

Pictures & Poetry

**Written and recorded by:
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Welcome...

It's been a year since I've made my first poetry book. Since I still write poetry often, I felt like a second edition in 'the poetry saga', was only natural.

Instead of poorly portraying my poetry with drawings, I chose to make this one exclusively with pictures I've (had) taken over the years.

Enjoy a trip through timeless photographs and words.

Sincerely,
Me, the "poet"

Enjoy the poetry by poet-me. (Yes, I'm aware I already made that joke)



Photographer: unknown.

Growing old

I'm growing up.
I'm getting old.

But to me; growing up,
has been getting old.

How I remember that smile.
How I remember it's been a while...



Photographer: Dylan Baeckelandt.

The trees and their secrets

Trees are long and so is their life.
They remember you and your second wife.
But do you remember all the things you've said?
The trees always do and it never leaves their head.

They've kept it secret, for all of these years.
There are no wooden eyes, they only consist of wooden ears.
One day they will get cut or naturally die.
Along with our secrets, no one will ever know why.

(Edit: I do, they died for this book.)



Photographer: Dylan Baeckelandt.

A door into your mind

I wish there was a door to the inside of your head. A place I could walk between every thought you've ever had. A bubble to hold, a bubble to see. A bubble with your definition of me. I'd take a seat and watch your storms pass me by. Storms so wild, they might make me cry. But I don't regret opening up that door. Because now I know you better, than I did before...

You kinda suck. <3



Photographer: Dylan Baeckelandt.

The colour blue

“This reminds me of you.”,
they say about the colour blue.
It is the colour that I am feeling, I’ve known to be true.
But to assign me a hue,
seems like a strange thing a person can do.

“This reminds me of you.”

“I already had a clue.”