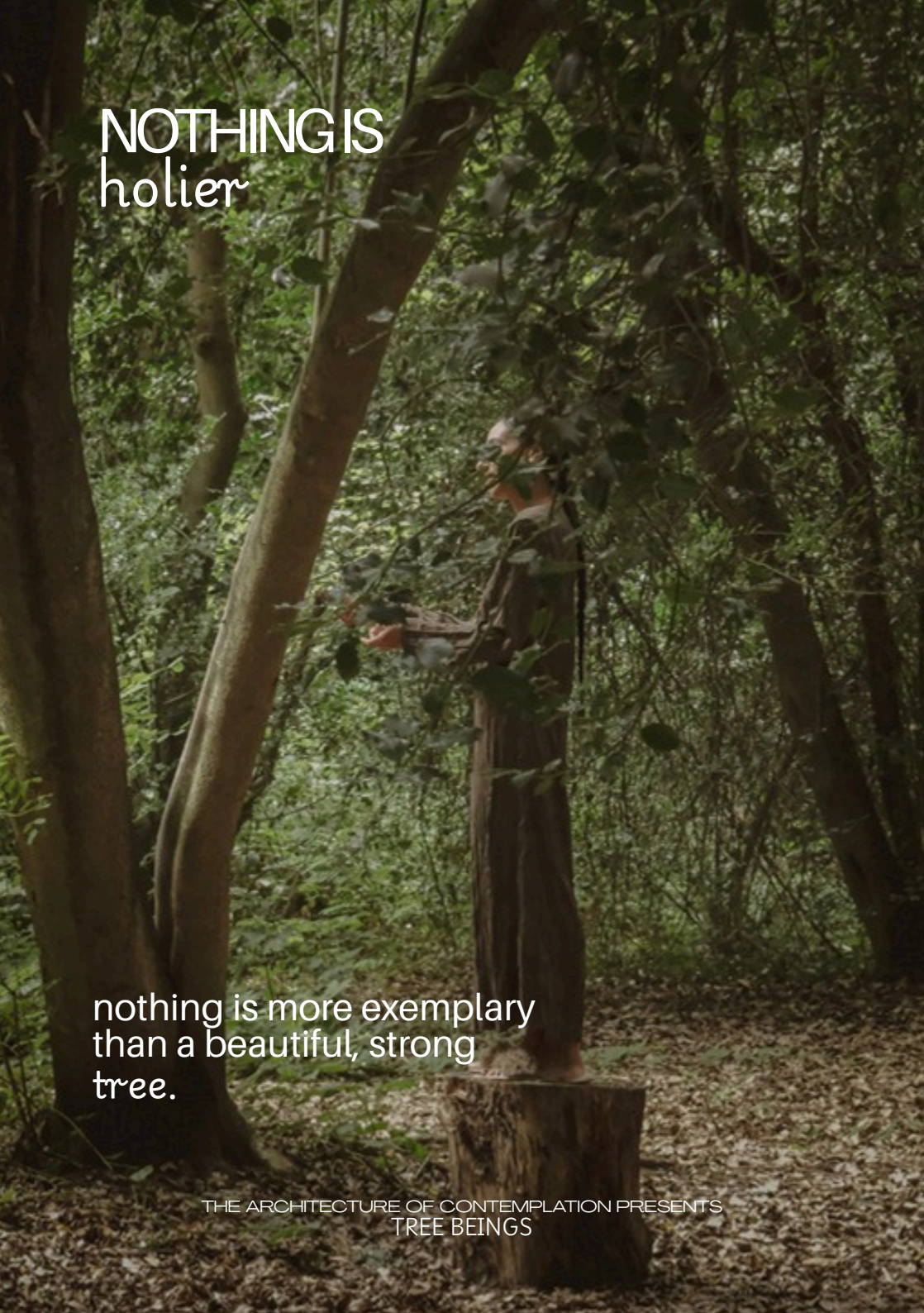


A person with long hair, wearing a dark, long-sleeved robe, stands barefoot on a large, weathered tree stump in a dense forest. The person is looking towards the left, reaching out with their right hand towards a tree trunk. The forest is filled with tall trees and thick foliage, with sunlight filtering through the leaves. The ground is covered in fallen leaves.

