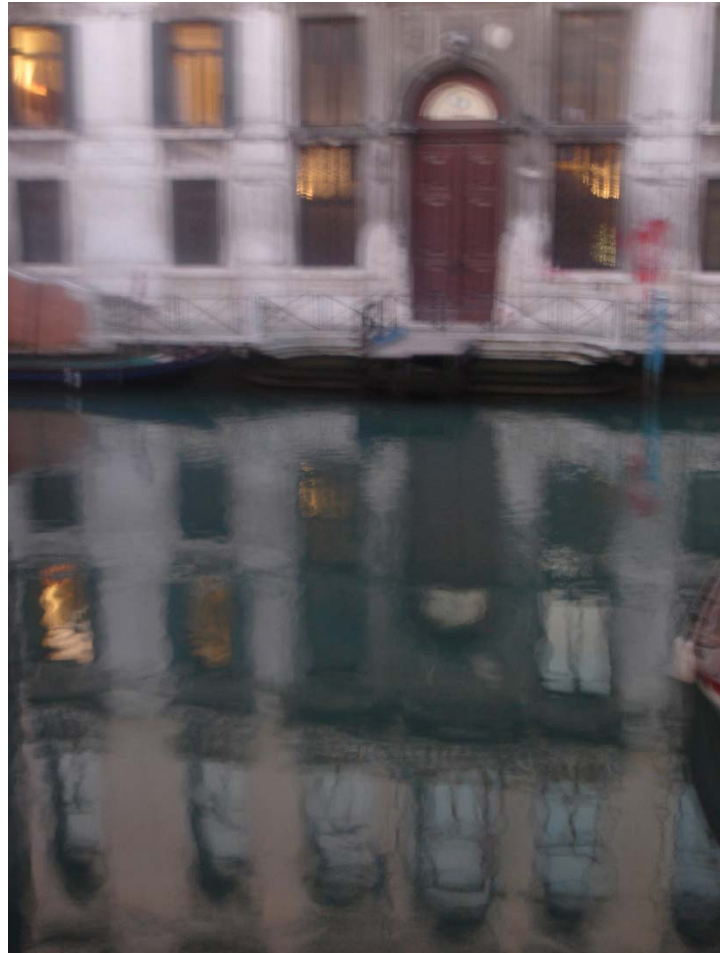
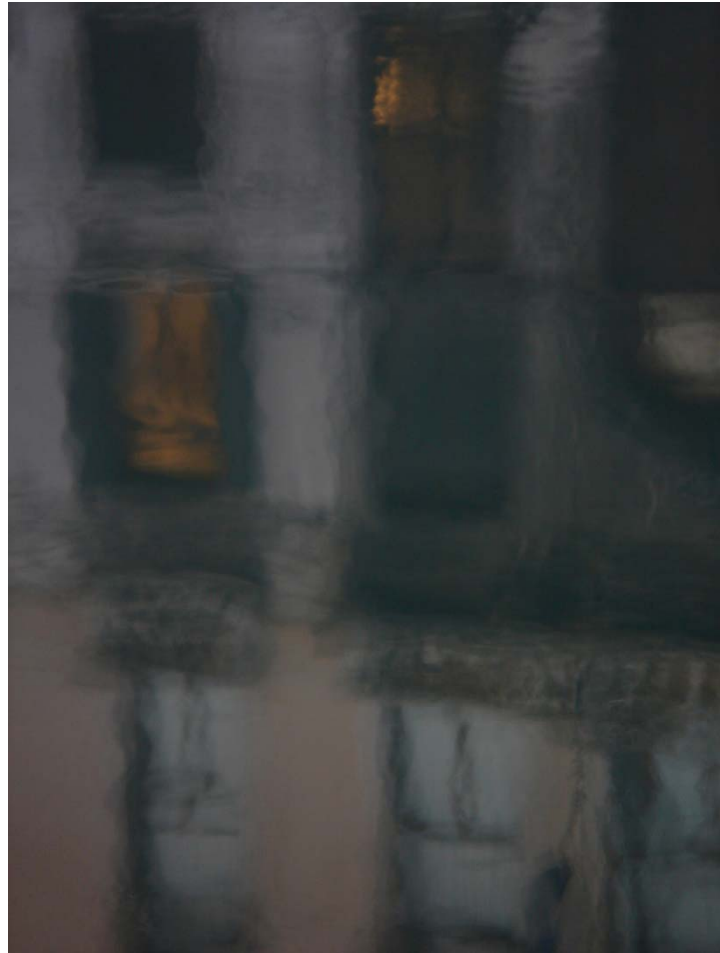


