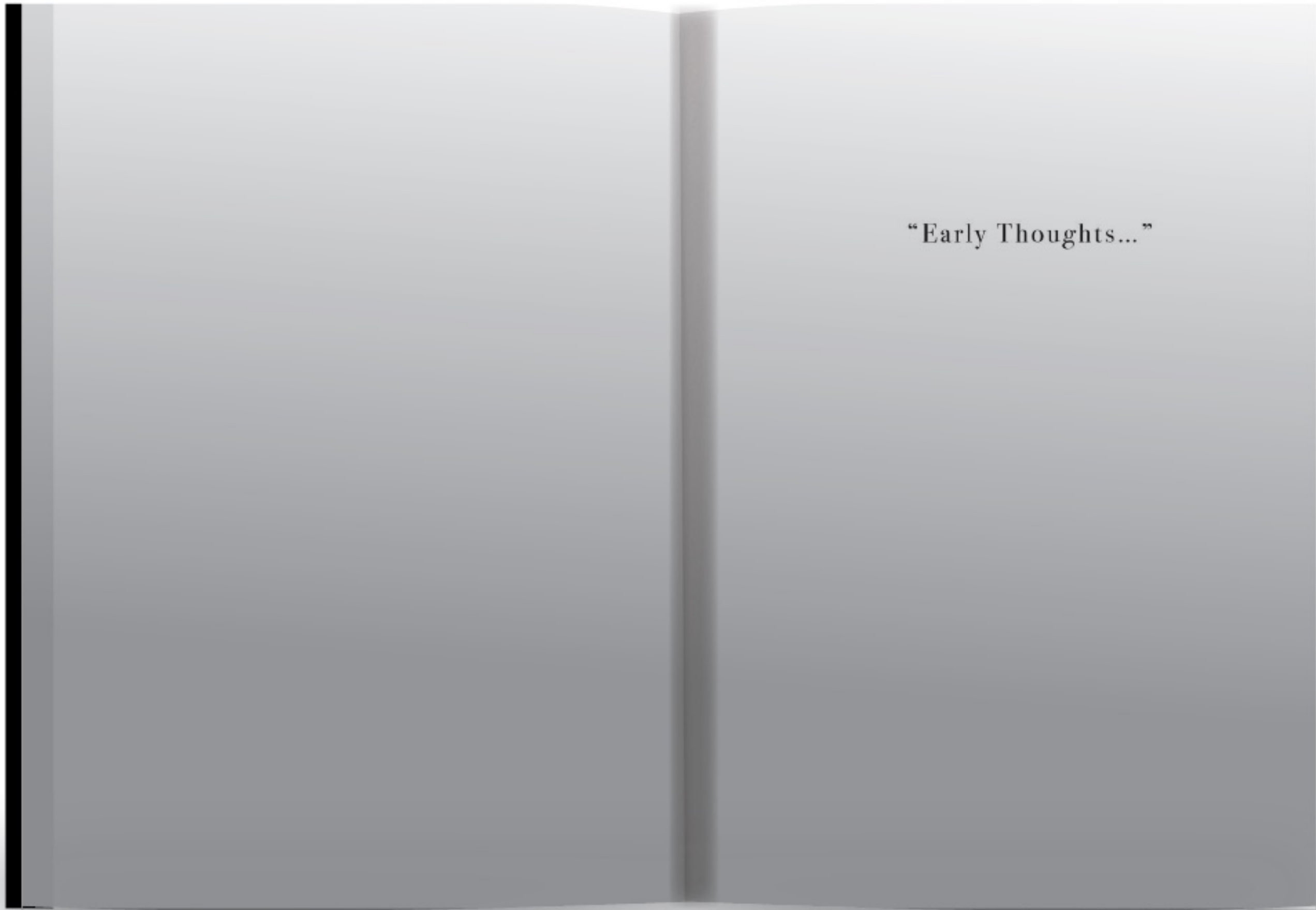


“Early Thoughts...”

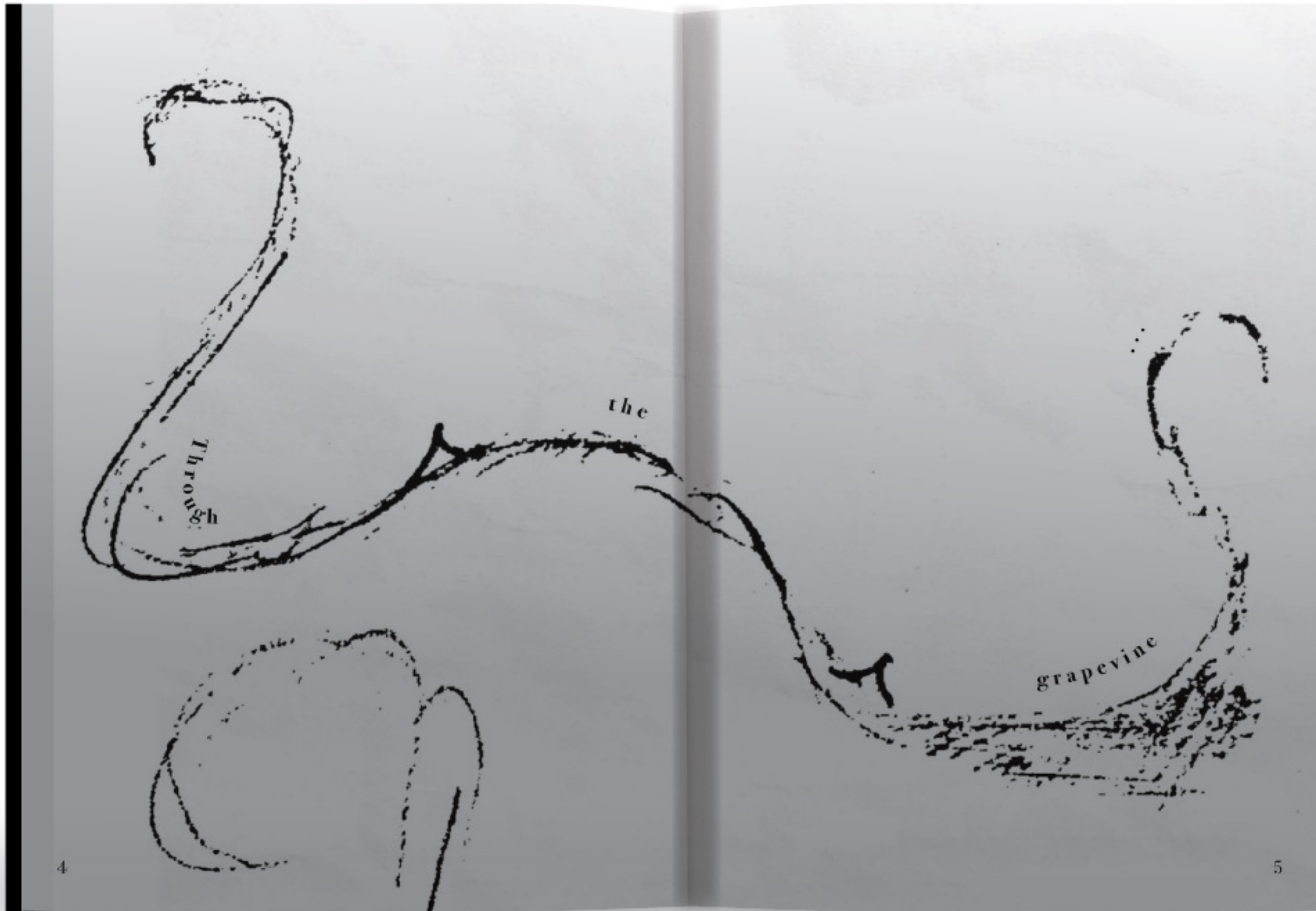


“Early Thoughts...”



