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Beauty Bouquet

There's a girl who walks the scenic trail.
The one with the long ponytail.
The way it blows in the breeze.
Can bring a fellow to his knees.
She's pure as sunshine.
Mellow as aged wine.
Mystical as a Hawaiian sunrise.
A beauty bouquet for the eyes.

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An angelic avatar



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The Girl With The Long Hair

The girl with the long hair she has the
prettiest smile.
And her beauty don't just come from her great sense of style.
Her gorgeous face is something that I would die for.
She's the whole package there's nothing more I can ask for.
She has the perfect skin tone with dark brown eyes. A small waist and little thin thighs.
Her hair do is sweet you know nice and smooth. When she got arou nd me sometimes I get the blues.
She keep her hair up high as long that good shampoo. Didn't see her feet yet but I'm sure they look good too.
I'm addicted to her it's like I'm under a spell.
I miss her voice, her
laugh and even her smell.





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Look harder

She has a beauty within ,The kind where she knows where
one's going and where she has been,She knows just who she is and wants to be.
She has the kind of beauty a lot of people can't see,You can smile and if you get close enough to look.
Not everyone is like this girl they judge her and treat her like nothing.
But what they don't realize is that she is really quite something.




22772


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My Beauty





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Letting Go with Grace

There's a peculiar kind of beauty that can only be experienced
with the innate knowledge that the moment is fleeting
and the most intense beauty can only be seen in
the presence of both light and shadows.
For it's often in the loss of a thing
that its worth to us becomes
most precious and by letting it go with grace we can best savorits purest delights.
Realizing that the pain
runs as deep only
because the beauty ran
so deep and that without
it having once touched us we
wouldn't now know the emptiness
of its loss, our grief will eventually turn to
thankfulness that it ever touched us at all,
and we will be left awed by the mystery of
its haunting.



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Beauty is deep

Beauty is just like a mountain You will never know what's inside
On the surface, it can be full with green plants
How about inside, it's it a hole or what? So, beauty is just like a mountain
The appearance is very beautiful and graceful
How about inside, it? Black-hearted?
Beauty of a person cannot say with appearance. Beauty is appear inside the deepest of the heart
The deeper the heart is, the beautiful the beauty is.



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The Beauty

Back in the interiors of the crossroads This succession of the blissful scenes
On the walls of the word beautifully decoded angel in the form of flesh her smile as lovely
as the lil es in autumn
Her eyes glimmer in the colors of gold

Your cuteness knows no bounds, your beauty has no limit, you are the only woman in the world, to which I will commit. I look at you and gasp in awe, wondering how you're mine, you take my breath away my dear, for you, I'll walk the line.



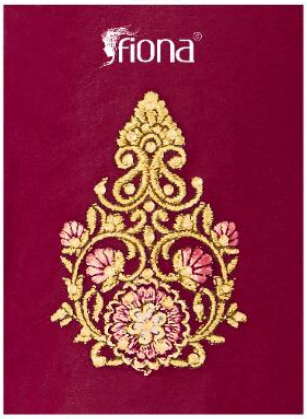




D. No.	PRODUCT NAME
22771	NYRA VOL-02
22772	NYRA VOL-02
22773	NYRA VOL-02
22774	NYRA VOL-02
22775	NYRA VOL-02
22776	NYRA VOL-02
22777	NYRA VOL-02

TOP	PURE SILKY CRAPE WITH DESIGNER WORK
BOTTOM	DULL SANTOON
DUPPATA	PURE DOLA JACQUARD DIGITAL PRINT

Beauty and femininity are ageless and can't be contrived, and glamour, although the manufacturers won't like this, cannot be manufactured. Not real glamour ; it's based on femininity.



Glamour isn't about age, shape or size. You don't have to be pretty to have it, anyone can create it.
Glamour never takes a day off.
Glamour is back but with a minimalist touch.
You can totally do this.
Come quickly. I am dating the sites.
You can do anything but not everything.
Romance is the glamour which turns the dust of everyday life into a golden haze.
For every two minutes of glamour, There are eight hours of hard work.
to a world full of needs I want to remain a classic.
Every Amazon needs a sissy. Mine is all about glamour.



JAGAT NIWAS PALACE

Jagat Niwas Palace is an early 17th century 'Haveli' (mansion), with its charm and aesthetics intact, situated in the heart of the most romantic city of Rajasthan. Nestled in the fertile valley on the breezy, eastern banks of the famous Lake Pichola, Jagat Niwas Palace is a heritage boutique hotel and is highly acclaimed for it's location and for the stunning view that it provides.

The charming property, with its rooms restored back to their old charm and glory, is a vision in white. Surrounded by ancient havelis, temples and meandering lanes filled with traditional artefacts - showcasing the way of life in the "old city", this property is submerged in heritage. With the City Palace as it's neighbour, Jagat Niwas Palace is a family-run property and we strive to keep our rich heritage and culture unadulterated.

Beauty and Beauty Lost

We're awakened to our insatiable longing for heaven
through both beauty and the painful marring of it.
For beauty hints to us of that for which we are truly made,
and its marring shouts that we are truly not meant to find it here.

We can be eternally grateful for beauty lost when we realize
that it's one of the great secret-tellers of the universe.
Still we fear it so and often fear even to hope for the beauty itself,
though they are a necessary cycle that fuels us on and drives us home.

We cannot deny or diminish our intense longing for beauty--
to see it and have it and be it, and we cannot pretend that its
dreadful loss does not press down upon us like a crushing weight.
We must let it crush us until our ache for heaven is excruciating.



