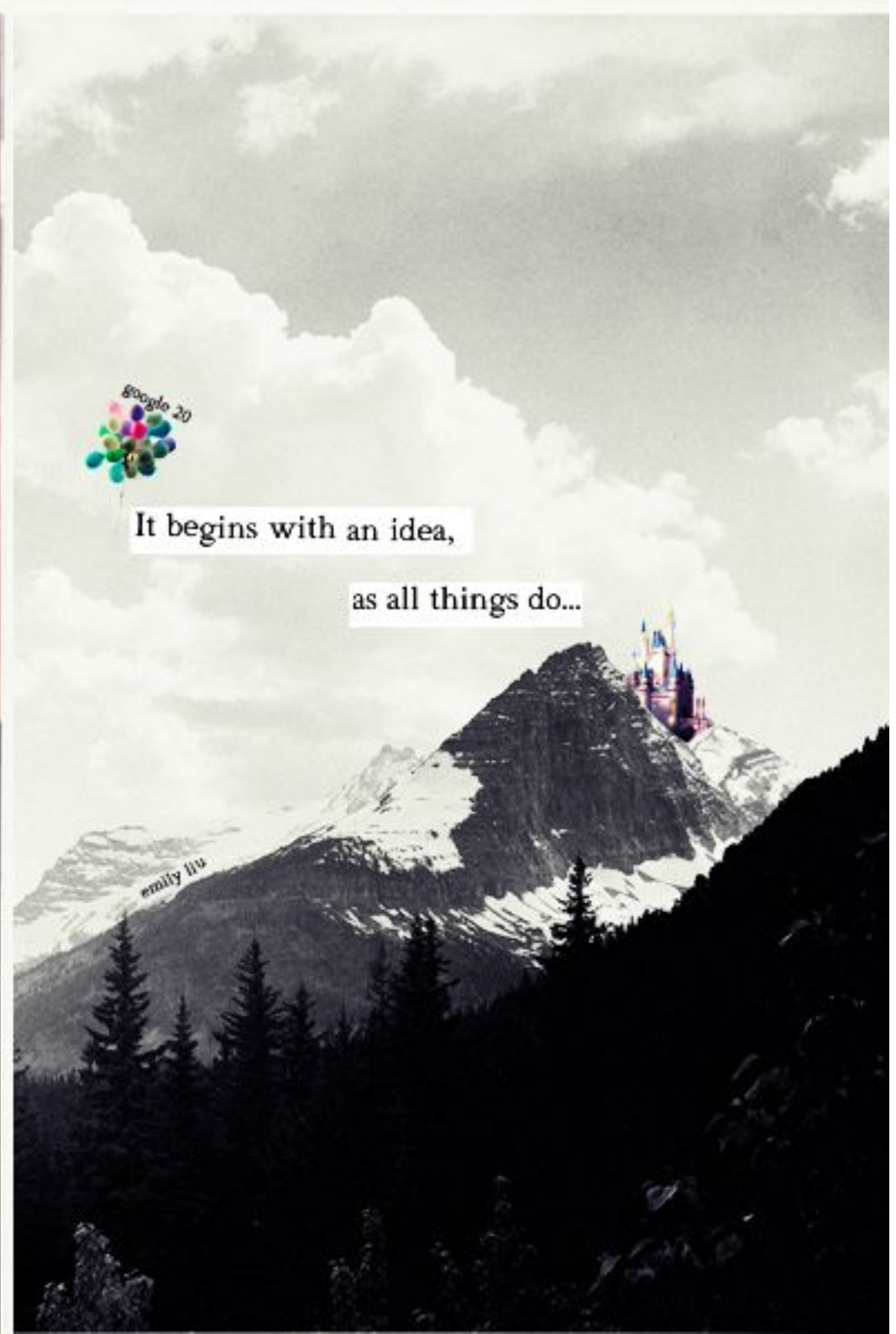




excerpt from 'Eternity'



It begins with an idea,

as all things do...

emily liv

A high-angle, close-up shot of a large crowd of people at what appears to be a festival or outdoor event. The scene is dominated by a sea of colorful umbrellas in various shades including blue, red, yellow, and green. The umbrellas are wet, with visible water droplets and streaks running down their surfaces. The perspective is looking down into the crowd, creating a sense of being part of the gathering. The lighting is soft and diffused, typical of an overcast rainy day.

