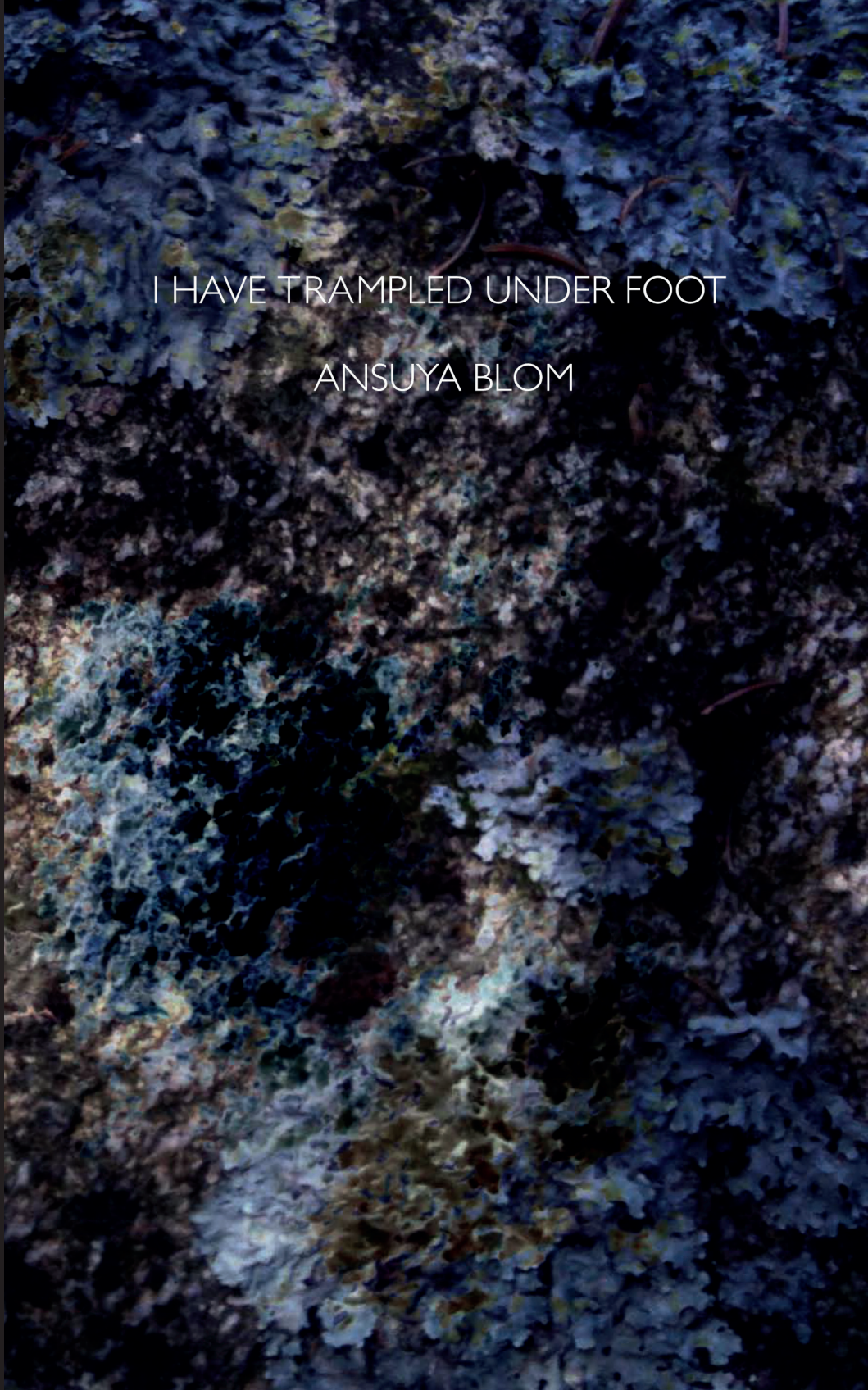




onestar press ansuya blom i have trampled under foot



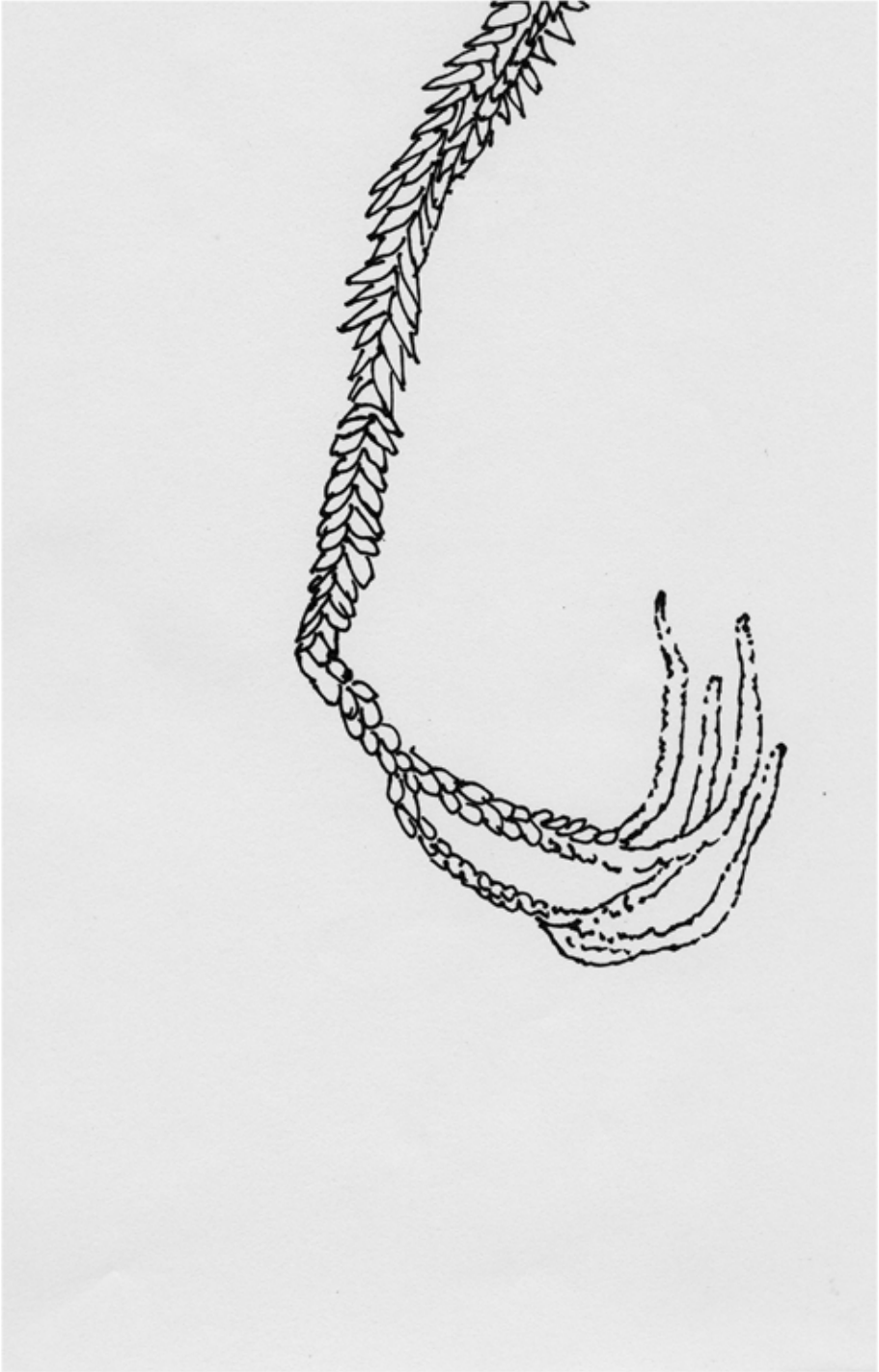
I HAVE TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT

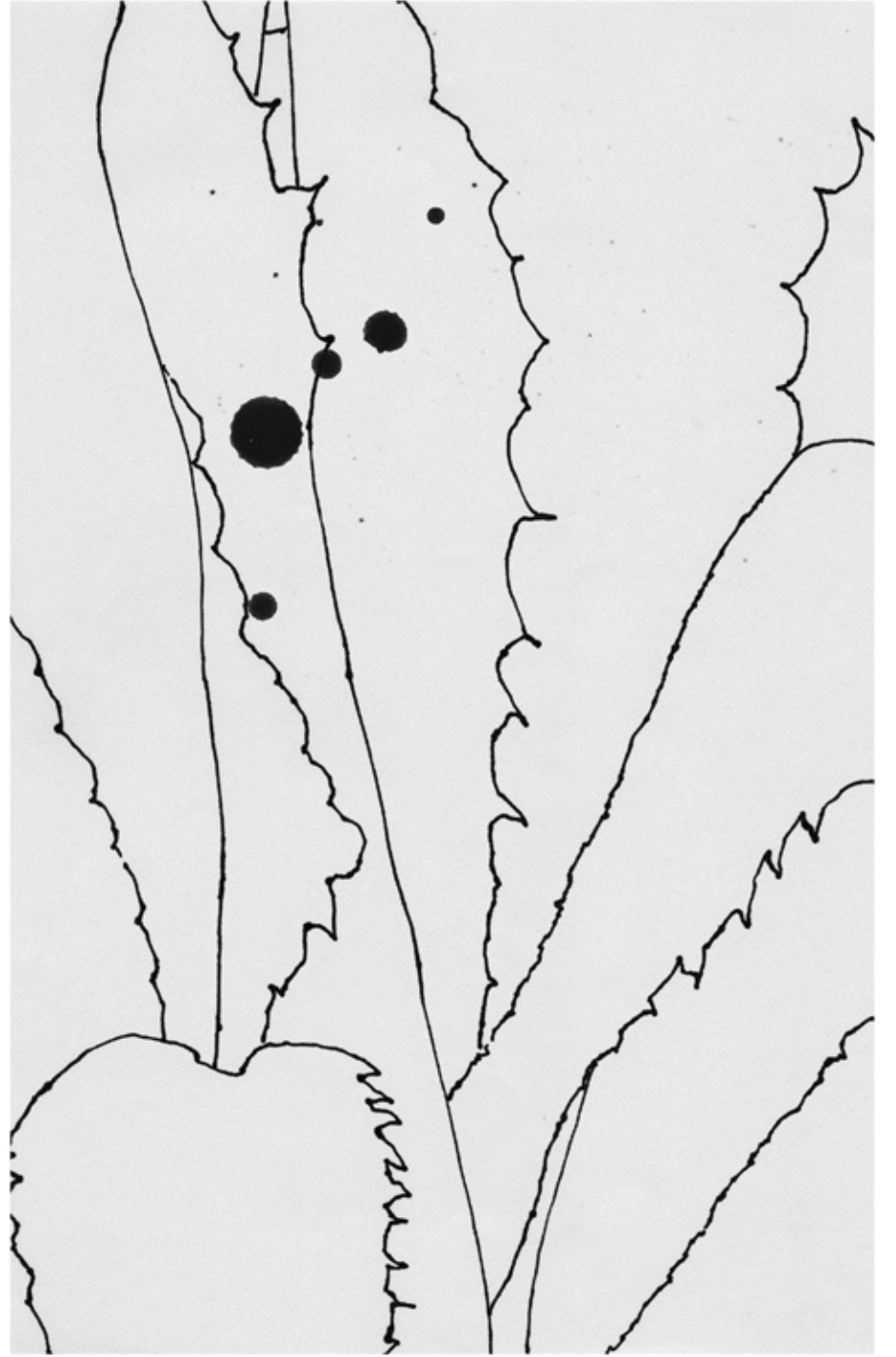
ANSUYA BLOM

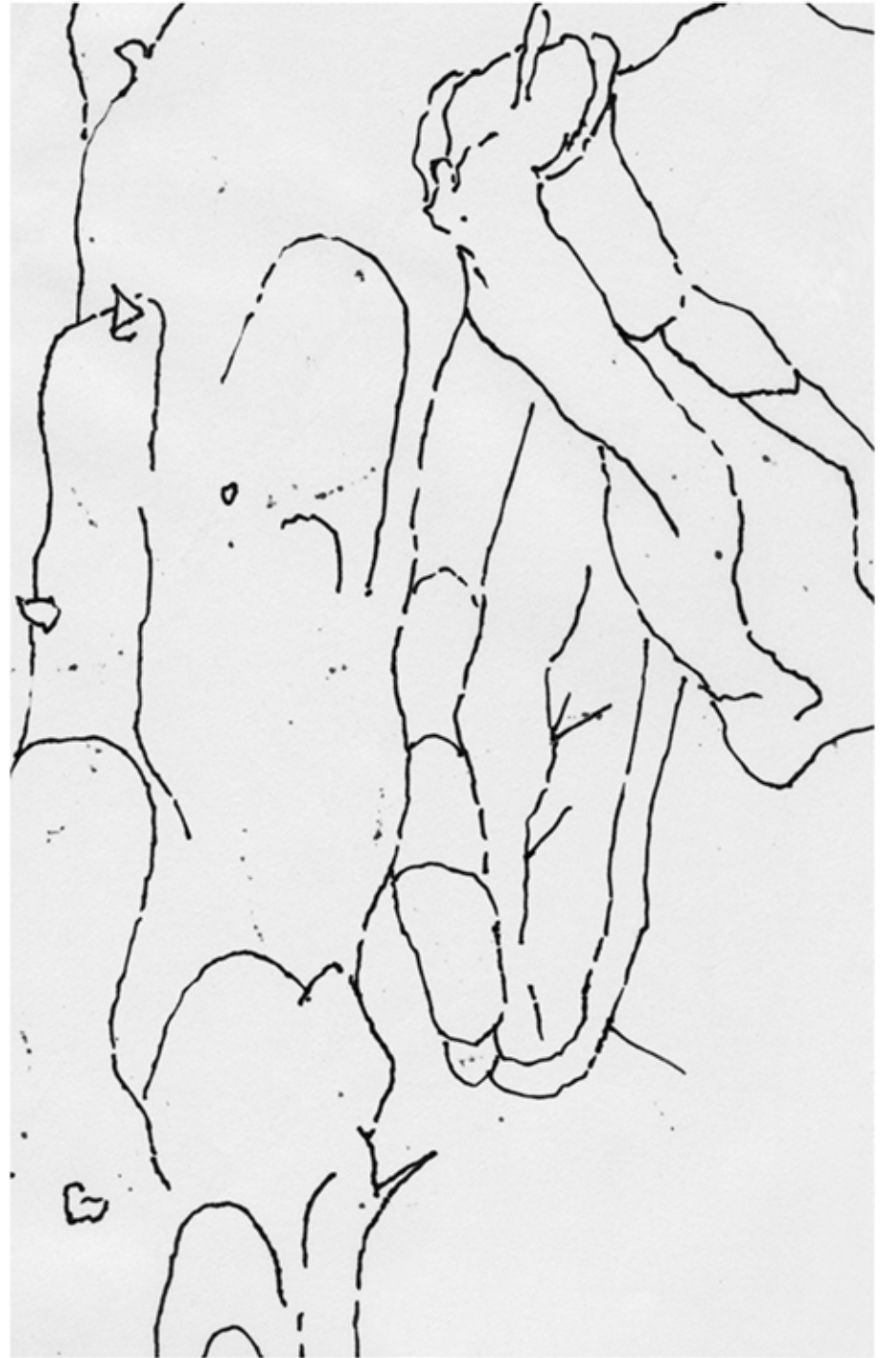
I HAVE TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT



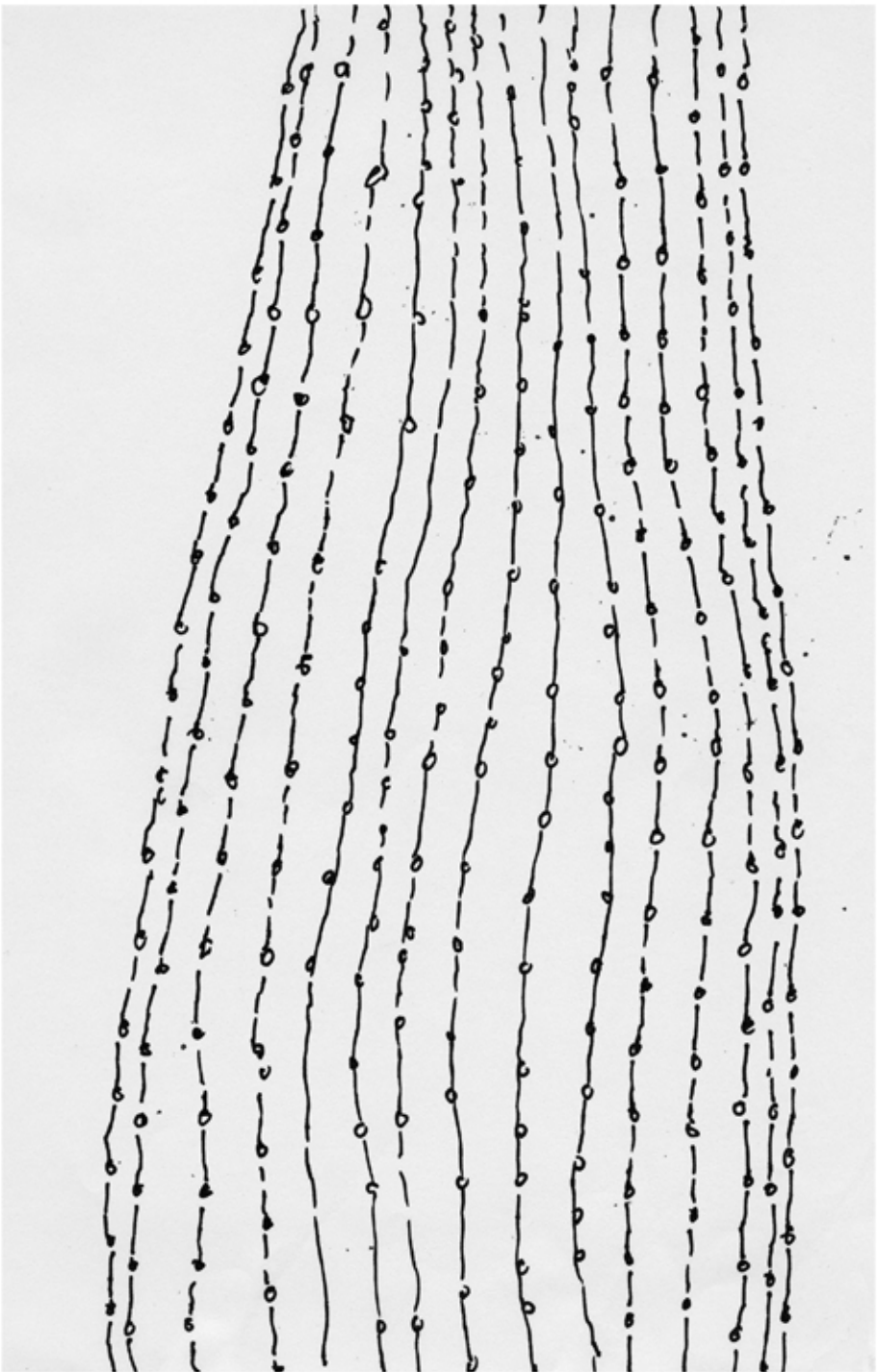
As I was awakened by a crack it happened again, and again, and I discovered I had come to the end of the path. While focussing on a point seemingly in the distance I tripped and felt something slip under my right foot.

