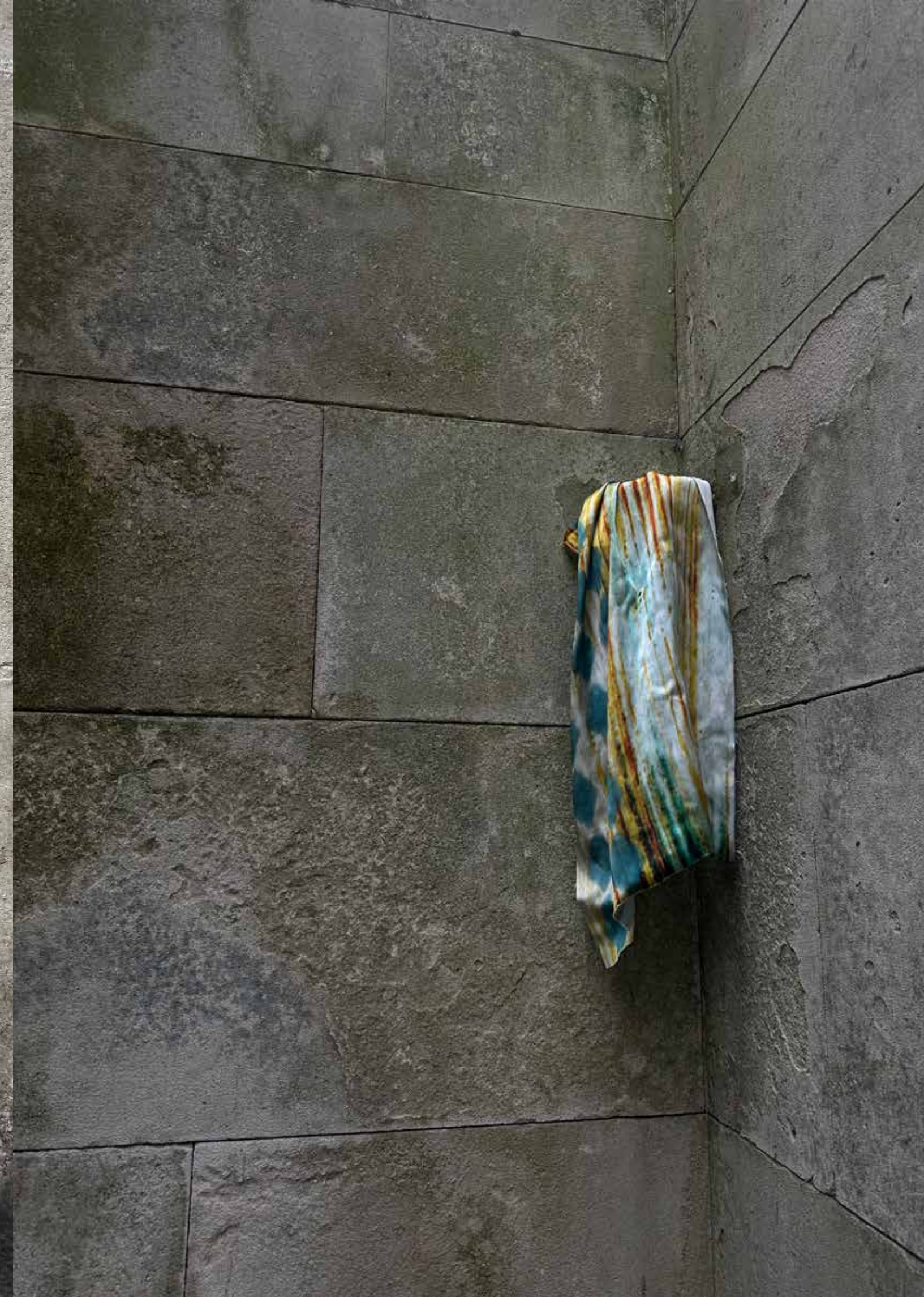




Perfect In Its Imperfection
—Where Fragments Become Whole

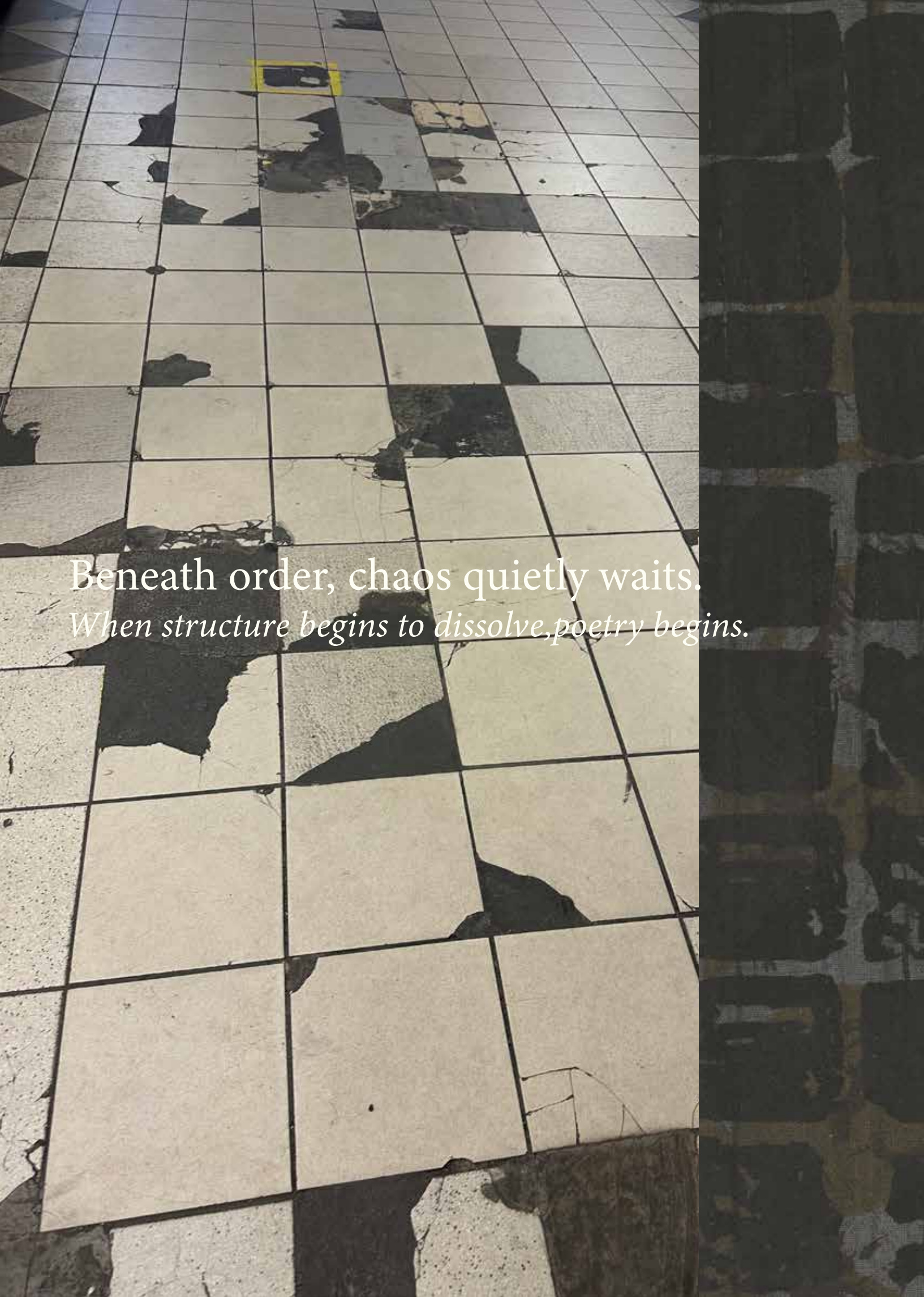


Nothing lasts, nothing is finished, and
nothing is perfect.









Beneath order, chaos quietly waits.
When structure begins to dissolve, poetry begins.

