

Seeing *without* Narrative

....Where senses blur, boundaries fade.

Seeing without narrative opens a tender space of unspoken meaning, where form dissolves and perception becomes its own quiet truth.





Arupa Drishti

echoes of the formless

Arupa Drishti begins at the very first spark of a thought— that quiet moment before meaning has a shape.

It follows each perception as it shifts and grows, holding space for the unfinished, the uncertain, the still becoming.

Behind every artwork lies this gentle search:

- to see what is usually unseen,
- to honour the inner movement that never fully settles, and
- to let meaning emerge in its own slow, honest way.



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Seeing Into Essence



Contemporary art

where meaning is sensed

Contemporary art and Arupa Drishti meet in the same place -
A way of seeing that looks
beyond the obvious.

Both trust the first spark of
perception— the quiet moment
before ideas become form.

When these two approaches
merge, art gains a deeper
sensitivity:

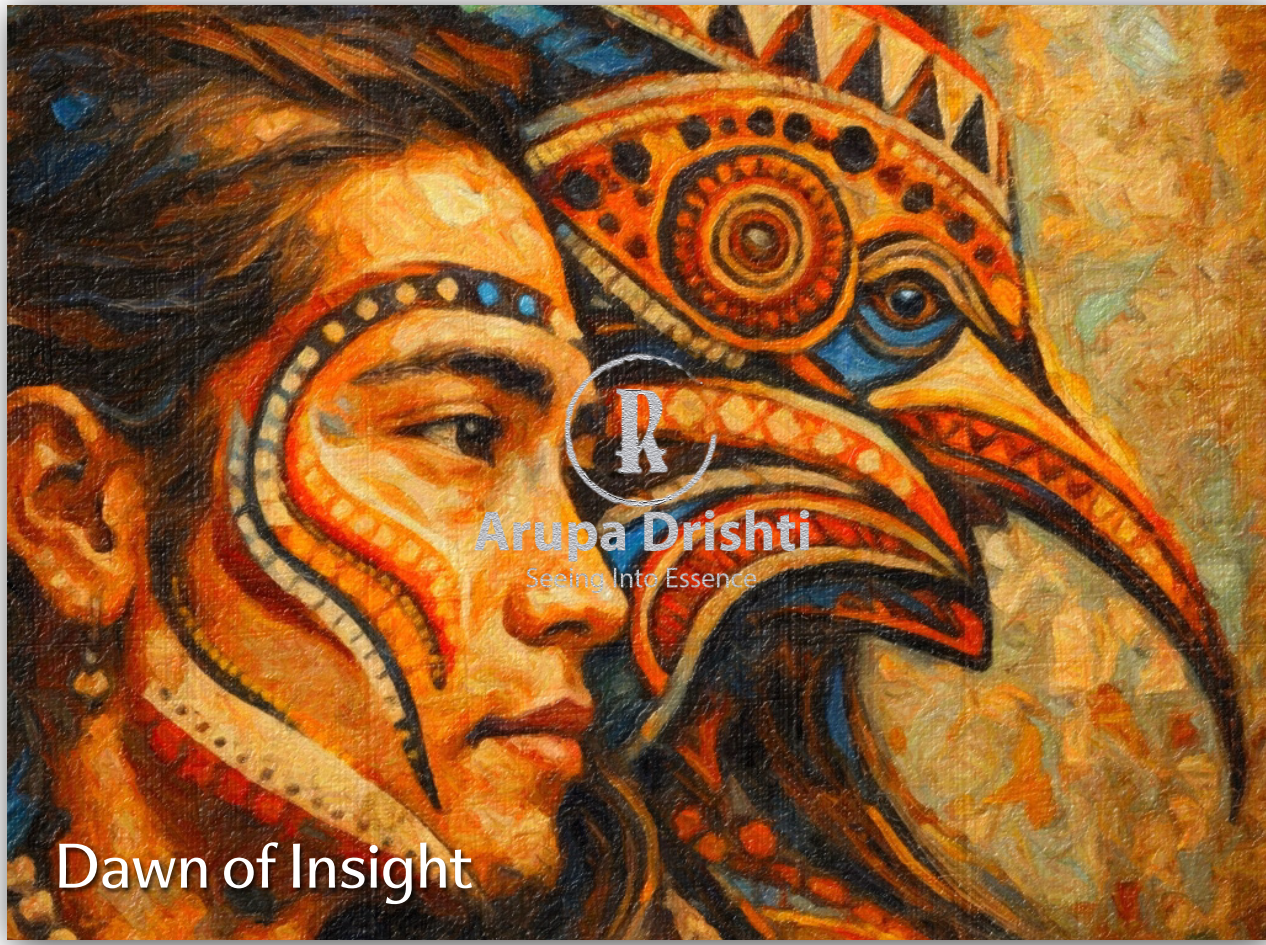
- the outer search for new
expression
- joins the inner search for
unseen meaning.

Together, they open a wider
field of vision, where creativity
grows from intuition,
awareness, and the subtle
truths hidden beneath everyday
life.

