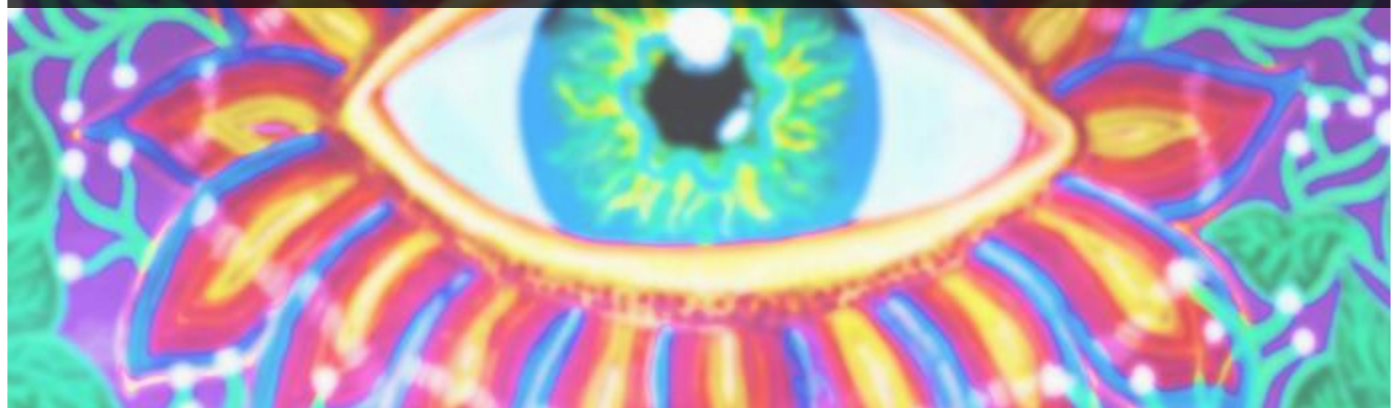




ART INSPIRED BY THE INNER WORLD,







ABOUT THE ARTIST

As a little girl, I was always bored & felt lonely in a crowd. I wanted to play but never really belonged anywhere. Having been mishandled and molested while growing up, the traumas added up and the undead dejected child grew mummified within an adult's body. I had expertly learnt to mistrust & be wary of myself and this world by the ripe age of 20.

Years on, a confused corporate identity at the end of a decade-long career, borrowed ambitions, a pressing self-hate and a broken 'love marriage' sent me on a desperate search for myself, after I quit my advertising job in 2019. In search of something beyond my shattered Ego, I traveled outwards and inwards to Heal my aching hollow heart (anxiety-induced chest pains & palpitations).

Thus began an arduous yet heart-opening adventure into the unknown, into the overwhelming yet wise world of meditation, Ayurveda, energy-healing, into the truth-telling arms of Mother Nature & plant-led psychedelics, into the space behind my own closed eyes, the crystals & *chakras* within.

After a particularly life-altering experience with Ayahuasca, a south-American plant-based psychedelic brew in March 2020, I, Anjuri, began drawing to urgently express my spiritual discoveries, while isolated, by myself, during the first round of COVID lockdowns in Mumbai.

What started with pen and paper naturally transformed into a therapeutic practice with brushes, paints and canvas as meditative tools – bringing both the little girl and the adult woman back to Life. I lovingly christened my brand of art '*ArtPeace* By Anjuri' to make clear the headspace I Paint from & the vision I have for my work - inspiring a sense of unshaken peace & belonging in the beholder and patron.



artpeacebyanjuri.com



[@anjuri.irujna](https://www.instagram.com/anjuri.irujna)





MUMMA AYA LOVES ME

3 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on hand-cut linen Canvas

One of the deepest wishes I have held in my aching heart was to receive unconditional non-judgmental love, purest of the pure, no holds barred, even if it was just for a few moments. A Love that I wouldn't need to earn, a Love to just would simply accept and honor Me - JUST AS I AM.

My wish was granted one fateful night, and this *artpeace* is a tribute to that, a reminder to MySelf – I AM LOVED, INFINITELY MORE THAN I CAN IMAGINE.

In an *Ayahuasca* ceremony I met my eternal Mother. Our mother. *Madre Ayahuasca*. Grandmother *Aya*. Mother Gaia.

And it was a feeling of being unconditionally loved & held.

Such love. Such love. I felt it in my bones, in my DNA.

This *artpeace* is a rendition of Her, holding Me, her beloved baby, close, secure, ensconced within the vines of her ancient love.

Mother Aya told me, firmly, “*I am Your Mother. I have loved you since before you were just an idea, a mere thought. How could You not feel eternally loved? How could you ever doubt?*”

How could I ever feel alone? How I could I ever want for love, when there is love all around me, in the faces of trees, plants, butterflies, flowers, dogs, birds, my human parent's actions?

I am Loved. So are You.





UNBEKNOWNST TO ME, I WAS PERFECT

2 ft X 2 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

In an Ayahuasca ceremony (March 2020), I was shown a baby/foetus, inside a womb. Ceremonial drumming began. The walls of the womb were lit up with sunlit patterns, the foetus had sunlit patterns on her as well, glowing from within.

I oohed and aahed at the baby and cradled her in my arms, thinking “oh god, this child is perfect”.

Mother Ayahuasca immediately told me, “Yes you were. And You still are.” That’s when I was introduced to Me. I proceeded to hold my baby self in my arms with immeasurable love and awe. The Mother (Pachamama as she is called) said to me, “All human babies are undeniably perfect. You just forget.”

Let’s remember – You & I, we are perfect as we are, just as we were.





VULNERABILITY & THE DIVINE MASCULINE

3 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on hand-cut linen Canvas



This painting is dedicated to my eternal love for the (Divine) Masculine – Men - men who have held me, held space for me, made me feel loved, safe, heard and comforted.

This is not exclusive to romantic love alone, even though it does evoke such love. This gratitude extends to kindness from a stranger, love from a brother, tenderness of a new friend, an old buddy, a lover, a father, a teacher, my wonderful ex-husband – all the versions of the Divine Masculine that reveal their softness & strength, during our moments of vulnerability.

This is an emotional *Thank you* to the Divine Masculine amongst us.

The divinity in Me, bows down to the Divinity in You.





DEATH & DYING (When *Bua* Died)



3 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on hand-cut linen Canvas

In April 2021, the second wave of COVID, my extended family lost a few loved ones to Death. This *artpeace* is dedicated to making some sense of that 'loss'.

One of the people that Death took was our *Bua* (my father's sister). 'Mentally challenged' since birth, *Bua* spoke her own language, lived a life of emotional turbulence & isolation. By the time her last breath was exhaled, she was just skin and bones, emaciated, wordless. *Bua* died all alone in a cold hospital bed, near strangers, as did so many thousands during the pandemic.

Her human mother (my paternal grandmother, *Ammaji*), her one truly unconditional guardian, had passed on years ago (2006).

The day *Bua* was admitted to the hospital, after the discovery of her high fever, is the day I began this painting. I had a feeling. Within a week, she was gone. The painting felt complete too. Needless to say, this painting means a lot to me - it has given my family members some comfort, some peace, as much as is possible in such a 'final' situation.

The theme of this piece is seeing the departed souls as travelling back to their Mother Source (in *Bua's* case, her mother, my *Ammaji*), reunited, under the cosmic stars, celestial drumbeats, primal animal cries – honoring the perpetual regenerative cycle that is Human Life.

