

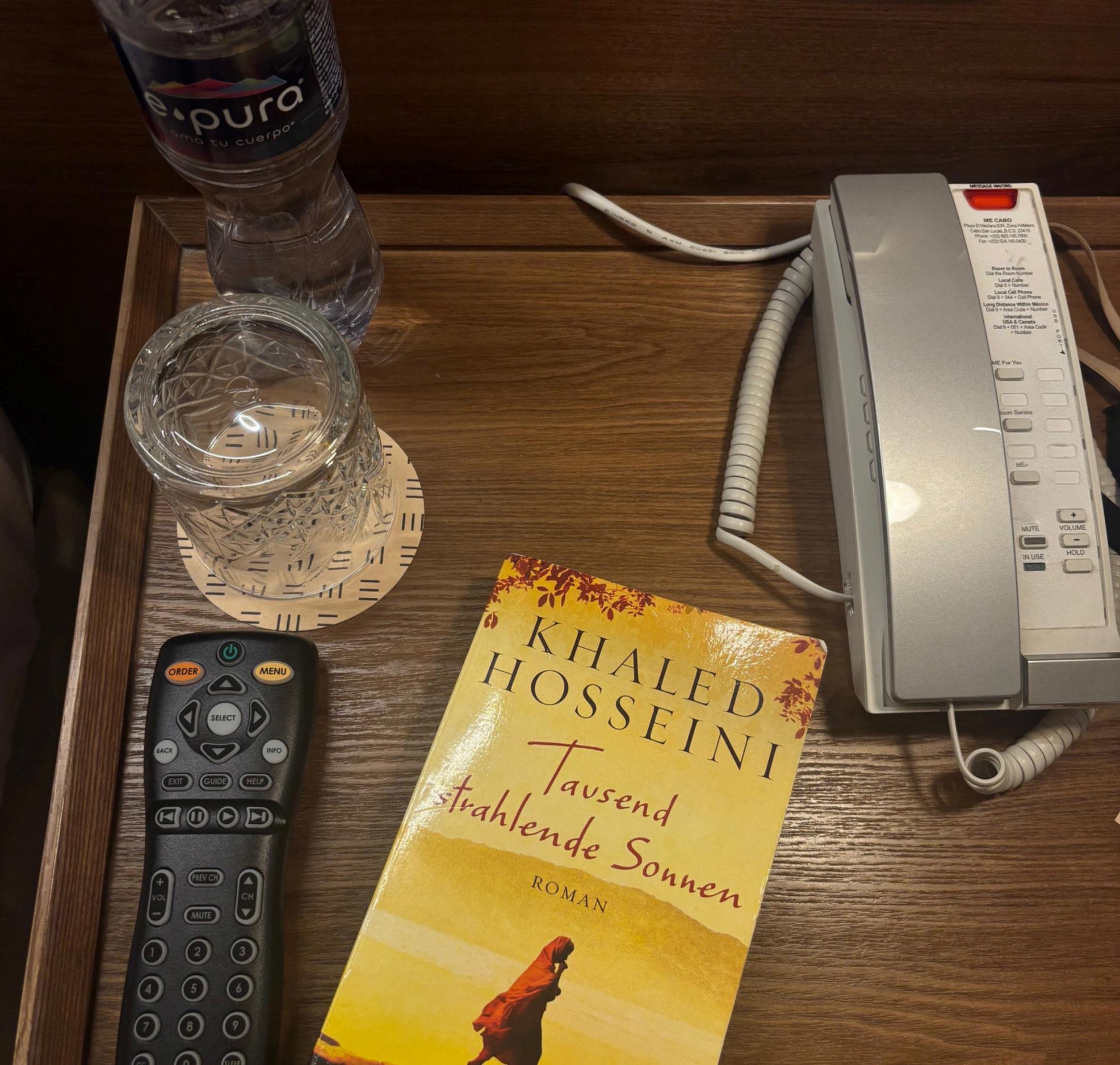
A DIGITAL PHOTO ESSAY

By Alin Kilicoglu

It traveled across the sky with me,
holding the stillness of the flight.



