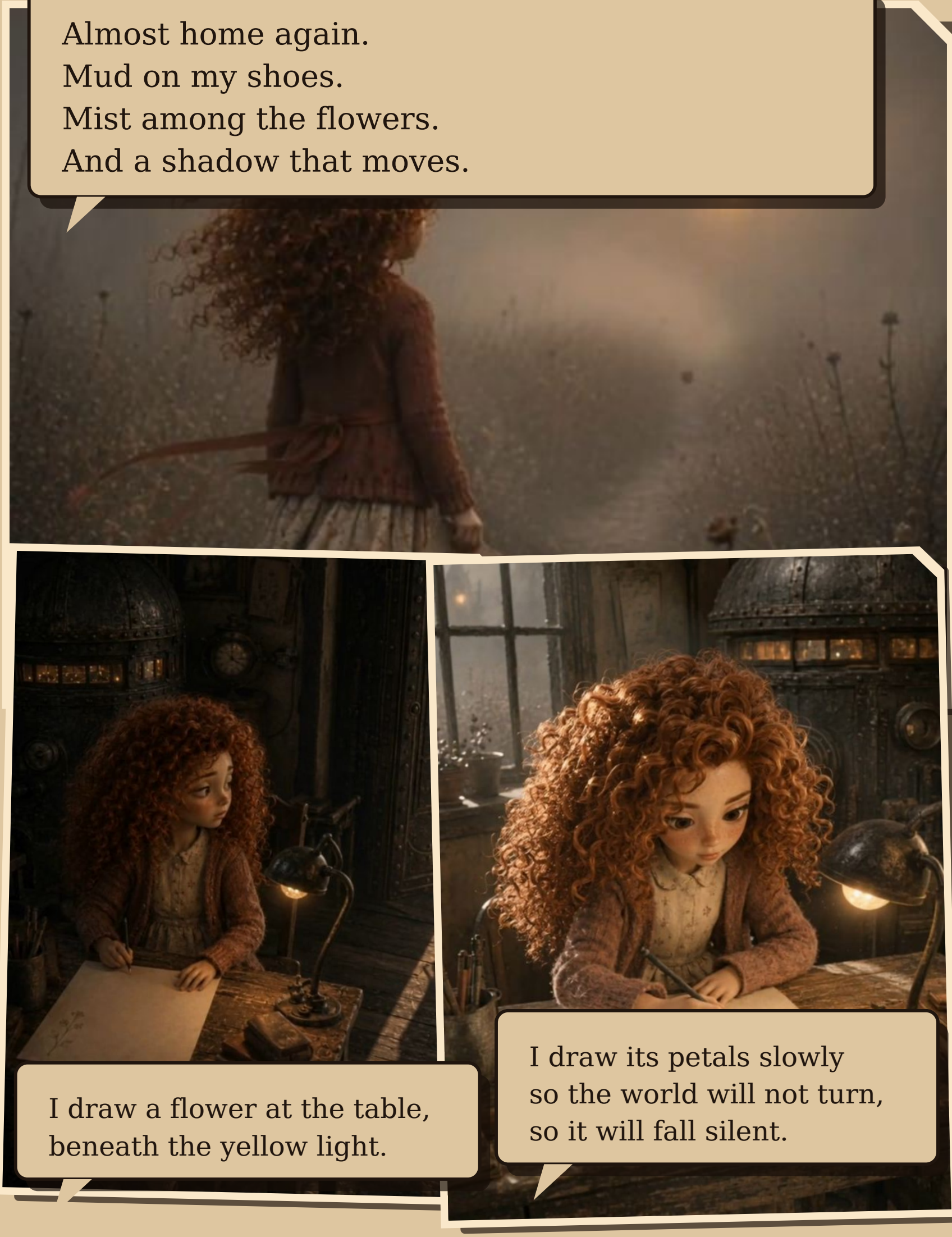
Little Flower Sofia



The portico

The page is still white.
The house begins to darken.



Shadows cross the portico.
Behind the door, I hear his feet.

The portico · II





I count the footsteps,
one by one in the distance.

