

Cannae, Exploiting The Human Opportunity

Nights I lay awake hopelessly thinking of this place. The more I think, the less I want to know. It seemed like before this never used to happen. I guess it's proclaimed to be over the representation of time on paper. Pen strokes mark away and with every letter, a new birth. You will see it again, it leaves a mark on your mind. Pictures say a thousand words. We can tell stories without saying a single word, yet only to a true perception however, can this be "felt". I always see things that disturb me, but I would rather see that than nothing.