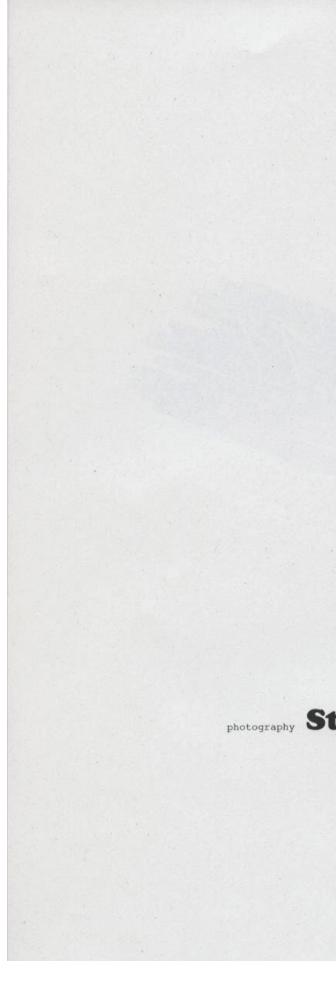
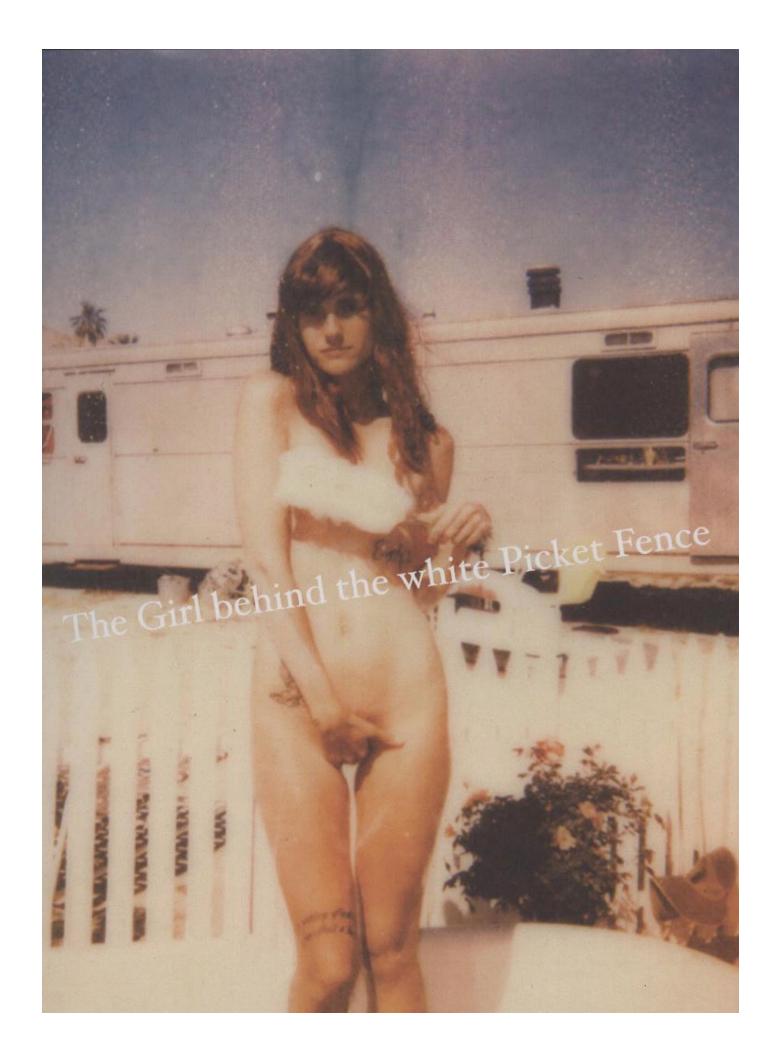
Tsapaliras, Constantine, Car Park, The Girl Beehind The White Picket Fence, Issue #4, November





