

**SHAPES
LEFT
BEHIND**

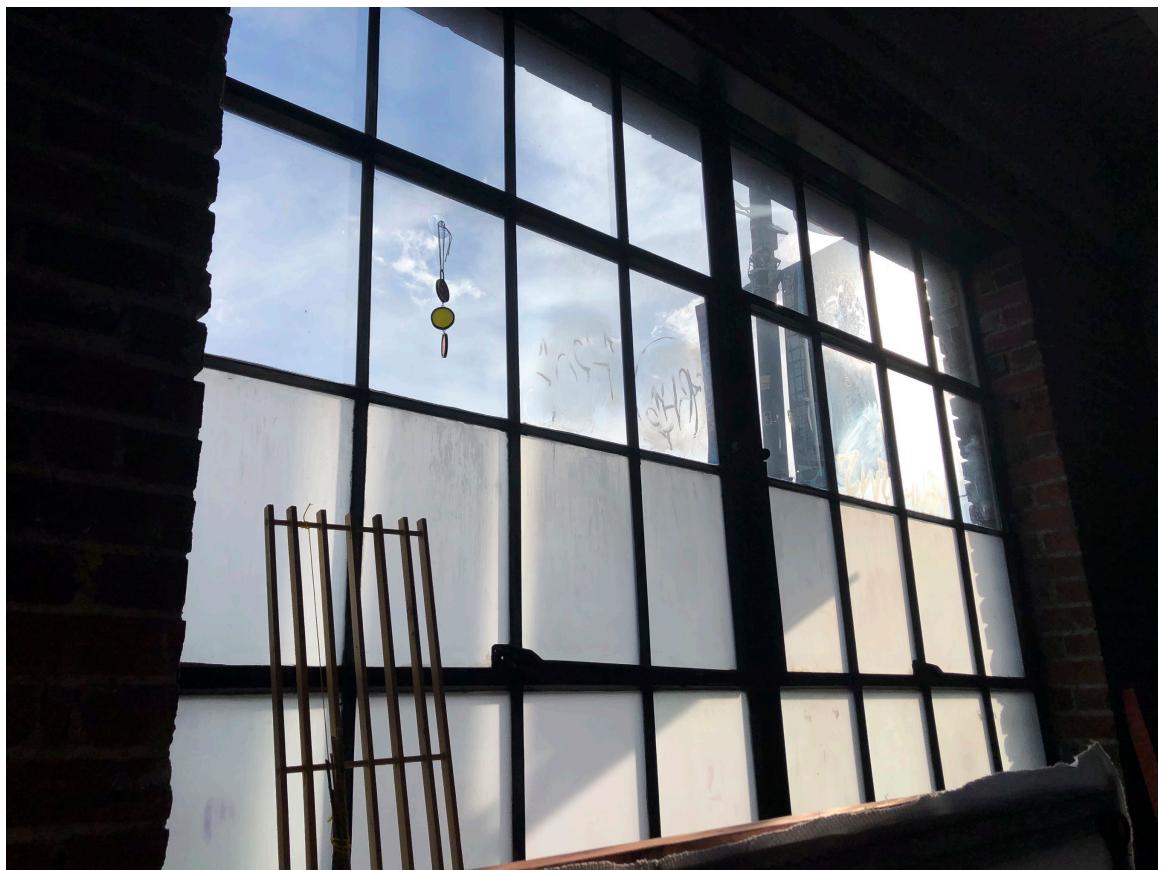
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I write this maybe mostly as a note to myself, ‘cause I’m sure one day I may not remember what I’ve left here and why. It’s a funny thing to reckon with, our somehow losing track of what at one moment is everything, how somehow in our walking the mountains and the valleys become slowly, and beautifully, the everyday stuff of life, though their peaks and streams were unwalked once.

I took these photos in the spring of 2020, in the amber months of March and April, between when my second first partner broke it off and moved out, and then I too, finally, moved out. Mostly stuck inside a too-big, now-too-lonely apartment I walked outside, looking up sometimes, but, as often, looking down too. These are some of the things I saw on those walks in that this-is-forever time, traces of an out-of-reach, some small shapes left behind.





