



# Soul Cycles

Personal & Collective Evolvment  
Alternative Healing  
Social Artistry

## Passions

☒ Northern India, in the middle of Jaipur, a big bubbling town full of colourful people, breathtaking smells; a main traffic road: A camel carries a heavy load on its back. Its feet, flat and soft, actually made for the desert, touch gently the heated tar of the road, elegant, like a dancer absorbed by its own rhythm.

☒ Another town by the sea; a flea market, noise, colours, scents, buzzing in the air. Just at the entrance sits Raoul, they bring him every morning on a little wagon, and pick him up again before dark. He belongs to the outcast people, he is a beggar. There he sits with his little, clean, freshly washed handkerchief in front of him; some paise (little coins) on it. Raoul has no arms and no legs; he is just trunk and head. But the people love him; everyone stops to have a few words with him. He never saw a school, but can communicate with everyone. He makes people happy because his words carry wisdom. His body feels alive, he beams of clarity, his eyes are shining, and he carries the spark we all long for.

☒ Tall, well and strong built body, a fair skin, clear eyes; his face could be gentle, or have the expression of a warrior, depending on which work he would do. A Tibetan man, young, may be 20 or a little more. I get up every morning very early to see him starting to work at sunrise. His shape in the morning light is just so beautiful. I have fallen madly, desperately in love with this image. They call him crazy, because he is simple, doesn't talk much, and doesn't mix up much with the people around him. He came from far to get this work for a month. This is a community of criminals, drug-addicts and drunkards. They tease him, because they feel scared and challenged. He carries a big knife on his belt but just seems to use it for opening coconuts. I love him for being different. One night they secretly throw LSD in his tea. When he passes out they carry him to the beach and make a fire. He goes on a trip; they tease him all night and make fun of him. They give him to drink and to smoke. I pray and cry all night, I grief, I rage, I suffer. Next morning at sunrise, like every morning, he gets up, cleans himself, packs his things; we say good-bye to each other and he leaves. I never saw him again, but was so happy that my image survived.

☒ The beautiful young flower in my garden: gently waving in the breathe, its colour a deep red, promising sensation. Where the beams of the sunlight touch her she looks like velvet...

***Throw away all your begging bowls at God's door***

***For I have heard the beloved prefers sweet threatening shouts.***

***Something on the order of:***

***"Hey Beloved, my heart is a raging volcano of love for you.***

***You'd better start kissing me- or else." - by Hafiz***

*Betina Hermes*