




all of this





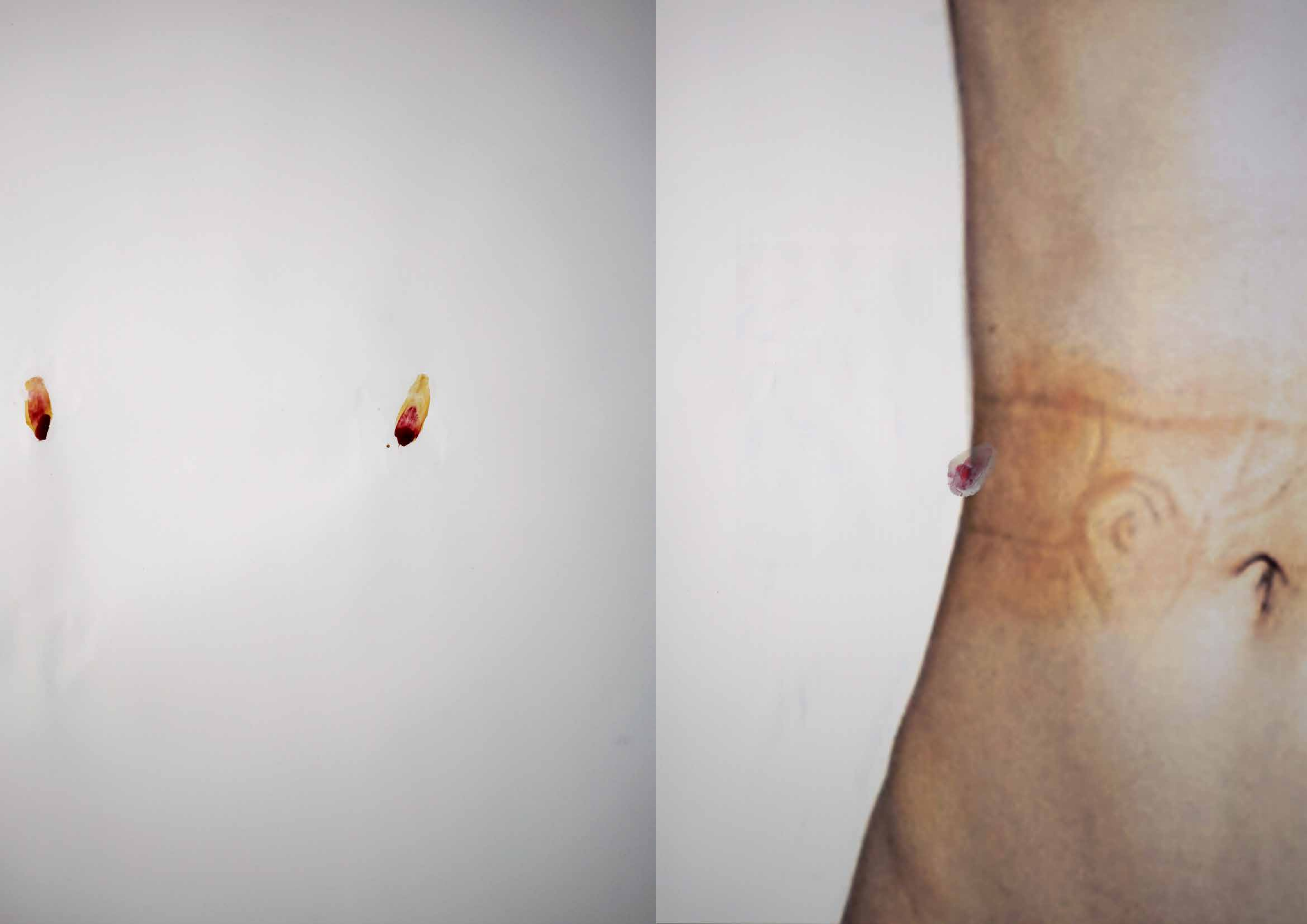


Once, if my memory serves me well
I had a photograph that was a banquet for the heart
it stayed with me for many years
until it was cut by the blade of time
the blade cut cold swift with no pain
gone before the wound opened like a window
my memories will only get me this far
yesterday I looked at the photograph
and someone else had taken your place
I don't remember how that happened
you must have left that body a long time ago
with only a ghost still lingering
almost someone in front of the curtain
almost in this time
mostly lost in all that is seen

it's time to let go
memories won't get you very far
if it is far that you what to go
these wings are then meant for you
float out the window
these cuts are then meant for you
float out and say goodbye
you have been here for so many years
it is time to let go
yesterday I traveled to where we used to talk
I have known this place for so many years
now the curtains have changed
the people have faded
they look sad and abandoned
I can not remember their voices
memories won't get me there anymore
yesterday I traveled to where we meet by the sea
it was cold and the sky and sea were no longer blue
memory will not get me there anymore
it only transfigures all from this
photograph that is shadow and light
you have left that body a long time ago
Once, if my memory serves me well
I knew who you were
and my life was a banquet





