

A SMALL BOOK ABOUT
VERY LARGE THINGS

bloom

— AND THE SMALL ONES
THAT ARE ALSO LARGE

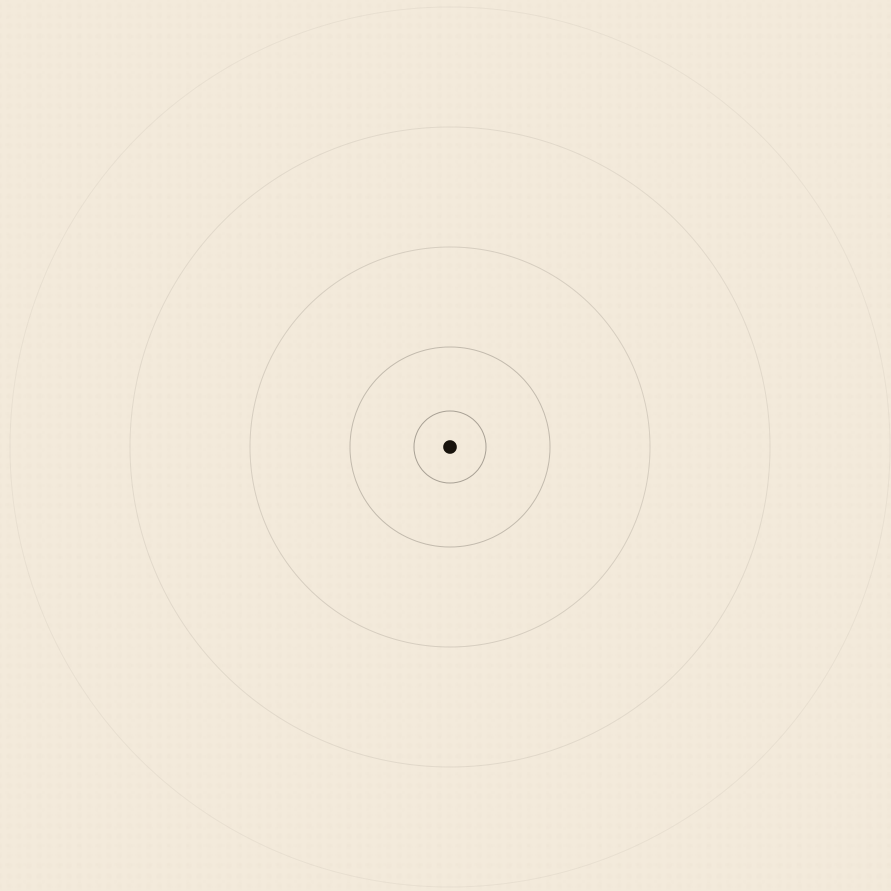


SIDDHARTH MEHTA
PARSONS · NYC

A FIELD GUIDE TO
THE INSIDE OF A MOMENT

I	<i>before</i>	fig. 01	p · 03
II	<i>the singing</i>	fig. 02	p · 05
III	<i>the unread</i>	fig. 03	p · 07
IV	<i>the disappearing</i>	fig. 04	p · 09
V	<i>the eye</i>	fig. 05	p · 11
VI	<i>broken & beautiful</i>	fig. 06	p · 13
VII	<i>inheritance</i>	fig. 09	p · 17