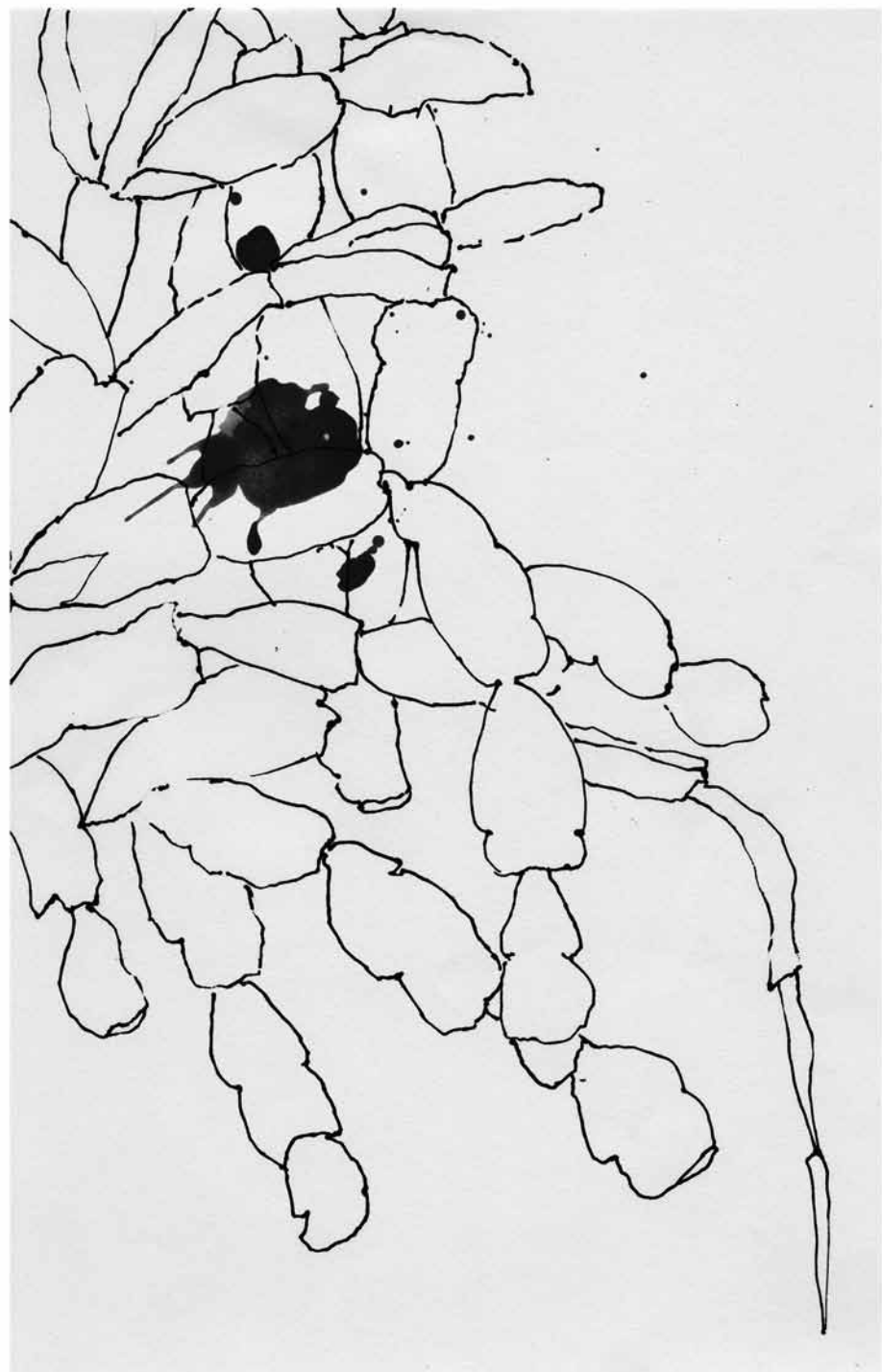




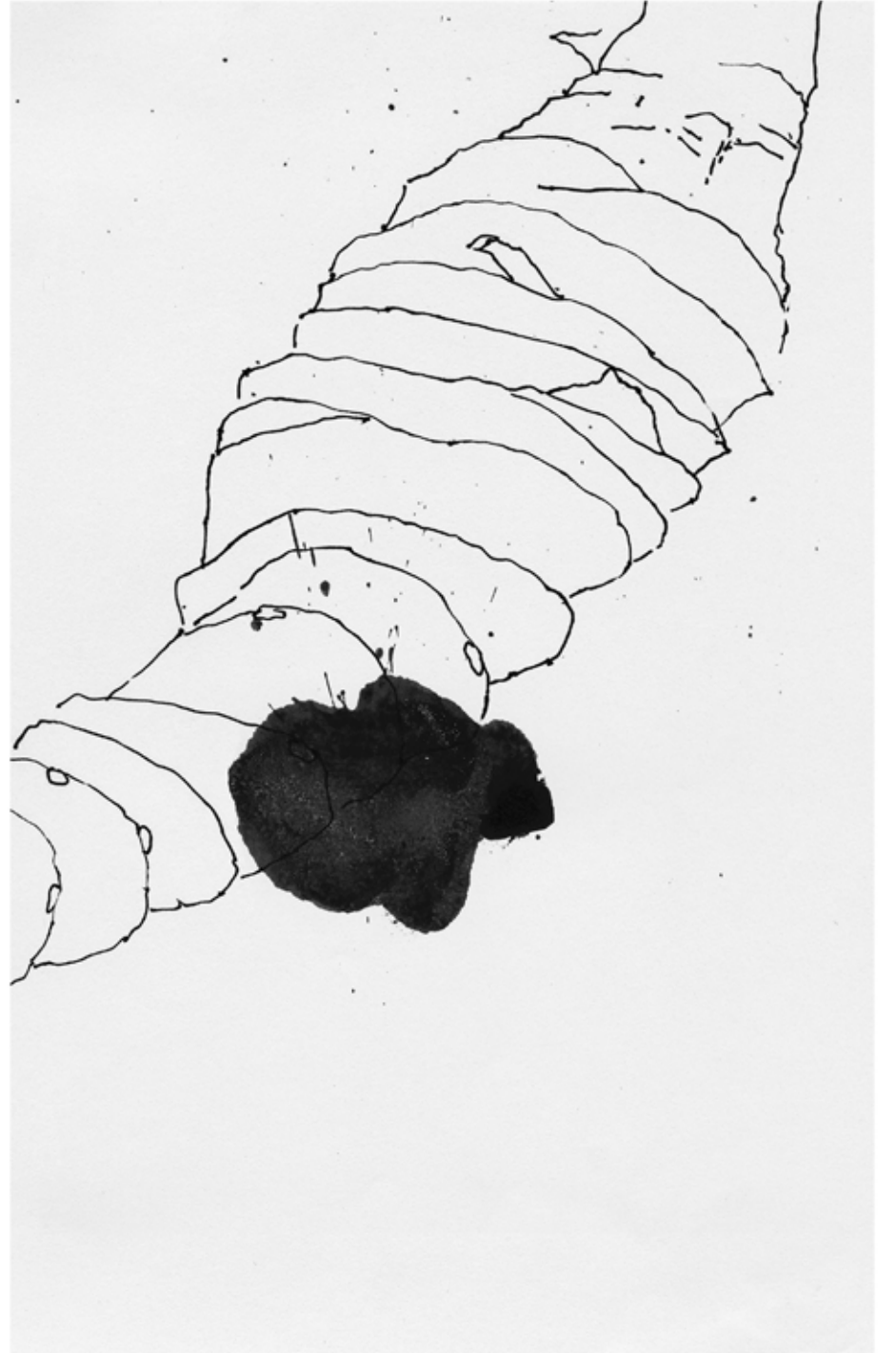


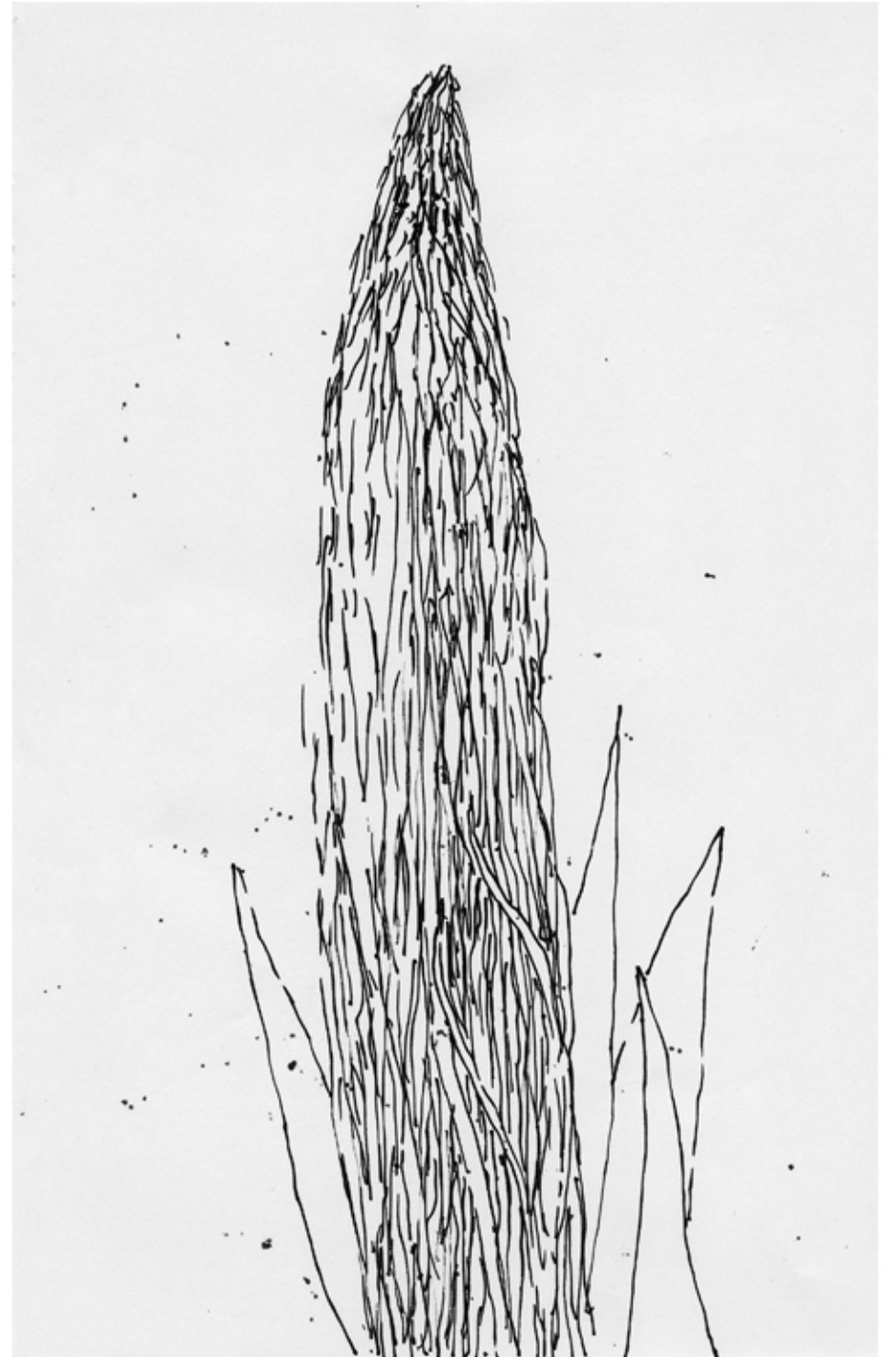
Handwritten text in Arabic script, oriented vertically. The text is dense and appears to be a list or a collection of entries, possibly names or titles, written in a cursive style. The text is arranged in a column that tapers towards the top, suggesting it might be a list of items or a section of a larger document. The handwriting is consistent throughout, with clear lettering and some decorative flourishes. The text is written on a light-colored background, and the overall appearance is that of a traditional manuscript or a list of records.



