

SPRING GODDESS

THEY SUBROUND HER AS SHE TREADS THE FOREST. SHE GAZES EXPECTANTLY, AND BEAMS AT THEM. THEY BOW IN SUBSEBUTIENCE, IN ETERNAL SERVITUDE TO THE GLORY OF ETERNAL BEAUTY. THE VINES AND LEAVES SHEATH SWAY AS SHE PASSES, WHISPERING HER PERFECT NAME AND SINGING PRAISES ABOUT HER MAJESTIC SARI.





FROM HER
DEMEANOR,
FROM HER
STATURE AND
FROM EVERY
THREAD SHE
WEARS, SHE
LET'S YOU IN HER
SECRET. WHERE
THERE'S BEAUTH
THERE'S BEAUTH
THERE'S BEAUTH
HER SAND BELOW,
THEY ALL SING
HER PRAISE. THE
DESERT GLOWS.
WITH HER
MAGNIFICENCE.









THE ANGEL FROM THE EAST





SONGS OF DIVINITY

THEY SURROUND HER AND LOOK UPON HER IN AWE, AS IF SHE'S NOT MORTAL BUT A MIRACLE. HER TRESSES ENCHANT AND HER DRESSES ENAMOR, AND THEY SING HER SONG, SO THAT THE AGES TO COME TOO WILL SING OF HER BEAUTY.











TEXTILE DEAL