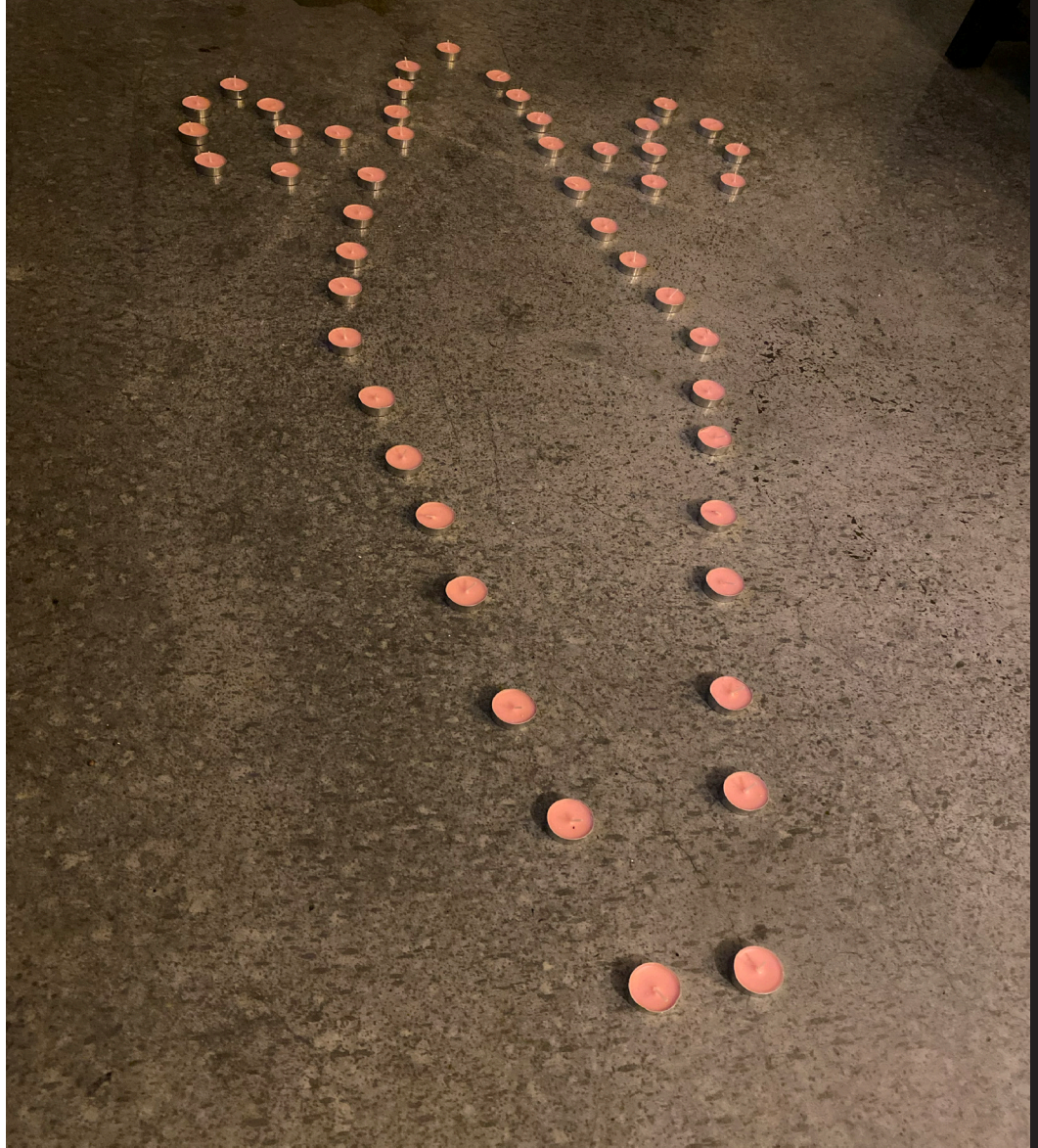




The body holds its light
until it learns how to disappear.

By Aisha Boodai
Graphic Design | VCU



“It begins in silence.”



Flame touches skin.
Shadow wakes.



