

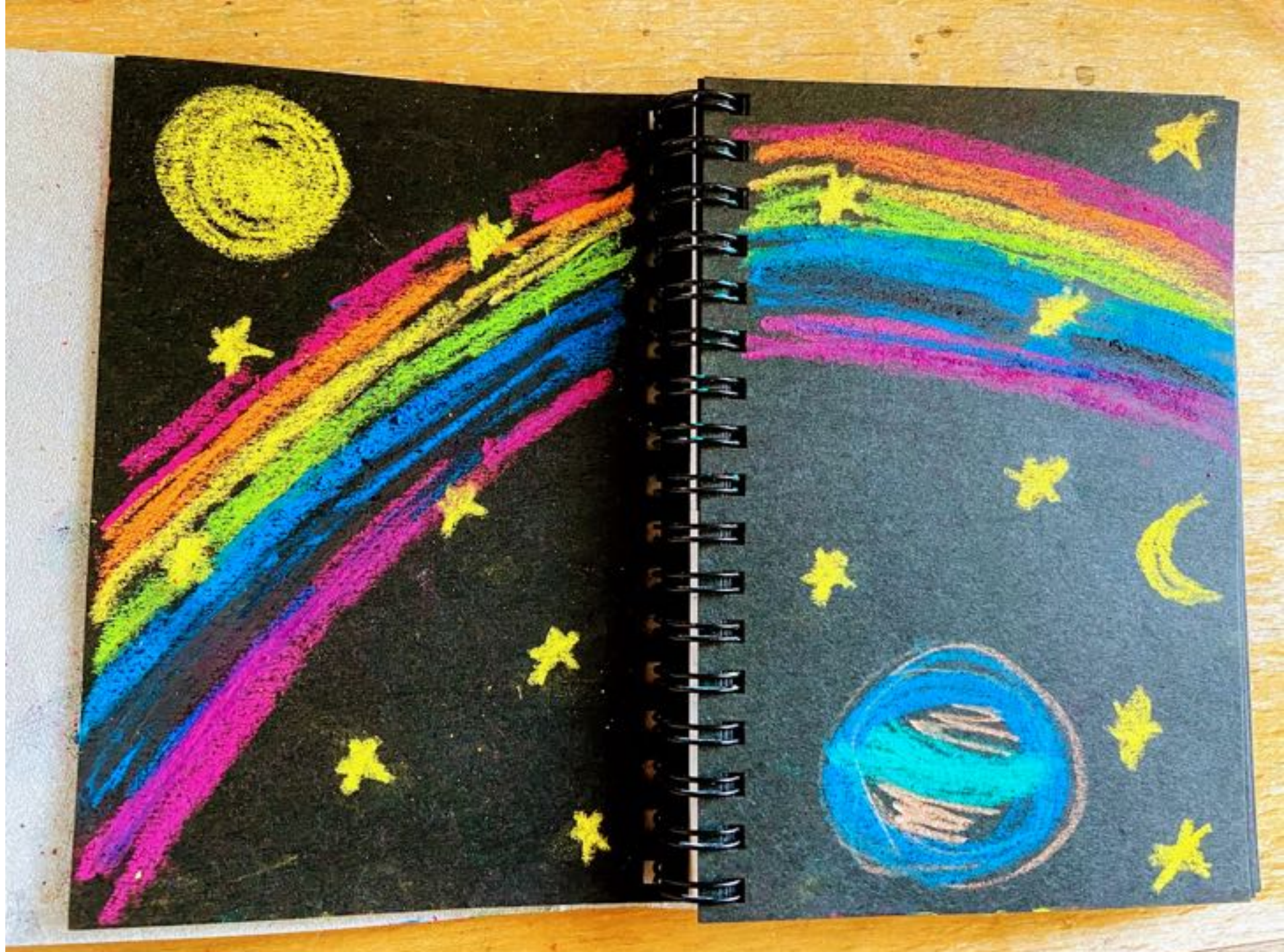
‘C’EST LA VIE, BON BONS. TRALALA” – is a collection of art & poetry that emerged during the COVID-19 Pandemic. It is a body of work where the poet-artist is reflecting on how ‘small is beautiful’* looks like in daily life, what ‘Development as Freedom’** means personally for her in global society, and 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

**‘In the Tale of July
I CAN NOW HOLD THE OPEN SPACE’**
by Peng-Ean Khoo

an Ebook (pdf) Publication by Ponder with PEK Pte Ltd
on July 23,2020. A Gift for All.





IN THE TALE OF JULY
I CAN NOW HOLD
THE OPEN SPACE

BY PENG-EAN KHOO
July 23, 2020

A GIFT FOR ALL
a Ponder with PEK Pte Ltd publication











Spring is here.


The dark night is no more.

It is the night skies where you see the stars.




It is in the dark skies that you understand the storm is in your heart.

It is in the still dark light that you see that you are the light, the star;
that your truth speaks the truth of the fabric of life itself.



There is no need for myths. You are and I am the human persons in the reality of our existences, and friendship.

If that is not understood and grasped, I am wasting my time in your wasteland of going in circles of going nowhere in the truth of our meetings.



Or perhaps the truth is that I am a put for you to kickaround. I am of value to myself and so I shall no longer subject myself to your games.



This is my stand. It is not an offer.
It is a stand, and it is not even mine
to offer you.



The playgrounds of life is everywhere. If it isn't there, you grow it.



You colour in the dark night with fresh green grass of spring, for the wildflowers of the darkest deepest discernment to flower, blossom and shower some brilliant and compassionate good stuff in this world.



Our world. Our inheritance. Our treasure.

It is that precious, and you and I are that precious. And we, together, *is* that precious.

To me. And hopefully, to us.



We have been drunk

for too many past lives,
you and I.

The night the stars burst into the skies,
the comet found its path.



It doesn't matter what we tell ourselves,
our destinies have already been mapped:

we are to meet.



And finally, I meet you.
I meet you in my sleep,

I meet you in my dreams,
I meet you in my night,

I meet you in my noontime,
I meet you.



I meet you.

I meet you.



I meet you in my sleep.



So many, many, many, many meetings,
yet we can't see each other.

Refuse to, actually.