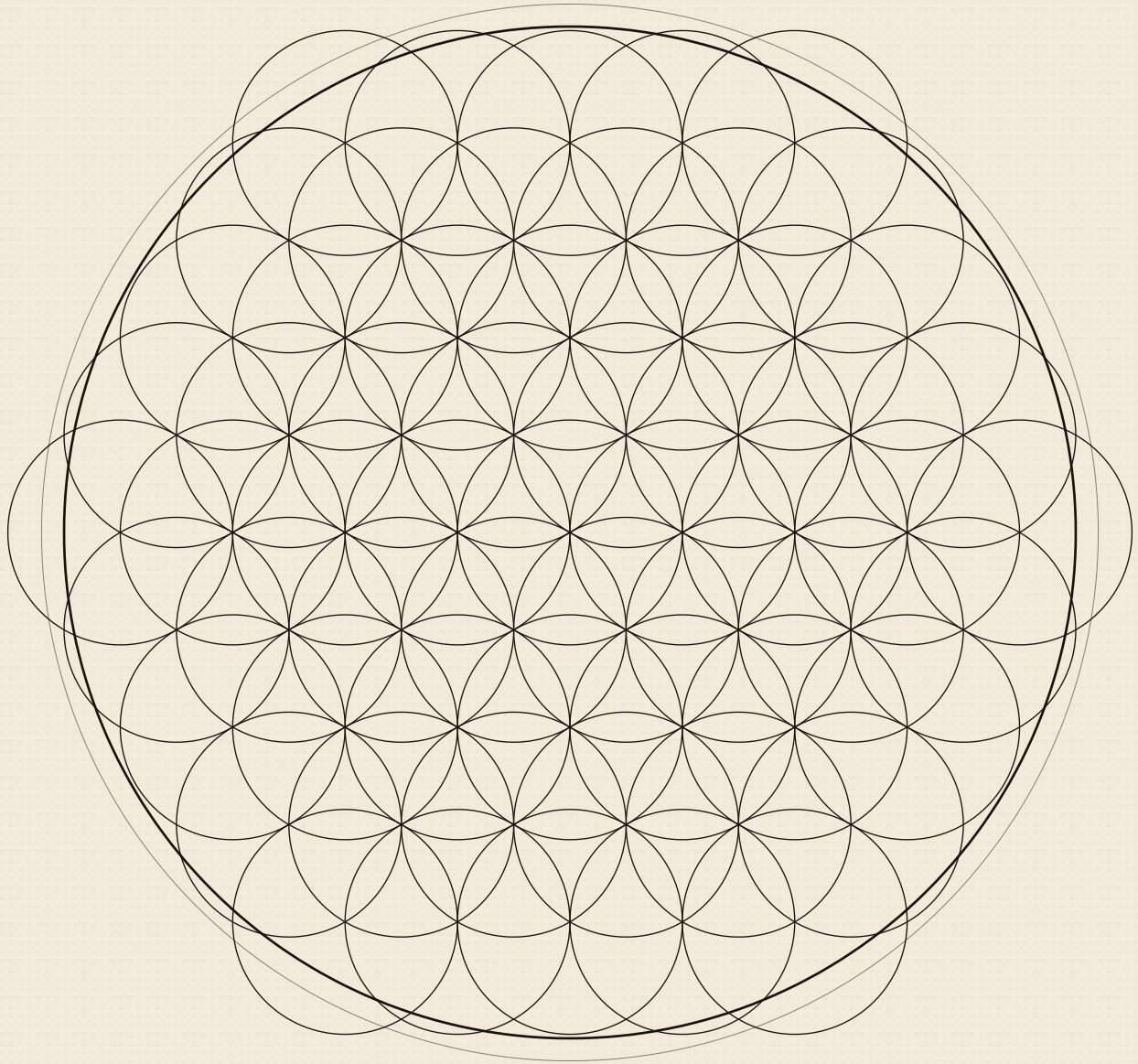
A QUIET THAT DID NOT YET
KNOW IT WAS QUIET



*before
there was
only this.*

A QUIET THAT DID NOT KNOW IT WAS QUIET,
BECAUSE THERE WAS NO OTHER THING YET
TO BE OTHERWISE.





A SINGLE CIRCLE, REPEATED
UNTIL IT BECOMES EVERYTHING ELSE



*the
silence
sang.*

EVERY STAR YOU HAVE EVER SEEN
IS A NOTE IN THAT SONG.

THE CARBON IN YOUR FINGERBONES
WAS MADE INSIDE ONE
THAT HAD TO DIE.