photography Stephanie Schneider









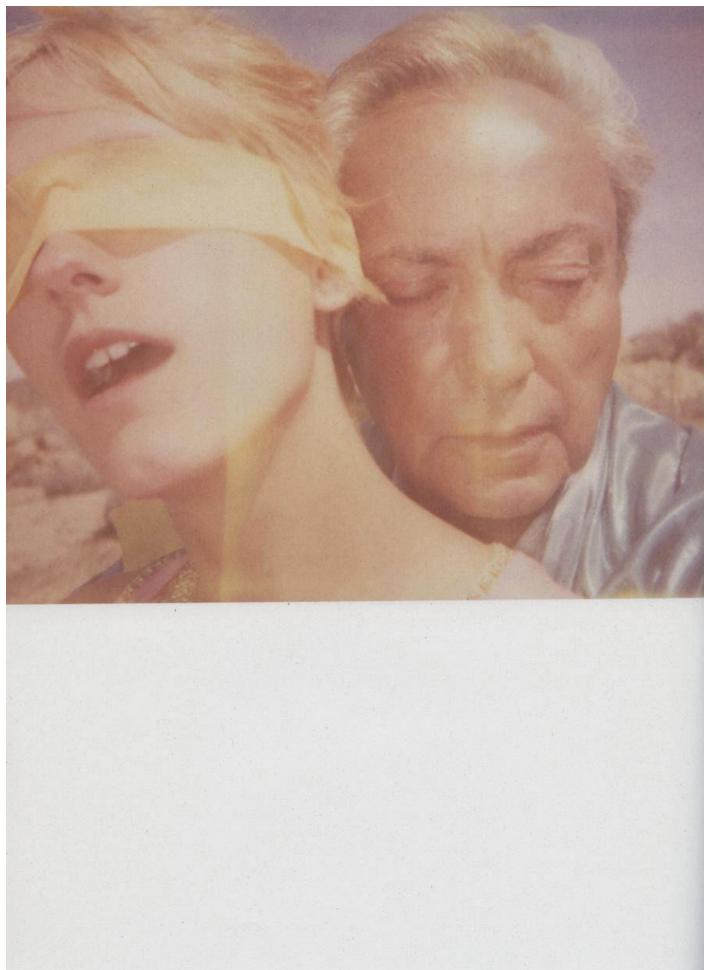


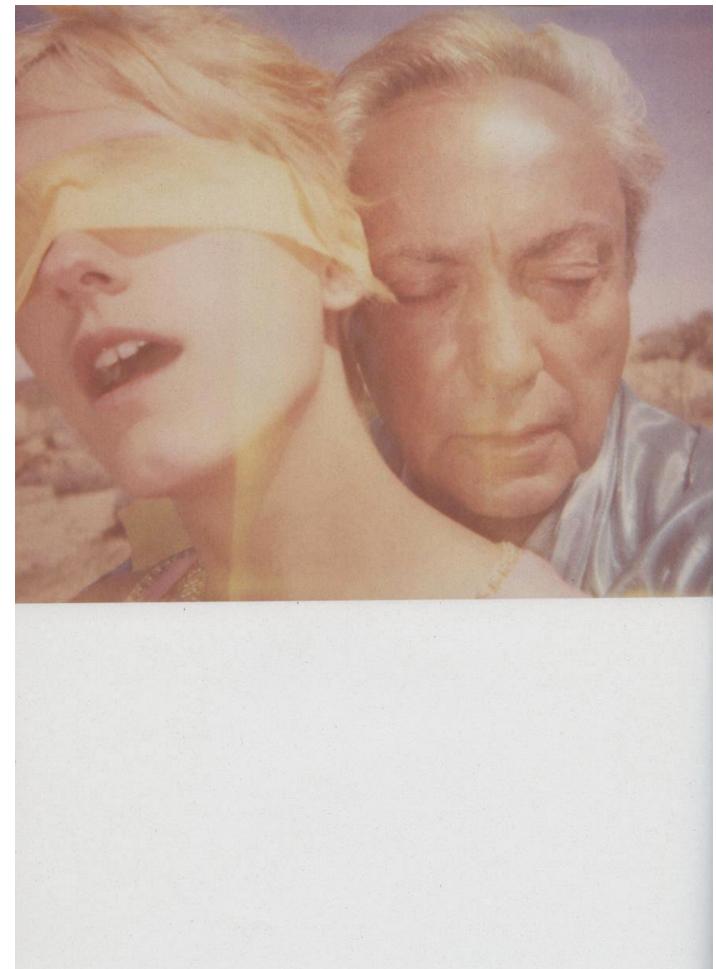
No, I am not longing for that moment any more. I am here and now. In this body, in this garden, in this place. The trailer where my parents lived without love, for so many years. People call me the inheritress. In doing so, they refer to the fact that I don't have to earn money. They assume I don't work. I try to ignore what people think, or say, for they don't have the faintest idea about me.

