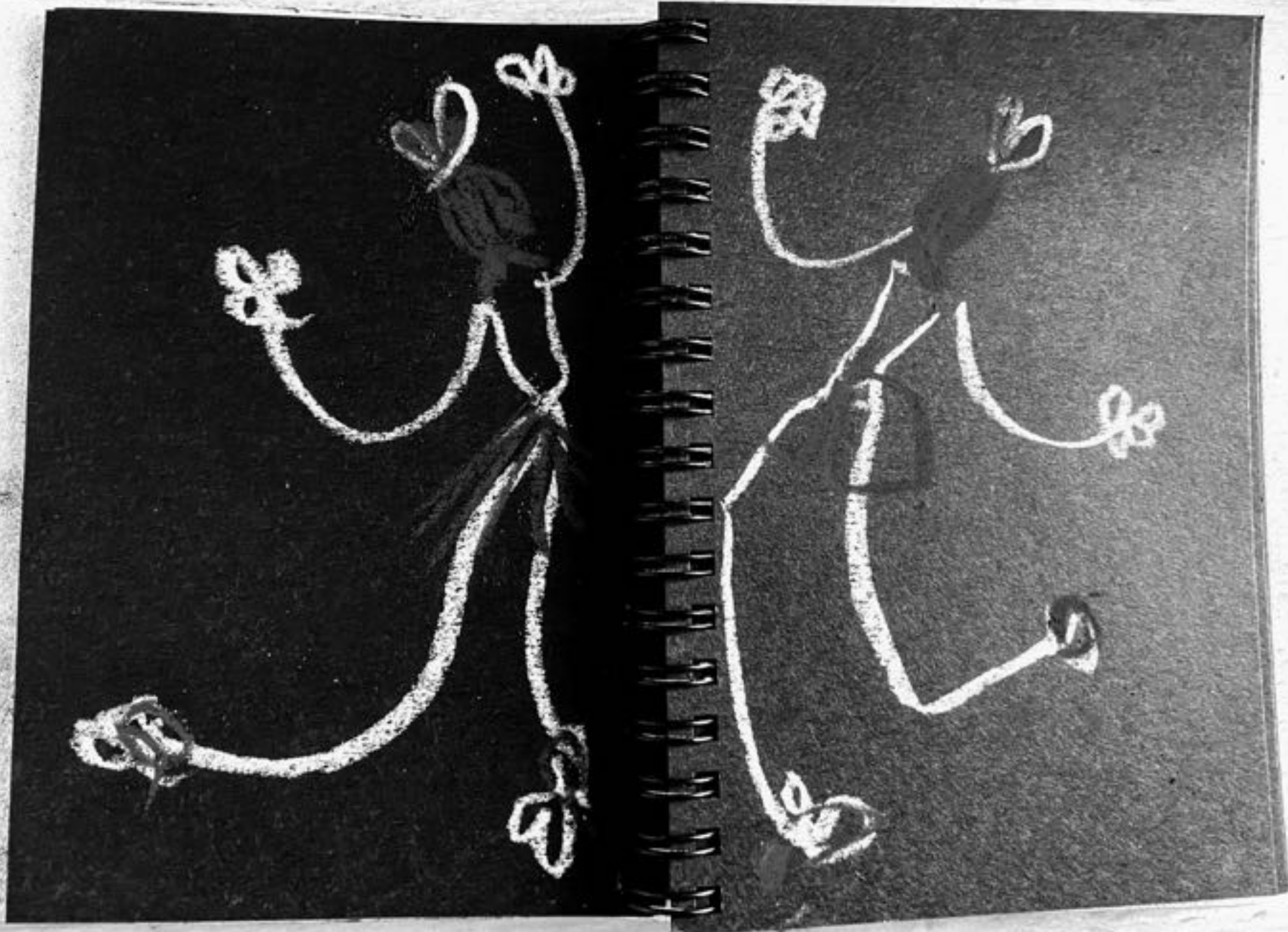


And so I call out again:
Meet me, awake.

Meet me now.



Let's not be swirling in the skies of midnight anymore.