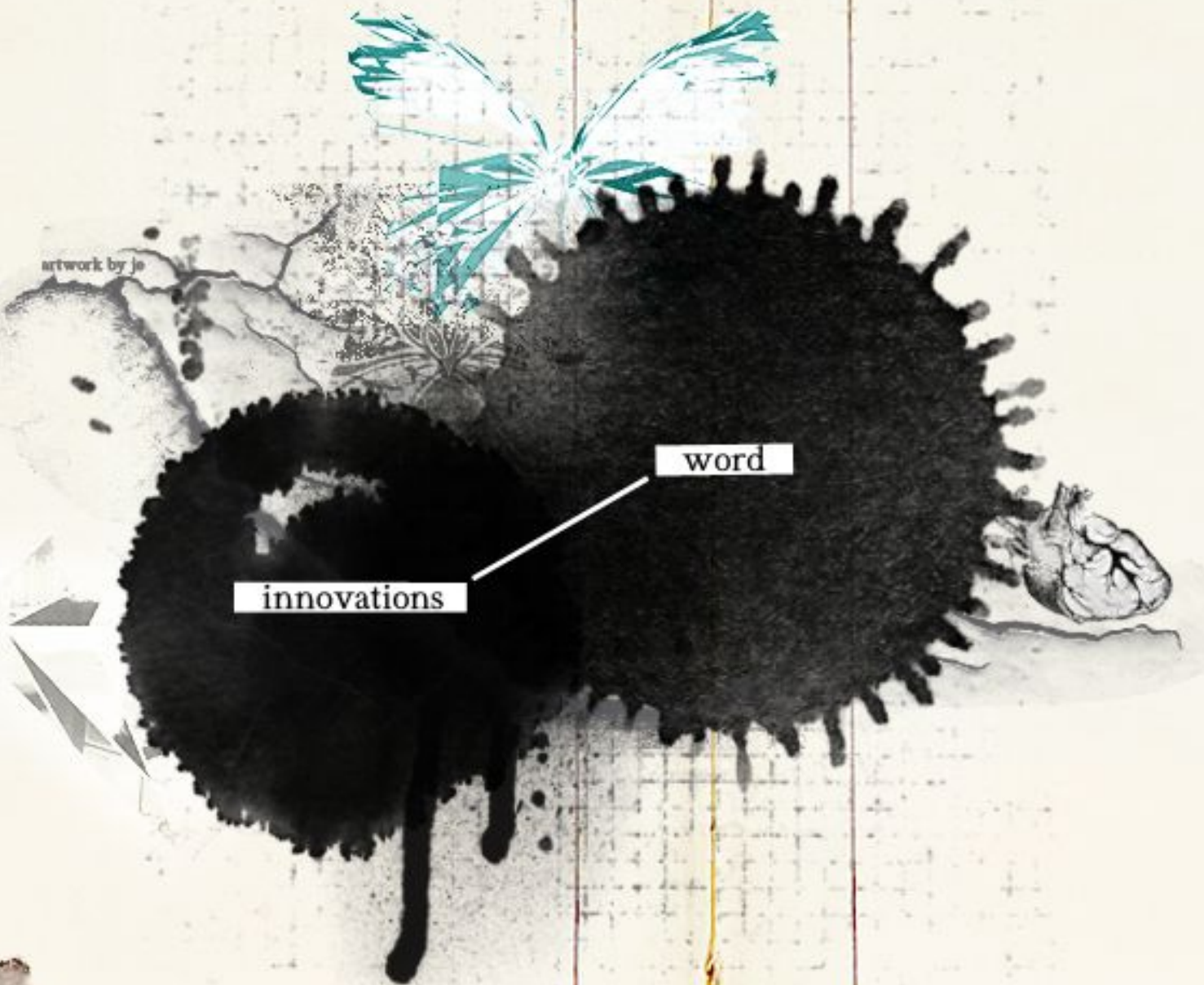
*plip plop*  
rain on the roof  
leaks through the ceiling, drips  
into me

