matter.



IMOGEN GOODHALL

if a tree falls and no one's there to hear it,

does it still matter?

the world is too loud -
too loud to notice itself

i've always been quiet.
for a long time,
i mistook being unseen for being unimportant.

but the world is full of quiet things
that still exist-
a spider knitting the air,
a bird crossing a blue thought,
and the way water remembers the sky.

they still happen whether or not anyone notices.
they matter, simply because they are.

this is me learning to see the world
the way i wish the world saw me-
proof that stillness doesn't mean absence,
and silence doesn't mean insignificance.

i saw it, so it mattered.

- Imogen Goodhall





we only live to discover beauty. all else is a form of waiting.

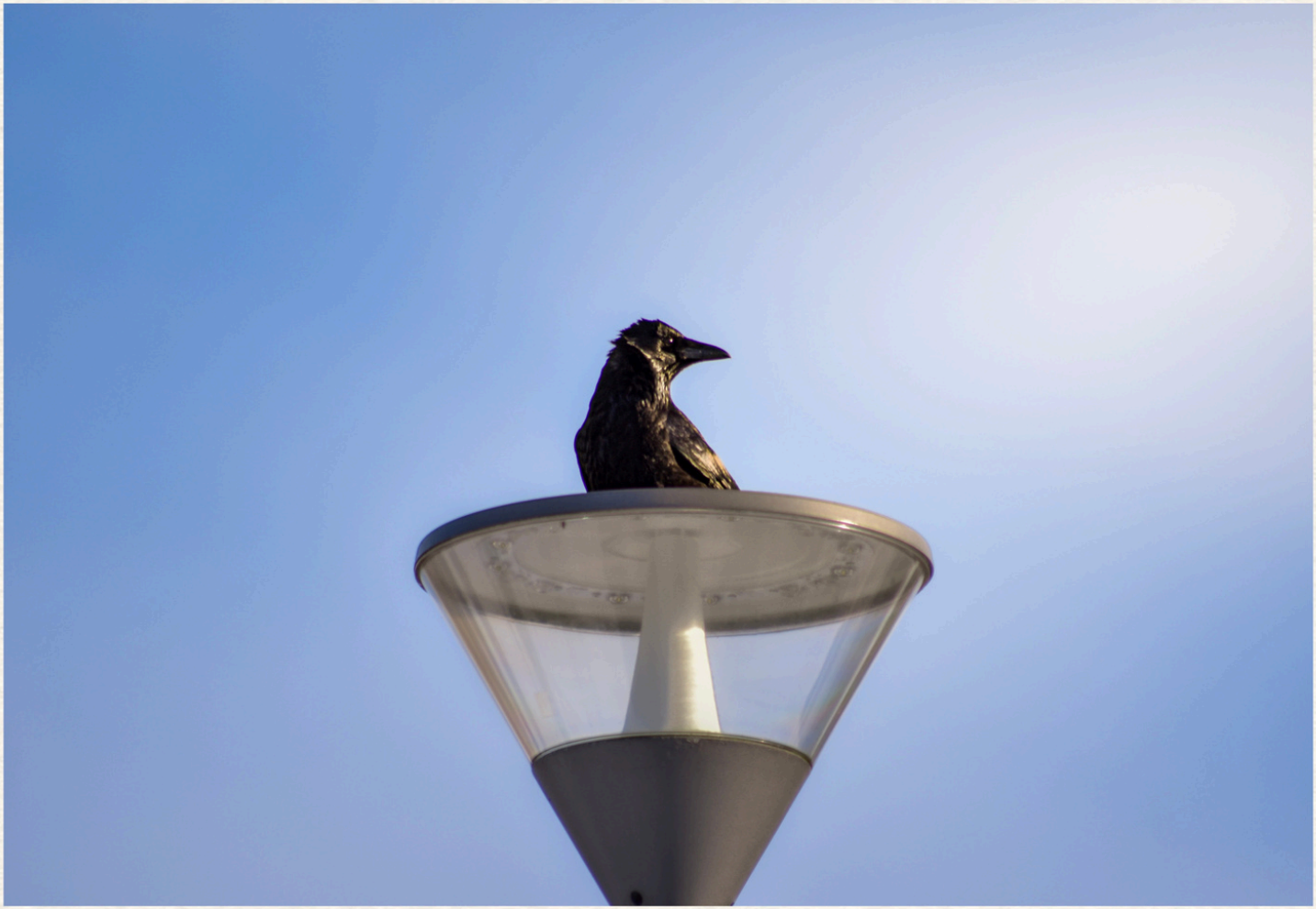
- Kahlil Gibran



instructions for living a life: pay
attention. be astonished. tell about it.