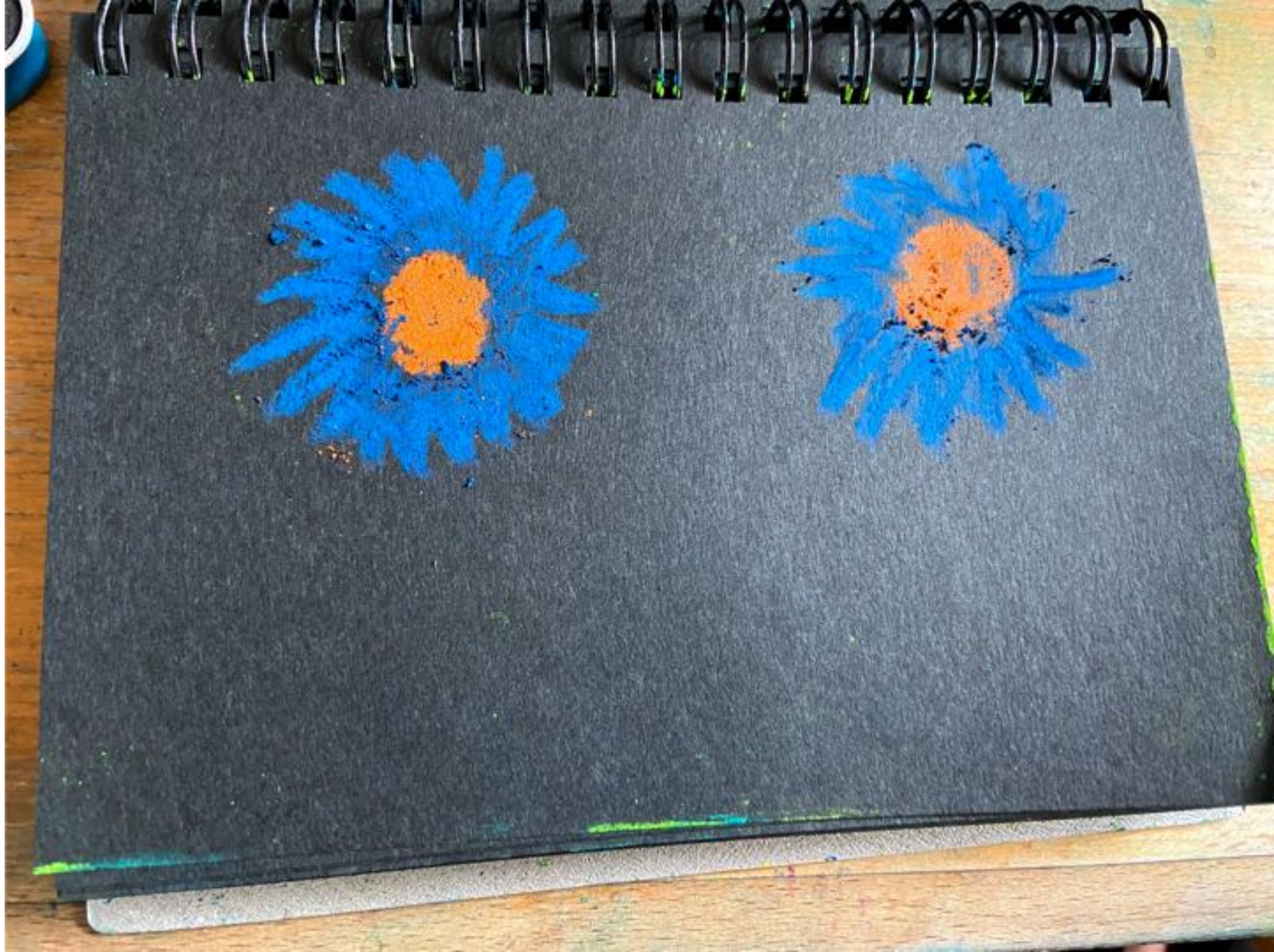


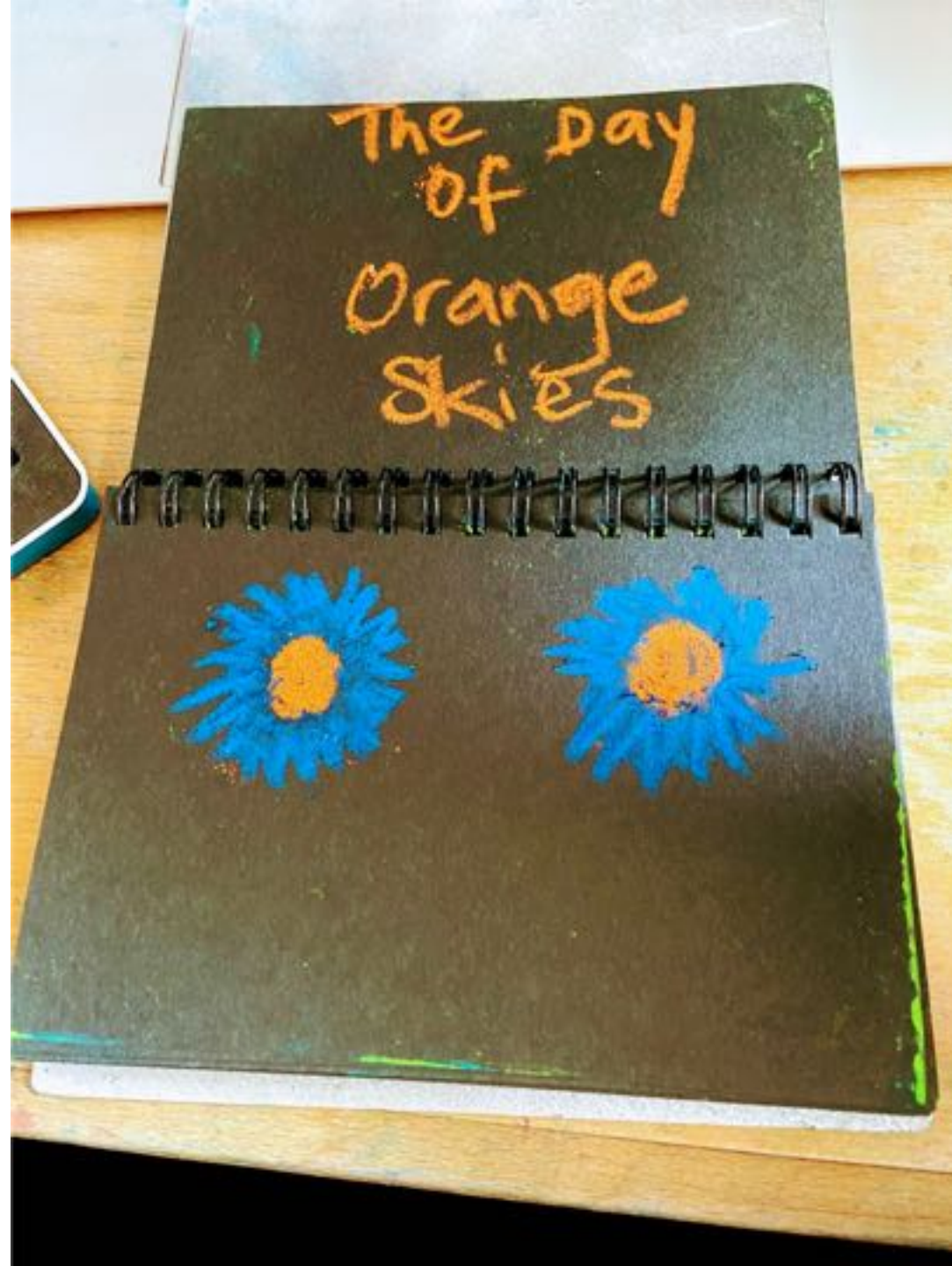


The day has come.
The day is here.



The day is both of us greeting each other as our new dawn,
and our eternal spring.

