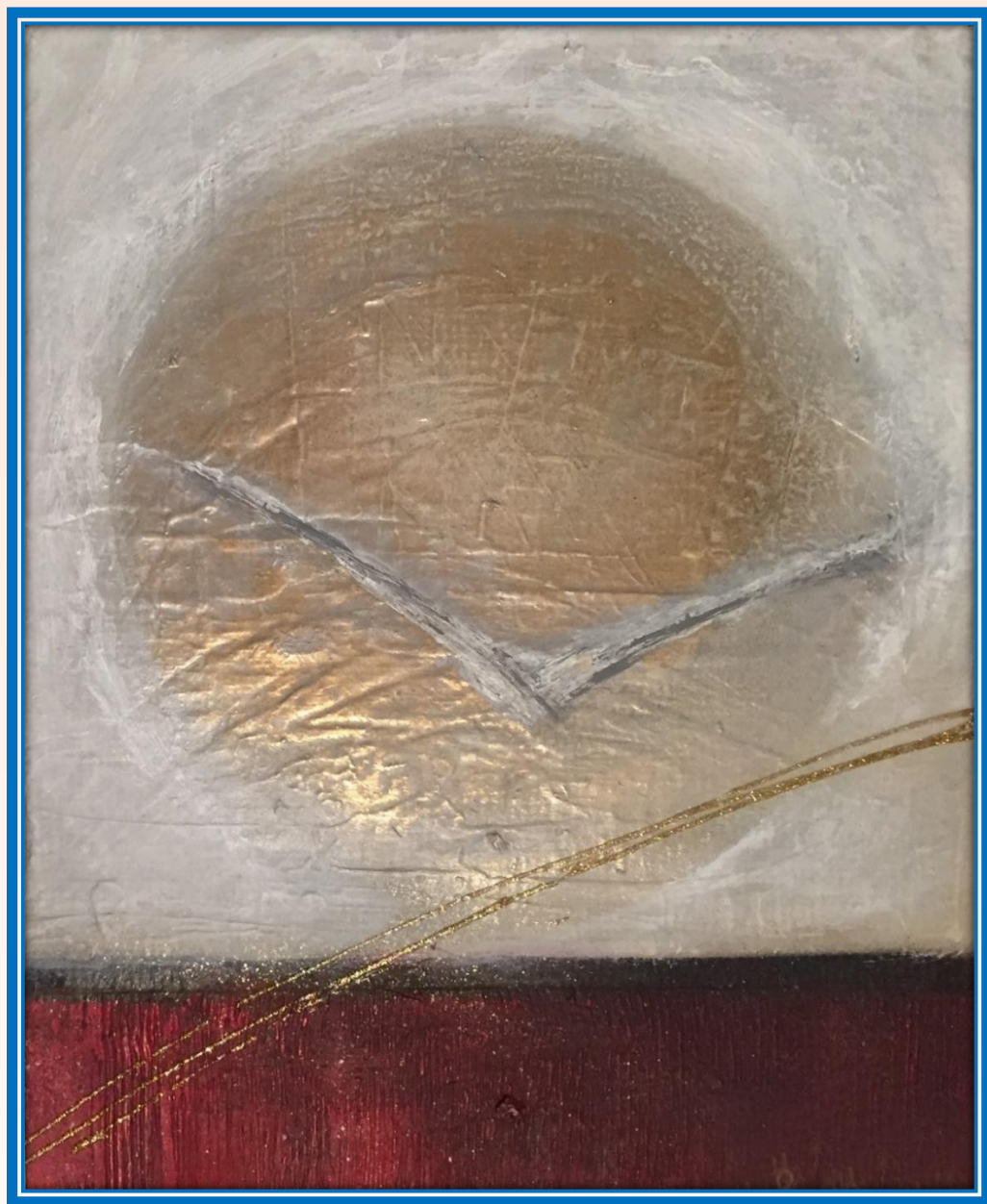
*The sweet stirring of Life....done mindfully & in
Love.*



It must be Unperishable to be True.



