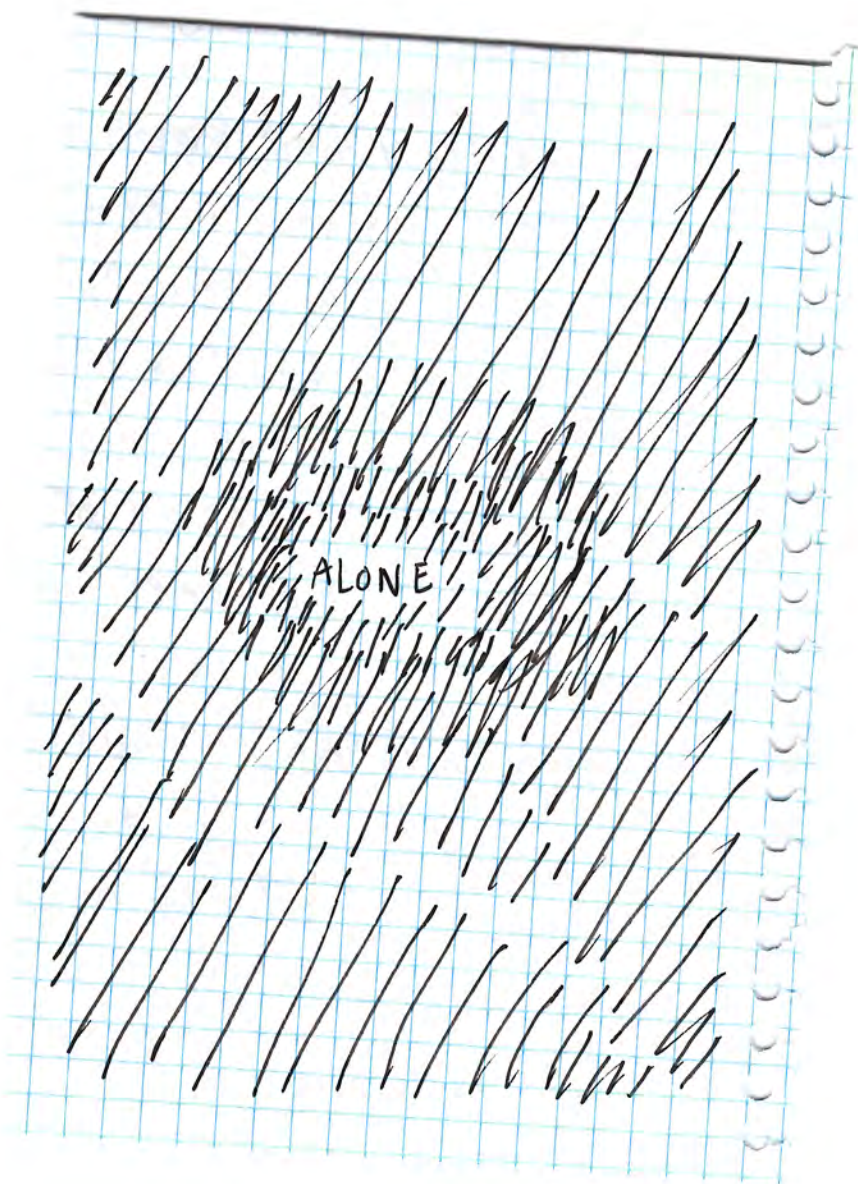




IN IMPERMANENCE,
CAN YOU FIND
CERTAINTY?

IM WAITING... FOR MYSELF.

WHAT I LEARNT BEING ALONE

The sun shines on my face, waking me up. The absence of you is noted. Empty. I shake away the sleep and get out of bed. I make coffee, sitting alone in the sunshine sipping coffee, having a cigarette. The smoke blows in my eyes. I squint. I get dressed. Putting clothes on I look at my stretch marks littered over my body. Scars. I walk out into the garden and untangle the snow peas. Lift them up onto the trellis. I have a moment to myself. One of many. I think "what do I want?". Everything is impermanent. But in this impermanence do you have certainty? Somewhat. I think if I had someone to talk to, what would I say? The moment ends and another begins. Spending time to myself, actually thinking to myself and not by myself. I ask "what do you want?". I think about material things and stop. "what do you want?" I ask to myself. Content I sit with my hands in the dirt, untangling the vines that flourish in the sunlight. "I don't know". I say back at myself. Is there something wrong with me? Shouldn't I want something? A feeling I can't quite grasp onto. I'm not waiting for love. I'm not waiting for you to come back. Not anymore. I'm just waiting. for myself.

I was worth the wait.