[t i t l e]

It was the last photo I ever took. I set my camera on a shelf. Chin level. The lens staring into my mouth. I stepped back five feet and stood on an old hardcover. Dostoevsky' s, The Idiot. I wasn't shooting for perfection. I was shooting to capture the lines and shadows of a life I had never lived; of a life I had forgotten existed. I had never done it before. Me. The muse. The object in front. You always see yourself through other's eyes. Other's lens. You can never truly see yourself. It was a morbid thought. I set the flash for five seconds. I forced myself not to pose. A soft shutter and it was over. The last shot.