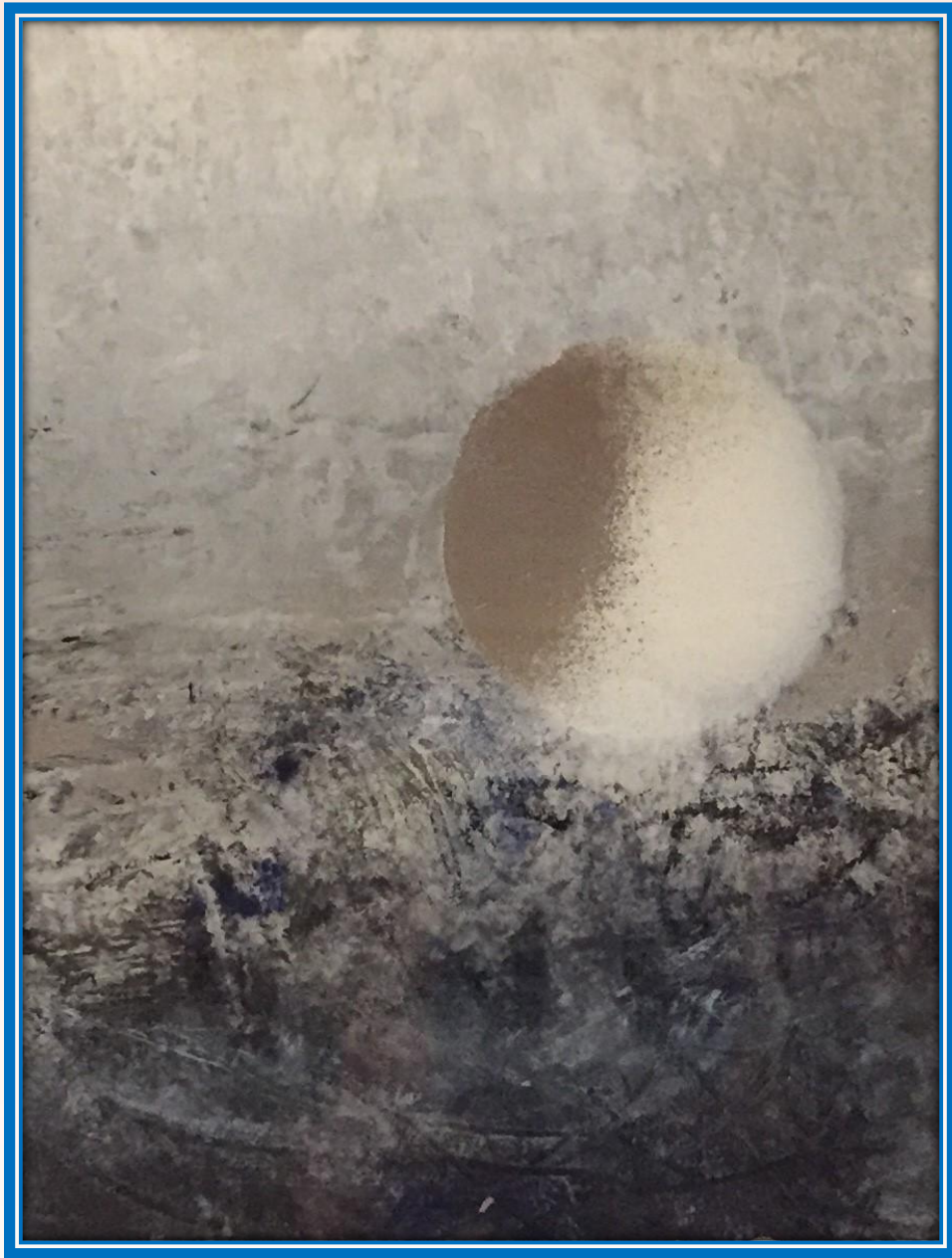
Nothing's clasps.... Nothing held back from being
held.



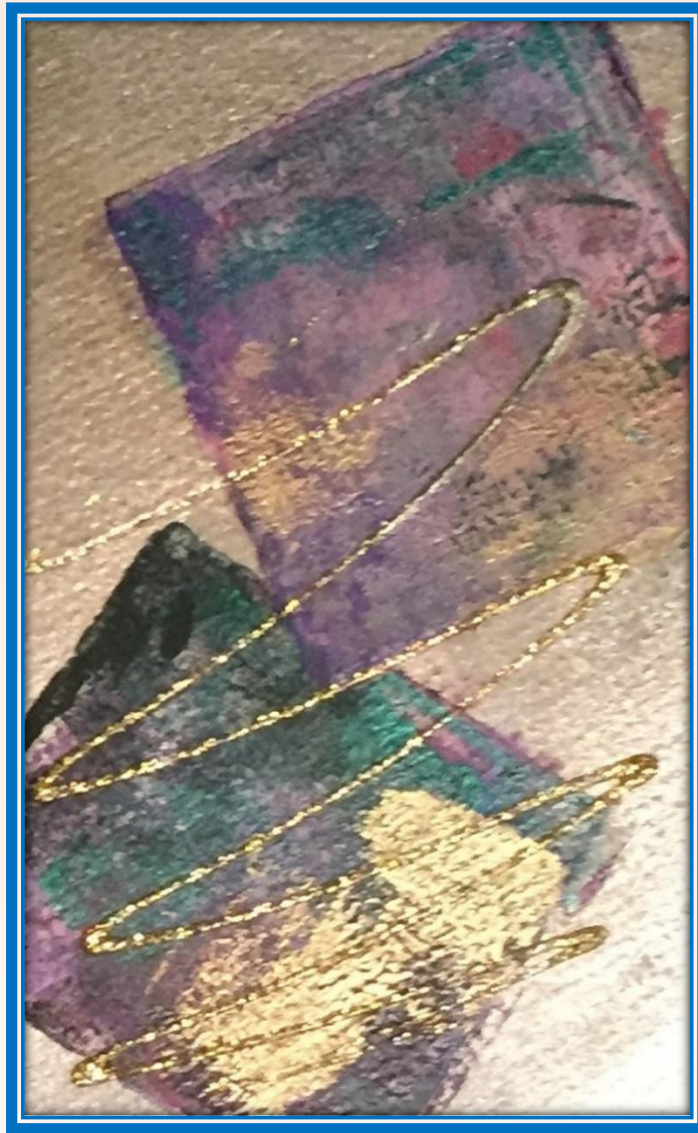
The flight brings me Home.