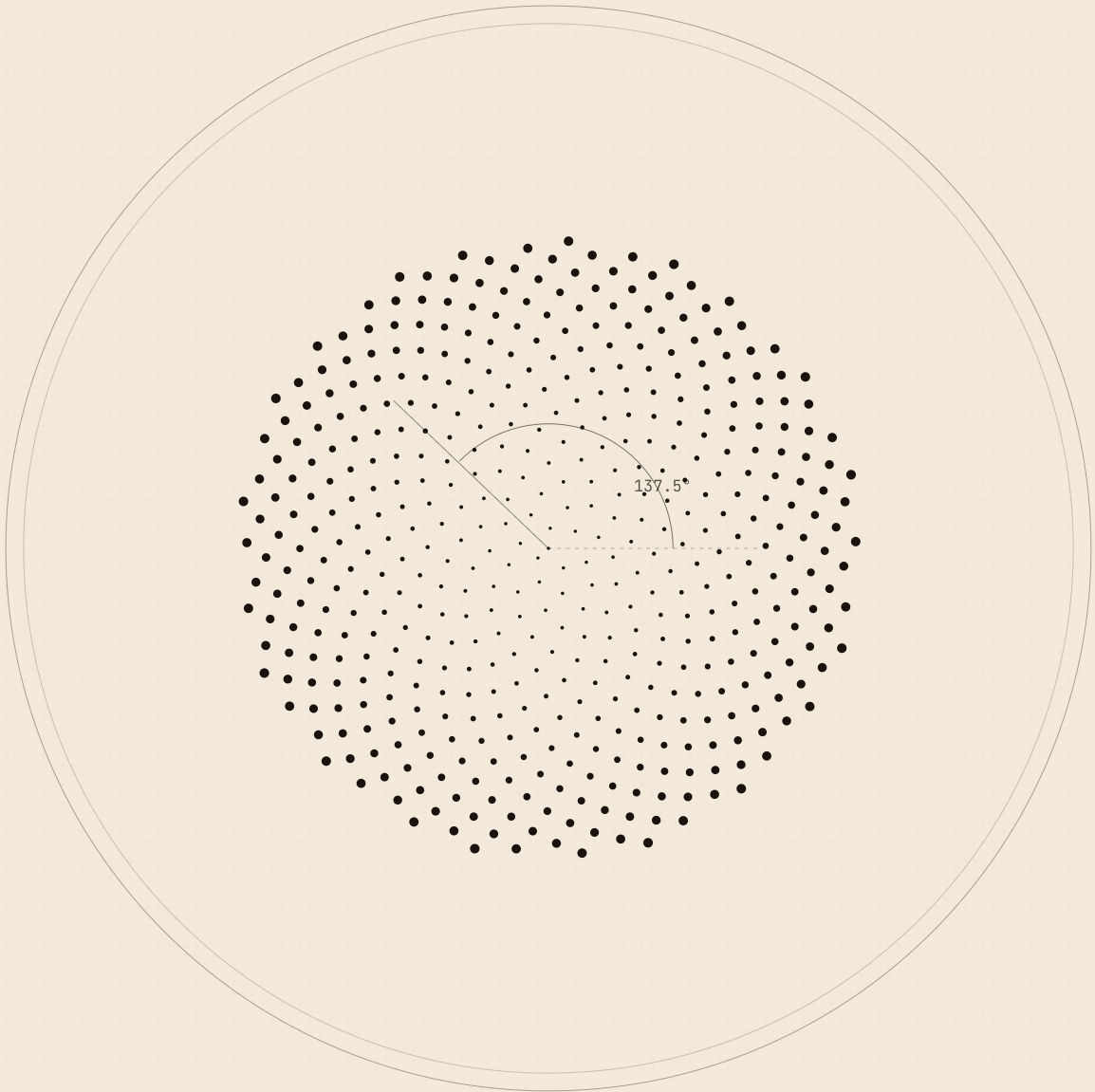
EVERY LIFE, A SMALL BRIGHT THING.
EVERY CONNECTION, A THREAD
WE MOSTLY NEVER SEE.



*what people
carry
past each
other.*

MOST LIVES GO UNREAD.
THIS IS THE GREAT QUIET SORROW
OF BEING A PERSON IN A CITY.