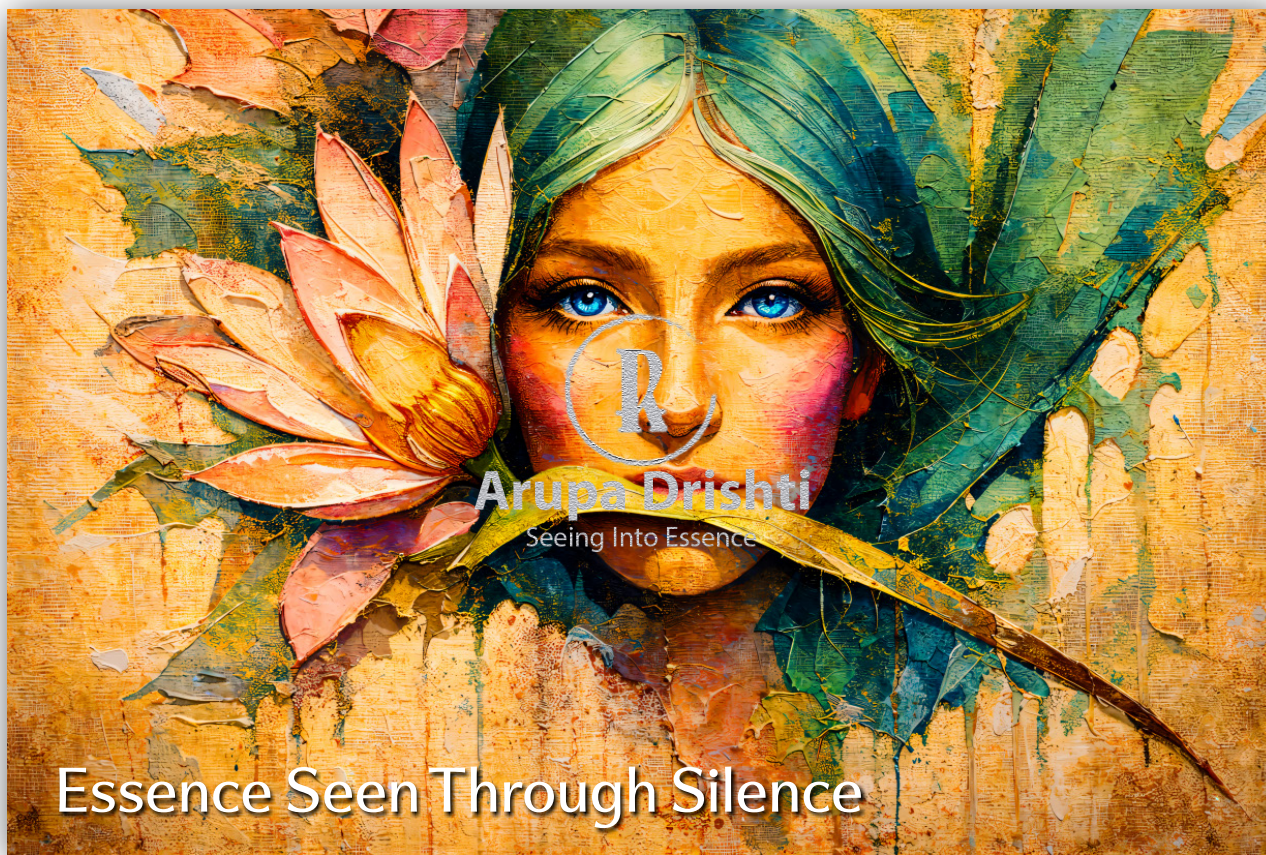


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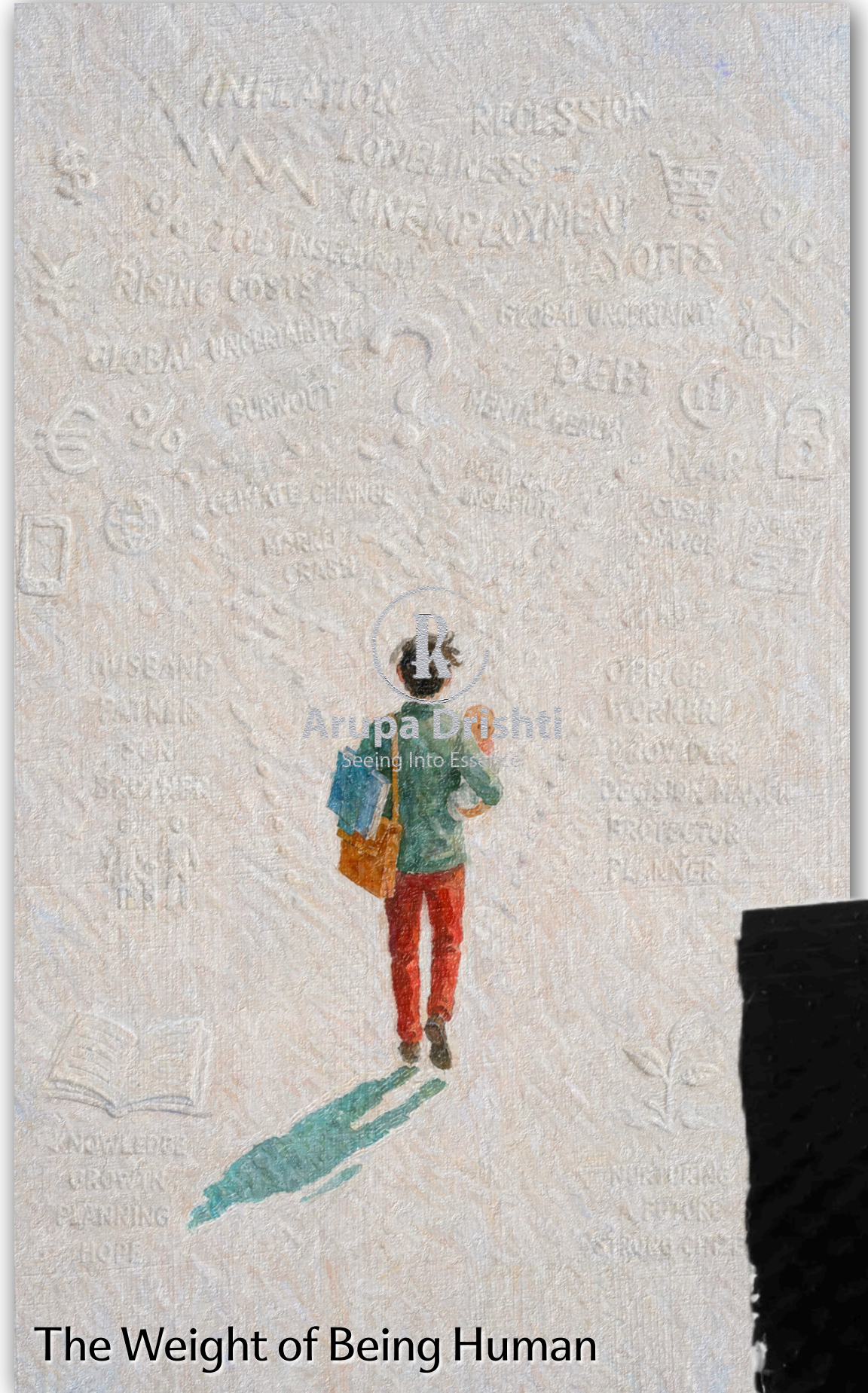