- Mary Oliver





the world only exists in your eyes - you can make it as big or as small as you want.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald



there's a fine line between infinity and invisibility,
the curse of reliability,
the sun rises again unthanked,
showing up too often,
they forget you chose to.

devaluation by familiarity,
praising the forest only once it's ash,
stars so constant we stop looking up,
no one worships the dependable.

a grain of sand savoured by none,
there'll be more.



observation is participation.

- Martha Graham









i like people
who get excited
about the stars.

- Oscar Wilde

Would i have skipped this song,
if it played sooner in the drive?
Is it only perfect now,
because I'm pulling into the light?

An orange leaf in july - the talk of the town,
come september it's kicked to the ground.
Filming first snowflakes through fogged cafe glass,
shovelling by friday just wanting to get past.

Silk is draped on the vanishing hour,
marvelling over a frost born flower.
Would i admire the same, in heat-swollen air,
or call it too familiar to care?



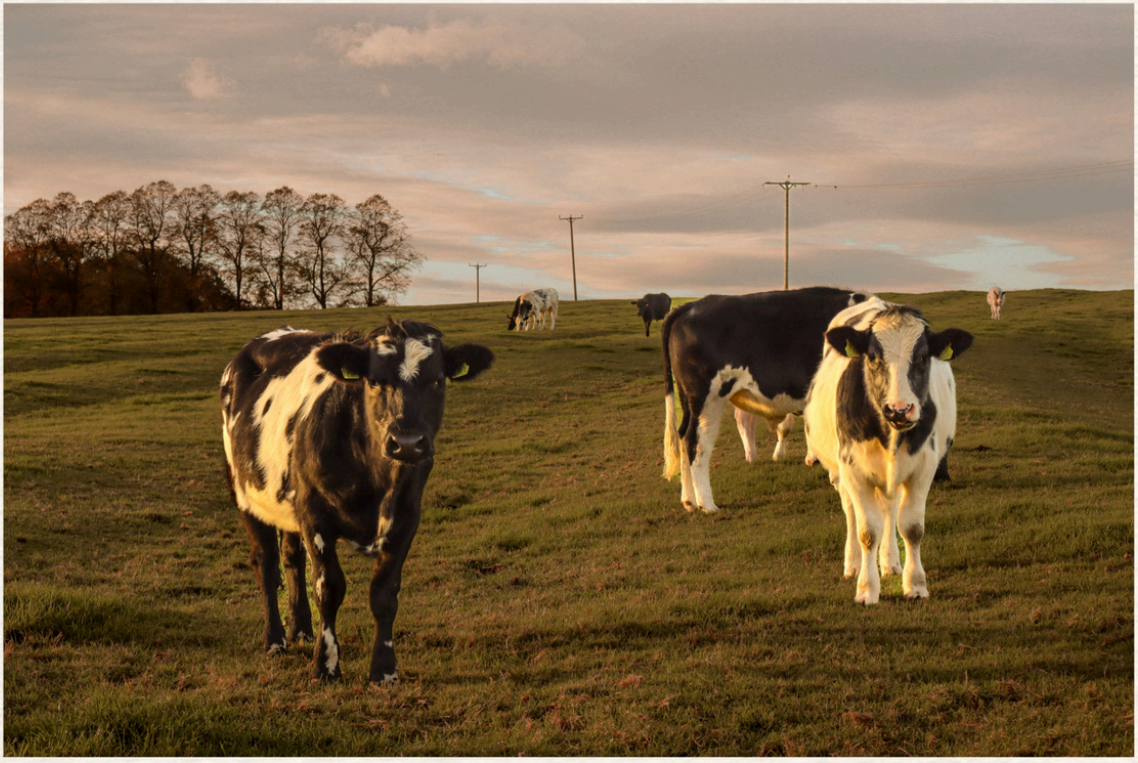
look closely, the beautiful may be small.