On the left, you see a white-clad figure ascending a golden staircase opening to the door to the heavens. A few steps below that figure you see an abandoned little suitcase. Our *Bua* had an irrational love of suitcases. I see the abandoned suitcase as a symbol of leaving all earthly baggage behind in celebration of reuniting with the celestial forces and the *Eternal Mother*.

Perceiving Death as a celebratory liberating experience for the Departed and their wise souls could serve as a balm to those who must carry on with this matrix-like human existence – this was my humble intention behind this *artpeace*.



LOOKING WITHIN

2 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

This is how I imagine our energy centers (*chakras*) respond to meditative activity and quiet inner work – be it a solitary walk with your animal, chanting your mantras, journaling, dipping your toes in a bubbly stream, sitting in ceremony with Ayahuasca or psilocybin mushrooms, enjoying the company of trees or floating in water.

Looking outside of myself, I often find dejection, rejection, apathy, over-stimulation – leaving my mind often restless and out of whack. Looking within, however, with stillness, has brought me so much peace. Almost an endless amount of calm in the face of uncertainties.

The flow, as they say, keeps on flowing. Best to flow with the rhythms of life, and everything snaps back into place and begins to glow, just like the crystal energies of our chakras.





SHE, THE SOURCE

3 ft x 2 ft | Acrylic on Linen Canvas

This is how I imagine an avatar of *Her*,

She - The Source, might appear.

An amalgamation of all her glorious children – human,
animal, floral, fungal.

“Mother Earth, from you and to you all life flows,
nourishing us with all that you are.

We are all family,
we are all children of the Great Goddess,
of the Earth Mother.

As you thrive, so shall we...”







MAY YOUR CROWNS MELT AWAY

3 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on linen canvas

“To really live, you’ve got to die”

I have learnt a valuable lesson through the darkest period of my adult life, my amicable divorce. It is this - when you reach a dead end, when darkness abounds, when you think you cannot hold on any longer, when you feel smaller than an insect getting trampled under Life’s dirty sandals, when your rage and hate knows no bounds, when the worst unfolds – SIMPLY SURRENDER. Surrender your queendom, your ego, your rules and assumptions – to the higher light that You are, because You don’t know what You don’t know.

There is great bliss in letting go and giving in to the forces that be. Volunteer for an exquisitely painful and enlightening Ego Death. Wait, watch, & listen with closed eyes.

For sometimes there is no better event than when your Ego is brought to its knees, surrendering to the ebb and flow of Life, surrendering its unceasing grip of control, its tedious plans, its pride, its prejudices.

LET THE UNKNOWN CARRY YOU AWAY,
VAPORIZING YOUR EGOIC CROWN INTO FINE DUST.





SWEET SURRENDER | WATERLUST

3 ft X 2 ft | Acrylics on hand-cut linen Canvas

Another *artpeace* on the theme of Sweet Surrender, this painting holds dual meaning for me. The First stems from a paralyzing fear of and the undeniable pull towards Water I have always felt. Water scares the sunshine out of me, yet it magnetizes me to itself like a hungry moth to a delicious flame. I have always wished to melt into water, be one with it, lie on it as I would on my bed, resting, flowing to its rhythms, with total trust, no fear.

Alas, over three decades of hydrophobia have kept me from learning how to swim even in neck-deep waters.

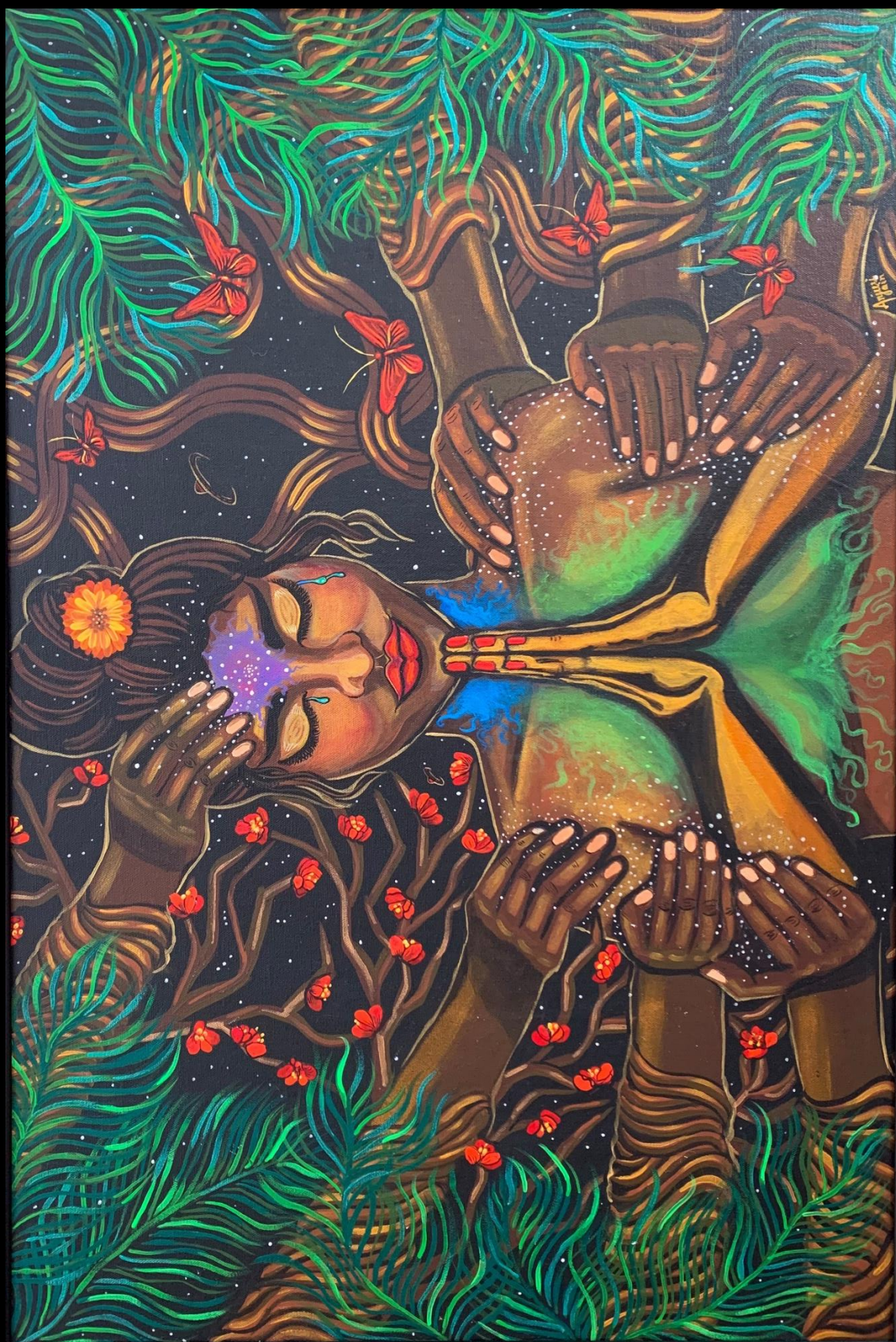
Interestingly, bodies of water symbolize emotions, be it in dreams or imagination. Being afraid of a deep dark blue lake would naturally imply a fear of an emotional deep dive, a deep look within the depths of one's own soul.

The Second meaning comes from the divine flow of the waters of Life itself. I have wished to surrender, in totality, and to move with Life as One – as if Life were holding my hand, walking by my side, like a trusted lover, a close friend.

