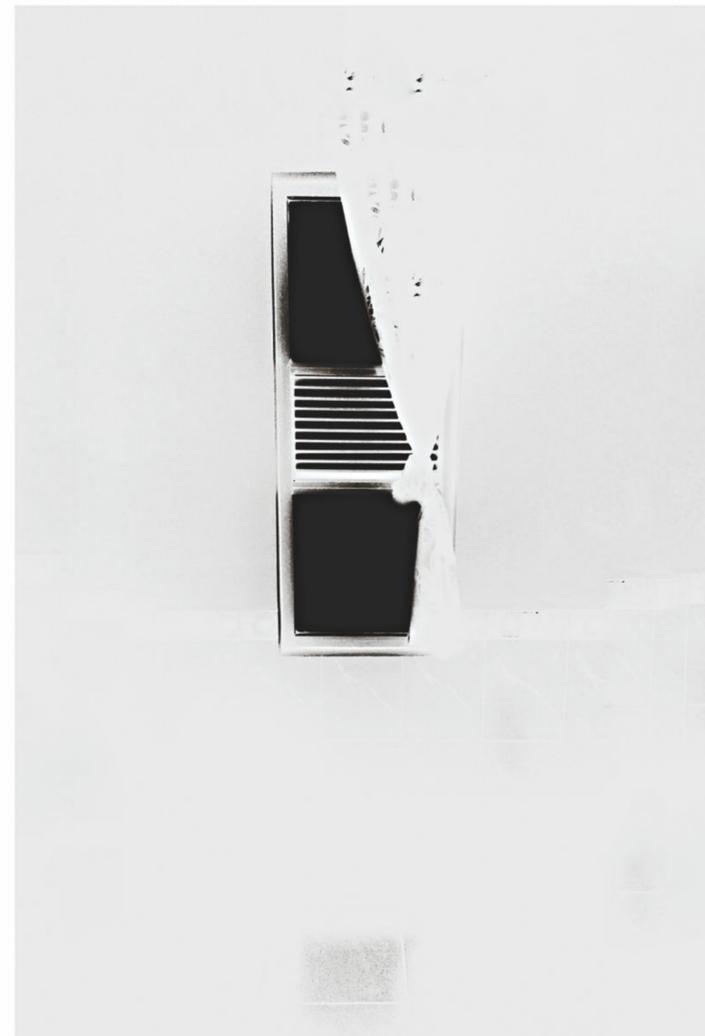


FRAGMENTS

PHOTOS AND TEXT: NAVID NOOREN

Fragment 1

A constant torment, white noise reminding us of our losses and sufferings. Taking form as a cursed flame, an unadulterated embodiment of hate, regret and envy. It incinerates everything good inside us, leaving a burnt muted canvas, fumes of which vanish into the monochrome sky, with bridges burnt. Consuming our insides slowly, steadily, silently.

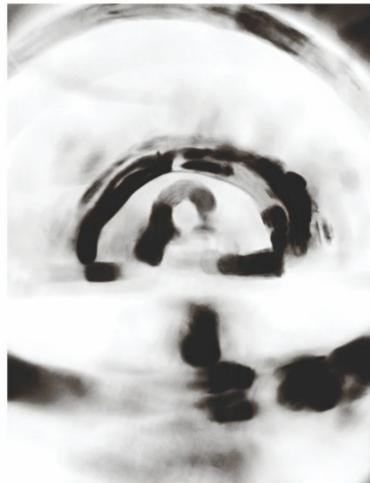


Fragment 2

We try our best to push away negativity, depression. In our never-ending search for the “light at the end of the tunnel”, we lose ourselves. A feeling of incompleteness and self pity throws us overboard. We drown into the ocean that we were too afraid to explore.

Little do we recognise and embrace the situation that brought us to our journey. Little do we know that the obstacle is the path—not going around it, but through it, becoming one with it. This pain will open new doors inside you, never before explored. The possibilities are endless.

We forget that we are the ocean, we are the sea, we are the doors and our will holds the key. We are the light that we are looking for. The pain won't break you—it never does. You yourself let it break you.

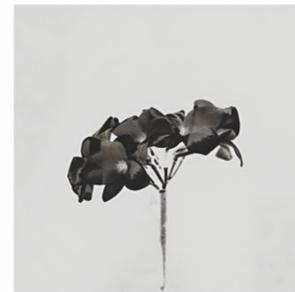


Fragment 3

Creating a set of meaningless rules, caging our imaginations within society's expectations, we tend to kill our individuality, our true selves.

Throwing away our dreams, we jump inside the cogs of the machine, crushing our power of thought, letting it get mixed with the oil and grime from the gear, churning out mechanical animals.

Like moths flying towards the flame, mistaking it for the sun. Never pausing to observe and realise the greater possibilities. We're also brought up in a similar process. Lives of various shapes squeezed into deformity in an entertainment-controlled environment. Hardly taught to seek light where it seems non-existent for the being. Lack of faith, lack of light. A perfect detonator.



Final Fragment

But among us there are some who have broken the barriers and realising their view of the world was akin to peeking through a pinhole camera. They saw nothing, they were blind.

Setting out on a voyage, they explored the depths of the newly discovered universe—themselves. Now you will find them between the black holes and supernovas.

Imploding and expanding simultaneously. No longer blind.

