




THE RAINBOW STARS  
**IN THE TALE  
OF JULY**

BY PENG-EAN KHOO  
July 23, 2020

A GIFT FOR ALL  
a Ponder with PEK Pte Ltd publication




Where  
is  
the  
star?



**Where is the star**

Is it in the clouds  
Are you my rainbow  
Where are you  
in the vast sky



You ask for my heart  
I cannot give it  
to you  
Until



I know who you are  
I am not in the narrative  
of your dreams  
-



There was a story told  
over and over  
But I am always absent  
- deleted



I am missing  
You have made me missing  
I am not lost  
- just missing



I am gone in a whiff  
I never did jump into any chapter  
They are of no relevance to me  
They do not contain me



I refuse to be part of a written text  
It is a script I cannot follow  
And I will not  
I know the book is open

Unscribed  
Unscribable



It is as simple and as difficult as that  
I am your open book  
And you ask me to be a chapter  
That I cannot insert into





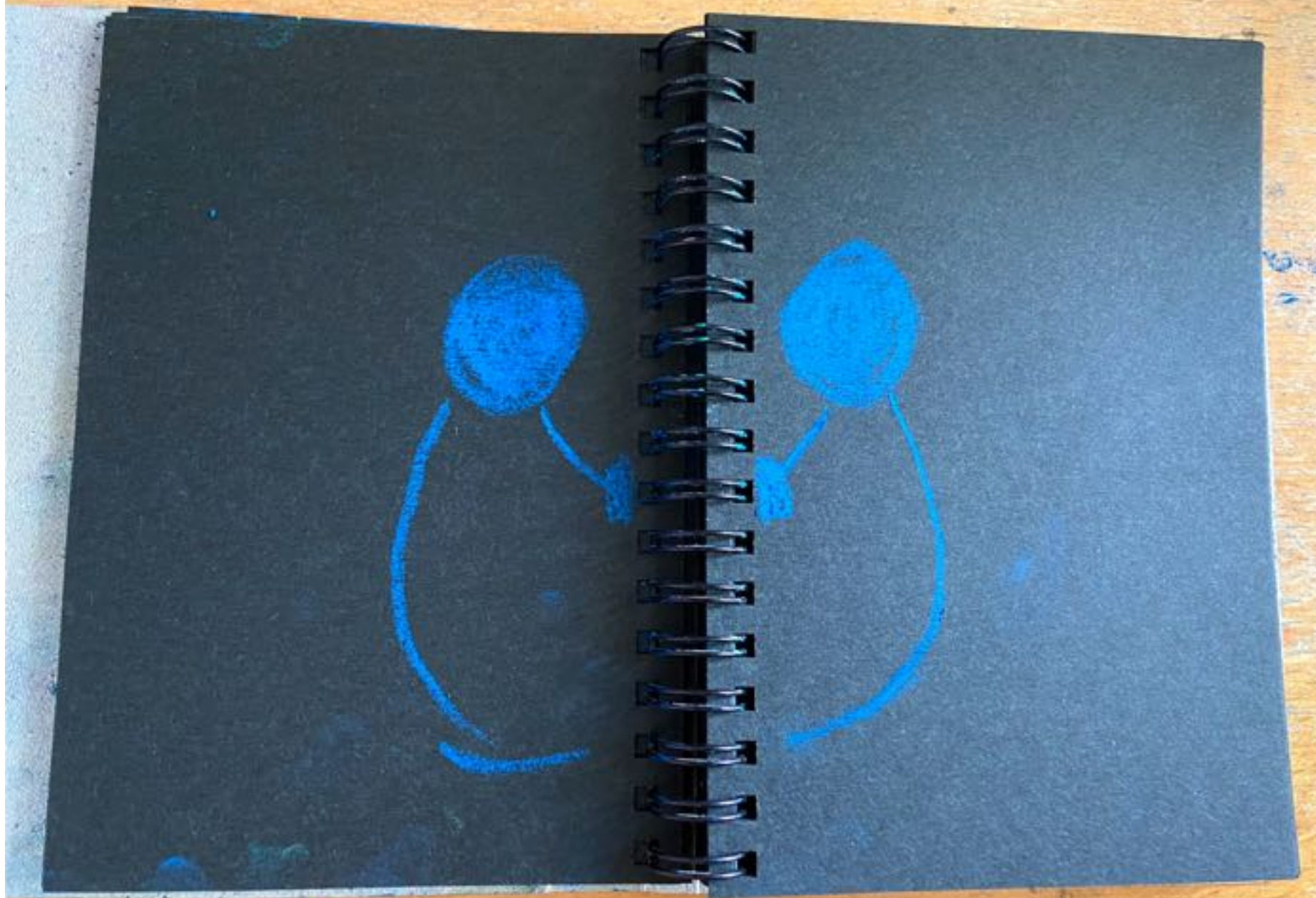
And so, I ask you once more  
“Who are you now?  
What is your name now?  
It’s a new book