Love has never had any Seeking.



Decay has a Silent Longing to mate with Death.



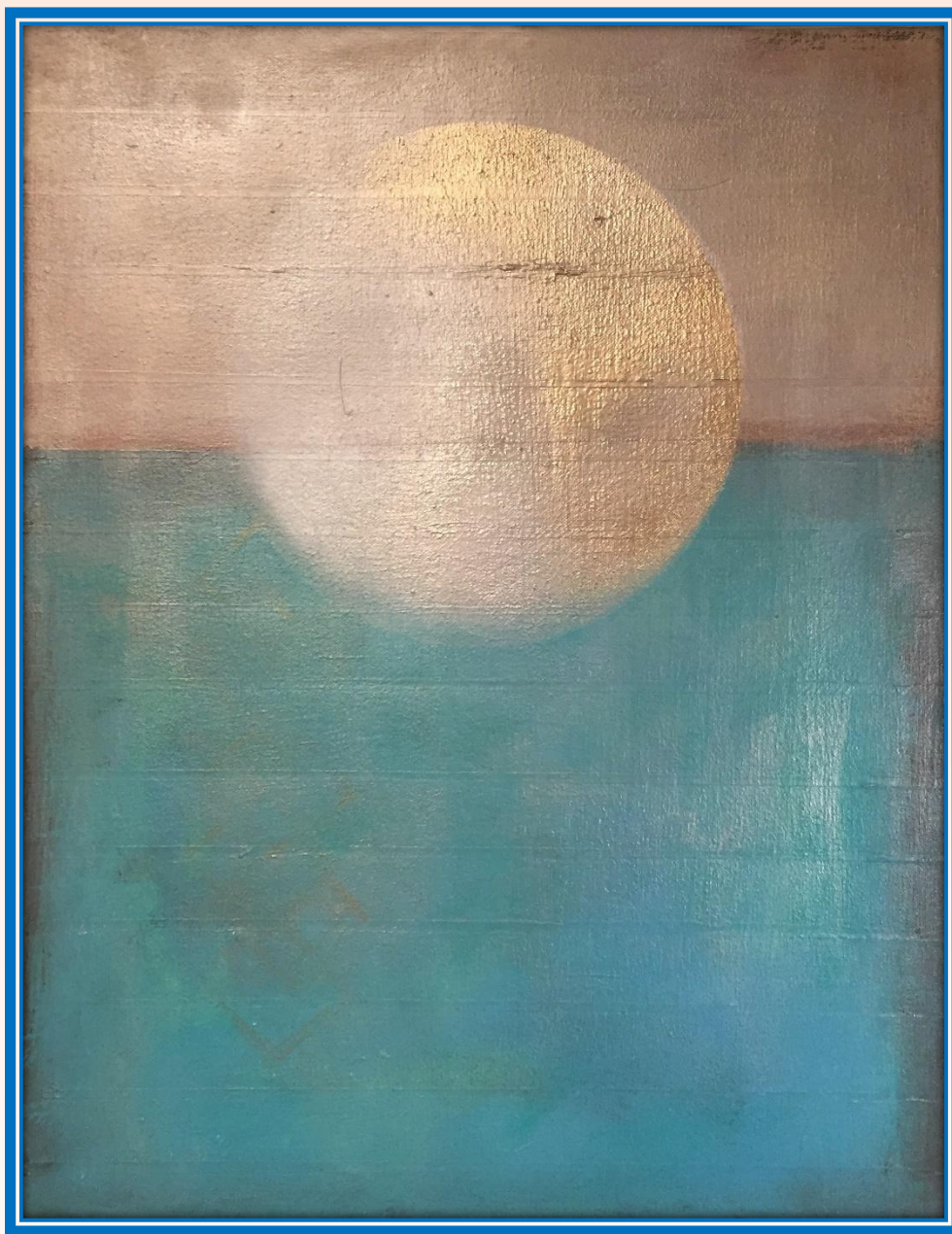
*The Wizardry of Sound: The Nuance of
Silence... Life flows between the two.*



A Shade from Thought.



They still Survived.



The Baring of Bearing.