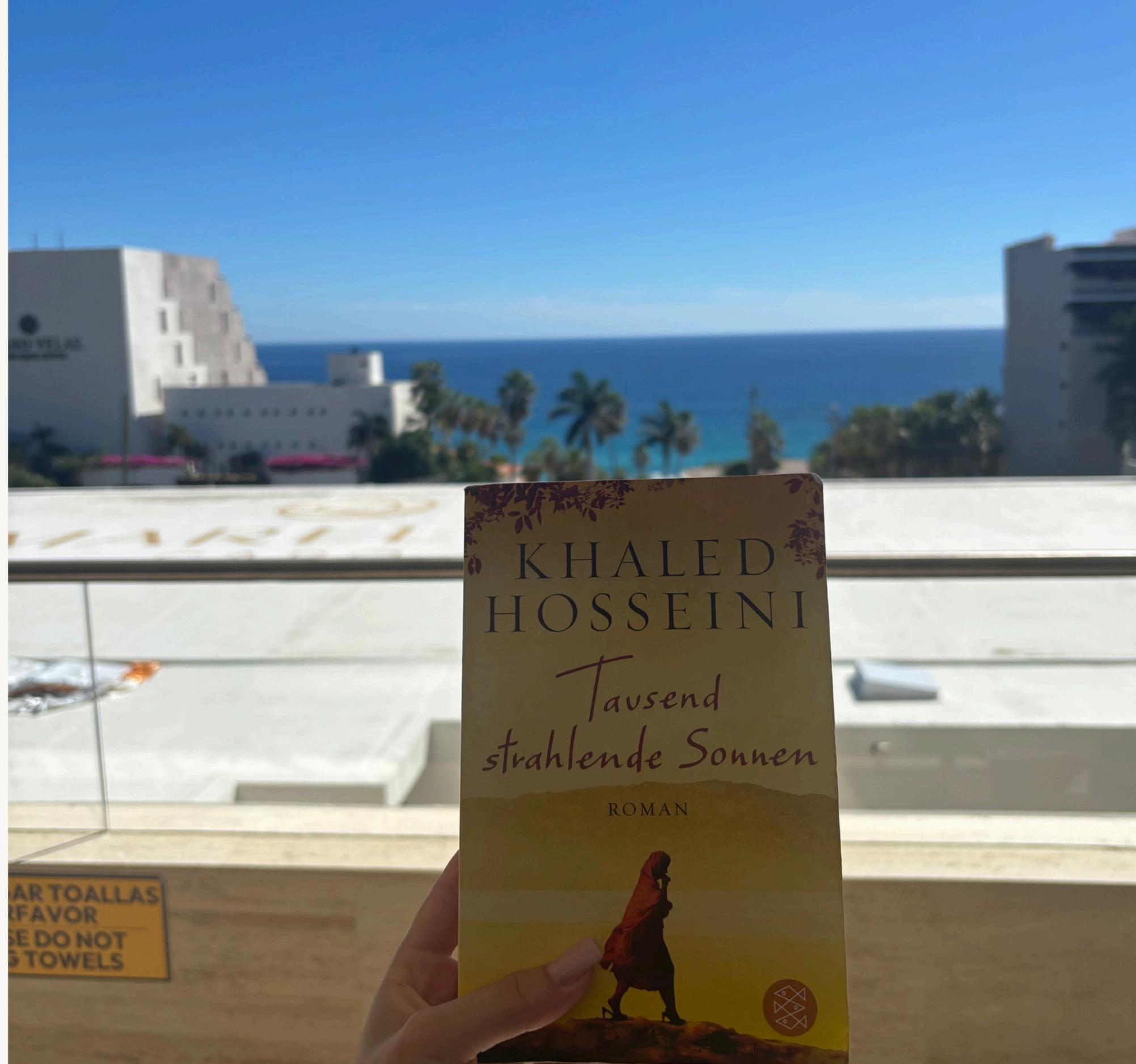
In new rooms, it becomes a small piece of home.



