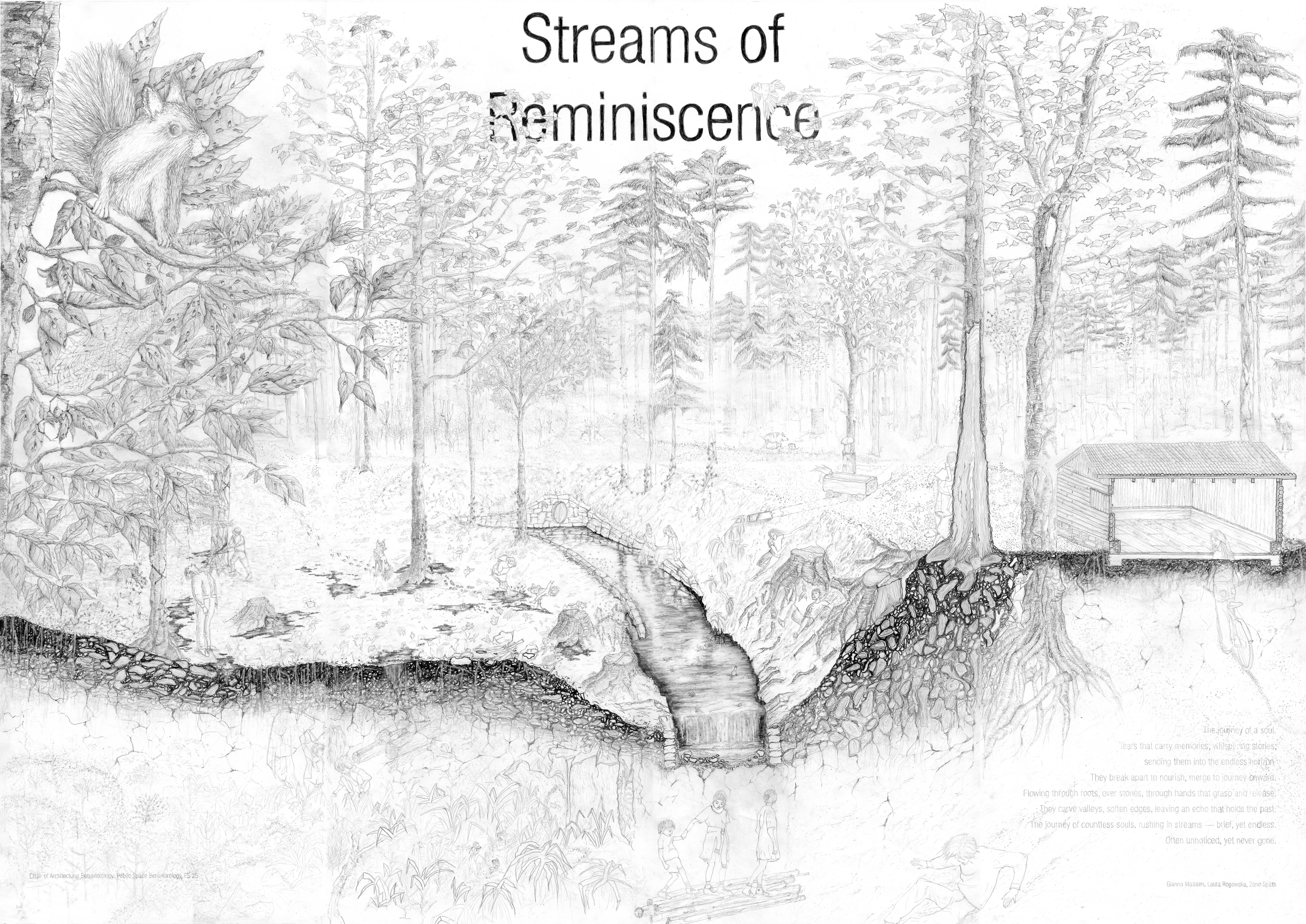


Streams of Reminiscence



The journey of a soul.
Tears that carry memories, whispering stories:
sending them into the endless horizon.
They break apart to nourish, merge to journey onward.
Flowing through roots, over stones, through hands that grasp and release.
They carve valleys, soften edges, leaving an echo that holds the past.
The journey of countless souls, rushing in streams — brief, yet endless.
Often unnoticed, yet never gone.