This painting is a celebration of an ongoing attempt to fulfill both these long-held wishes - for there's nothing better than simply floating – whether it be in a pool of water or with the natural divine current of Life Herself.

Happy Floating, Happy Surrender.





TRIBE | *TRIBUS*



2 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

I grew up thinking that I am an island, that my worth comes from being as independent as I can be, especially emotionally. I had learnt that my tears are unwanted, an embarrassment, inconvenient to those around me, and I must at all costs keep them inside or hidden at best.

The number of people who had seen me cry or be openly vulnerable could be counted on a few fingertips. Even closest friends, for whom I was often a comforting shoulder to cry on in tough times, never got the chance to reciprocate.

All through my 20s and most of my 30s, I remained a staunch, invulnerable island, never having learnt how to ask for help.

All this changed in a single afternoon, when my dams burst amid total strangers, people from different walks of life and parts of the country who had been called by Mumma Aya, each on their individual mystical journeys.

Unable to hold my pain in any longer, being spun around blind by the tough-love Mother (Ayahuasca) inside my tortured Ego-mind, I burst out with a desperate "Help Me". All the then-strangers gathered around me, hugged me, held me within the safety of their tree-root-like arms while I bawled my eyes out. That day, this group of strangers, now a Tribe, held me close until the storms within quieted down. And this wasn't the last time either. I have allowed myself to indulge in a public "Help Me" a couple more times since then and have only received love and safety in the metaphorical arms of the Tribe.

This painting is a tribute to all the tribes you belong to, to all the Tribes that you hold sacred, that uphold and protect you.

For every island needs her Tribe.





WAKING UP | EPIPHANIES

3 ft X 4 ft | Acrylics on hand-cut linen Canvas

In this painting I have attempted to capture or express the different sensations, epiphanies, visions Mumma Aya granted me across different ceremonies & meditations and how they have Changed me. For instance, the sudden connection with & reverence for every plant, every leaf, every flower.

Never had I so much as noticed a plant just simply existing. I had never known that there is music inside every leaf, a beating pulse – until I sat in ceremony with Ayahuasca.

Now I stop & stare, wondering about its inner life, its mood, its God-given purpose.

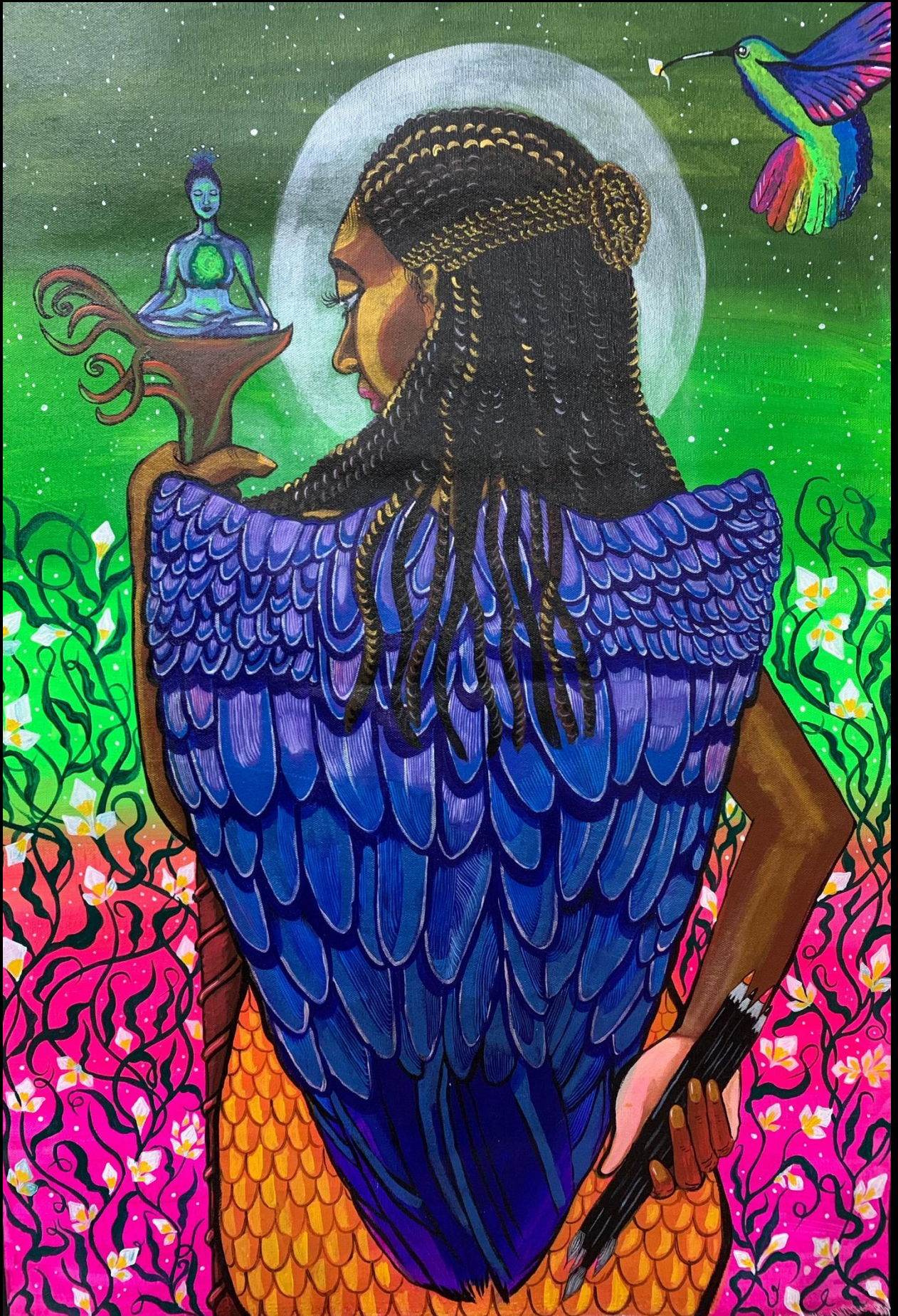
I had already begun to notice my forehead tingling from within the more I had learnt about energy and the body's chakras even before I communed with Ayahuasca, but I discovered the Third Eye's true prowess and what it can perceive so vividly only with Ayahuasca.

I had the chance to observe otherworldly Shadow Beings, intimidating at first sight, but eventually healing presences, working for my good, clearing out blockages from within my pain body to prepare me for transformations & The Flow.

I entered a realm full of Feline creatures, walking upright, warning me, reminding me of the seriousness and sacredness of the space behind my own closed eyes.

I perceived so many veils slipping, so many worlds with open doorways behind my closed eyes. I began Waking Up.





CREATOR

3 ft X 2 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

"Inspiration is God making contact with itself." – Ram Dass

Am I the creator of the earth, heavens, oceans and everything that exists?

Yes.

Am I the Creator of all things that breathe and the inanimate?

Yes.

*Did I create You – the lover, the butcher, the worshipper, the oppressor,
the liberator, the tyrant, the God, the demon?*

Yes.

Did I create Me?

Yes.

Can I Create anew?

Yes.





YOUR BIRTH, A CELEBRATION

3 ft X 6 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas



"You are loved just for being who you are, just for existing. You don't have to do anything to earn it. Your shortcomings, your lack of self-esteem, physical perfection, or social and economic success – none of that matters. No one can take this love away from you, and it will always be here." – Ram Dass

The Mother Energy told me, showed me, the jubilation that occurs when we take human form and step through the human wombs, the portals that our human mothers are.