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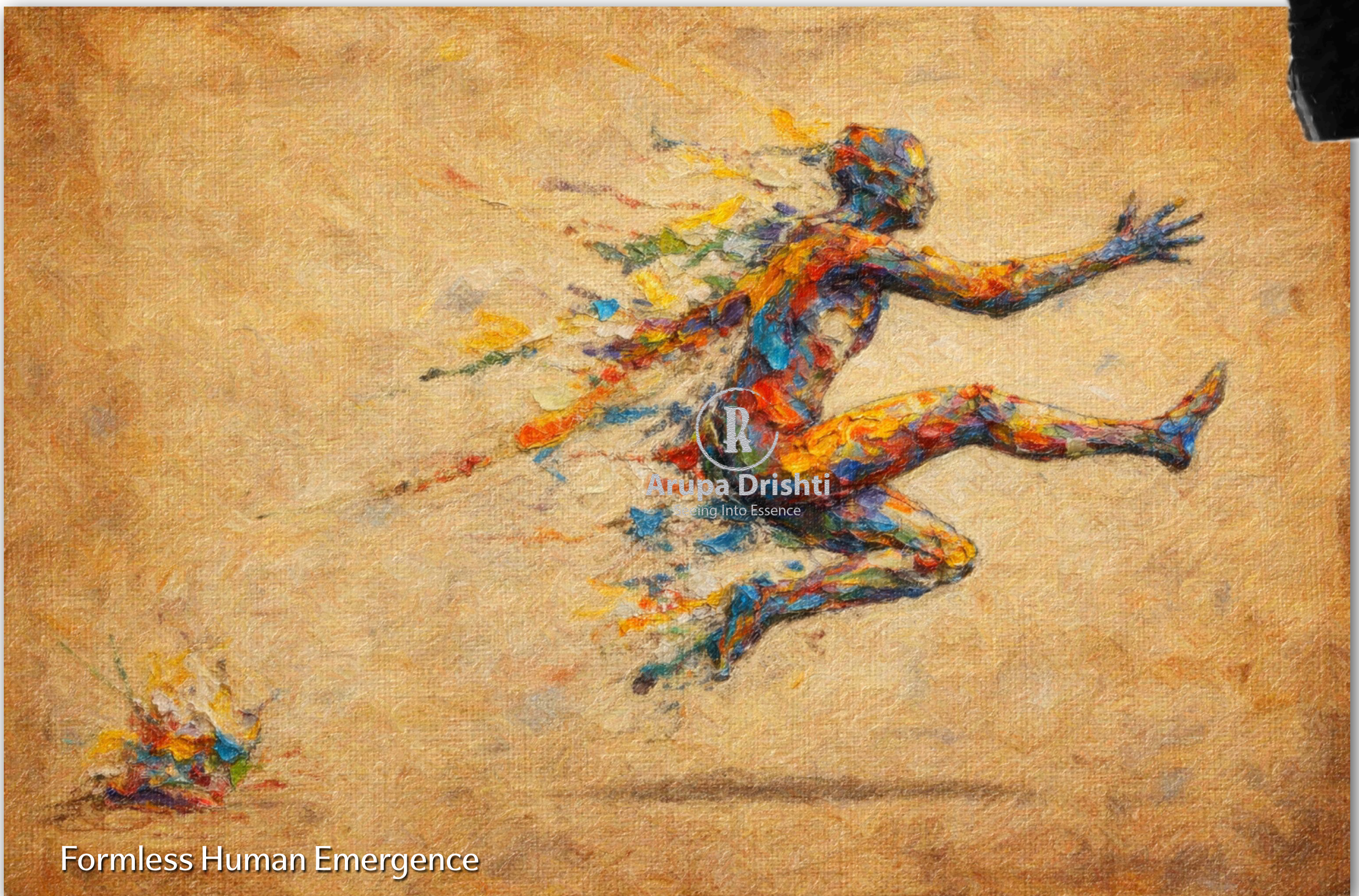
Dawn of Insight



