How grand it is! కవిత్వం క్యాన్నాస్ లేని వర్లచిత్రం అయితే.. వర్లచిత్రం అక్షరాలకు అతీతమైన కవిత్వం! ఆకాశంలోని నిర్హలత్వం, సముద్ధంలోని గాంభీర్వం,

> చిత్రకారుడి మనోభావాలను వినిపిస్తాయి. కళల గులించి మాట్లాడటమే ఓ గొప్ప సంస్కారం. စ**င္းဝင္မီ လဲ့**ဆာလ်လ లే ఈ လဲဝ<u>့</u>ဍာရွဴအ**့**

మట్టిలోని సహజ పలమళం చిత్రపటంలో కనిపిస్తాయి.

ಗುಬಾಳಿ**ಸ್ಕುನ್ನಾಯ**.

 $S_{air_{a:}}Y_{e_{S_i}}$ rising and falling waves.





Suma: The

waves rise and fall, don't they?

Saira: What are you gazing at?

Suma: See the painting on the canvas. Isn't it mesmerising?

Saira: Awe-inspiring! The red and gold above the horizon. The chiaroscuro, the colour scheme, the depth!

Suma: The rising sun ...

Saira: Can we imagine light and life without the sun?

Suma: How old is this phenomenon of

Saira: From time immemorial. Since the dawn of creation. It will go on for all

Suma: No respite in all these years!

Saira: For millions and millions of years the sun has risen and set regularly and punctually.

Suma: See the sea. How grand it is!

Saira: Fathomless and endless. The unfathomable depth and the vast expanse of the sea is breathtaking and mind

Suma: Will it never diminish?

Saira: Can we pump the ocean dry?

Just as ...

Suma: You're a poet!

Saira: Just as we can't know everything

about the universe. Knowledge is as deep and as vast as the sea.

Suma: See how beautifully the artist has painted the waves!

Saira: Yes, rising and falling waves. Suma: The waves rise and fall, don't

Saira: The waves fall only to rise again. Suma: Any symbolism?

Saira: When we fail, we shouldn't lose hope. We must raise ourselves again.

Suma: The quality of a successful person!

Saira: Yes. Patience, perseverance, practice bring us success.

Suma: Look at the birds. I feel like saying something ...

Saira: They are flying. Singing as they fly and flying as they sing. They are enjoying freedom and happiness.

ASKING FOR.. ASH

Vishnu:: Take this packet. This is for

Sharat: What's in it? Vishnu:: Ash.

Sharat: What should I do with it? Vishnu:: You sent me the message

asking for ash.

Sharat: I asked for cash.

Vishnu:: Don't you check your messages before sending them?

Suma: Can't we enjoy such freedom and happiness?

Saira: No. Our freedom is tainted with fear; our joy is mixed with sadness.

Suma: The birds are so lucky to have such lovely wings.

Saira: We are so unlucky to have unwanted longings.

Suma: Look at the trees.

Saira: They look so selfless and noble. As if filled with the spirit of service and

Suma: So calm and committed!

Saira: They give us shade and fruit.

Suma: And oxygen. Did the painter have all these feelings and emotions which are churning in our heart?

Saira: Yes. The painter must have felt like a poet.

Suma: A poet in a painter?

Saira: Painting is silent poetry and poetry is painting that speaks, as one philosopher said.



సూర్యారావు ఎం.వి వివేకానంద ఇన్స్టేట్యూట్



నమస్థే తెలంగాణ