

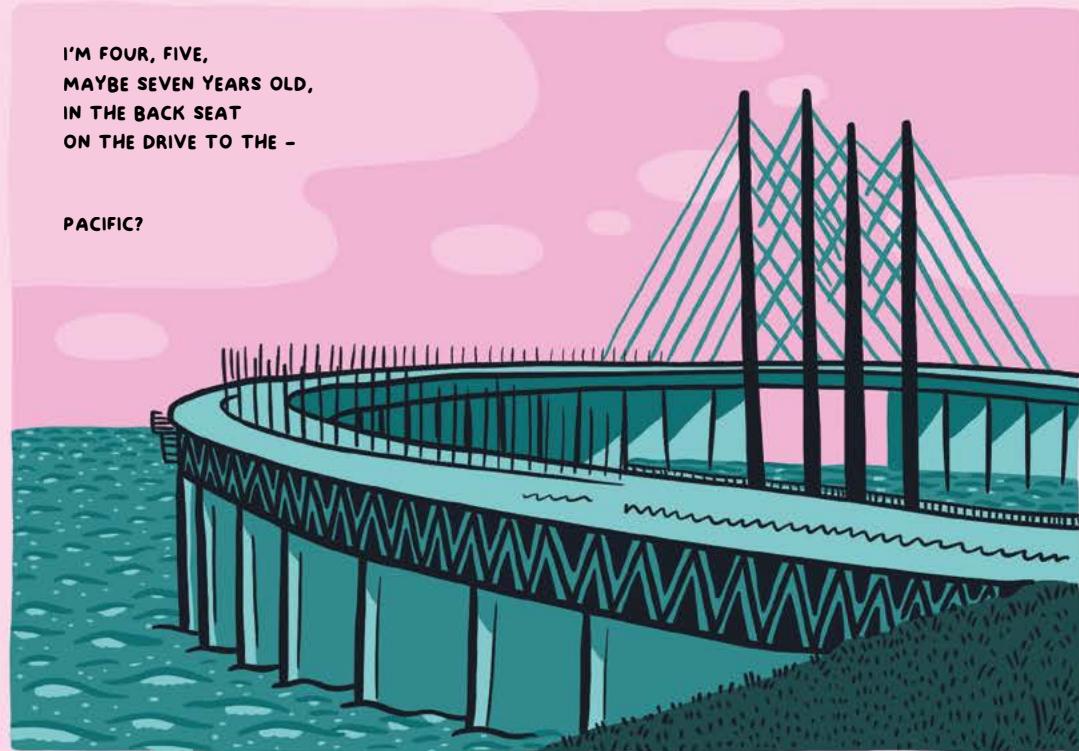
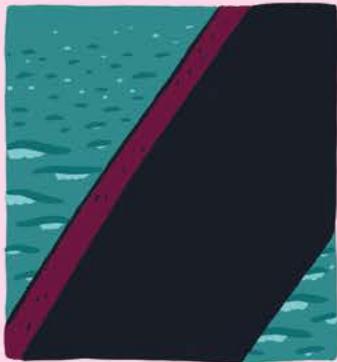


ONE MONTH IN MALMÖ

MARIA STOIAN



THE SMELL OF THE SEA
TRANSPORTS ME,
EVERY TIME.



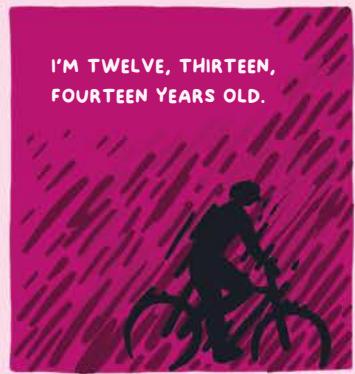
I'M FOUR, FIVE,
MAYBE SEVEN YEARS OLD,
IN THE BACK SEAT
ON THE DRIVE TO THE -

PACIFIC?



I'M EXCITED. I'M IMPATIENT.
I GOTTA GET MY FEET IN
THE WATER.