What is your new adventure  
Into the new  
That will be the new  
From way back



















Have you looked

through the window  
of your soul



Have you looked again  
and again

Have you seen the mighty  
Have you touched the almighty



Have you felt the touch  
Of a million caresses





Have you longed for that moment  
The infinity of eternity holding you

Have you been held that way  
Cuddled like a star



Have you understood that you are  
Simply the star of the universe



And it is you  
And it always has been you

A star mirroring back  
A star looking in



A star with a twinkle in the eye  
A star with a cheeky face

A star with nothing in between  
A star that none can see



A star that cannot be found  
Until the star homecomes

To the innermost heart of hearts  
Inside



You are the star, my child  
You are the star.



Always is, always has been, always will be, always is.



We are stars.









You are a child of the universe

You are a child of the world  
You are the child of the trees  
You are the child of the sands  
You are the child of my heart



You are the life that speaks  
"Who are you?"



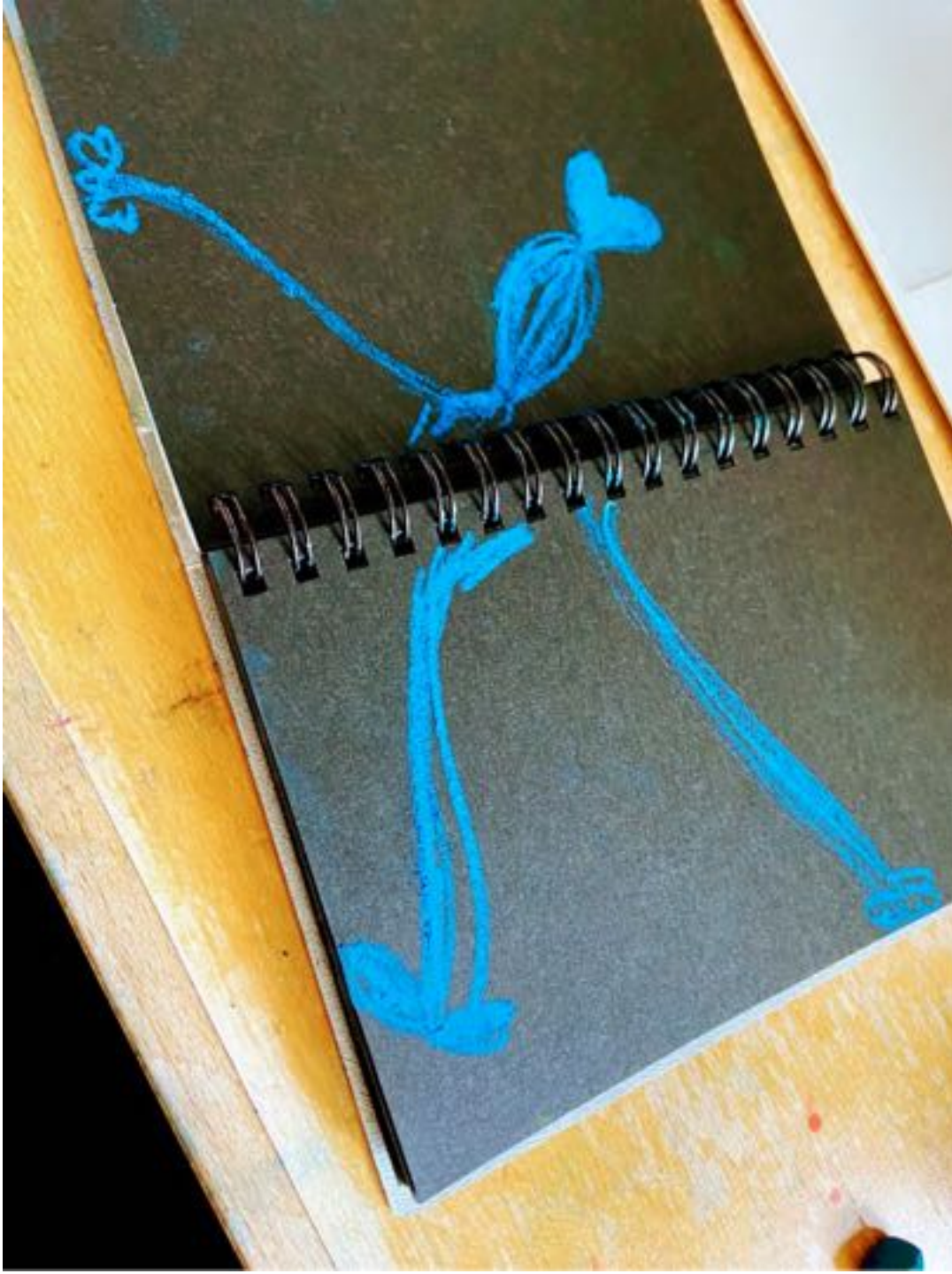






You are my friend who asks me  
"Whose are you?"