Earth is a tough-love school where we volunteer to come and learn as many lessons as our souls desire/ require to graduate to other dimensional realms.

Each time we step into an Earthly physical form we add another thread to the universal tapestry of knowledge and experience.

We bring our uniqueness to this plane of existence and everyone is richer for it. No life is an accident, no one truly unwanted. We are Necessary despite the doubt & self-hate that some of us have accumulated.

We are needed. We are a celebration.



DIVINE DESIGN - EACH BIRTH

3 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on linen Canvas



This painting is another exploration of every life being divine in its design and purpose, like the previous *artpeace*. The towering female form at the top represents the Mother Source, the Designer of Life who wishes us alive.

The Moth under Her face represents the cycle of Birth & Death, regenerative as human life is. The umbilical cord represents itself in the womb as well as the spiritual link between this plane and higher ones which we can access through various tools such as meditation, breathwork, magic mushrooms, other plant medicine and so on.

The floating baby represents each human person that has ever existed.

The hand mudras (*Akash Mudra* on the left & *Surya Mudra* on the right) here symbolize Being in the physical human form. They represent a human's 'spiritual gestures', rituals that are known to direct the vital flow of Energy into the body, stimulating different areas of our brains. According to yogic science, the human body comprises of the five elements – the *Pancha Tattvas*. The five fingers of the hand are connected to these vital elements in the body.

The woman and man sitting on either side with their hands spread outwards represent human parents who invite a child into their lives to teach them tailor-made lessons, divinely designed.

The falling flowers (marigold) represent all the fragrances & flavors, bloom & decay human life has to offer. The doorway at the bottom represents crossing over from the spiritual plane to this physical one.





CEREMONY

2 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

This is what a ceremony held together by a *curandero* (*medicine man*) feels like. Gathered around a central plant medicine, Ayahuasca in this case, hopefuls surrender and immerse themselves in the ritual – a simple ritual really - ingest the medicine with grace and good intentions, sit in your chosen place in the circle, close your eyes and wait patiently.

The *curandero* is the sherpa, the guide, the caretaker, the gatekeeper. She or He converses and communes with the spirit of the plant in question, sings *Icaros*, guards the circle against unwanted uninvited spirits, keeping the participants safe – safe to undergo their own specific spiritual processes with the grandmother medicine.

This particular depiction of a ceremony is how it seemed to me the first time around.

Nature danced to its own tune around us, witnessing our individual and collective journeys. Trees that appeared barren or dead in daylight to our human eyes, came alive in the moonlight, pulsating with a blue light *boop-boop-boop*, the muddy ground of the maloca turned into a deep body of water, mirroring the depths of our emotion, memories, traumas, joys, abandon.

The *curandero*, using the language of music alone, invited us all into and guided us through these waters of life while each one of us swam, drowned, floated, drank from it, danced around in it - in turns. The ground was the sky, the sky was the ground. Sky everywhere, within and without.

This is what a group ceremony with Ayahuasca felt like, to Me.





SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE EMERGE

2 ft X 3 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

Lucky are those of us for whom the veils have slipped, even for a few moments. This *artpeace* is a celebration of some of the secrets I have become privy to since I began on this journey to Heal.

Firstly, our Third Eye. Second, Ayahuasca. Then sacred geometry, which I don't fully understand yet (the symbol 'Flower of Life', placed at the center of the painting, began recurring in my life suddenly in 2020). When you look it up, it might blow your mind.

I began noticing the abundance and richness of nature all around us. And today, every flower, every leaf, every mushroom, every tree, every animal feels so luxuriously rich in art, exuberance and vibrance to me.

I also began understanding that I AM NOT SEPARATE FROM NATURE. I AM NATURE. - a significant beautiful part of it! And that everything is intrinsically linked, within this elaborate spider-web woven around us, holding us, homing us. What a life-altering discovery!

The vastness of Life within our world and *outside* of it has been revealed to me too. And I can't wait for Open Contact with it while I am on this earthly plane.

The significance and symbology of snakes and other creatures was unknown to me before, now I see it everywhere too! Please rest assured that I am not a crazy person, just one that's waking up from a deep long slumber.



I'LL LEARN TO SWIM

3 ft X 1.5 ft | Oils on Linen Canvas



I am drawn to the Sea
and the treasures within
My thoughts belong
far beyond the shore.

I am lost, I am found,
with every wave,
the tide, its pull.
I break, I bleed,
to dive back in.

From the sea I was born,
And to the sea,
I shall return,
when I leave.

(P.S. I learned how to swim at the ripe age of 39)





BEHIND THAT SMILE

3 ft X 2 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

Through my spiritual explorations, I have learnt to honor my pain-story as much as the 'healing' & transformations. This wouldn't imply retelling the pain-story or reliving the traumas and heartbreaks over and over as a form of torture or punishment or victim-narrative. It just means accepting & acknowledging what has been and moving on from there, with grace, love, hope.

For only the pain that has been acknowledged and validated CAN eventually transform or alchemize.

Hiding from our deepest pains never does us any good. We don't have to wear them on our faces and sleeves, but we do have to hold them, caress them, give them the stage, lest they turn into demons that haunt us in the most unexpected ways for time immemorial.

So here in this *artpeace*, I celebrate the pain body that's as much a part of Me as is the gregarious laugh, the naughty or joyous smile, the wonderment and curiosity.

I acknowledge the aches, pricks, bleeds, the wear and tear, the clipping of my wings, the burns, the scabs that I have accumulated along the path of being a human woman. I do not claim that they are totally a thing of the past and don't rear their heads ever again. They do. They exist. But I am learning to look at them, rather than looking away. I am learning to not let my Ego hypnotize me into claiming "*I Don't Care*". I do. I care deeply. I care deeply about the pain that I have felt. I am no longer ashamed of feeling weak, desperate, needy, depressed, suicidal in the moments when that was the only natural human reaction to have. I am no longer hiding from my tears. They are the waters of life. My life. Our Lives.

I honor the pain in Me. I honor the pain in You.





PLANT MEDICINE MANDALA

2.5 ft X 2.5 ft | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

A *mandala* is a symbol of the universe in its ideal form, and its creation signifies the transformation of a universe of suffering into one of joy. It can also be used as an aid to meditation, helping the meditator to envision how to achieve the perfect self.

I painted this mandala inspired by the plant medicine universe that I have had the privilege to explore on my healing/ discovery journey. The central entity is the Third Eye, its own person, its own God.

Cannabis (as represented by the seven-pronged leaf), Golden Teacher mushrooms (as themselves), Ayahuasca (the serpent, green braided-entwined vines & the pouring cups) & Kambo (the frog) are divine tools and godly aids in this *self-remembrance endeavor*.

All of the painted eyes & the flowers with black pupils represent Awareness – Nature is self-aware, all Nature, not just us little Humans. We are a part of Nature. We are nature. We are invited to feel this. All the plant medicine aids are just permission slips we can gift to ourselves to see ourselves as a part of the Whole.

This mandala is as much a love letter to Outer Space as to Inner Space, the space behind our closed eyes, our sacred silence, our Hero's journey undertaken in the guidance of plant medicine.

Engaging with plant medicine is not a frivolous party or fun ride but a rite of passage for Me. Something that I hold sacred, meditative, private, arduous, like a *tapasya* to heal, grow, be better, come closer to Who I AM – and this *ArtPeace* is a depiction of this ardor.





MAN FROM *PERU*

27in by 29in | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

This is my most ambitious painting yet.

