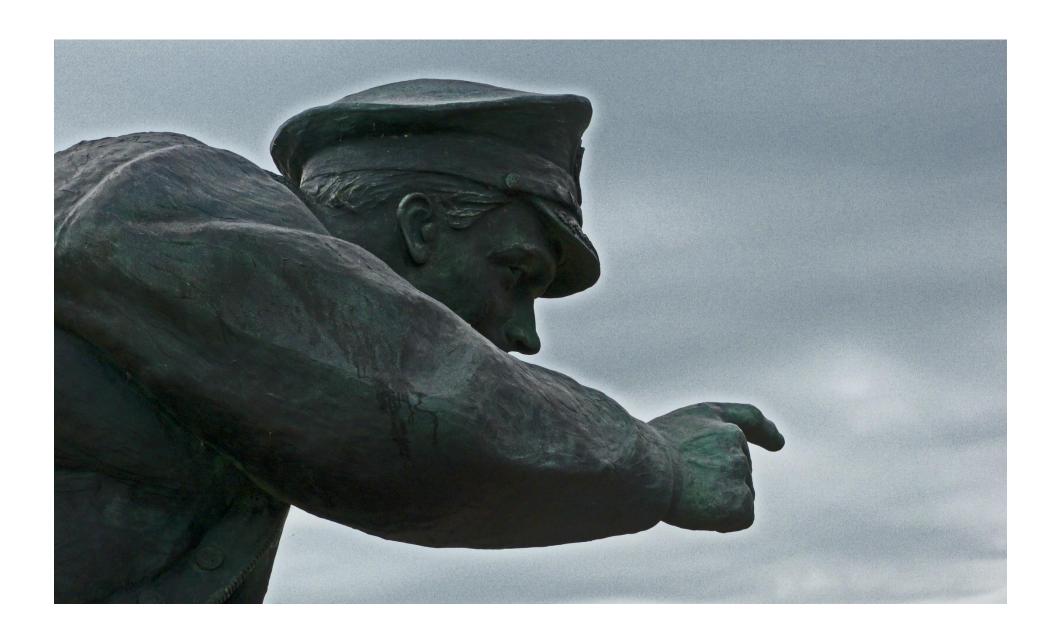




I WONDER IF THE FINGER POINTS AT THE HORIZON

AS A WARNING TO PREVENT FUTURES MENACES

OR TO INDICATE THE LIQUID BURIAL OF THE THOUSANDS





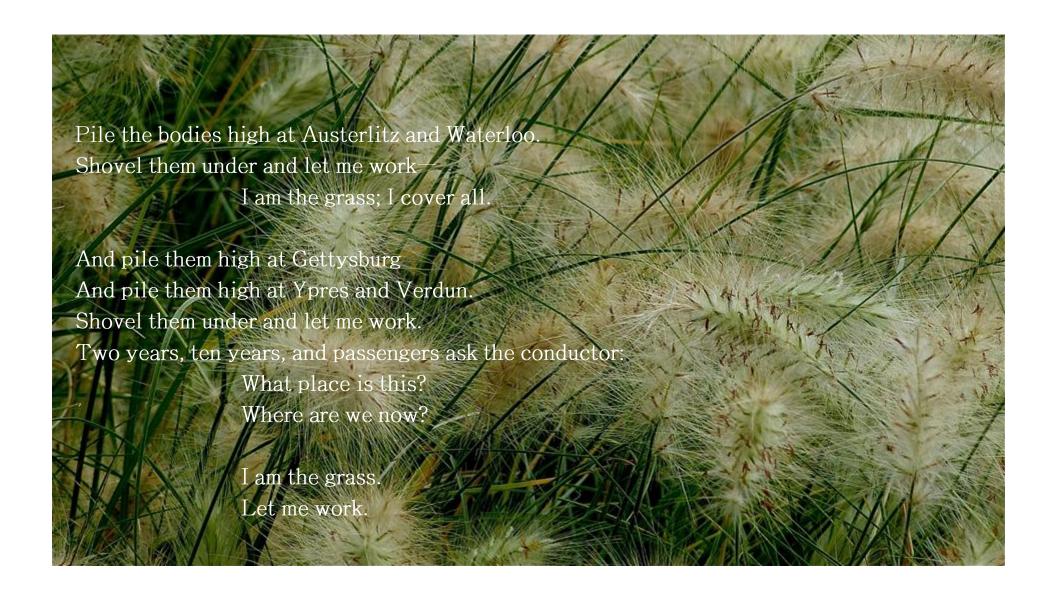


WHILE VISITING THE NORMANDY AMERICAN CEMETERY IN COLEVILLE

I WAS CAUGHT BY THIS CALM AND TIMELESS VISION,



STILL WANDERING THROUGH THE CEMETERY, TRYING NOT TO CONSIDER
THE USUAL IMAGES ONE CAN TAKE IN THESE PLACES,
I WAS CAPTURED BY THIS GORGEOUS BUSH OF WAVING GRASS
AND SUDDENLY CAME TO MY MIND A POEM I HAD IN MY SCHOOL'S
ENGLISH LECTURE BOOK: "GRASS" BY CARL SANDBURG



AS FOR SOME PRECEDING PICTURES, THE CONTRAST BETWEEN
THE REMAINS OF THE WAR AND THE NATURE'S REPOSSESSING
IS RATHER INSPIRING AND SOOTHING



A CONCERNED VISITOR CANNOT ABSTAIN FROM PAYING VISIT TO THE MEMORIAL DE CAEN, A RATHER COMPLETE REPRESENTATION OF MEN'S MADNESS.

DURING ONE OF MY VISITS I STUMBLED INTO AN EXHIBITION OF SOME REMAINS OF 11/09 ATTACK: I WAS CAUGHT BY THE IMAGE OF A FAMILY REFLECTED BY THE GLASS AND OVERLAID TO THE REST OF THE TWIN TOWERS STRUCTURE.

SOMEWHAT RECONCILING.



THE LAST IMAGE, TAKEN AT SUNSET ON ONE OF THE LANDING BEACHES, SHOWS A KISSING COUPLE AGAINST THE REMAINS OF THE "BEETLES" (CONCRETE PONTOONS).

A SIGN OF PEACE, IN THE END.



MA BLESSURE (MY WOUND)

A PERSONAL RENDITION OF THE FEELINGS CAUGHT WHILE WANDERING ON THE D-DAY SPOTS.

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