



Nothing could lessen her constant pain. Strangely enough, she had thrown away all of her photographs of him. It happened one day when the wind was strong; she was sitting in the park, on her favourite bench where she often came to read a chapter of her book. On either side of her was a large tree, and all around, even covering the flower beds, were piles of fallen leaves. The perpetual motion of the trees shadows placed all the forms on the surrounding surfaces in a state of continuous transformation. It led her to think about the transformability of a life its self. She watched the leaves as they danced around her and the bench she was resting on. She watched them as they flew into the sky, seemingly effortlessly, altogether weightless. Something led her to reach into her bag and bring out a large envelope which she always carried around with herself wherever she went.

The envelope contained all, or almost all the photographs of her husband that were in her possession. She lost herself in them, looking at them one by one, as if she were breathing in their images and the memories they contained. Afterwards, she held them in her hand, and as she continued to watch the twirling motion of the dry leaves, she became aware of the entanglement of the photographs in her outstretched hand and their irresistible urge to escape it. She opened her hand, she submitted to this strange emotion, allowing the photographs to be swept away by the gusts of wind. A strong pain struck her heart and her body, but already in the next instant, almost immediately afterwards, she felt relieved. She stood up, looking around herself and the bench before she turned to leave: the earth was covered with leaves and innumerable photographs...She was trying to transform her love of those chosen moments into something which would hasten the process of forgetting. Those are just white pieces of paper, only white paper..she would repeat to herself. Soon, almost all the photographs had done their last dance; only a few of them kept returning-"Pula 1945", "Play in Prague", "Holiday 1966"...she thought to herself "Those that stay must have been the happiest days of my life!?"