of time, lost
ewa monika zebrowski



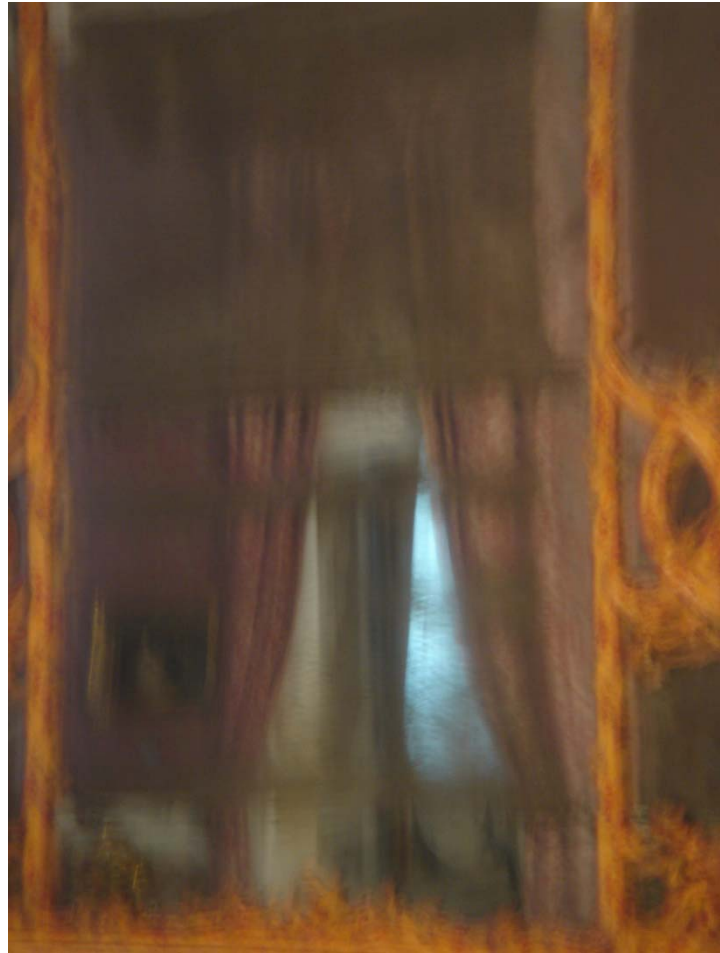




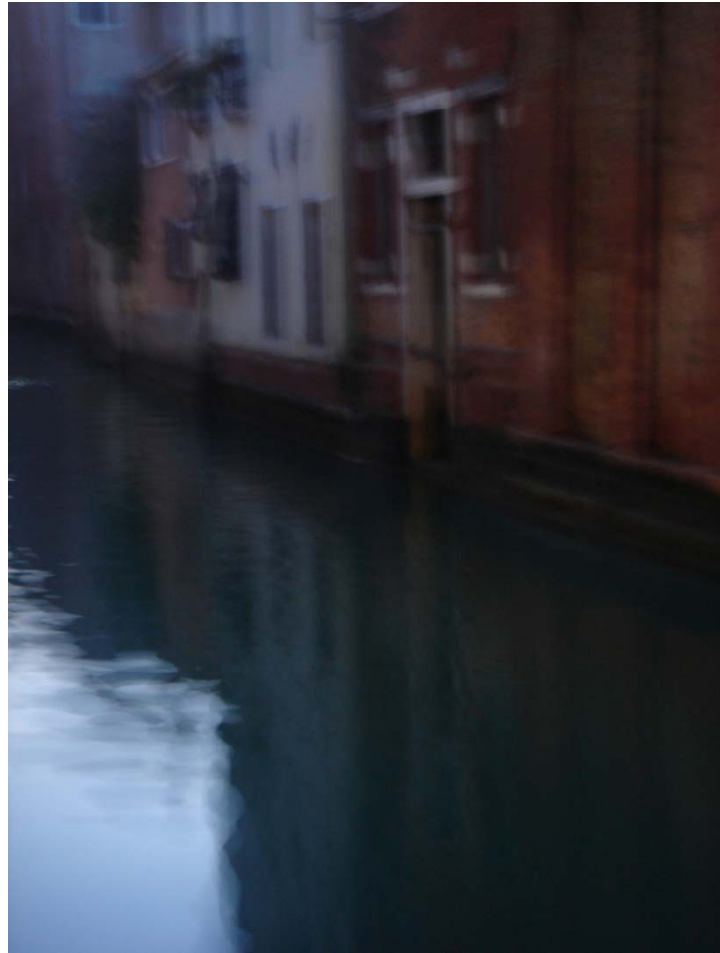


















of time, lost

let me tell you something about desire...

I long for dark rooms.
Crumbling architecture, peeling wallpaper, floors
Polished by years of use.
Dim light.
Mirrors darkened with time,
Suspended in silence.