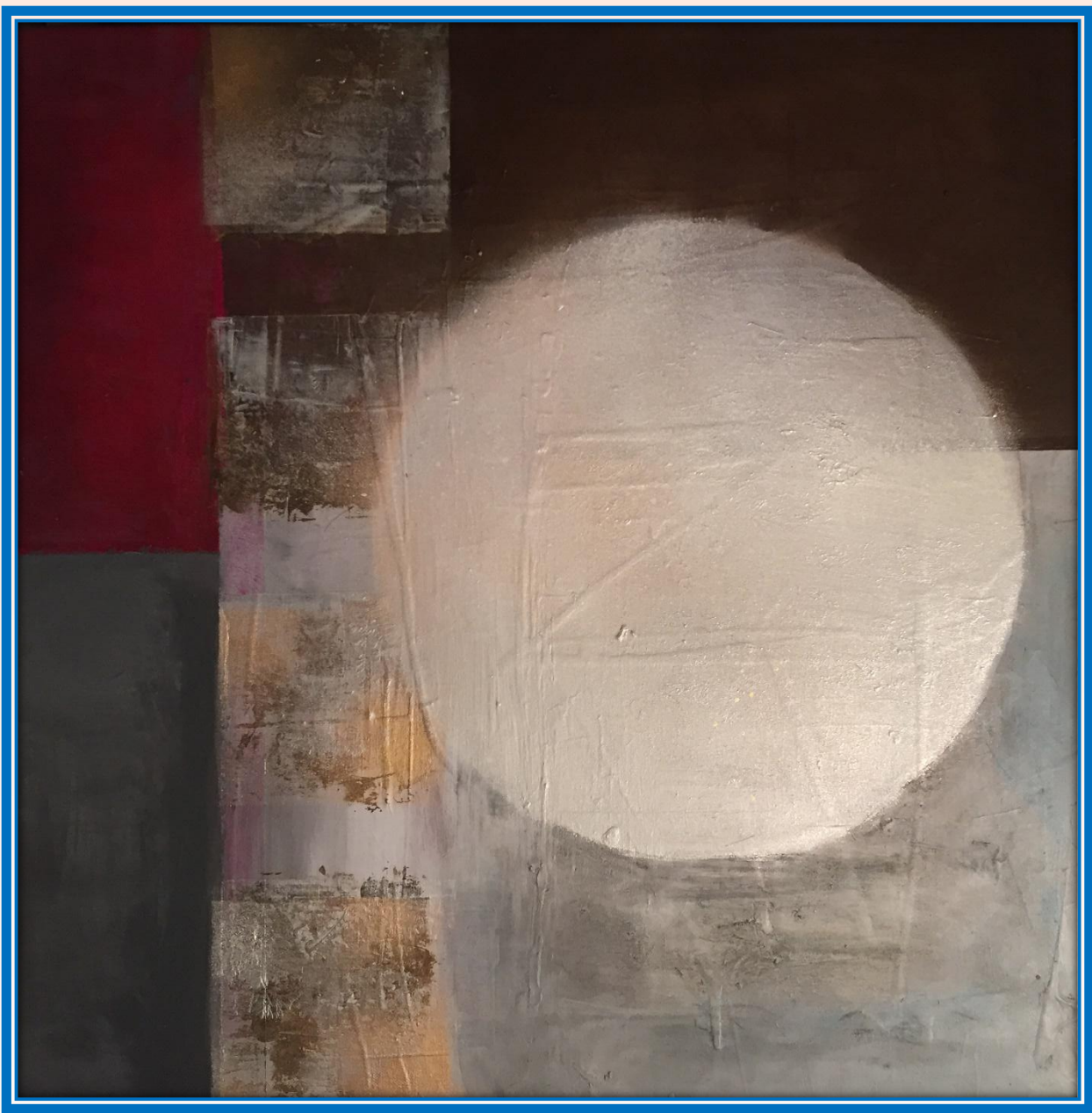
Consumed with One's own Intensity



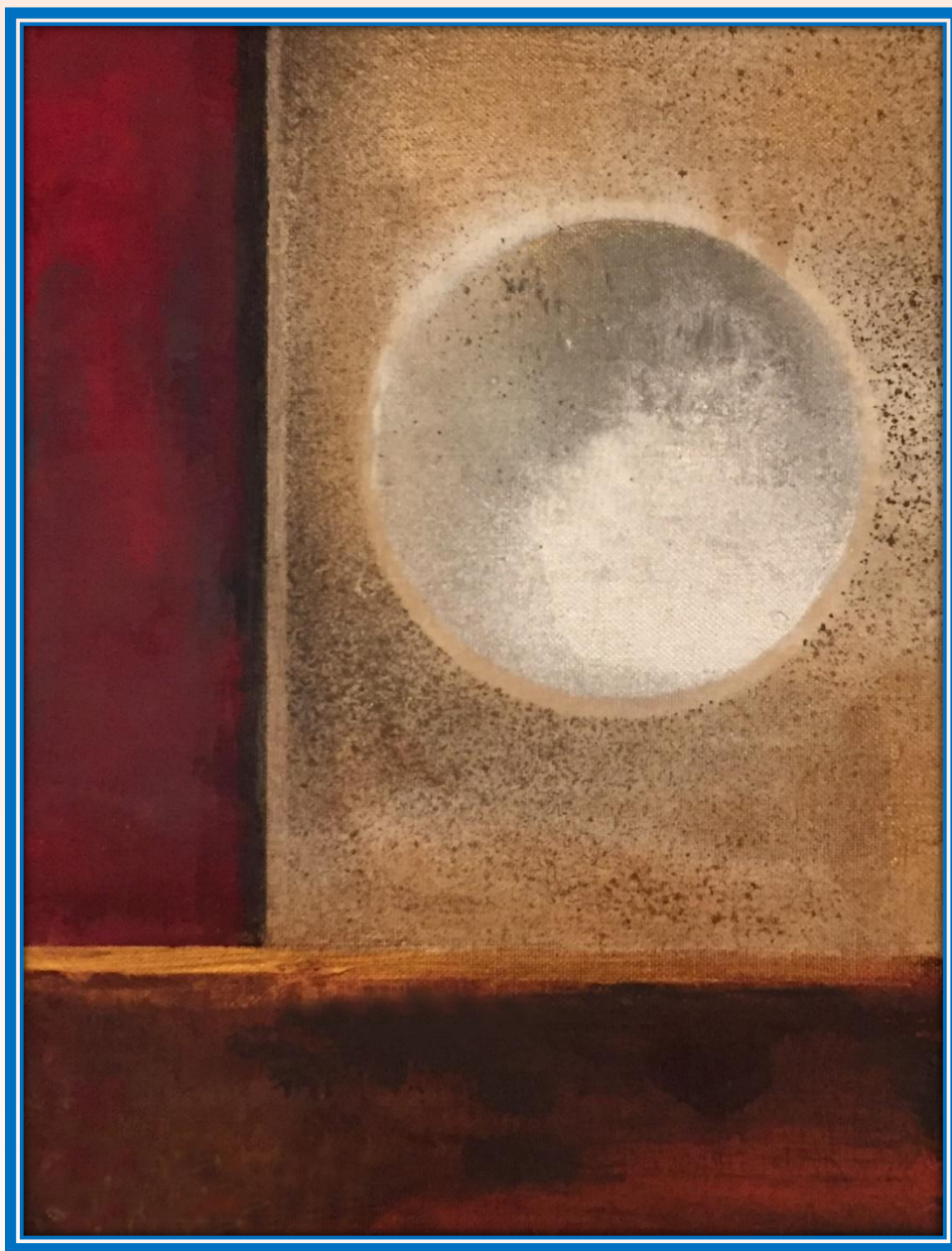
The Witnessing Eye (I)