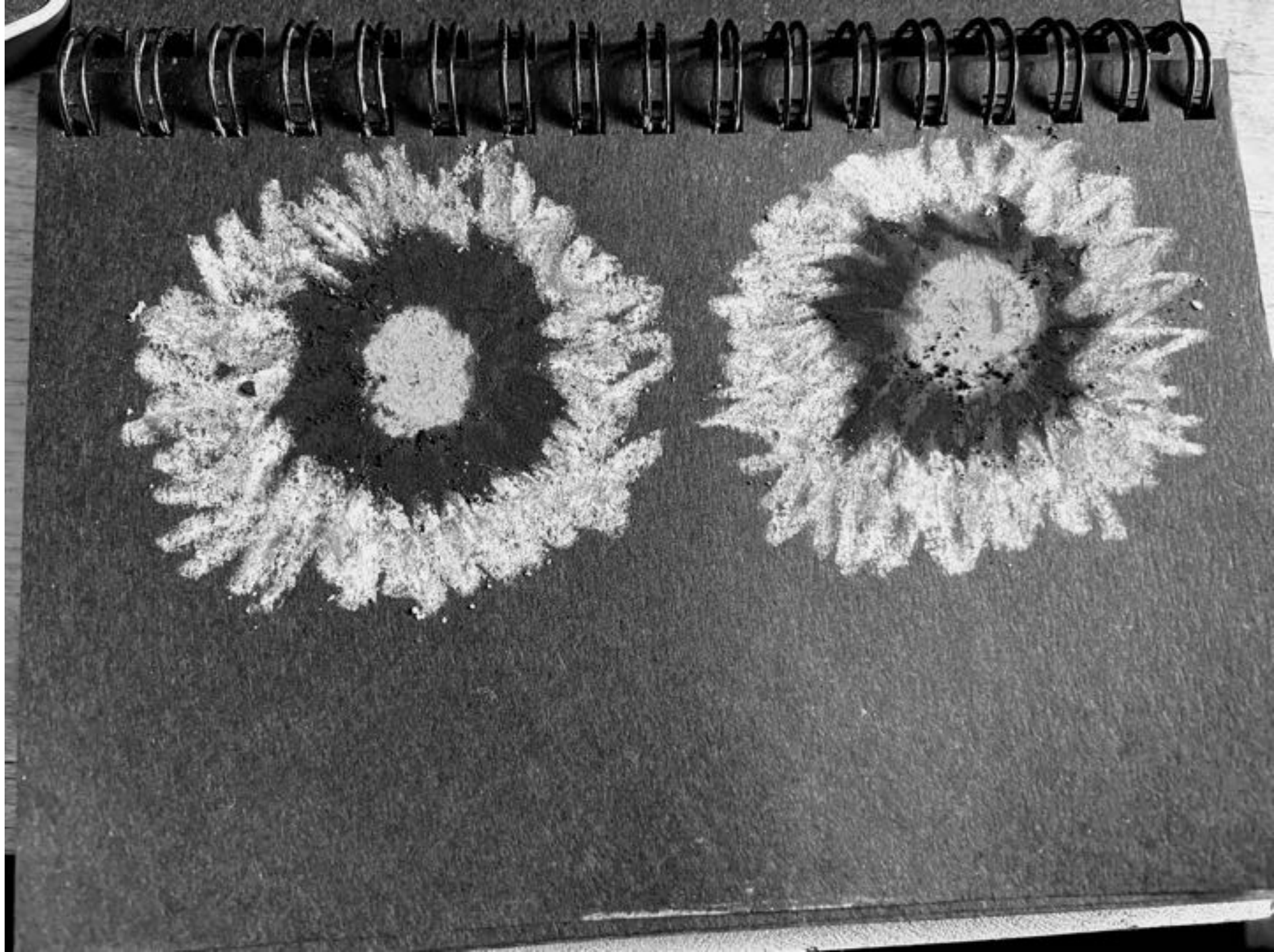


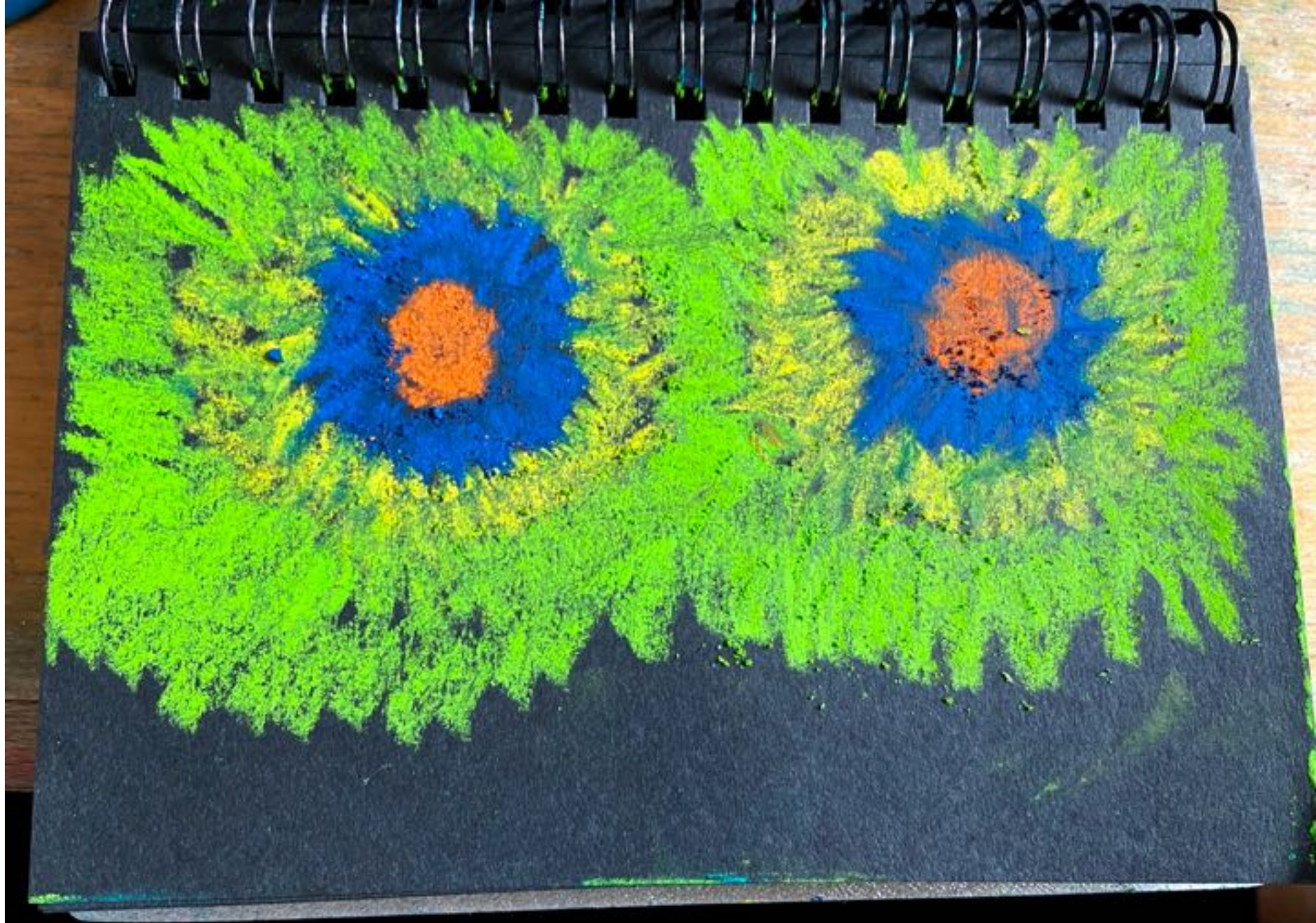


This is my heart meeting your heart

We glow a certain yellow

I DONT WANT ANYMORE NARRATIVES
that entrap our relational; our
friendship







Let it be in the open

Let our hearts be in the open.



Dawn is here.
Spring is also here.



The seasons may come and go, and the ways of the world harvest and replant the daily lives of us, but the eternal summer is a garden. It is a garden of roses - you may call it the flowers wild.



They have to be of wild nature. Fresh, new, unseen, unknown, yet to be.



I am made of the star.

I think I have fallen out of the sky, not by chance, but by choice.

I imagine it to be so, and it sadly isn't so at all.



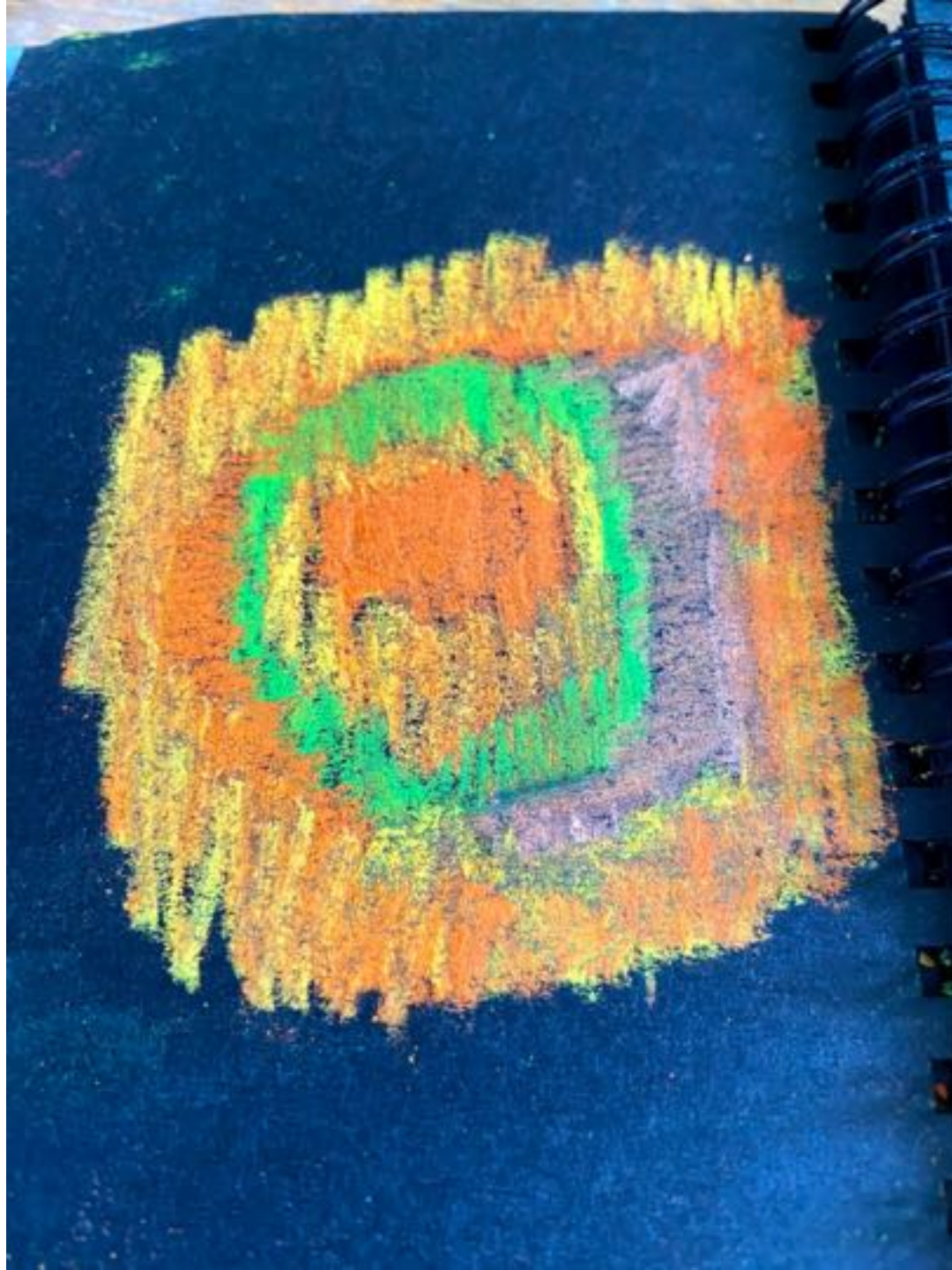
I am a human born a girl.

In a small city called Ipoh quite some years ago.

I am what people would call an artist but I am not one.



I just make stuff, and words and pictures have a way of tumbling out of me that make others feel that it is from a place very far away. I can sense that place. But it is just a place that transcends the cultural narratives. It takes a lot of courage to dare to go there.




Because you might not know what language to use, and you might not recognise who you are, and you might not want to come back to the contemporary culture, that doesn't know this place.



It isn't like space-time travel or anything. It is just the imagination. The daring to dissolve the old framings, the ones which exclude, entrap, limit the innovations required for adapting to the existential challenges of our times.




I don't think there is an easier way to say this. To communicate my heart to you.