NOTHING IS
holier

nothing is more exemplary
than a beautiful, strong
tree.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF CONTEMPLATION PRESENTS
TREE BEINGS

We're not so different, trees
and us; we value being with
and supporting each other
through vast and deep
networks; we convert sunlight
into energy; we have seasons
of growth, rest and
rejuvenation; some of us do
better in heat, others in cold
and we're part of a long
lineage of ancestors who have
shared this planet, co-
evolving, for millions of years
- each on a journey to
embody their fullest form.

— H

It's as Herman Hesse
says..

"In their highest boughs
the world rustles, their roots
rest in infinity; but they do
not lose themselves there,
they struggle with all the
force of their lives for one
thing only: to fulfil
themselves according to
their own laws, to build up
their own form, to represent
themselves."

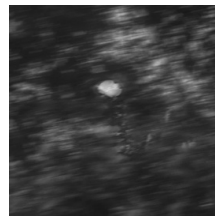
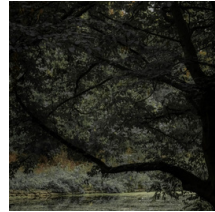
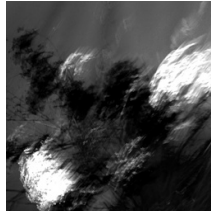


TREE BEINGS



As the tree seeks its truest form
so does the human and every
other species.

But no tree, ant, seal, grain of
sand, for that matter, achieves
its fullest form alone; its
potential rests in the inherent
reciprocity within all creation.





“At one time, the regularly laid out pleasure garden...

had been a rigorous work of art. But a time came when people grew tired of arduous waiting and tending and pruning, and no one cared about laboriously planted grounds, and the trees were left to fend for themselves. They had struck up friendships with one another, they had forgotten their artificially isolated roles, they had remembered in their crisis their old forest homeland, leaned on one another, flung their arms around one another for support.

They had covered the paths straight as arrows with thick foliage and drawn those paths to themselves, with their long, grasping roots, transforming them into nourishing forest floor; their crowns had clasped one another and grown tightly intertwined; and they saw an eagerly upward-

striving population of new trees grow under their protection, filling the emptiness with smoother trunks and lighter-coloured leaves, conquering the fallow soil, making the earth black and soft and rich with their shade and fallen leaves, so that mosses and grass could now thrive more easily too, and little shrubs.

[Now] the people whose grandfathers had planted the plane trees in ramrod-straight lines, and pruned and shaped them with judgment and discretion, now visited those trees with their own children and were happy that the long period of desolation had turned the allées into a forest, where sun and wind could linger and birds could sing and people could indulge in their thoughts and dreams and desires.”

contemplations
ਹਰਦੀਪ
with Hardeep Kaur



If I told you forests and woodlands were the abode of dreams, what would you say? A place where the mind untethers from its concrete rhythm of pace and productivity, and eases into a land, a mindscape, a chamber of ease, which allows the inner voice to breathe deep first, and then, to let that voice dream. Desires, hopes and enchanted visions froth up and out into the canopies above, that are some of the best listening ears we have on this planet. It is only in this act of deep presence and quietude, that a true exchange and kinship between one life and another, begins, which we forget too often, in our solitary pursuits and solitary suffering.

— H

"I wish I could have told him that loneliness is a human invention."



"Trees are never lonely. Humans think they know with certainty where their being ends and someone else's starts. With their roots tangled and caught up underground, linked to fungi and bacteria, trees harbour no such illusions. For us, everything is interconnected."

