



In dream
Black and enduring separation
I share equally with you.
Why sleep? Give me your hand,
Promise me you will come again.
You and I are like high
Mountains and we can't ~~move~~ move closer
Just send me word
At midnight, sometime through the doors.
Anna Akmatova

Dear Kelly,
This is me sending my own word at midnight, ^{but} my word is mid-evening
sometime through the deep orange ~~from~~ sun.

I'm just looking at a moth on the side of my window and I'm reminded of
an essay that Virginia Woolf wrote on this subject. I know you like her so I'll
send this book. The essay in particular 'The death of Moth' ~~reminds me of~~ reminds me of the
~~life of~~ moth as once ~~arresting~~ arresting, vigorous and frail. Days Eye presents
itself. The moth is this... it is understanding that you should describe
yourself as no ~~more~~ for it seems the moth ~~lives~~ lives the full extent of eye's
joys and sorrows.

Perhaps lately I have spent too much time thinking about this eye seeing
as its base bones of social interaction have been stripped away... I've been
researching Marcus Aurelius and Epicurus and consulting them for any
ideas they spouted in Ancient Greece. Something that did resonate with
me was from a book called 'Walking with Epicurus' - it's quite a silly book
as it's from a senior elder working out philosophically ~~how~~ how to spend his
retirement but ~~he~~ he described one scene which is quite apt for today's
circumstances.





SUN







Missing Angel

Kellie W









Image 1: Bai Hui Jun
Image 2: Kerrie IRL
Image 3: Dom Shaw
Image 4: Kelly Wu
Image 5: Bai Hui Jun
Image 6: Kelly Wu
Image 7: Bai Hui Jun
Image 8: Cameron McClellan
Image 9: Kelly Wu
Image 10: Jo Ackerley
Image 11: Krithi Muli
Image 12: Bai Hui Jun
Image 13: Roman Sheppard Dawson
Image 14: Seren Metcalfe