

A grain of sand so large ,  
The cosmos often small  
I zoom in slow, zoom out sure,  
Map my world through all.

I am no different nor special,  
It is the world I see anew.  
Peep at me through the looking  
glass, My image - split in two.

I hold it plain, I hold it cold,  
I make it hot, I make it fold.  
I rein it tight, I give it rope,  
For every line is a story told.  
Footprints on sands,

# FLY ON THE WALL #2

- Manisha Gera Baswani

Eyes chiseling apart.  
Wind blown rocks,  
Guarding deserts vast .

From far away I see myself,  
Through a misty looking glass.  
Playing hide and seek, with no  
one, Here found, there lost.

I am no different, nor special  
In the old I see the new  
Walking the endless maze I  
knit, Unlocking the doors for  
you

*So many rabbit holes for this Alice to follow...  
“I think I’ll go down the other way,’ she said after  
a pause: `and perhaps I may visit the elephants  
later on. Besides, I do so want to get into the Third  
Square!”*

*‘Through the Looking-Glass’ Lewis Carroll*





Hema Upadhyay in Jerusalem, Israel, 2005.



Gargi Raina looking out from the Bus in Egypt, 2006.



Roshini Vadehra with Mithu Sen in foreground, Yashodhara Dalmia and Samit Das in background at Vadehra Art Gallery, September 2010.



Zarina Hashmi in conversation with Nitin Bhayana during the opening of her solo at Gallery Espace, New Delhi, 2007.



B.M. Kamath drawing on the walls of Gallery Espace for his Solo with a spectator viewing the process, August 2010.