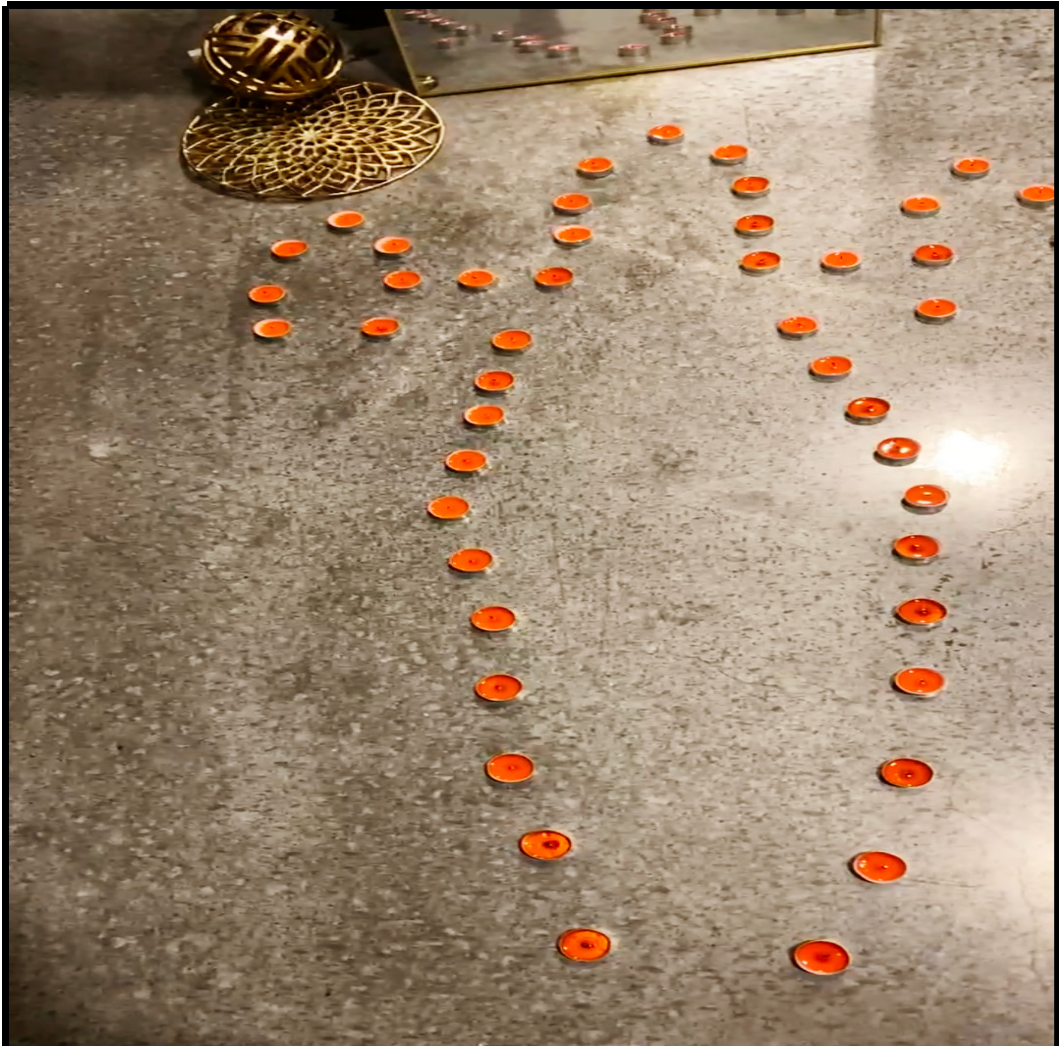
The body begins to glow.
Stillness flickers.



“Flicker becomes rhythm.
The body remembers.”



“The glow spreads quietly.
A language only shadows understand.”



“The body returns in silence.
Its shape, a whisper.”



“Shadow holds the form.
The mirror keeps the secret.”



“What remains is not the flame, but the
trace it left behind.”



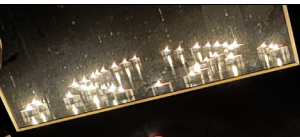
“I watched my body flicker from the outside.
But the shadow stayed.”



“The memory glows dimly,
but never fully disappears.”



“Half of them burned.
The rest just remembered.”



“I stood there. And it was already gone.”



“I stood at the edge of my light.
What remained was the shadow.”

“It wasn’t darkness that came,
but the slow forgetting of light.”

“What remained couldn’t be seen. Only felt.”