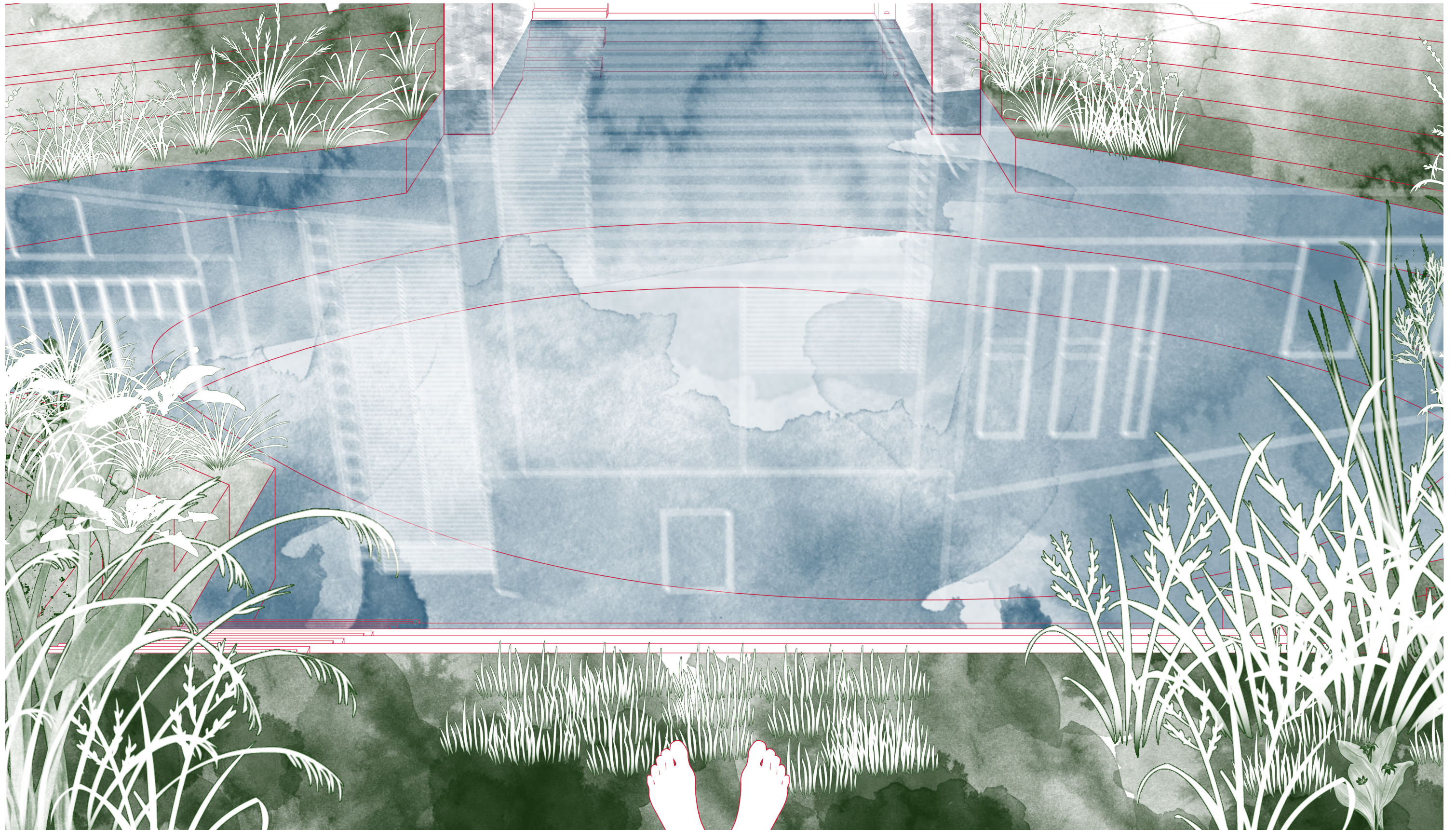


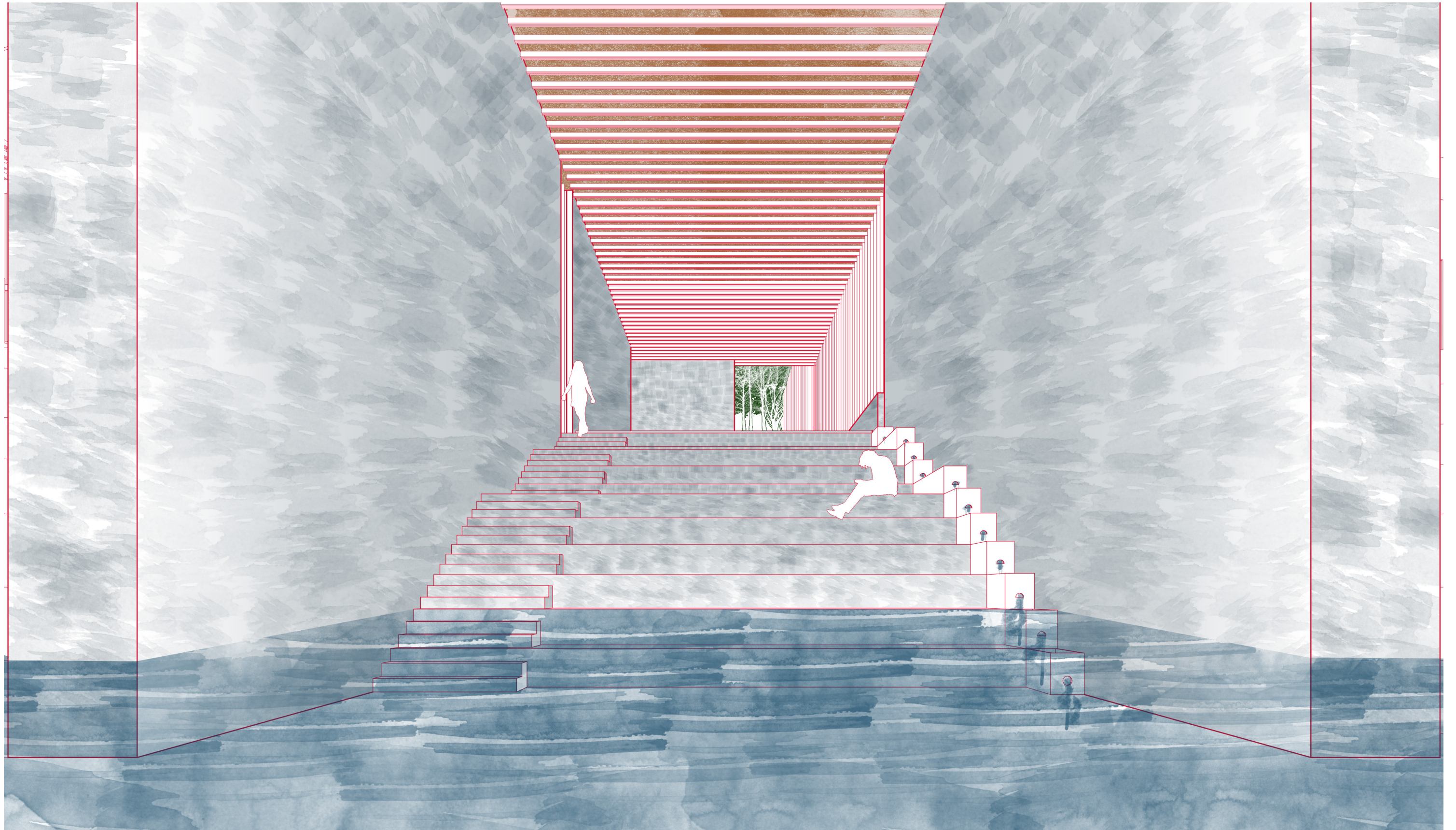


‘thinning out the woods - the sun rays seeped deeper - in my veins I felt soothing - warmth as searching for their source - my feet unconsciously took me closer



‘in the waves of light - I stood lighter, thinner - thinned out of thoughts my mind - freely wondered in front of - a mirror I stood - at the transition of land to water

