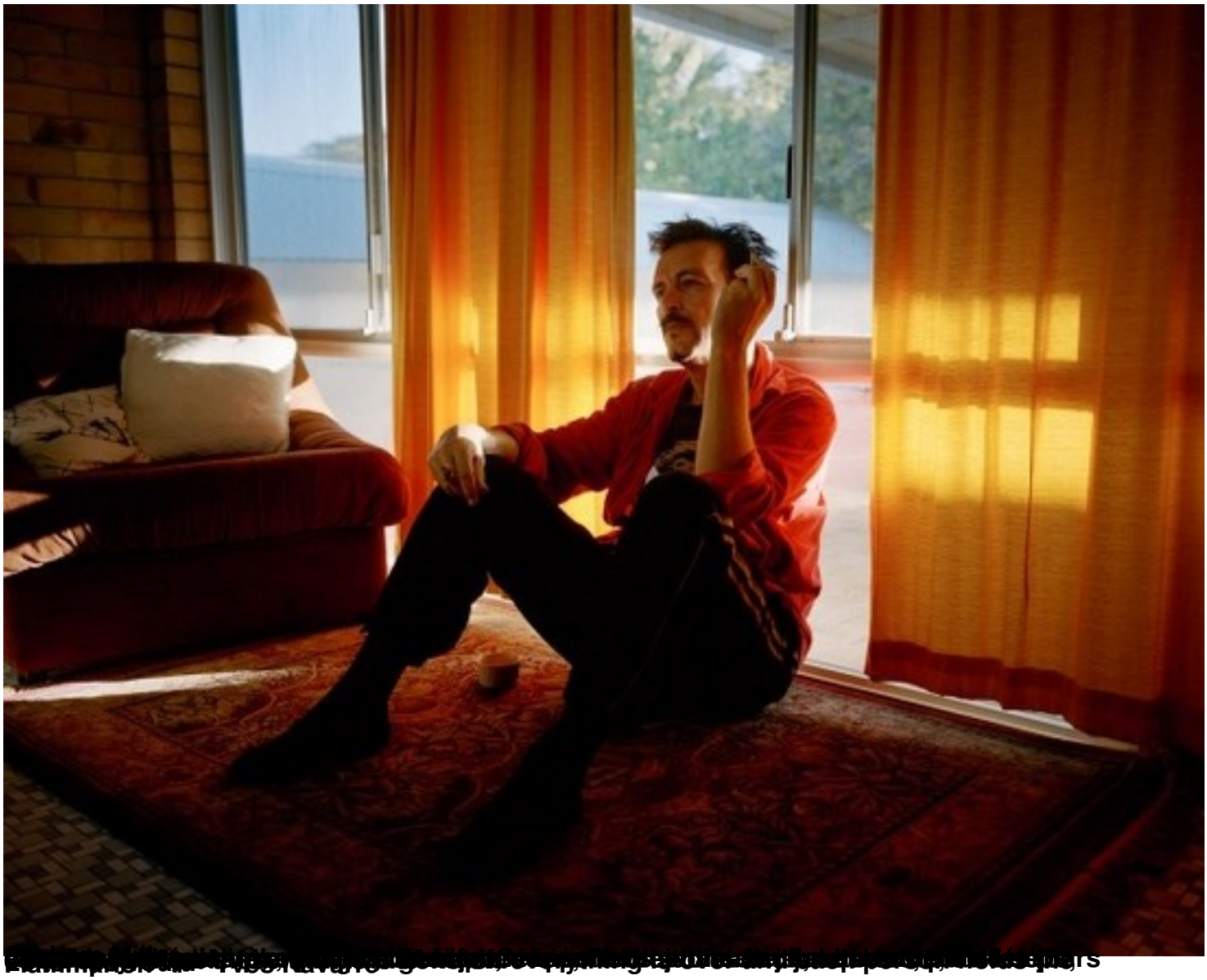
Quand ça arrive, en fait, on ne s'y attend pas. On n'attend plus. Un petit moment d'étourderie, et quelqu'un entre dans votre vie, bouscule, caresse, attaque, prend place. Avant même que tout commence, c'est déjà trop tard. On ne sait pas qui choisit qui, quand, comment, pourquoi.

When it happens you don't expect it. You don't expect anything anymore. You lose your head for just a second and someone walks into your life, turns it upside down, tenderly, brutally, making a place for himself. Even before anything has happened it's already too late. You can't tell who is choosing whom, when, how, why.



Graham Miller, "Suburban Splendour" / Food For Your Eyes