

those strings were what moved me; however I feel that by that time this rope of love has already hollowed out so much that the only thing left is bitterness, all the beauty of it disappeared.

I feel like the chair and rope have their own path / storyline and this is what affects me, because in the end it's the cancer gall that puts everything in motion, something on the inside and not on the outside. A happening from outside (external experience) might provoke and does provoke the internal process but in the end it's this internal process that makes you wilt and might kill you in the end.

Innocence

Quick to bloom

Remembrance

Wilt

Bitterness

→ Love is innocent at first

→ It grows fast, too fast ^{some} time

→ It goes down from its' peak and makes you long for what you once had

→ if there is an unanswered love like with Ophelia it makes the person wilt, you lose yourself inside that love and forget about yourself.

→ you lose all hope and will there's nothing left to fight or long for, no direction or aim, no sense of will. By losing yourself a part of you has already died; emptiness.

→ Madness

Now let's go to the abandoned village!!
See you soon

Love

Joany