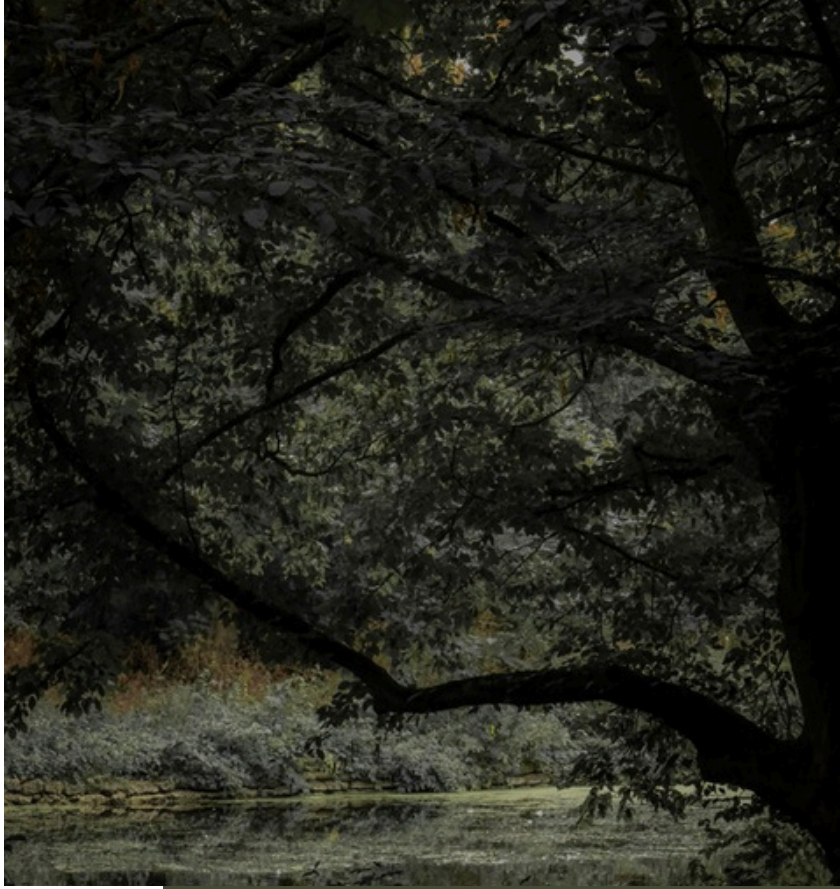
Can it be a coincidence that most spiritual and numinous traditions have tree mythologies inextricably woven into their stories?

The Tree of Life is the mother of all creation, from her the family tree is birthed, both in the form of genes, and in stories; DNA or a name, two languages working in tandem to weave our phenomenal world.





"I am not going to tell you my name, not yet at any rate. For one thing it would take a long while: my name is growing all the time, and I've lived a very long, long time; so my name is like a story. Real names tell you the story of the things they belong to."



According to Sumerian myth, when the heavens and earth were first divided, a sacred tree - Huluppu - took root by the Euphrates River. The gods had set the order of the universe: An would rule the skies, Enlil the earth, and Ereshkigal would be keeper of the underworld. But then came a raging storm, tearing the tree from the riverbank. The waters carried it far until Inanna, goddess of love and war, saw it drifting in the current. Feeling its potential, she rescued the tree and planted it in her sacred garden in Uruk. This tree was a cosmic one, connecting three domains: the underworld, the mortal world, and the heavens.

Connectors of the many worlds and keepers of this realm - this is the domain of the tree. As much as it is capable of providing refuge, material and sustenance for Earth's inhabitants, do not let its discreet demeanour fool you.

"The tree which moves some to tears of joy is
in the eyes of others only a green thing which
stands in the way."



"AS A MAN IS, SO HE SEES."
WILLIAM BLAKE

contemplations
with Hardeep Kaul
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TREE BEINGS

TREE BEINGS WITH H PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PRIYANKA KAUL

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