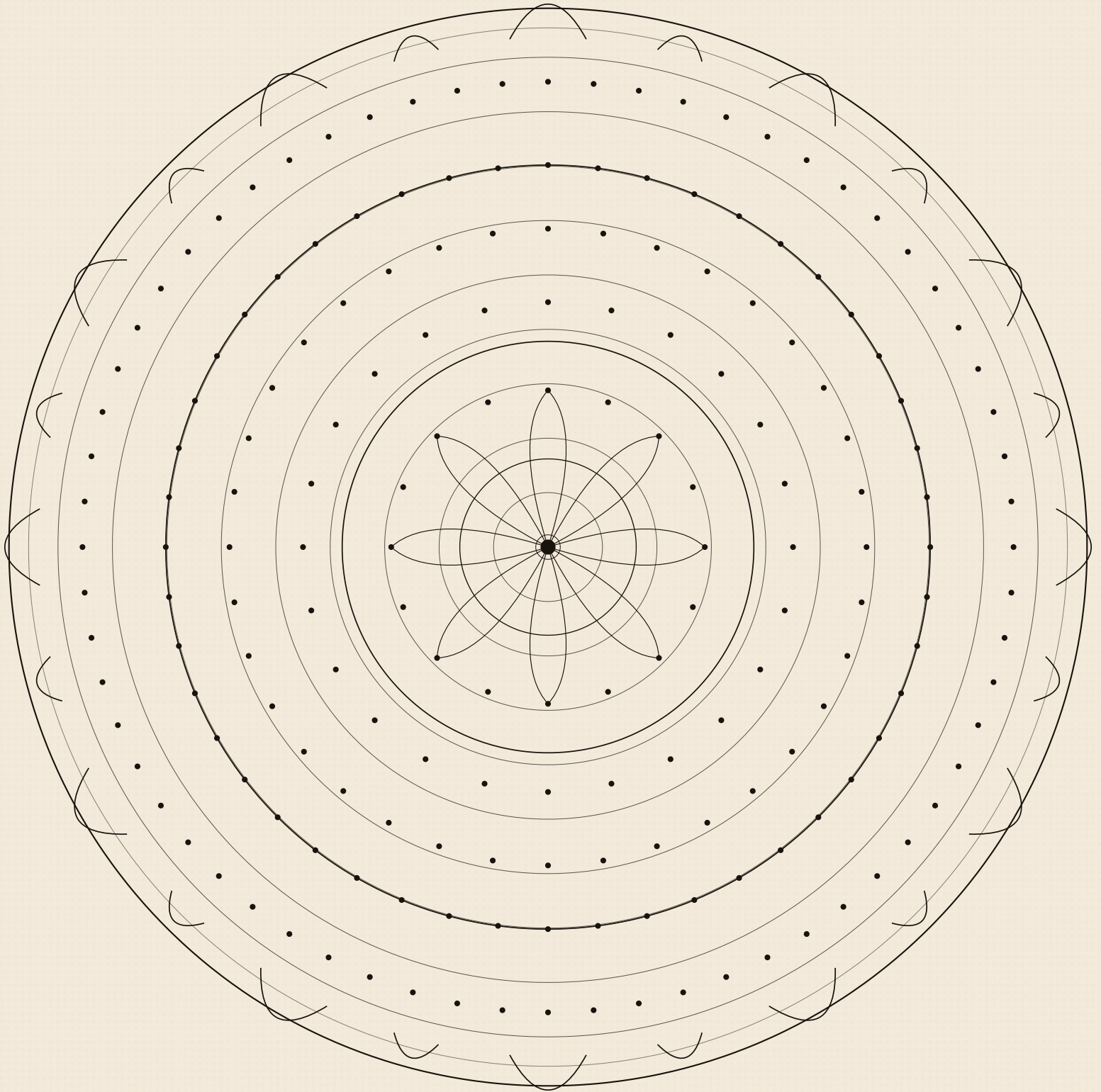


THE ANGLE AT WHICH THE
UNIVERSE LIKES TO COUNT



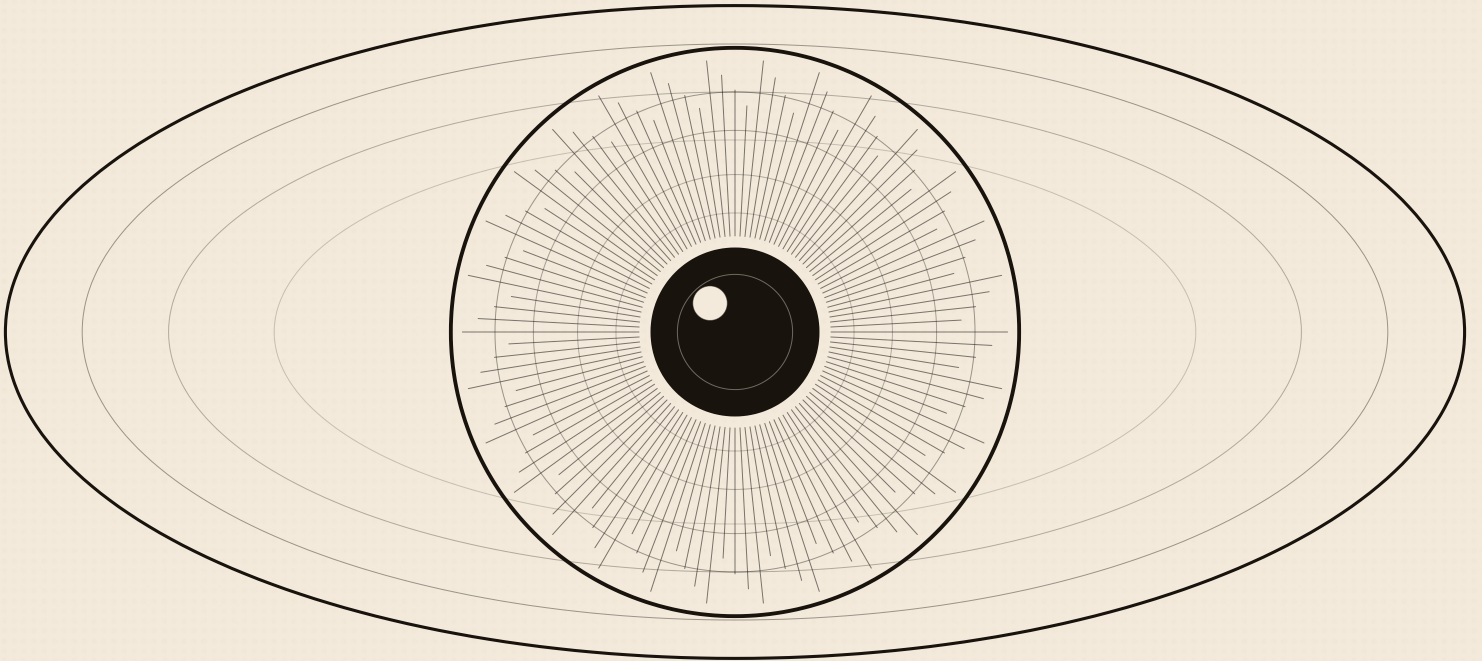
*the
disappearance
is the
point.*





MONKS SPEND WEEKS
ASSEMBLING THE UNIVERSE
FROM COLORED POWDER -
AND THEN SWEEP IT
INTO A RIVER.





