



记忆摄影师

The memory photographer

早早著





₩上海文艺出版社

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记忆摄影师 3

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> 早早 写于某顿早餐之后



Forward

A piece of luggage, fragments of a story, and a soul that longs to travel, is what starts this book. After one siesta, bored and tired of waiting, I dream of making a book. Not for any particular person, just purely wishing to preserve some memory, memories that belong to no one but myself; memories that may fade with the passing of time.

Sometimes, living in this world is lonely. In a quiet night, listening to music, reading a novel, dreaming some unrequited dreams, and loneliness would come, like tiny pattering foot, tap taps across the heart, unnoticed, leaving behind only faint footprints. In sleepless nights, it seemed only the rain would wash away the sorrow, left on the scab that has never healed.

I write a little poem, I paint and scrawls, I enjoy the redolent smell of flowers and warm cakes under the sun... and it would seem to me then that life is happy enough this way. What more can we hope for than to be alive and happy? Our heart is like a polychromic glass window, reflecting the colors that we felt. We should not always look at only the black and white in this world.....

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amongst the pictures, fairytales, and prattle, something that belongs to them. A memory perhaps? Some secrets are never destined to be secretes forever, no matter how hard you try to conceal and to protect.

I shall not say anymore, although I have said too much already.....At the end of the book there's a few blank pages, you can write, draw, or just leave them empty if you like. When moments come, put down some memories, so not even the frigid north wind can harm them.

> Daisy Sometime after breakfast

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