

So we will start this journey by an introduction of a gallery that has a mind of its own. So you will see the mind and paintings of the mind. So much to see, hurry up and step inside of the Great Gallery...

Great Gallery

By Liisa Marjatta Jokinen

Chapter 1: The darkness of the mind

The great mind

There is a gallery of the great art of the great mind.

The great mind keeps a list of the art pieces in the gallery.

The great minds composes the art pieces into collections.

The art is what the great mind thinks by the days.

The days are long.

The first statue

The first statue is in the middle of the first room.

The first room is fully light so you can see the dark ebony statue from every corner of the room.

The dark ebony is bond by some porcelin into a curvy statue.

The dark ebony is polished so you can see when the statue is shimmering in the light of the room.

The first statue is made from the mind models.

The first larger painting in the first room

There is shades of blue.

There is shades of pink in the painting.

There is a silvery lining in the painting.

The painting is abstract.

The painting shows a summery day seen by the mind in the middle of the rain.

The smallest painting in the first room

The smallest painting in the first room describes a woman.

That woman in the painting stares outside of the window.

In the gallery the painting is placed by the window so the woman in painting stares also outside of the gallerys window.

The shades of the painting are dark.

The woman in the painting is a murderer.

The great layout of the first room

The first room filled with the art is depressing.

Everyone seen the room with the art did weep.

The great mind weeps by the days and fills the room with more art.

There is now twenty art pieces in that room.

The paintings tell a story that is dark as a soul.

The dying flowers of the third largest painting

The third largest painting describes dying flowers. The

death of the flowers is with light and sadness.

The dying flowers are blue, pink and white.

The petals of the flowers are nearly fallen.

The dying flowers do describe the great fall of the mind.

The second statue of the first room

The second statue of the first room is of polished dark and almost black wood that resembles a great flower

The great flower shines in its darkness.

The great flower is a rose.

The rose almost hangs in the ceiling.

The rose has opened its petals.

The second largest painting in the first room

The second largest painting describes time itself.

The painting has different sizes of clocks.

All the clocks are in different times.

The painting is black and white and made with a golden color also.

The time in the painting never ends.

The largest drawing in the first room

The largest drawing is made with ink that is black.

The drawing has lines that do cross through the drawing.

The lines are drawn only horizontally and vertically.

The lines do describe the nature of human beings.

The drawing is in the middle of the largest wall in the first room.

The purple painting

The purple painting is the second smallest painting in that room.

The painting describes the basic feelings we all do have.

The painting is only purple, nothing else.

The painting is terrible to watch too long.

The painting still has golden frames.

The butterfly painting

One of the painting has only a butterfly painted on it.

The large butterfly describes the creative mind.

The butterflys wings are mostly black.

The butterfly has blue and yellow also.

The butterfly is still.

The swan painting

The other painting has a dark pond with white swans.

The swans are singing.

The night above the scenery is dark.

The rain is starting in the scenery of the painting.

The swans are beautiful.

The night sky in the fourth largest painting

The nightly sky has the moon and the stars.

The moon is a little behind the clouds that are barely not to see in the painting.

The night sky is dark blue.

The stars do shine.

That is the greatness of the mind.

The darken woods of the fifth largest painting

The darken woods are painted with brushes.

The brushes of the painting are filled with agony and pain.

You can imagine a small girl going into the darken woods all alone.

The painting is about a fear.

There is no fear if we do not imagine the fear first.

The painting that has only circles

The third smallest painting has only circles.

The circles fo describe the everyday thoughts we do have.

The circles are blue, brown, green, yellow and white.

All the circles are same sized.

The painting is abstract.

Chapter 2: Into the light of the art of the great mind

The next room in the gallery

The next room in the gallery is made with a proud.

The room describes the best of the mind.

The mind shines and is filled with happiest thoughts.

There is a doubt still.

The mind, can it ever be that light?

The first statue of the second room

The statue is made from the whitest marble that has been founden.

The statue describes the mother of the all innocence.

The woman is standing and holding a one flower in her hand.

The true innocence comes from the nature.

The innocence of the statue is just beautiful.

The smallest painting in the second room

The smallest painting in the second room is just black.

The black painting is describing the overcome of the fear.

The fear is the darkness in the painting.

The victory over the fear is the blackness of the mind.

The painting is small.

The largest painting in that room

The largest painting in that room is about light.

There is a sunshine without the sun.

The golden light in the sky strikes in your eyes.

The light is faith.

The faith we do have is the light of the mind.

The painting with a great smile

The smile is wide.

The mouth is a woman mouth.

The teeth are white.

The lips are black.

The painting is black and white.

The family of one royal family

The painting describes a royal family having a dinner together.

The table is filled with food.

There is apples, wines, bread, in the table.

Everyone looks great, happy and beautiful.

The dresses are pink, blue and purple.