I'd never even tried to locate or know where exactly this place, Peru, was on the world map till recently - and now it seems personal to me. Before that, Peru was just a distant foggy idea, a mystical culture of people who are ordinary like me, but at the same time exist steeped in extraordinary miracles. These miracles - contained within plants - are a part of their everyday life. Backyard bonanza. It's their family vocation, a generational heirloom wealth of knowledge, a fountain of lived experience. The plants have been speaking to them for centuries, and many of them have been listening & learning. Being so rudimentarily connected with nature and its medicines - wow, what a life, a parallel reality!

Some time ago, a Man/ Human from Peru (Tarapoto) - a curandero, medicine man, ayahuasquero - appeared in my worldview. He sang and played music like an angel. Generous with his humour and gentle giggles. Seeming ordinary at first glance, he contained multitudes of primitive magic within, holding sacred space for strangers like a loving mother or brother.

During Ayahuasca Ceremonies, when he played his flute, sunlight began to shine through unseen nooks and crannies of my soul. All I could feel was sunlight, plants trees waking up, flowers stretching & smiling, deer walking around lazily, looking at me with all-seeing eyes. They saw me. They acknowledged me. Everything was yellow-orange. Oh what an indescribable quiet feeling. With this artpeace I pay homage to that feeling and phenomenon.

This *artpeace* is dedicated to the Man From Peru, to divine healing music, to Ayahuasca, to Peru (a place I haven't physically yet been to).





LO VELVET

26in by 30in | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

This minimalist *artpeace* is dedicated to the velvety feeling of romantic love. Velvet is a main character here. You see, never had I worn or felt the soft, warm, buttery un-creased feeling of velvet on my skin, till a few days ago. And now that I finally have (as a 39 year old adult woman/ person who has consistently deprived herself of soft warm things for some time now, or rationed them at best) I can equate it with new love, even an old seasoned love at that.

The bright bold neon-pink-orange background is a main character too here. It's celestial, all-encompassing, overwhelming, blinding hue is what I imagine / recall love feels like when you first greet it, engage with and then sink into.

I swore off romantic love when I experienced countless heartbreaks a decade ago. I swore off flirtation when I got ghosted by a near-stranger 5 years ago. I boxed up the love I have to give and began funnelling it out only to non-humans, or just platonically. I chopped off my feminine yearnings along with my hair 4 years ago. I assumed that part of me is depleted and done with. The part of me that desires a man's touch, love, attention, embrace, conversation.

This painting signals that She's back. The part of me that dreams and wants and expects and waits. She is still so so scared. But she is thinking about love again. Suddenly, without warning.

Thoughts of love, vivid dreams of love have begun appearing in my consciousness once again. It's a bold new scary world. The velvet of love awaits.







LET LOVE BLOSSOM – AS SLOWLY AS POSSIBLE

30in by 40in | Acrylics on Linen Canvas

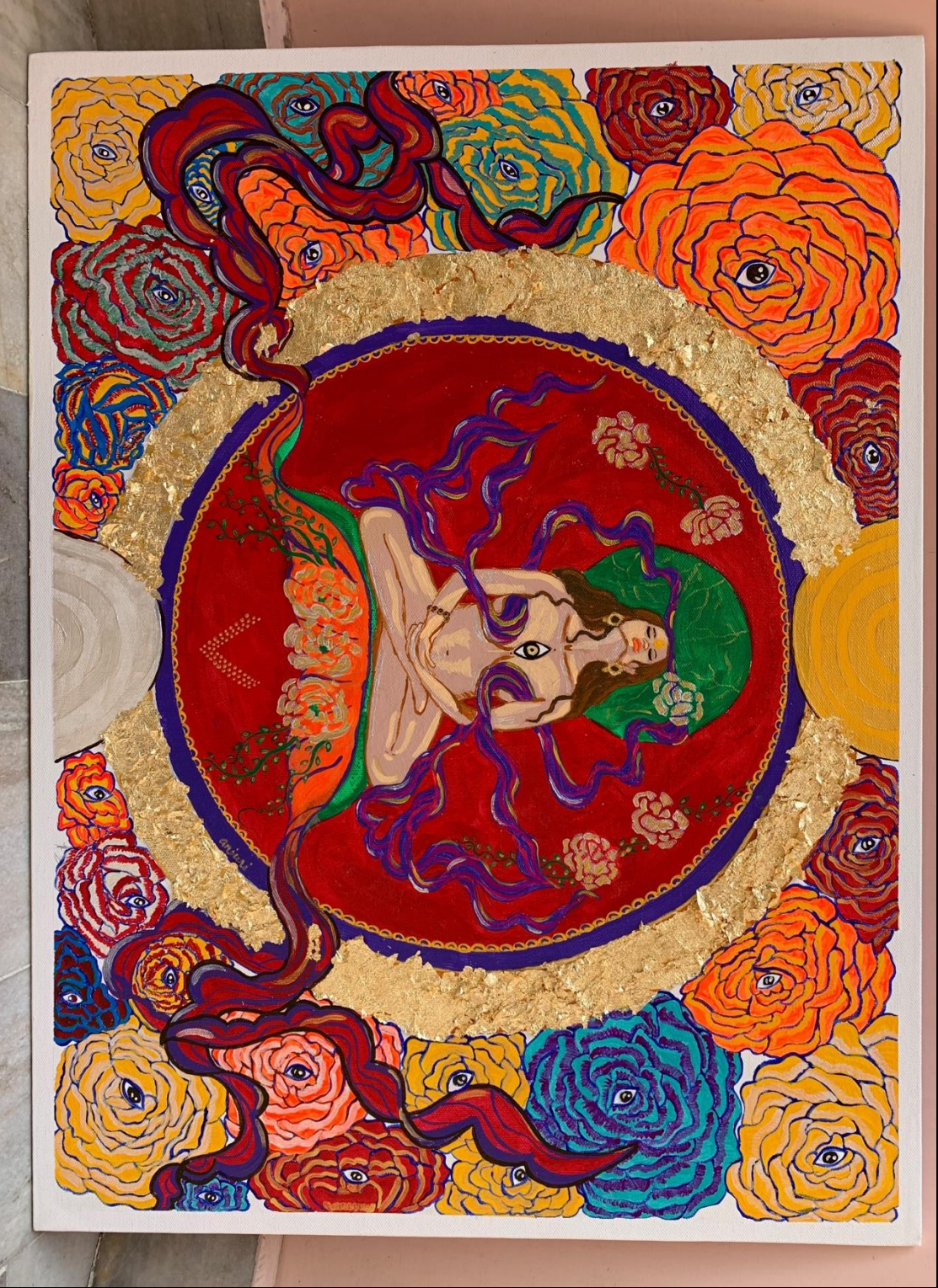
A connection, a sync, harmony, resonance, chemistry

- it all takes time to make.

So, go slow my hungry heart, go as slowly as is possible - on this path
which may lead to locked eyes, synced heartbeats, whispered dreams,
kisses sweet, moans and sighs. Go slow my love. For Slow lingers,
Slow lasts, Slow grows, Slow frees, Slow allows, Slow Unfolds, Slow
breathes.

