

runq
ROXIE





01

They whisper her name, and discuss her lineage. In her gaze they sense royalty; in her silence a regal stillness and in her attire regality. They bow their heads before her, and give her praise when she passes. She smiles and basks her surroundings with grace.

run
ROXIE





runq
DESIGNER WOMEN WEAR
ROXIE



05

*These houses are linked with the most great outside.
 Recently, a designer designed the inside which has been truly great.
 If he had called it with great measures as within, then and please. And who else would have them but these heavenly houses.
 Where ever there is a beautiful one, held with these houses.*

runq
DESIGNED NEAR PLANT

ROXIE



08

*They named her as she looks the best. She gazes expectantly
and beams at them. They bow in reverence.
in dread unable to the glory she stands beauty.
The vines and leaves shrill away as she passes.
whispering her perfect name and singing praises about her majestic can.*





run^g
ROXIE



03

*They watched her as she broke the heart. She gazed expectantly
and beams at them. They knew in silence
in dread waited to the glory all around beauty.
The vines and leaves shook away as she passed.
whispering her perfect name and singing praises about her majestic exit.*



run^g
ROXIE



09

These houses are linked with the most great outside.
 Recently, a designer designed the words which make his house truly special.
 He had called it with great measures of water, blue and green. And who else would love them but these heavenly beauties.
 These even more is embellished with these houses.



06

*As they gaze into the mirror, they're struck by bewilderment,
Not knowing it is their reflection they behold they imagine it to be
a world of wonder and cotton imprisoned in the confines of those glassy depths. /
They marvel at the beauty within, clad in threads of dreamt reality.*



02

*Against the golden desecraps of Rajasthan, she stands in like she was always meant to.
Her attire is the color of sand on a clay and white history. Every step she takes is
a story, whispered from yesterday to yesterday, about a lady's culture.*

run^g
DESIGNER NEAR KUTUB



ROXIE