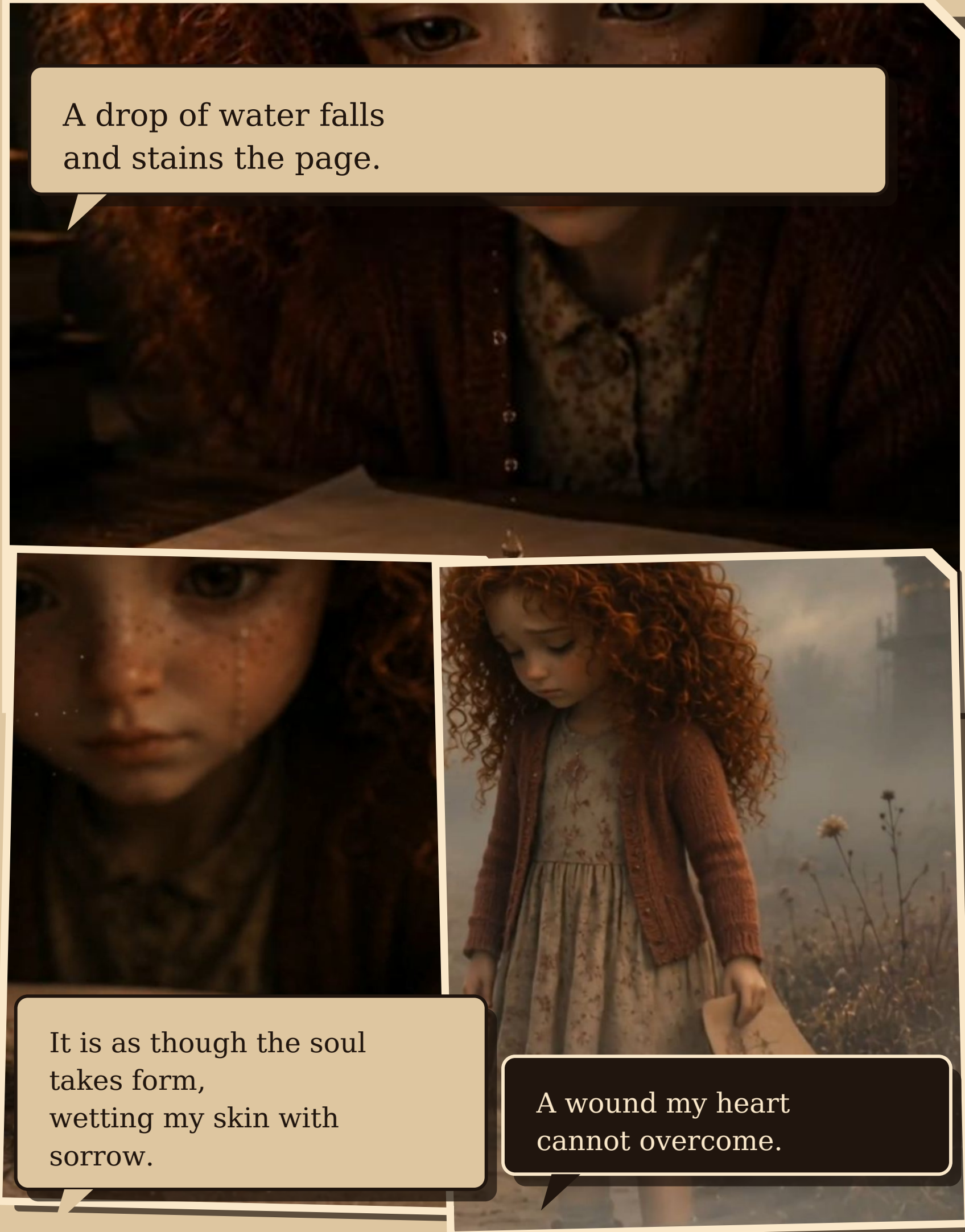
Do not look up



Do not look up · II



A drop of water



The light in the mist





But there is a light in the mist
where no light should be.

The light in the mist · II



The door



The door · II

Everything is dark and empty.
Everything begins to change.

The walls hold names.

Places for memory





Places for memory · II



The flower on the wall



The flower on the wall · II



My watchtower





It becomes memory, a sign, a path.

My watchtower · II

My watchtower fills with things;
with these things I build my self.

The light looks outward.
But I cannot see myself.

The shadow and the flower