1 | 1

In the beginning was the word, and the word was with an idea, and the idea was with our brand. These are our "Early Thoughts..." and pieces, pieces to a puzzle which takes shape before our eyes. Black and white becomes gray, and right and wrong has become more complicated. We're an iridescent truth which through a grapevine bears fruit... we're Arctic and Gardens, EKAF and EVOL, and a collection of stories before "the fall".



[Faded text block]

I have

[Faded text block]



[Faded text block]

"Ocean Blue,

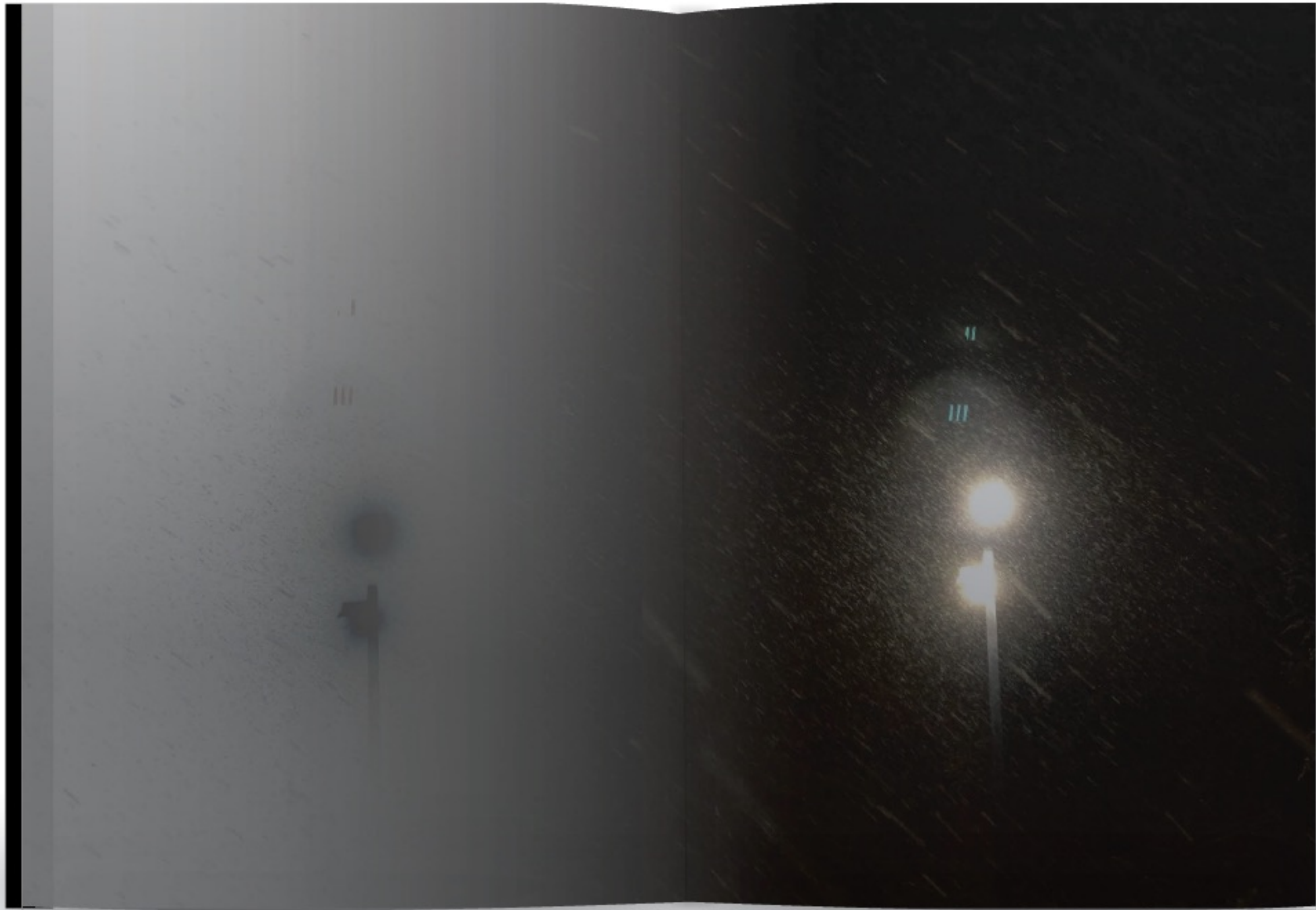
[Faded text block]

no clue"

[Faded text block]

“Well isn’t this snow close
to the most
beautiful; light,
it submits to the will of a
gentle breeze
or simple
walk forward, fluttering
away before even having the
chance to rest on your
shoulder. It rests in
the sky,
at moments you can’t tell if
it’s snowing up or down, it
moves in
many directions. Sideways,
a pause in time, it bends to
many wills with no shame,
it dances freely &
in a beautiful way, & in
doing so defies gravity a
many, defies space a many, &
defies time a many.
O’ snowflakes.”


“Feelings: like snowflakes
that rest & seep
onto the
surface of the tongue. They
come, every one, in
different shapes &
sizes— o’ do our feelings
love to give us
surprises. But here, there—
& everywhere! I
give you the
constellations of a
fragmented time, a message
& clue, through the
grapevine, &
the best of the
fall, for its sweetest wine;
cracked open yellow yoke,
I stretch out like an
oak, we fragment with little
hope— so
snow flakes snow flakes,
let them soak.”



"Beneath the willow tree; legs stretched out, back pressed
back, head rested with closed eyes & a sigh of relief. But
this is not my willow tree. This is where I perch myself some
thirty (&) three (floors) above downtown's concrete streets.
A nest in the canopy of the city's highest buildings."



“Grey doves flew
through the city smoke
& inbetween the tallest
buildings; they were free,
but they didn’t leave.”



"My shore turns pregnant
with the ebb of a new tide."

"Raise the sails & head
for the horizon before the
setting sun. I dream of the
future & my heart points to
one."

"How will this time taste?"

"Grab a sail & fall into the
wind. Time will move you
forward."

"Faith is the first step in any
endeavor that hasn't been
done before,

We don't travel distant
seas without the belief in
something more.

Uncertainty is daunting,


But is the adventure we seek
to explore,

The mystery that pulls us
forward.

So yet unsure,

They await for high tide and
bless on high,

Their feet hath left the shore.



“The right
words fall down my
tongue and set on my
lips, something like your
orange is what I’ve always
wanted to say.”

