



THE JOURNEY TO ART

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My journey to art started when
the path was enlightened with the rays of dawn.
My journey to art started when
hope and aspiration ignited my soul.

I have had my struggles on this path,
I have faced many trials,
but each and every step has filled me
with more and more desires:

The desire to be perfect,
the desire to be praised.
As long as I have my art, I won't be fazed.

But as a long, dark night of obscurity slowly approached,
my feet suddenly lost the sense of taking steps,
as if the path ahead had frozen.

This is the Art I thirsted for,
this is the Art I chose.
It is a truth I would never refuse.

But the truth of my love
and the truth of my devotion
is becoming a fleeting emotion.

Fear takes over me—
it feels like my soul I am about to lose.
Is this my first death?
I don't know whom I can accuse.

But even if I go back,
it's the same path I would again choose.

And a moment of epiphany
strikes my mind,
like the season of frost eventually brings apricity,
it's my burning passion I will again find.



So till the path ends,
even if I limp, even if I crawl,
I will put an end to this fading of my soul.

Even if I limp, even if I crawl,
the journey to art will again fulfill my soul.
The journey to art—
it's my ultimate goal.



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