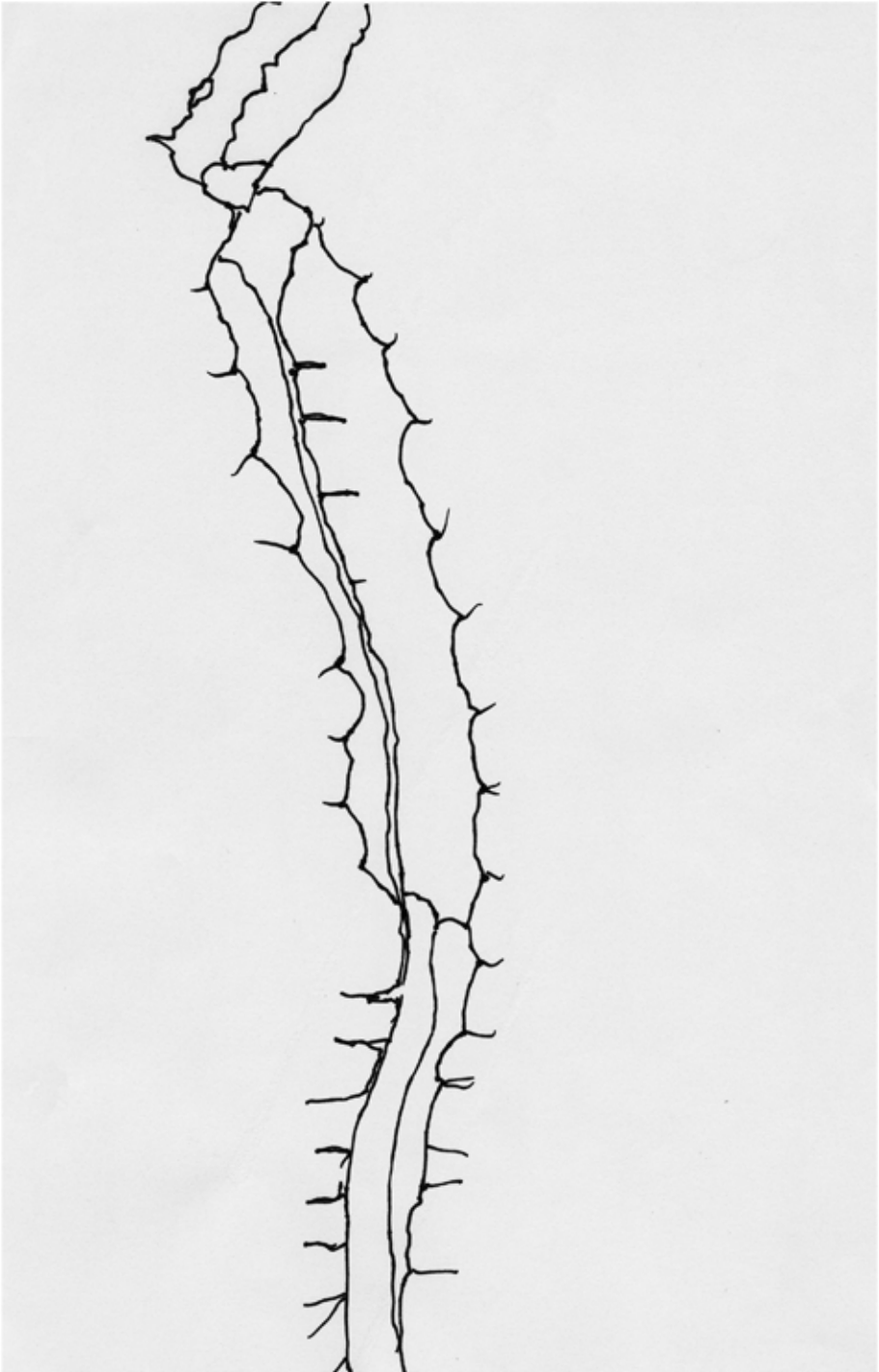




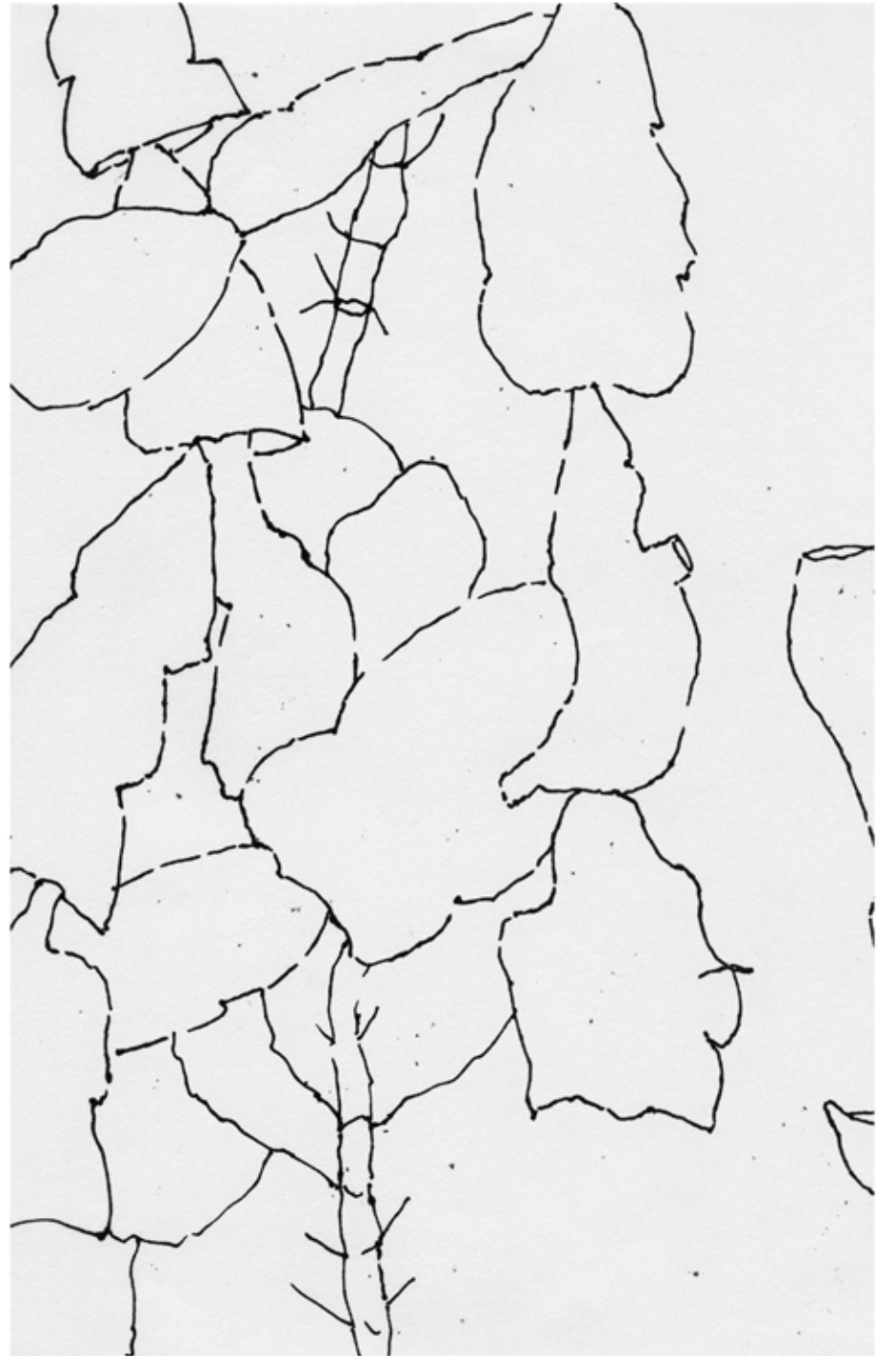


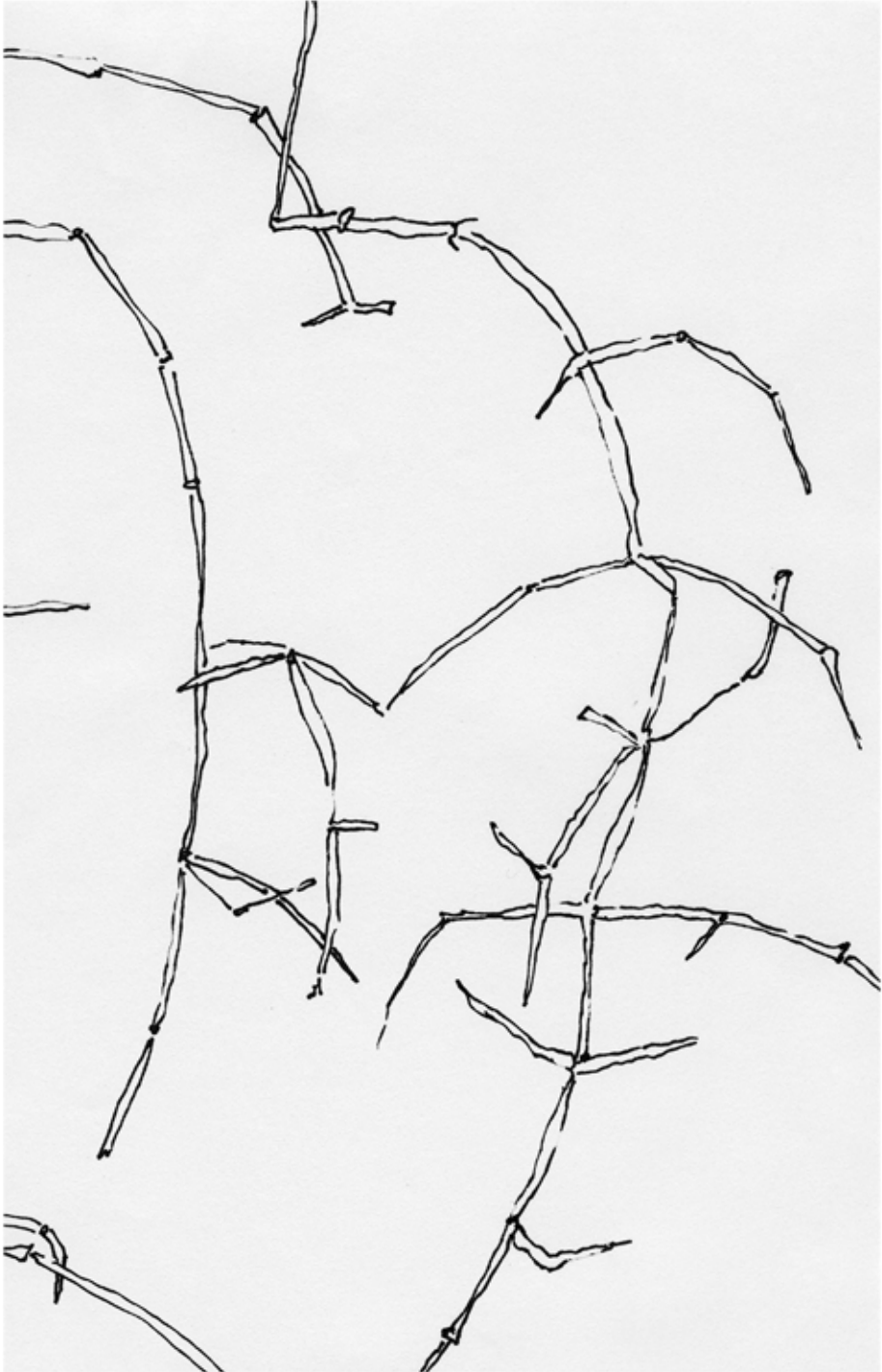


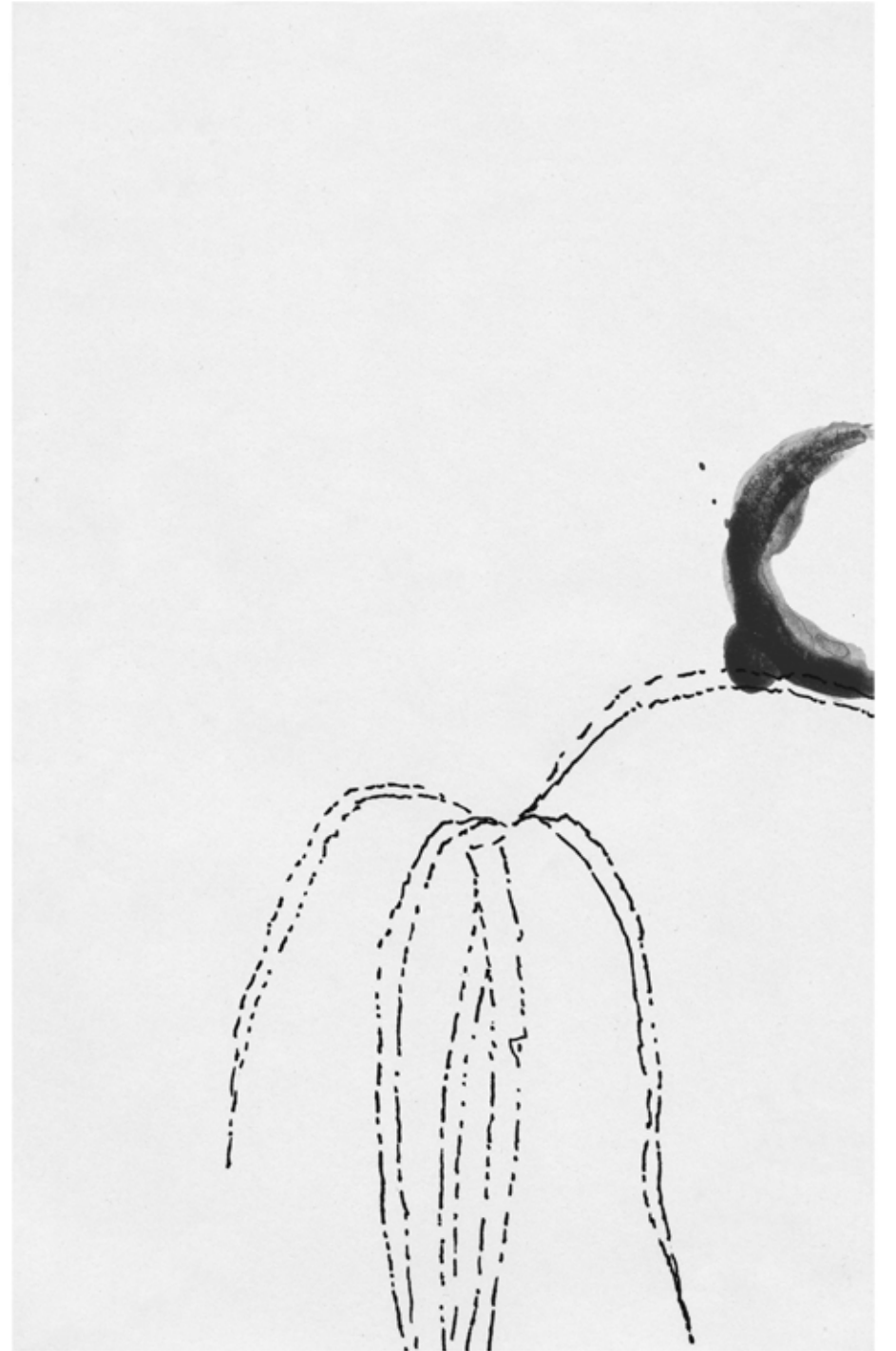


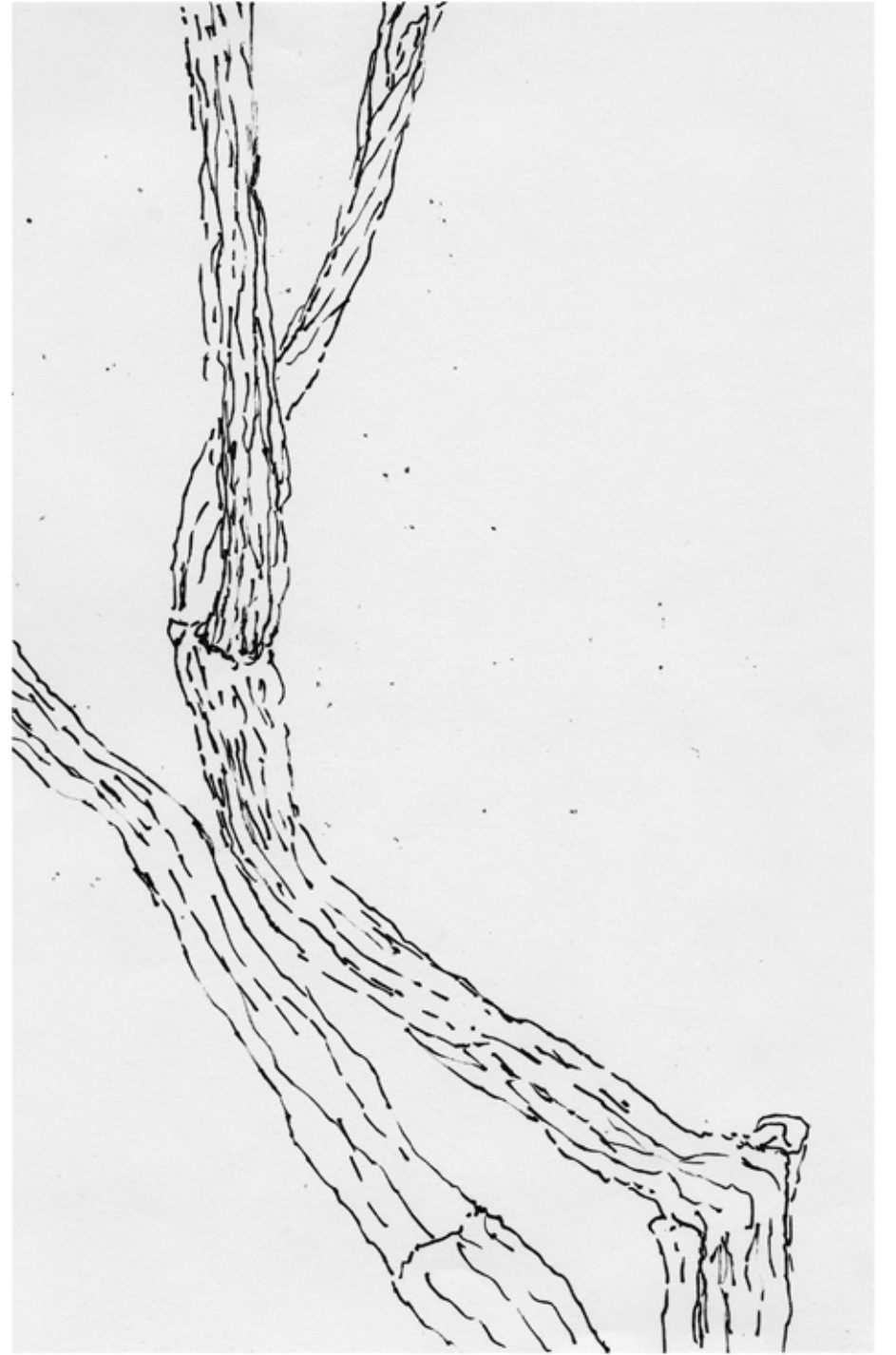


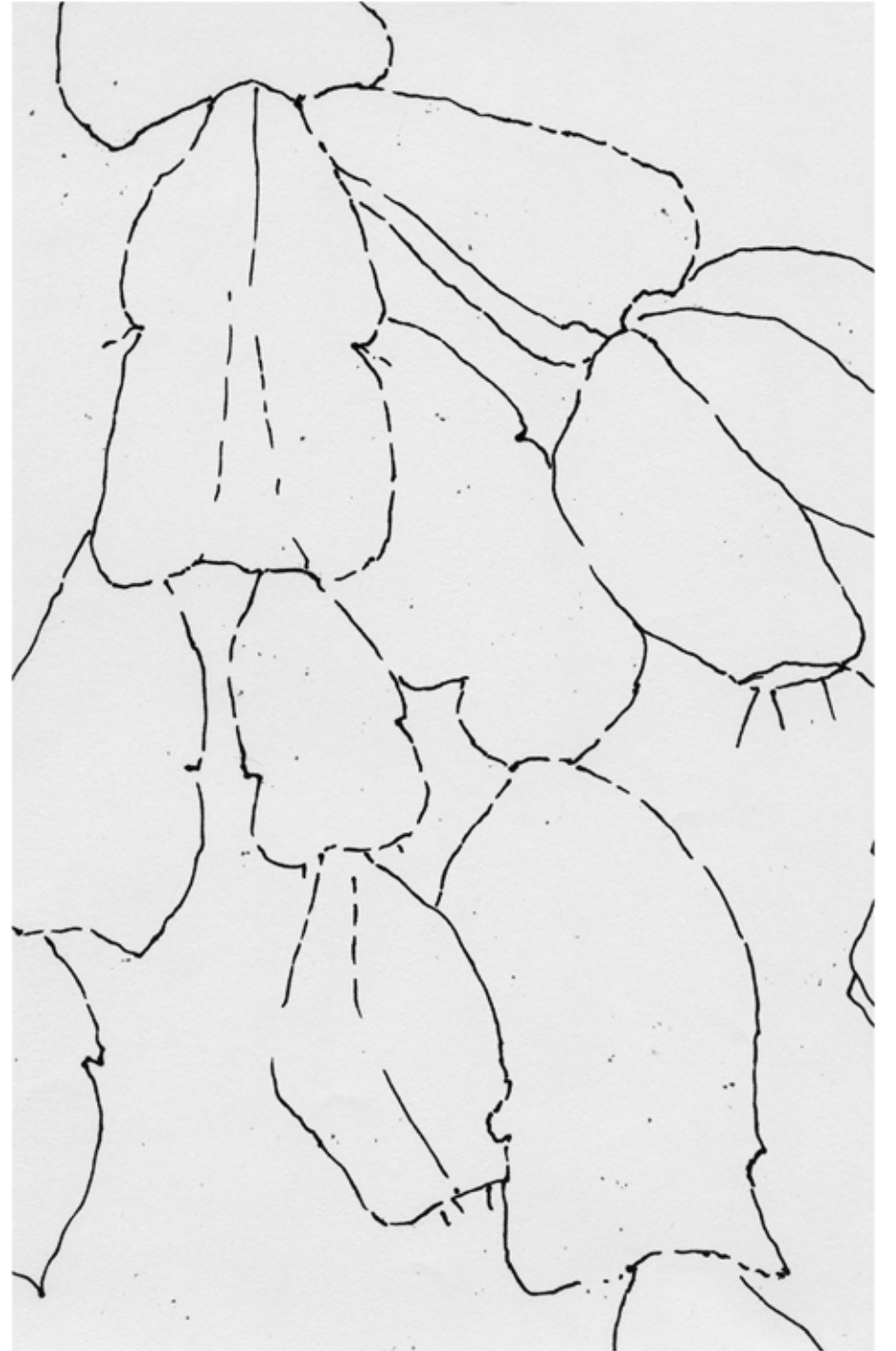
The more I thought, the more my mind was elsewhere, the more unaware of sounds produced under the weight of my feet.