For the longest time, I think that it can't be me. That this isn't me, but it is. I have reworked myself: my words, my thinking, my formulation, my choices, my clarifications, my work, my walk.

And here it is. It is as is. It is what it says it is. It is what it is.



And I am who I am. Who I have become, and I find me again. I find me in the flesh and blood, and I am glad you are here to see me. To know me. To love me. To cherish me. To witness my life. That is all.

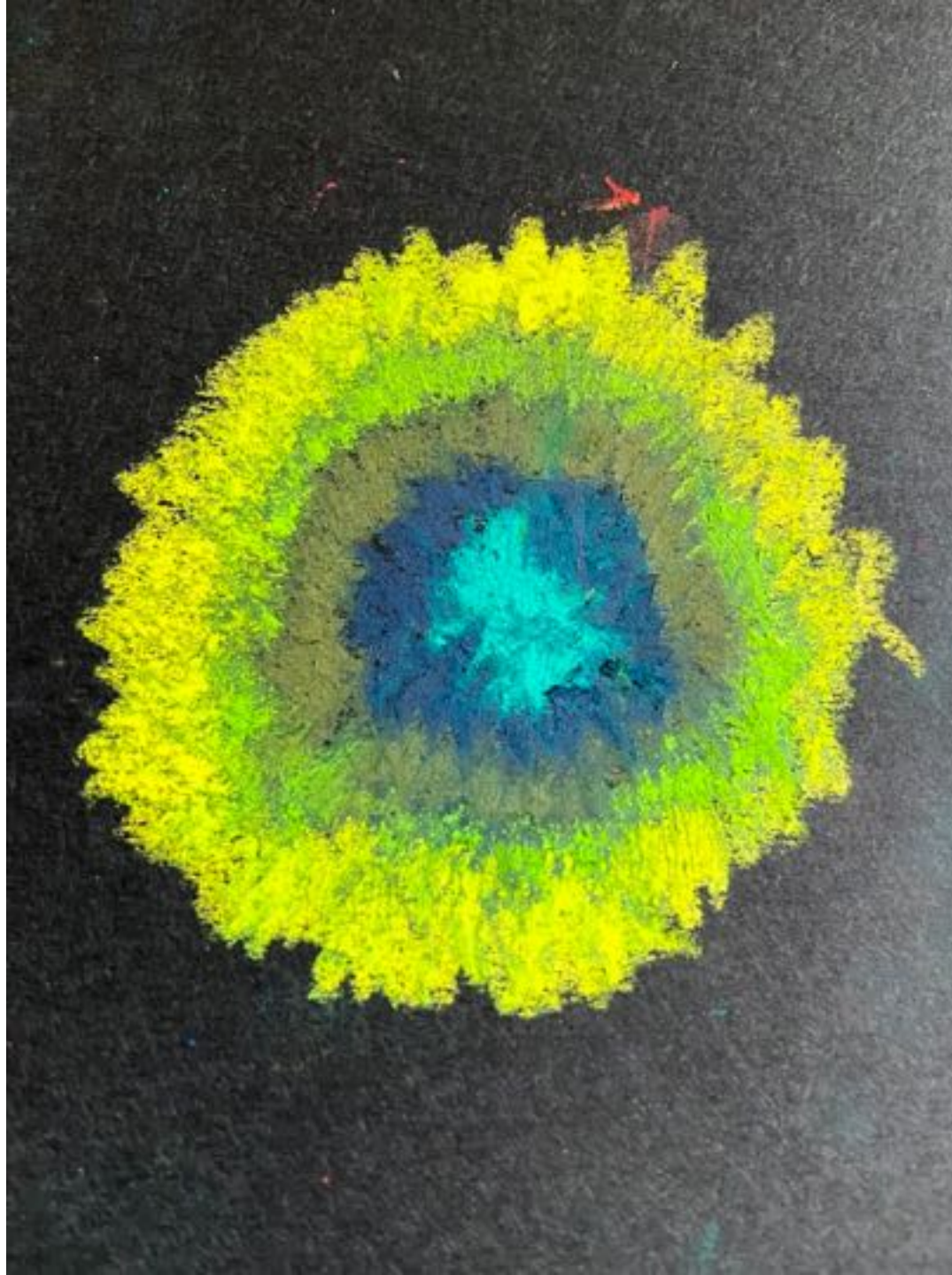


The days of the vanilla skies are over, though I love vanilla as well as chocolate as well as all kinds of ice cream. I am simply a child. A child of day, and night, and midnight and noontday. Of evening walks, of Sunday luxuries, of night time moonlit wonder.





And I always look to the skies. It is orange today. Because of you. You shine the orange of courage of the rainbow star.



Don't ask me what it all means. Just enjoy all the rays of light of all colours shining brightly upon your lovely heart. I pour the beautiful colours of all times into the earth of all. And I watch it grow. Take root, and grow from that basin of clarity of beauty and self-determination of all things good and beautiful of our lives.



You said to me, "Even if what you write helps one person, it is worth it." You are right. And this is why I am writing this, and publishing this.






It does not matter how I came to know this place inside me that is deep beyond. It is my favourite colour. Midnight blue is my favourite colour.




I don't know why, but it makes me happy.




Maybe I think about all the people in my life whom I love.
Maybe I don't wonder if they love me back. I just assume they do. That is my folly, but also my gift.

If there is any truth to anything in my life, it is that I am always making the wrong perceptions about culture and the ways of the world. But perhaps, it is also my liberation. I don't know any better, and I can't wire the cultural narratives in, try as I might my highest utmost.

And so, I release myself from trying to learn this anymore.