"... or her soft, pale,
peachy-red cheek, the few birthmarks

which added to her
side complexion an
array of abstract art.

The clouds descended & floated above &
created mountain ranges in the distance over the water.

They were soaked in the spirit of orange &
had the echo of sunset on their surface.

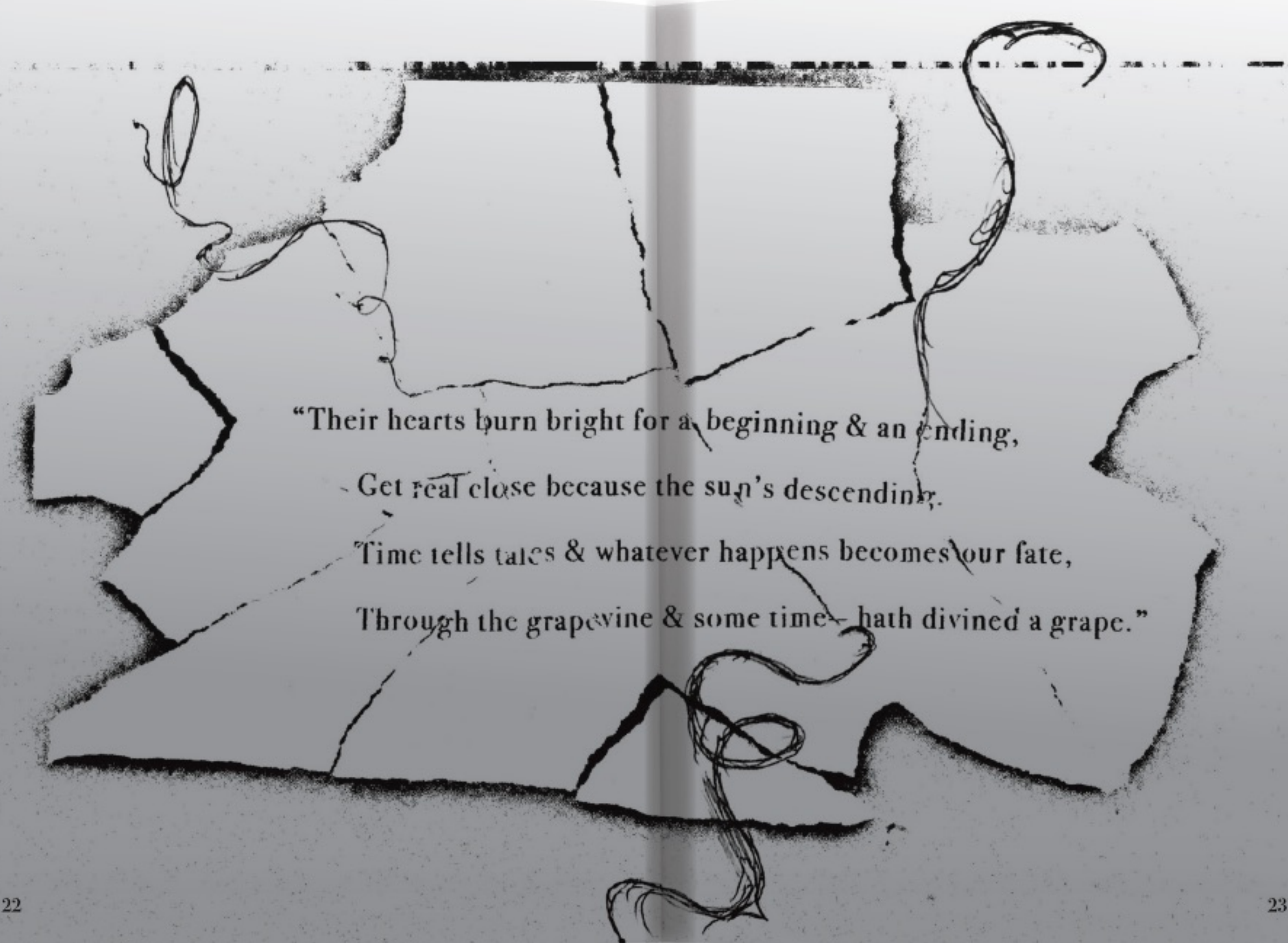
The sails fluttered in the wind above,
birds flew gracefully over the water.

visits of

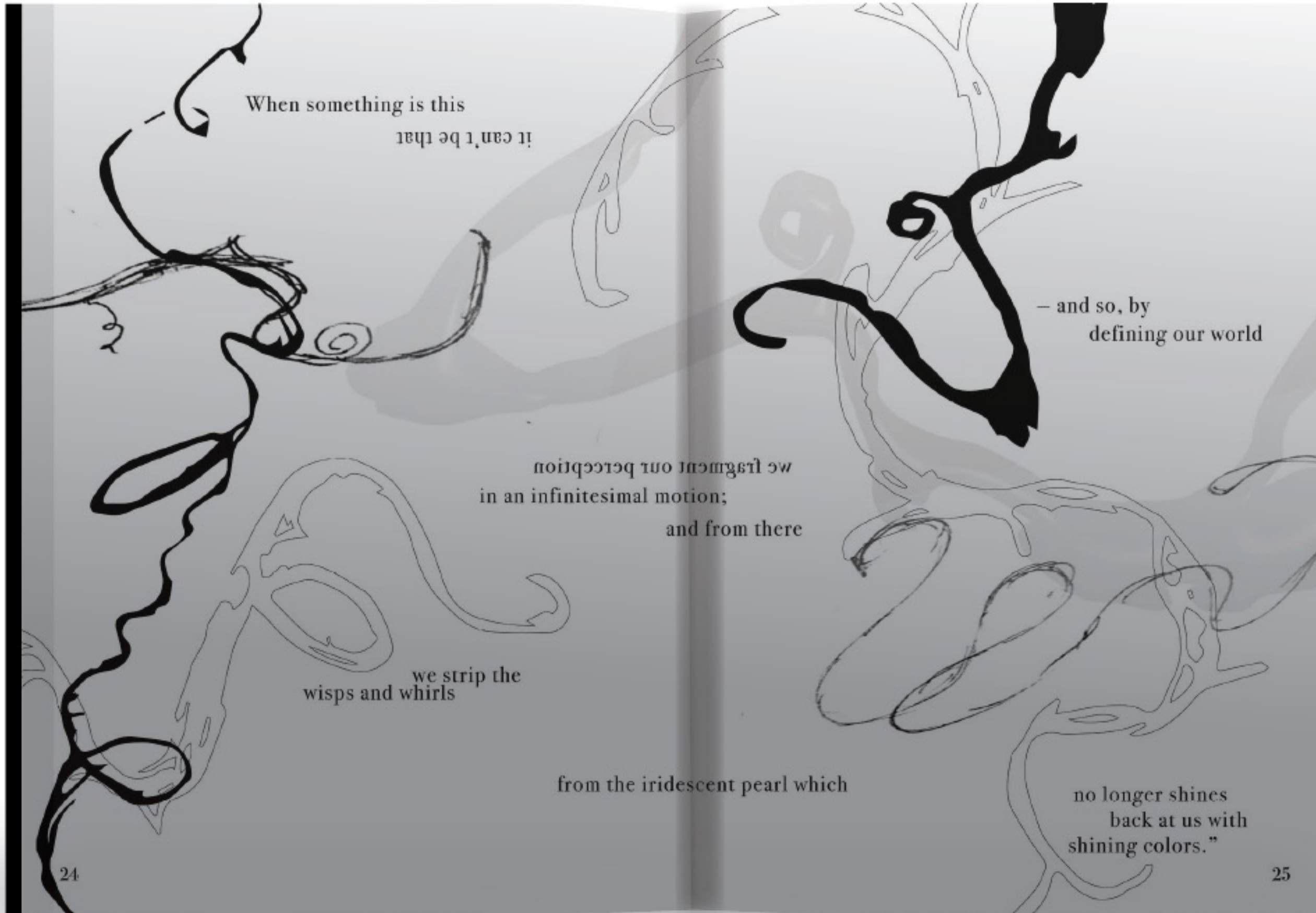
baby blues, purples, & the
spectrum of sunset