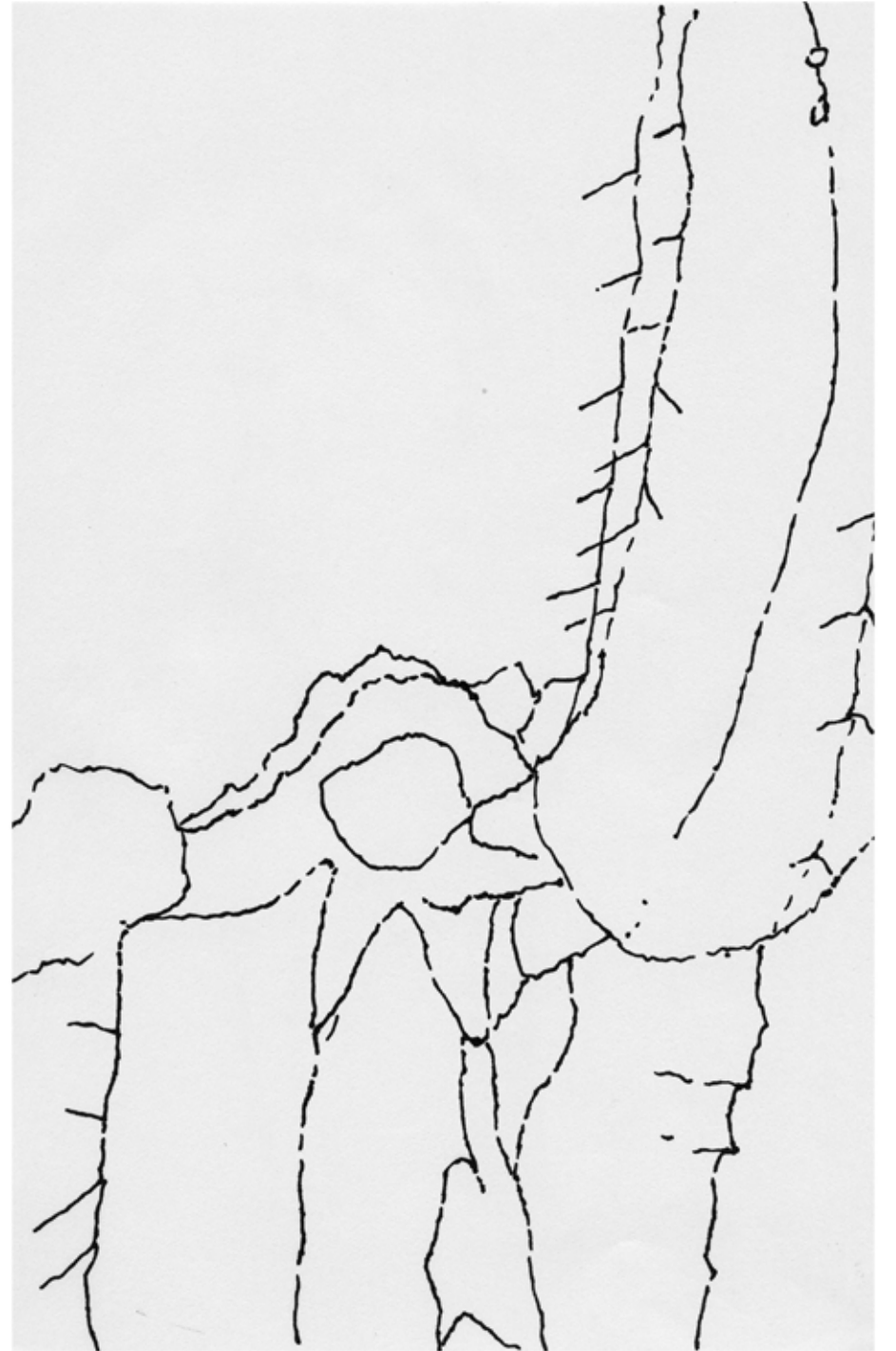




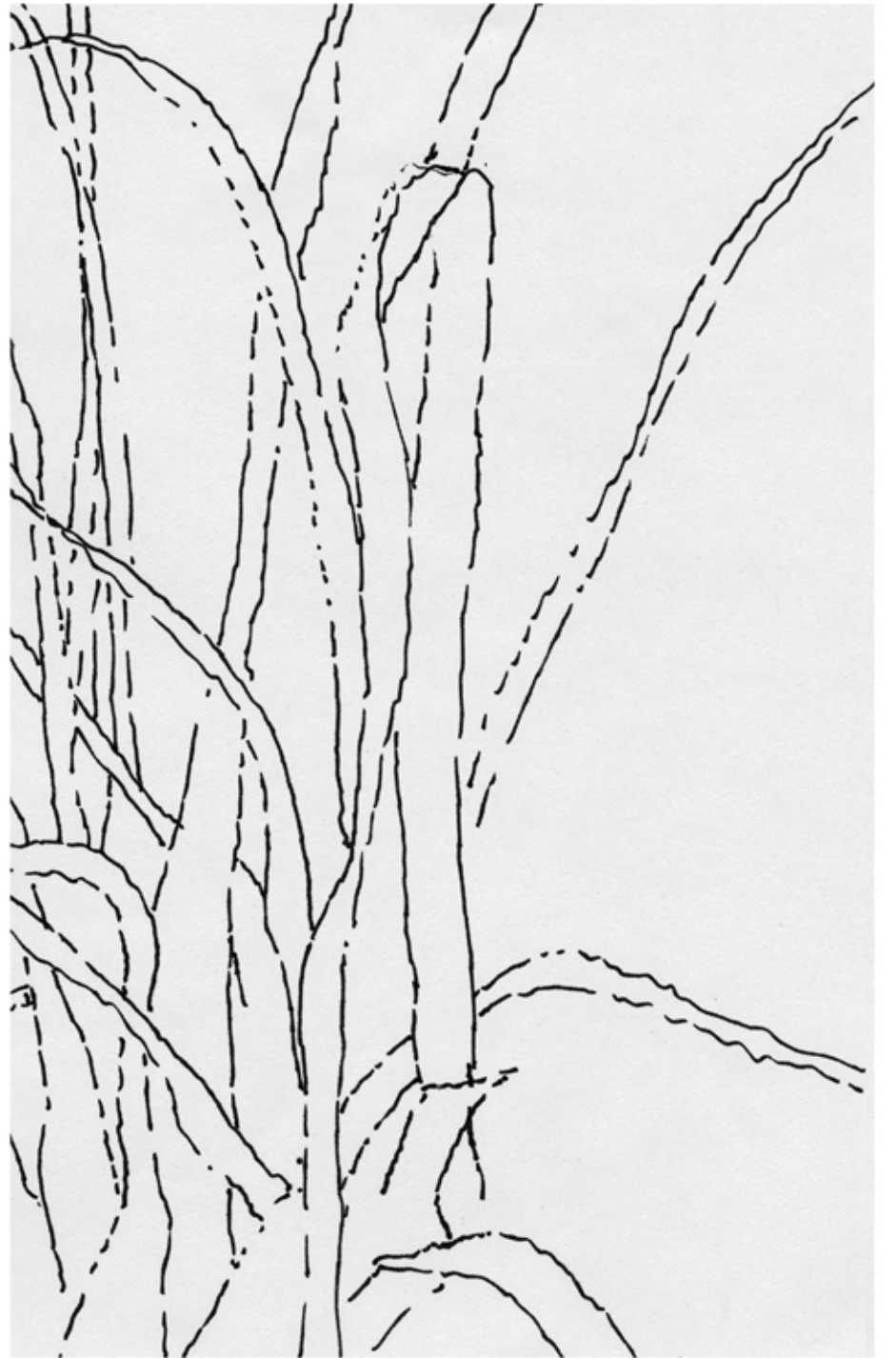


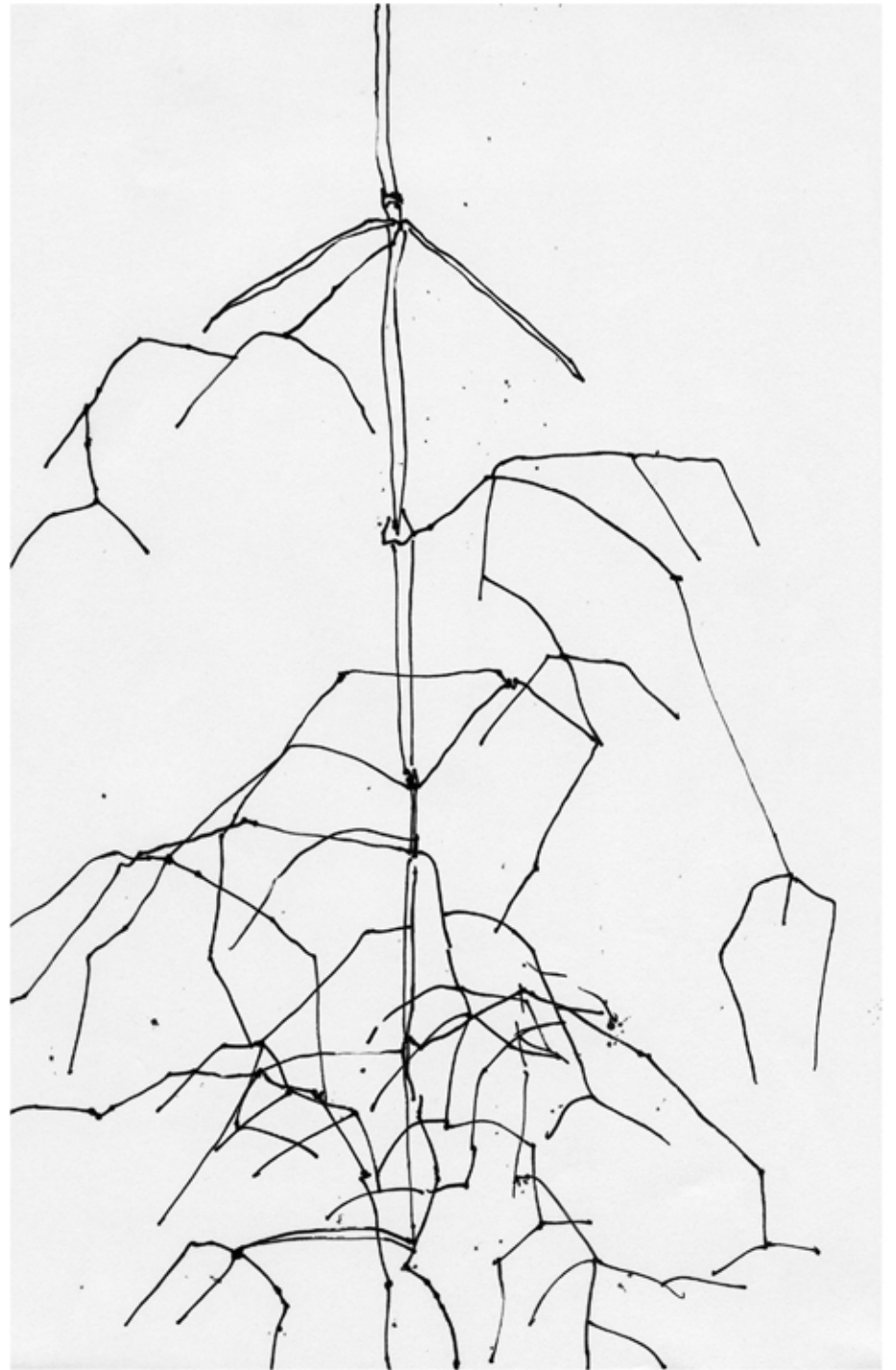


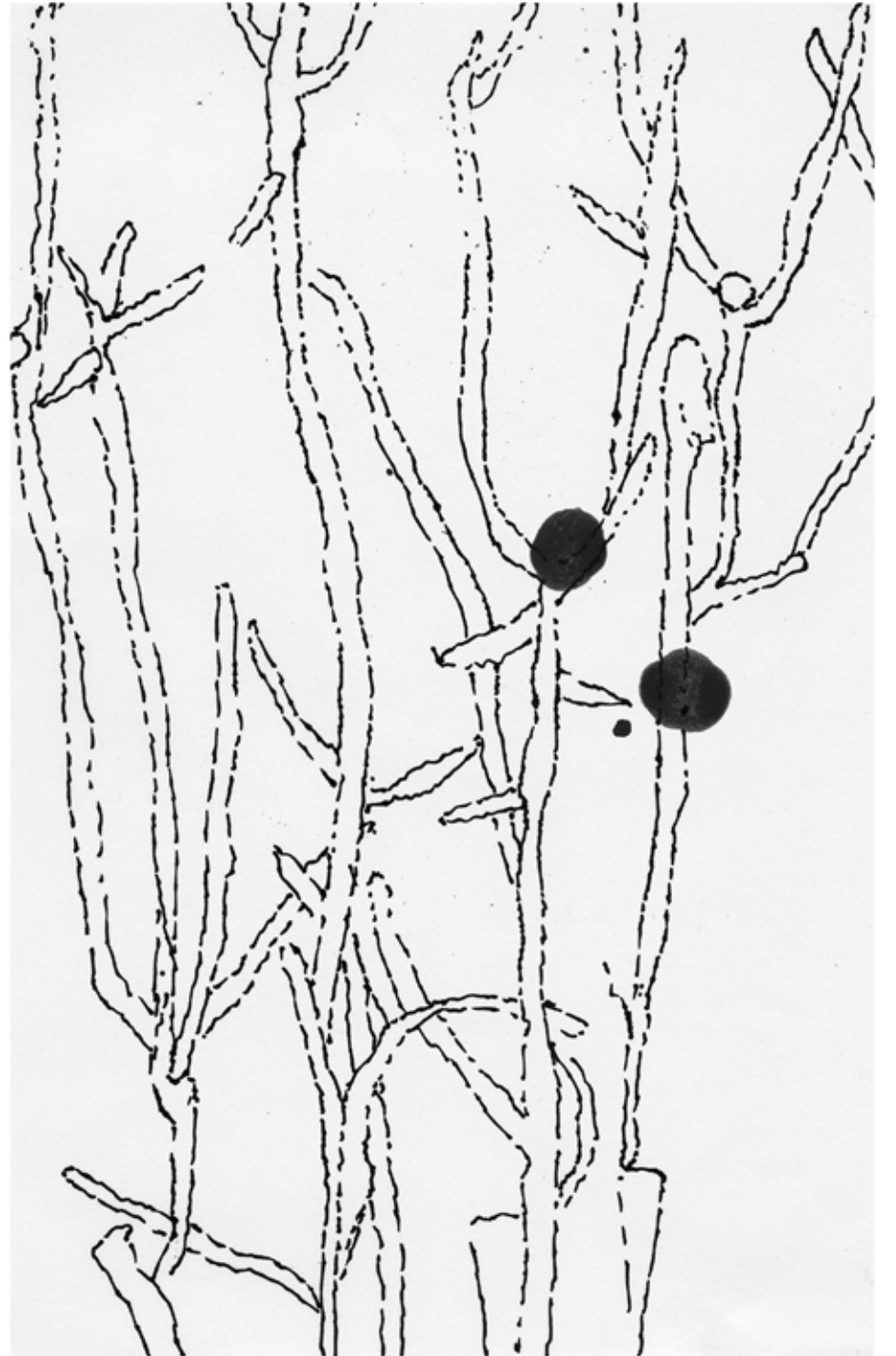


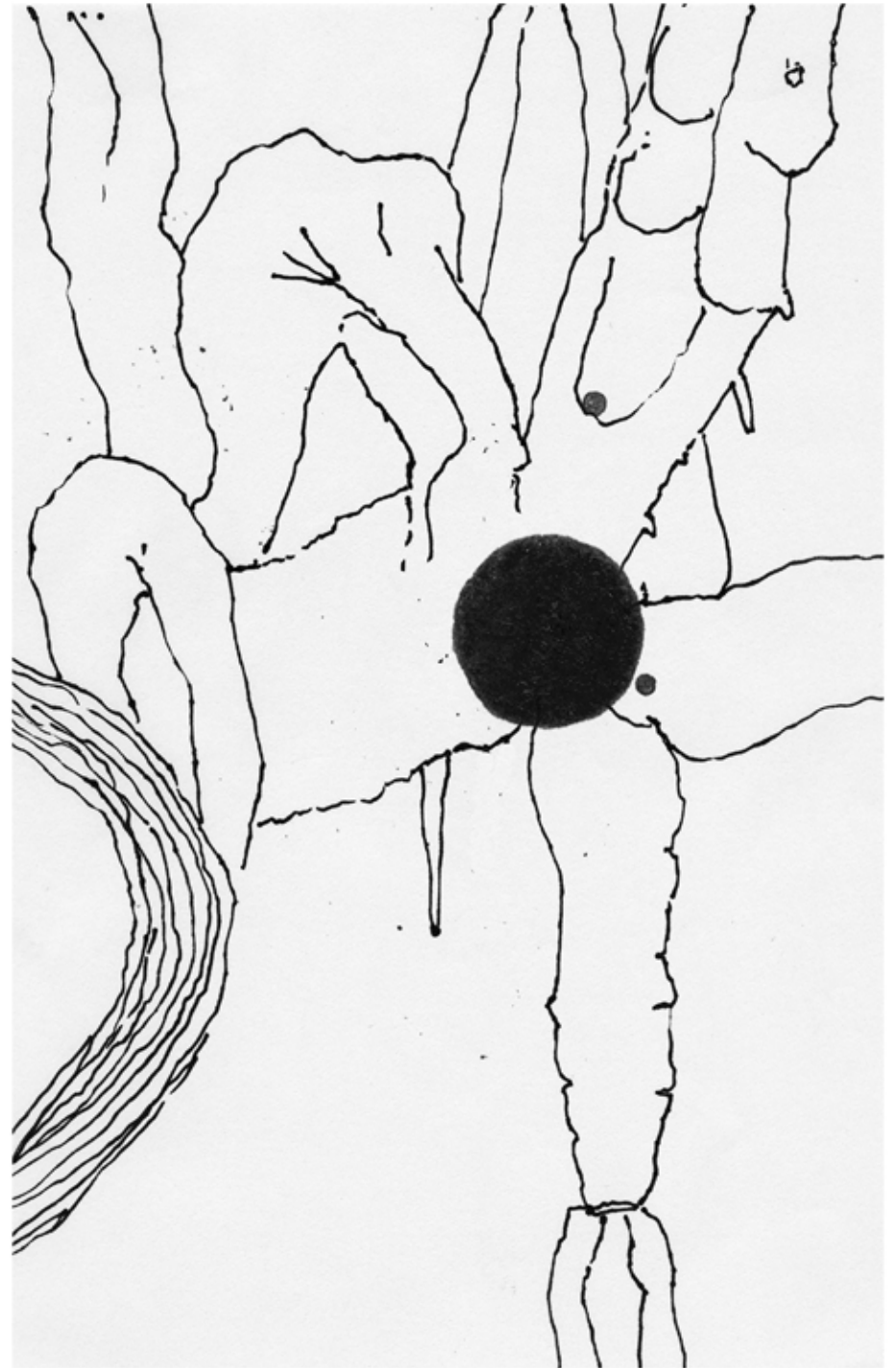




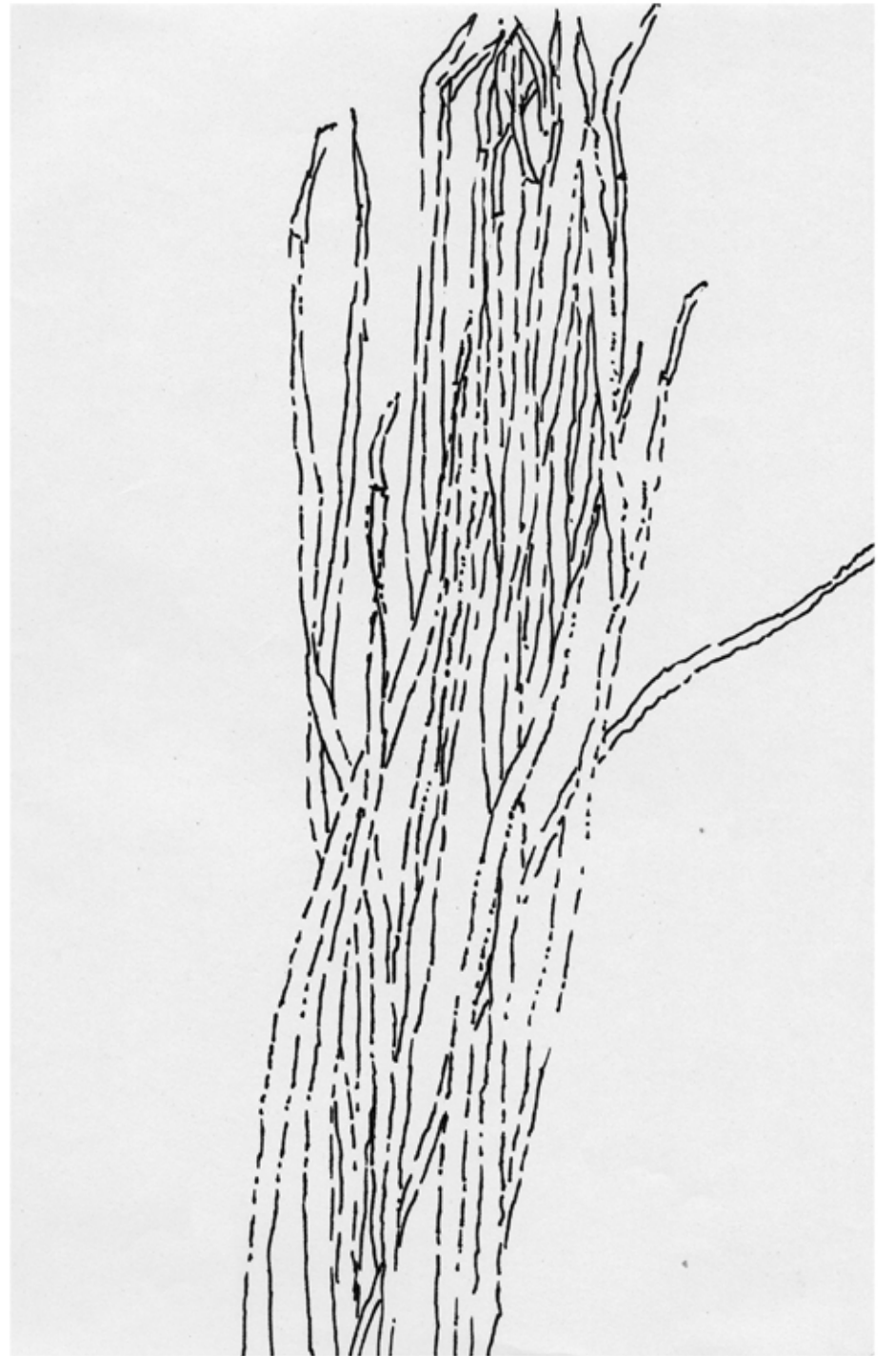


