



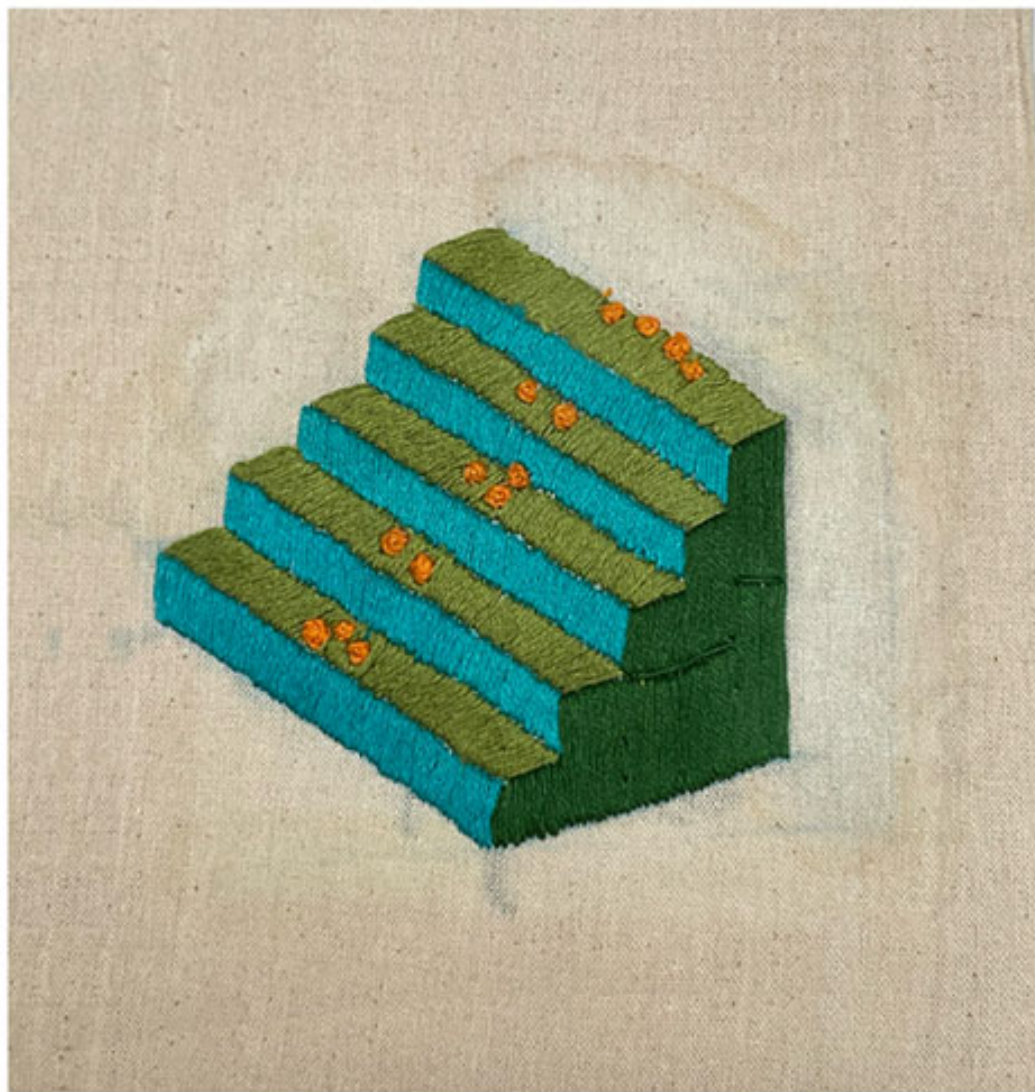
PREFACE

This book is an exploration into the self, spending time with my thoughts, pondering on the topics I have hitherto been dodging, via the medium of embroidery. I hope the book would provide some insight and encourage another who might find themselves in a similar plight to take a journey of their own.

Deferrals over Deferrals to avoid the start
But there's only so much you can shun.
Things will fall into place
If only she would begin.



BEGIN.



Grit, grace and poise,
Taking one step at a time
Even mountains could be walked on
Like one does on gravel.



How does one set up benchmarks?
We set up these metrics to gauge
ourselves,
Gauge losses and wins thus
Turning a blind eye to our rise.

Ego, the made up self
Sat with its privilege in wait of reward.
It couldn't go wrong!
Must be the other person's fault





She wore her heart on her sleeve and
Thought she was the sleeve herself.
So she thought from this sleeve
without
realizing sleeves could be changed.



Happiness would come tomorrow,
Next week, next month or next year.
Tomorrow came and went but
brought no
delight till when to wait was unclear.



