

SYMPHONY



PART FIVE:
MARCH

*...DOES IT LOOK FORWARD
TO ITS NEW SHAPE?



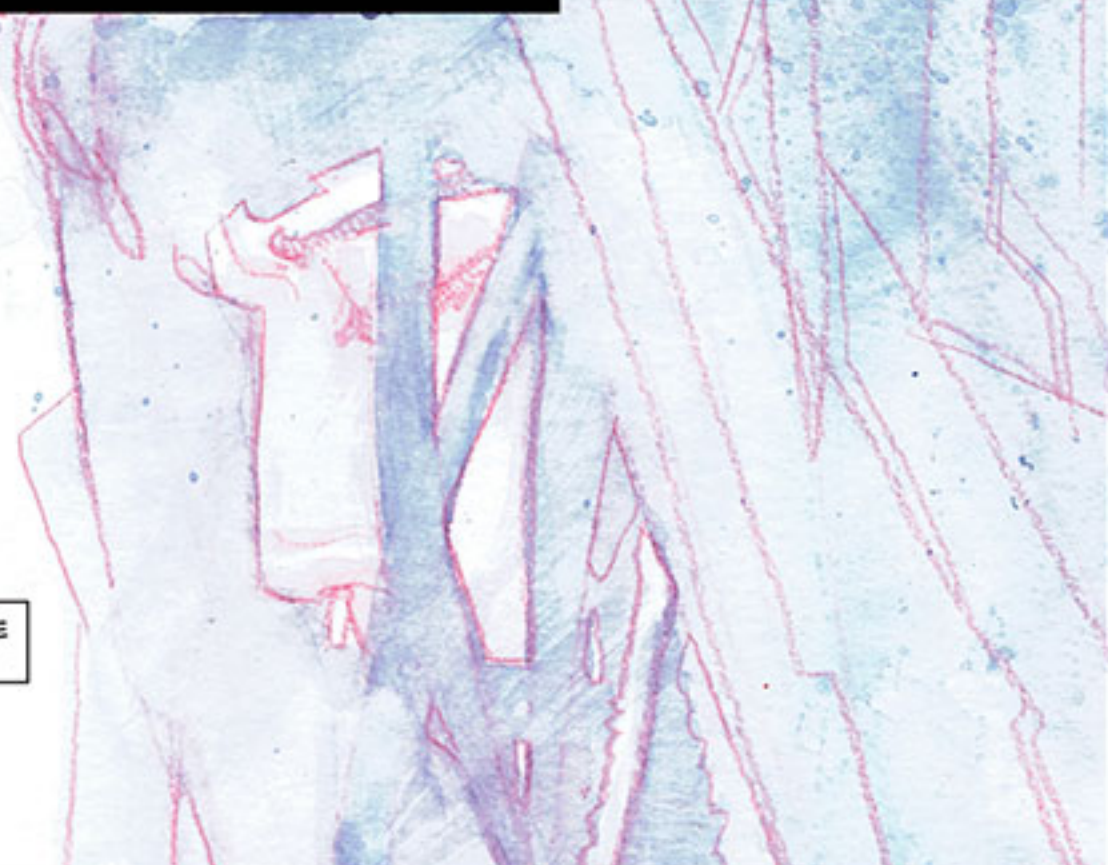
*KEEP CHECKING MY PHONE
BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT
FOR. I DON'T THINK I HAVE
ANY MESSAGES. I HAVEN'T
BEEN HERE THAT LONG...

