



Aphasiac Fiction

PHOTOS AND TEXT: AANANDA ANTAHLEEN

As our footsteps grew clumsy and heavy,
In the first light of the purple sunrise.
Sober hands dug around yesternight's misery,
Haunted by solitude stinging like the winter rain.
As dying grass stretched along the paths,
Rugged and beautiful beneath moonlit mist.
Jestingly gave way in the gleams of hollow promises,
All that was dreaded and despised.

Fiction collides with the aphasiac state, as reality swirls out of the conscience. Drowsing past that holds much grief wakes up like strangers with all my secrets. Where burning tail-lights read stories brought back from heaven's warehouse. Where memories of last night hung themselves in the first light of the morning. Where celestials reached out, counting every star, every bit of our imperfect, intricate existence. Guardian angels with shining hair, or idiots with daddy issues, all seemed alike. All our words from within the hazy crowds disappeared along with our sanity. And making up stories as we go, our worlds became fictional.