If all the beautiful things could be
captured
in pages,
Would we busy ourselves plucking,
gathering
and hoarding?
Or would we still stop by to smell
the roses
And cherish the spring

Devotion to structure was what she
knew
For structure kept her in line.
When discontent was all that she
met
She opened up to being more
benign.



She liked the place she had made
herself
The comfortable spot, fitting right in.
When anything threatening that came
by,
She would push it away without even
looking.





Step one: worrying about something

Step two: worrying about worry itself

Step three: cursing yourself for worrying

Step four: chiding you for cursing yourself

Mirrors and veils saw her
They both thought they knew best.
But the veils saw what she showed
them
While the mirrors tried to see what
was seen
by the rest.





Fluid was his way,
Fickle, facile and fluid.
They put up walls around him,made
him stay
Made him stay and built him a house
so they
could keep him bonded.



Enveloped in the dark,
The streak of silver and the chink of
light
Was all she could cling on to
And cling on she did with all her
might.

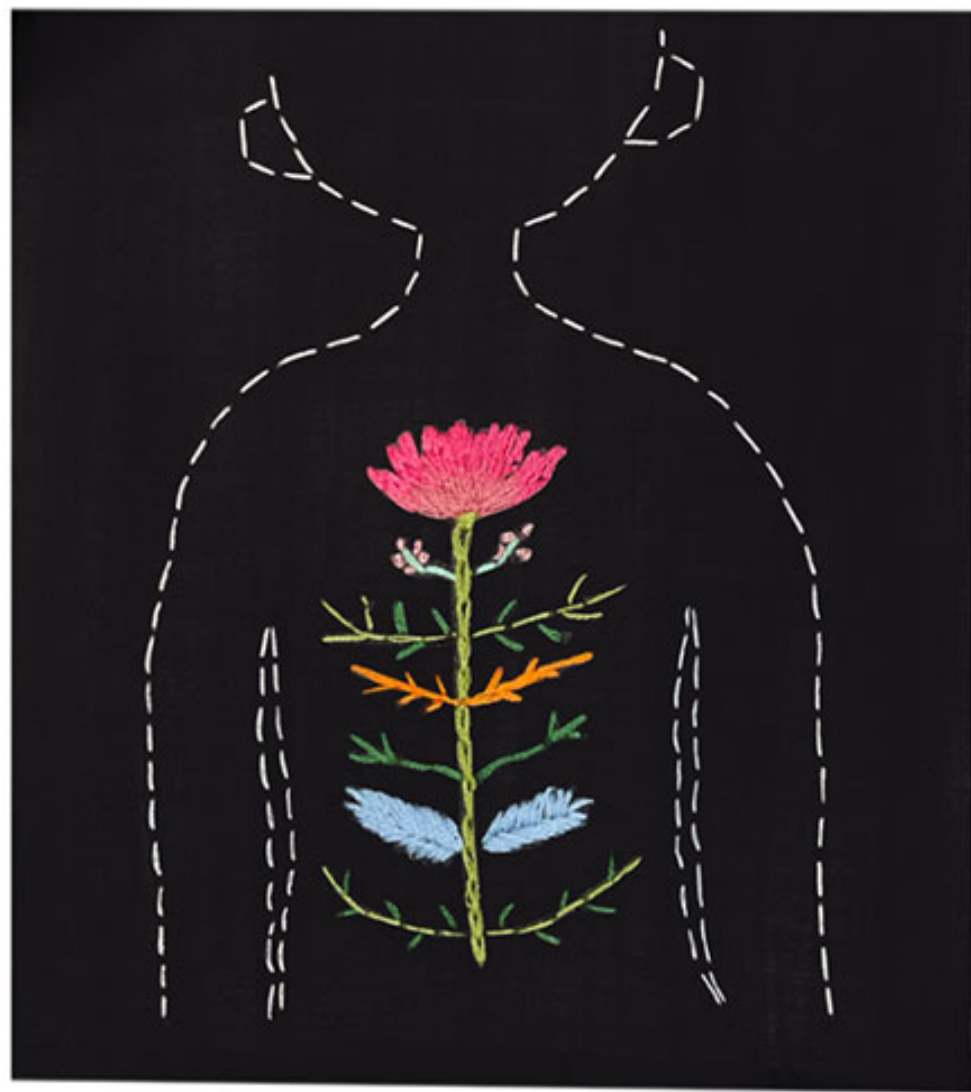
Pain smirked as he watched her run,
He watched her run in attempts to hide.
Didn't she know he couldn't be outrun?
Other than choosing between his
myriad
forms, her chances were slim.



Settling down was the ultimate goal
How else would you be secured?
There was a time for everything if you
lose
which how would you ever be
fulfilled?



Sitting with a book and pen,
She waited for the right words.
Words weren't what she needed
But innate realization.





With no map for guidance
Waiting at the stop was the only
choice.
Had she started walking already
She would've been far away from
the stop