



Time is simply time

TIME IS SIMPLY TIME

Concept and Photography by Ted Charlton

Poem by Sarah Riley-Curtis

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FORWARD

During my travels in lower North Island rural New Zealand, I saw numerous abandoned houses, to reproduce the forlorn emotion these old dwellings can give is why the sepia filter has been applied. Thank you to Sarah for the fantastic poem, which adds beautifully another dimension.



Saint of an old life that once stood



Broken frames,

like dreams
of past





Not to enter, as it is no longer safe



Yet the earth still stands.





The land that occupies



Was once a feast of opportunities



It is the way of life

Run down



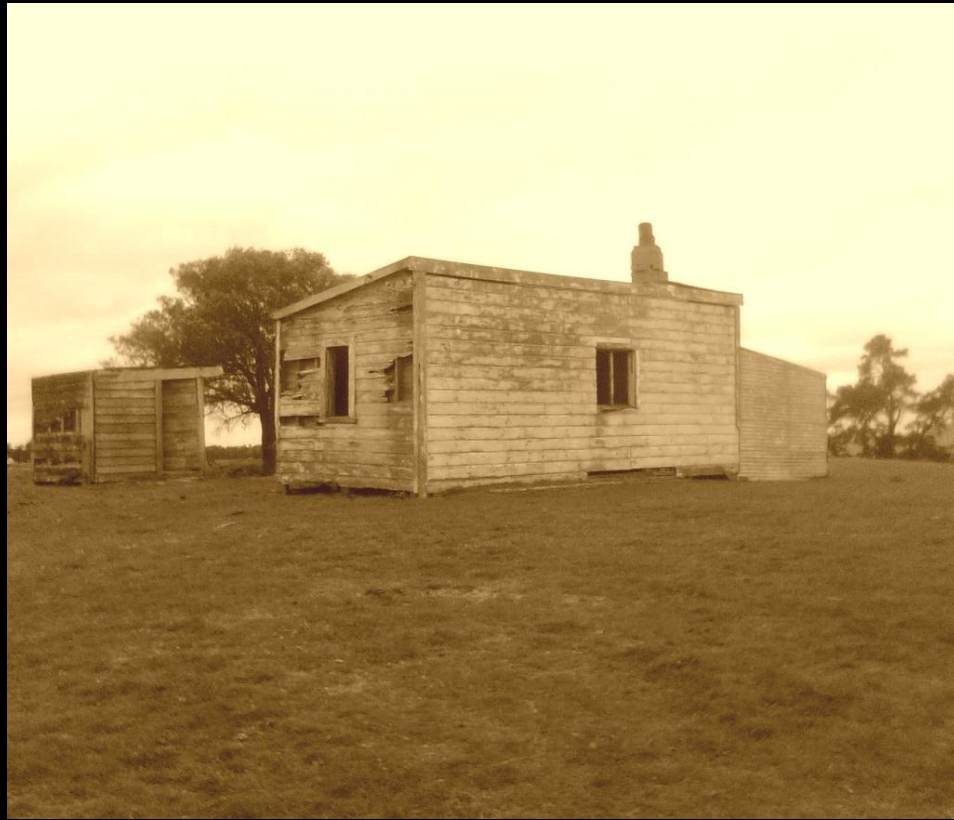
and overworked

Just to be left standing empty.





Still hope for residency to the seeker



Only if the right companion can come in



see the beauty that once stood as potential

Years gone yet still standing.



