The Choice: Move or Drop Dead

Last series, last statement.
I don't photograph to capture, but to resist.
To resist fragmentation,
amnesia,
the invisible thing eating me alive and tearing into me.
These faces are mine and other people's too,
reflections of my own questions.

Each PS series is a threshold,
an attempt at breaking free.
The choice of photography as a medium is no accident.
It's a space where alienation can be put on hold,
where narratives can be pulled apart.

They carry the weight of transgenerational stories,
fractured identities,
violence never spoken aloud.

This series is the last breath of a method,
the last scream of a process
that kept me alive.

Point of no return,
the threshold has been crossed,
not through resignation,
but through lucidity.

They crossed me out,
a declaration without trial,
without appeal.
There is no happy ending, no going back.

The past is no longer that refuge of excuses for my neuroses,
the present is a declaration of war,
and the future my battlefield.

Move or drop dead.

There is no pause.
Keep moving, whatever the fuck it takes,
even if your body gives way,
even if your mind is screaming.

This isn't a rebel yell,
it's a fucking emergency.
The urgency of not sinking into oblivion,
of not getting lost in stories that erase us.

Violence has its grip on me,
those rotten depths of a final scene where everything is at
stake.

To drag myself out of this split,
to stop belonging to their definitions.
This isn't a farewell to pain,
it's a confrontation.

The past doesn't disappear.
It reshapes itself,
it insists,
it marks my flesh
in the folds of my choices.

The answer is not in words,
it's in acts.

You are not defined by what you've been through.
You are defined by what you do with it.

Two bodies, two identities, two trajectories.
One resists, the other fades.
Heirs to their injunctions?
or makers of their own path?

A silent and absurd confrontation.
A fracture in a monologue that has gone on far too long.
Who are they?
The ones they show us, or the ones they hide?
The ones society forces onto us, or the ones they tear
themselves loose to become?

One carries the weight of what has been, the other tries to
reinvent it.
They face each other, but they do not fight.
They coexist, like fragments of a story impossible to
reconcile.

You are not an anomaly.
You are the product of their inability to see,
of their comfort preserved through ignorance,
of their contempt passed down from generation to generation.

We all perform,
wearing layer upon layer of masks,
until we no longer know
where the stage ends and where our lives begin.

This is not a celebration.
This is not a victory.
It is a transition, the bridge between what was and what will
be.
A passage that demands everything,
while promising nothing in return.

I am not here to justify myself,
for what I have carried,
for what I have been,
but to move forward.

Beyond their verdicts,
beyond their boxes,
beyond even the walls I built myself.

Time for introspection,
stripping back a body in chaos,
carried by creative drive.

Rewrite myself, reinvent myself,
believe in myself, again and again.
Believe, even when everything is collapsing.
The fall is over, the breath has calmed.
I become, I am reborn, I am.

Play again?
Press start to continue.