

Your past
met my surface

Light worked between us





I am the witness who have seen the passing of time

I have stood through the storms and the trials of life

I am a record of the past and a symbol of the future

You inherit stories



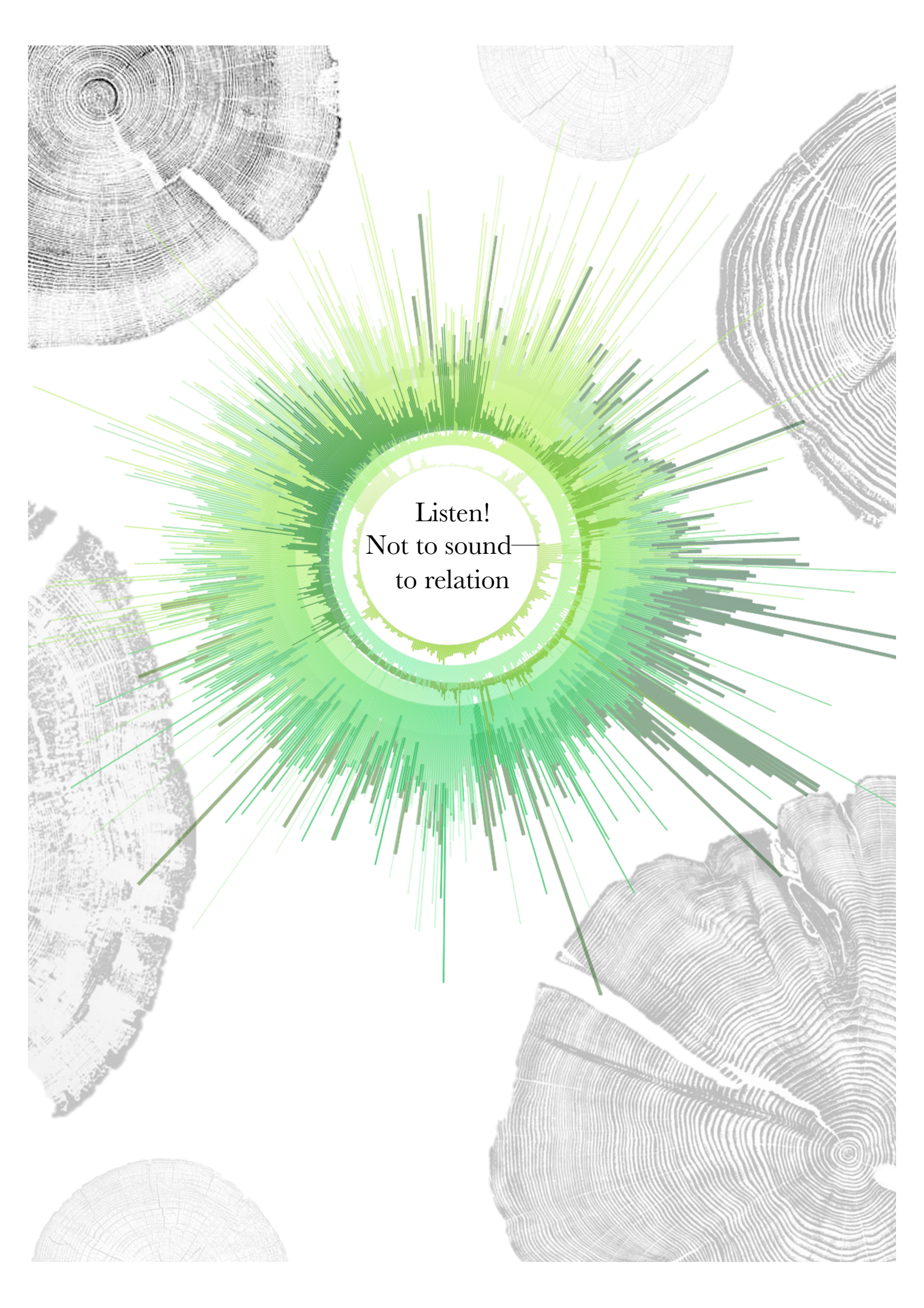


Inherit conditions

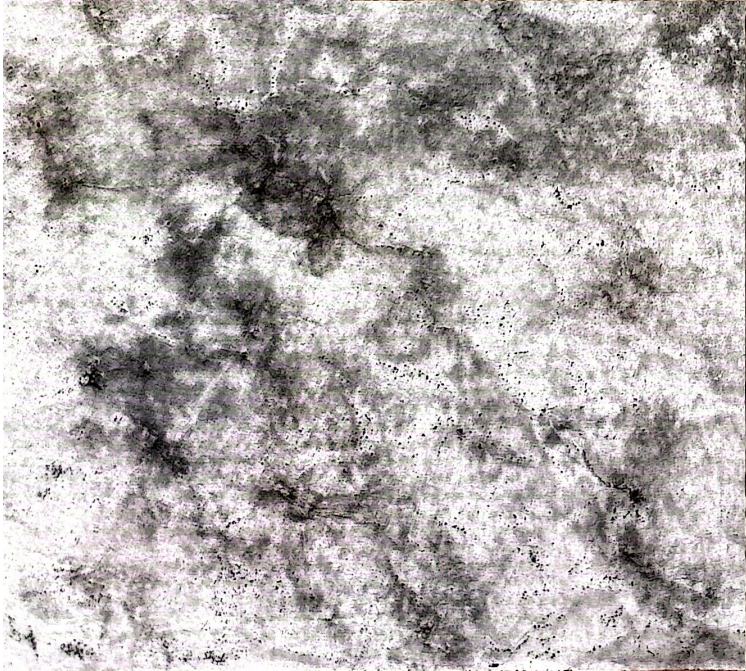
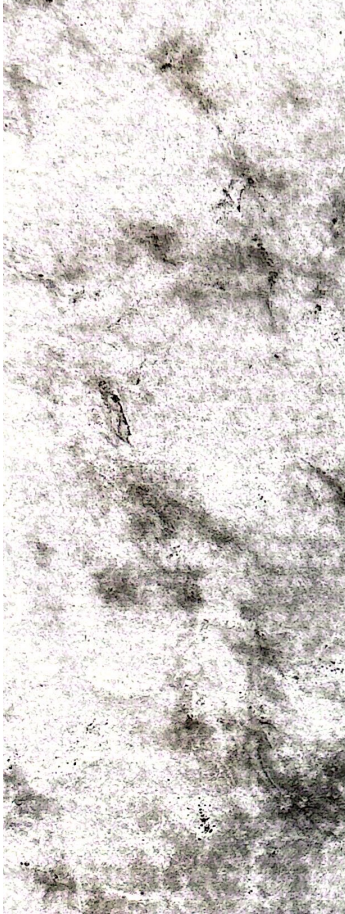
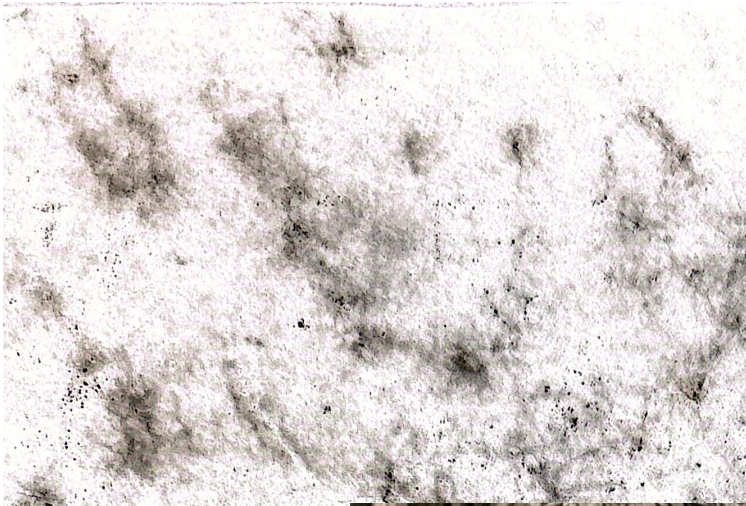