- Immanuel Kant











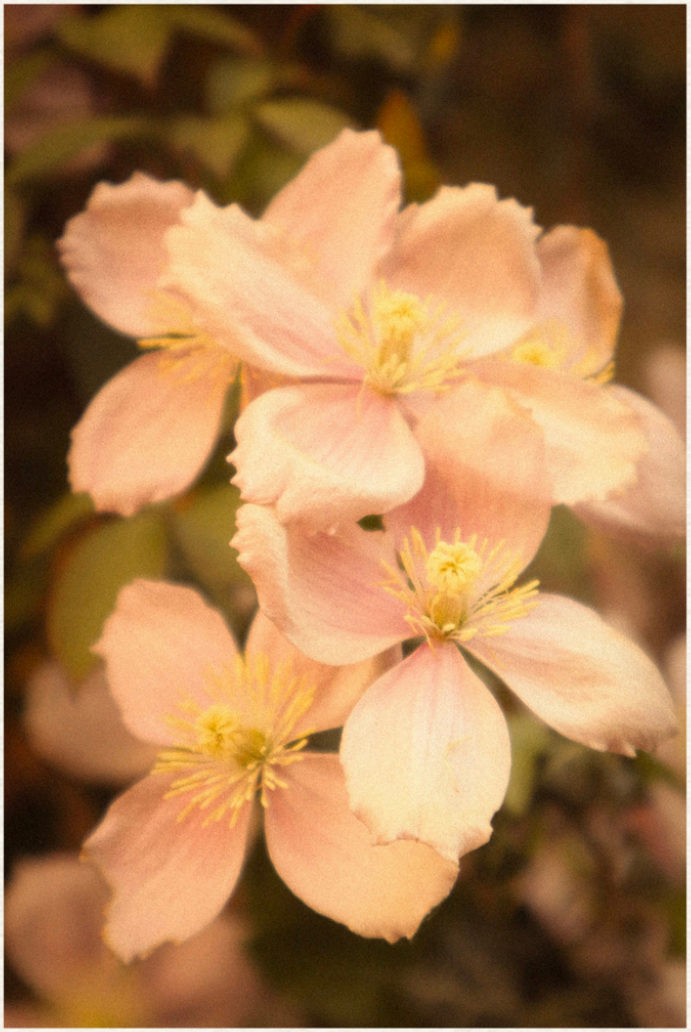
To Love Is To Lose

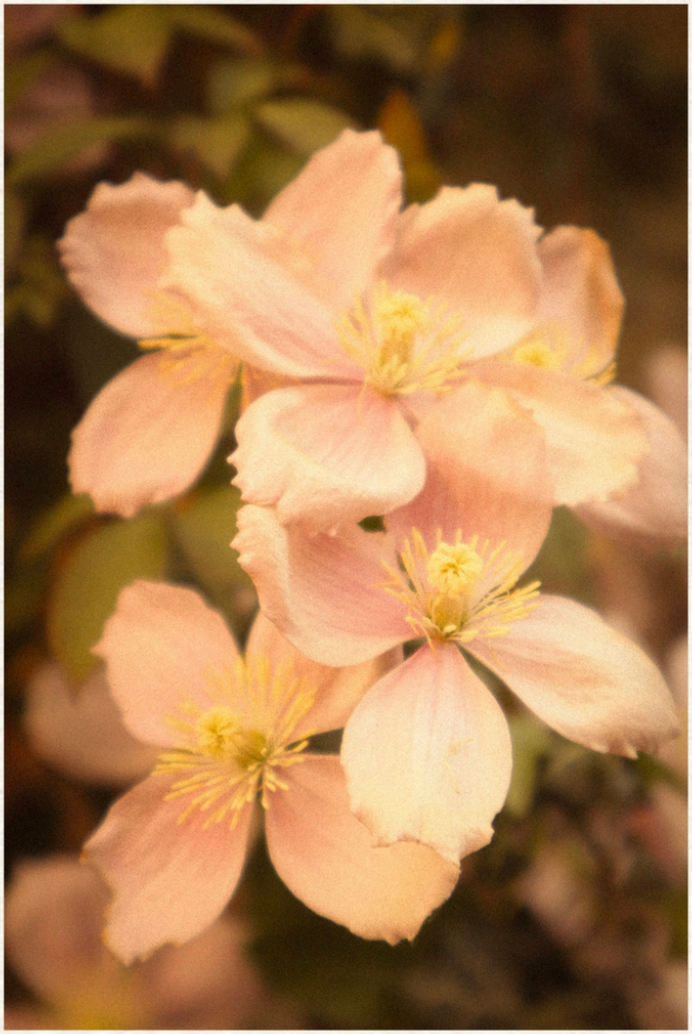
Is it too much to ask you to stay,
to be as you were on that first golden day?
We tell ourselves change is the shape of the truth,
but it's not growth if it snaps at the roots.

