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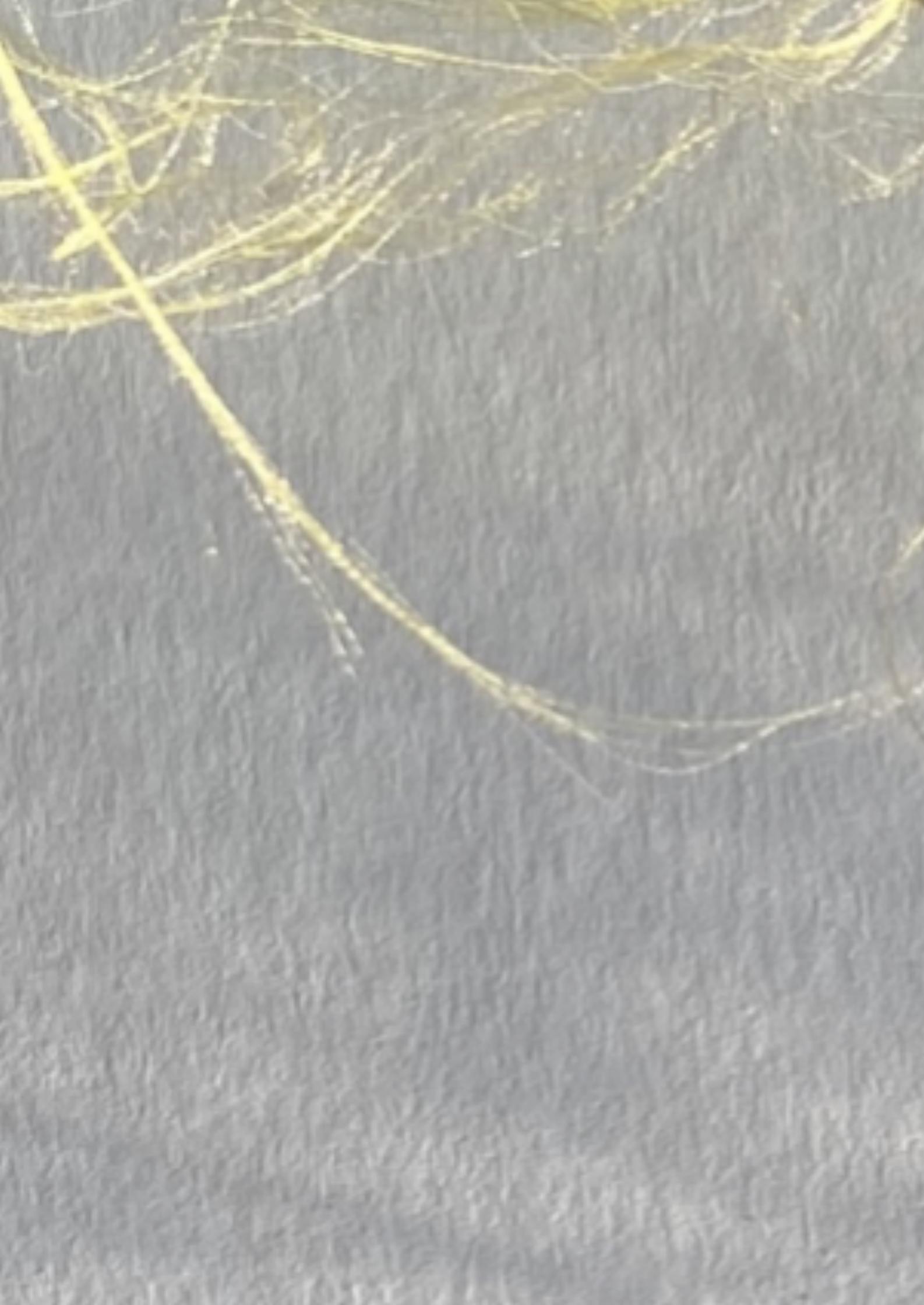
Raw Whispers.





As fearless as a Snow Lion.

-Rinchen.