Across all Mind Transitions....Love Loves to Love.



Thought does not touch Occurrence.



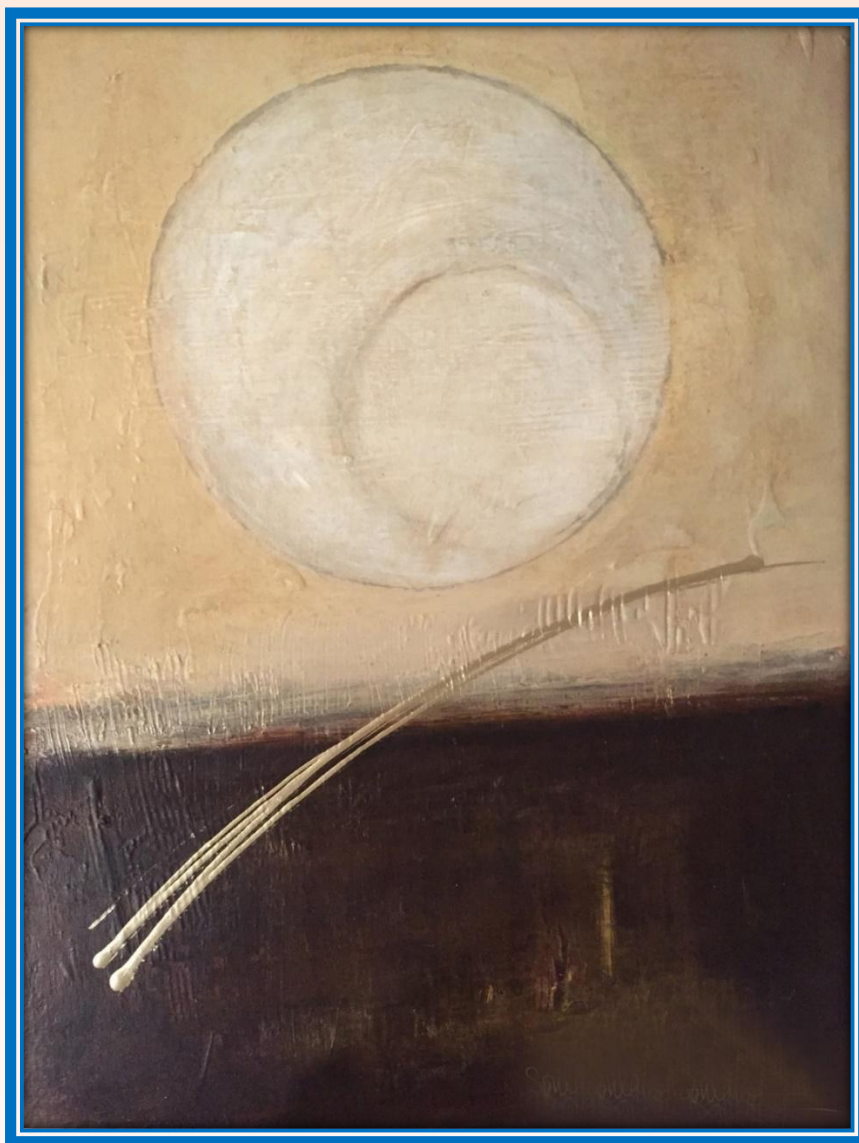
The Port of Grace.