I can't hate the flower for blooming brand new,
it was only becoming what time asked it to.
But knowing the reason won't soften it all,
we still hold what we love till it lives no more.

I've tried to remember, not beg it to stay,
to honour the moment, then walk away.
But still i stand here, learning your new name,
knowing your different, and loving the same.

I know that to love is to let things renew,
But why must renewal erase what we knew?
Why must the heart break to prove it was true,
why must we learn to love what we lose?





To Keep Is To Lose

Maybe we ruin things the second we keep them,
a flower too lovely to leave when we meet them.
We pick it, believing that beauty will stay,
then wonder why wonder keeps fading away.

It dies performing the life that it had.
A petal, a promise, a pattern gone mad.
Our wanting becomes the depth of the grave,
and we cling to the ghost for the comfort it gave.

The fault isn't cruelty - it's how we adore,
we hold what we love till it lives no more.
The moment we grasp, it slips from the hand,
for nothing still living can live to be planned.

The point was to see it, not take it apart.
To love it enough to let it depart.
For love isn't keeping - it's trusting the wild,
to change as it must, untamed, undefiled.





To Change Is To Live

The flower grew different, as mornings are born,
a little less fragile, a little more worn.
Wilting for wisdom and growing once more,
learning living is weather, both calm and storm.

It didn't mourn what's lost out at sea,
just trusted the wild, and dared to be.
New roots branched out in the same old ground,
proof endings are right where beginnings are found.

I once thought beauty meant staying the same,
but stillness and living don't share a name.
The living break to find where they begin,
in blooming and shifting and blooming again.





attention is
the purest form
of generosity.

- Simone Weil











presence not permanence is what gives something weight





september air spills in out of turn,
returning once more as green edges burn,
you ask what i've made since we parted last fall,
and the question pries pages i'd flipped on the wall.

the leaves burn to yellow, though not the same shade,
the branches remember what the foliage has changed,
the path through the park holds an outline well-bound,
though the footsteps that traced it are ghosts in the ground.

the scent of your name carries the air that i knew,
yet the wind returns a borrowed voice brand new,
you don't want my answers, no you never have done,
you ask so i see what the months have become.

i miss you beyond what memory can prove,
the longing weighs deeper than the details i knew,
nostalgia reshapes what is remembered unclear,
for when you return, you are never last year.