*anonymous*  
in the sea of faces,  
yours was the one that stood out to me.

artwork by jo

word

innovations





*nocturnal revelations:*  
after all these years

it's when your face appears in my dreams that  
i'm forced to admit just how much i miss you.

## *Like a plane, they flew*

Those were the days, when we thought we could do anything. The old pictures still line my wall. Young versions of us grin out at me. We are painting your room, chasing each other in the park, high-fiving, laughing. You would cringe if you saw the hairstyles we used to have, but they always make me smile. We had big plans, do you remember? The obstacles and difficulties that waited ahead - we were prepared to face them all. Anything was possible. Things have changed now. The boat we tried to build lies dusty in my garage. The glowing-the-dark stars on my ceiling are falling down. I used to put them back up, but I don't anymore. Thinking about the past makes my throat tighten. We set out to conquer the world. The years flew by. Then they were gone.



## EMPTY HORIZON

EMPTY HORIZON

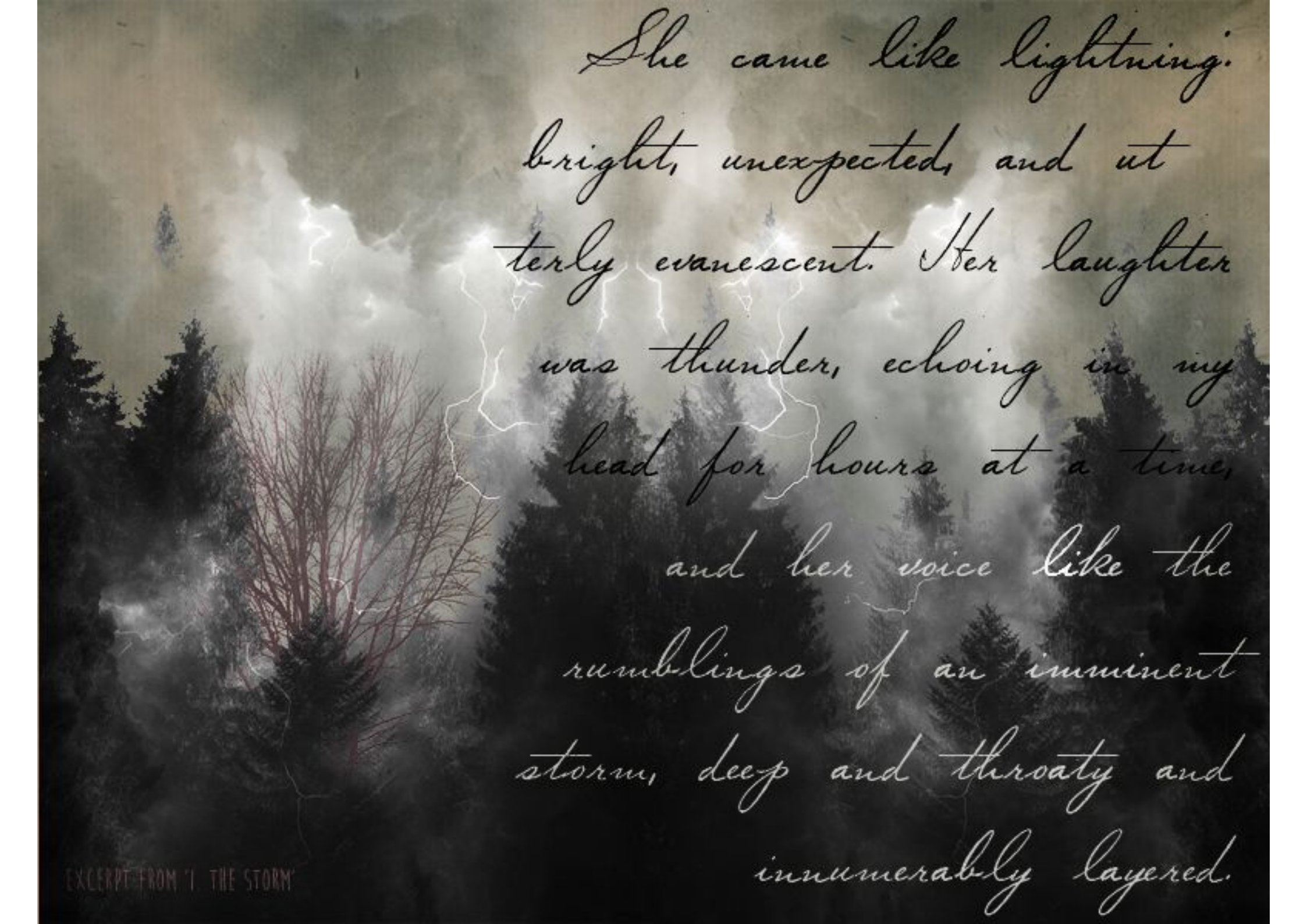