descended down its pallet &

did its play before my eyes."



“Their hearts burn bright for a beginning & an ending,
Get real close because the sun’s descending,
Time tells tales & whatever happens becomes our fate,
Through the grapevine & some time hath divined a grape.”



When something is this
it can't be that

– and so, by
defining our world

we strip the
in an infinitesimal motion;
and from there

we strip the
wisps and whirls

from the iridescent pearl which

no longer shines
back at us with
shining colors.”



“or perhaps
precisely, the humanity that counted

too high—losing sight of their shore

& perse, their origin.
Lost at night sea in the

beautifully buoyant vessel of

their hopes & dreams.”

to the surf of
the tall
night

at come easily doing
dore whole And oya
of some wind
it a river, is a way of

like back / Stiv's and /
you someone off hand /
or from Christy hand /
span and / you never /
sails - I follow the fall /
the shadow of his dream /
oh yes -
back upside down /
loss of heaven. Even /
ough and engulf /



“We’re all labouring, most of the time
unintentionally, to craft the world into how we want it to
be and how we think it should be perceived.
When we think, when we feel, when we try to
understand. When we speak. We’re changing things,
and at whose expense? I’m not scared of the
future – as a matter of fact I’ve just met my near future now,
I’ve been there many times, & time continuously
hurdles me into it. I’m scared of the
present & the past, that it won’t prepare me for tomorrow;
that is, the future is infinite, optimistically so,
& the present is forever falling behind you.”

the fall came



colors like the



with



it.



season.

Water wears away
& shapes the rocks
of the shoreline;