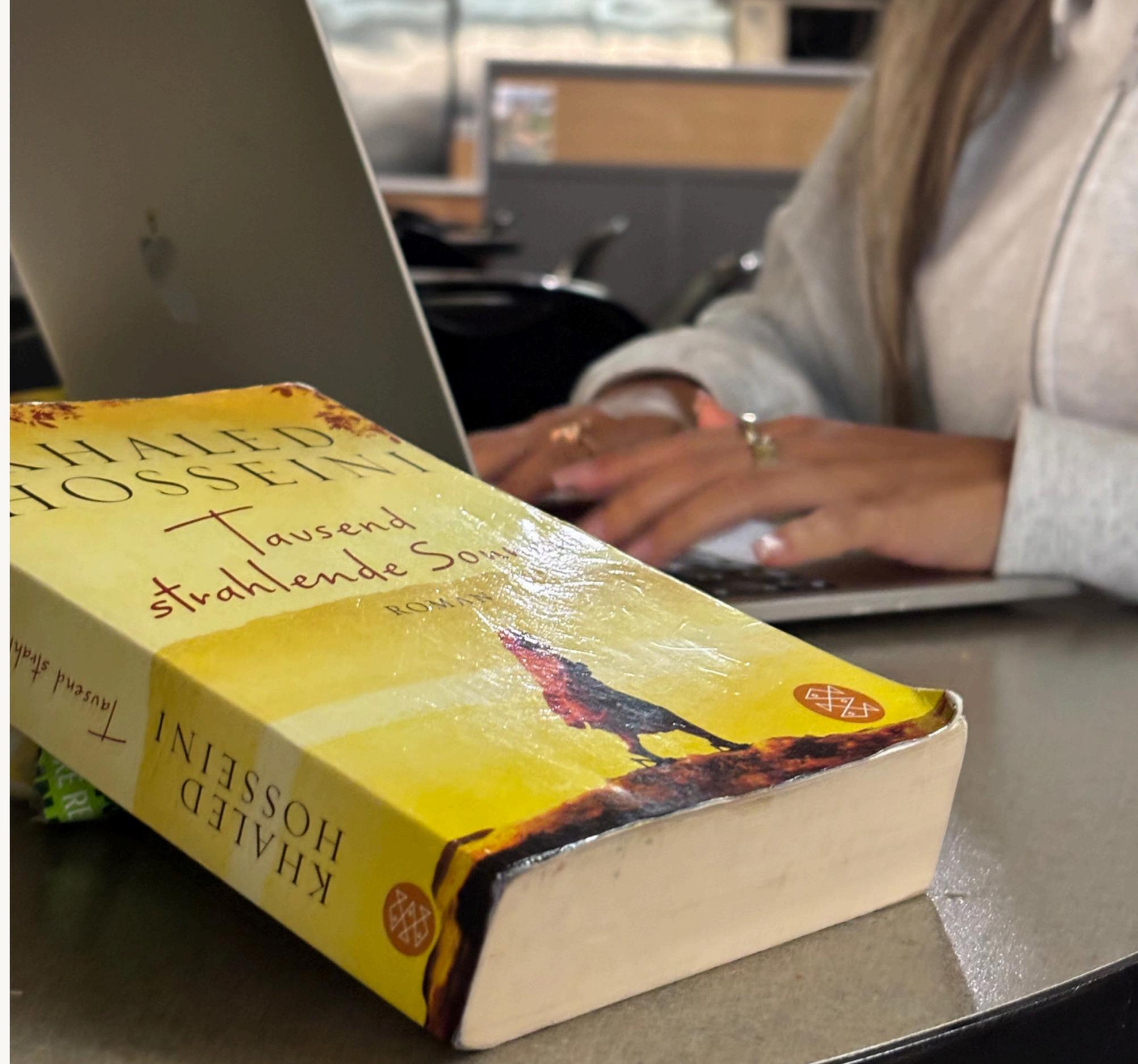
The book rests in the sunlight,
storing the softness of the
afternoon.