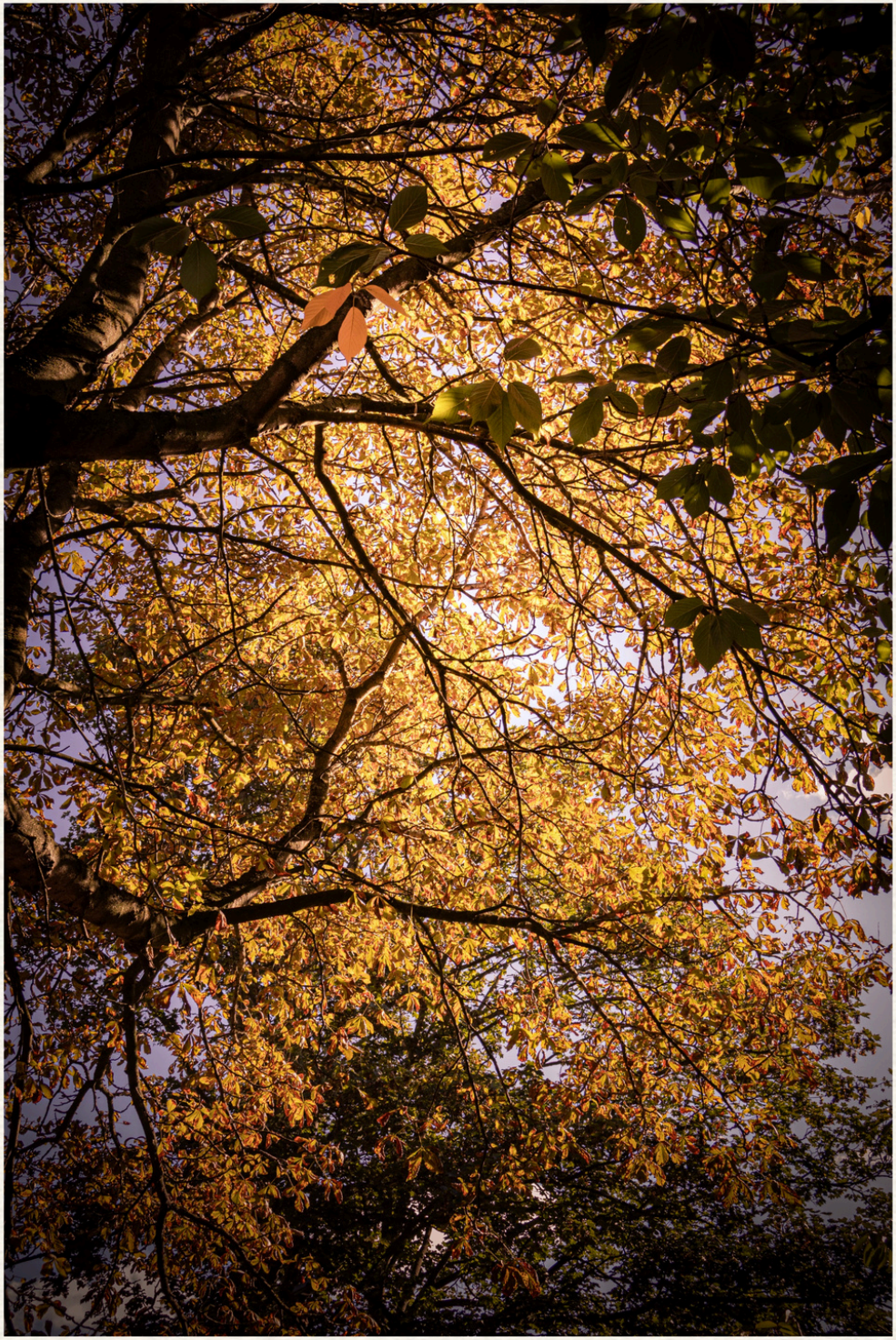
you don't care to measure if i've done enough here,
whether i've wasted, wandered, or savoured the year,
your only vow - to return fixed and fair,
for it's by your indifference, we are forced to care.