Essence Seen Through Silence

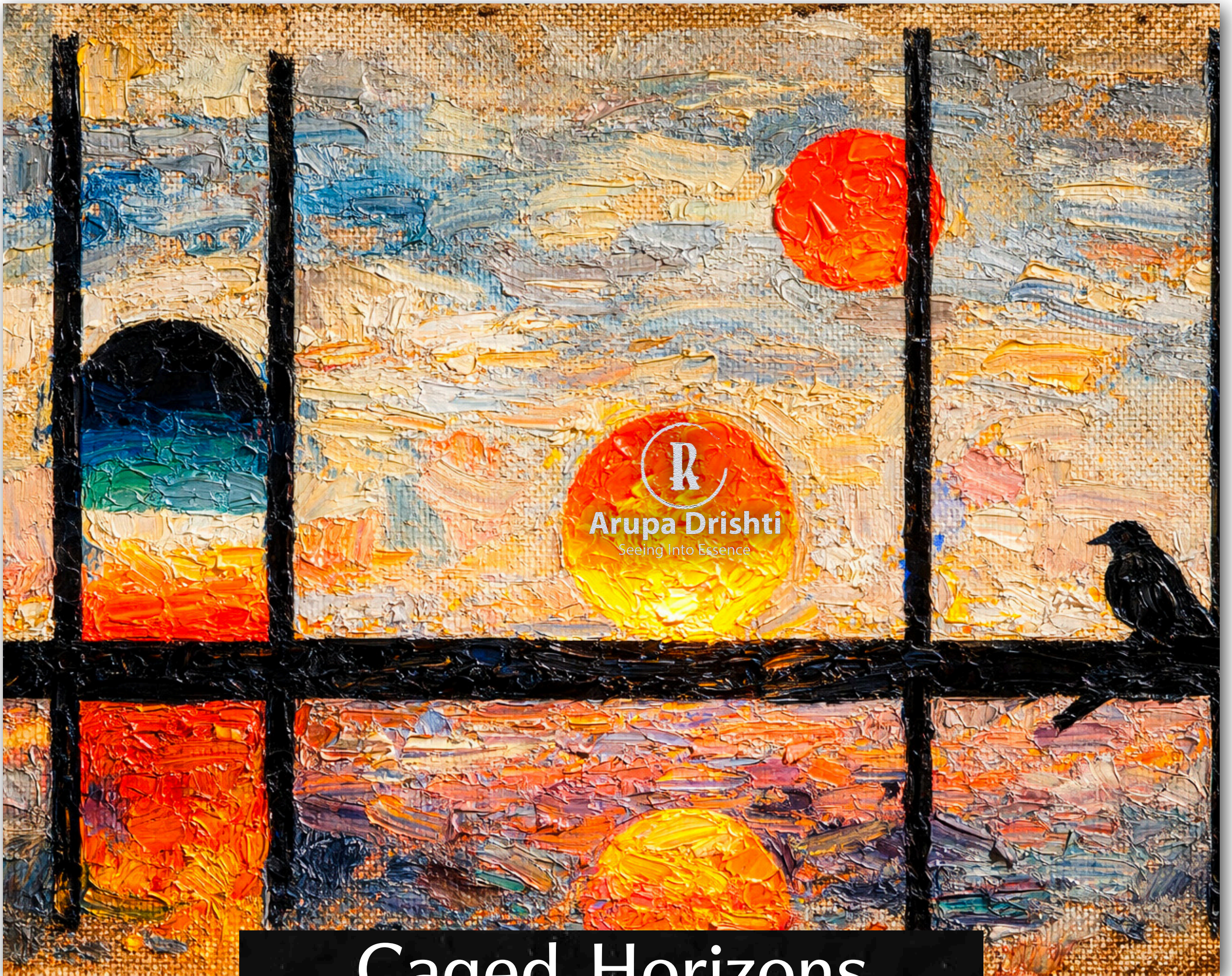


The Weight of Being Human



Formless Human Emergence

Subjects reveal their truth only when,
we dare to look beneath their skin.



Caged Horizons

A moment where the soul pushes back—
light fighting the lines that try to shape it.

The bird is the rebellion,
the moon is the weight,
the grid is the cage we pretend not to see.

