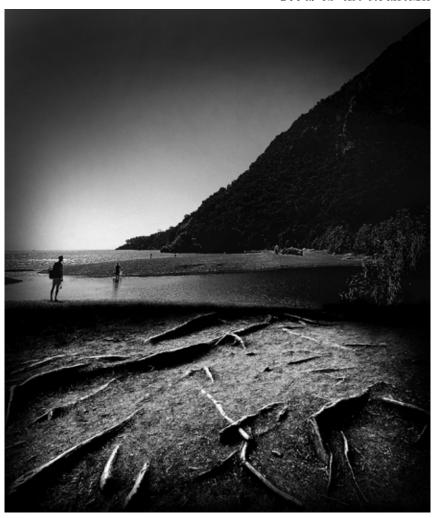


roots of the mountain



olympos, turkey









spring is here, why don't you come too?

i wish to get out of my shell. and wet.

to be a toy in your hands. and of the rain.

friends with grass, protector of bugs.

i want to quit smoking. and myself.

where in a heart do they live, these colors i now feel? how was i to know?

we don't.

and are all thus dying. slowly.
one by one.
altogether.

c'mon.
spring is here.
why aren't you?

it's about time, don't you think?