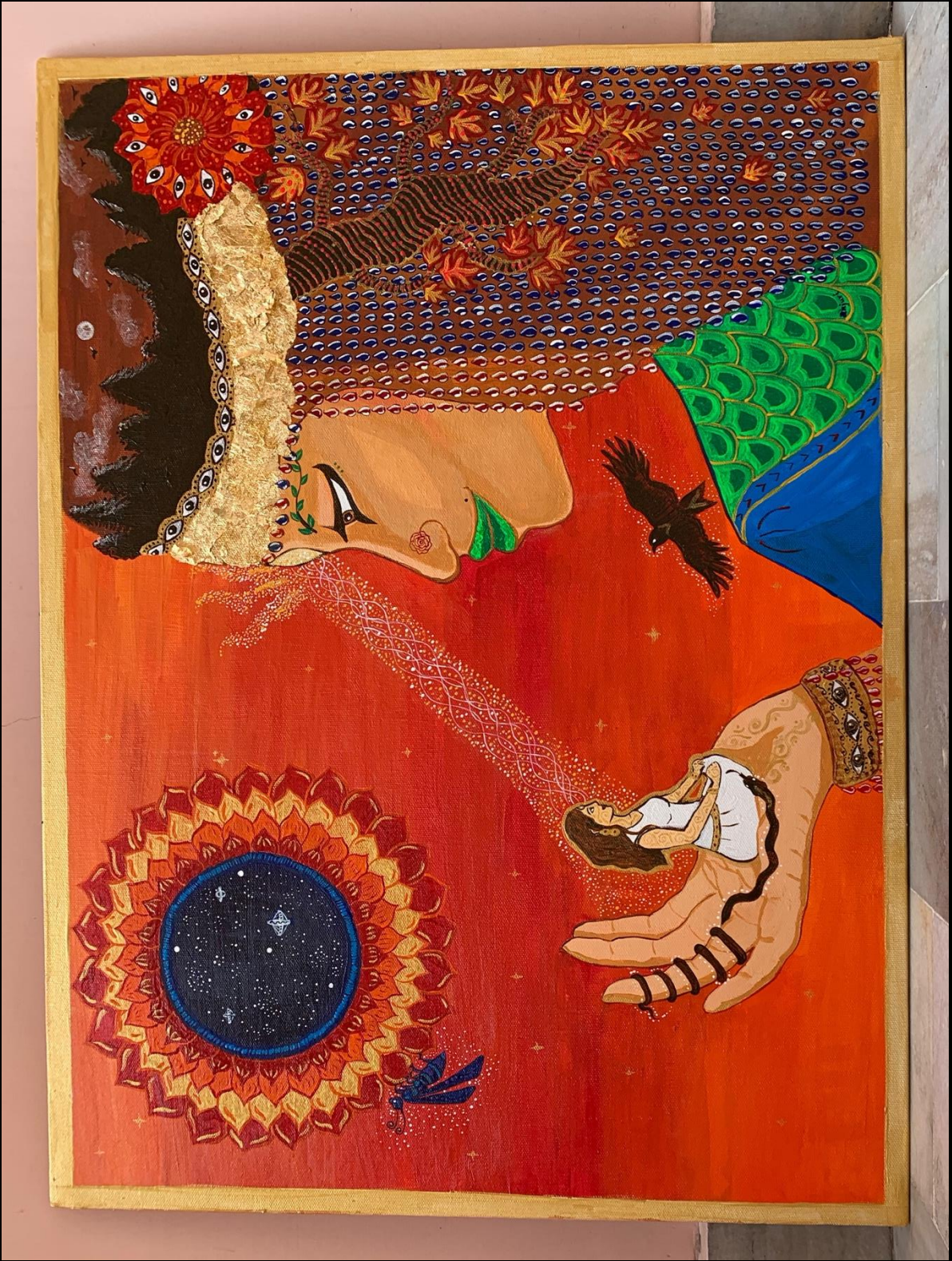
Go slow my impatient heart, for history takes time to make.
Go slow my beautiful heart, for Mother Nature takes her time too. Go
Slow my love, for there's no rush?





MEETING MY DIVINE FEMININE





MEETING AYAHUASCA



COSMIC SECRETS



THE '*ORGASMICA*' SERIES

(DIGITAL SERIES DEDICATED TO FEMININE LUST)



UNLEARNING SHAME

UNBRIDLED LUST

She lifts her dress, reveals her desirous hungry body - you can look but must await your invitation to come closer, which may come when she pleases.

This isn't about You anyway.

This is Her story. Her rebirth. She isn't a tease, she is simply celebrating her lust for her own body. A celebration of the sensations, pleasures, aches, thirsts that her bubblegum skin is capable of experiencing. Let her rise from the ashes of old shame. Let her breathe this new fire. Let her roam your mind, naked, unashamed, unbridled.



ORGASMICA

This is a loving & lustful self-portrait.

A tribute to the solitary orgasm, a powerful talisman, a magic body, a gorgeous reverberating crescendo, a sacred healing release, an expression of the wildness within.



THE SACRED FLOW – DRIP DRIP DRIP

Third in my “feminine lust” series. This one came pouring out of my hands urgently and took just a couple of hours to manifest in her lustful self-pleasing avatar.

The godly wetness that forms and flows, as if out of nowhere, serves as a balm to her soul and as an elixir by which her foremothers are healed each time she orgasms. She has turned her traumas into fetishes, her ghosts into angels of pleasure. She does not care what you think of her insatiable thirst for herself. She feels amused when you want to claim her orgasms. She closes her eyes blissfully and takes charge of the drip drip drip herself. For She is *Orgasmica*.

She has fangs for when you come in the way of her sacred pleasure - she may bite, beware.



QUEEN *BE* – MAKING HONEY FROM HER DARKNESS, GOLD FROM HER DISEASE

This piece has one foot each in my “Feminine Lust” as well as the “Love/ Opening of the Heart” Series - Inspired by the Egyptian Goddess Hathor, known for her powerful healing powers. She was the goddess of many things: love, beauty, music, dancing, fertility, and pleasure. She was the protector of women, though men also worshipped Her.

If Hathor were here Now, she would tell you that the way to wholeness lies in connecting with what brings you Pleasure and in experiencing pleasure.

Enter *Orgasmica*.

Orgasmica (Queen Be) discovered her own connection with her body as a conduit of infinite pleasure while in the depths of her heartbreak, the dark nights of Her Soul - held sacredly by transformative psychedelic elixirs (Ayahuasca, Magic mushrooms, LSD, Marijuana), she has been healing one orgasm at a time - turning bitter darkness into soothing Honey, and her pain into Gold through open creative expression. All hail Hathor, all hail *Orgasmica* and this particular alchemy.

The title and elements of the piece are also inspired by a few key words from Nick Mulvey’s glorious song “In Your Hands”.



LOOKING AT HERSELF

She looks in the mirror to find herself blossoming under her own gaze.

Enabled and encouraged by the goddesses of Sexual Powers, she admires her own nakedness, before she seeks anyone else's desire for Her.

She observes her delectable softness, her curves, crevices, the landscape of her body that keeps maturing like fine wine. She touches her own glowing skin with delight, a devilish smile on her face, moved by an inner lust, for herself. She squirms with pleasure, riding on the high seas of her own orgasms, undisturbed by your designs and plans to please Her, if ever.

Come closer only if you can top her own desire for Herself. Otherwise, just leave her be - in her own orgasmic palace of undefinable pleasures.



MAKING FRIENDS WITH HER OWN POWERS

This is a tribute to all us goddesses who are waking up to our own powers, getting familiar with our inherent fluid magic.