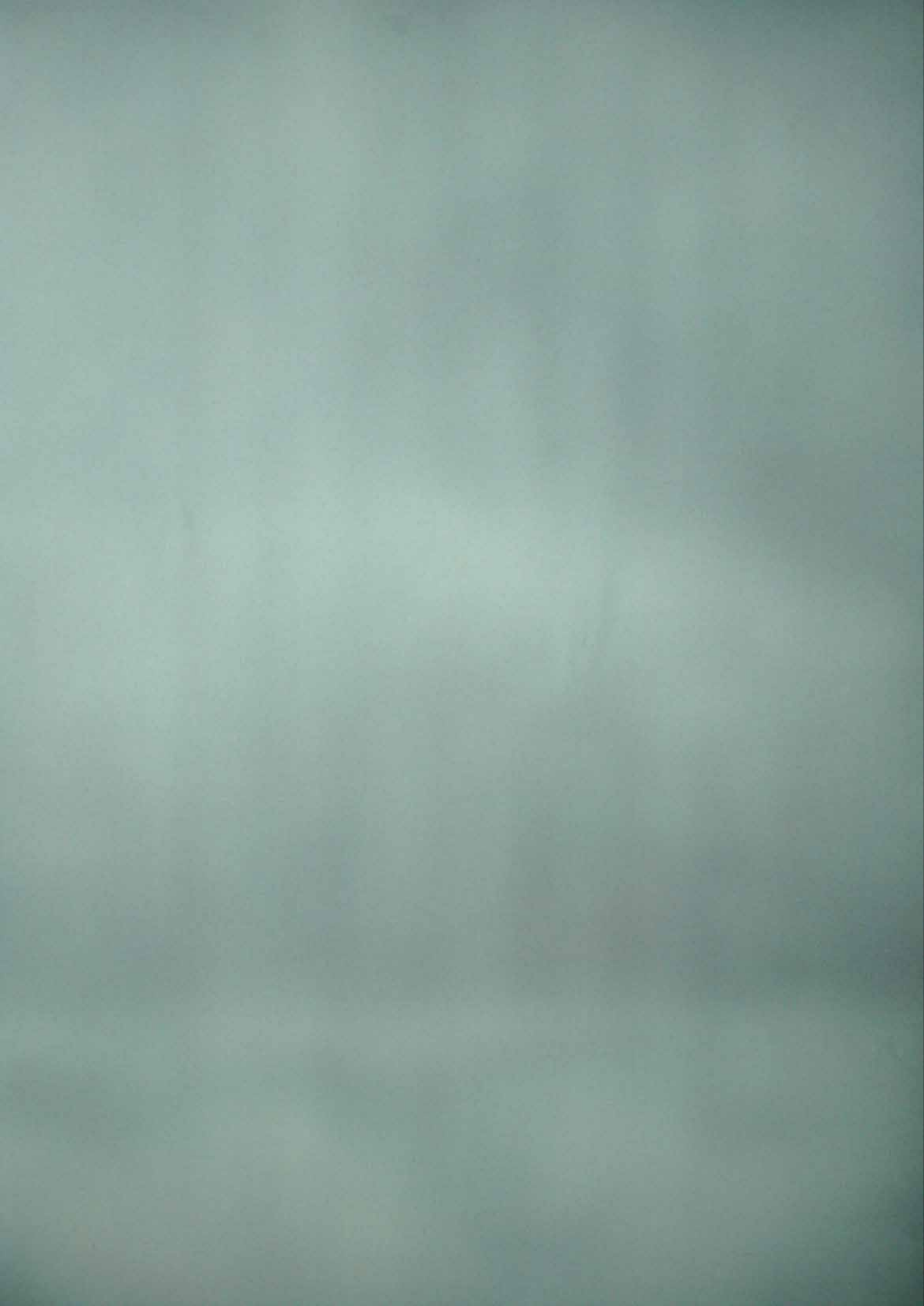






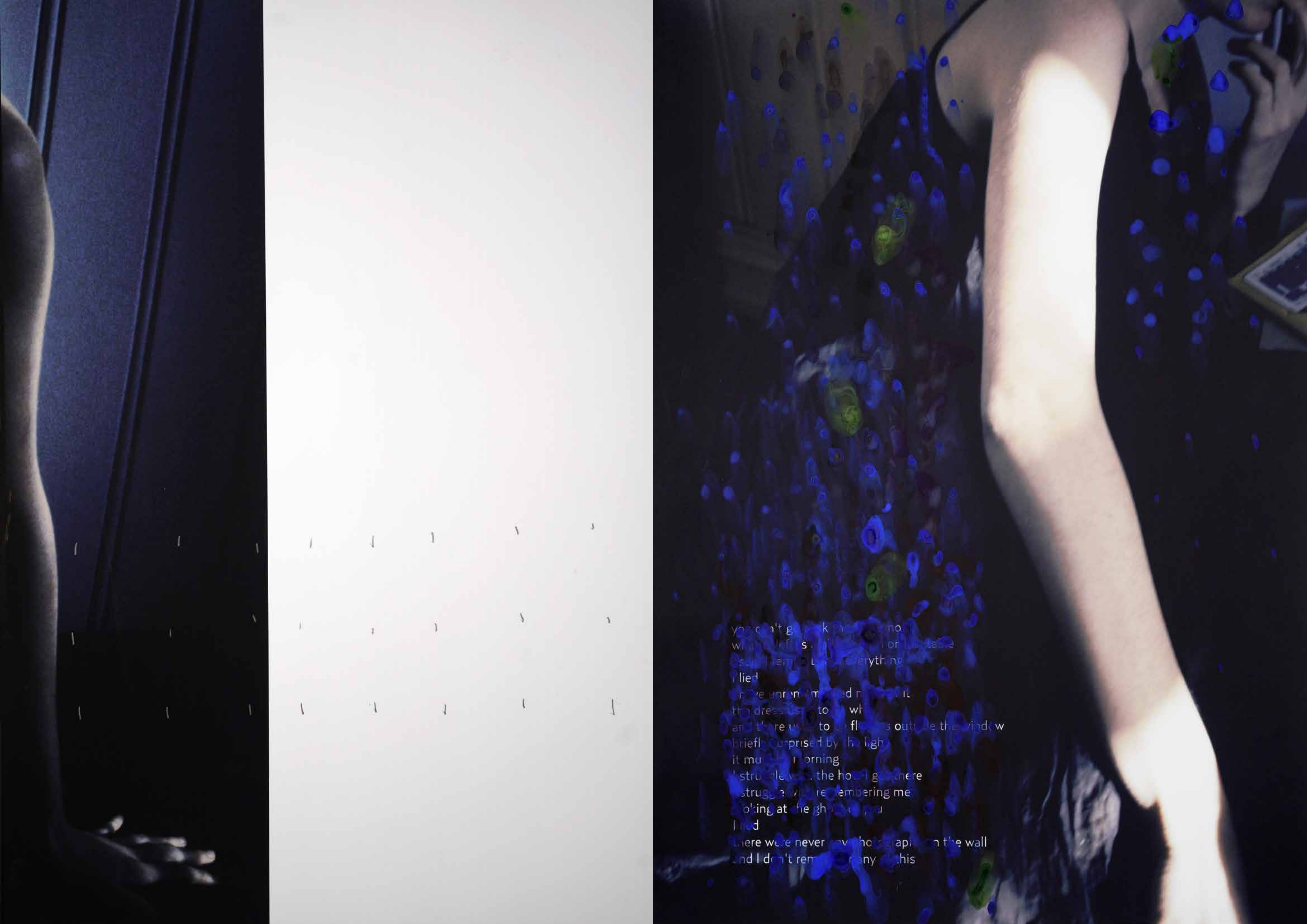










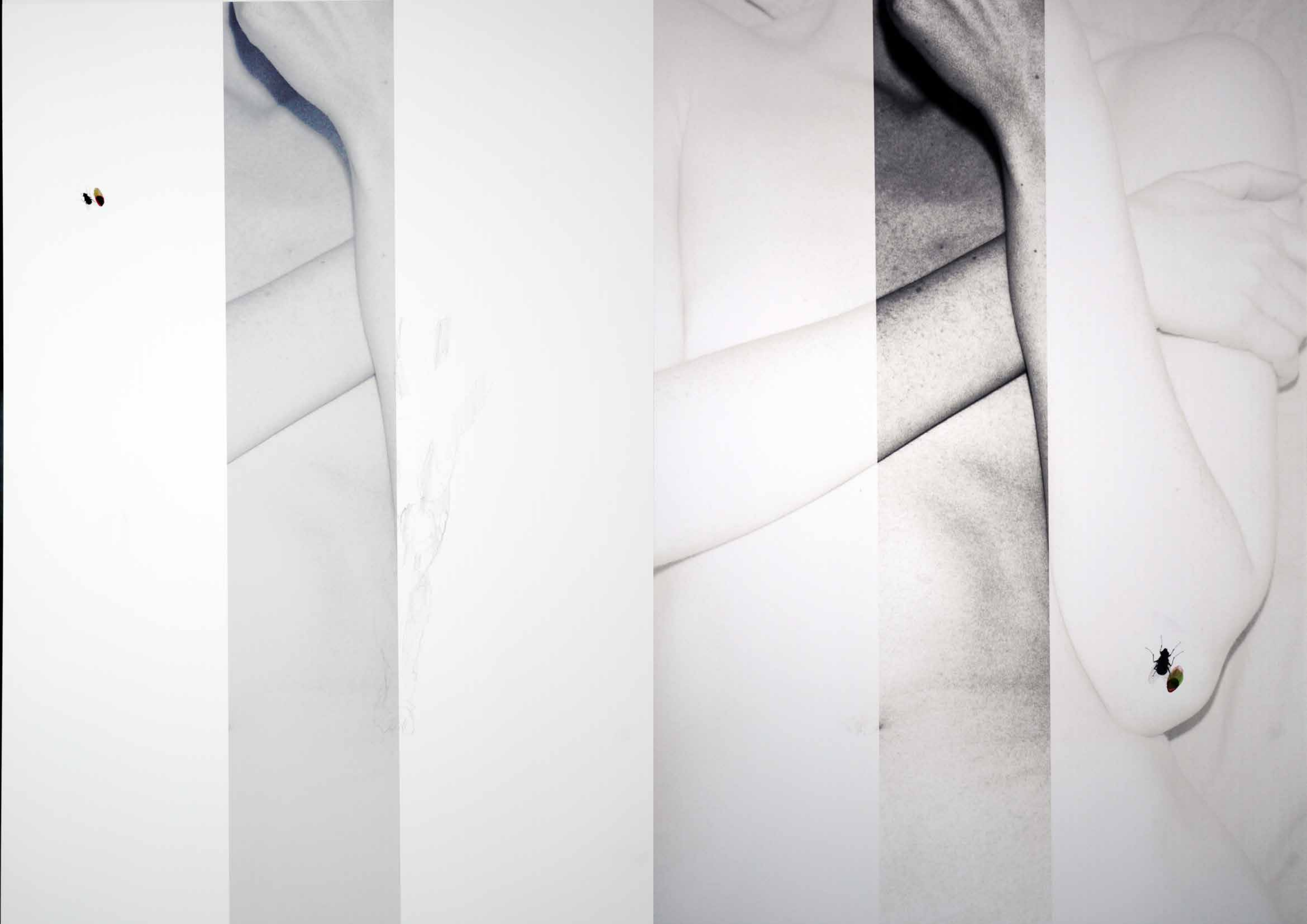


you can't get back to the room
with the left side of the room
I said I remember everything
I lied
I never remember the room
the dress I said to the woman
and there was a table outside the window
briefly surprised by the light
it must be morning
I struggle to remember the hour I got there
I struggle to remember me
looking at the ghost of you
I lied
there were never any photographs on the wall
and I don't remember any of this