BACKPACK ON SHOULDERS GLOWING SKY

EVEN BREATHS DESOLATE, BEAUTIFUL  
EACH STEP AS WIDE DEAD, ALIVE

AS THE HOPE IN MY CHEST

DANDELIONS

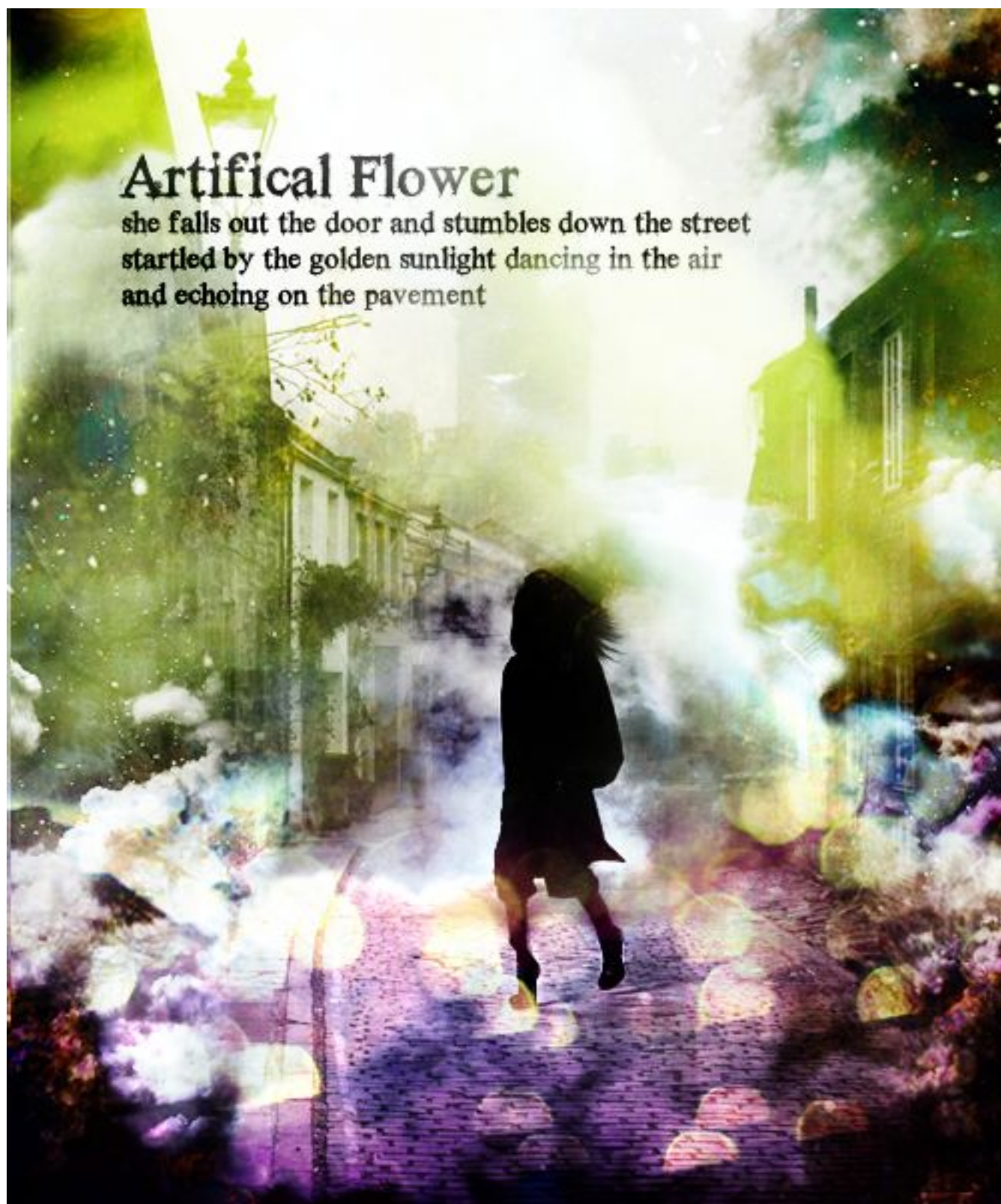
SHE BLED DANDELIONS  
AS THE GIRL INSIDE HER  
WITHERED AND DIED



She came like lightning:  
bright, unexpected, and ut-  
terly evanescent. Her laughter  
was thunder, echoing in my  
head for hours at a time,  
and her voice like the  
rumblings of an imminent  
storm, deep and throaty and  
innumerable layered.

# Artificial Flower

she falls out the door and stumbles down the street  
startled by the golden sunlight dancing in the air  
and echoing on the pavement



THAT AUTUMN DAY, I WALKED ALONG THE STRETCH OF BEACH WITH  
THE SUN HOT BY MY SIDE AND THE SKY BEHIND ME FLAMING RED,  
BUT THE CAPAILL DISCE DO NOT SHOW THEMSELVES TO ME AGAIN.



EXCERPT FROM 'WATER HORSES'

## the old man by the sea

today I met the old man by the sea  
he knows everything,  
or so they say.

but when I asked him what was left to love,  
he said:

'I do not know  
come back tomorrow.'

I went back the next day, but his answer was the same  
so I went back the day after, and the day after that  
and many many more days after that, till I was as old as  
the old man by the sea  
and I can answer the question myself now,  
if I was asked.

FAMILIAR MELODY



OLD FRIENDS DRIFT APART  
HEAD THEIR SEPARATE WAYS

A large, white iceberg floats in a dark blue-green ocean. A vibrant rainbow is visible on the side of the iceberg, arching over its peak. The sky is a pale blue with soft, white clouds. The overall scene is serene and majestic.

*('nothing,' I would say.  
'there is nothing left to love.')*

## The Sunday thief

Sunday afternoons a dreadful weariness overtakes me. Like the daylight that fades backwards from grey to black, a shadow creeps over my heart, so stealthy and gradual that when I at last realize I am drowning in it, I succumb willingly, relieved that there will be no resistance on my part, no fight I must put effort into. My eyes close to the numbness. My mind betrays me next, then the rest of my body, and at that point it is already too late to claim myself, for I am gone.





**discover.**  
SILVERTONE | GRAPHICS

...and they lived happily ever after.