The Scream of Fiery Solitude.



A Free Falling NOBODY.



*Letting Go: A Meticulous & Spontaneous
Occurrence.*



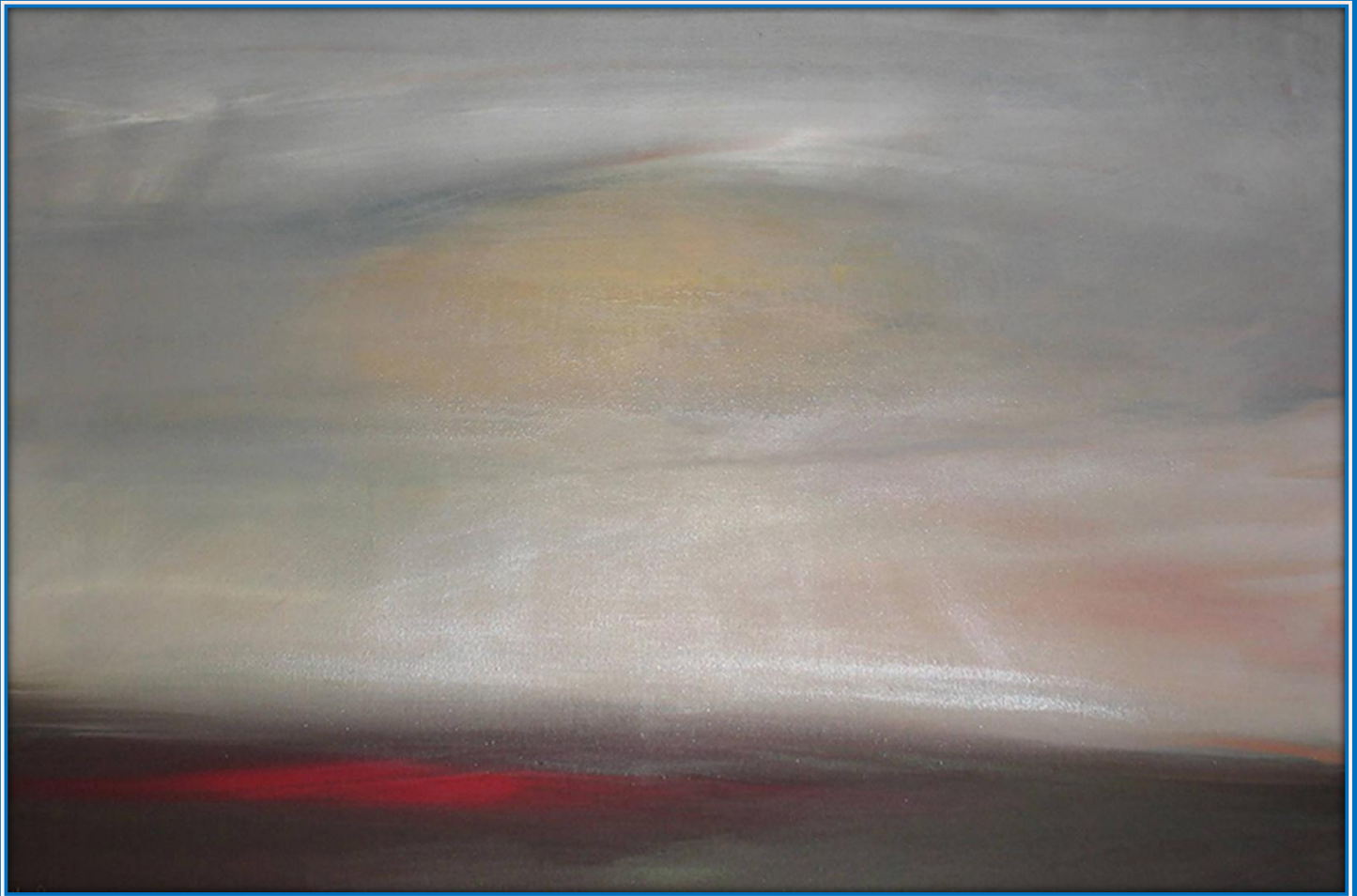
The Comfort of not going Anywhere.



The Silent Deliberation of "Who am I?"



The refrain from Judgement keeps the mirrors sane.