The birds painting

The painting with birds is a quite sad.

One bird is in a cage and the other birds are singing outside in the trees.

The birds are in the apple trees and the cage is almost empty.

The sky is clear.

No clouds in the sky.

Chapter 3: The thoughts of the great mind

The thoughts are eyes

The first large painting is of staring eyes.

The eyes are painted with a great skill.

The eyes are staring into other eyes.

The background of the painting is pink.

The eyes are sometimes open and sometimes shut.

The painting of blue

This painting is small.

The painting is of clear thoughts of a human mind.

The thoughts are sad.

The thoughts are clearly sad.

The thoughts are blue.

The second butterfly painting

In this painting butterflies are flying.

The butterflies are flying through the skies.

The sky is dark and the butterflies are in shimmering daylight.

The butterflies are the happy thoughts.

In this painting there are many butterflies.

The circus painting

The circus painting is odd

The odd people is described as the circus people in the painting.

The humanity is sometimes odd, and so are we.

The background of the painting is purple and wine red.

There are animals in the painting also, and the animals are dressed.

The mermaids painting

The mermaids are the weird thoughts we do have.

The thoughts of mermaids are unrealistic.

The unrealistic thoughts are the waves in the painting.

The ocean is deep blue and in storm.

The mermaids are luckily sad creatures.

The painting of the world

The painting is of the nature, humans and animals.

The animals are peacefully sleeping.

There is a night and the sky is dark and full with stars.

The stars show the way in the painting.

The humans are naked.

The painting of a human kind

There is a large heart in the painting.

The heart is in between a man and a wife.

The heart is torn, in love and a little broken.

The love is the heart.

The man and the wife are smiling.

The painting of all the thoughts

The painting is abstract.

The thoughts are yellow, blue, pink, all the colors in this painting.

There is a golden color also.

There is some divine thoughts.

Usually the painted thoughts are dark.

...So the time goes, in all we need to know, so there is to know. Now is time for another time and decade. I will tell you a story of a butterfly man...

The garden of glass

A story of a butterfly man

Sometimes

Sometimes seems that he is seeing more than us.

Sometimes seems that there is tears in the map of the garden.

The garden seeks moonlight and exotic flowers to be seen.

The moonlight and flowers are still existing.

The tears do tear the garden in sections.

Thoughts of the butterfly man

He sees thoughts in a vision of the butterflies.

The butterflies are flying in his thoughts.

The butterflies are beautiful and in many colors.

Sometimes his thoughts are dark.

Sometimes his thoughts are full with light.

The past of the butterfly man

The butterfly man had a wife.

The butterfly man had a beautiful wife.

The wife did lost her faith.

I have not seen her since that.

I believe that she is in love with someone again.

The sunlight in the garden

In the garden the butterfly man misses his wife.

Tears do fall down on the ground for hours.

Only the sunlight in the garden seems to understanding how deep the sorrow is.

Flowers are bloomig in the garden.

The garden is beautiful by the summer.

The tears of the sun

By the day the sun is weeping.

By the night the sun is sleeping.

The sunlight we do see in the garden is just tears.

The moon tries to say something to the sun.

The next morning will be in tears again

Their loving story

She

She laughs with the
sun.

Her blonde hair looks like the burned oat.

She is my loved one.

She is all I got.

She is my one.

The moon

The moon shines brightly from the night sky to us.

The moon is brighter than the sunshine to us.

The nights are already cold.

We are thinking too much the moon.

The nights are already ours.

The sun

The sun shines brightly above us.

It is already too late.

The sun debates with us.

We can not understand a word that the sun is saying to us.

The sun shines brightly above us.

The butterfly man

He sees butterflies everywhere he goes.

The butterflies are the most colorful butterflies I have seen.

By the winter those butterflies are secretly sleeping.

By the winter those butterflies are secretly weeping.

That is why we call him the butterfly man.

The wife of the butterfly man

She is the prettiest there is.

She is the funniest there is.

She is wise and she is smart.

Tears are falling from her eyes when she smiles.

The smile is beautiful.

The hour of glass

Some hours are made from a clear glass.

The hours between the butterfly man and his wife are truly made from a glass.

You could touch the clear hours.

The glass hours are visible to others also.

Some hours are made from a glass.

The wife the butterfly man has

The butterfly mans wife does love her husband.

The butterfly mans wife does like her husband.

Sometimes the wife the butterfly man has does strange things.

The wife the butterfly man has does not hate her husband.

She is in love with the butterfly man.

The mirrors

The mirrors they do have shows their reflection clearer than anything else I have seen.

The mirrors are sometimes hidden behind some curtains.

Sometimes the butterfly man and his wife does dance in front of the mirrors.

The sun is shining straight from the windows to the mirrors.

The mirrors are made from a grey glass.

The days

The days are long.

The days are short.