Your time
moves forward



Mine gathers



Listen!
Not to sound—
to relation





The bark
remembers the storm
by growing elsewhere

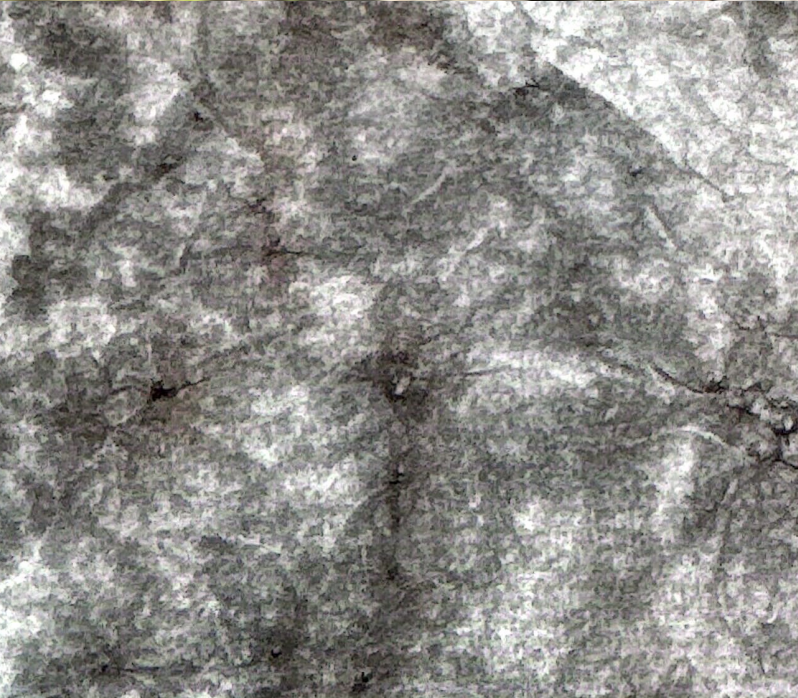
The root
remembers absence
by turning downward



You fear time
because it carries you away



I know time
as the thing that
keeps returning





You stood beside me
looking for traces



I stood beside you
watching things vanish