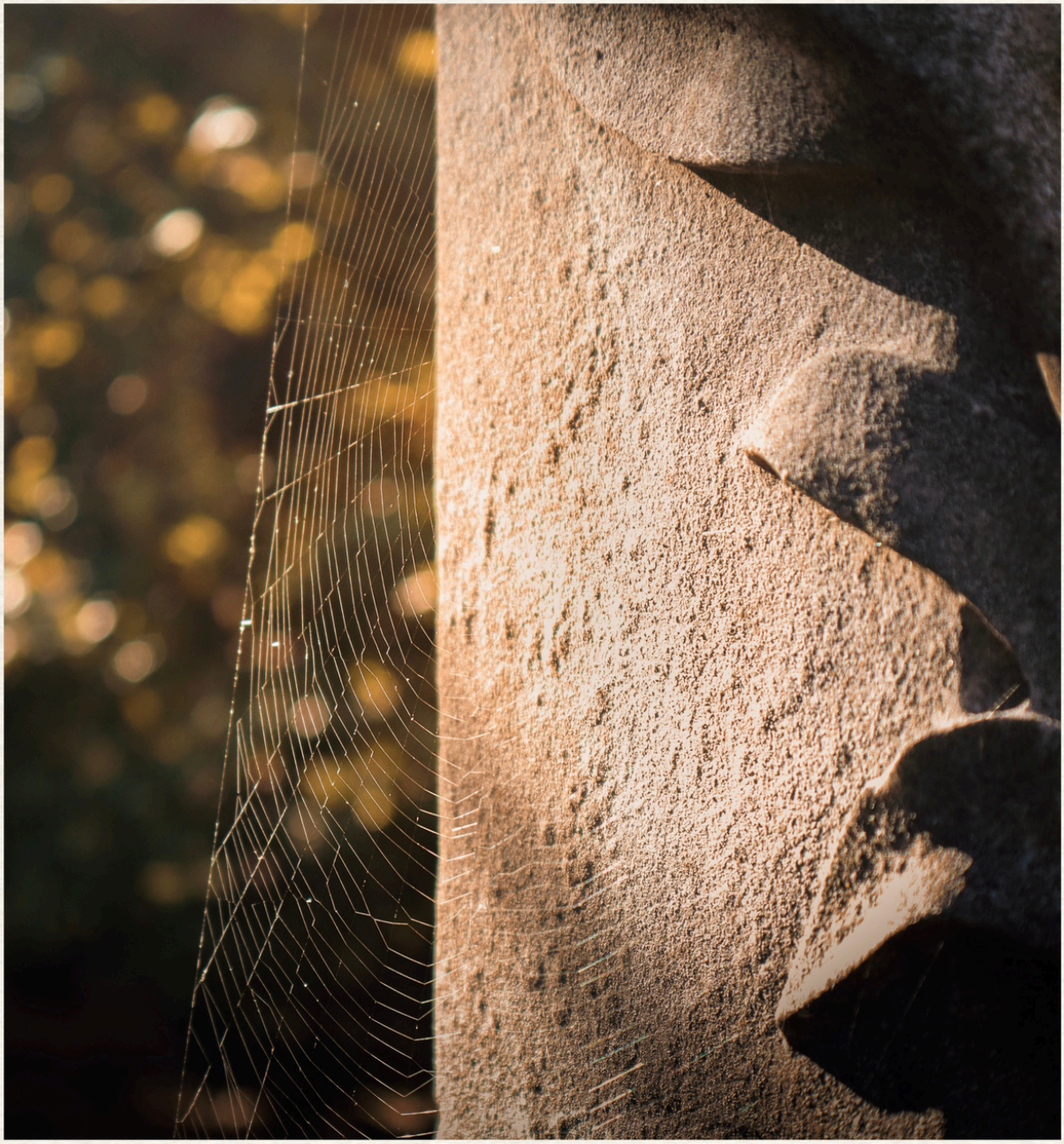




you don't have to understand something to find it beautiful.