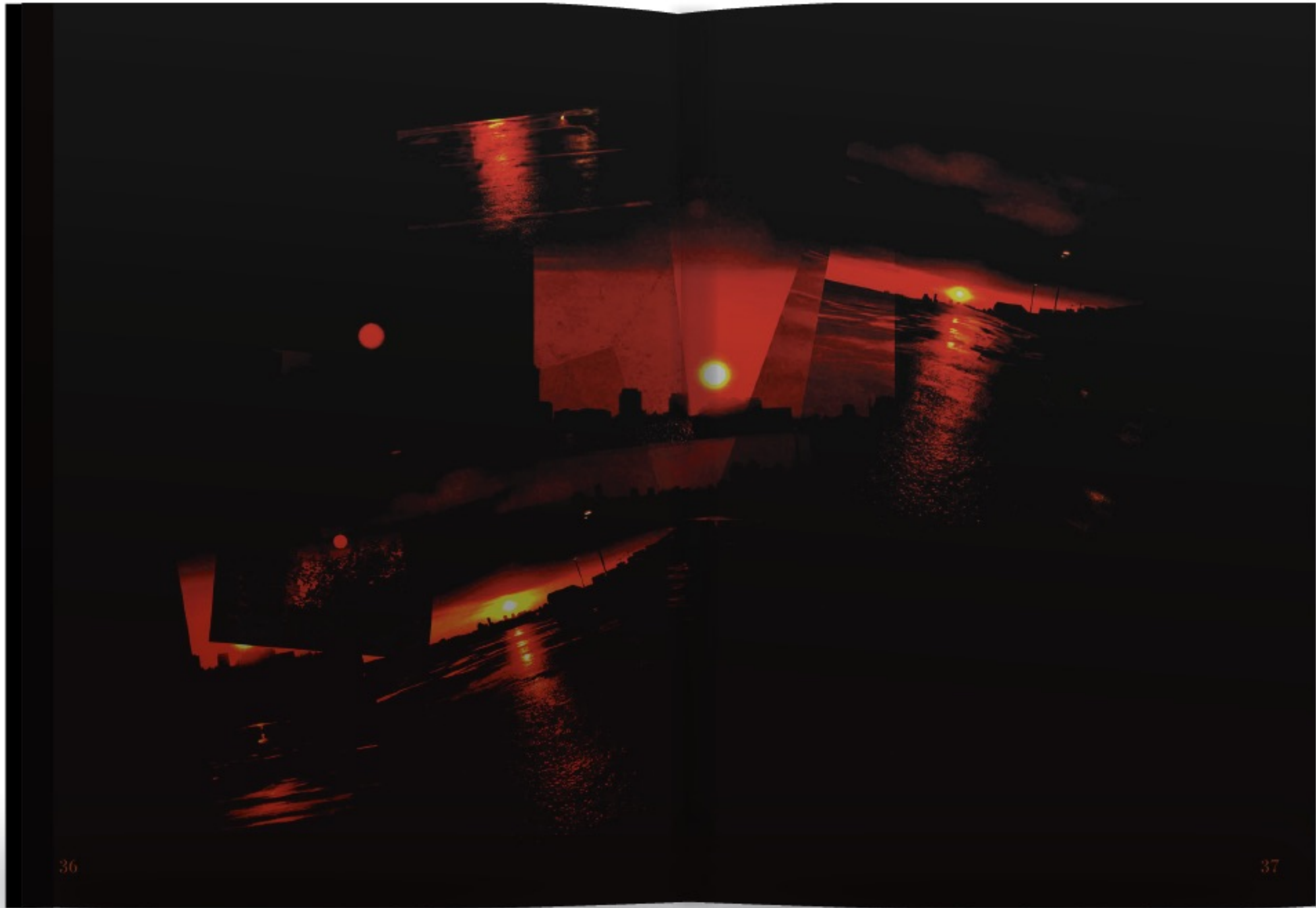
'kshh,

wshh,

shh,

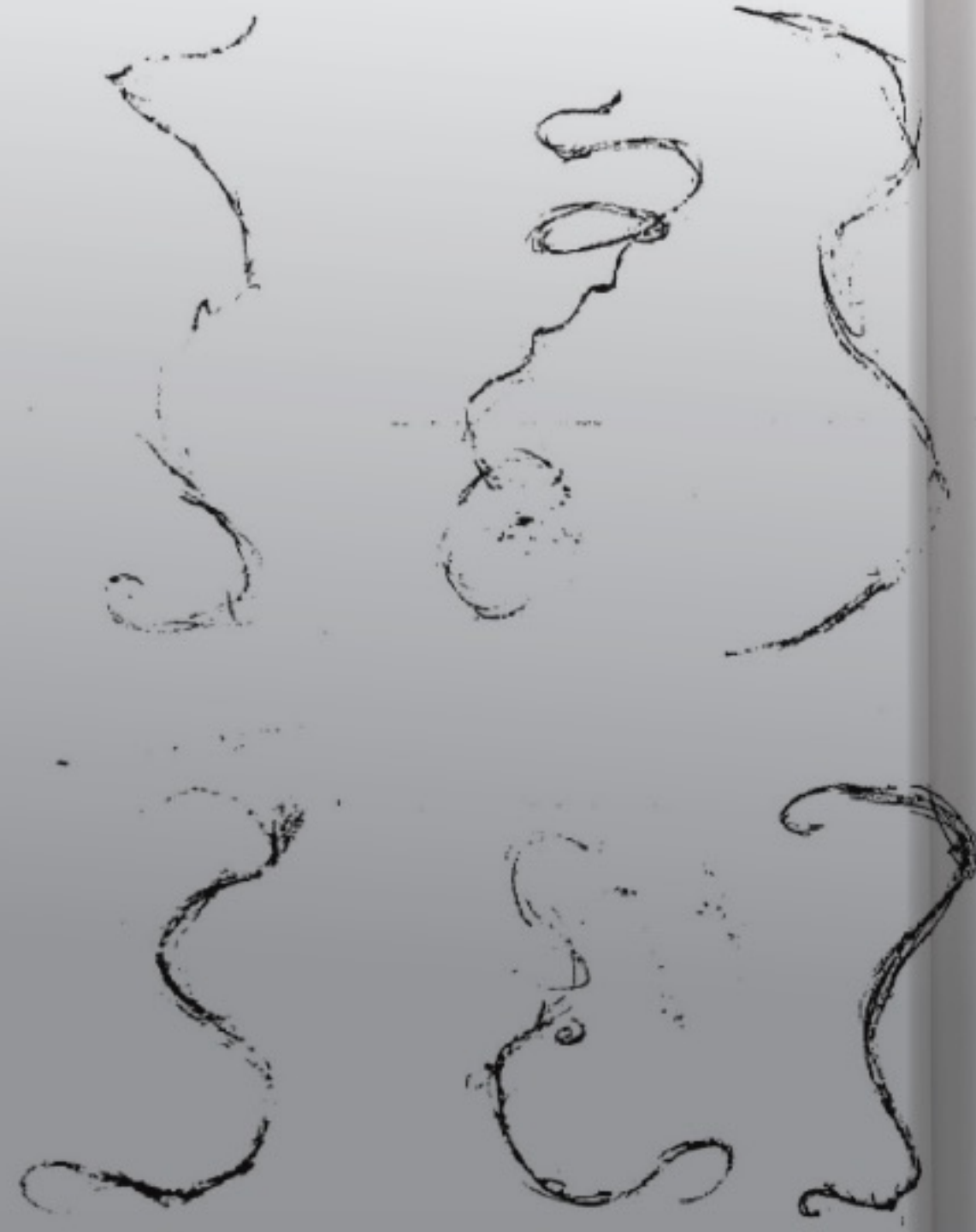
sleep...

Everything fades away—
is what every part of life
tells me.”



"In complete darkness, what makes the difference between closed eyes & opened ones?"

To sleep, to sleep perchance to dream. A man insistent on illuminating a black hole or an abyss isn't absent of hope but rather has the most hope of all."



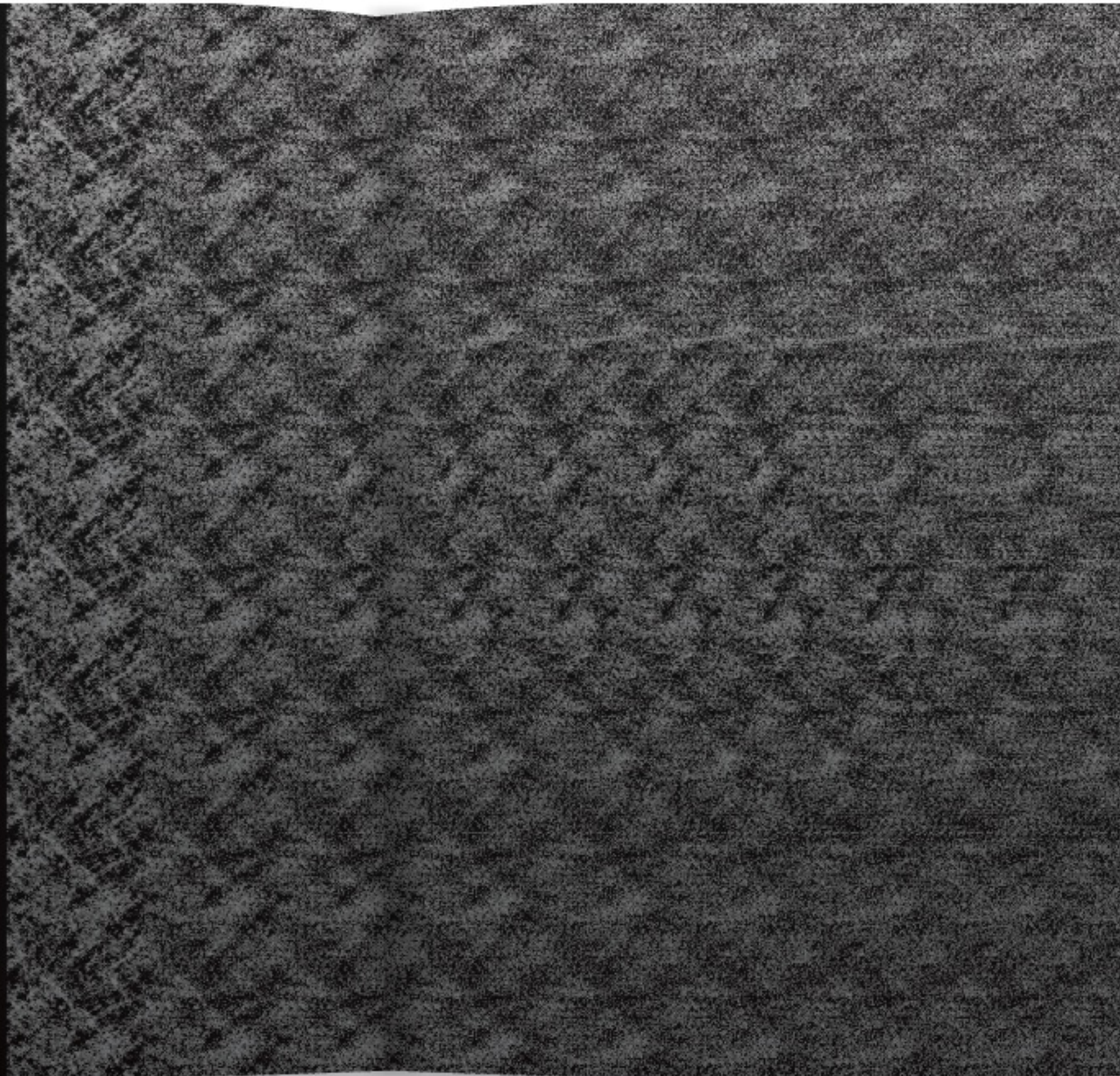
There is a hidden image
beyond the surface of this
page. Focus your eyes
correctly, & the illusion
will appear.

