

| SHUTTERSTORIES |

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# White Memories

PHOTOS: FAYSAL ZAMAN  
TEXT: AMIYA HALDER

The spell is over, the hour is up.  
I can no longer remember.

Once, the skies had spilled over –  
light upon earth, light upon light,  
light upon skin. That pale  
refraction of heaven I try to retrace.  
The fallen kingdom, the golden  
song. Must all unearthly hours  
come to an end?



Set back the clock, tip over the glass.  
The hands spin lengthwise; the sands  
fall flat. When did the blue-grey-green  
days become a mere blip in time?

White, white, white – the remains  
of the day do not remain at all.