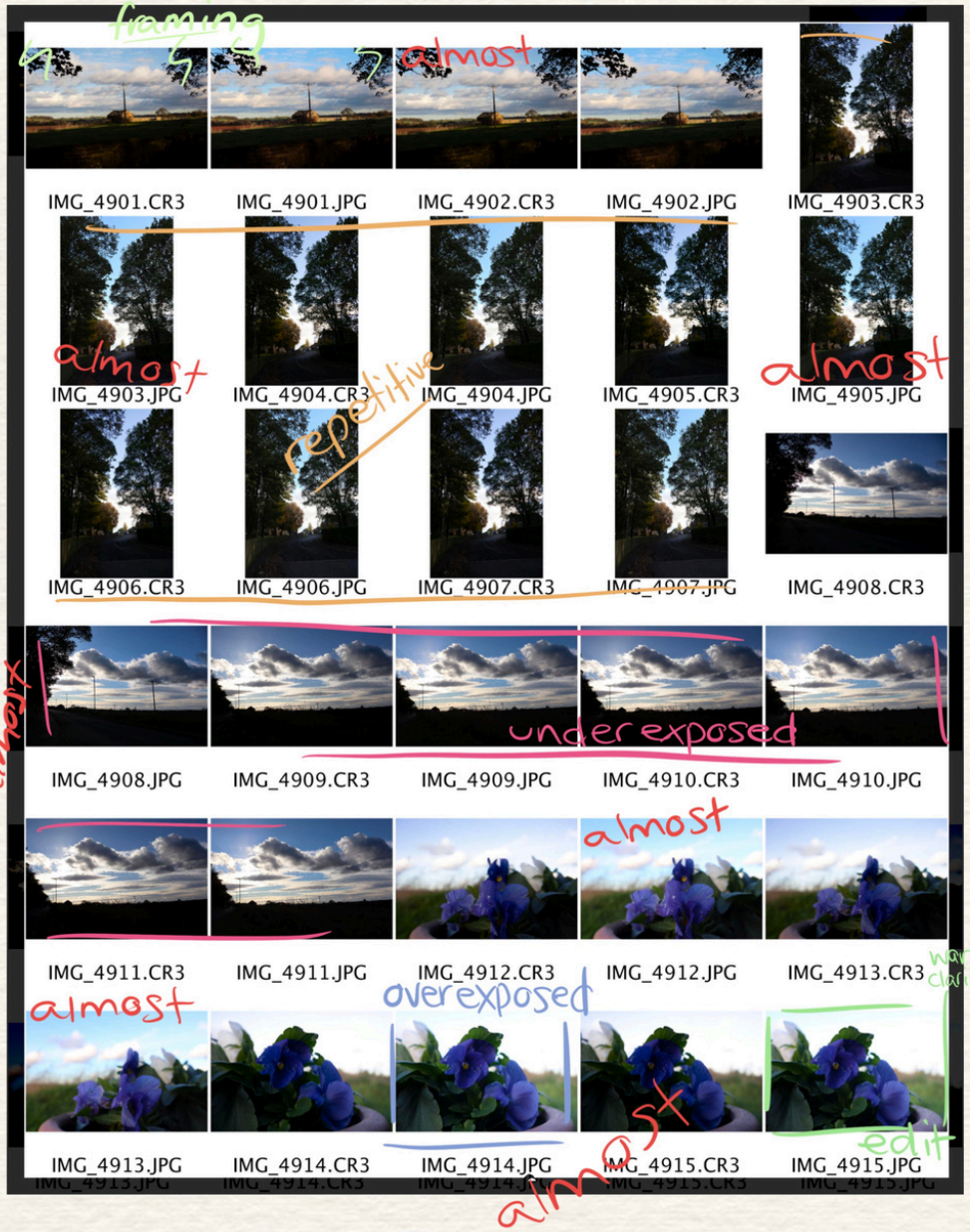
- Unknown





to notice is to name something into existence.

almost.



we're wired to perfection, but what is?
everything deserves to be seen.



it's not what you look at that matters, it's what you see.

- Henry David Thoreau



My reflection changes depending on the water,
sometimes a ghost, sometimes someone's daughter.
The longer you look, the more it changes,
wind picks up - the surface rearranges.

Never the same, true, or complete,
i am whoever your eyes meet.



the moment you notice something it becomes extraordinary.

- Jonathan Safran Foer





to pay attention, this is our endless proper work

- Mary Oliver


20

if i could tell the story in words, i wouldn't need to lug around a camera.

- Lewis Hine



I saw an old man by the water's bend,
with shoulders that sloped like the day's slow end.
Skin like paper, thinned by years,
knuckles like bark and two weathered ears.

There were miles in his bones, a tally on his head,
a collection of creases for the lives he had led.
Spine curved with the weight of a world he knew well,
and I couldn't stop wondering what stories he could tell.

How many names has he long buried deep,
not lost, but laid down, just so he could sleep?
How many songs pull him back through the years,
to sunlit backyards and grass-stained cheers?

How many goodbyes still rattle his chest?
How many secrets keep stealing his rest?
Which scents linger, still summoning her name,
and bring back a kiss in the pouring rain?

A man is just minutes,
with skin stretched around them,
A sum of the hours,
that time chose to hand him.
A library, breathing,
and shelves built in bone,
stacked with the stories,
we carry alone.

Time who watched empires rise from stone,
and still remembers the names we've outgrown.
Who stood at the altar when promises met,
and kept in his pocket the weight of regret.

He gave us tomorrow in return for yesterday,
sent us on journeys, wore us down along the way.
He loaned us a future, then charged us the past,
taught us to bloom, then wilted us fast.

