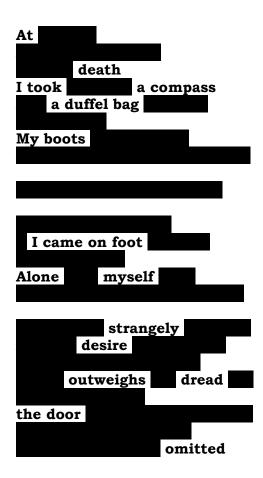
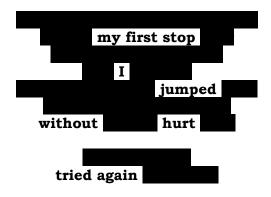
At Death We Forage by Quin de la Mer

For Via Postel Love, The Wanderer

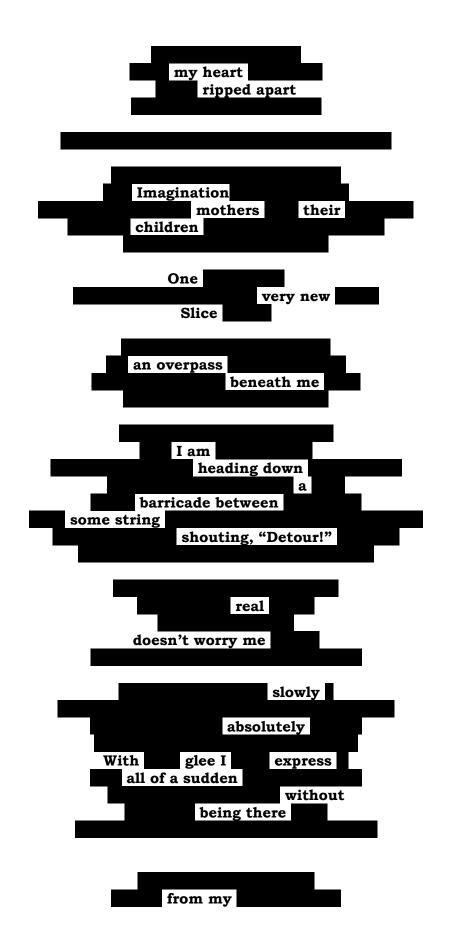
Source material by Herzog, Werner, Of Walking in Ice: Munich-Paris, 23 November-14 December 1974, 2015

