

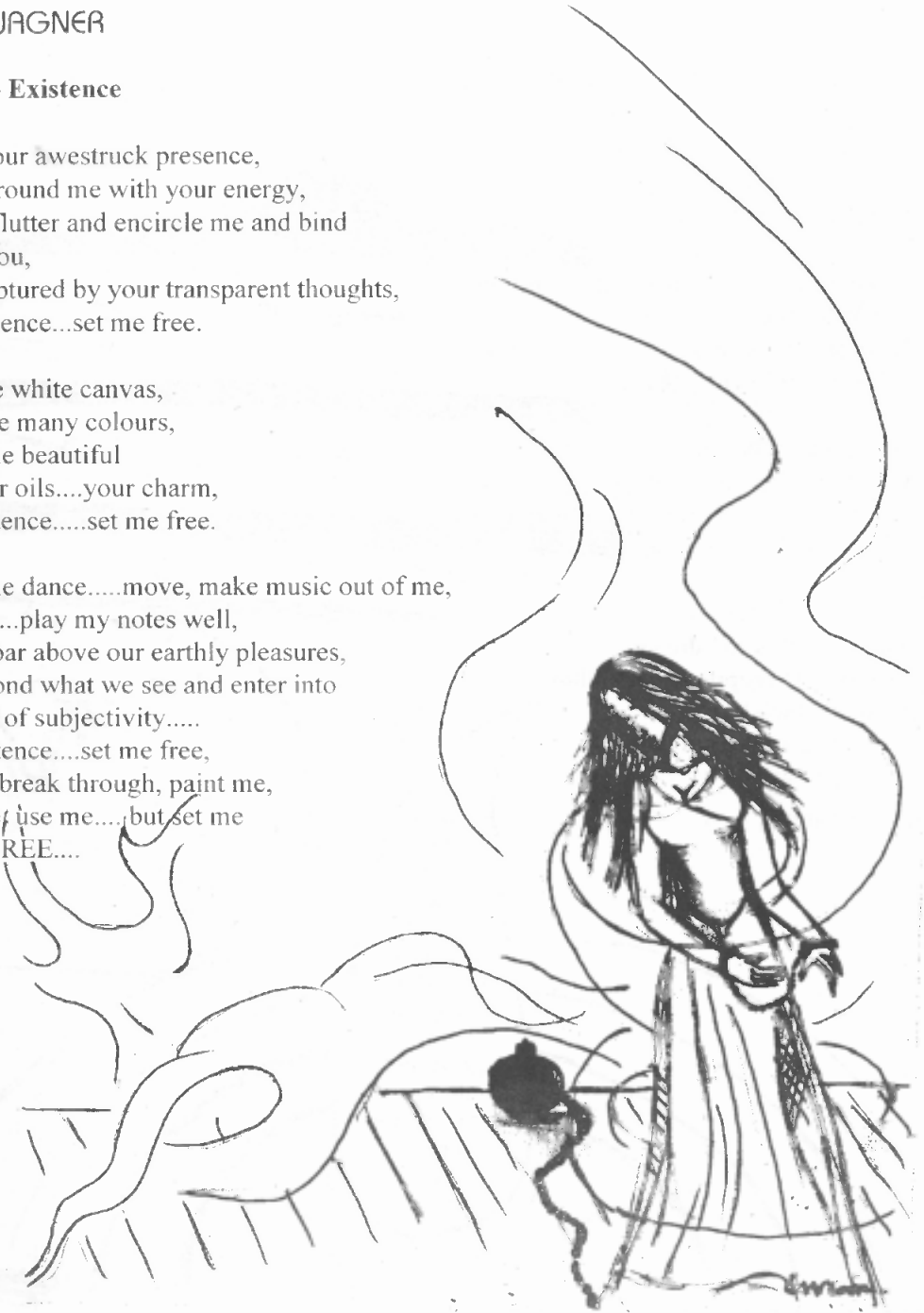
BALI WAGNER

Ode To Existence

I feel your awestruck presence,
you surround me with your energy,
as you flutter and encircle me and bind
me to you,
I am captured by your transparent thoughts,
on existence...set me free.

I am the white canvas,
paint me many colours,
make me beautiful
use your oils....your charm,
oh existence.....set me free.

make me dance.....move, make music out of me,
use me....play my notes well,
let us soar above our earthly pleasures,
fly beyond what we see and enter into
a world of subjectivity.....
oh existence....set me free,
Let me break through, paint me,
sing me, use me.... but set me
FREE....



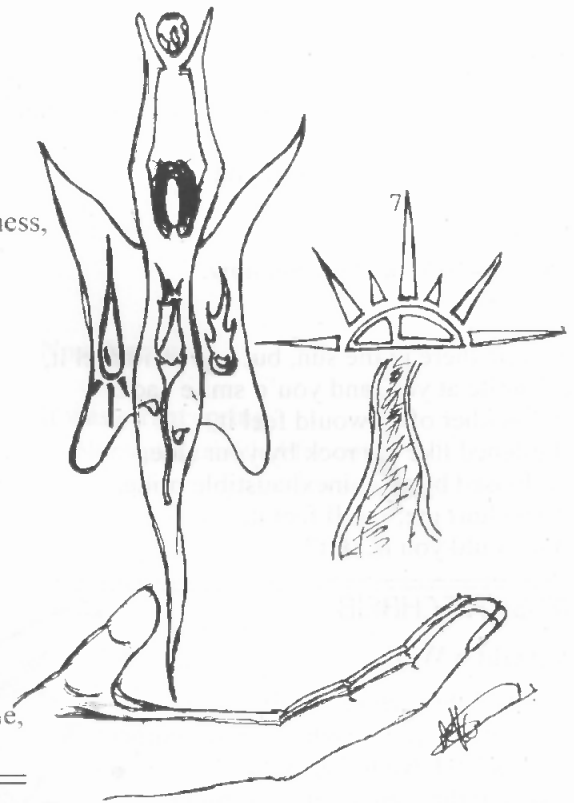
BALI WAGNER

Sati

She is guilty of all,
the mother of all, the earth,
the giver of the givers,
as her grand ego disperses into human madness,
she never lets go-never relaxes,
always full in control,
she is Sati.

The immense yearning for power,
the extreme pleasure in endless dancing,
the motionless hours of meditation,
the discrete laughter,
the powerful presence
it is her....she is Sati.

She is the Leo,
she is the beautiful flower that we pluck,
she is the sweet water flowing,
she is the clear crystal with so many cracks,
she is the mystic rose with the sweet perfume,
she is Sati....Sati my mother.



NAMITA S.

B'ball

The echoing thump of energy on asphalt
Potential air-filled universe
Defies the law of gravity,
Fulfills it,
A world in a few feet,
A sphere of dreams,
A chance,
A goal,
A game

If could take a picture of this moment,
And catch this millisecond of our relationship
Would it develop?
Or would it remain a negative?

