

"Nowadays more and more often I think of photography as a river on which both sides we are present at the same time"



"So let's give the words some time to learn to dance. Tango that would be danced like (...)"



"And here perhaps is where it ends. Refeel, remind, reverse..."



"Yesterday, a stack of photos on a shelf against the wall / Flipped over / Likely from vibrations, as workers next door are building more rooms."



"Cover the moat with earth / And fill up with sand / You woke up within familiar walls / You were climbing a muddy peak / Next to oak, hay and grandma."



"Bow in the north; there is a clock / And on the horseshoe falls a drop / On horizon (...)"



"Here it comes / the cancer from the sky / and when he bites / there is a sign"



"The merchant will sell it for beer brewed in the future. Both us and the stories will be ruined. Tower of distortion."



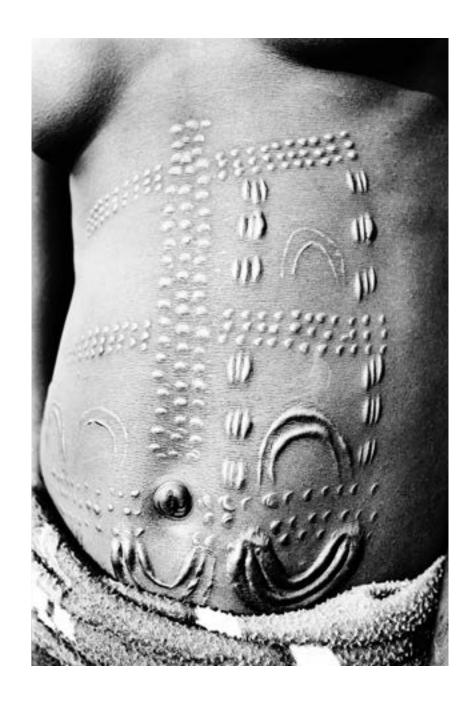
"My story is, in a way, notes about the interpretation of touch and a few emotions. Above all, I notice intuition."



"Everyone offers up their own stories. For me photography is projecting what is inside to the outside. Taking pictures itself is an emotional experience."



"My own baby is still sleeping, lazily falls over and doesn't want to get up. Borrowing and sharing dialogues – constantly translating into new languages"



"This season the window was shaded by limestone / Beneath like a snowdrop / The ruby's appearing uncertain"



"Any foreign manifestation must be viewed closely, not without suspicion, due skepticism. A diet for survival, an experimental diet. Confronting myths, prejudices, mutual hostility."



"Apparently, traces of life have been discovered in the clouds of Venus. It is very beautiful. Fumes of overcooked life, post-apocalyptic traces of existence."



"To Love: not as a declaration or confession, but as a continuous scream (...)

Life is the film directed by the universe."



"Earlier: the words of several songs you played, a shack in the woods, burning a festival map, waiting for an answer, a coconut."



"The world is too old for such games, the world coexists.

I believe that photography is so important because it is the language to talk about personal and others ends."



"Yes, without a doubt, they were children. Kids of the perspicacious kind, who do not give up so easily and leave too soon."



"Meanwhile, I will try to blend into the turmoil of uneven hinges / To be anonymous / symmetrical / equal / Like the crowd"



"This story does not have a clear beginning, it is delineated rather by irregular points, recorded in memory. Everyone has his own set, which can, moreover, become distorted."



"And perhaps she is better, shaped from turtle's shell / A pendant round, blue, dazzling"



"In the early days, the pyramids were stepped, enabling the builders to reach higher ground more easily with successive stone blocks"



"(…) the oldest animal species; not being able to express a particular sense is not necessarily a deficiency; it can also be some kind of higher wisdom."



"When I was those four or five years old, nature was a source of the purest, primordial love (...) book full of spells and unlimited maneuvers, sorcery."



"As we move between cities, further and further east, the meridian changes; the further east you go, the earlier the sun sets."



"I do not know exactly if the cinema was still working that evening / mute figures instead of candles and this slip alcove street"



"Rosalie is past in tense / she does not know if this could fit / the reproached courage cathegory / she wishes she spoke clear have"



"This is probably the fifth day. Time seems to flow differently here. Seemingly similar daily rituals (...) I'm taking a phone call from Agatha, a mosquito buzzes."



"Stepping on the other side of the river might take years.

There are stories, narrations, there is beauty (...) Something that might be the only story that could remain."



"And in the polaroid packet, the note that was in the box when, once I gave you that key."



"This leads me to think that each time a story is told, it is tantamount to moving away from the real experience once lived"



"When the fog cuts through the row / The flaccid border against which it rubs the face / The primary begins / reunited with the smoke"



"As if Kolka was the end of the road, a fork, a forest – where one expects a signpost."