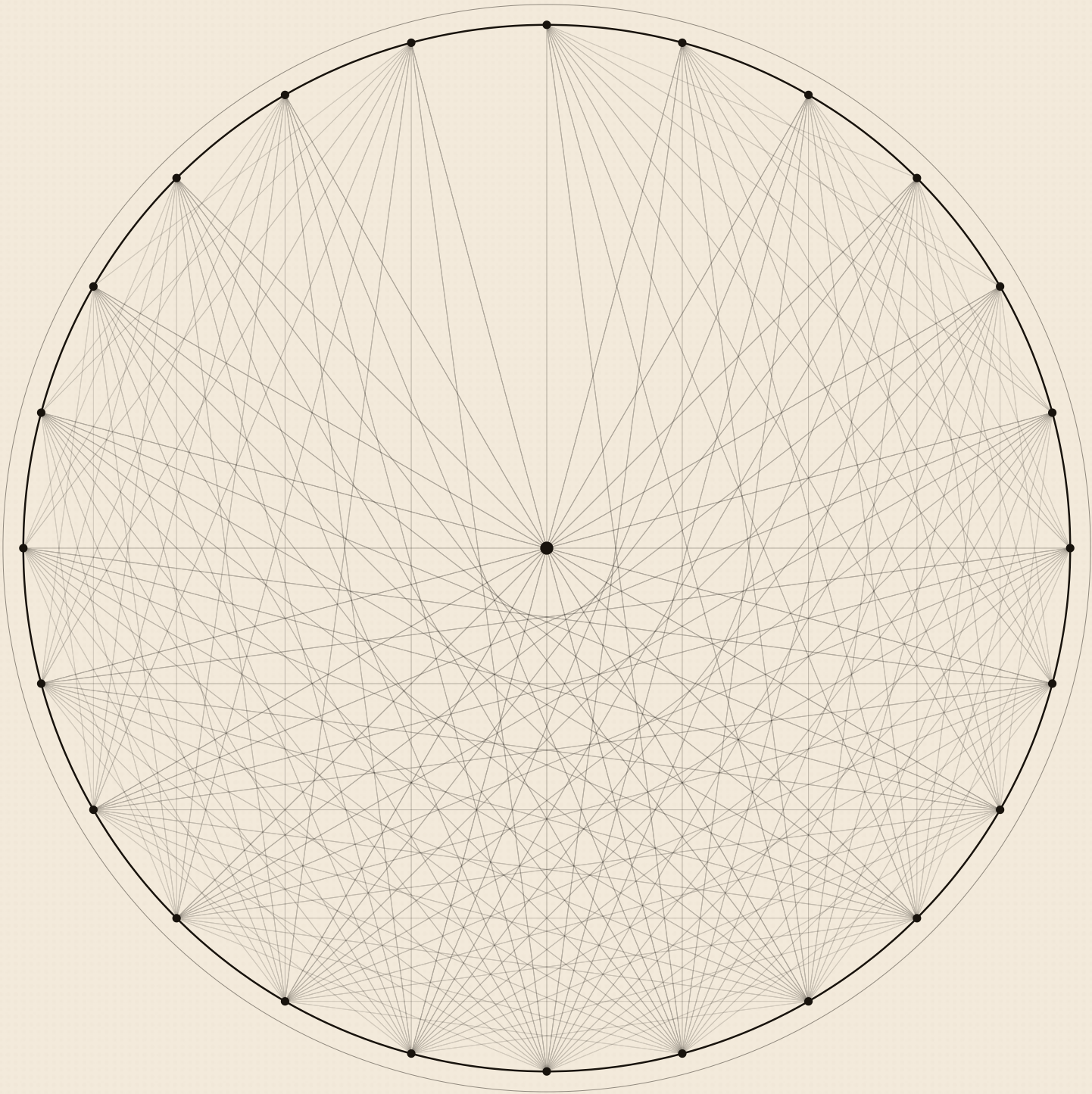
THE COSMOS OPENED AN EYE
AND SAW ITSELF



*what
am
i?*

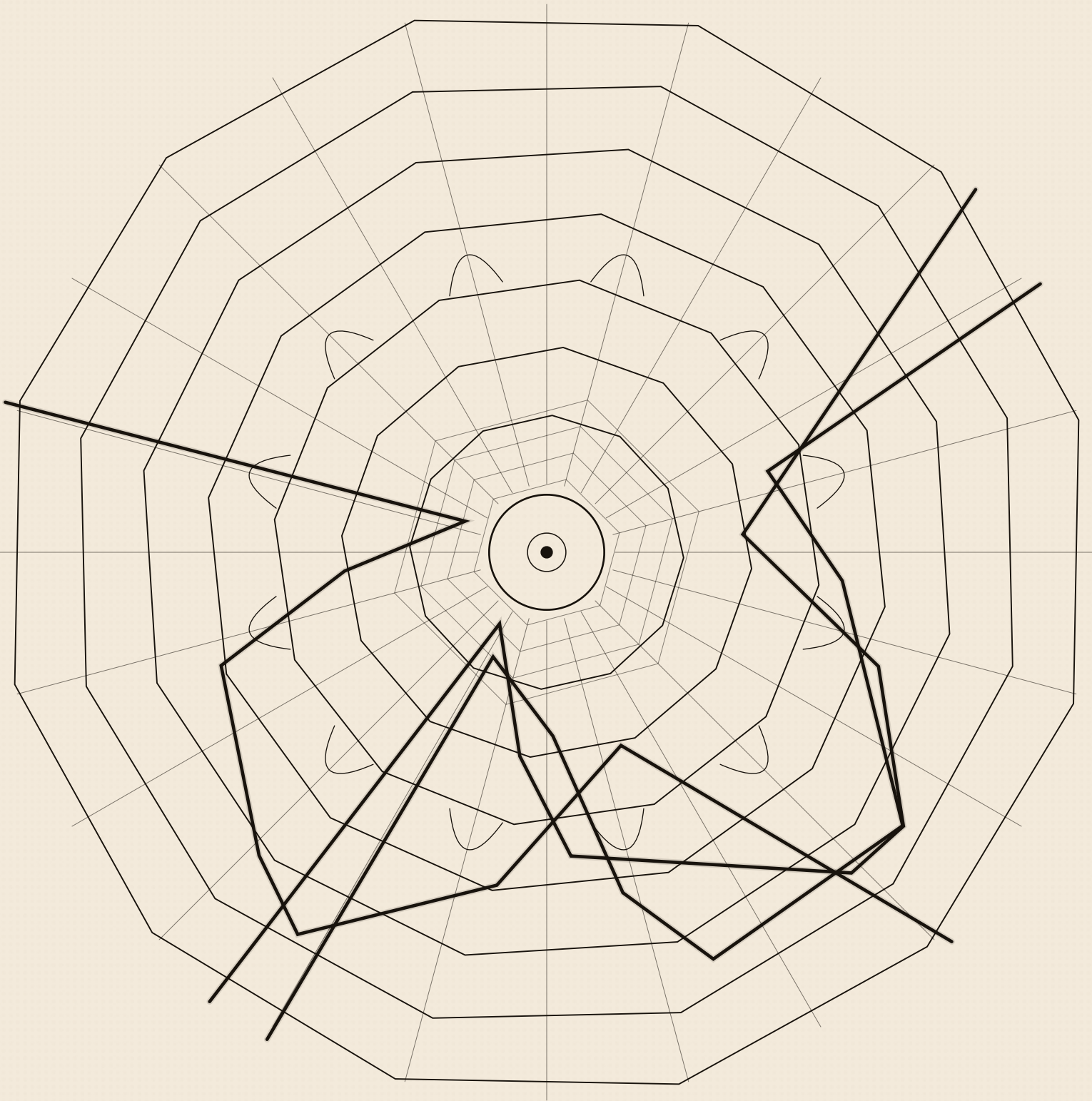
THE ASKING IS EVERYTHING





EVERY POINT IS CONNECTED
TO EVERY OTHER POINT.
MOST OF THOSE THREADS
ARE INVISIBLE.