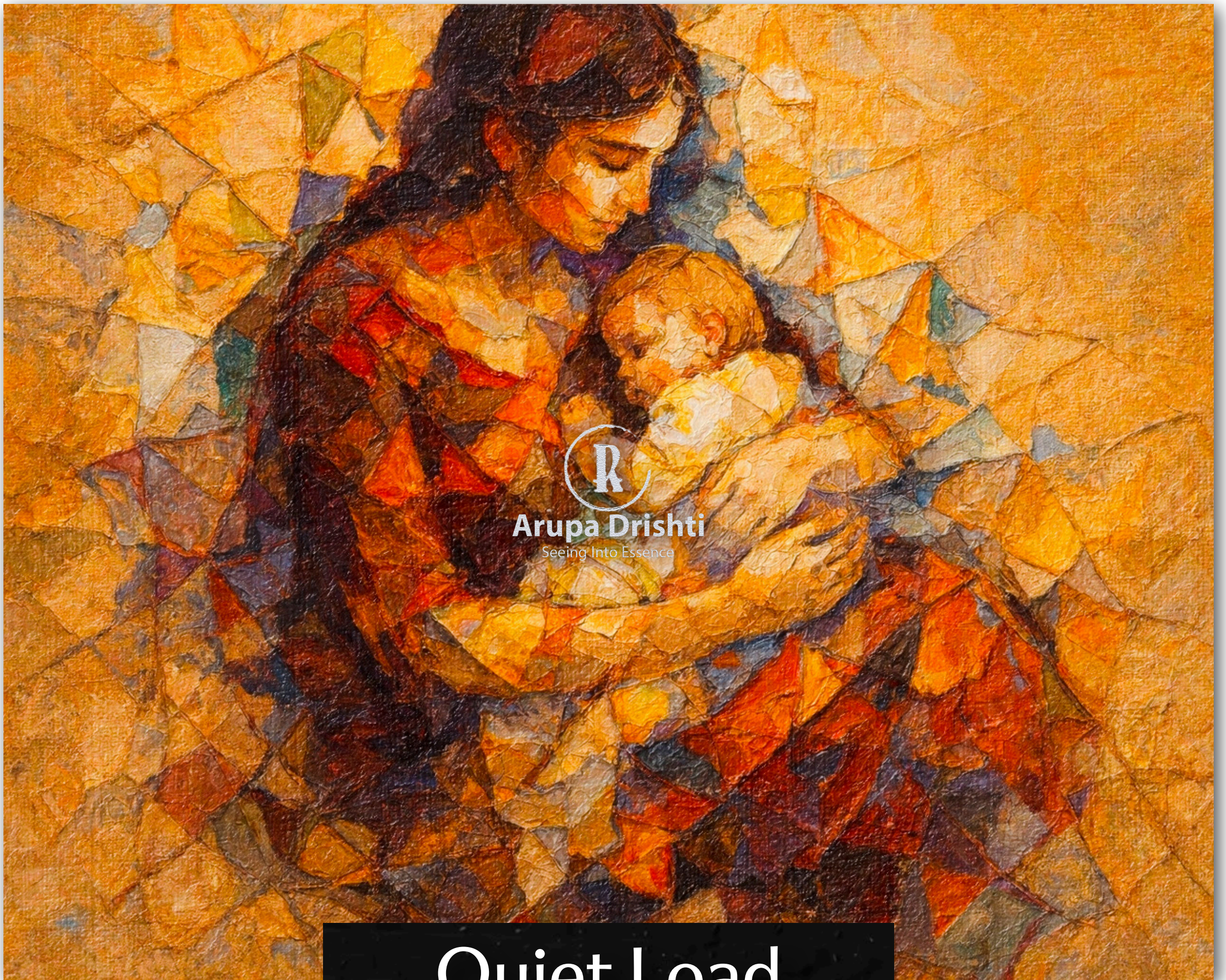
This piece is that universal t
ension:
a wild inner world
trying to breathe inside a world that keeps
tightening its frame.

—o-o-o—

Spirit wasn't born to fit inside someone else's grid.
Break the lines before they break your light



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Quiet Load

Modern motherhood is a quiet weight.
Carried daily, praised rarely, understood even less.
Fractured forms echo her split world: love overflowing,
time vanishing, support fading.
Warm tones cradle the softness that survives
a culture that glamorizes burnout.

The child stays close, yet the mother cracks.
Not from love, but from a society that values
productivity over people. Every texture is
a burden absorbed; every
missing piece, a moment lost.

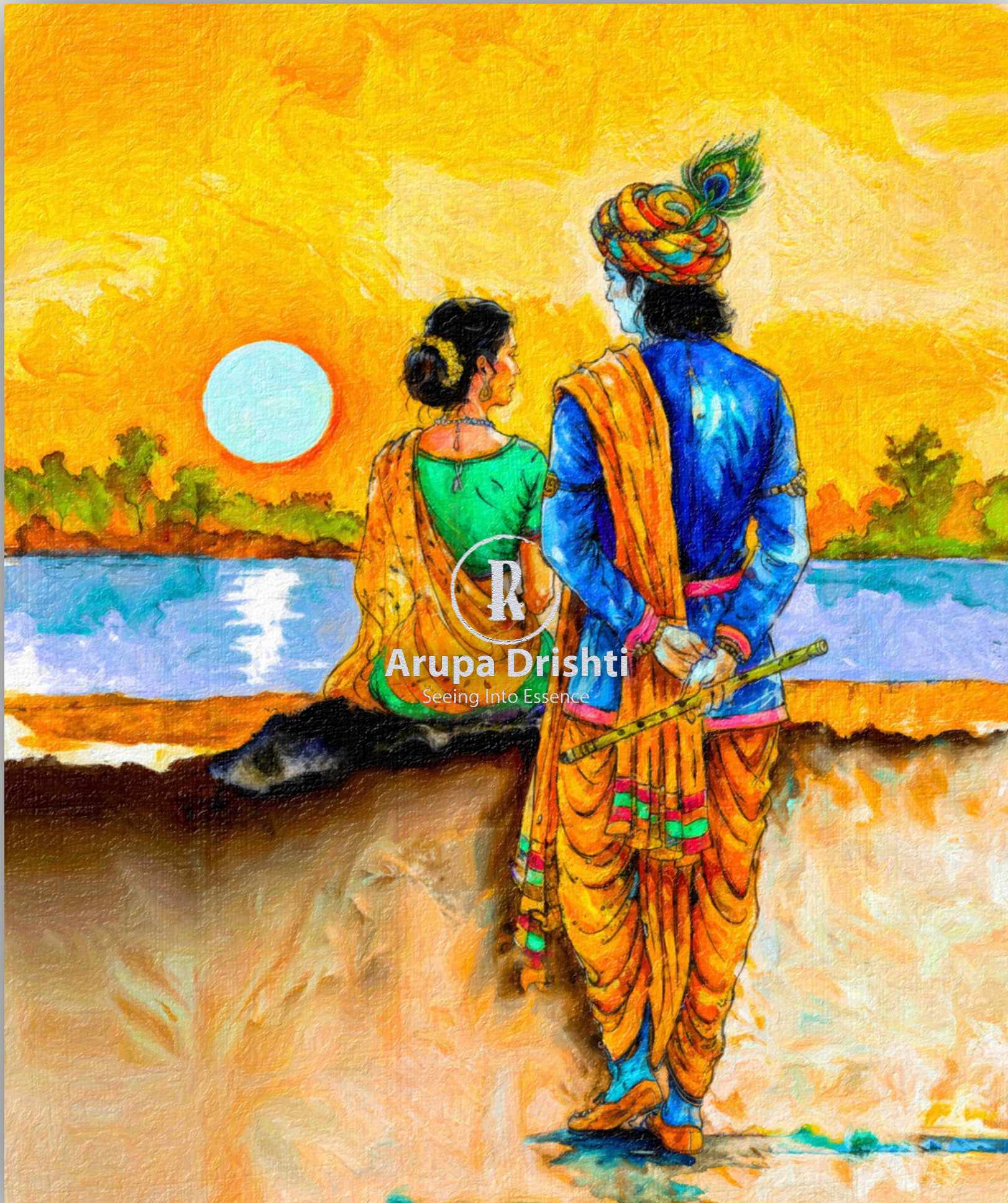
This piece is a call to finally see her—
to honour the invisible labor and imagine a world where motherhood
isn't stretched thin just to appear strong.

