

Editorspeak

In the peak of a forest fire's gleaming silhouette against the distant dusk, it is difficult to believe its origins lie in the faded transient spark.

For amongst the clan of thousand sparks, one of them landed on that blade of dry grass waiting for opportunity.

Spark on dry grass, a restless duo, burst into a celebration of dancing vigour. Went on, and in the screaming blare, enthused a thousand others to join the growing rhythm; now thumping, not to be ignored.

A pounding message saying what had begun would go on – spark...fire...wood...to flame.

Sopanam, the ever-lasting journey looking up and always ahead.

Breaking and joining the tributaries flow in and out, and having drunk the water of many a sweet stream you begin the journey and it is only the act of climbing, tumbling, and pondering which keeps you in constant motion. When it is not where you came from or where you go.

It is how you journey and not how you reach.

In this humble offering we bring to you the sapling as it is, yet to flower, yet to fruit, and yet to bear seeds; a symbol of vast potential .

