**Text for ART FAIR 2018 - WORKS**

The innocence of our lives is sometimes shaken up by unwelcome intruders. Violent gusts of wind, screaming brazenly through the front door, or slipping in surreptitiously through the back. Scars from these betrayals of life remain. In time, they become milestones to our next chapter.

Reminiscing, at the halfway mark of this bridge called life, I find the past almost always, so tranquil. Is it proximity of hurt that makes the present more evident for its turmoil? Is paradise really lost or did I forget to see?

This body of work is homage to the recurring chapter of life, the inevitable rise and ebb. To creativity that gives me passion and healing. A gratitude painted, for I am blessed to do what I do.

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February 2018