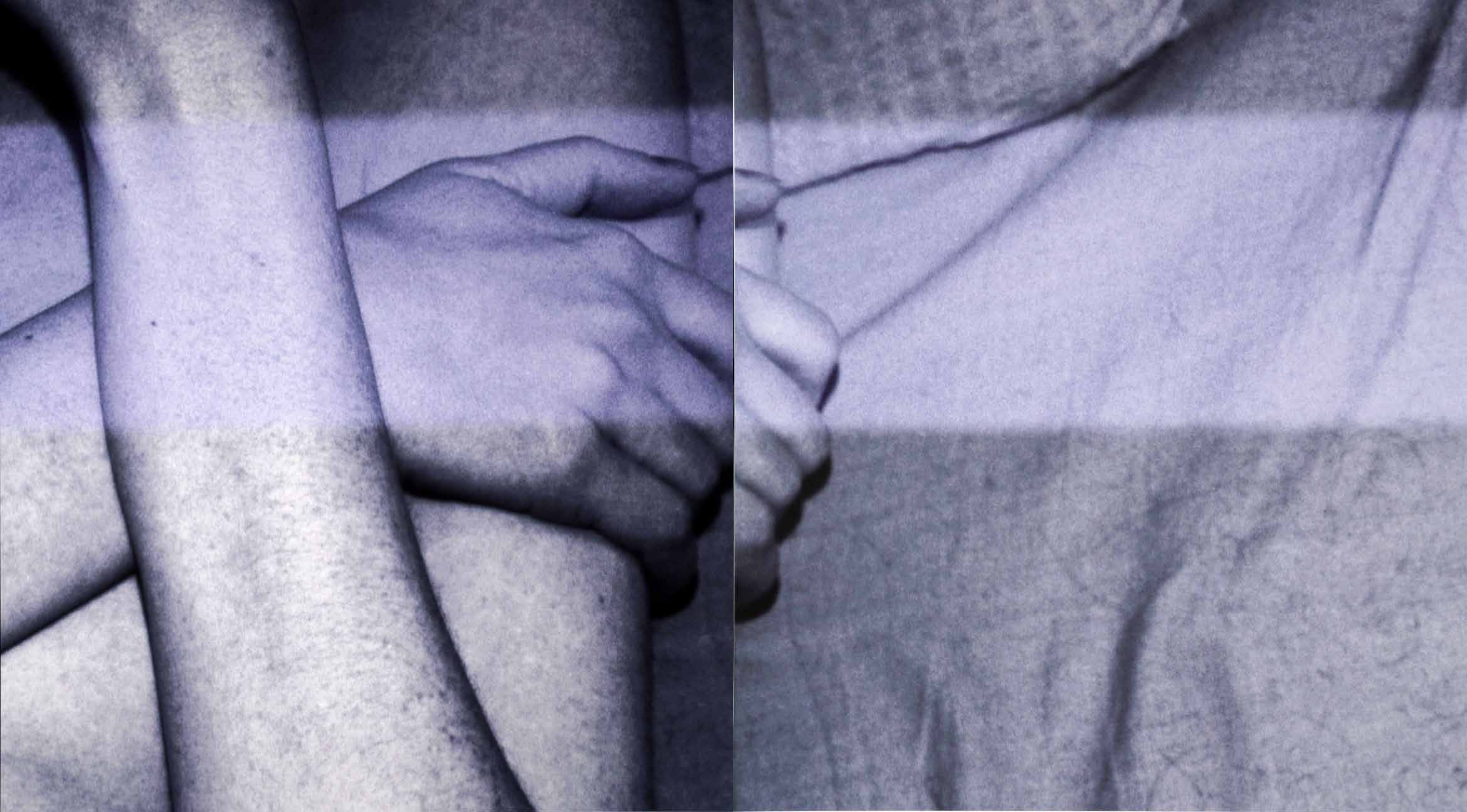








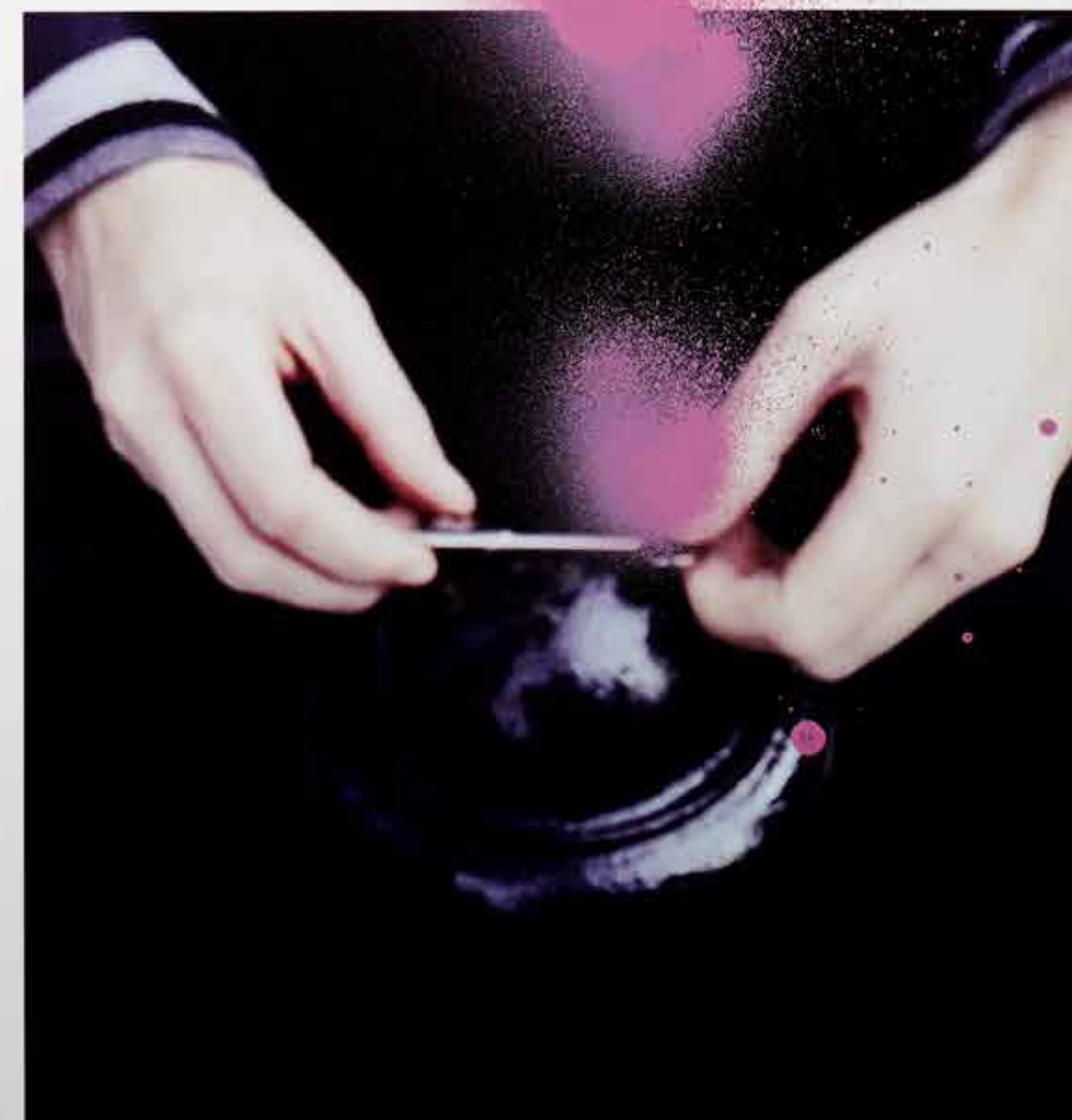


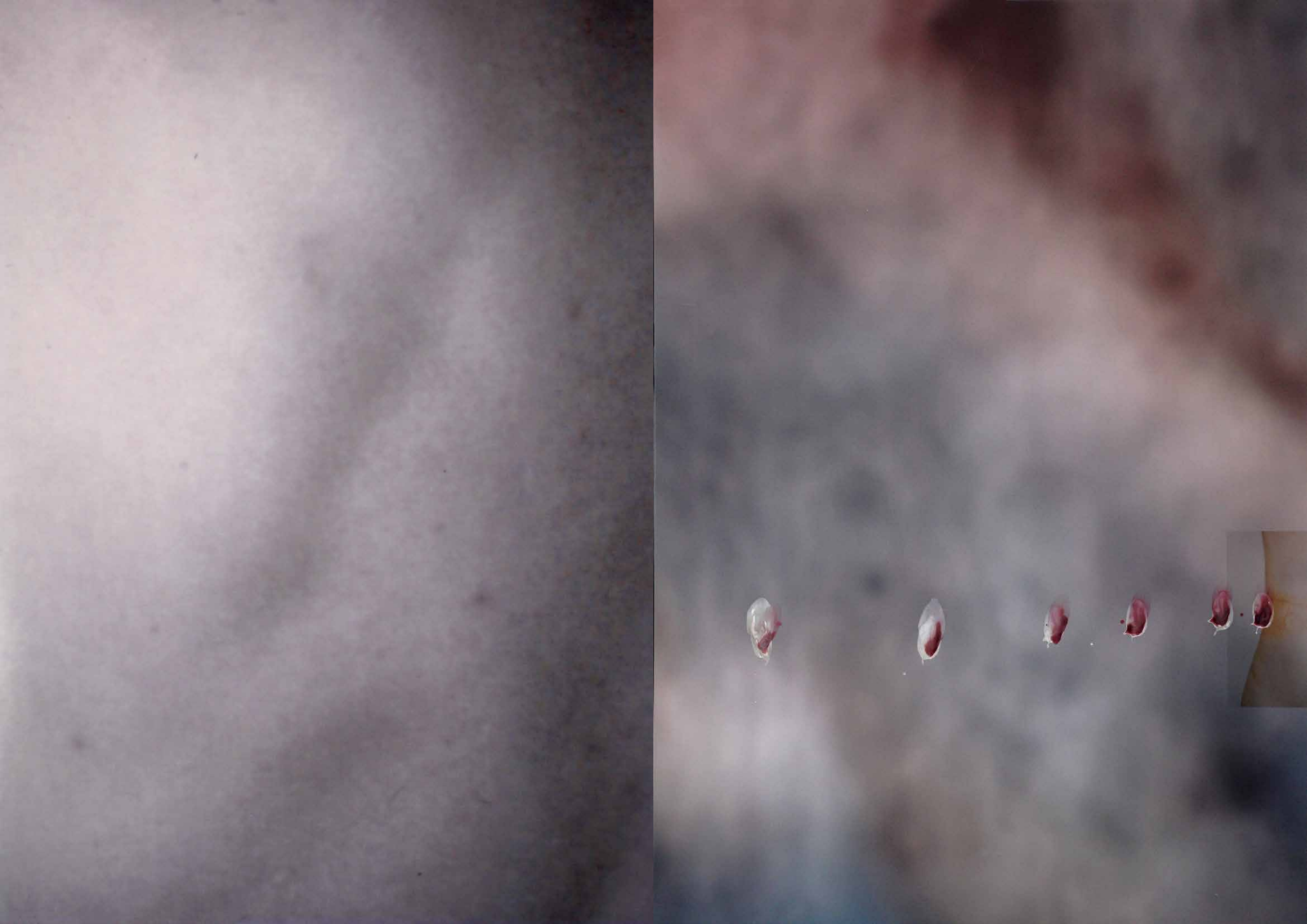






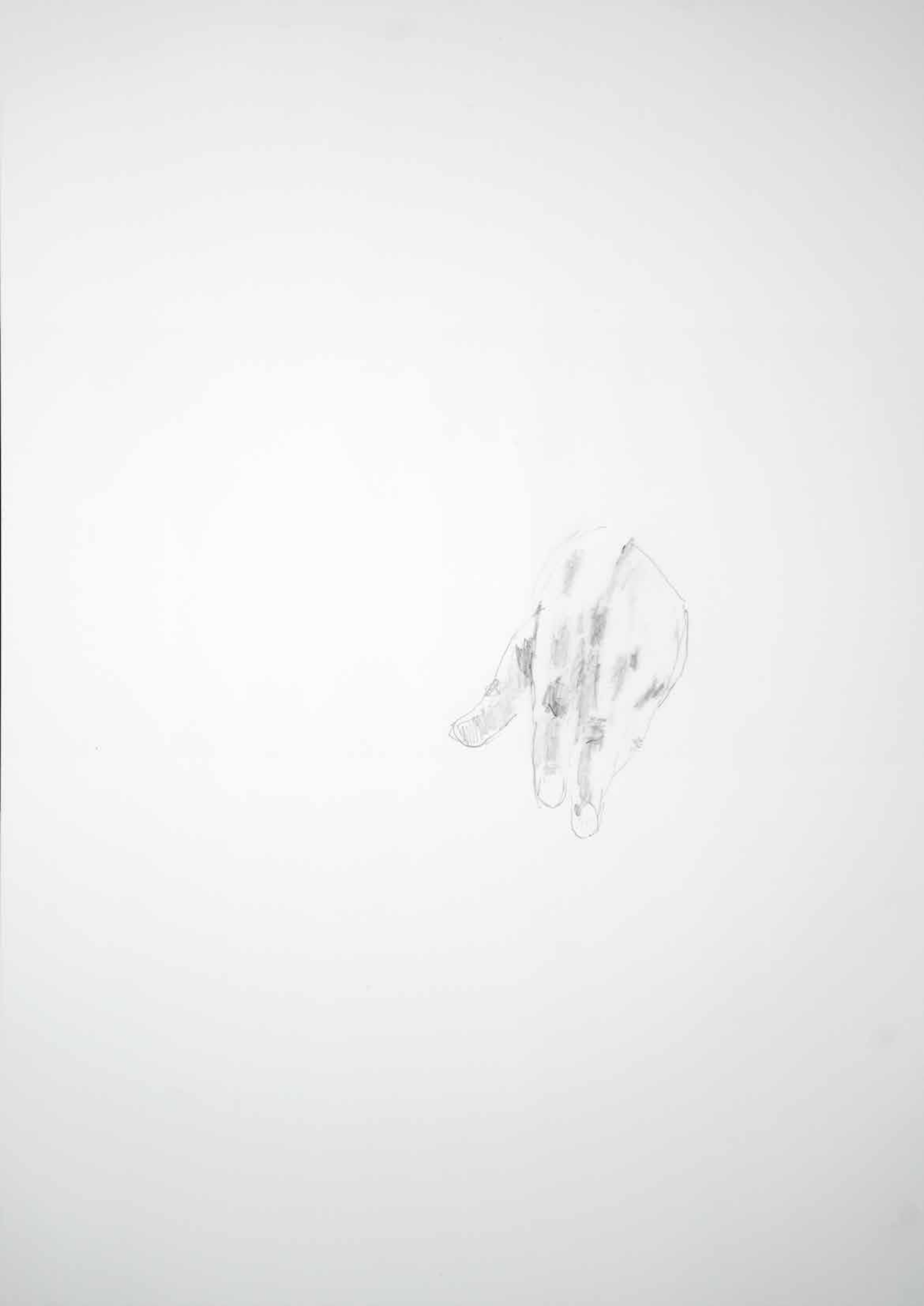




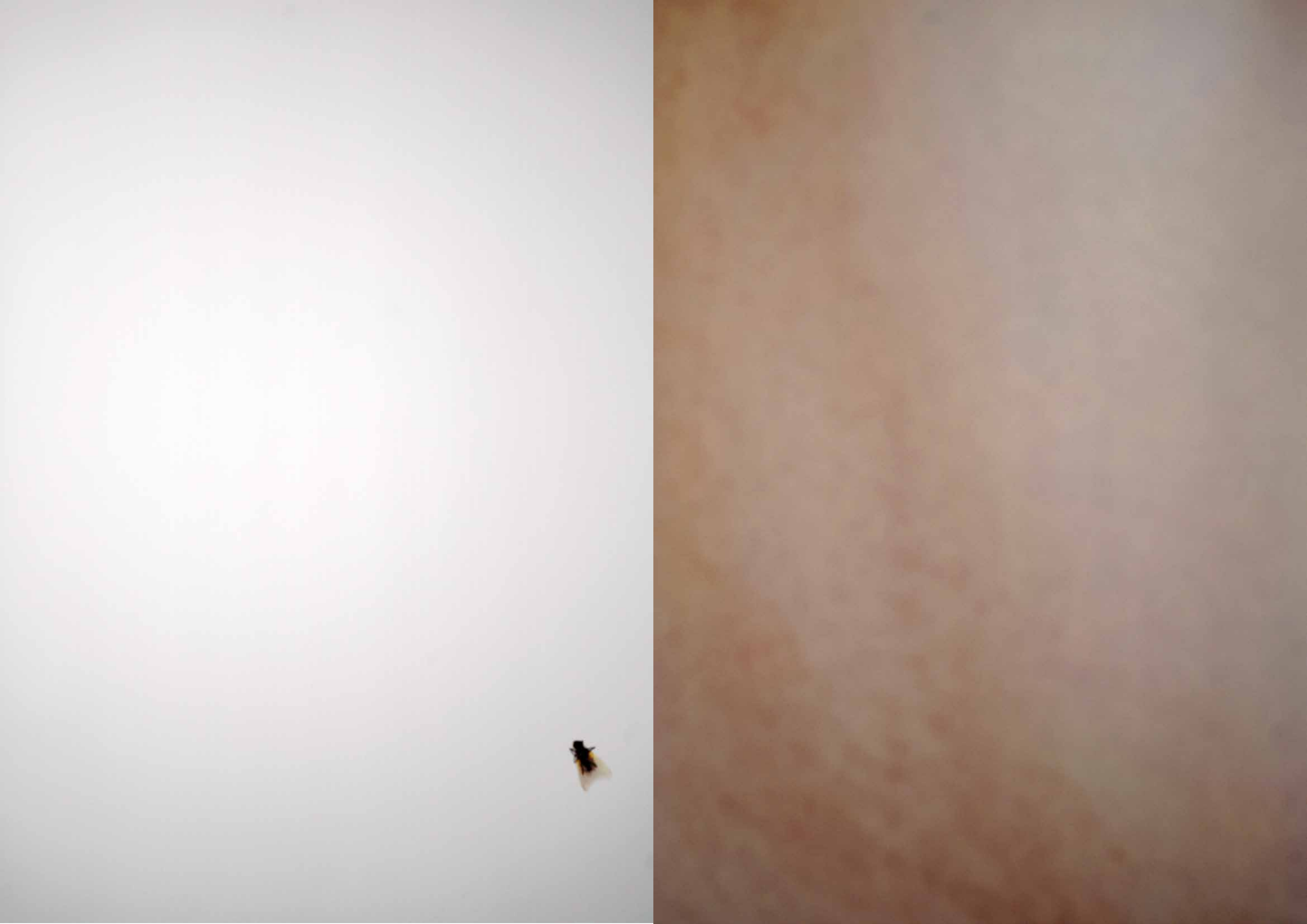