*The Falling Leaf turns itself a Myriad
ways before it kisses the Earth.*



*Sometimes I ignite the Light....
Sometimes Vice-Versa.*



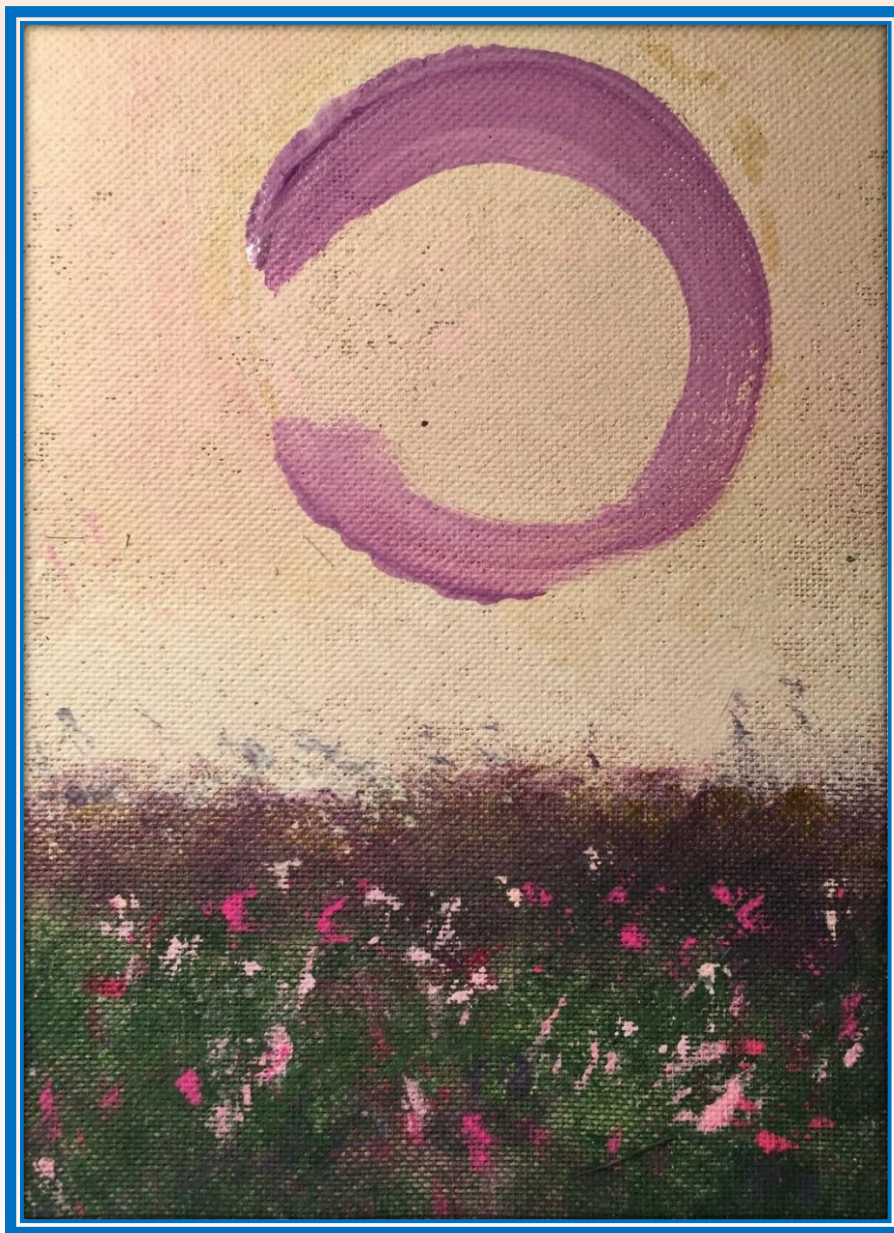
*A Rebellious Blossoming that ruptured
without the aid of Spring.*