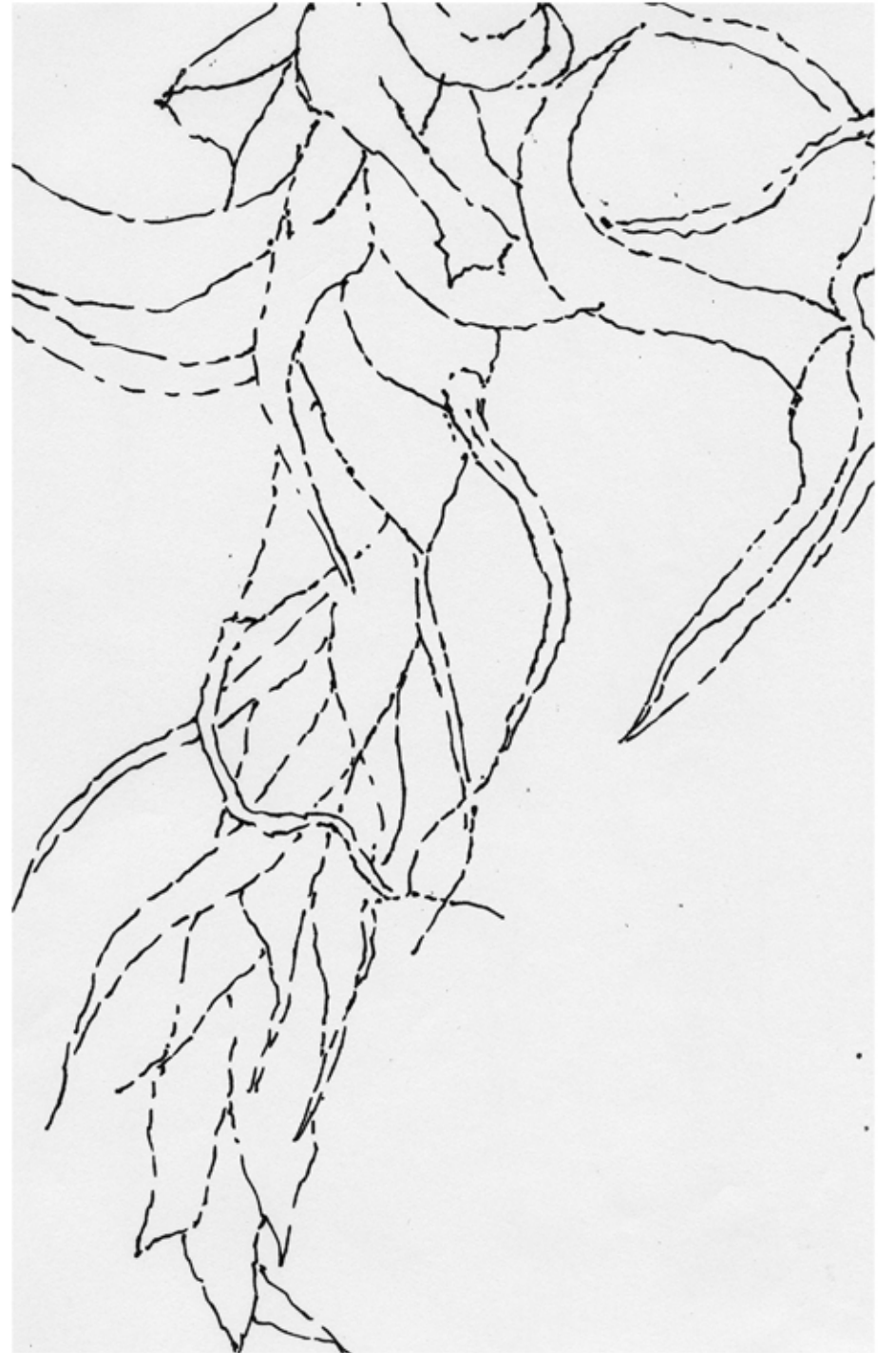




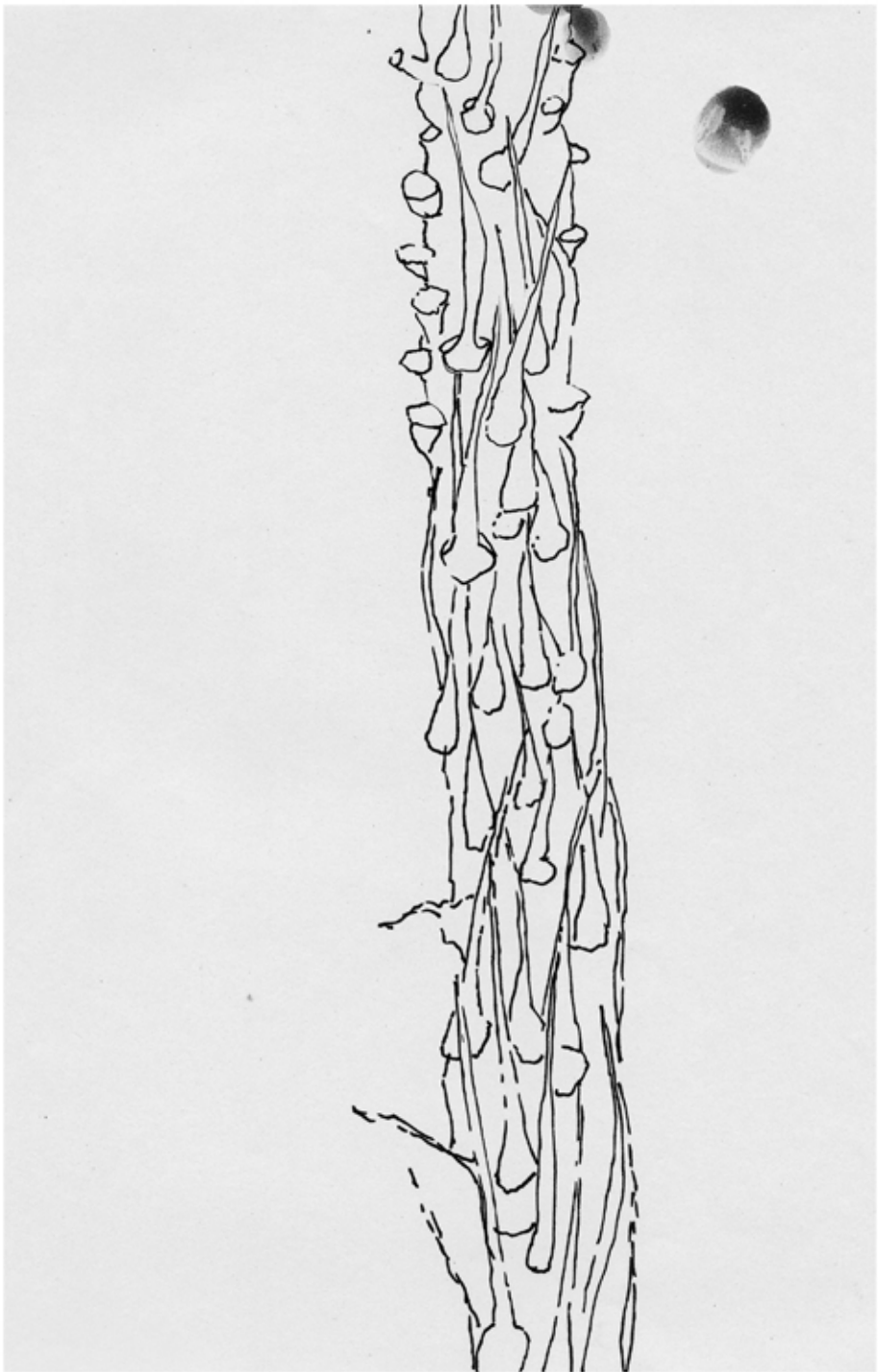


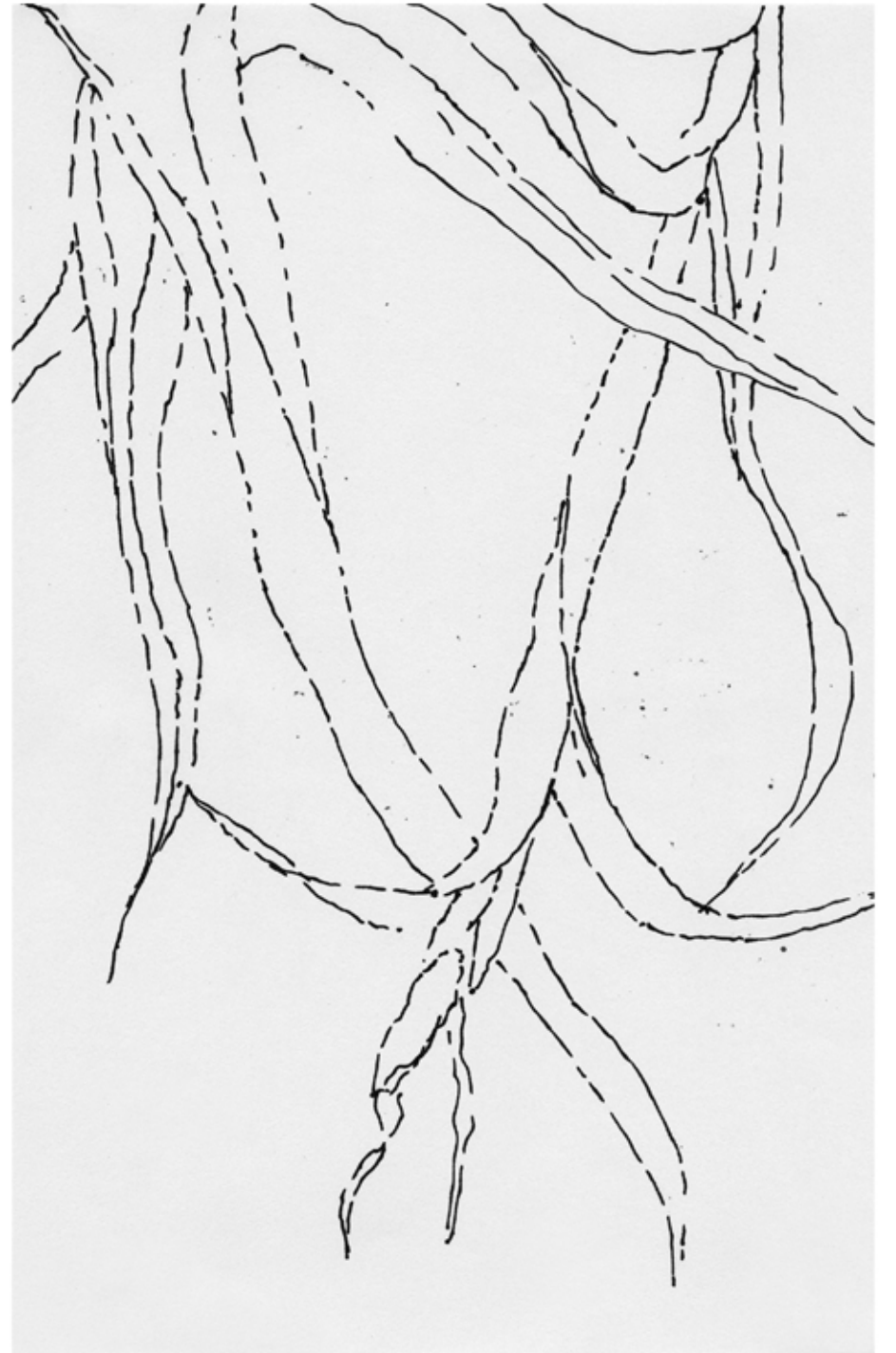
Today there was a light visible through the trees, like a beam, a giant torch shining on my left, I nearly caught it. Rustling leaves taking no-one into account.