How to see the
hidden image:

I: Place your nose & focus
on the center of the image.
Your eyes will lose focus &
become blurry.

II: Slowly pull away without
readjusting your focus, &
the image will slowly start
to appear.

[Tip: The trick is to prevent
your eyes from focusing on
the surface of the page, &
instead, to trick your gaze to
become blurry or cross-eyed,
almost like you are looking
through the image.]





"Knights at the round table."

"Knights at the round table."

"From the cosmos of the sky

to the iris of the eye

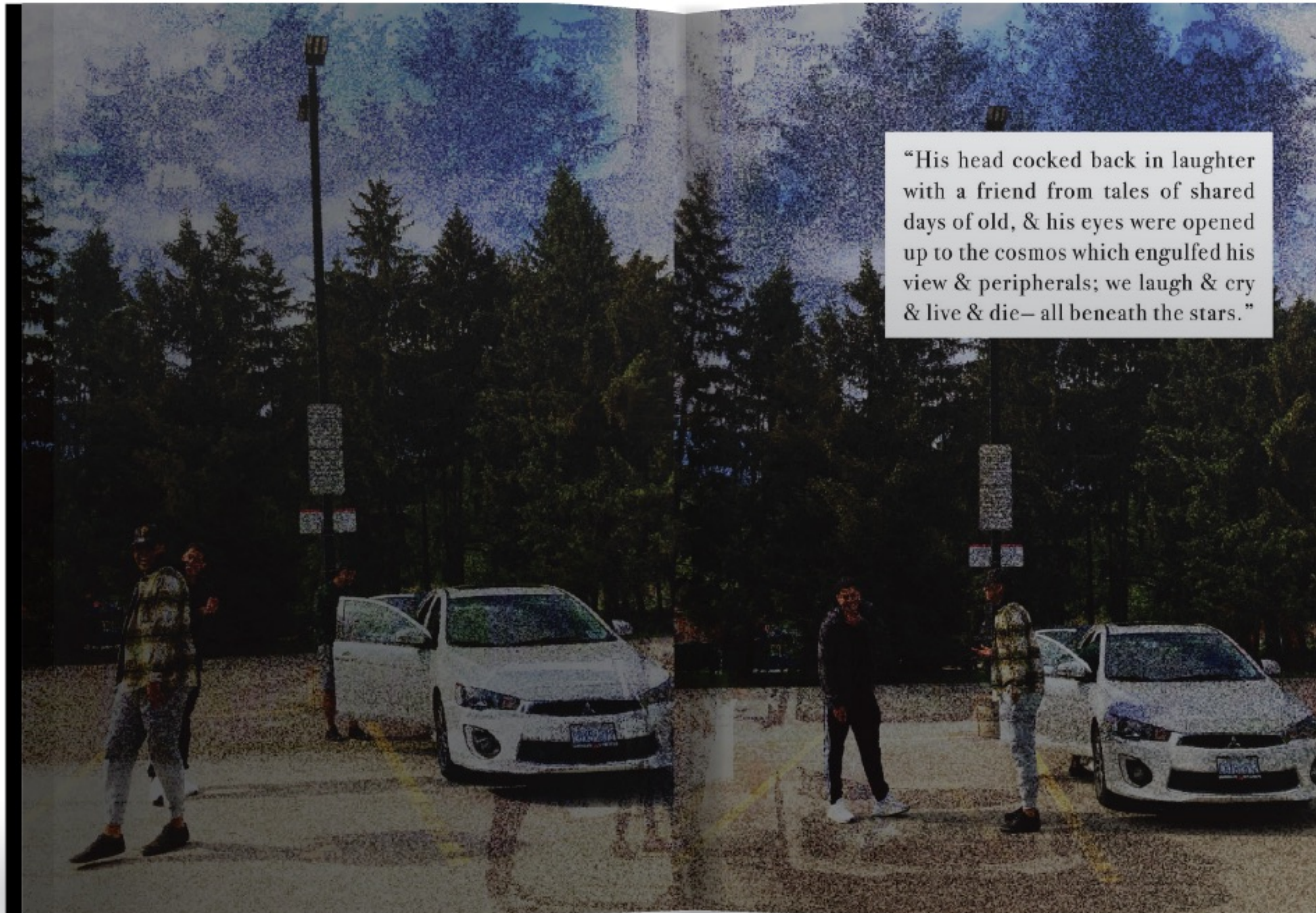
by the fingerprint of that

we are pleasantly branded

which unites us all. Toss away your terms,

make malleable your perception,

we are born in the image of a universal function."



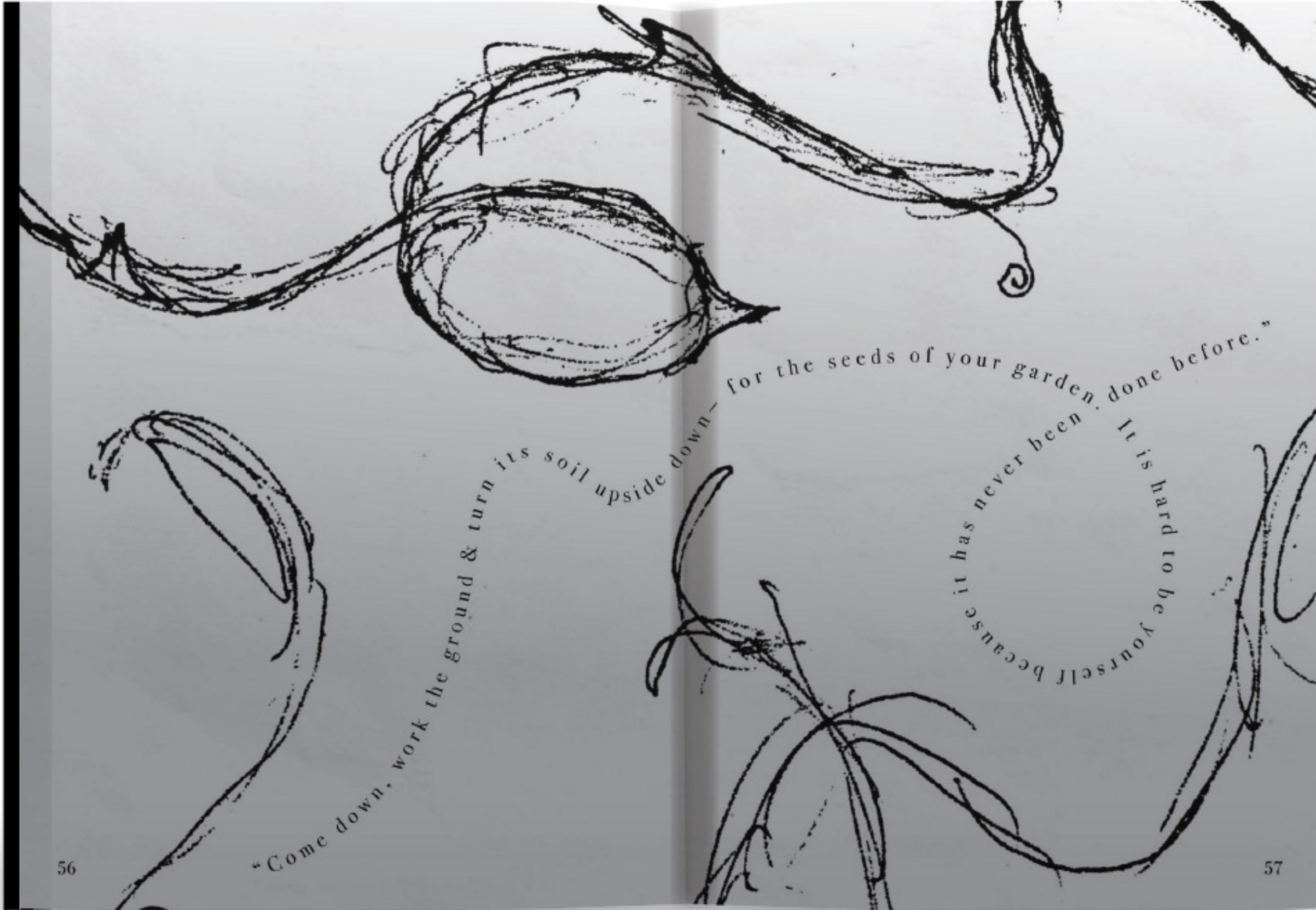
“His head cocked back in laughter with a friend from tales of shared days of old, & his eyes were opened up to the cosmos which engulfed his view & peripherals; we laugh & cry & live & die— all beneath the stars.”