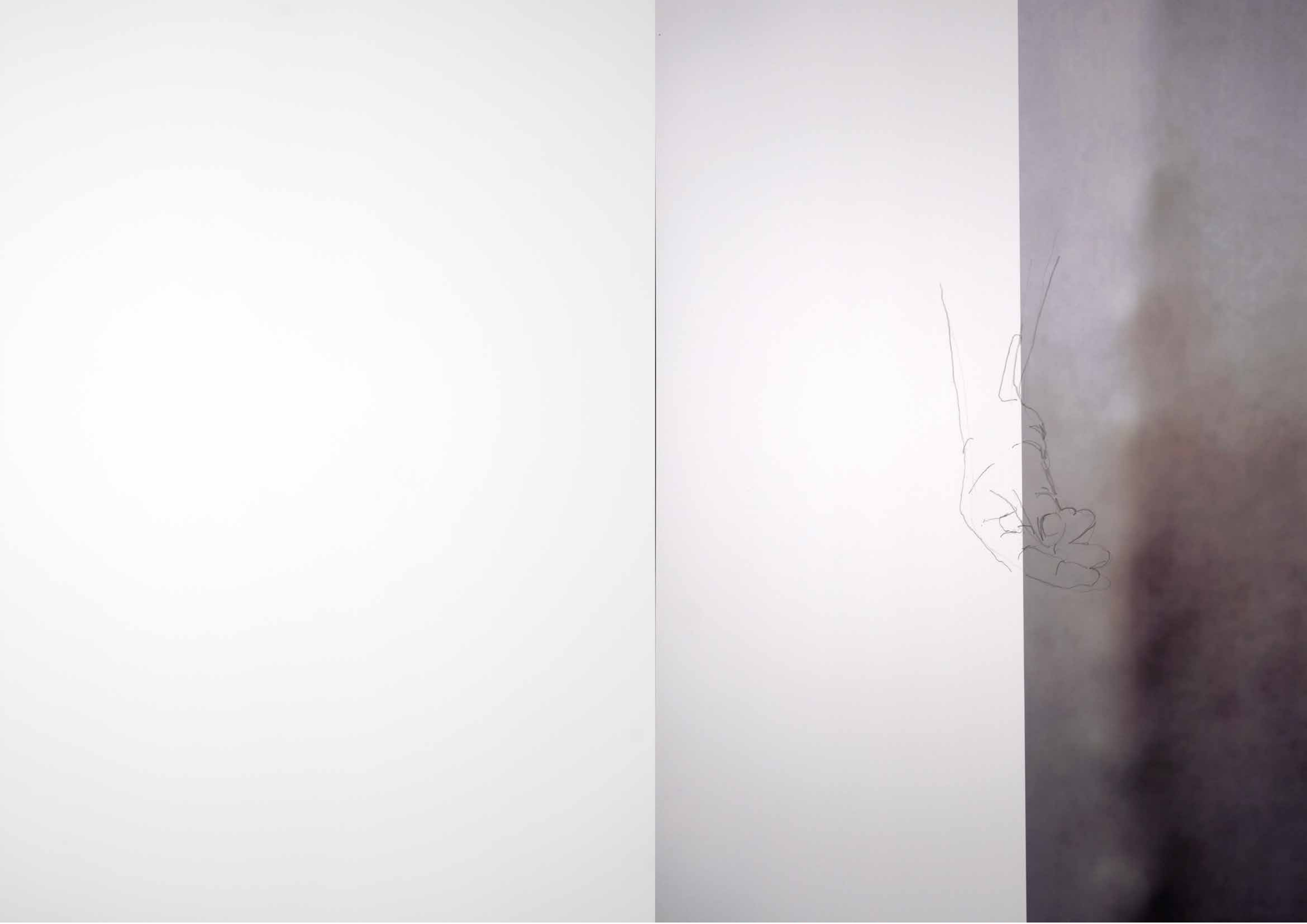


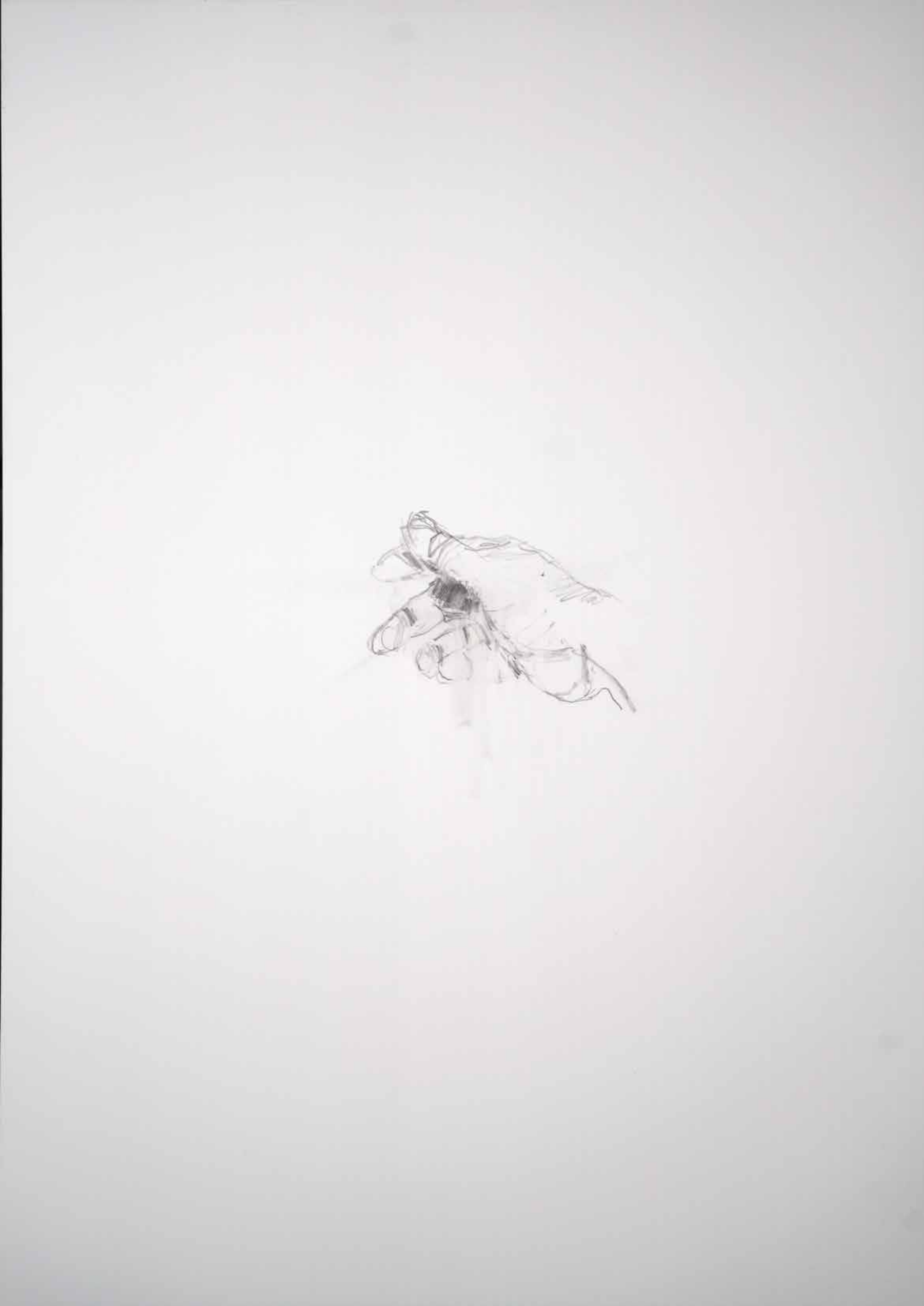






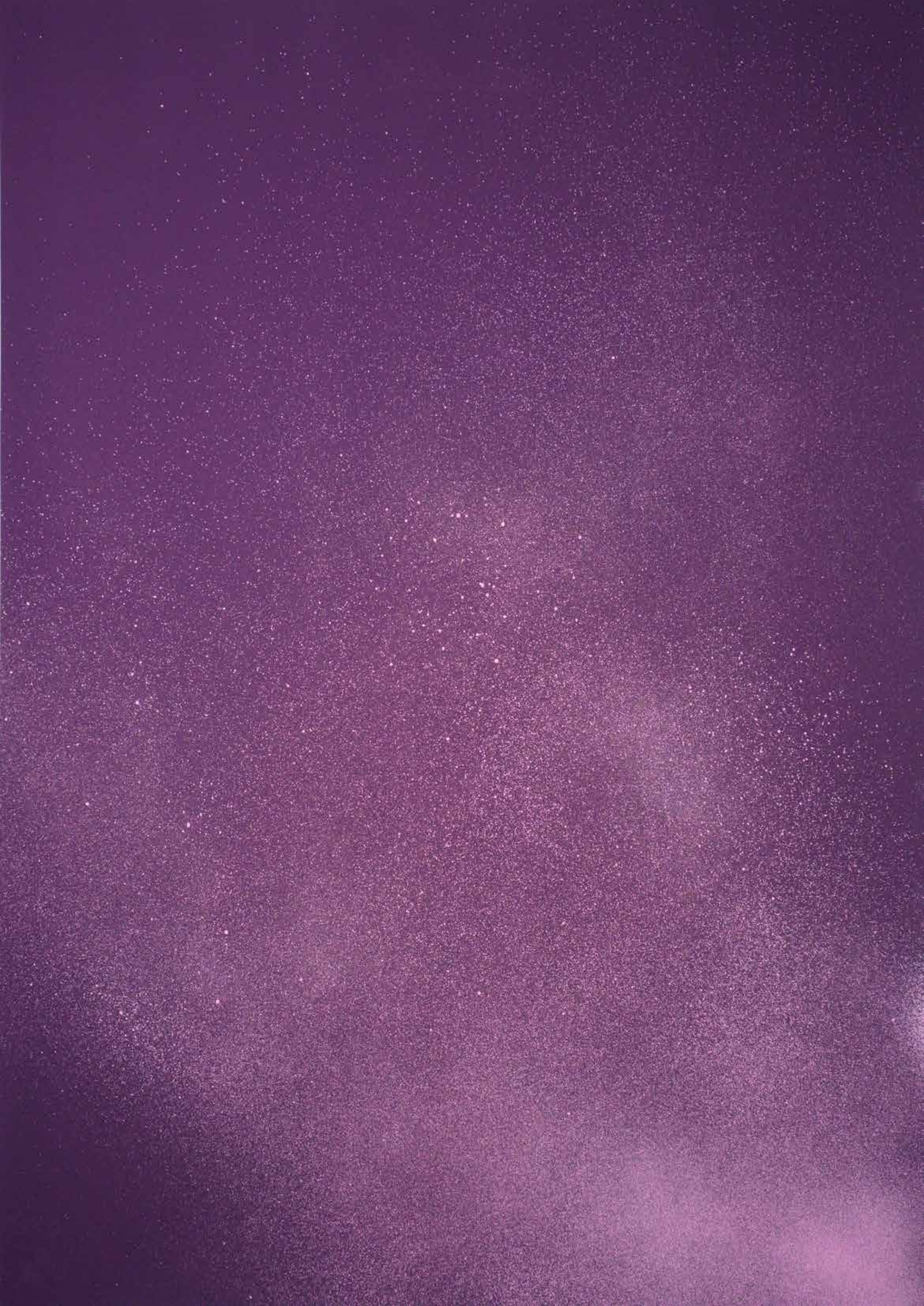


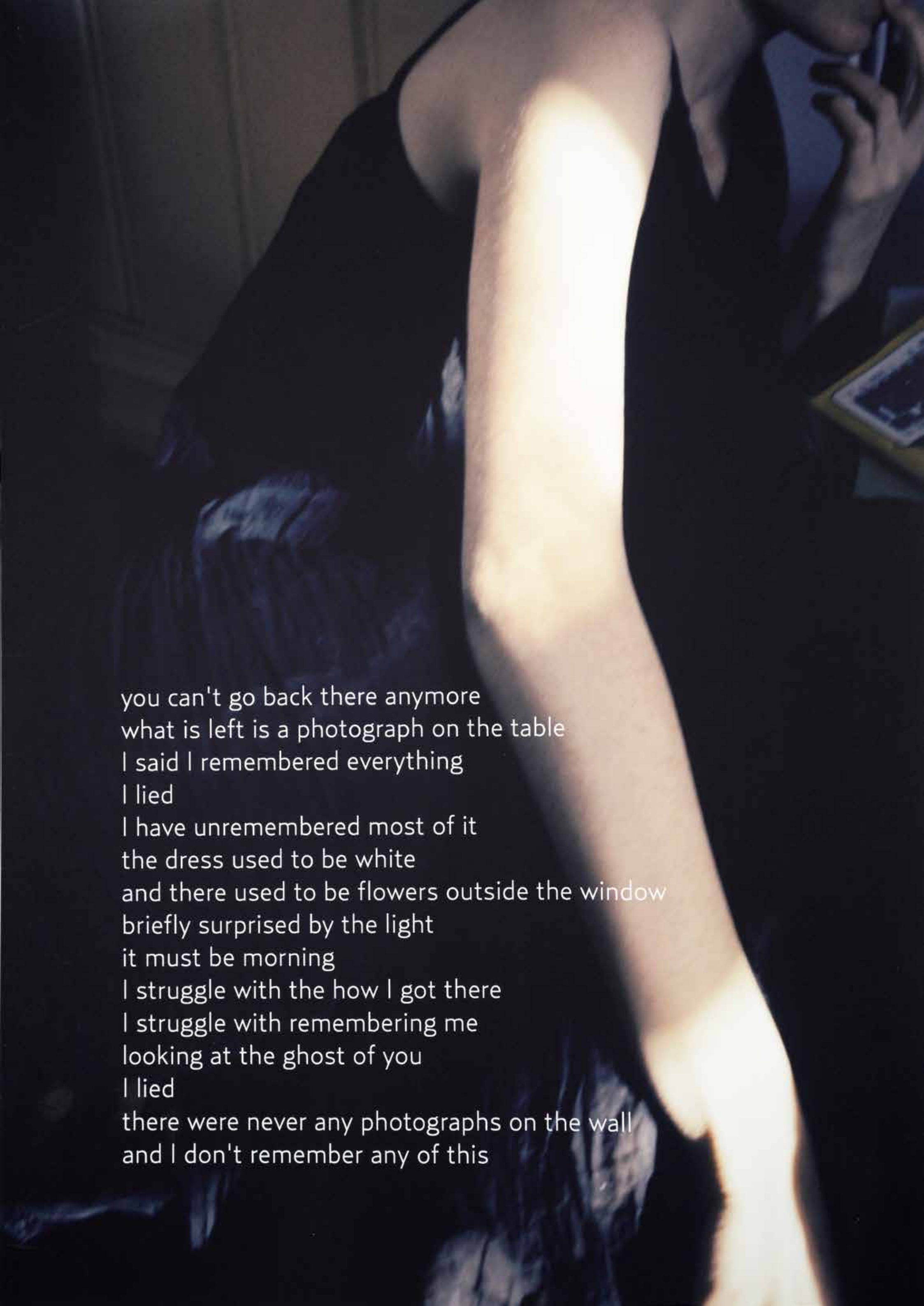










A person in a dark dress, possibly a woman, with a strong light source illuminating their arm and shoulder, creating a dramatic contrast. The person is positioned on the right side of the right page, with their arm extended towards the center.

you can't go back there anymore
what is left is a photograph on the table
I said I remembered everything
I lied
I have unremembered most of it
the dress used to be white
and there used to be flowers outside the window
briefly surprised by the light
it must be morning
I struggle with the how I got there
I struggle with remembering me
looking at the ghost of you
I lied
there were never any photographs on the wall
and I don't remember any of this



and the photographs too