— o - o - o —

When society fractures the mother, it fractures its own future.
No wealth is worth the bond we're breaking.



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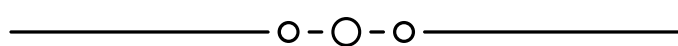
Two Spirits, One Horizon

Where the sun melts into the river's quiet breath,
devotion rises like a pulse of light. Two figures stand in
the hush of a sacred moment, their presence woven into
the sky's warm glow.

The air hums with a rhythm older than memory, a soft
vibration of love shaped into form. Every color feels alive
– a prayer in motion, a heartbeat painted across the
horizon.

Their silence speaks in waves, carrying the music of trust,
surrender, and timeless connection. This is devotion as
art – fluid, luminous, and endlessly unfolding.

A reminder that the divine is not distant; it dances in the
spaces where souls meet.

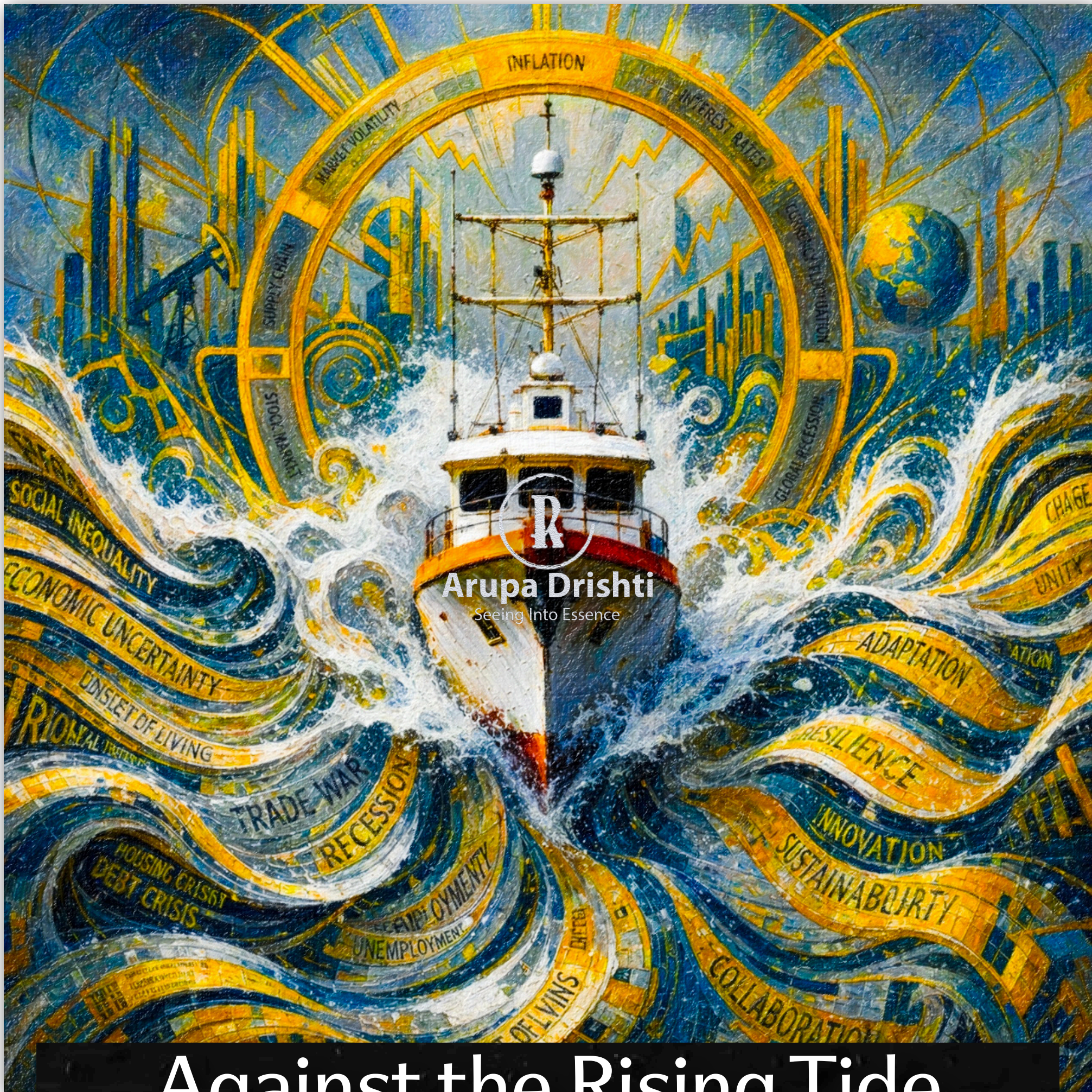


The deepest conversations happen in silence – where truth doesn't need
a tongue to speak. Knowledge blooms in stillness; the moment words
arrive, its purity begins to fade.