*I was invited to step closer, to swim - as if the lonely stairs leading me in - would be the entry to the building - on the other side of the pond - as if touching the water - I was already in
my wet feet gracefully stepped - out on sun warmed - soft rounded stones - the cold water dripped down - and seeped back into the pond*



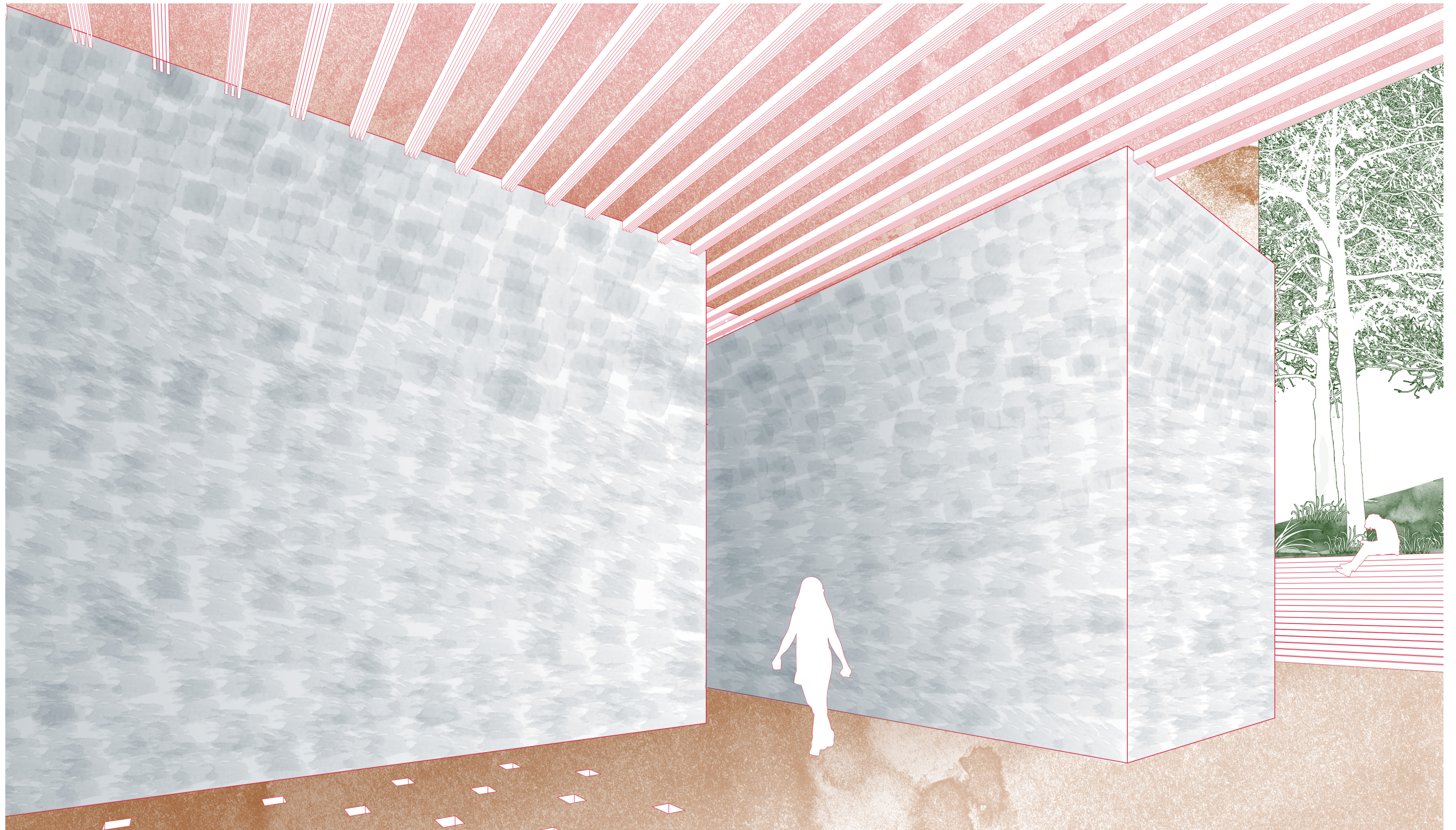
‘the steps grew upwards like rocks - rising by the shore of the ocean - as I reached the top - their water wrinkles smoothened out



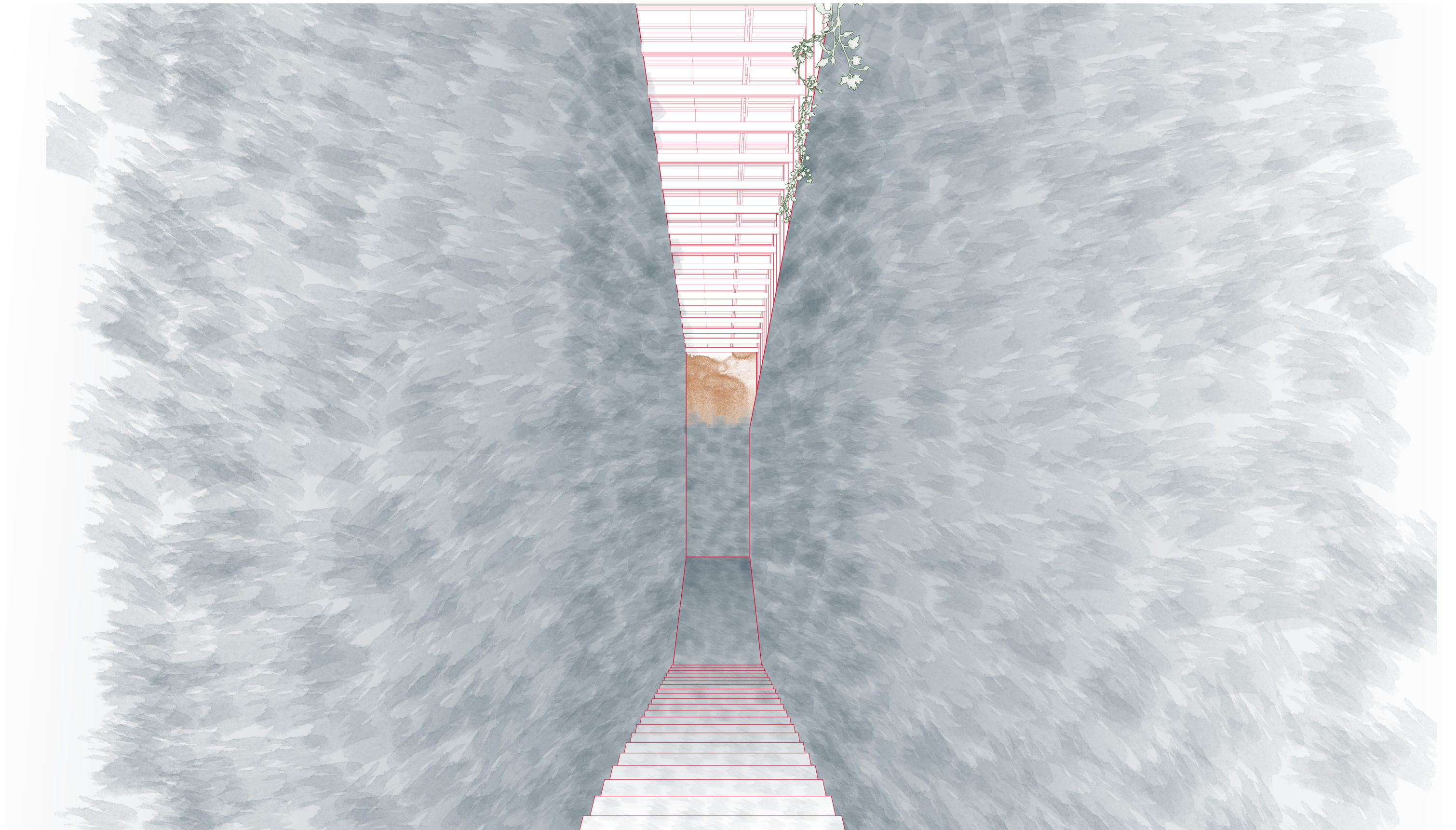
‘in a cave like tunnel, surrounded by stones - for a moment I paused and turned around - unable to decide if I was inside - or was it only transit - a gate to the forest behind