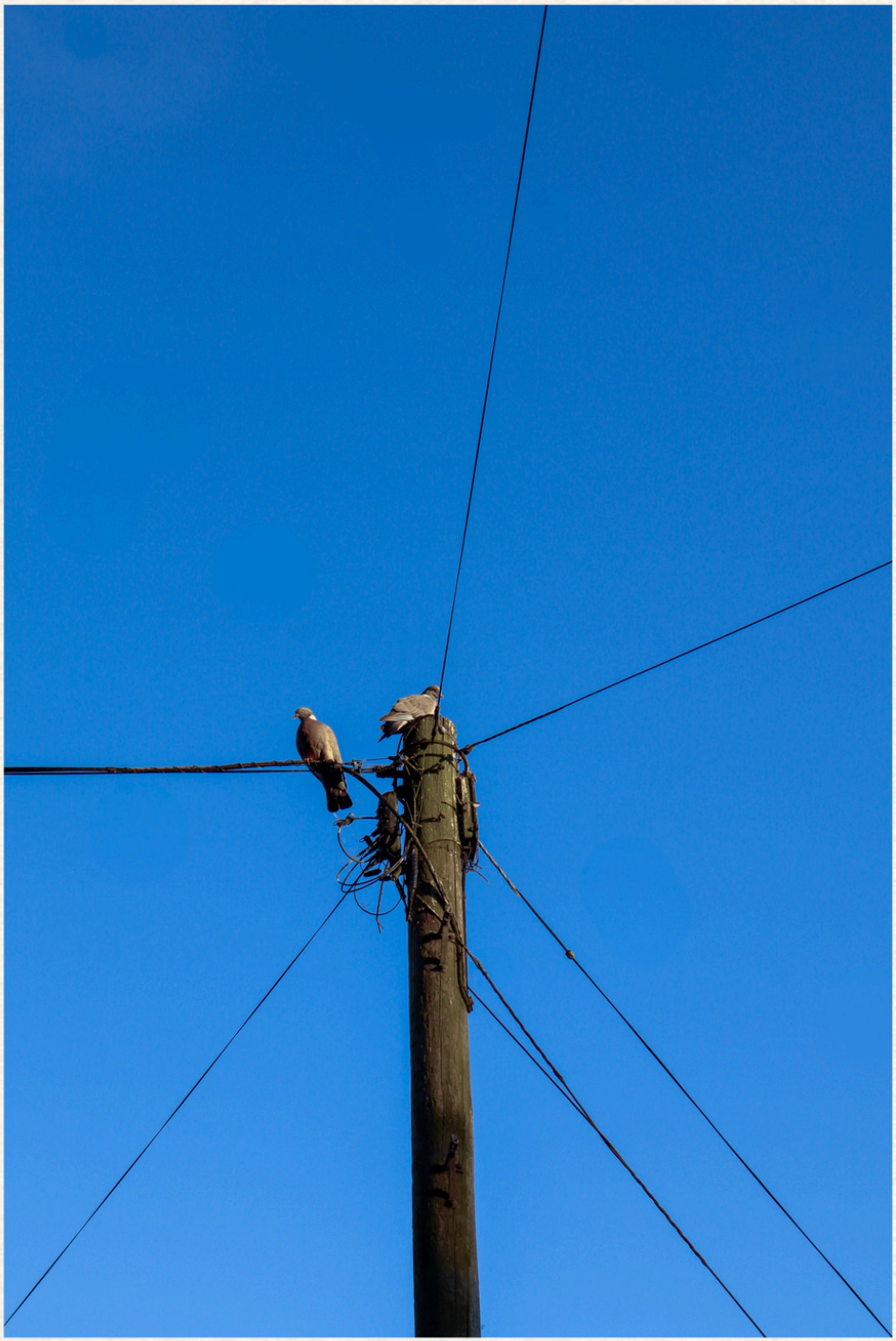
He offered us clarity, only once we had aged,
gave meaning to chapters already paged.
He handed us hindsight only when it's too late,
and asked for our youth to settle the weight.

What stories would spill if time sat you down -
Of the girl who danced in her mother's nightgown,
the boy who cried when his goldfish died,
and the wars that started, but never justified.

Of board games played on rainy days,
and kingdoms that crumbled in a furious blaze.
Of letters unopened and battles hard-won,
of first kisses caught in the heat of the sun.

Of protests that echoed through tear-gassed streets,
and secret hand-holds under lunchroom seats.
Of families and fires and promises kept,
and footprints fading where memories slept.

So many stories we'll never receive -
Too vast to imagine, too old to retrieve.
Only time could tell them, if only he'd speak,
so old man, I ask - what wisdom do you keep?
What has time given you, and what did it take?
Which pieces were priceless? Which kept you awake?





nothing is ever really lost on us
as long as we remember it.

- L.M. Montgomery

there are no uninteresting things, only uninterested people.

- G.K. Chesterton







there's no better, just different.









each moment is all the time there is.

- Zen Proverb

I made this to notice what the world forgets.

Now it's yours to keep noticing.

if a tree falls and no one's there to hear it,
it still matters.

