

Lewis Miller

Rules of intimacy

There's a presence in the emptiness of shape
Less than a shadow but closer to the skin
It's something like memory.
Processing our environment by producing images that we can't save.
All there is to hold on to is a kind of changing imitation of an event or a story or a person. But
when we go to retrieve them they're always altered.
This painting is something else now.
But when did that happen?
There will be other ones.

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