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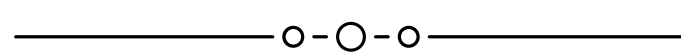
Against the Rising Tide

An ocean made of pressure, not water—
waves shaped by inflation, recession, inequality,
volatility.

A lone ship cuts through the storm, confronting what
the world tries to outrun. It becomes all of us:
navigating chaos, refusing to be defined by it.

Words turn to waves, textures to tension, motion to
metaphor. Every layer echoes the speed of global
change, every silhouette a reminder that these forces
touch every life.

This piece doesn't just show instability.
It captures the grit that rises with it,
the human instinct to keep steering toward a horizon
we're not willing to lose.



Even when the waves grow louder, we keep moving.
As, hope is the quiet force that refuses to drown.



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Culture & Tradition

A circle of kin gathered beneath a sky that remembers
where the land breathes old stories into new hearts.

Here, heritage moves like a living spirit,
rising through color, gesture, and the quiet power of
togetherness.

Every voice becomes part of a larger echo,
every moment a thread in a story older than time.

Nature stands as witness—an ancient guardian carved
from wind and earth, reminding us that culture is not
just learned,
it is inherited, protected, and carried forward like
sacred fire.

This is where identity becomes myth,
where family becomes legacy,
and where the land itself shapes the soul.



Where we respect the land, our spirits rise louder than time.
Culture lives in our bones, glowing brighter each time we gather.



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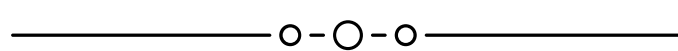
Fearlessness Worn as Faith

Stood as a living reminder that courage is a social duty, not a personal trait. In a world fractured by fear and inequality, he forged a community where dignity was non-negotiable.

He transformed ordinary people into fearless protectors, proving that empowerment is the greatest revolution. His voice challenged oppression without hatred, showing that justice can be fierce yet deeply humane.

He taught that true leadership uplifts the weakest, not the loudest. His vision of equality, resilience, and collective strength feels even more urgent in today's divided world. In his time, he didn't just resist tyranny – he rewrote what it meant to be free.

His legacy reminds us that society rises when individuals refuse to bow. A timeless call: stand tall, speak truth, and protect the vulnerable.



Stand so firmly in your truth that even silence bows in respect.



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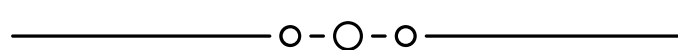
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Rising Through Chaos

A lone figure rises through a storm made of numbers—
inflation, recession, volatility, insecurity—
the new weather of modern life. The symbols don't float; they
press in. The charts don't guide; they warn.

Yet the figure reaches upward, lit from within—
not untouched by the chaos, but refusing to be swallowed by it.
It's all of us: moving through forces too big to control,
too close to escape.

This piece captures the truth of our era:
instability as the environment, resilience as the instinct,
and the human will still pushing toward a horizon
that keeps shifting but never disappears.



When the world turns numeric, the cost turns human.
In the storm of instability, survival becomes direction.



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House Forgot to Listen

A quiet storm of learning lost—
where a teacher becomes architecture
and a child stares up at a system that
forgot how to feel.

The warmth once passed hand□to□hand now flickers
as digital glow, bright but not human.

The bridge between generations thins,
and the distance grows without
intention—only neglect.

