

The Influence

Gelatin silver photograms, scanned
8" x 10"
February 2021

No matter the amount of space between us.
No matter the layers of coverings that muffle our conversations.
No matter the protective juice encapsulated in a syringe.
We are dying.

What if an embrace lingers?
What if we talk in whispers?
What if our personal remedy *does* work?
We are still dying.

It is like a long dream.
Like a long voyage.
A long exhale.
And we die in a bright white light.

But we enjoy togetherness.
But we share words.
But we eat and feel warmth.
Yes, and so we live.
We live every day under our own personal influences. Good and bad. Black and white.
We are living.

We are living.

Hey, we are *living*.