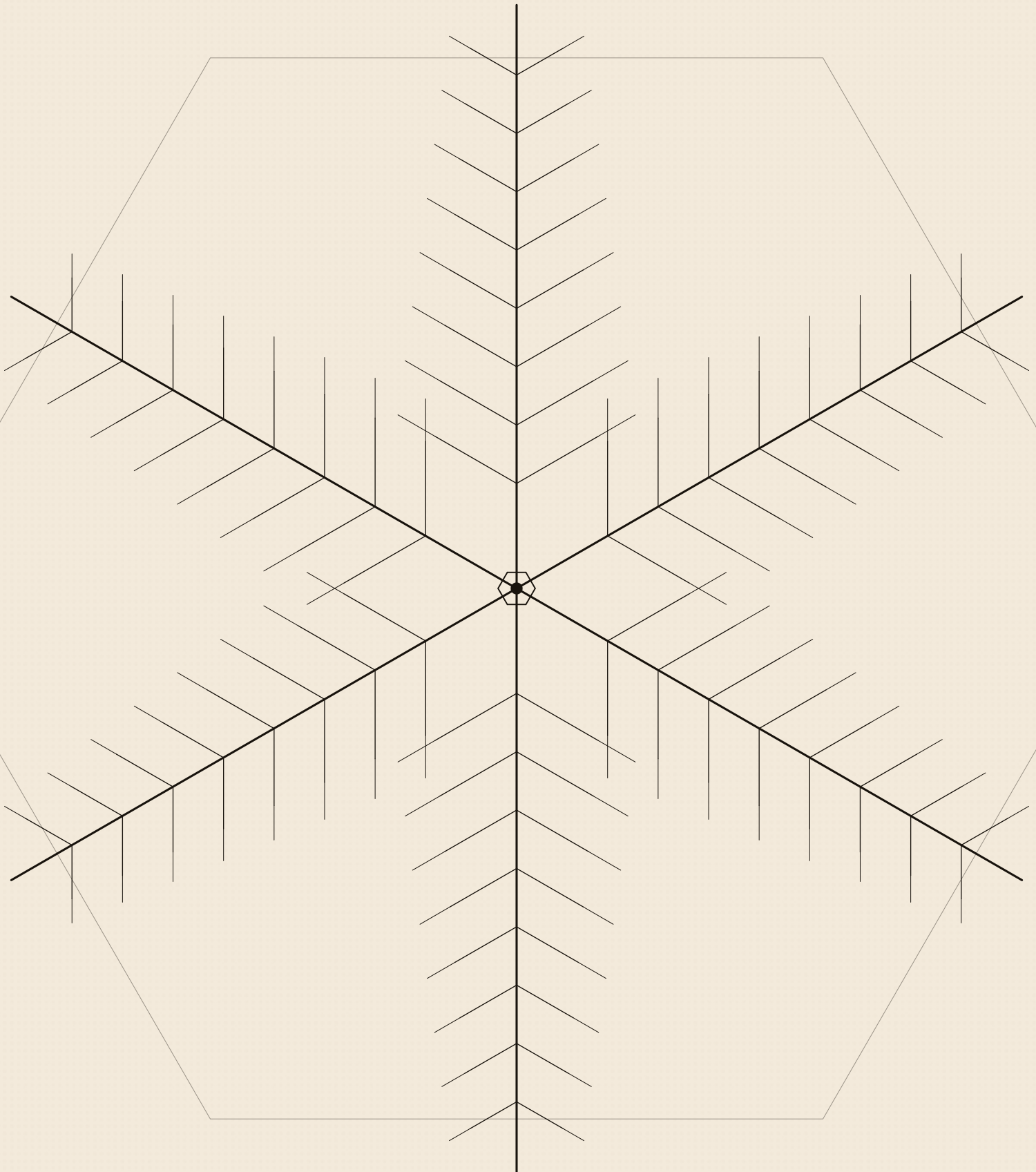
THE SEAM HOLDS MORE LIGHT
THAN THE UNBROKEN BOWL

broken

&

beautiful.





