



A soul with reflections in clear glass in an unending corridor distortion. And alone, alone again in a maze of brick crossed and crossed, caged with a wall, warmed only with a sun that displays its cold light in solids of stark black and white.

A moment of sunlight sparkling, caressing a cheek, later torn with tears and the criss-crossed ropes of our lives, binding us together, together. A sigh and that one moment of good hope when there are longer words.

And finally alone, alone again but with the softness of a sleep without dreams and a warmth that the sun could never give or take away, my friend, my friend.  
 —Photos by George Brown