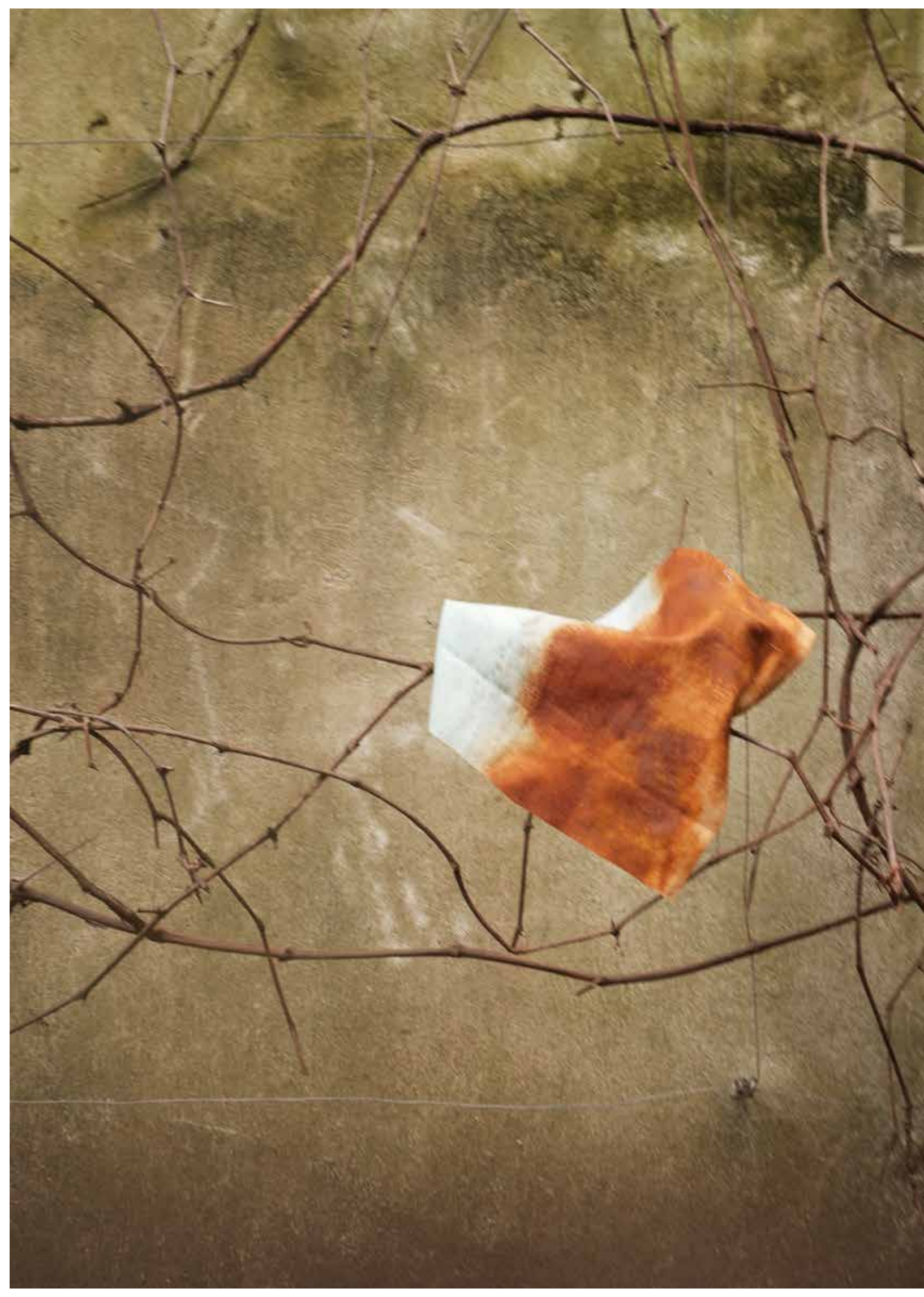
































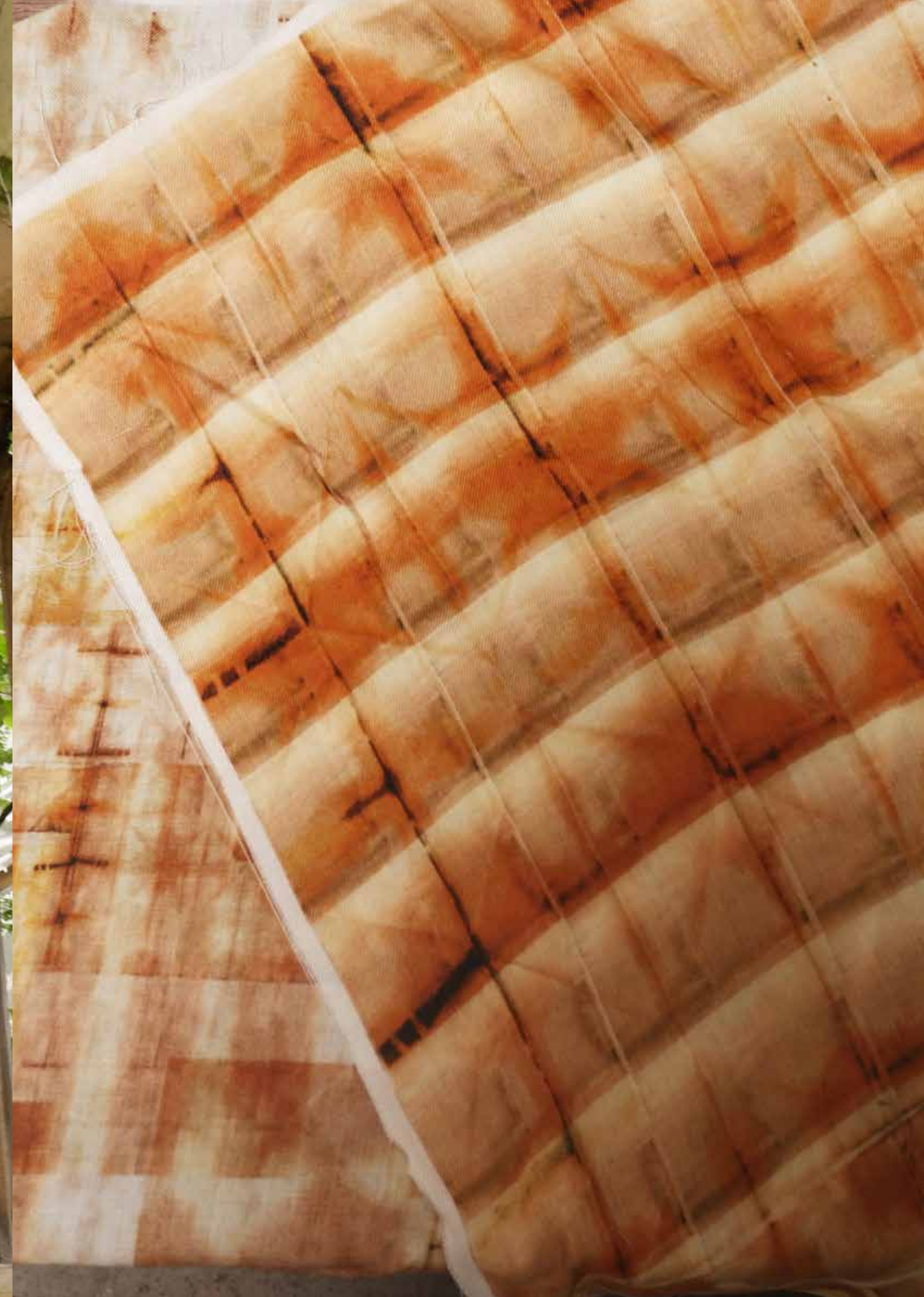
A photograph showing a complex, interconnected web of thin, dark brown, leafless branches. The branches are set against a mottled, textured background of green and grey, possibly representing a wall or a natural surface. The overall composition is abstract and evocative of winter or a dormant state.

To wither is not to end, but to transform.



























In the impermanent, we find meaning.