



SPRING GODDESS



THEY SURROUND HER AS SHE TREADS THE FOREST SHE GAZES EXPECTANTLY, AND BEAMS AT THEM. THEY BOW IN SUBSERVIENCE, IN ETERNAL SERVITUDE TO THE GLORY OF ETERNAL BEAUTY. THE VINES AND LEAVES SHEATH SWAY AS SHE PASSES, WHISPERING HER PERFECT NAME AND SINGING PRAISES ABOUT HER MAJESTIC SARI,



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FROM HER
DEMEANOR,
FROM HER
STATURE AND
FROM EVERY
THREAD STATURE AND
FROM EVERY
THREAD SHE
WEARS, SHE
LETS YOU IN HER
SECRET WHERE
THERE'S BEAUTY,
THERE IS LIFE
FROM THE STARS
ABOVE TO THE
SAND BELOW,
THEY ALL SING
HER PRAISE. THE
DESERT GLOWS
WITH HER
MAGNIFICENCE.

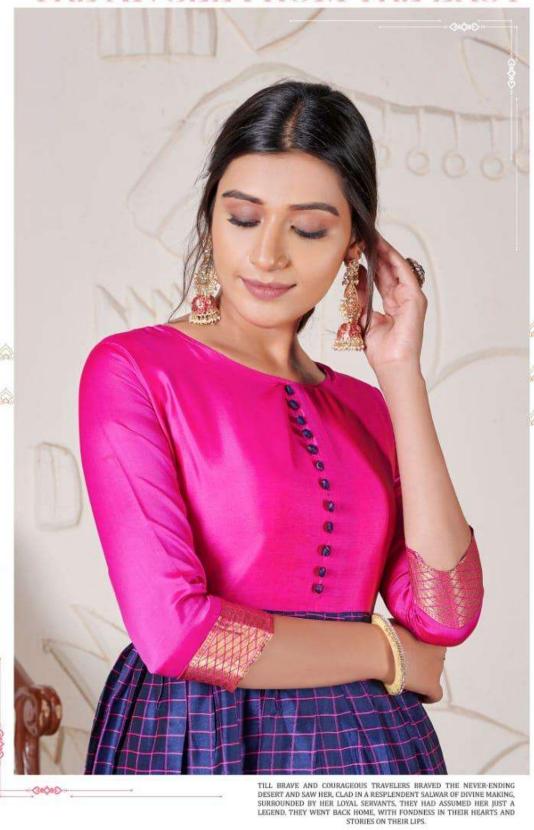








THE ANGEL FROM THE EAST



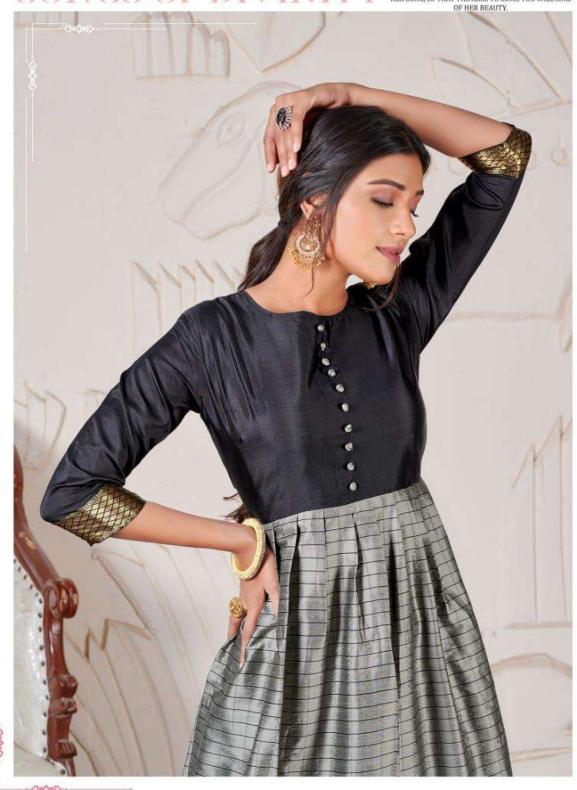






SONGS OF DIVINITY

THEY SURROUND HER AND LOOK UPON HER IN AWE, AS IF SHE'S NOT MORTAL BUT A MIRACLE. HER TRESSES ENCHANT AND HER DRESSES ENAMOR. AND THEY SING HER SONG, SO THAT THE AGES TO COME TOO WILL SING OF HER BEAUTY.









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