

ONE BODY

1995 - 2017

Never did I dream of being buried in a tomb.
I'll tell you why...
I am a Hindu.

According to my religion, the traditions say, the common rituals should be performed after one's death. One shall be burned and their ashes shall be thrown in the Ganges river.

Although, the ashes shouldn't just be thrown into the river. They should be put in a round, metallic flask that is covered with a red piece of fabric, and should be stored there until the flask is brought to the river.

My religion emphasizes the rituals of freeing a soul, and this should be fulfilled.

Although, here I am as a soul, wandering around, thinking about how I would be free if I was burned. I wish I had never left any traits of me in this whole, wide world, but here I am, here is my body and here you are commemorating it.

Here is my tomb.

I wanted to be burned into ashes like my grand-parents. That way I would be small enough to fit into the graveyard in northern California. That's where my family is buried too: at the feet of the redwood trees. My ceremony would also be small: only a few of my most dear friends and family would come out for it.

They would take time off from work, drive far north into the countryside. They would rent a hotel for the night and hold hands as they make their way down the old country road that leads to the graveyard.

My friends would leave me flowers, roses picked from down the road, and persimmons that still need to ripen. They would take this time to cry, to talk about me, and to let my memory fill them up. Then, slowly, they would return back to their hotel, back to the airport, back to their lives. Their daily patterns would continue on, and I will only be a passing memory.

Here is my tomb.

I was buried similarly to all of my Christian comrades.

I was buried near the Church i went to on cold Sunday mornings,
holding my mother's arm.

I did not understand nor truly believe in religion.

However, here i am buried similarly to all of my Christian fellows.

As an artist there is no worst nightmare than being stuck inside of a
tomb.

No color, no light, no sun rays that inspire me to create new scenes.

People of today enjoy watching me, looking through me, drawing
their own story of what they believe my life was like.

I am here. I am not gone, nor lost.

I am here, where my paintings will always hang, where the sky
turns from orange to red to blue.

I am here where a child weeps for his coming of age.

I am here in every breeze, every shadow, every breath, every ray of
sun that makes you feel invincible.

I am here, you are there. One day you shall join me, and we will
write about our new lives, and perhaps even, our upcoming deaths.

Because i am here, watching you make your way to this tomb,
eventually.

Here is my tomb.

I want to be buried somewhere facing the sun. I hate those tombs hidden halfway up a mountain -- wet, humid, cold. Being neighbours with ants and other disgusting insects. I want to be surrounded by flowers, like the ones in Jardin de Tuileries.

Although I want to be buried somewhere near the sea, where I can still enjoy the beautiful sunset and sunrises, oh even those beautiful young bodies, but... We don't have a place to fit my requirements in China, I'll just forget it. Because, I want to be with my family. Though I'm sure I won't have any children or husband, but hopefully, my brother and his family can still visit me on April 4th.

Bring me my favourite bouilli, better with some abalones. For my ceremony, please don't wear all black -- I know black is a cool colour, but please people dress like you're attending the Met Gala. Dress in your favourite cloth -- drink cocktails, not tea! Remember, my friends, leaving is not a sad thing. Don't cry. I'm sure I will see you again.

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