At Death We Forage by Quin de la Mer

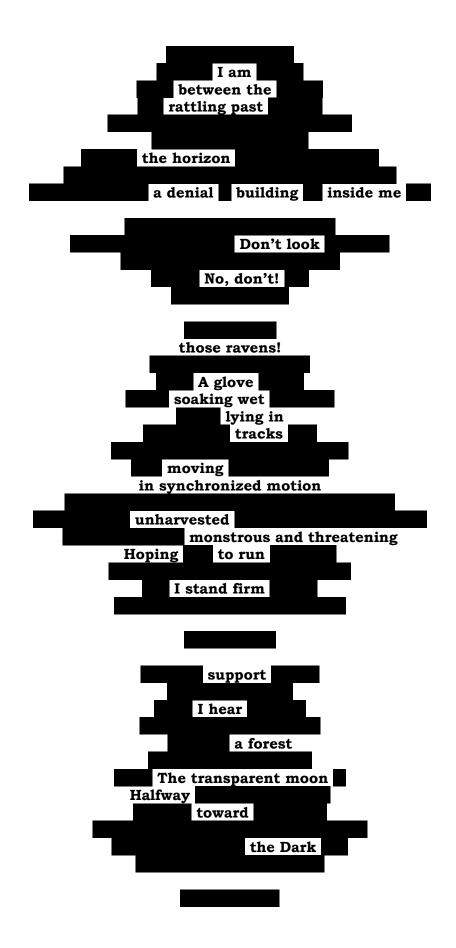


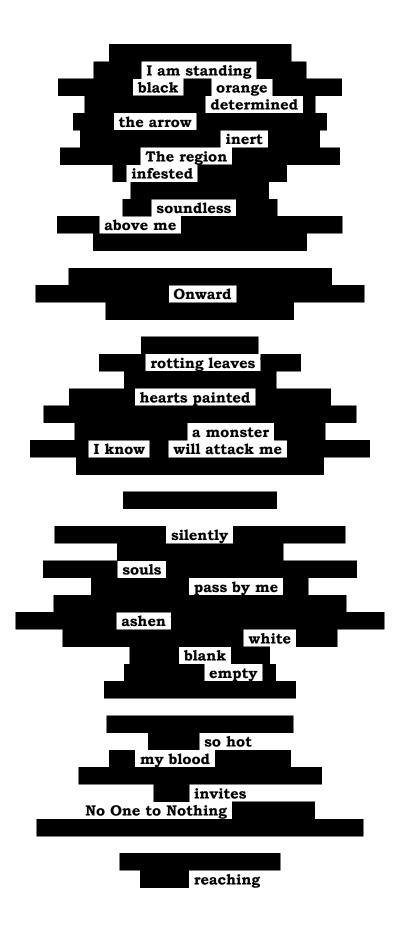


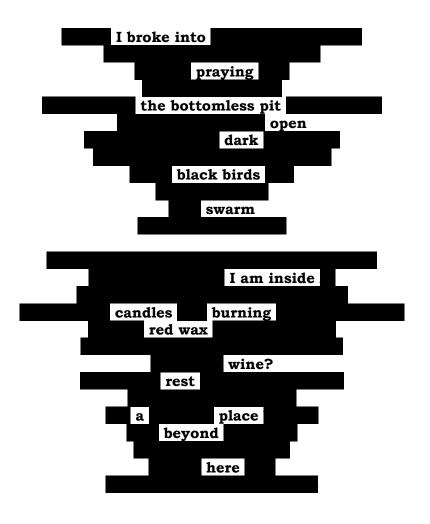


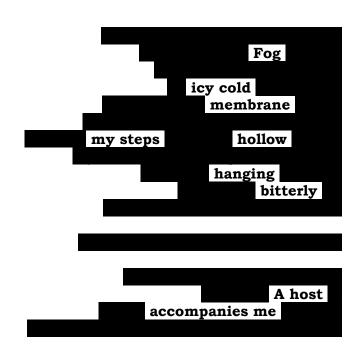


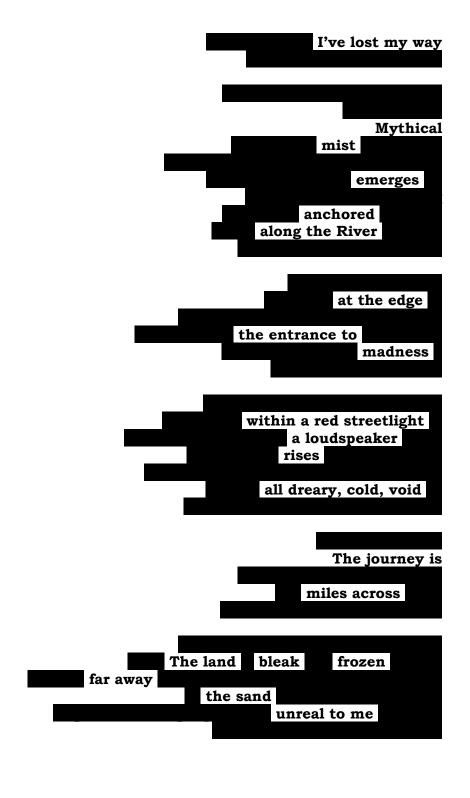


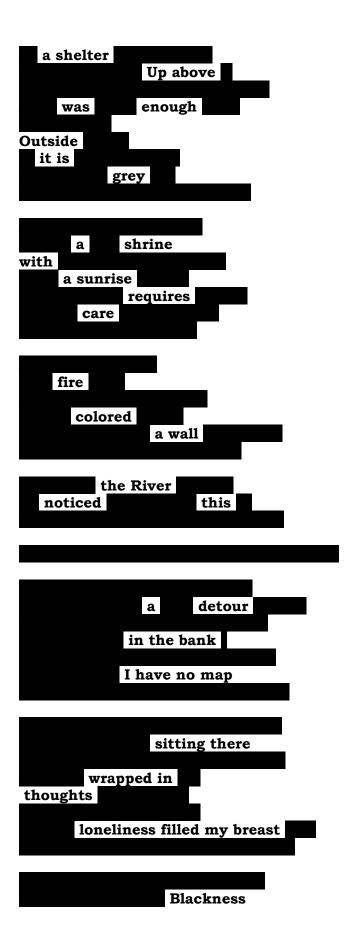








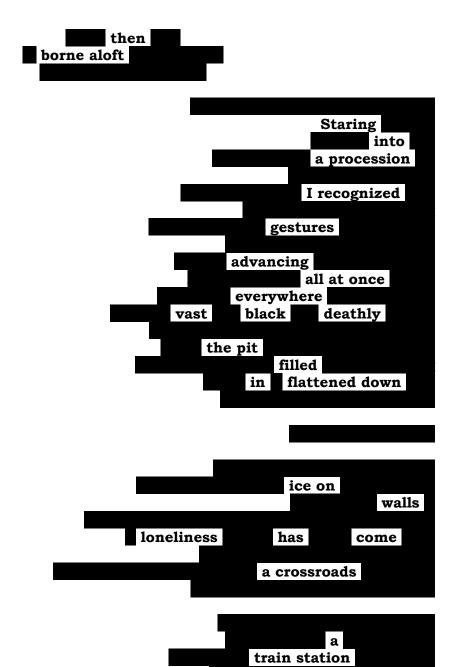




```
crept forth
        my reflection below me
    unexpectedly
              rough
              I take
The shortcut
        the road
 wide
        foreign
            following my instincts
               I crept past
           a cave
                   behind
                             howled
         the sea
           its mouth wide open
                  converging
   rivers
      a sudden
                    otherworldly
        whining
    From
        the slopes
             thunder
   where
            was rumbling
                mysterious
                   shrieks
    no one can hear
            shrouded in clouds
    they scatter
          days passing
```