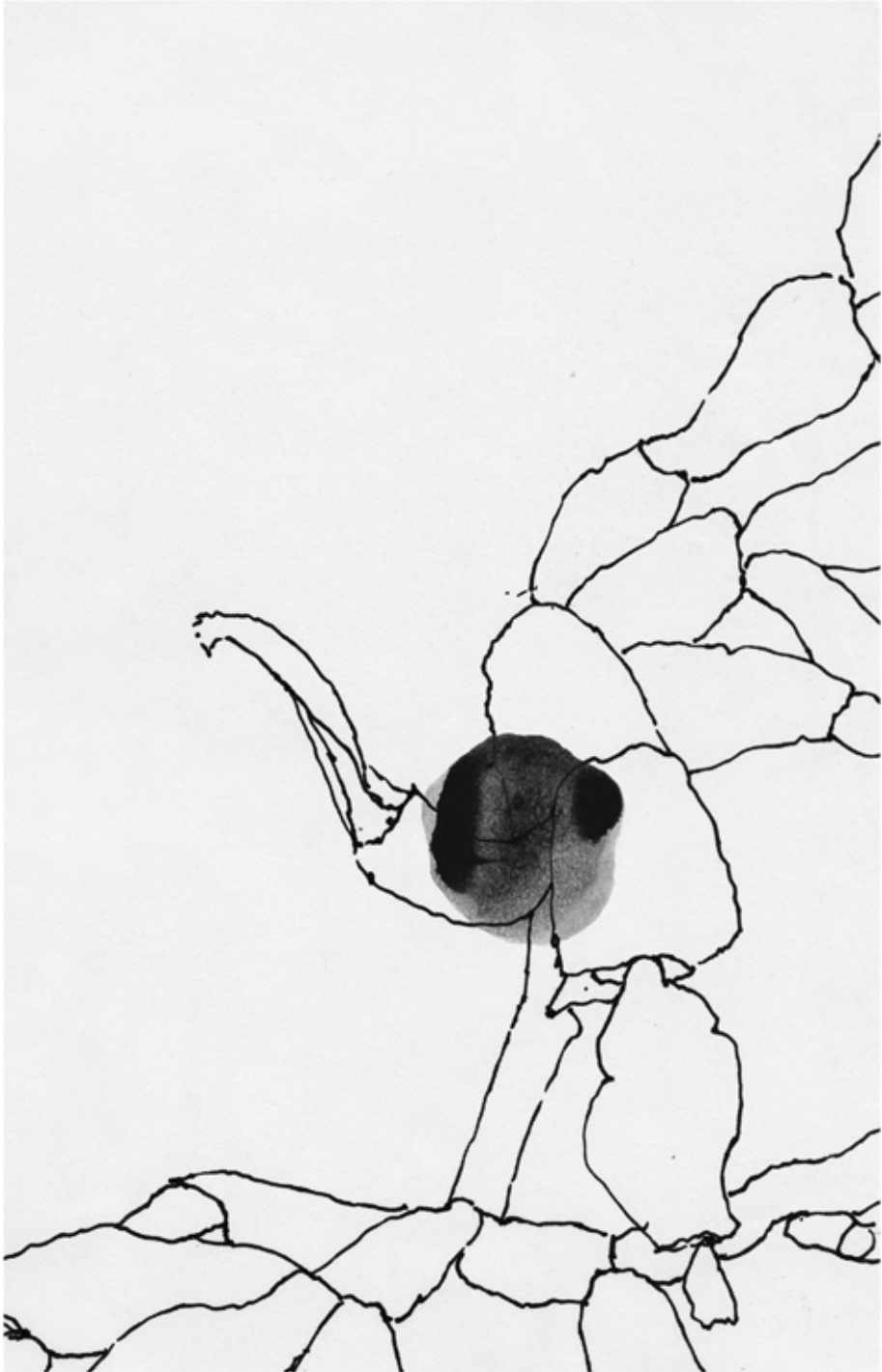






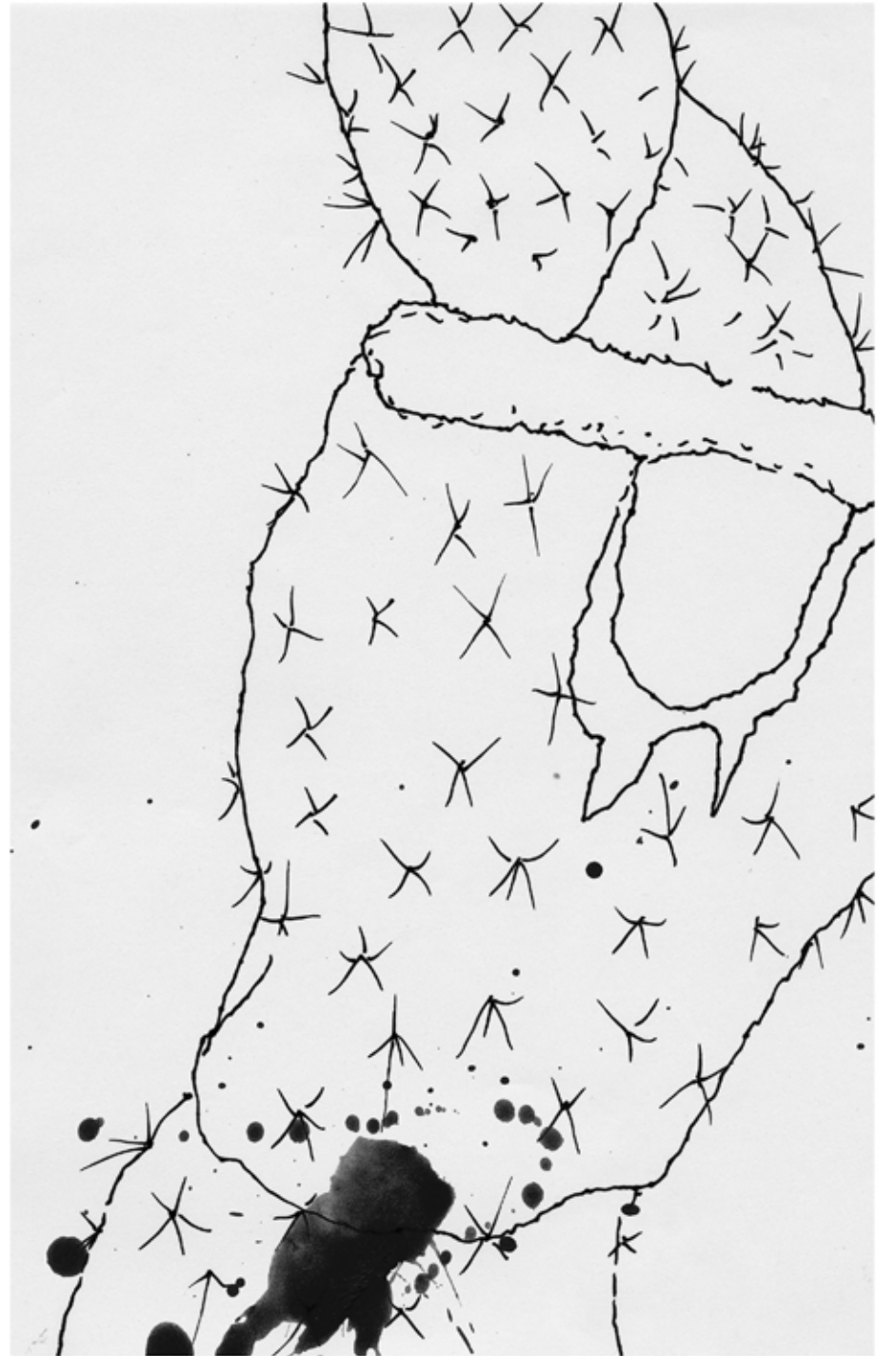


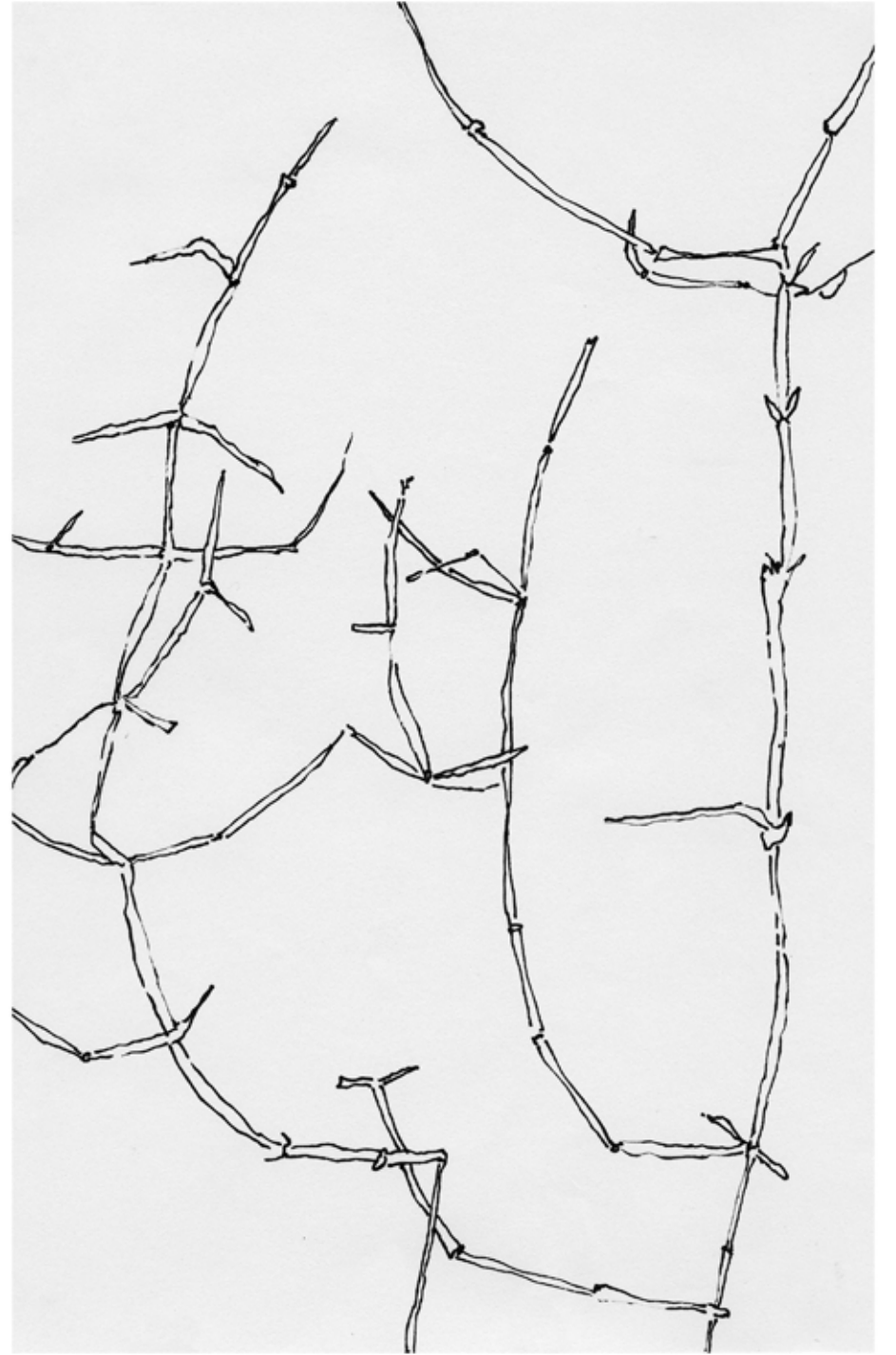


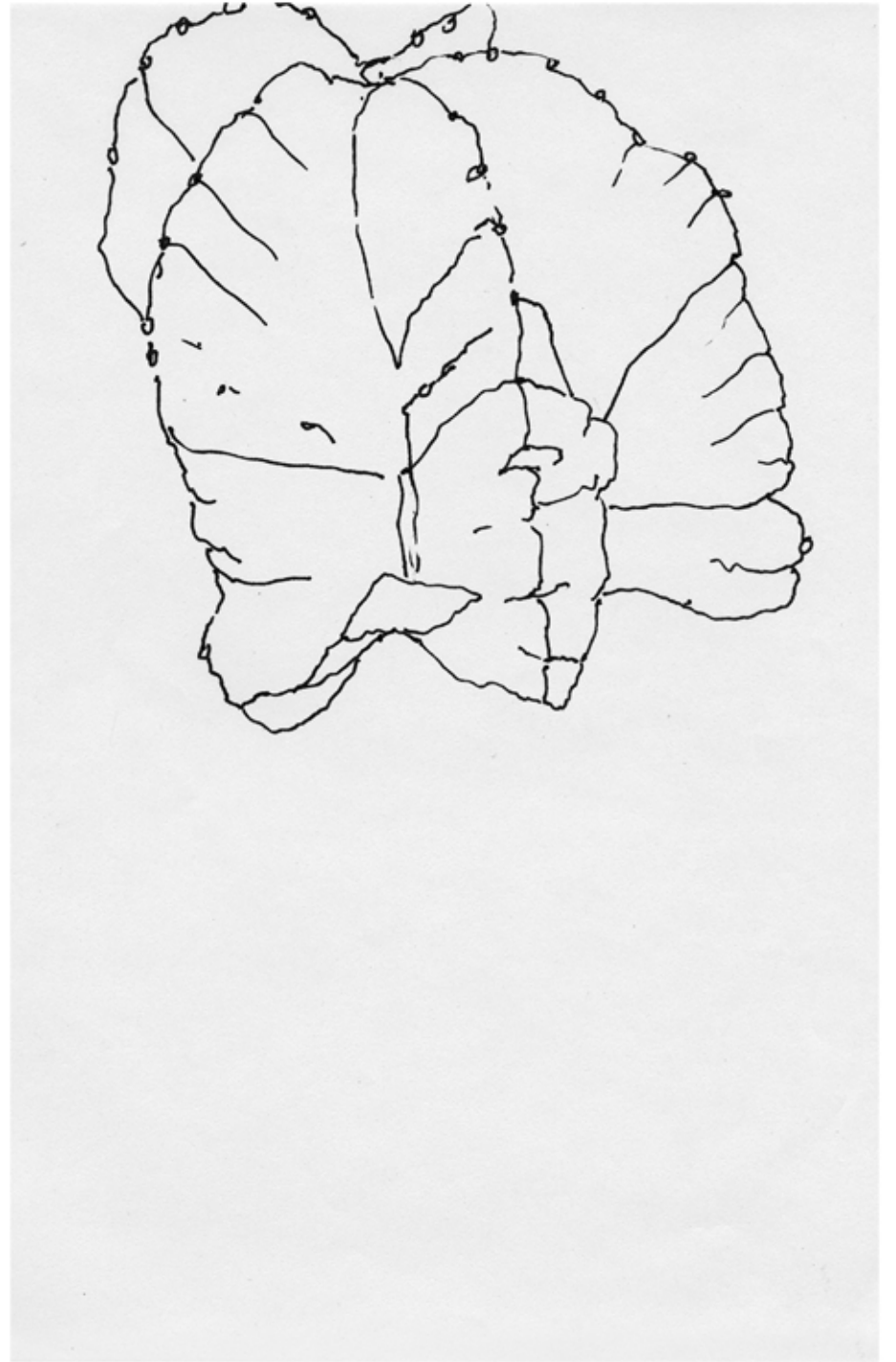


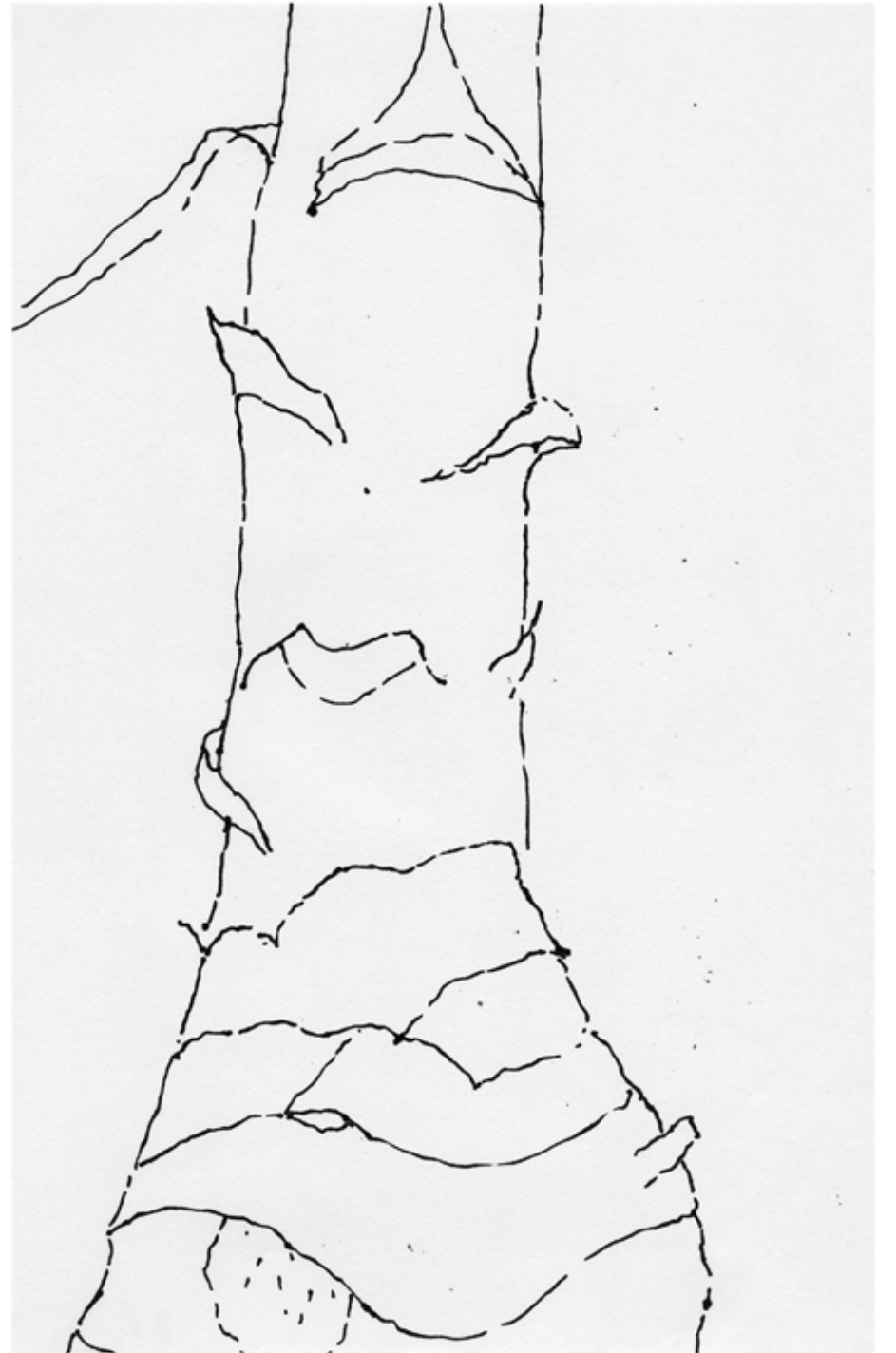


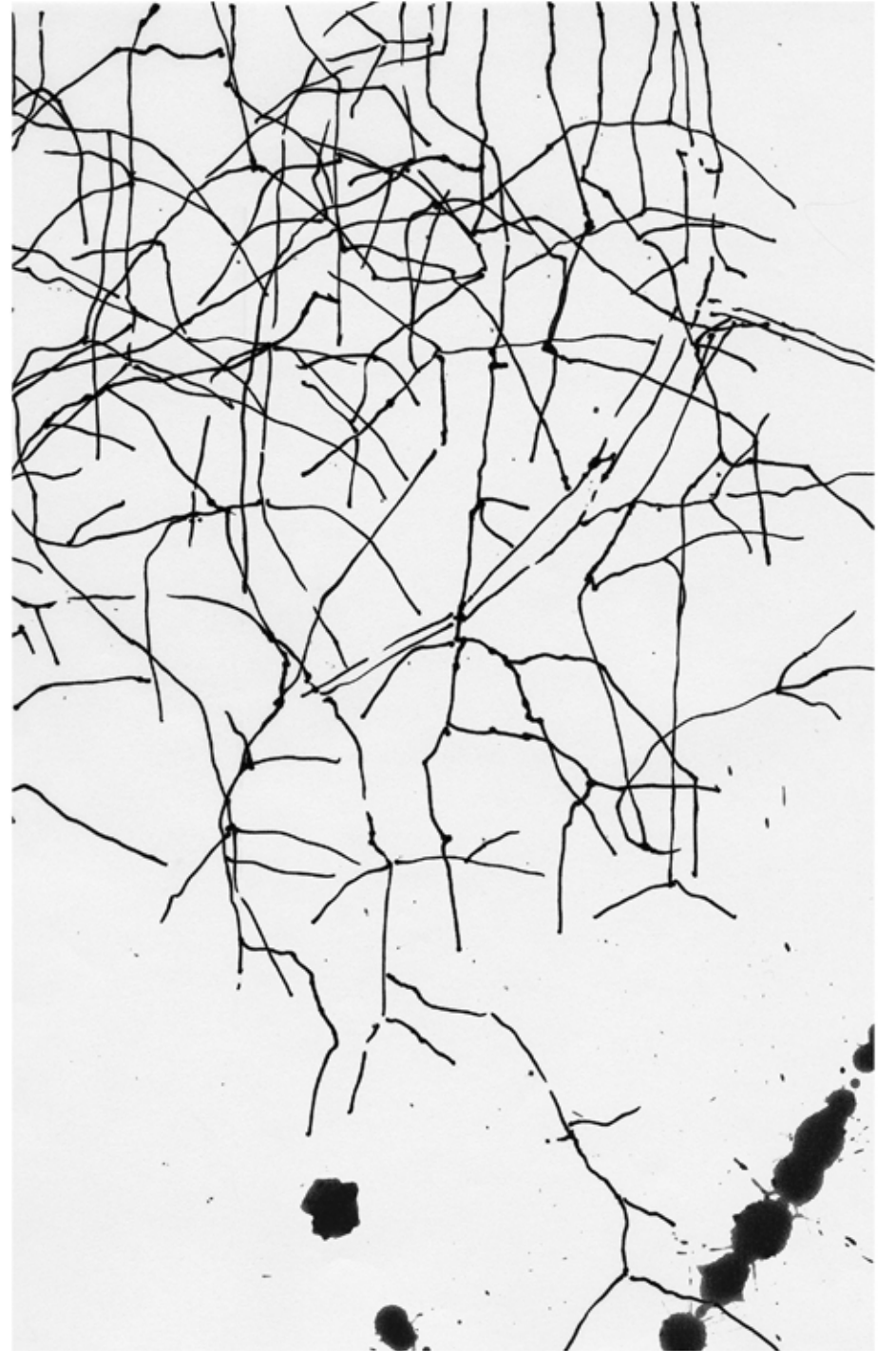
Handwritten text in Arabic script, possibly a religious or historical document, written on a page with horizontal lines. The text is arranged in several lines, with some characters appearing to be stylized or decorative. The script is dense and fills most of the page's width.