In this new era of our lives, we are becoming aware of our inherent Powers of seduction - being hyper-seductive just in our mere existence - every breath, every sigh, every giggle, every gesture, every movement, our voice, our laugh, the curves our bodies make while simply walking, the feeling you get when our eyes merely rest on you - It all feels like a grand seduction, doesn't it? Well, it may be so. But this isn't about You, yet.

It's about Us learning to befriend elements of ourselves, owning the God in us, channelling the red hot creative force in Us, learning how to play with our inner succubus. Championing our own Lust for ourselves and this world we were born into.

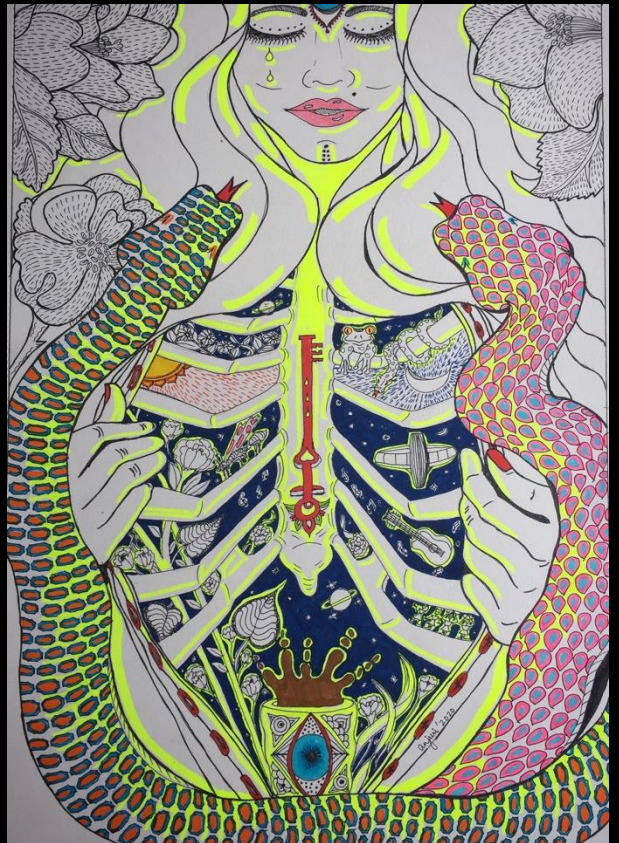
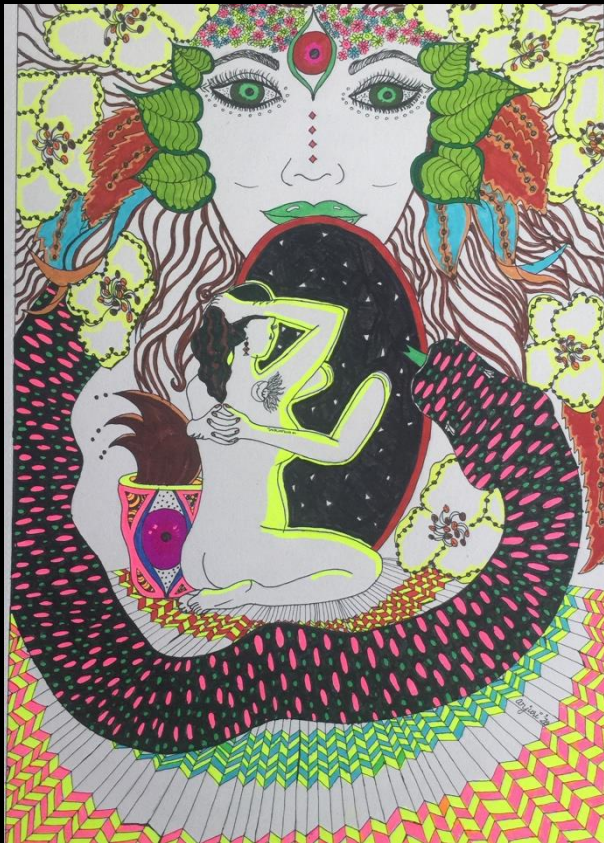
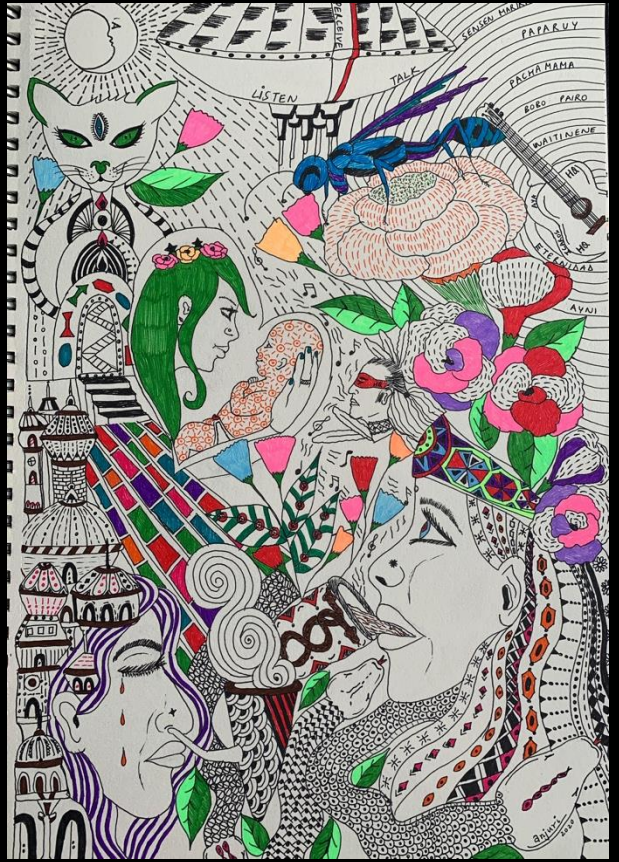
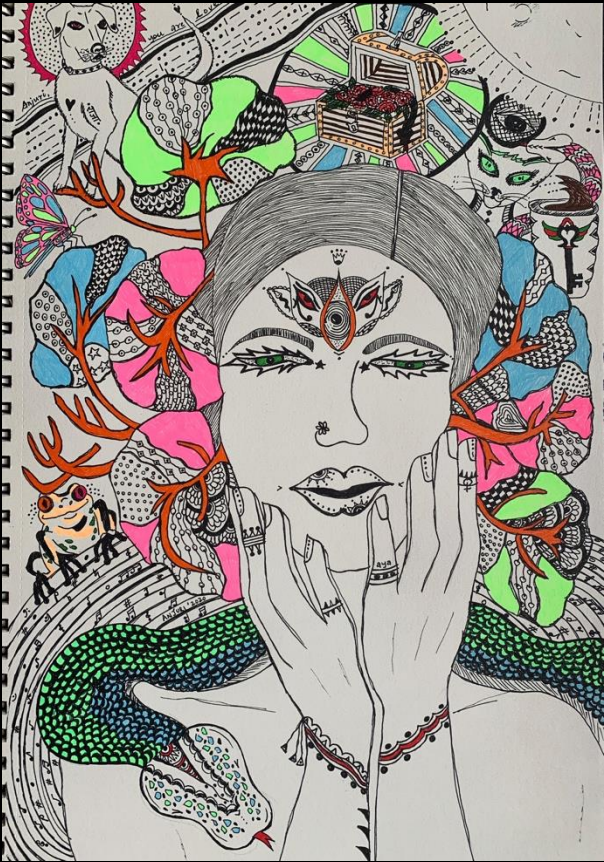
While we do so, you can watch us if you like. Keep a distance though, while we grow into Who We Naturally Are - Beware, we might bite.