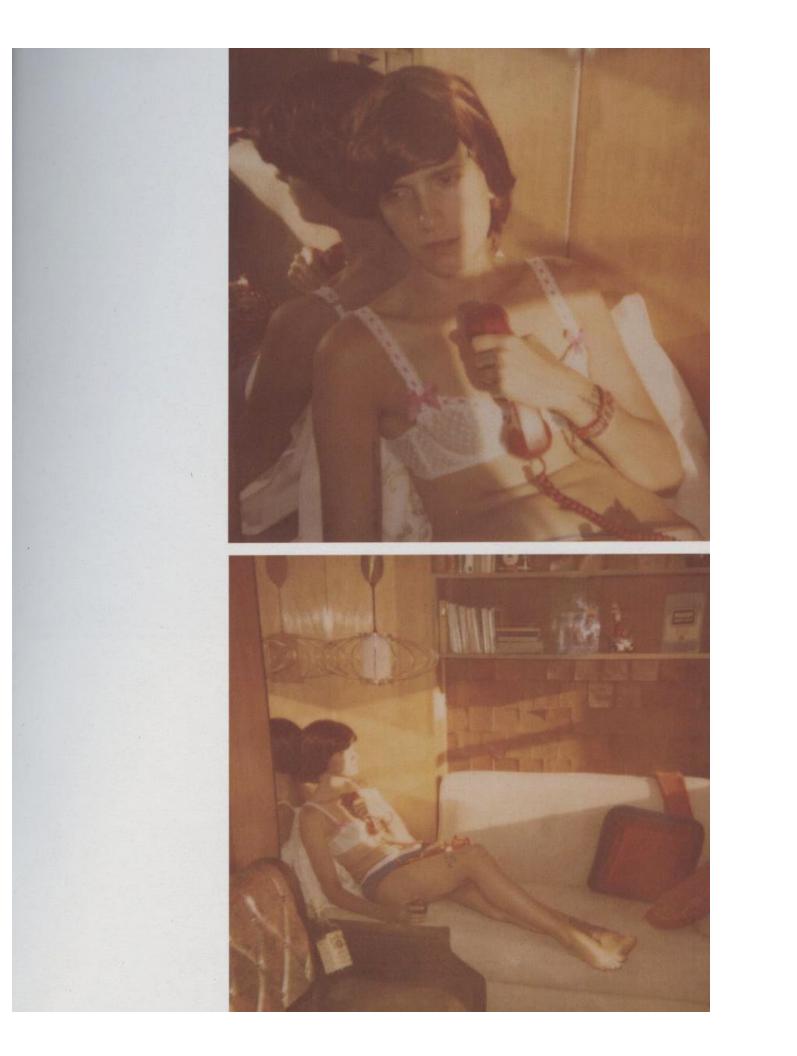












HI YOU'RE LISTENING TO "THE LONELY HEARTS RADIO SHOW", BUT I KNOW YOU'RE REALLY LISTENING TO YOUR HEART. YOU PRETEND IT'S ME YOU'RE HAVING A DIALOGUE WITH BUT IT ISN'T. FESS UP. IT'S THE CONTINUOUS BEATING OF YOUR HEAR YOU WISH IT WOULD STOP, THAT YOU COULDN'T HEAR IT, BECAUSE THEN YOU COULD TALK YOURSELF INTO BELIEVING YOU DON'T HAVE A HEART AND YOU CAN'T BE HURT ANYMORE.

