

Saetia, Roquentin

"we've fallen on days," leigh said. all hands, blurred motion. those praying hands. the tragic famine of words unsaid, hours misspent. it's all flash, after all. the photographic momentary work of our senses viewing, tasting, living to deny the bittersweet desire of whispers written across days of days' lament ... the silence we offer, never to recompense the experiences we've borrowed.