Durst Dust.

I forgot how time worked. The numbers on the clock drained down the point where its hands intersect.
How do you measure time now?
Look at how dust covers everything.

I forgot what the days when it was easy to smile looked like. Smile, my memory is a collection of fading photographs. A speck of negligence and everything shatters into dust.

I flip through the pages of a dust-drunk book, looking for a note that I had scribbled in the margins, a note that can't change anything, a note that had lost its meaning to dust. I forgot what her voice sounds like. I coughed out the dust in my mouth and called her.

They say it's a battle with dust. They rub their fears and furniture spotlessly clean. They keep moving to not let the dust collect. How long can you keep moving on a dusty globe that had long stopped turning around?

'Look up, do you see those dragonflies? It will rain tonight,' my mother said. It did rain that night. The rain washed the dust away.

I wake up in a blanket of dust over my body. How long was I asleep for?

-Afnan.

Dear N,

I am writing this letter as the last resort to patch things up imaginatively in my head. I know that I won't ever meet you again unless we remain in this same city after two years (which is highly unlikely). You and I have different goals. You and I belong to two different worlds. In fact- now that I think about it- you and I shouldn't have even met that night or even two days after that night. Thinking about this in a synchronic sense of history, I have realized many paths that I had undertaken, some of which I shouldn't have conceived in my head. But I guess things/ situations happen for a reason. This situation has taught me a lot, more than any of those youtube videos or textbooks on history have taught me about the past.

The reason why I went to that party after lying to my parents was to feel the adrenaline rush, to experience the cool kids party, to dance the night away and feel the loud songs humming in my brain. I would've lied if you had ever asked me during those days but I have to admit I had really enjoyed the party because I had managed to checklist my reasons. Why am I telling you this? Even if this letter reached you, I know it would never make a difference because my reasons were never important to you. Now that I have realized it, replayed it in my head for innumerable times, I can minutely picture the fact that you never saw me in the same way as I saw you. That is why our conflict began. That is why our conversation became pointless and unnecessary because we weren't on the same boat. We were riding at the same time, on the same dazzling, white ocean but on two completely different boats!

Normally, patching things up means differently in the language of the normals. Patching up in this letter means the final realizations before I permanently wash away to the other side of the shore. The final realizations, therefore, while steering our separate boats to our personalized journeys, entail standing beside the railing of our respective boats as we gaze and nod at each other one last time, perhaps in the same way as we met for the first time, as a sign of respect for the past without any anger or regret or guilt (voluntarily and mutually).

Yours truly,
Sonam Chhomo.

Buddhahood within is a work in progress.



-Eshay Tobgyal.

Ambition? Confusion?
Neither are leading to a solution.
I sound rather funny.
Unlike a little bunny.

Is this what transition looks like?
Will I go on to brighten my inner light?
I hope I don't decay.
But, they say nothing is here to stay.

Way.
Way.
Which way?
What way?

Drifting through life.
Accepting strife.
Encouraging myself each time.
Even though life is no stupid rhyme.

-Rinchen.

Ethereal.



-Ruchen

Made with colour obtained from naturally occurring seabuckthorn (tzeza-lu-lu).



Tranquil,
The head can't think.
The heart is cold.
When there's suffering,
They say walk against the stream..
walk against the stream.

-Rinchen

untranquil.

Artworks in the edition (not all) have an element of sustainability through reused mediums.

The cover work has special significance in terms of the literal impermanence conveyed by the use of actual charcoal (from a traditional Ladakhi stove 'thab'). Naturally the figure of the snow lion made on the cover (still in my art file) is slowly withering away due to the usage of natural charcoal. Below is an image of the change occurring to the snow lion figure; change signifying impermanence. According to the rituals of Tibetan Buddhism, sand mandalas are destroyed once prayers are completed in order to signify that everything is impermanent.

Sincere thanks to everyone who has been supporting Raw Whispers. I hope you all strive to be better humans and individuals.

-Rinchen

Email submissions by 27th January, 2022 at rawwhispers@gmail.com .



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