

I shift in these phrases that hold some mythological reasoning over my current stature.

Today, I kept finding myself lost in the sight of my shadow; a silhouette of me made in the moment of my movement.

I was fascinated by how simply such a symbolic theme could follow me: the light of the second room cast upon my back as I turn and face the opposing wall; and there, in that habitual turn, I find an after thought of myself.

Standing before me, my outline exceeds my plausible, palpable skin.

A relic of my passing time imprinted on any surface I lay my eyes on.

I stand neither between nor in either one of my body's -- the one so instant and the other as a remnant.

-Taiga U