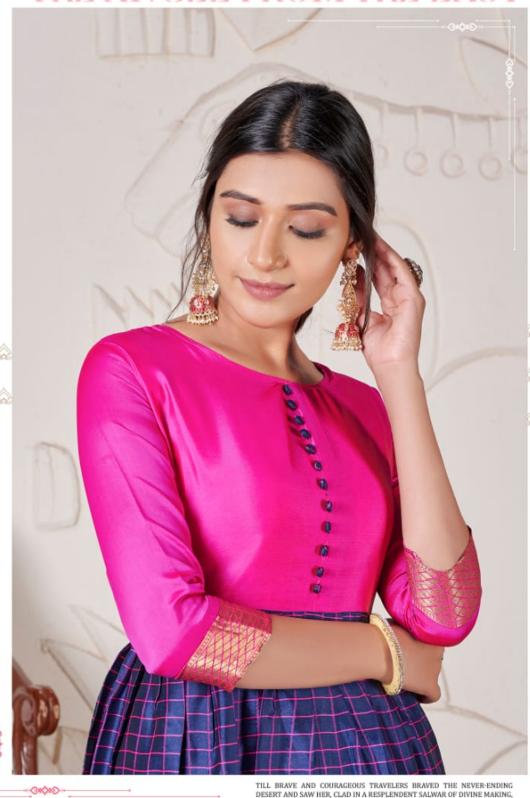
THE ANGEL FROM THE EAST



TILL BRAVE AND COURAGEOUS TRAVELERS BRAVED THE NEVER-ENDING DESERT AND SAW HER, CLAD IN A RESPLENDENT SALWAR OF DIVINE MAKING, SURROUNDED BY HER LOYAL SERVANTS, THEY HAD ASSUMED HER JUST A LEGEND. THEY WENT BACK HOME, WITH FONDNESS IN THEIR HEARTS AND STORIES ON THEIR LIPS.

SPRING GODDESS



THEY SURROUND HER AS SHE TREADS THE FOREST. SHE GAZES EXPECTANTLY, AND BEAMS AT THEM. THEY BOW IN SUBSERVIENCE, 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.











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FROM HER
D E M E A N O R ,
FROM HER
STATURE AND
FROM EVERY
THREAD SHE STATURE AND FROM EVERY THREAD SHE WEARS, SHE LETS YOU IN HER SECRET. WHERE THERE'S BEAUTY, THERE IS LIFE, FROM THE SAND BELOW, THEY ALL SING HER PRAISE. THE DESERT GLOWS WITH HER MAGNIFICENCE.



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.