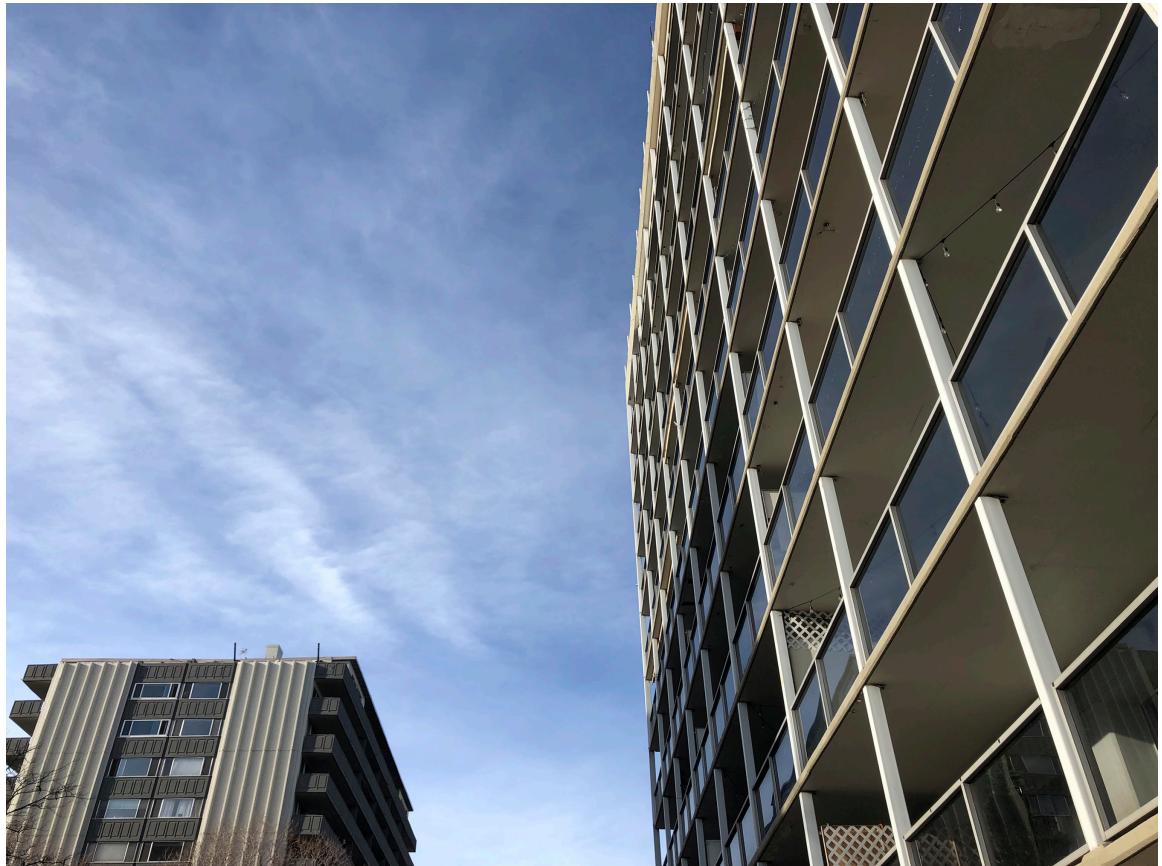










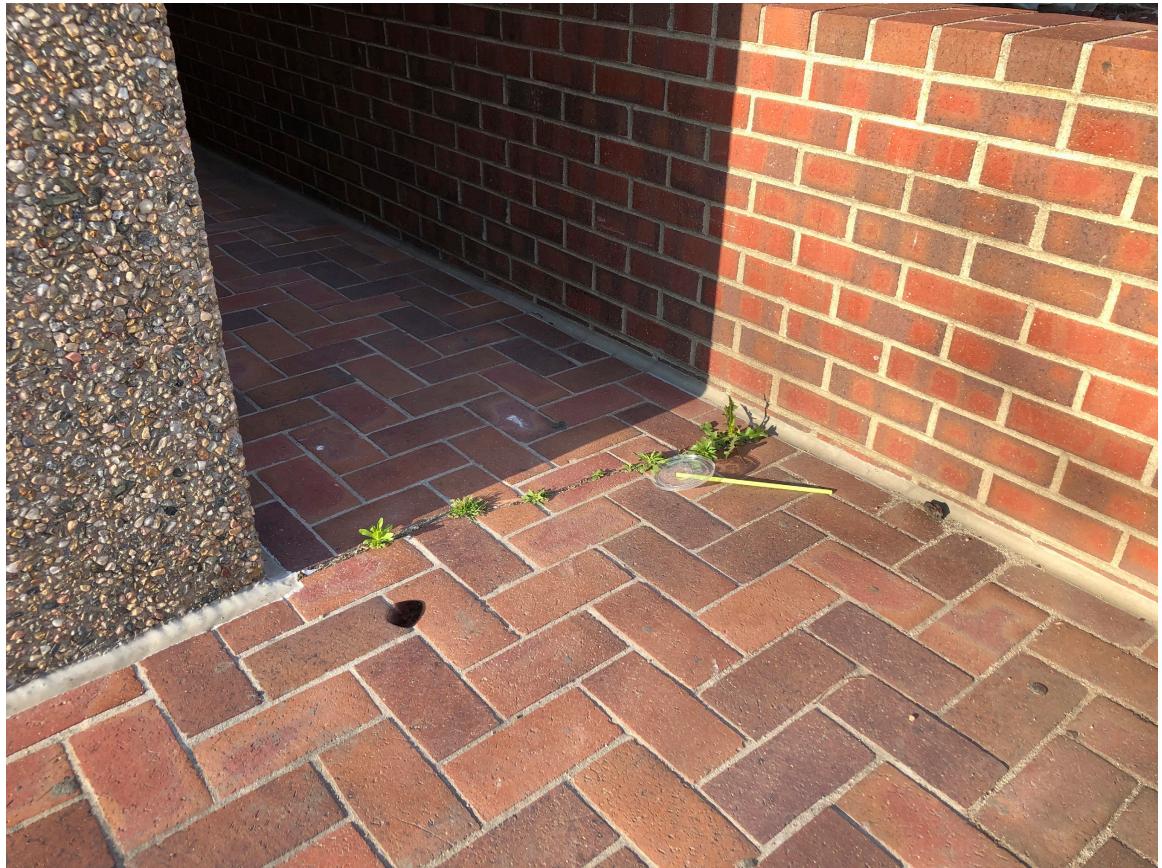












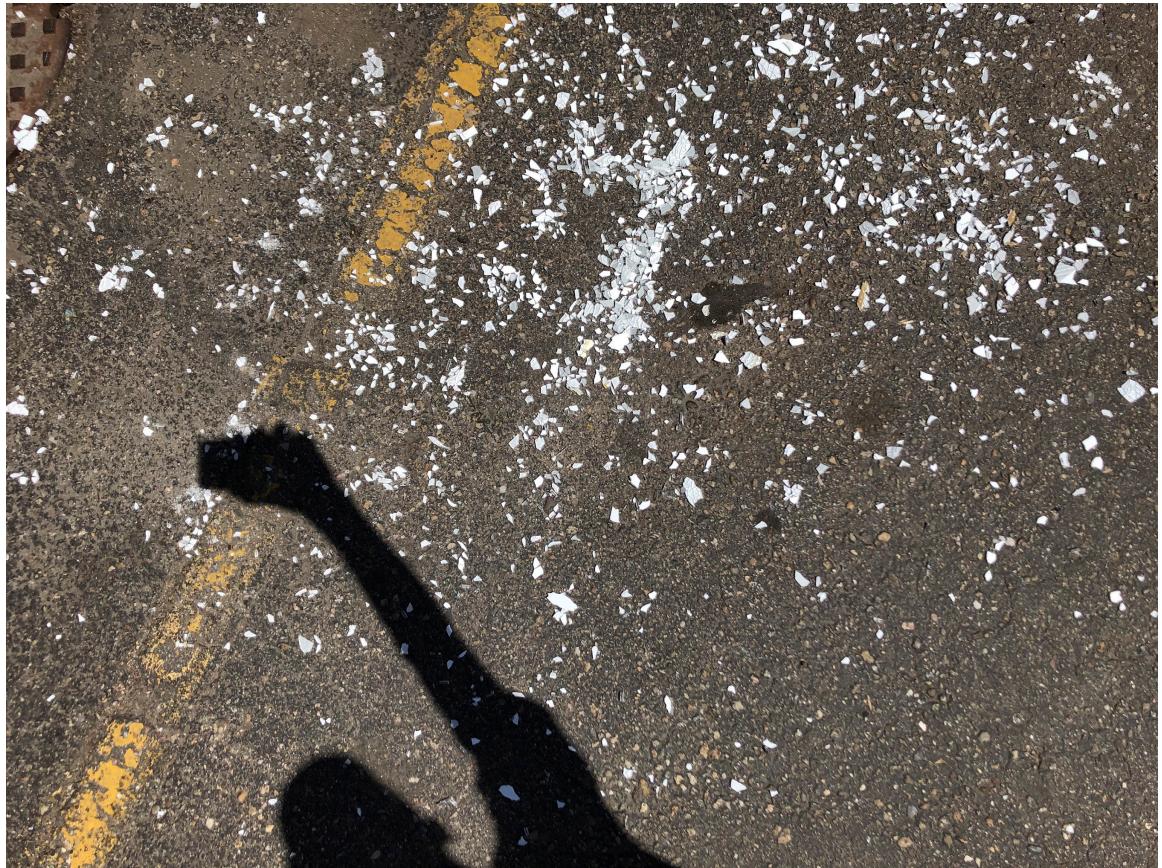








































Shot with a god damn iphone
in the lonesome spring of 2020

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