Sometimes I measure the time with a hourglass that is broken.

The days are sometimes broken.

I can not see more clearly.

Thoughts of the wife

The wife thinks of kittens.

The wife thinks of flowers.

The wife thinks of the sun.

The wife thinks of the moon.

The wife thinks of the butterflies.

Walls

The walls of their house are grey.

Sometimes you can hear how the walls do sigh.

There are painted flowers in the walls.

The house is dark.

The house is as dark as their love.

Their home and the sun

I believe that the sun orbits their home.

I believe that the home is a sundial.

By the morning the sun rises behind their home.

The sun goes down in front of their home.

They believe that is just terrible.

Dresses

Every dress she has is dark.

The dark colors are beautiful on her.

She is a little dark person.

The sky is as dark as her dresses.

It is time to me to go now to my home.

Makeup

Her makeup is also dark.

Her eyes are dark as the sea.

The sea is dark by the night.

Some splashes of light you can see.

But she is a dark person.

The past of theirs

They did kiss.

They did love.

They did love each other truly.

They truly have a past.

They are as dark.

Soulful

When you are seeing her you never would guess how loving she is.

The butterfly man does love her curly hair.

She is a wife.

The butterfly man can see her soul when they are speaking with each other.

She is a soulful creature.

The lilac

The lilac weeps in the garden when the moon again rises.

Pretty songs the lilac is singing in the dark night.

The prettiest there is the dance they do have in the garden.

The garden is dark.

The lilacs weeping again.

My love

My loving love

She is essentially my love.

She is eternally my love.

My love she is and always will be.

I do love her.

I am not sure does she love me.

In my eyes

In my eyes she is the one.

Her eyes are blue and her eyes are true.

I can see oceans in her eyes.

I can see the light of the day in her eyes.

I can see the all in her eyes.

Together

Together we always will
be. The days are together ours.
Our love is greater than the sea that does hear our loving singing.
The sea is deep and treasures our secrets.
She does love the sunshine.

Our world

The world

The butterfly man sees us together.

The butterfly man is silent.

He knows his wife well.

My darken secrets there still are.

In the garden of glass we are.

The owls in the night

I am waiting for her.

There is no promises she could keep to me.

She did not promise to come.

The owls in the night I can hear.

She is secretly weeping by the night.

The clear sunlight

In my eyes it is all clear now.

The sun rises again and shows my love to the world.

The love is broken.

The love is torn apart.

There is still only me.

Leaving

The butterfly man did
left.

There are oceans after oceans to see.

I can hear weeping from the sky but I do not know what it is.

The woods do shout in the wind words I can not hear.

Sometimes I still do feel.

Me and my love

The world is ours and always will be.

The clearer the sky with the clouds to see.

She is mine now.

No more there is to see.

I can not love no one else and that is how it will be.

*..Now you will see the prettiest day I have ever seen. Come and look,
now is time for to see the Summer Day..*

**The
Summer
Day
by**

Liisa Marjatta Jokinen

Chapter 1: The Morning

By the morning

By this summery day, you can see the clear mind, through me.

By this summery day, the shimmering mind by me, weeping the tiredness from me.
Butterflies in your mind are free.

The mind sees the great summer day by this morning.

The starting day keeps weeping with me.

Butterflies and flowers

You can see, the butterflies are flying over me.

The flowers you see, are blooming, finally free.

The butterflies sucking the flowers with more to see.
The flowers blooming over the ground.

Do you know, only the sky can see me?

The voice of this morning

Can you hear, how this morning is calling me?

Please, do wake, there is a lot already to see, you can walk with me.

My dear, you see, we are all just free.

The freedom with your mind, only this summer day to see now.

To see is just to believe in me.

The wide open sky

Butterflies are dancing through the dark shadows of the day.
Dusty old clouds are wondering through the skies.

Birds are singing through the skies.

The skies are falling from the pink dust flown into the air.
Birds are screaming through the skies.

The dust

The dust of the early opened flowers smells wonderful.
The flowers are like shadows of the rainbows in the sky.

The sky
turns cold.

The sky
turns dark.

The tears of this day are falling from the eternal sky.

The great fields of flowers

By turning there, you can see the flowers.

By walking there, you can only see the flowers.

The beaten down sky is shining like the flowers.

Those days are calling you to bloom.

By this bloom, I can only see you.

Skies turning into a day

These skies you can see, older than human, and much more to see.
These days not understanding the weight of the years.

These years the summers are long.

For some time already, you see, skies are turning into days.

Those days are weight of the humans.

This summer morning

Crawling insects are counting days.

Crawling insects are the on the ground.

Those colors of the insects are shining.

By the weep shows this day its first sunblashes.

The sun is crawling into the sky from the ocean.

The surprise of this new day

You can see the colors of this day.

You can feel the ever stronger music for this day, song by the birds.