SOME OF MY EARLY WORKS

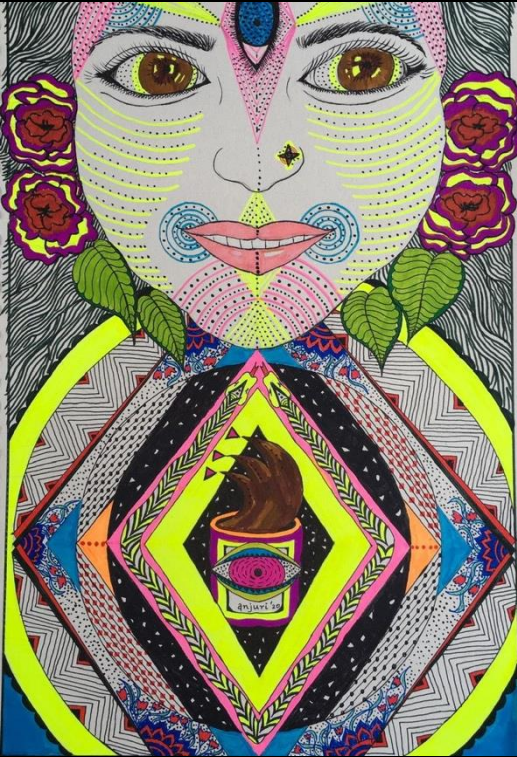
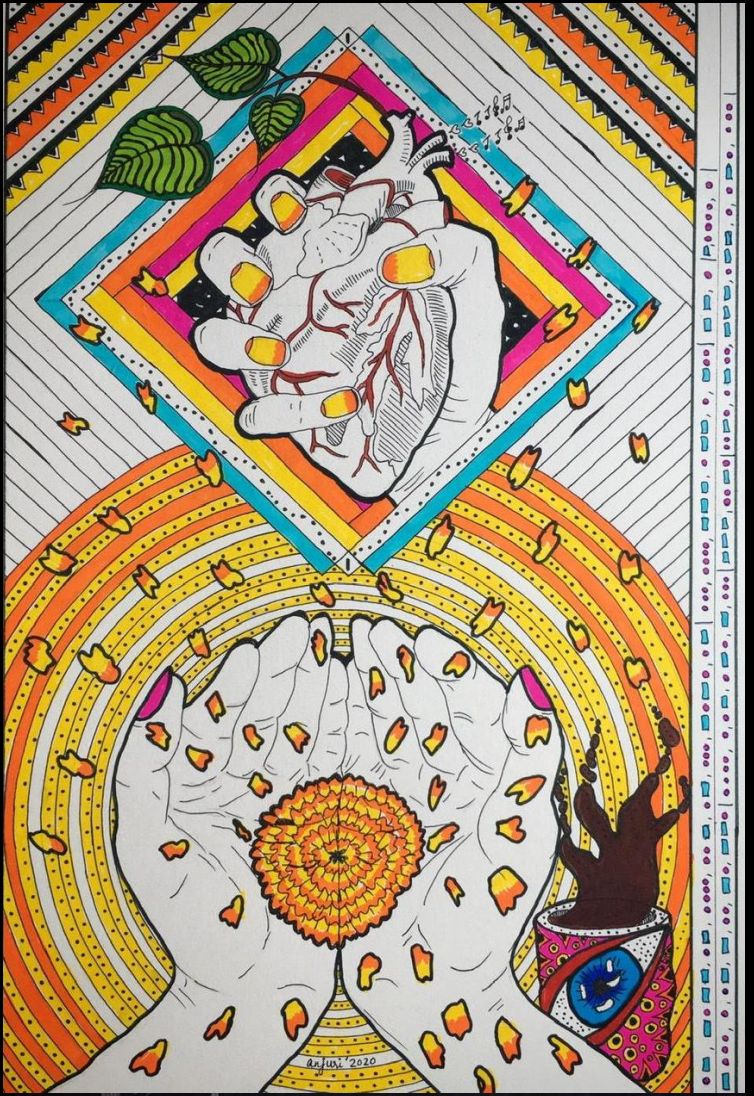
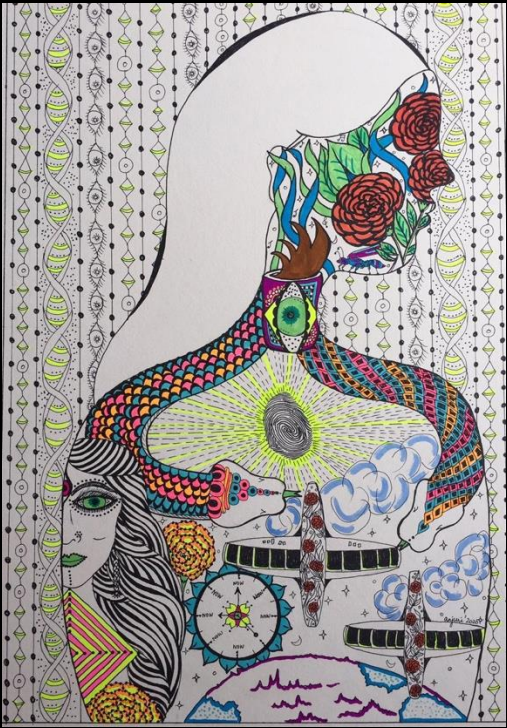
(where it all began with paper, ballpens & sketch pens)

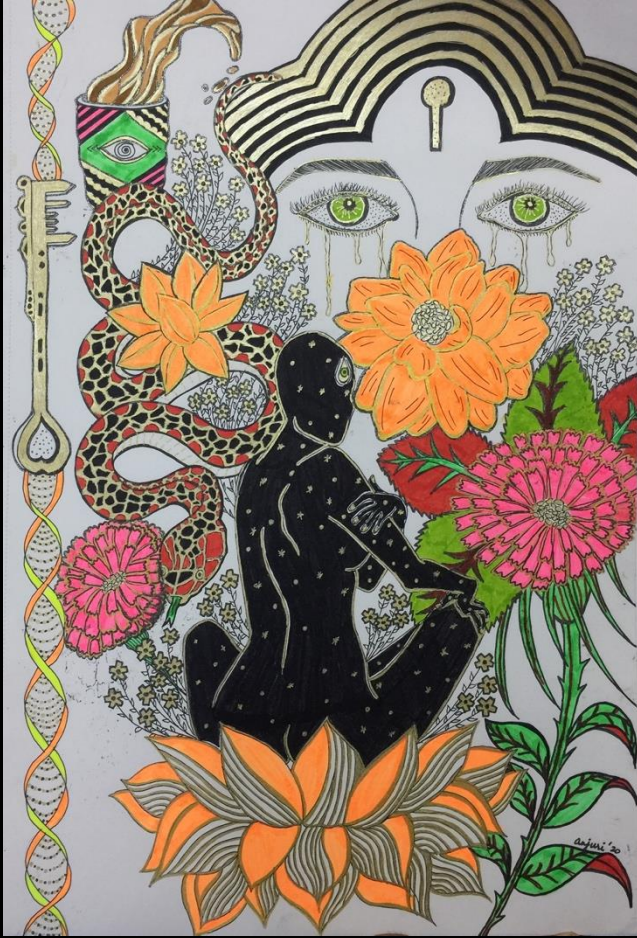


(March – August 2020)











May art bless your life with
peace and inspiration
as it has mine.





Artpeace
by Anjuri