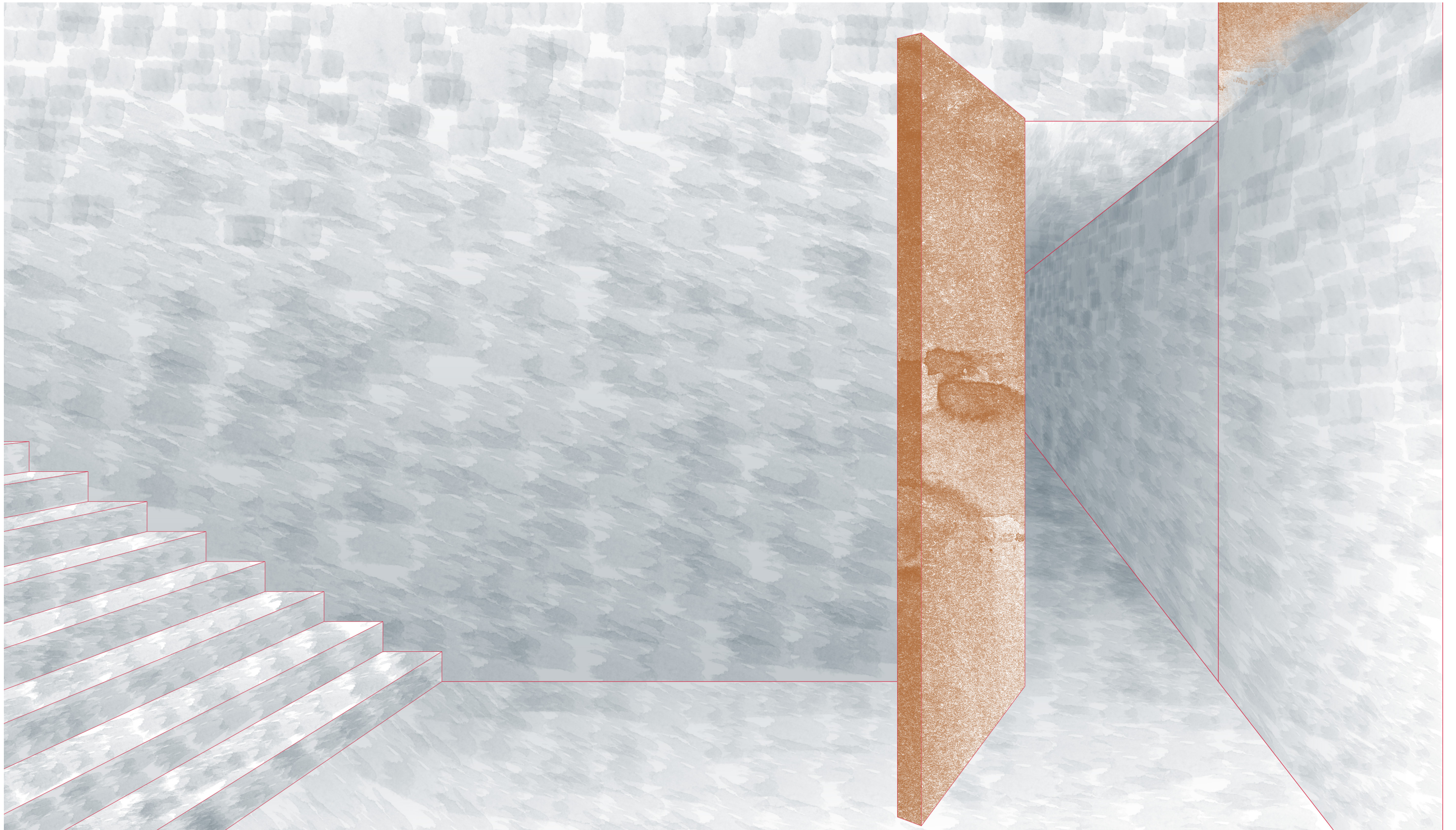
‘towards the woods - the walls thinned out - and the heading was replaced - by the canopy of the trees - on the wall the opposite side - the slender rhythm wrapped around it continued inside - the deep green hues of the woods - transformed to warm colours of sunrise - I felt protected and energized