The birds are singing for this still boring day.

The birds are protecting this still boring day.

The day is ours.

The morning turning into a day

The morning turns into a day.

This morning weeps when its last hours are starting before the day truly starts.

The day is showing greatness.

The morning starts to turn into memories.

These memories will last.

Chapter 2: The Afternoon

The rivers

The rivers are floating through the land.

The rivers are shining already the bright day.
Those rivers are shining like mirrors.

Those mirrors are reflecting the clear blue sky.
Sometimes those mirrors are broken.

The hours like the whitest paper

There is still some cold breeze in the air.

The air floats leaving some sight of the shadows.
The shadows are longer.

The hours are grasping like the whitest paper.
You can hear the sun moving across the sky.

The colors of the afternoon

From the corner of your eye, you can see the full colors of the afternoon.

The afternoon draws your attention into the full color of the summer.
This summer has all colors from dusty blue to shimmering pink.

This summer you can only see the sparkling joy of the colors.

The joy the summer brings is in the colors of the afternoon.

The summer rain of the day

The cold rain comes quickly to the ground.

The rain drops are huge.

The water falling from the sky makes the day grey for a while.

For a while you can only hear the rain.

This rain tears leaves from the trees.

The leaves

The leaves are greenest I have seen.

These leaves collect the summer sun into the woods.
Constantly growing wind blows the leaves.

The woods are old.

The day is almost once already seen.

The taste of this afternoon

The afternoon tastes of a kiss of a loved one.

This afternoon smells through the flower fields.

This afternoon tastes like a wind.

The wind is strong.

The clouds you can taste also from this afternoon.

The shadows of this afternoon

The shadows are catching the flower leaves from the ground.

The shadows are all around.

The shadows are stronger, some shadows even weaker, than before.
The before morning whispers through the shadows.

The whispering of the shadows is heard.

The falling shine of the sun

The shining of the sun is falling from the sky.

The sky is dark blue with some clouds on the sky. The afternoon keeps turning towards the evening.

You can see the every separate sunshine of the sun.

The sunshine seems like golden, falling directly from the sky.

The lakes

By the clear water swims the fish.

The fishes are just throwing wishes to you.

The wishes are of all the summer days.

Fishes see the sun.

The sun shines through the water.

The time of this afternoon ending

There must be an ending after every beginning.
The day begins to fall into the evening.

The evening clouds are gathering to the sky.
The sky slowly turns into light blue.

The clouds are moving more slowly.

Chapter 3: The Evening

The returning sun

When you least expect, the sun turns around in the sky.
The sun turning through the sky makes the
evening. The sun returns still to shine.

The sunshine is warming less than by the afternoon.
The sun is still smiling from the sky.

The clouds by the evening

Those clouds with fuzzy feelings are gathering together in the sky.
The lining of the clouds comes more clearer than by the afternoon.

The lining of the clouds is white.

The lining of the clouds is shining.

The clouds are huge by their size.

The already promise of the next day

The promise of the next day is first whispering quietly.
Then you can hear the turning clouds.

The wind starts to blow differently.

The promise of the next day is already in the air.

This promise is the one the world keeps.

The sky without seeing stars

By this summer evening you can not see the stars from the sky.

The sky stays clear when the darkness starts to settle in the horizon.

The horizon stays clear.

The horizon strikes the sky down to almost to the ground.

The stars are hiding by this summer evenings.

The deep summer sky that is deep blue

Into the deepest shadows of the sky the light finally starts to fade.
The fading of the summer day is finally noticed.

The temperature keeps going down.

Perhaps that temperature is falling because of the skies.

The sky is deep blue.

Already sleeping flowers

When tiredness unites all the people, the flowers come sleepy also.

The sleepy flowers seem more beautiful than by the afternoon.

The already sleeping flowers seem to whisper the last words of the day.
The whispers are fading when the sun starts to go down.

Soon you can hear the dreams of the flowers.

Shadows by the evening

Shadows by the evening are fading and growing in the same time.

Shadows by the evening are calling to see the last drops of the sunshine.
The last drops of the sunshine are touching the landscape.

Shadows by the evening are separating people to their homes.

Those homes are safe from the shadows.

The sunset

Finally you can hear the symphony of the evening.
Now is the time of the sunset.

The sunset colours the sky with beautiful colors.
The sky is singing through the colors.

The colors are magnificent to see.

Daylight that is almost gone

Still the daylight has not all gone.

The day is almost over, and still you can see the lines between the trees and the storm of the colors.

By the storm starts this daylight fade more.

The more the day is gone, the more you feel.

The more you feel this summer day, the more you see.

By the end of the summer day

Now is almost night.

The darkness starts to show.

The day was beautiful.

No other day is the same.

Always there is the tomorrow though.

*...And there, you have read my book of stories, and know
all I know for now.*