
81118


81120

THE MATHURA WEAVES

Early in the morning
we crossed the ghat,
where fires were
still smoldering,
and gazed,
with our Western minds,
into the Ganges.
– Mary Oliver




81116


81115


81114


81117

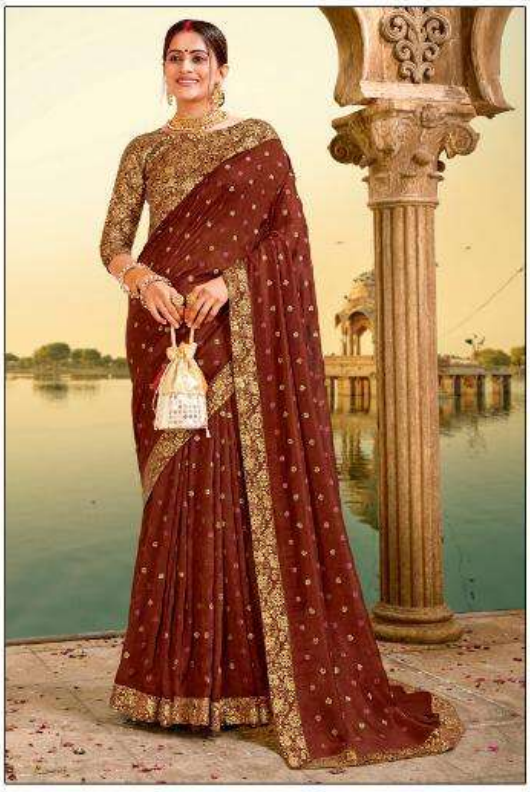

81119



81117



81118



81119



81120



81113



81114



81115



81116