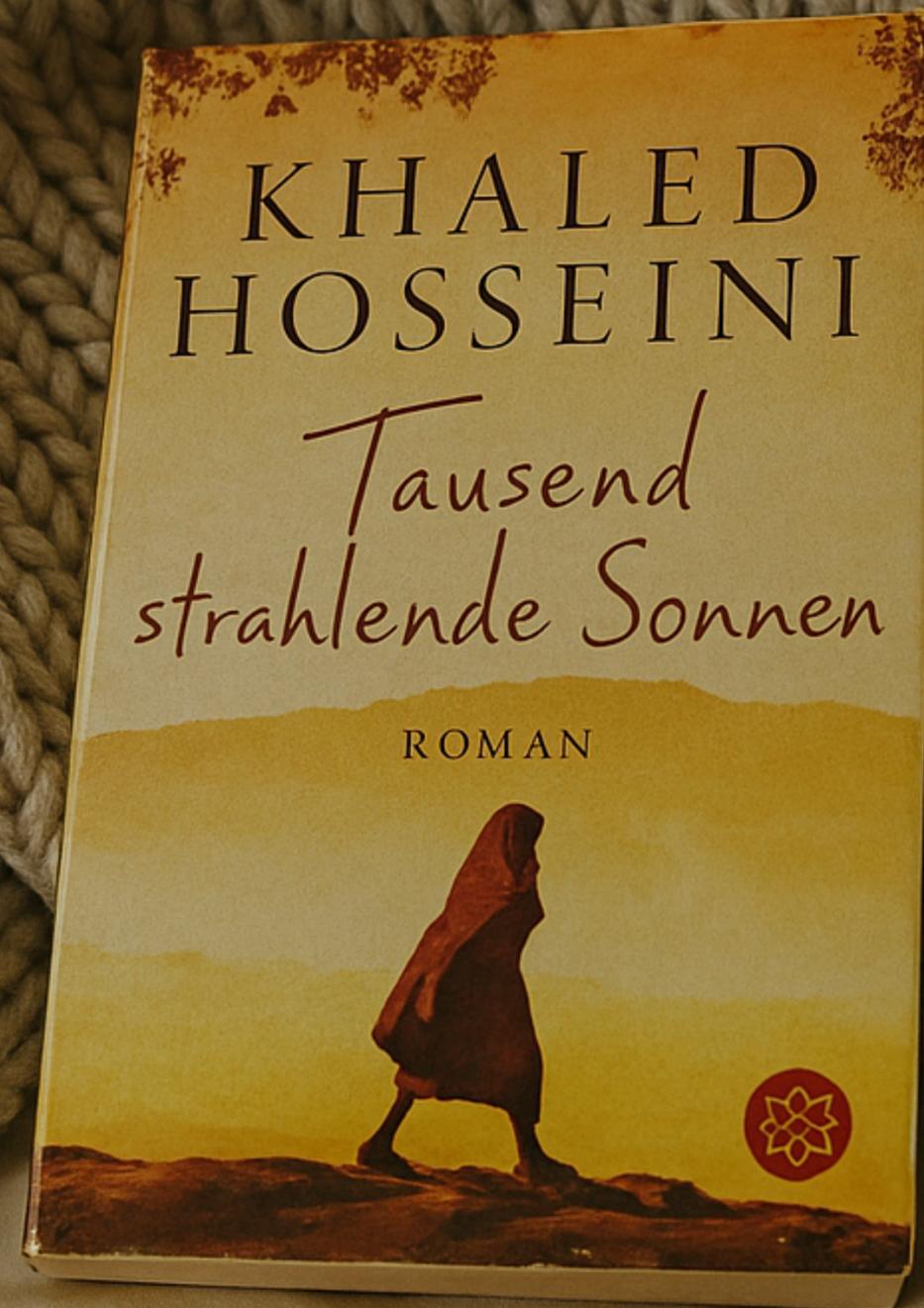
I bring it into the places I love, as if
it needs to see them too.



It stays beside me, collecting the quiet parts of my day.



We return home together.



Everywhere we went, it held pieces
of my days. Now it rests, full of
them.