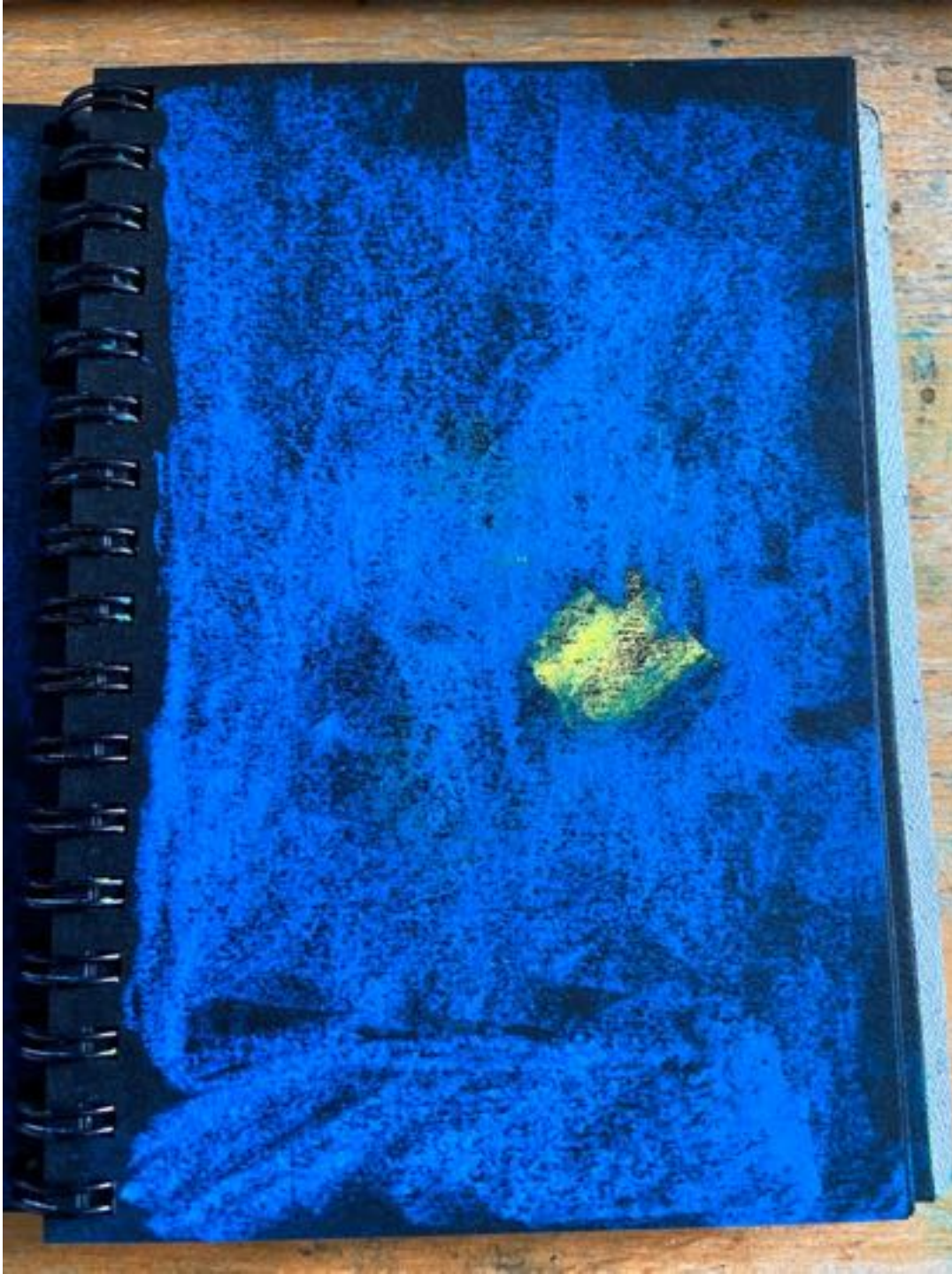
And I shall just write from deep within me, in the way that I know it. The way I see it. The way I think it. The way just as I am: the way I feel it.



Sometimes I get all mad when things are out of alignment to an order that I know is good for life.

Today I am convinced or rather it is data-substantiated by my personal experiences that I have to be able to live the internal coding of my own being as I know it.

And no matter what anyone says of it: I can now hold the open space.



And it is midnight blue, until it decides to be pink-lilac summer.



And maybe, it is already also pink-lilac
summer in the midnight blue.



I no longer feel alone because of you.





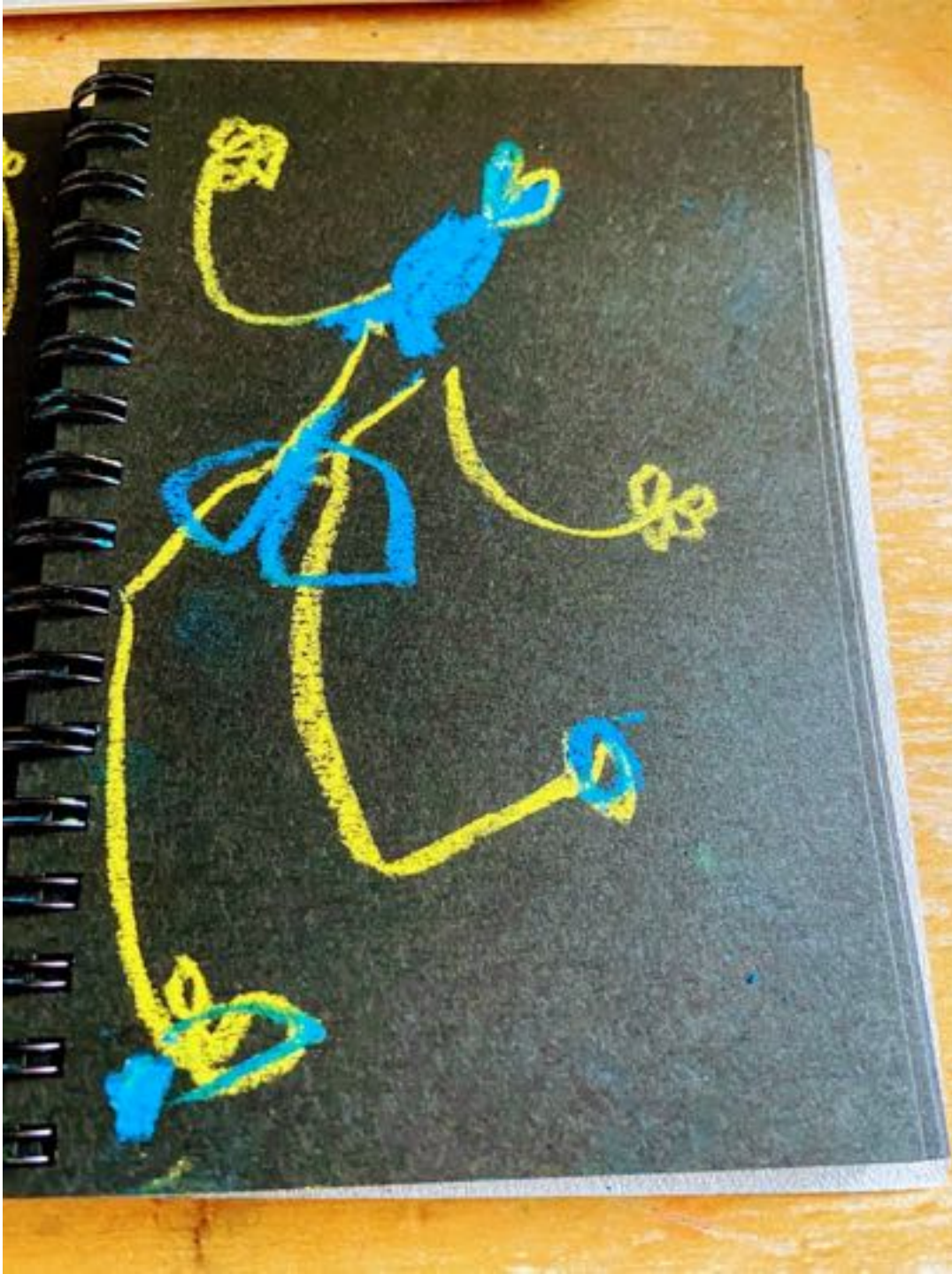
In the beyond, there is only silence.



