



UNTITLED

Your face flashes in front of the screen in the video I find on an old SD card from your Blackberry. You position the camera to capture the shower head and the shower, and you balance it behind the curtains hanging from the curtain rod above the window. The screen turns black and my blood, cold. I hear a woman's voice. Is it my sister's? Is it mine? I see your face flash once more and your phone drop into your pocket. I never found the hiking pictures.