And I reply, with my feet standing  
Fully on the grounds of earth



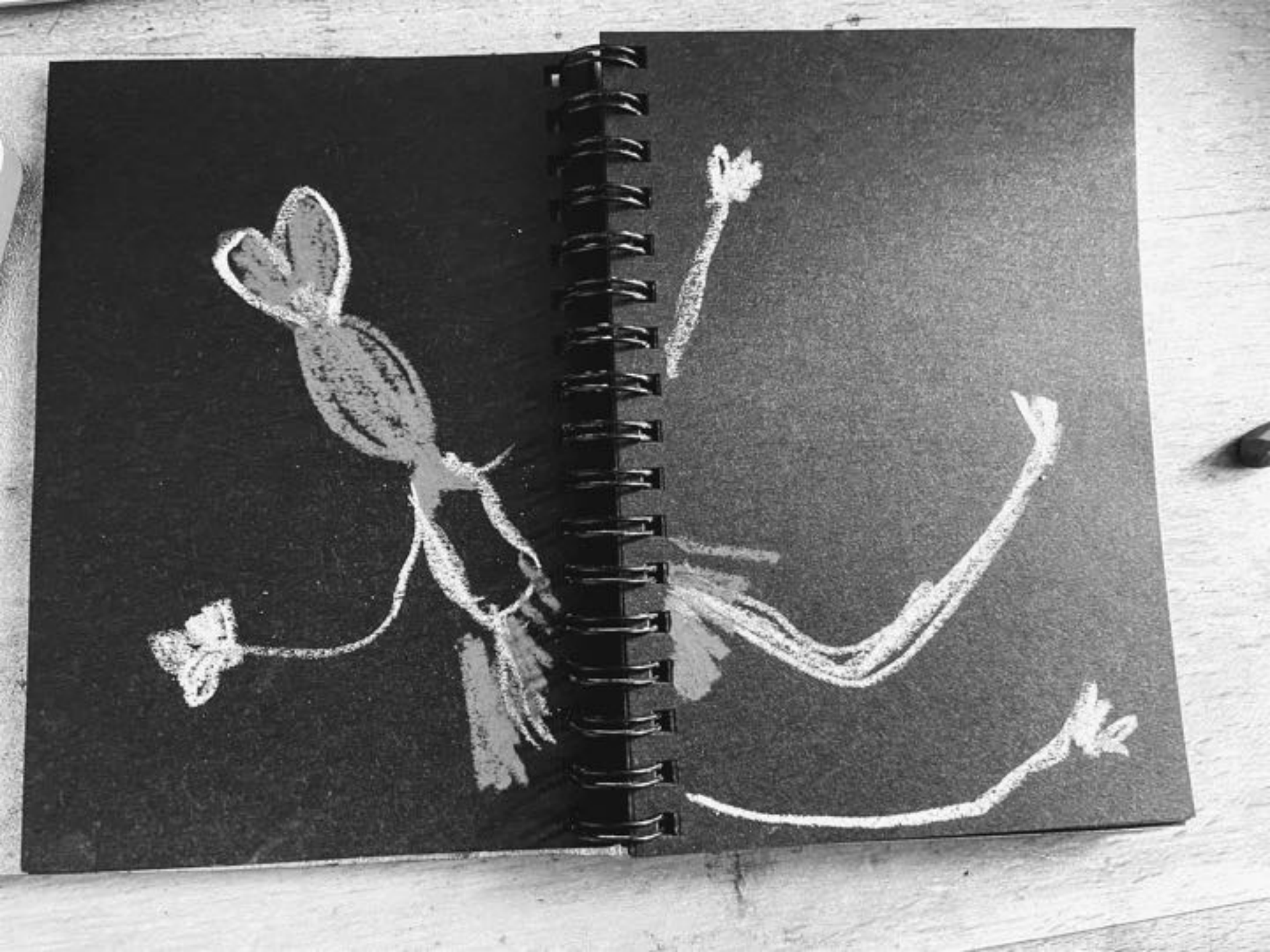
“I am your friend.”  
I am yours





But I don't belong to anybody.  
I am a child of the sacred







pekeo  
Jul 25, 2024







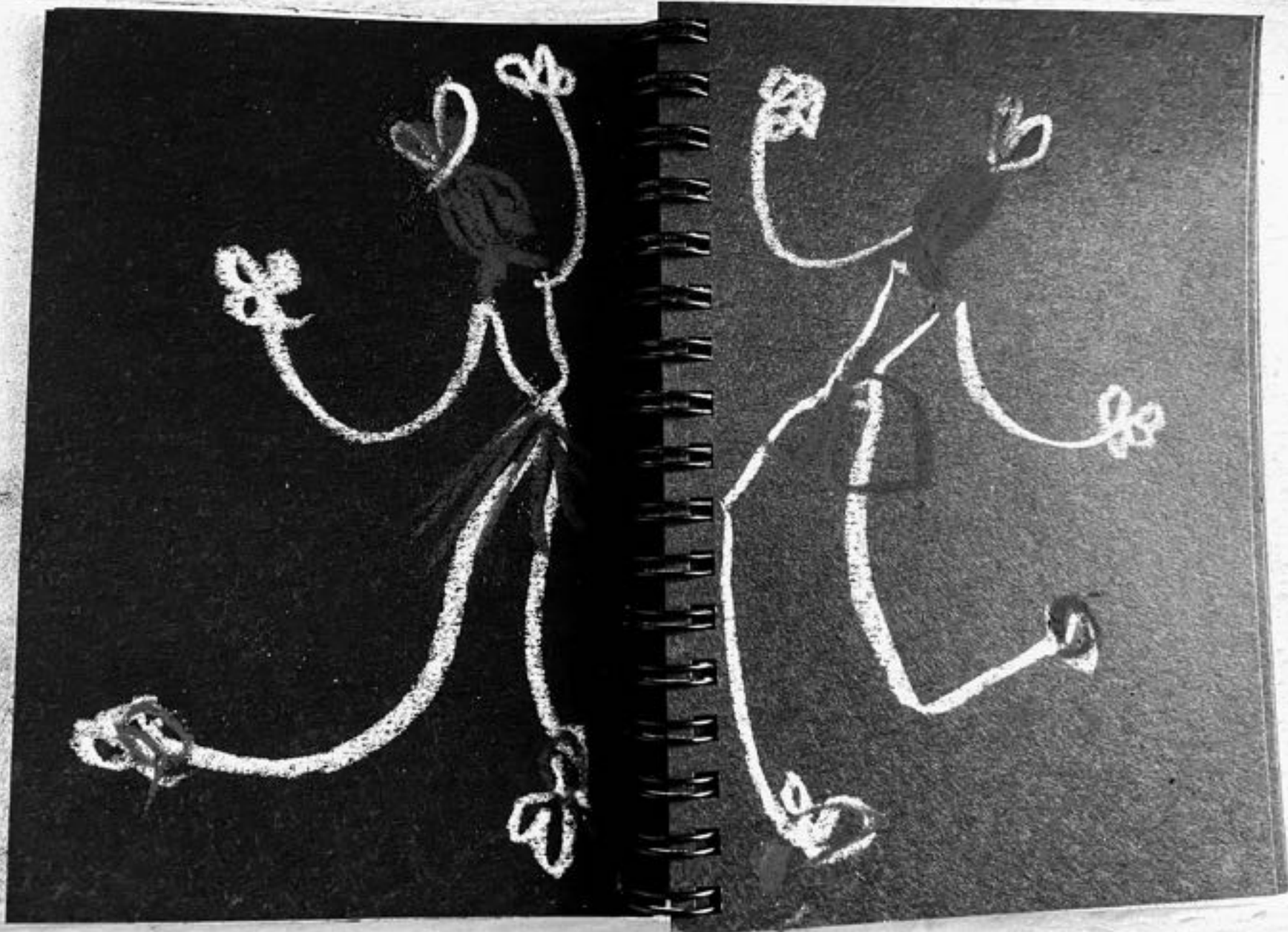
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The star is on every page

Every fabric possible of the universe,  
It is the star







The starlight of the space-time  
It is not possible to differentiate then and now



The starlight of existence is us  
We are made from starlight



The star isn't so far away  
The star is inside you, inside me



The star is therefore  
Everywhere and every now.