"Open your eyes & see, for it is only

when we sleep we dream."





"Come down, work the ground & turn its soil upside down— for the seeds of your garden, done before."

because it has never been. It is hard to be yourself





'How shall it be,

*With eyes to perceive &
means to conceive,*

What is incumbent of me?



“Night on my heels,

daylight
on
my
face,

live & die on this day.”



He leaned slightly forward to gaze out the bus window. There was, presented before him, a long road



which split through much of the neighborhood. Far at the end of his view stood a small row of buildings. From his vantage point he felt as if he was just as tall, it felt like he, too, was placed in the sky. The road in front of him curved downward so the light still hidden behind the horizon didn't yet kiss its valley. He saw how it finally became day. The top



floors of the building woke up first; maybe the 30th floor. 30, then 29. 29, then 28. The light



bounced around within the fog, sunrise was in the air.



Good morning...

of consciously doing
done before. And again,
of some word.

HA A river is a symbol of.

"I am a river..."

"I pour in & out; into depths &
out; into streams & down."

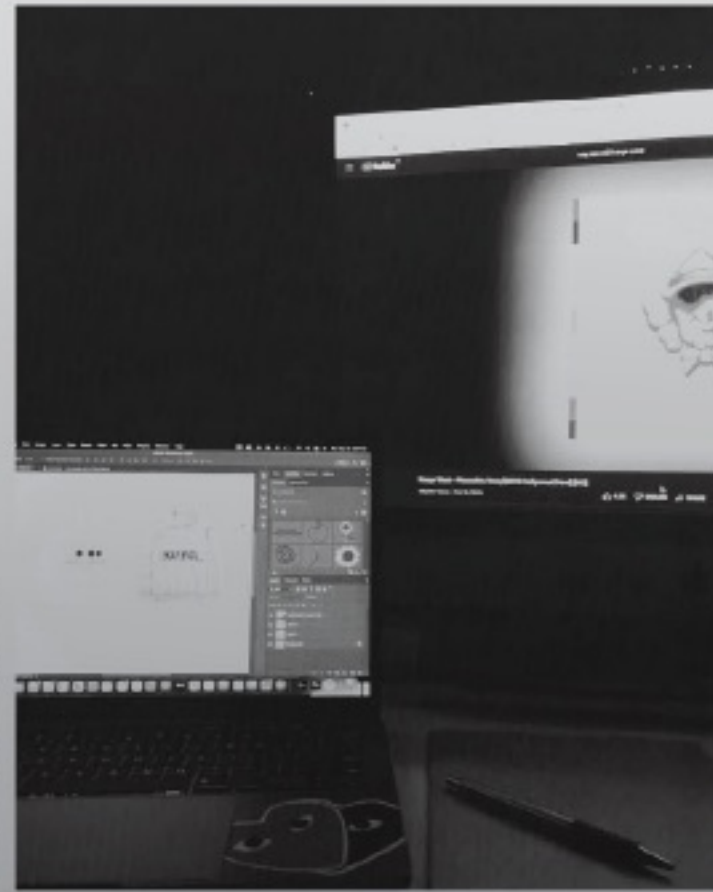
"I am a river: I'm pushed &
pulled— all at once."

"I am a river, whose banks echo its depths &
whose depths are hidden at its banks."



Look upside-down &

allow your gaze to walk be-
neath the floors of heaven.”



“He smashed heavy things on his
heart as its anvil. He lights up a
piece of the world. Bang. Bang.
Bang. Alchemy & molten steel,

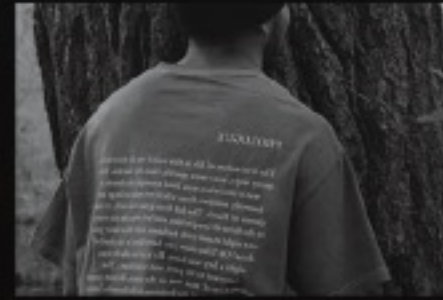
this is how one crafts an excalibur.”



“Life is a *moment*



& moments



you have
to be *ready* for.”

"We've learned a unique skill,

to listen— with closed ears,

bestow hollow well wishes ,

& *dress* clenched teeth with a smile...