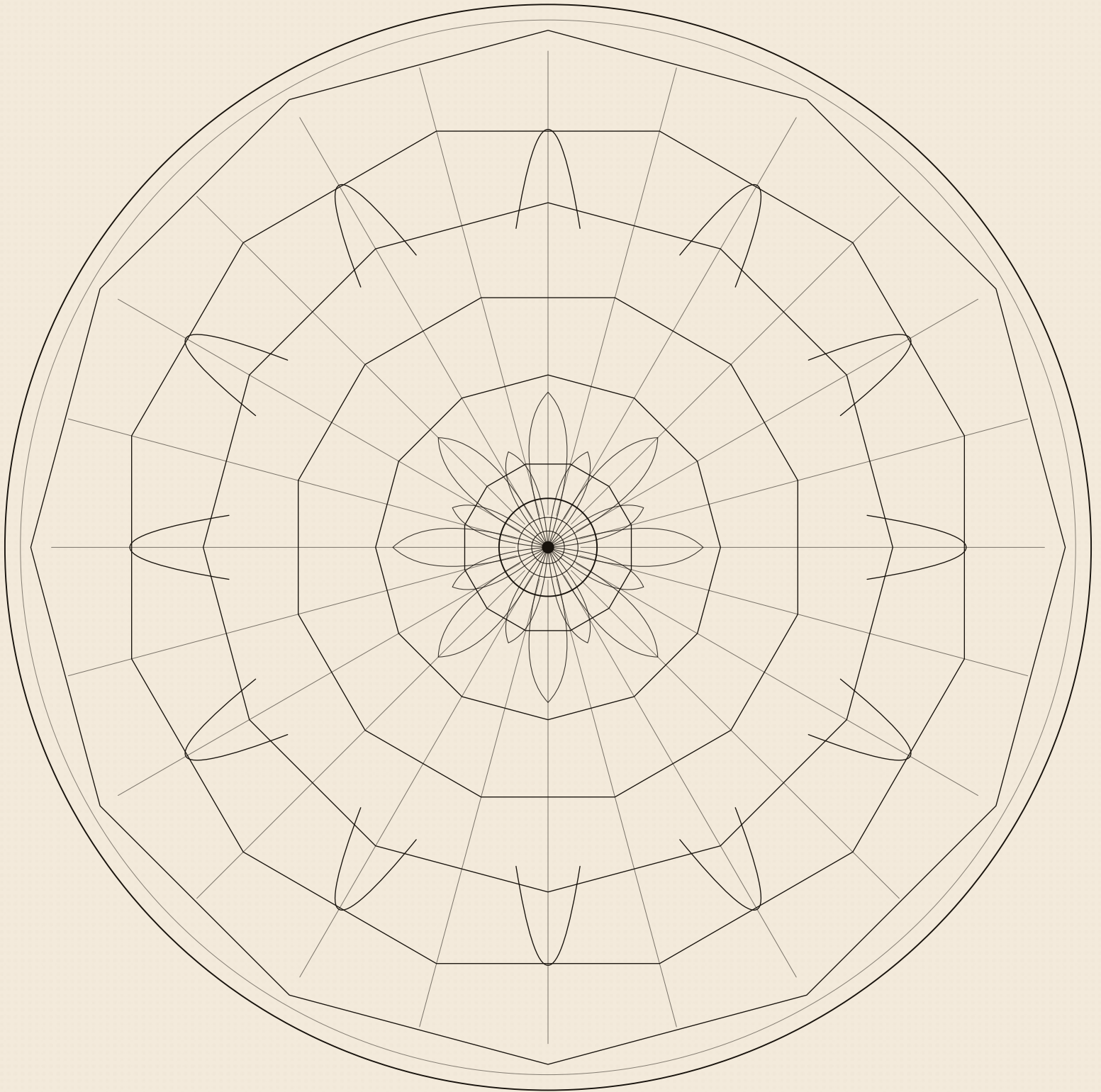
EVERY SNOWFLAKE IS MAKING
THE SAME SIX DECISIONS
A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY



*you did not
arrive
empty.*

YOU HAVE INHERITED
THE SMALL ACCUMULATED KINDNESSES
OF EVERYONE WHO WAS THERE BEFORE YOU.
YOU WILL LEAVE SOMETHING TOO -
NOT A NAME, NOT A STORY.
A QUALITY THE NEXT PERSON WILL QUIETLY TRUST.





begin again.

THE PATTERN ALWAYS RETURNS TO WHERE IT STARTED,
HAVING GONE EVERYWHERE



SOON YOU WILL CLOSE THIS BOOK.
SOON YOU WILL LOOK UP.

WHATEVER YOU SEE -
THE WALL, THE WINDOW,
A FACE, YOUR HANDS -

YOU WILL BE LOOKING AT THE INSIDE
OF THE SAME THING
YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE INSIDE OF.

go gently.

*you have always been
bloom.*