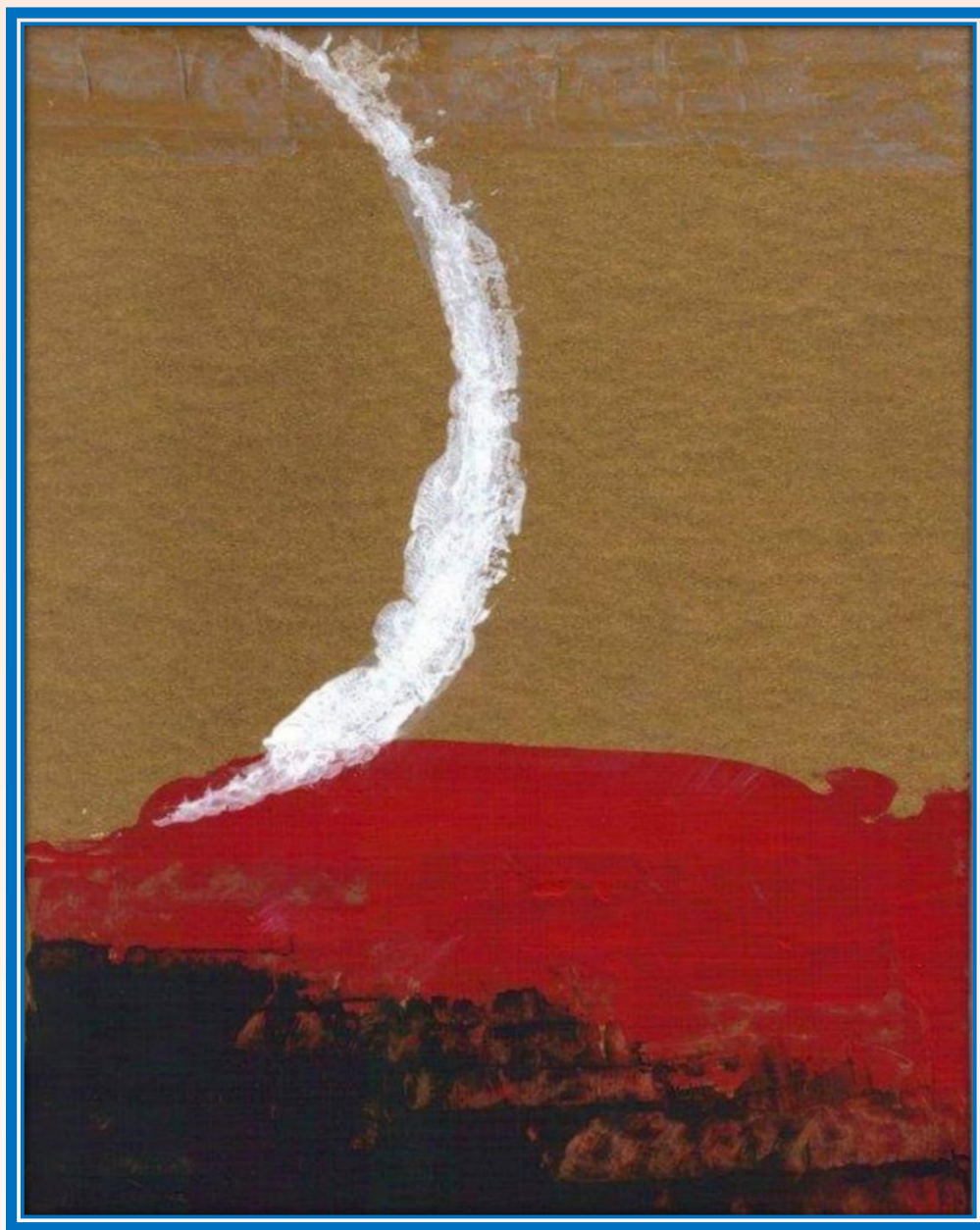
The art of being without a Bias.



The shame of not being Enough.



The hope of an Auld Wailing.



Kindness is Mighty....Reign with it.



Sssshhhh! Every word rendered futile!

KNOW THE AUTHORS

About Suzette Boulais

Suzette's art is deeply influenced by abstract expressionist artist Mark Rothko whose paintings deal with basic color combinations and shapes that create specific moods and impressions.

Nearly all of her art evokes feelings related to peace, happiness, hope and serenity. In many ways, her paintings are quiet reflections designed to calm and comfort.

She also enjoys hand painting and designing her own note card line, HeartART. Samples of her HeartART note cards are located on the HeartART page of her website at www.suzetteboulais.com.

Creating art is a tremendously rewarding activity for Suzette. It is especially rewarding for her to see how each and every piece of art takes

on a creative life all its own. Suzette treasures the creative process and dedicates her life to celebrating it.

About Dr. Pallavi Kwatra

Through a rich set of life experiences, Dr. Pallavi Kwatra has been wandering through the matrix of time as a plethora of identities and connotations. Barely making any of her experiences as her personal insignia, and yet having sipped of them all, she remains a gay human who would rather remain happily lost in the maze of discovery of the awe of life rather than an intended arrival. An anesthesiologist by profession, she is dumbstruck at how the paradoxes are a part of every possible truth and how one can simply remain in the essence of simple beingness without the donning on of any specific identity.

Her near-death experience in 2010 sparked off her quest which has taken her to many spiritual teachings, teachers, and experiences. She has devoutly practiced Buddhism, Yoga, Reiki, Tantra and Advaita and yet at the end of it all, she remains in her own momentum of being. Her literary, intellectual and experiential perceptions take shape in her nine books and three crafted websites so far. She has deep interest in Art, music and all forms of creative inspirations to the human spirit.

Books by Dr. Pallavi Kwatra:

1. Be love: An anthology of love poems and couplets.
2. Musings of the awakening soul: 108 poems in a pictorial anthology.
3. Sajda: 108 pictorial couplets
4. Niyaaz: Pictorial couplets
5. 9 months: From involution to evolution.
6. Shambhavi: The Shakti archetypes
7. When silence speaks
8. 1000 sacred avatars of Sri Lalita Tripurasundari
9. Shiva Shakti talks

Her crafted websites:

1. Drpallavikwatra.com
2. Sriramanamaharishi.org
3. Playofpixels.com