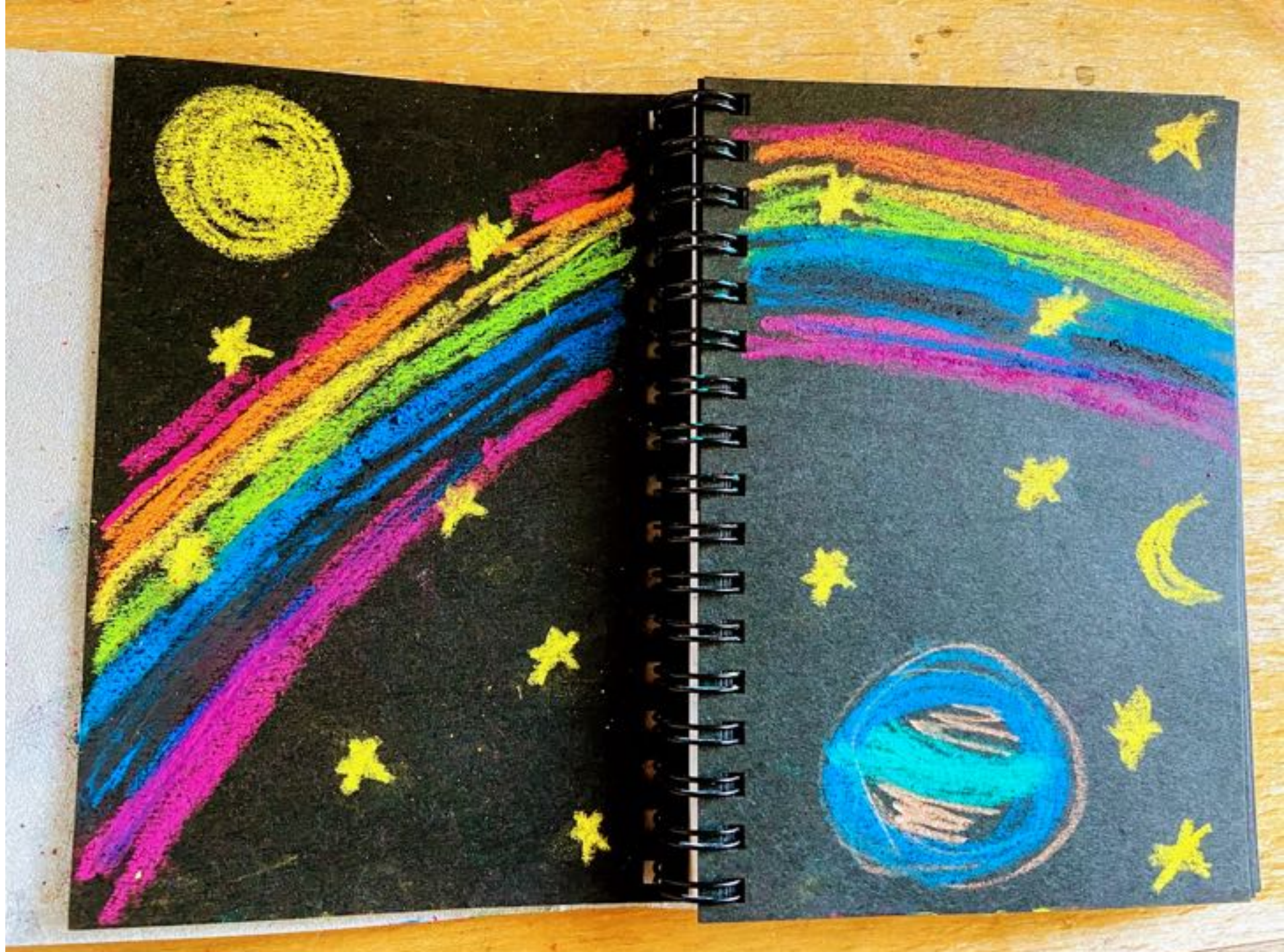


petioles  
Jul 23, 2020

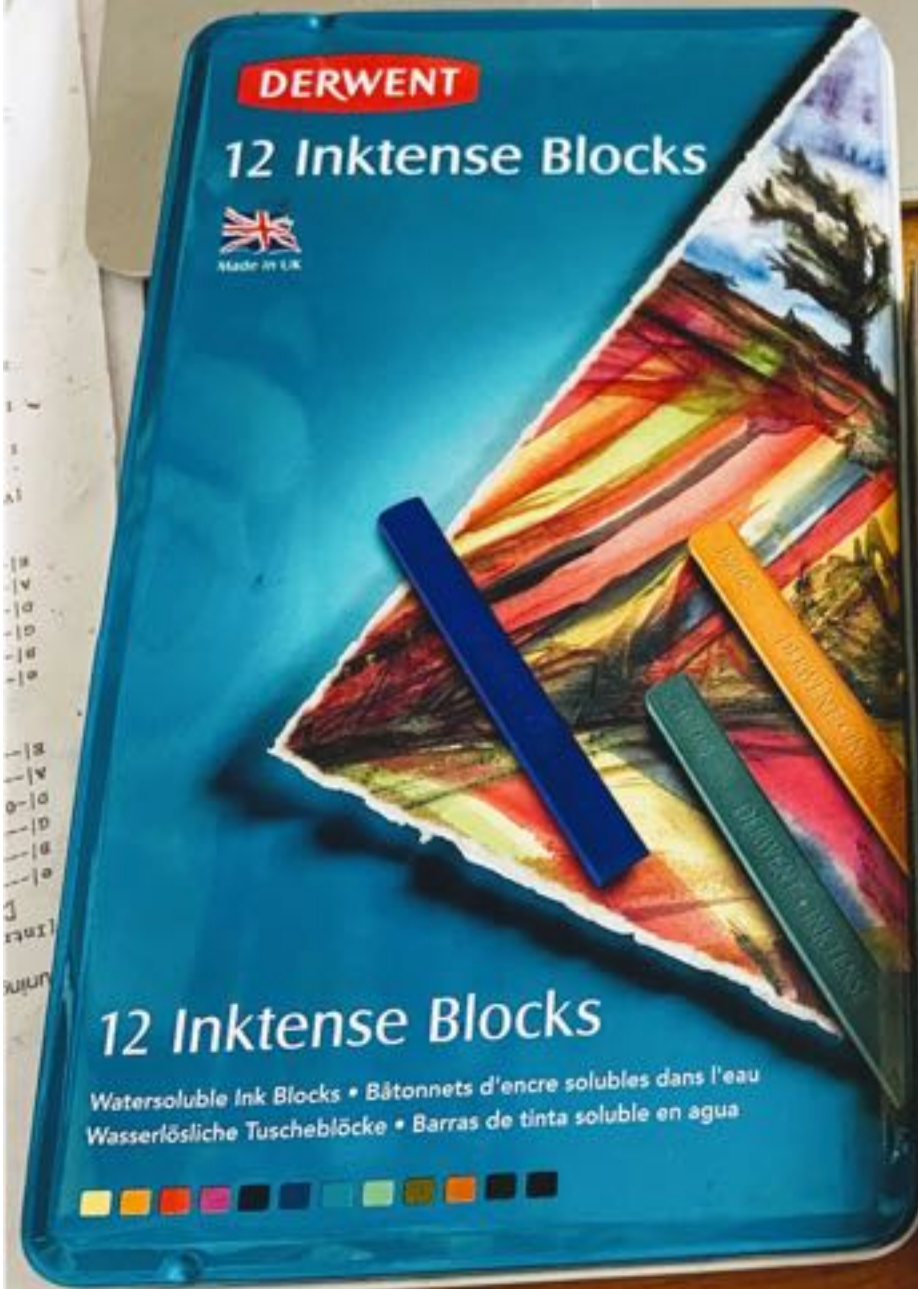












**‘C’EST LA VIE, BON BONS. TRALALA”** – is a collection of art & poetry that emerged during the COVID-19 Pandemic. It is a body of work where the poet-artist is reflecting on how ‘small is beautiful’\* looks like in daily life, what ‘Development as Freedom’\*\* means personally for her in global society, and it documents her examination of the statement that ‘simplicity is beautiful and profound’. She discovers that this is the name, the way and the voice of the journey and homecoming of herself in a poet-artist’s studio.

\*EF Schumacher, 1973

\*\*Amartya Sen, 1999

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an Ebook (pdf) Publication by Ponder with PEK Pte Ltd  
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