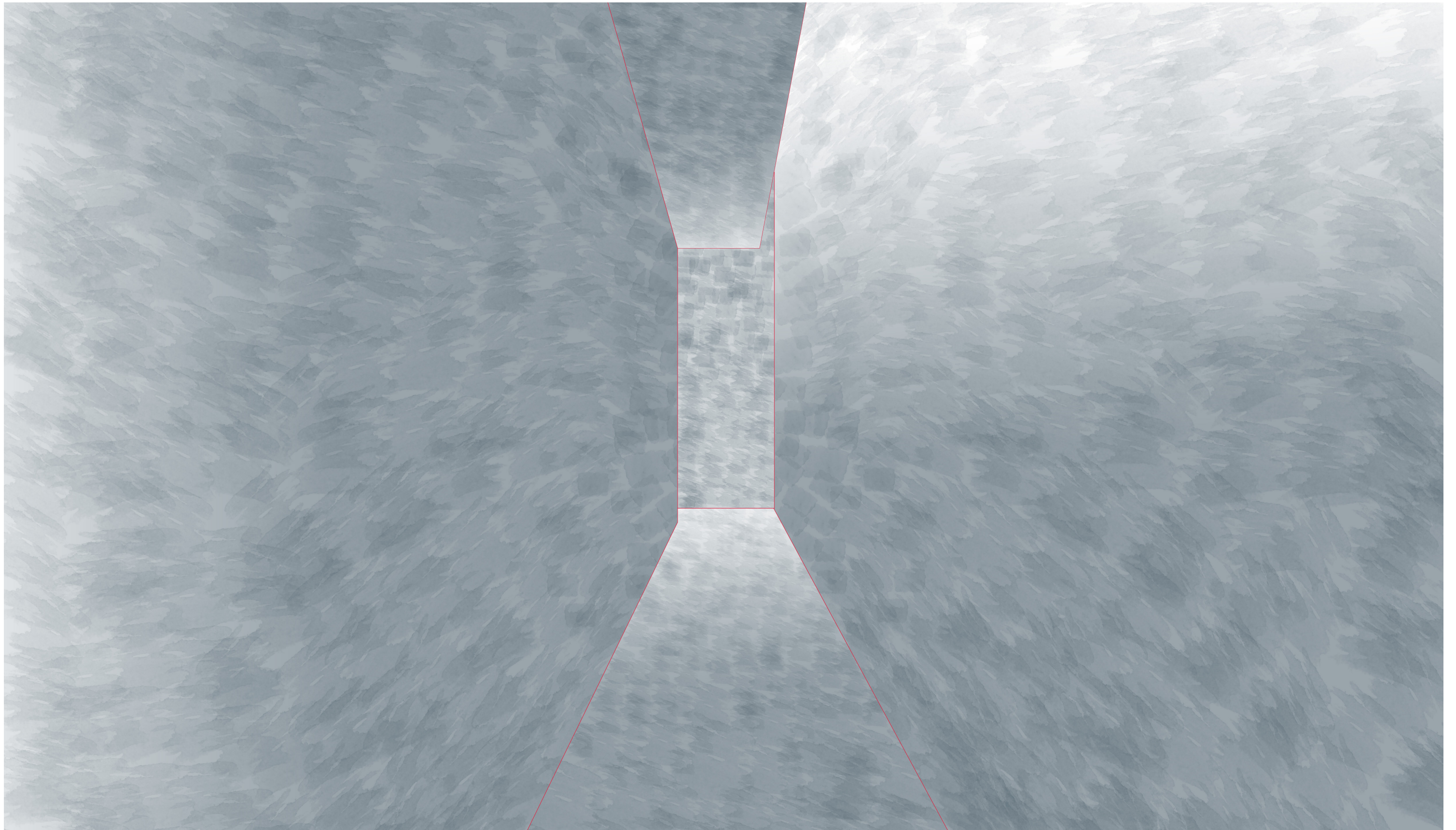
*‘red and orange tones, like flames - danced as in an ancient cave - they brought back dim memories - of togetherness, of being safe
a deep, dark cove on my left - drew me towards its buried secrets - and I left the light for the dark*



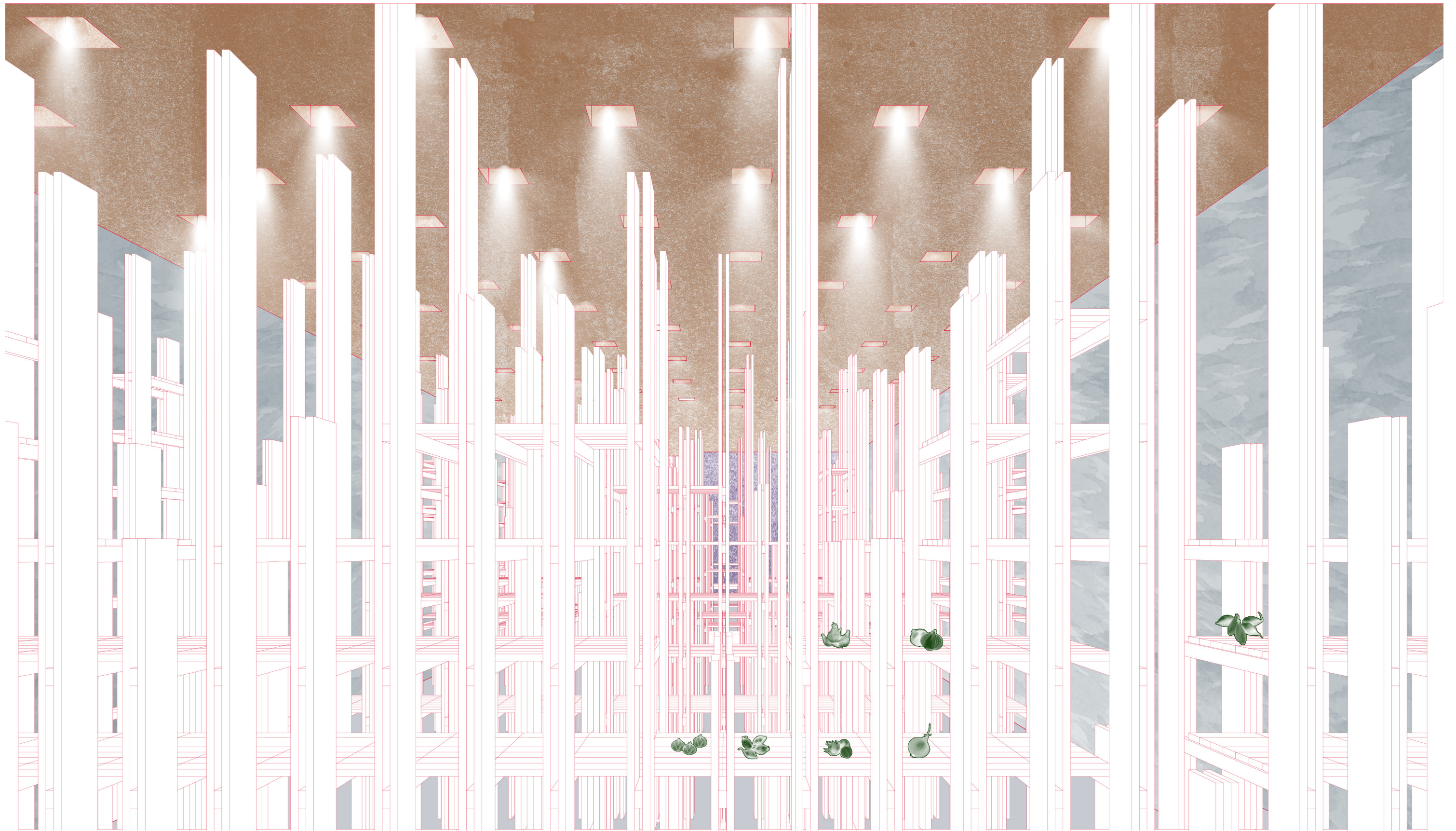
*‘with every step - I could hear less - the whisper of the forest
