



AW

A feeling now of deep isolation beneath a canopy of branches in the forest's heart. I look - as if through the eyes of a photographer - into the mythic. If there are birds or insects hereabouts, they are invisible. If there are creatures, they have become ghosts. How can one feel grief before such beauty? But then the mourning sigh gives way to the enormity of the eternal, to awe. I am looking at forever...



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