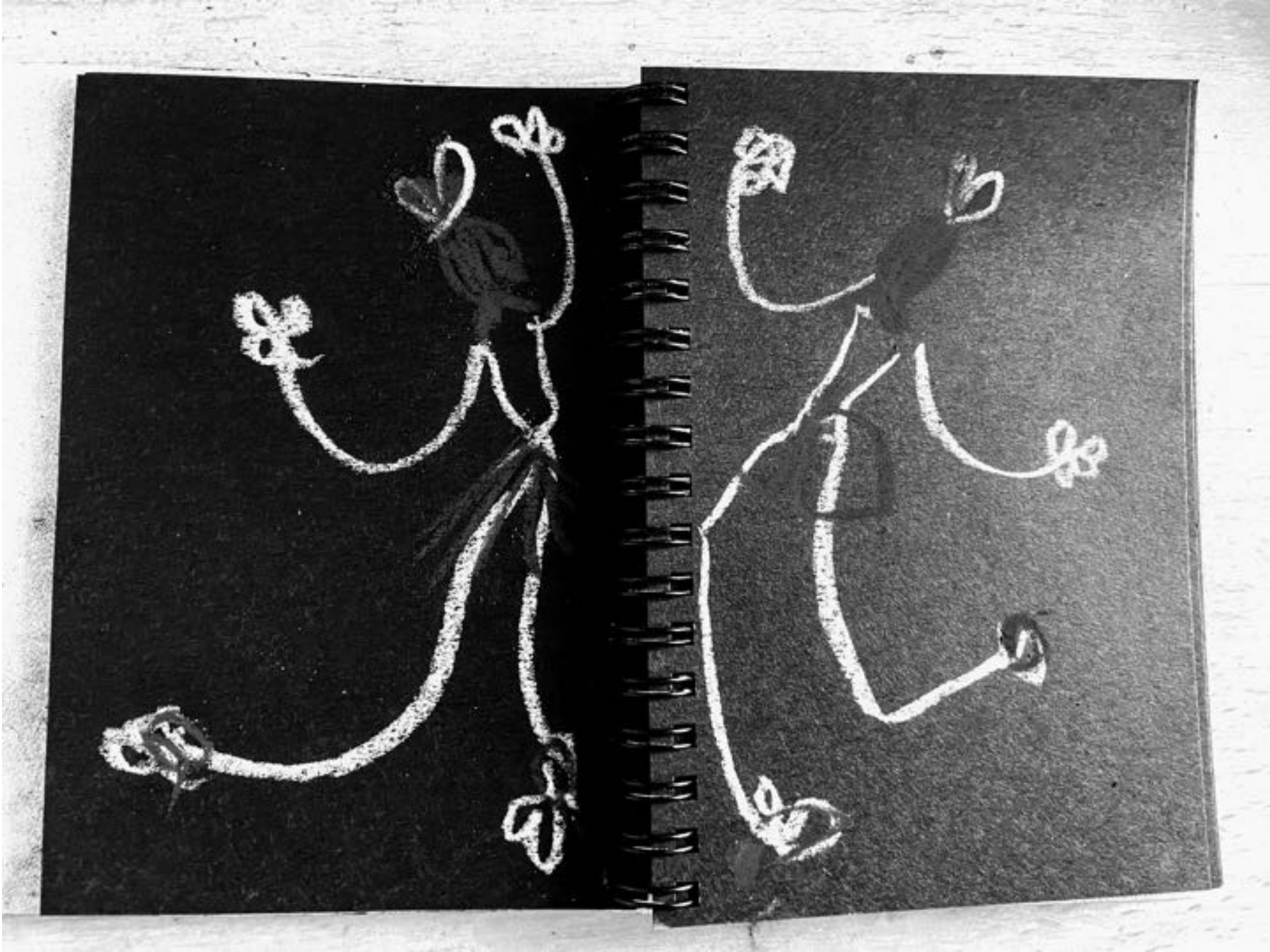


Out here in life - I love the cacophony of
the swirling twirls.

And the drama of our falling dances,
turning up way round as footsteps of
dances in the skies.



The world turns upside down but it is
ok, because
you are here with me.





And we are dancing.





In the beyond beyond, there is joyful mirth.



And everything is truly divine poetry - the sweet music and fragrance of the ether flowing through our bodies as breaths of life and living life as we simply and vulnerably are.



I breathe you and I.






I am breathing, and I am glad and grateful, for the consciousness of being a human babe.



In all cheekiness, I am truly cheeky.

Born cheeky, grow cheeky, live cheeky.



It is a coding I couldn't rewire. The love of life. The love of roaring laughter.

Pinch yourself and you will know you are finally awake and alive. Be alive. Be fully awake and fully you.



C'est la vie, bon bons. Tralala.