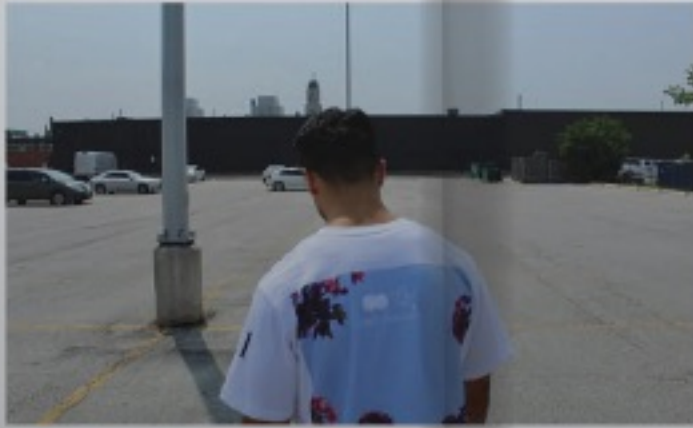
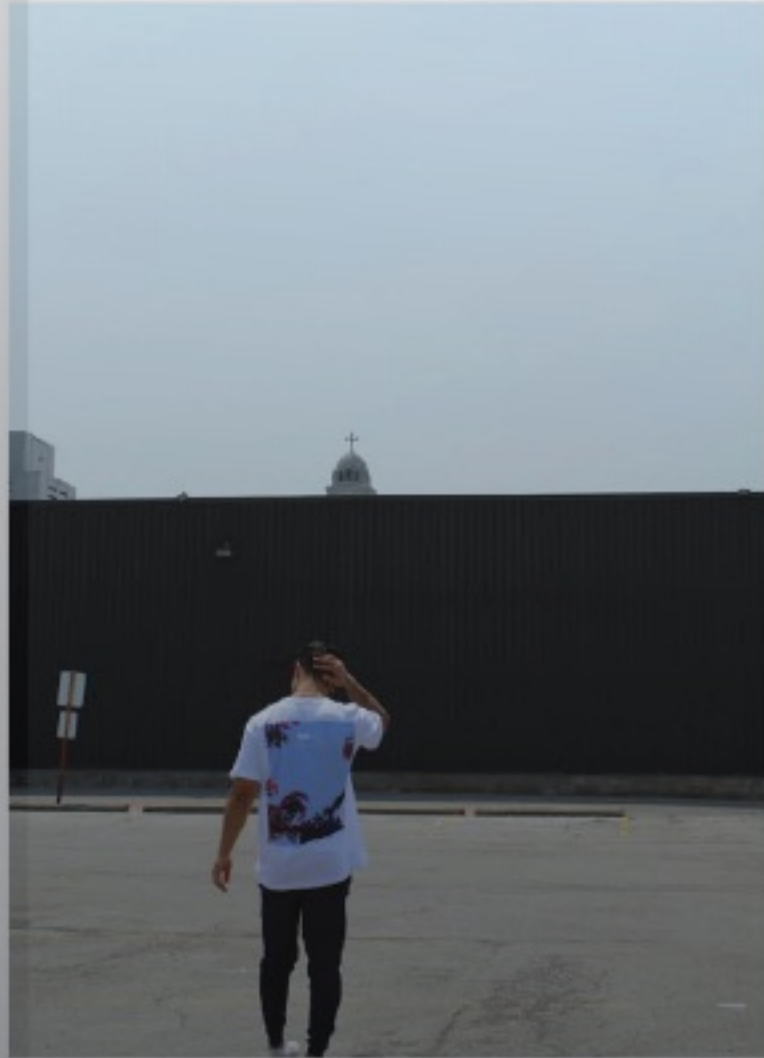
The price of politeness,
& the pains & pangs

Speak— with no breath,

curse— with a shining tongue,

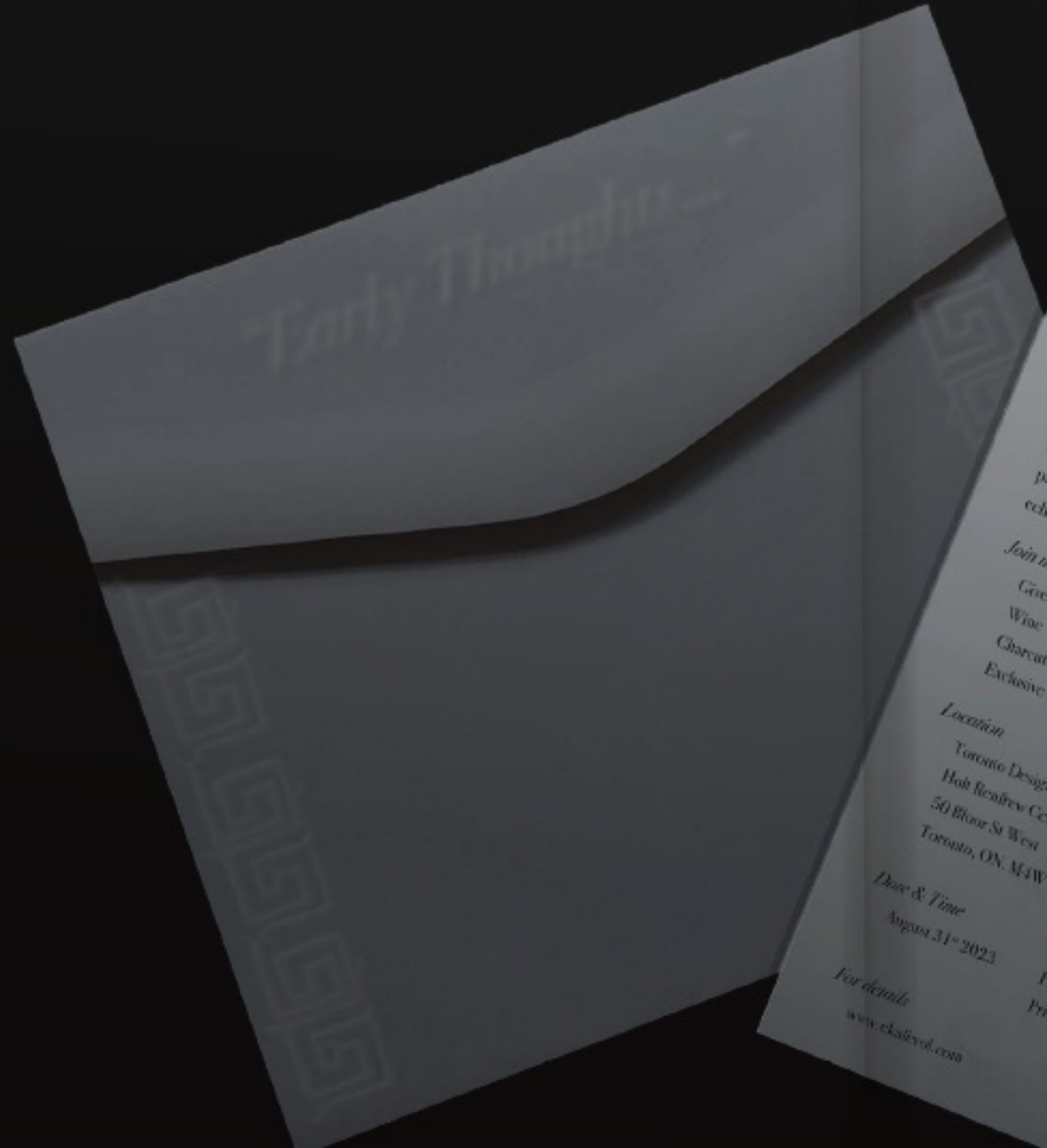
we all pay to '*get along*'."











“Early Thoughts...”

“Experience our brand’s “Early Thoughts...” & get acquainted with the shape our union will be taking, piece by piece, like a puzzle, drop by drop, by that of a scream—we echo on this book.

Join us for

Giveaway & Raffle

Wine

Charcuterie

Exclusive media piece viewing

Location

Toronto Designers Market

Holt Renfrew Centre

50 Blue St West

Toronto, ON, M4W 3L6

Date & Time

August 31st 2023

Public

Private

5^{pm} to 7^{pm}

7^{pm} to 9^{pm}

For details

www.ekaleval.com