The magpie crows

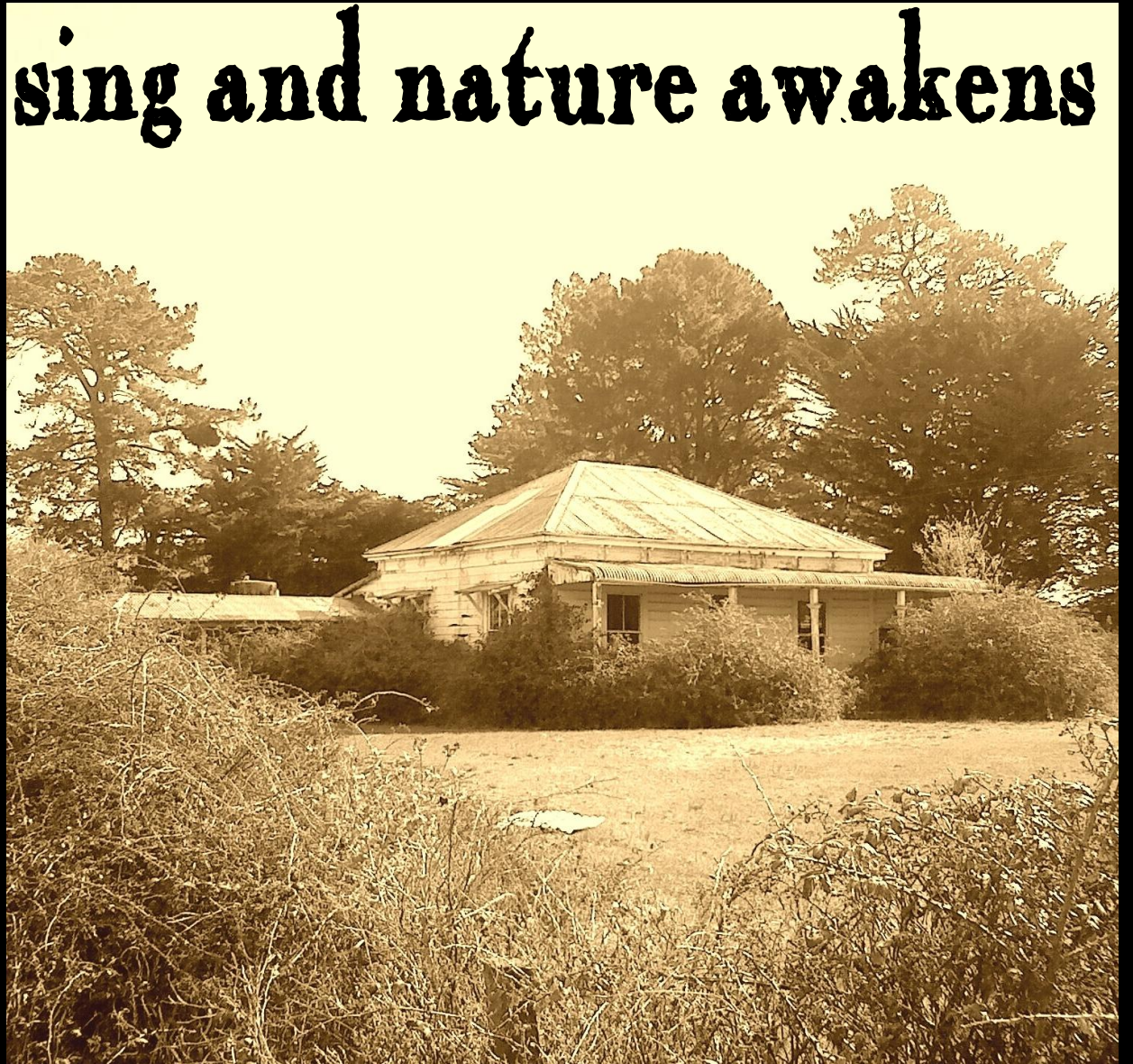
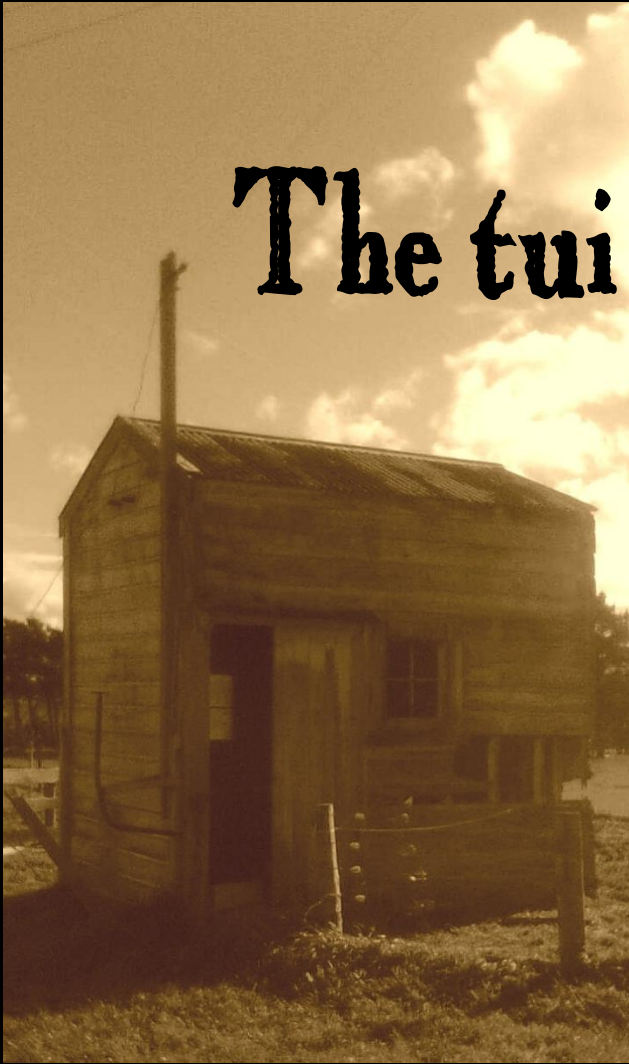


and then
the wind whistles



Cold, dark,
damp...
don't enter

The tui sing and nature awakens



Warm, light, life...



please enter.



Time is simply time.

Not The End.

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