

Meanwhile "Faces"

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It's just like drops of rain, the action, words and looks of others fall on me in the wierdest & uncanny moments I find myself by means of my friends chatting of their passions. Expression is a game we play to grow. Gray smell in a little room painted by disordered colours pieces of drawing paper on the wall sink into the armchair I listen to a friendly speech playing with a coffee colour pen. Expression differentiates us stimulate curiosity & opens my heart to people and myself I love looking at the silent faces of the ones beside me incredibly fascinating light. I love to fell it on my skin floatin' thru the air inevitably, everything's part of me.

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