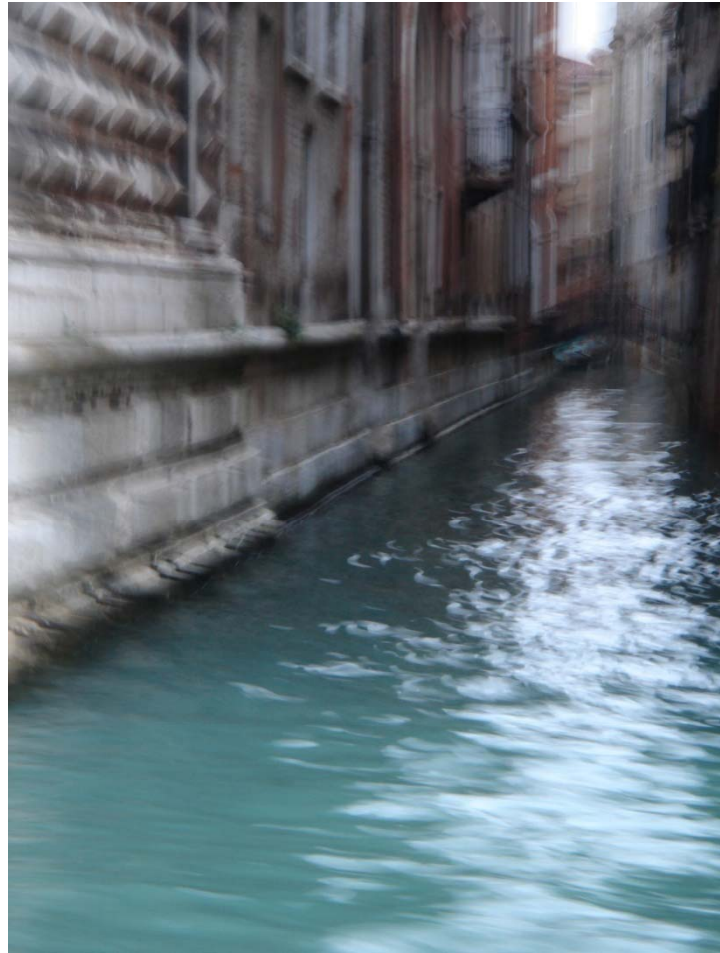
I long for empty rooms.
The residue of emotion contained
Within.
Remnants.
Traces of passage,
Forgotten, like wilted bouquets.

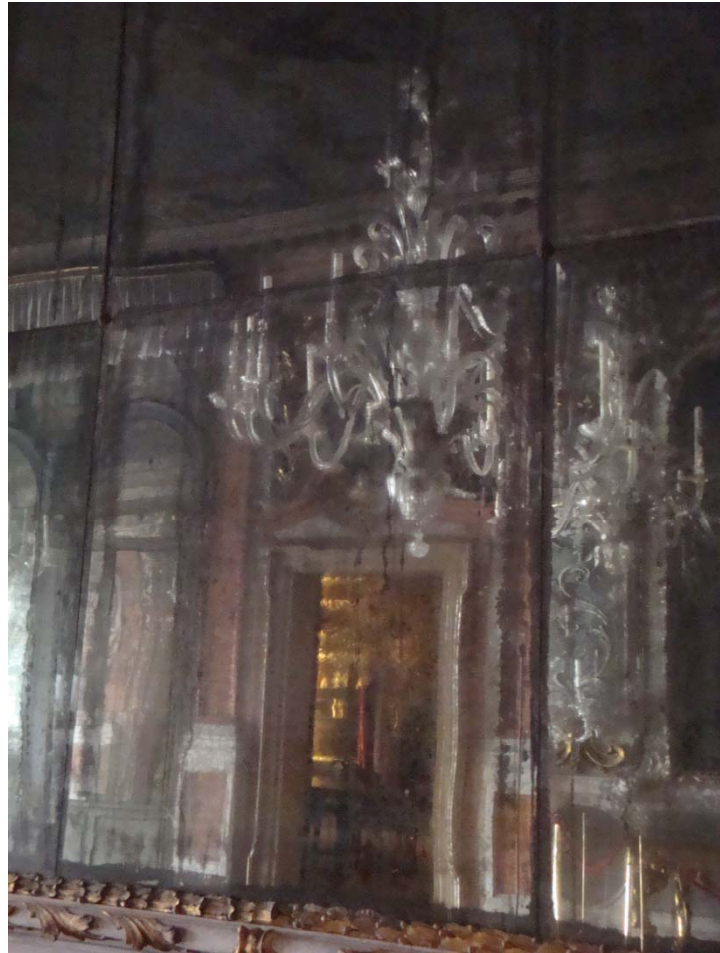
I long for silence.
When absence and presence collide,
Emotions unexpressed.
Like forgotten photographs,
And silver teapots,
Tarnished and abandoned in haste.

All the memories
Wrapped in tissue paper,
Fragile
And left behind.
All the books gone,
The shelves empty.

EMZ











In *of time, lost*, Montreal-based photographer Ewa Monika Zebrowski reflects upon the suspension and deterioration of memory.

Evocative and mysterious, Zebrowski's quiet yet poignant images plumb the depths of a desire for the past.

The collection belies its medium - the photos shimmer, as if submerged just below the surface.

Stefan Zebrowski-Rubin