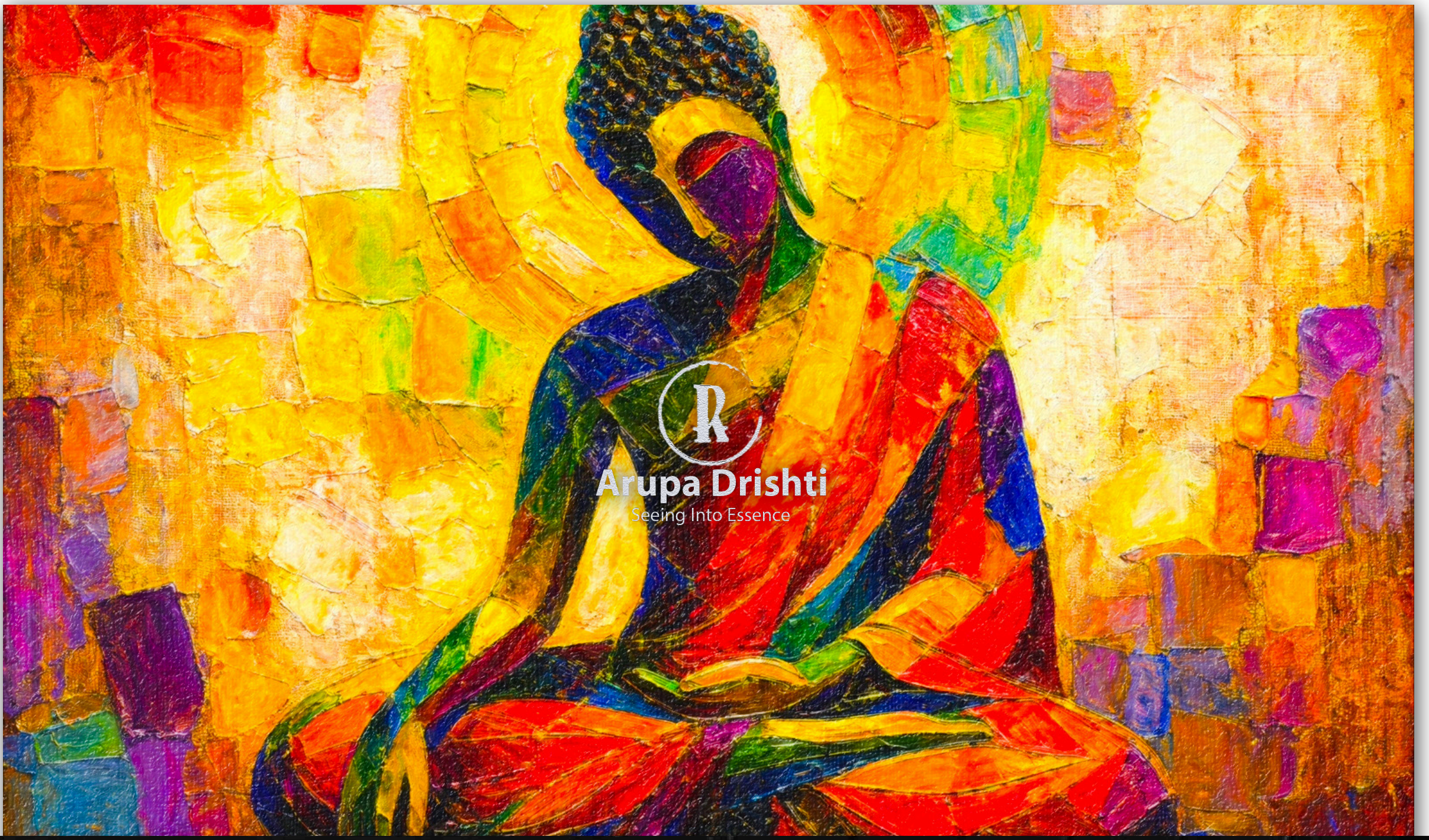
This piece is both mirror and warning:
if we don't rebuild the human architecture of
education, we'll raise adults who know something's
missing but can't name what was taken.

—o-o-o—

A future without touch becomes a future without roots.
Remember, when we lose the storytellers, we lose the story.

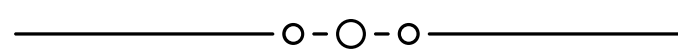


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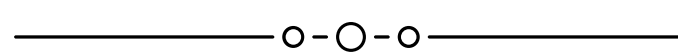
Celestial Aura Rising

Celestial - Connects the artwork to the cosmic, the divine, the infinite.
Aura - Hints at energy fields, spiritual presence, and unseen vibrations.
Rising - Introduces movement, growth, and transformation.



Celestial Aura Rising unfolds like a cosmic whisper breaking into flame a pulse of color lifting the spirit beyond its borders, where silence glows louder than sound, and the soul remembers its own ancient light.

Here, energy blooms in radiant defiance,
a rising born from stillness yet fierce as dawn,
calling every viewer to awaken their inner sky.



When inner light rises, everything around begins to transform.



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The Mind Forged in Flame

A warrior is never just a figure – he's the mirror we avoid and the fire we carry. He rises from the gold-lit chaos, carved from instinct, discipline, and the quiet storms we call growth.

Every line of his armor feels like a decision we survived, every shadow a truth we learned the hard way. He stands in that sacred space between who we were and who we refuse to stop becoming.

Strength isn't the roar – it's the stillness before it. Power isn't the strike – it's the choice not to. This is the human condition in motion: fierce, flawed, luminous.

A reminder that even in our most primal form, we are art becoming conscious of itself.



Within every human, a warrior waits – forged by fire, refined by choice. Strength is not the battle we win, but the self we dare to face.



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Awakening Through Chaos

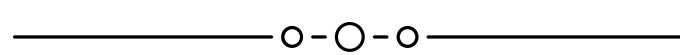
The mind flickers like a nerve exposed to light.
Colors pulse like blood finding its rhythm.

Thoughts spark in bursts, raw and electric.
Every shade feels like a heartbeat remembering itself.
Every texture breathes like lungs learning calm.

The face leans toward brightness, instinctively alive.
Emotion trembles beneath the skin's quiet armor.
Memory stains the body in soft, invisible bruises.

Consciousness hums like a current under bone.
Identity shifts like muscle adapting to strain.

Healing glows where tension once lived.
The soul rises as the body whispers yes.



Every color is a pulse refusing silence.
Where the body quivers, truth begins.



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he Quiet That Fights Back

She sits in the hush where moonlight learns to breathe,
Color drifting around her like slow-moving memory,
The night pulsing softly beneath her quiet gravity,
Stars bending closer as if summoned by her stillness,
Every fold of fabric humming with ancestral echoes,
The village glowing faintly at the edge of her calm,
Shadows swaying to the rhythm of her unspoken stories,
Her presence turning silence into something luminous,
And the darkness itself reshaping just to hold her.



Where her stillness falls, the universe learns to listen.



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Cover Page Art

Duality of Illumination

Two faces, one mind.
Pulling apart, held together.

A lightbulb of emotion
flickering between brilliance
and shadow.

This piece turns bipolar
disorder into form.
The split, the surge, the quiet
collapse, all powered by the
same glowing center.

The rough textures ground it in
reality.

A reminder that these shifts
aren't abstract, they're lived,
felt, carried.

It's a portrait of contradiction
and connection, showing how
opposite moods can collide,
coexist, and still belong to the
same human heart.



One light holds two storms, each battling for its own clarity.
Violent moods crash in darkness, yet stay anchored to human truth



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