

POLAROIDS

LENA VURMA



GHOSTS
PAST & PRESENT

ghosts the lighthouse keeper



past

the first flower



present the water spirits



O to dream, O to wake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and river,
Life and death.

R. L. STEVENSON