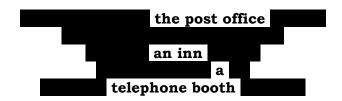


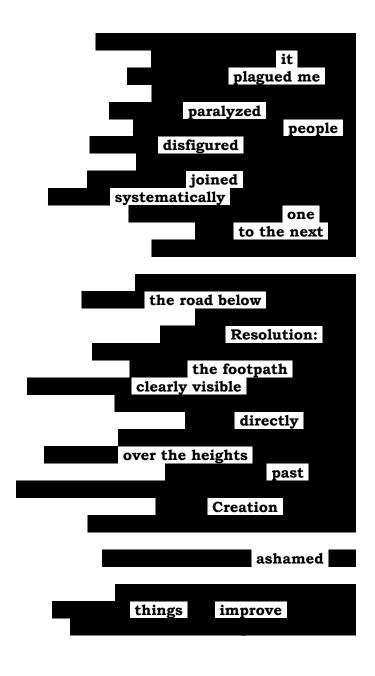


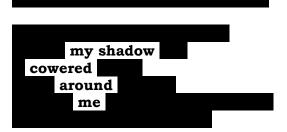
full of woe

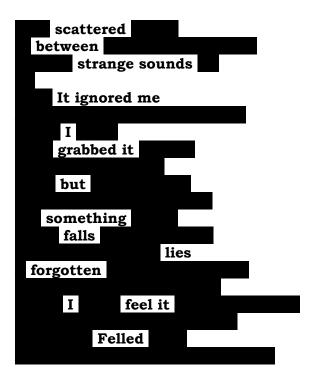


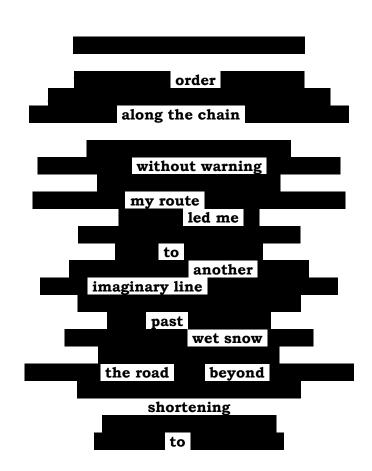


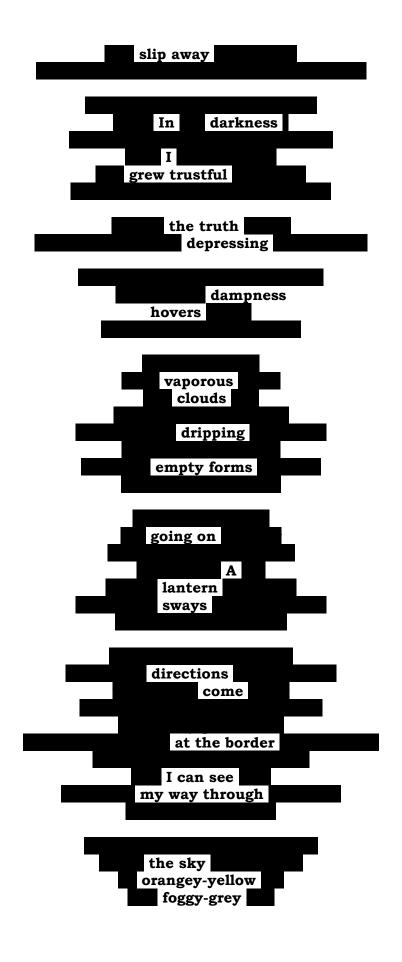






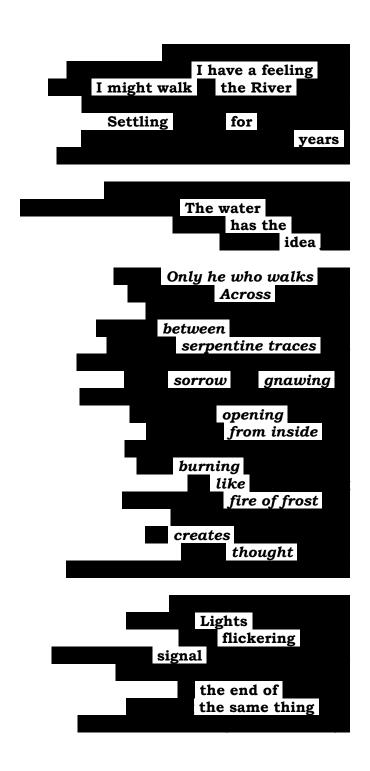












between sun and moon
smoke rises