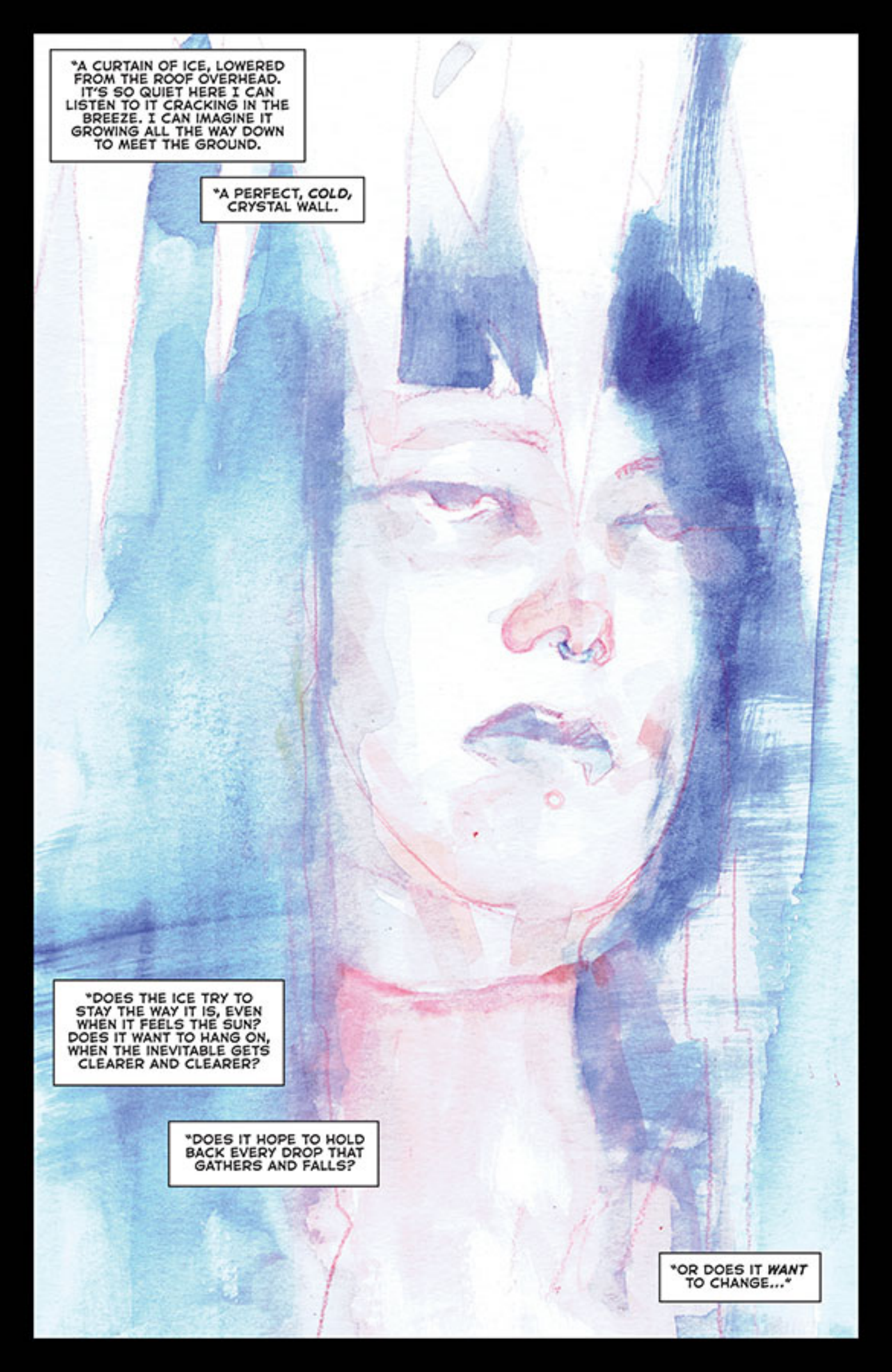
*...HAVE I? IT'S ONLY
BEEN A COUPLE OF...
A COUPLE OF...

*I'VE BEEN
STANDING OUT
HERE ON THE
BALCONY, I KNOW
THAT. I'VE BEEN
LISTENING TO
THE ICE...

*...A COUPLE
OF...DAYS?

...WEEKS?





*A CURTAIN OF ICE, LOWERED
FROM THE ROOF OVERHEAD.
IT'S SO QUIET HERE I CAN
LISTEN TO IT CRACKING IN THE
BREEZE. I CAN IMAGINE IT
GROWING ALL THE WAY DOWN
TO MEET THE GROUND.

*A PERFECT, COLD,
CRYSTAL WALL.

*DOES THE ICE TRY TO
STAY THE WAY IT IS, EVEN
WHEN IT FEELS THE SUN?
DOES IT WANT TO HANG ON,
WHEN THE INEVITABLE GETS
CLEARER AND CLEARER?

*DOES IT HOPE TO HOLD
BACK EVERY DROP THAT
GATHERS AND FALLS?

*OR DOES IT WANT
TO CHANGE...*