with every step - I sank deeper - in my consciousness
the steps - seemed to disappear in darkness
my fingertips - caressed fossilized wrinkles for guidance*



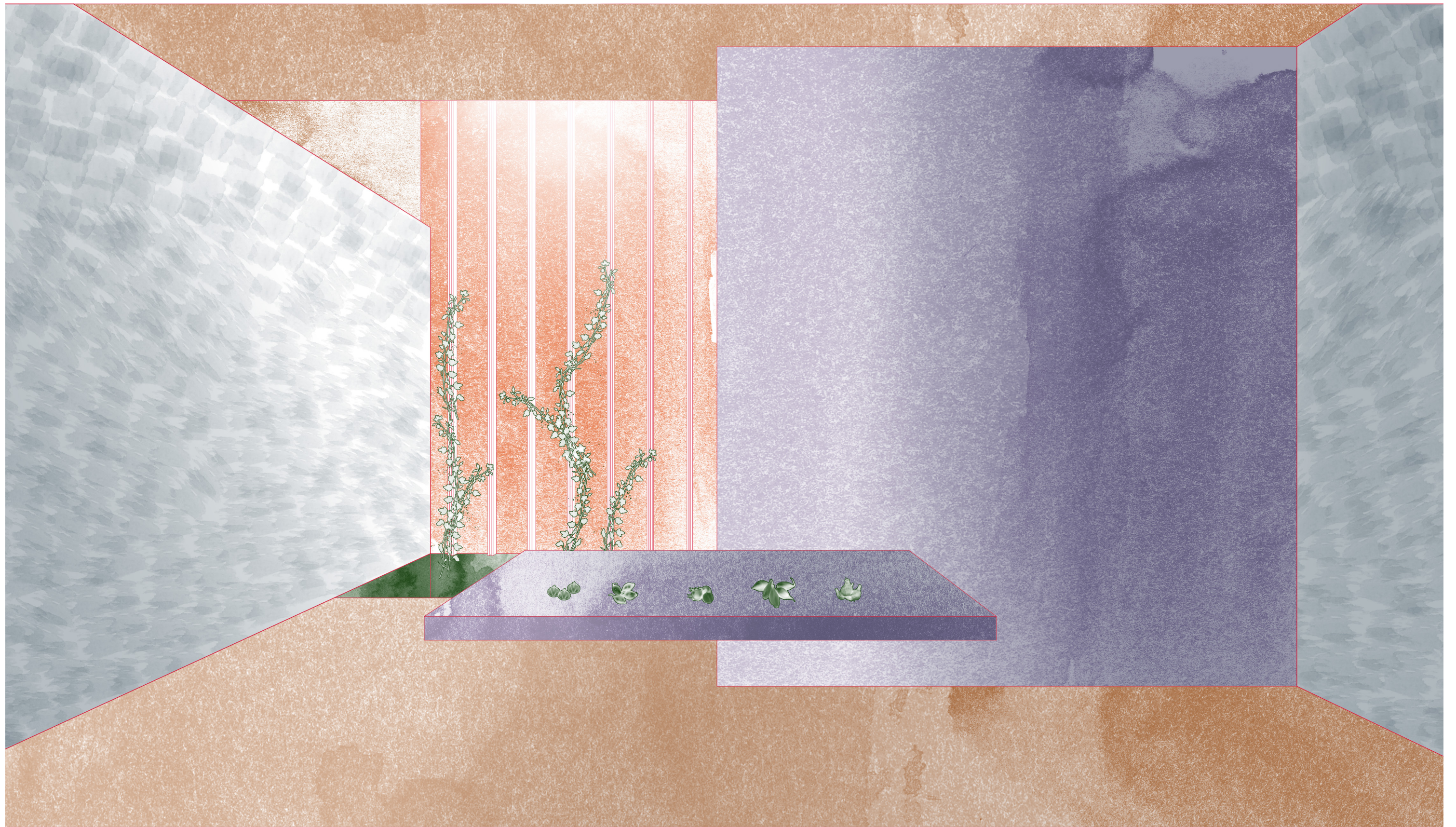
*‘the door - heavy and cold - was hardly moveable
it opened to will and force - as a seed grows - towards the source
above and below was marked - by a subtle change of material
light seeped through - the thinning wall*



*‘underground. buried like a memory
squeezed. enclosed. earth, my second skin, surrounds me
the wrinkles of time continue to guide in the darkness of the corridor
I have but one way to go - towards the light*



*‘underground. meandering shelves akin to intricate systems of roots
reach towards the light, upwards
their slender bodies seem to oscillate in the wandering sunrays that permeate
the grains of soil at the surface - scattered flickers of light from above*



*‘towards the far end of the room orange hues of light brighten
the space feels less enclosed
a deep purple wall gently reaches out - its palm full of seeds
the warm light - awakens them from their dreame*