I REMEMBER SITTING AT THE WINDOW EVERY SUMMER, WATCHING THE LIGHTENING MOVE OVER THE MOUNTAINS AND INTO THE CITY.



I REMEMBER JUMPING THROUGH THE SPRINKLER
- AN UNNECESSARY ADDITION, IN THE RAIN -
AND SLIDING DOWN THE BACKYARD.

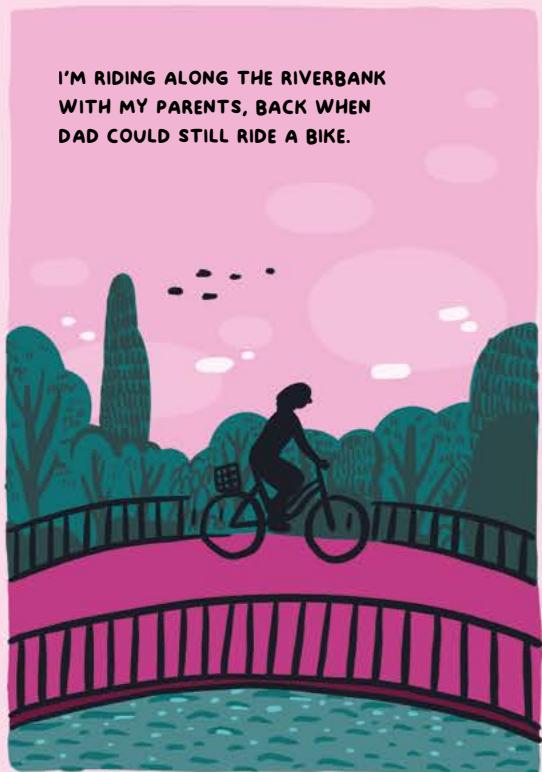


I'M ONLY A LITTLE BIT SCARED, THEN.





I'M RIDING ALONG THE RIVERBANK
WITH MY PARENTS, BACK WHEN
DAD COULD STILL RIDE A BIKE.



I'M HOME, WHILE IT'S STILL HOME,
WATCHING THE SEAGULL CHICKS GROW
UP ON THE ROOF ACROSS THE STREET.



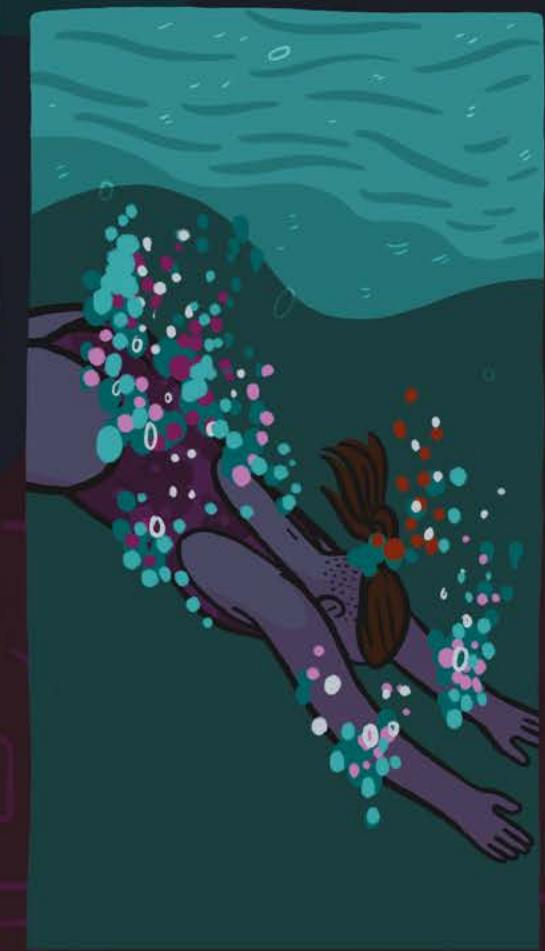




I'M STILL HERE

BUT I MISS THIS PLACE ALREADY.









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