

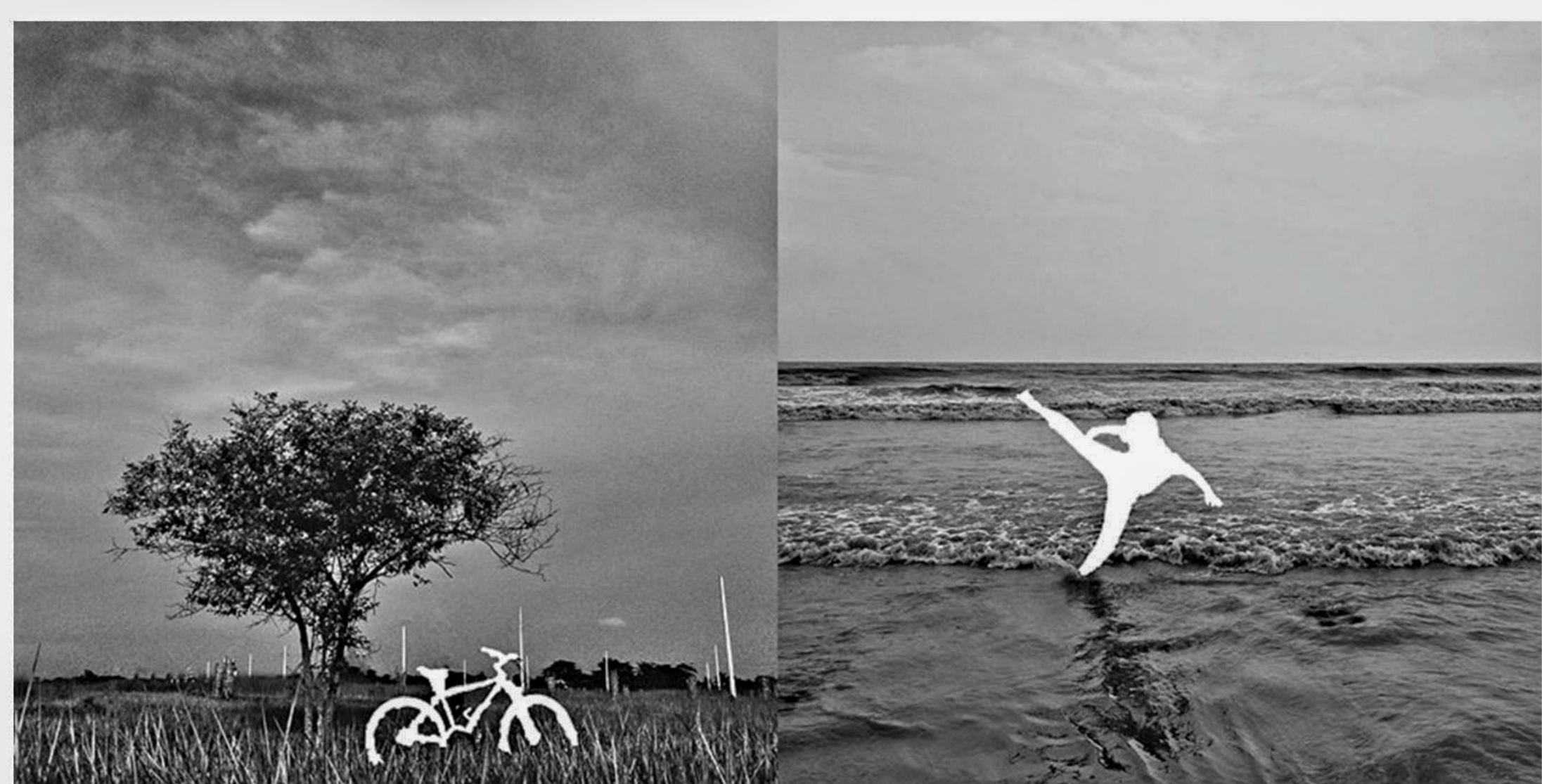
White Memories

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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 – the remains of the day do not remain at all.