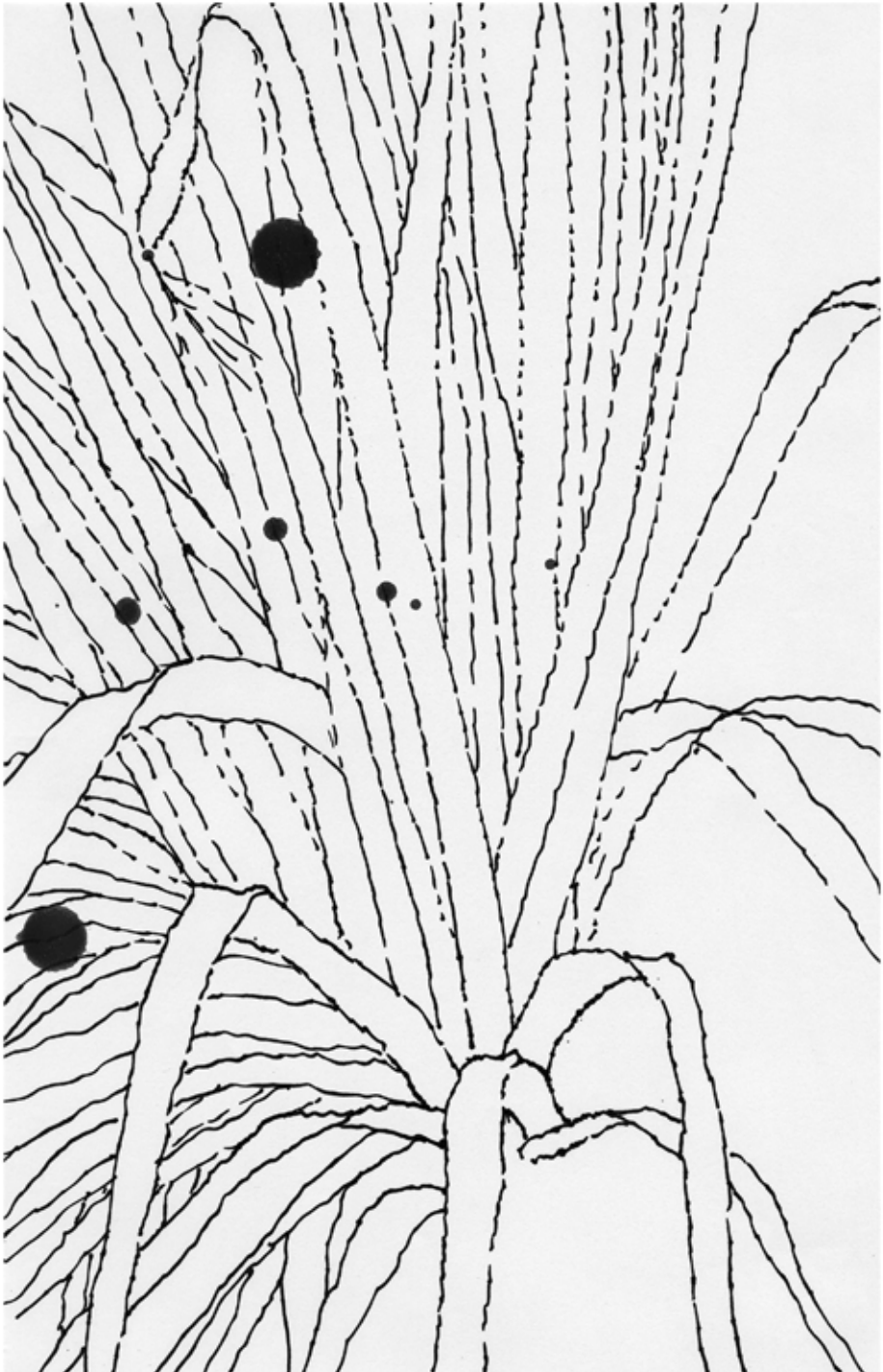






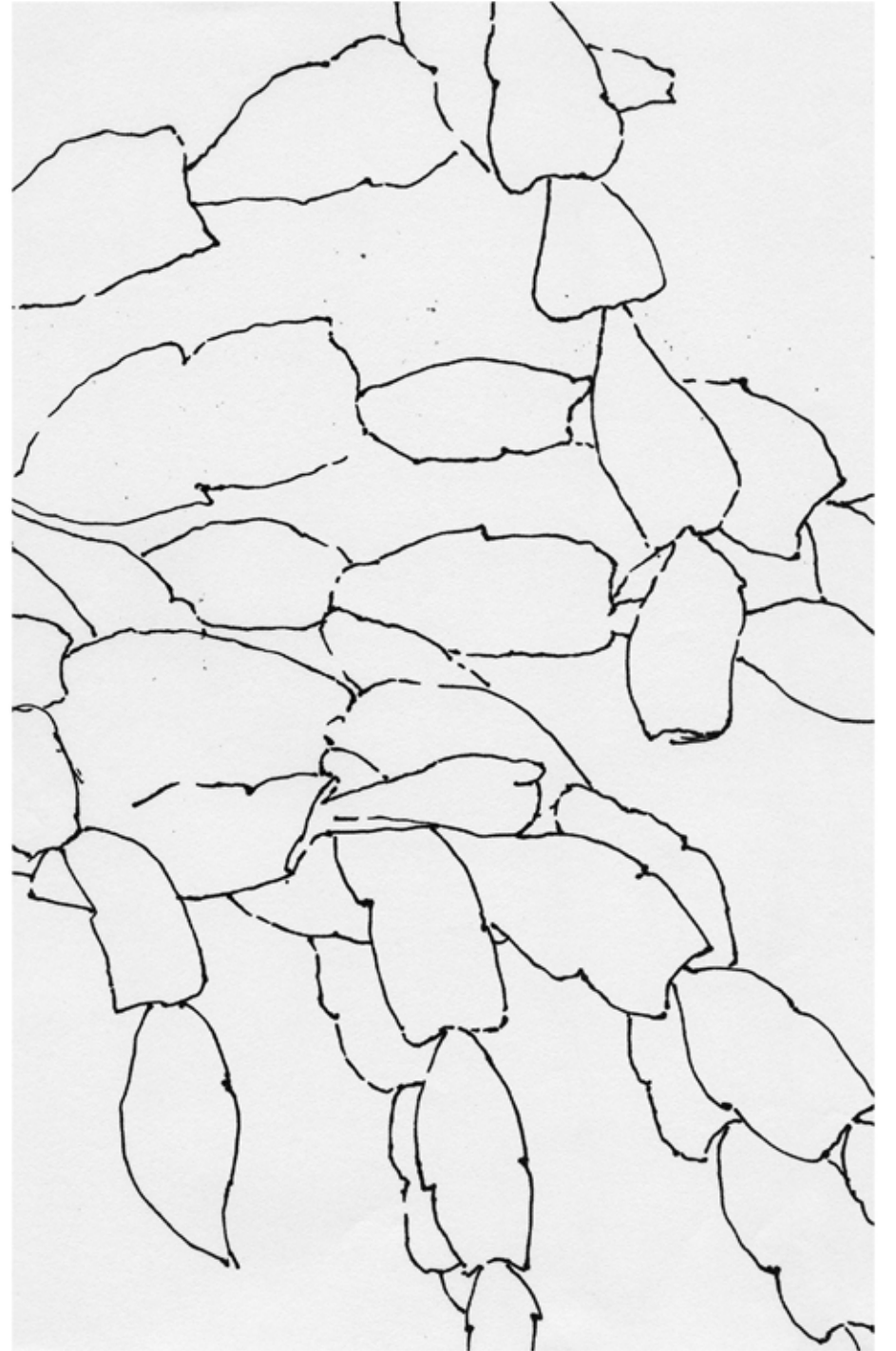




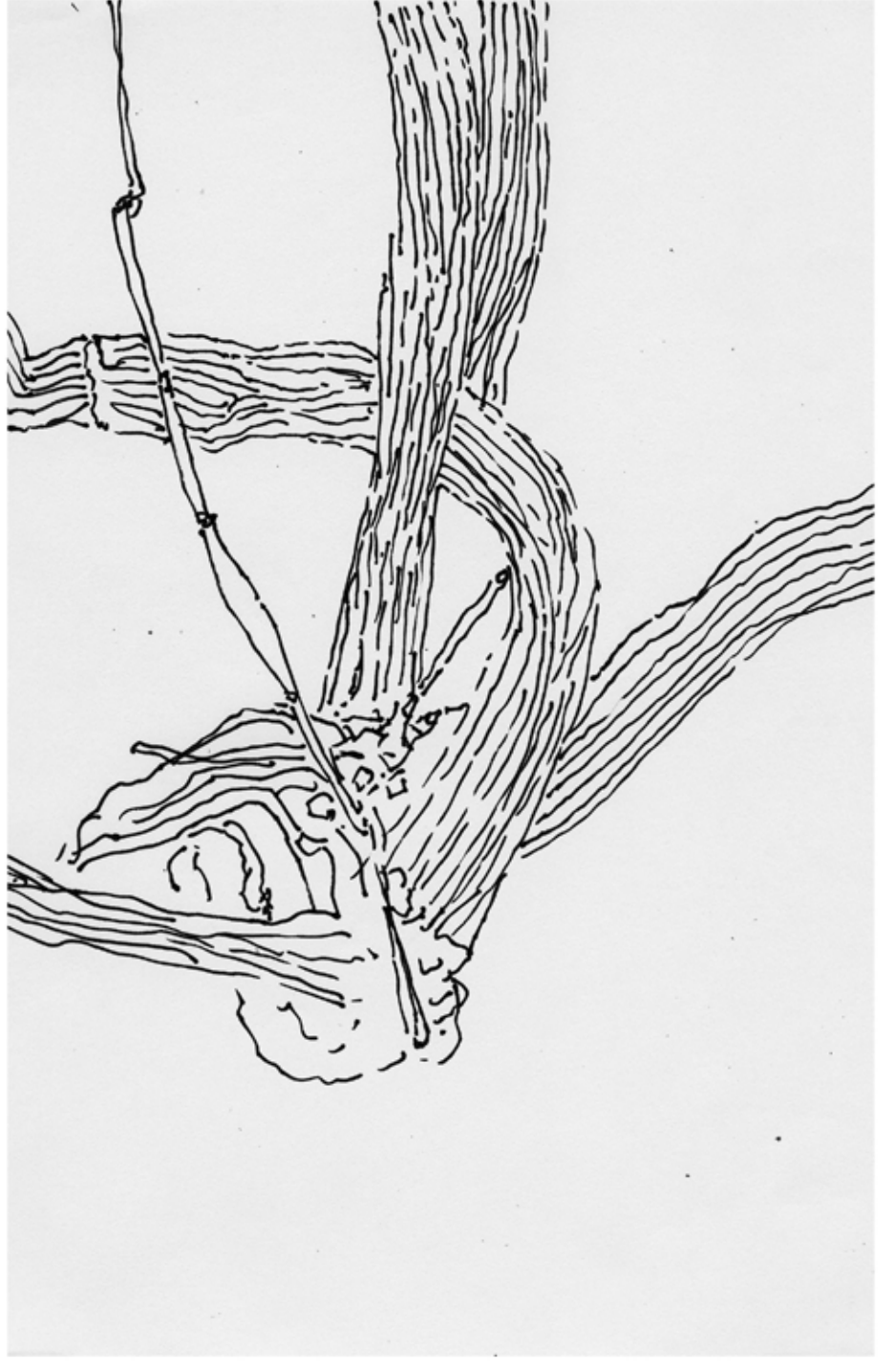


Silence is a sound, of a rare kind, of a friendly nature. Like a stillness which is present, and reassuringly close and distant at the same time. Today the birds are quiet.

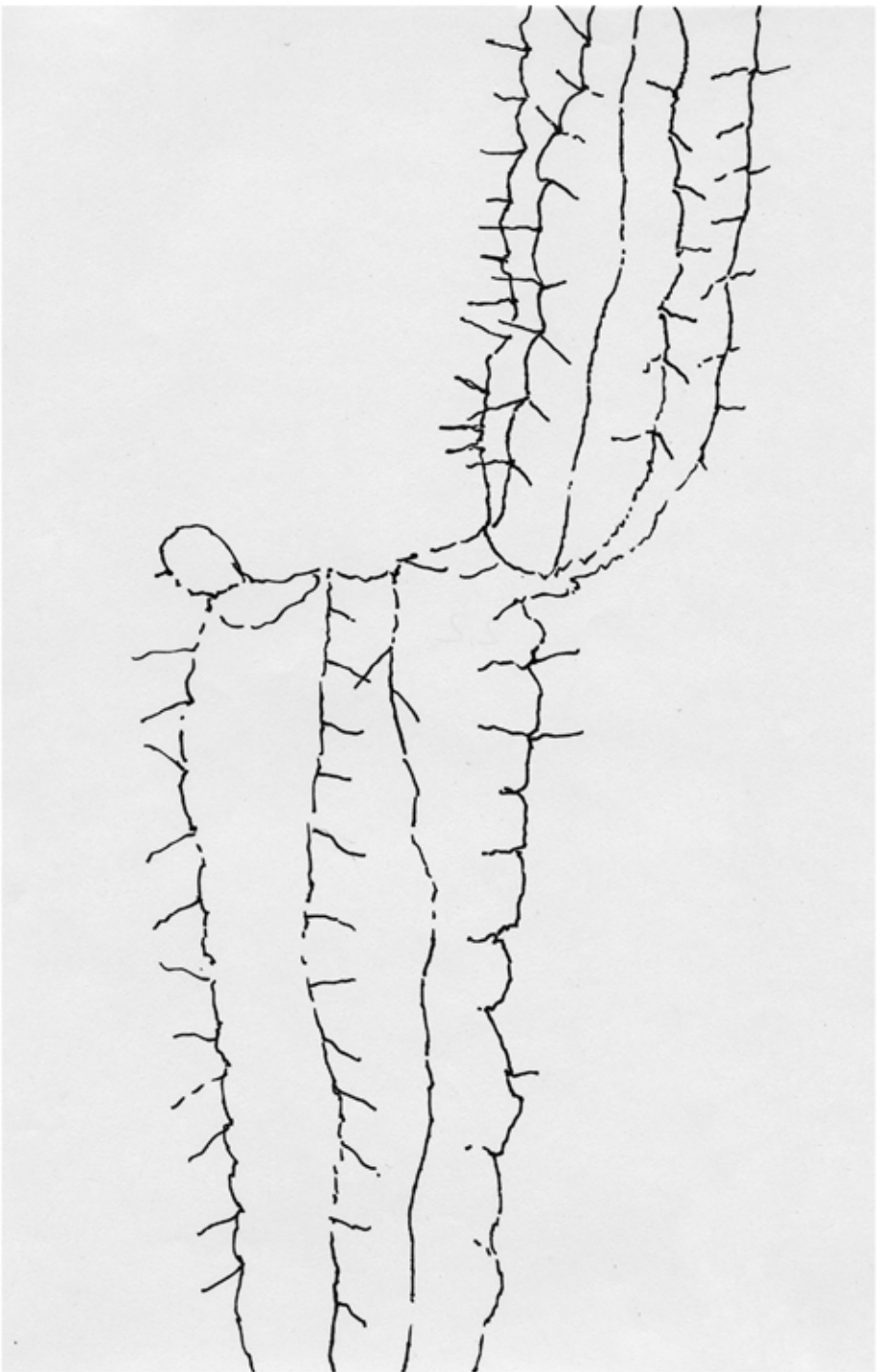






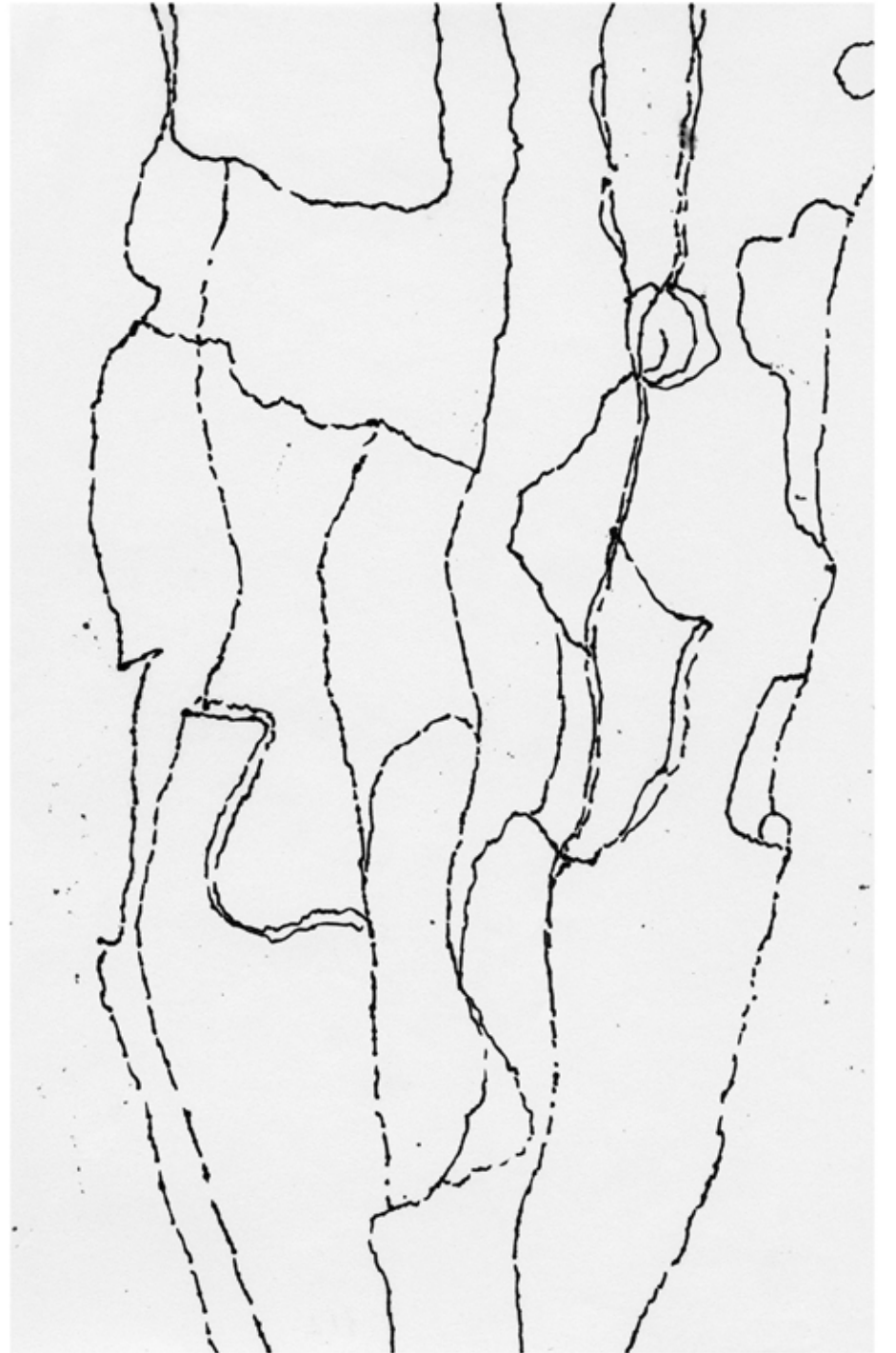


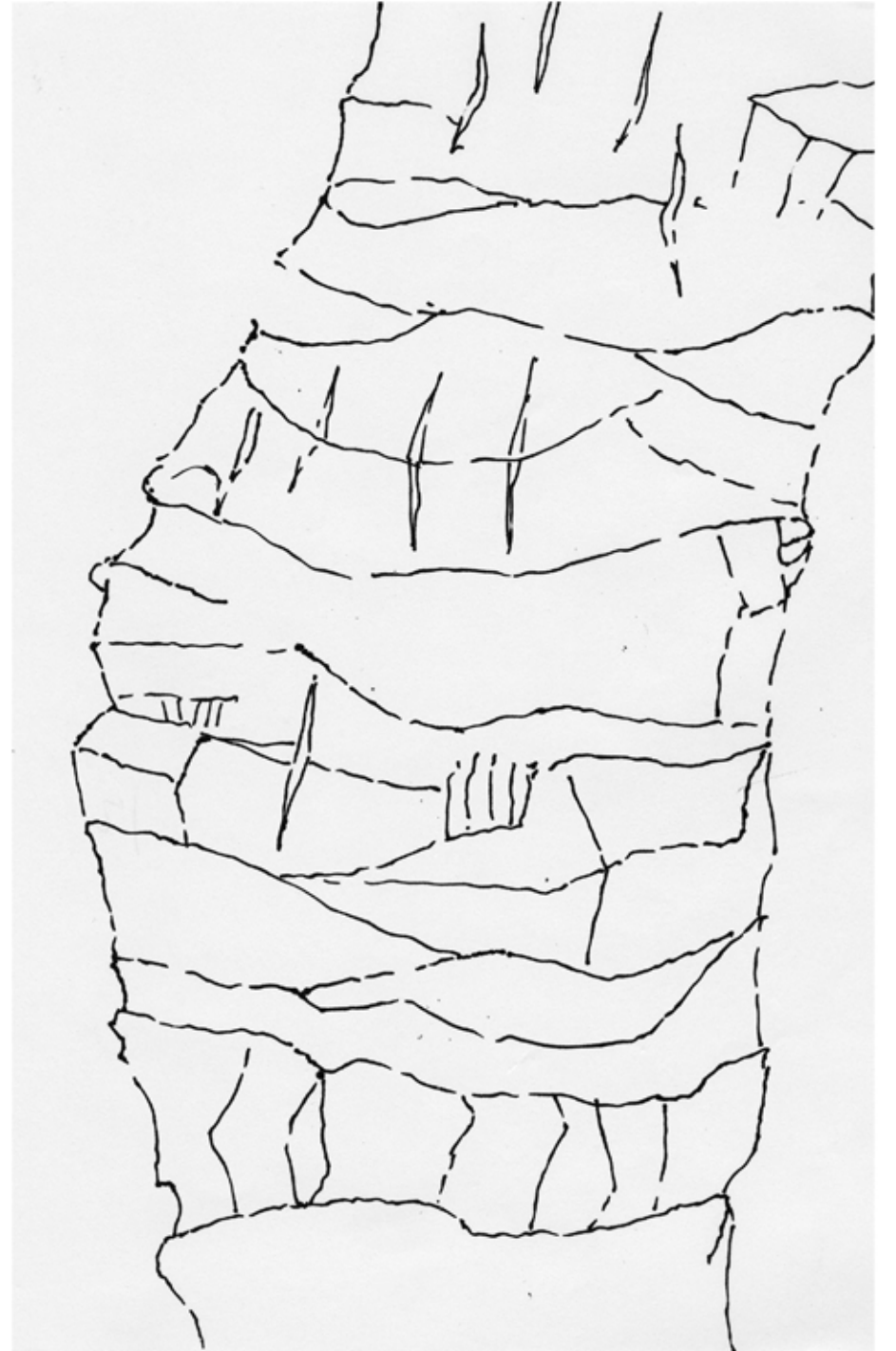






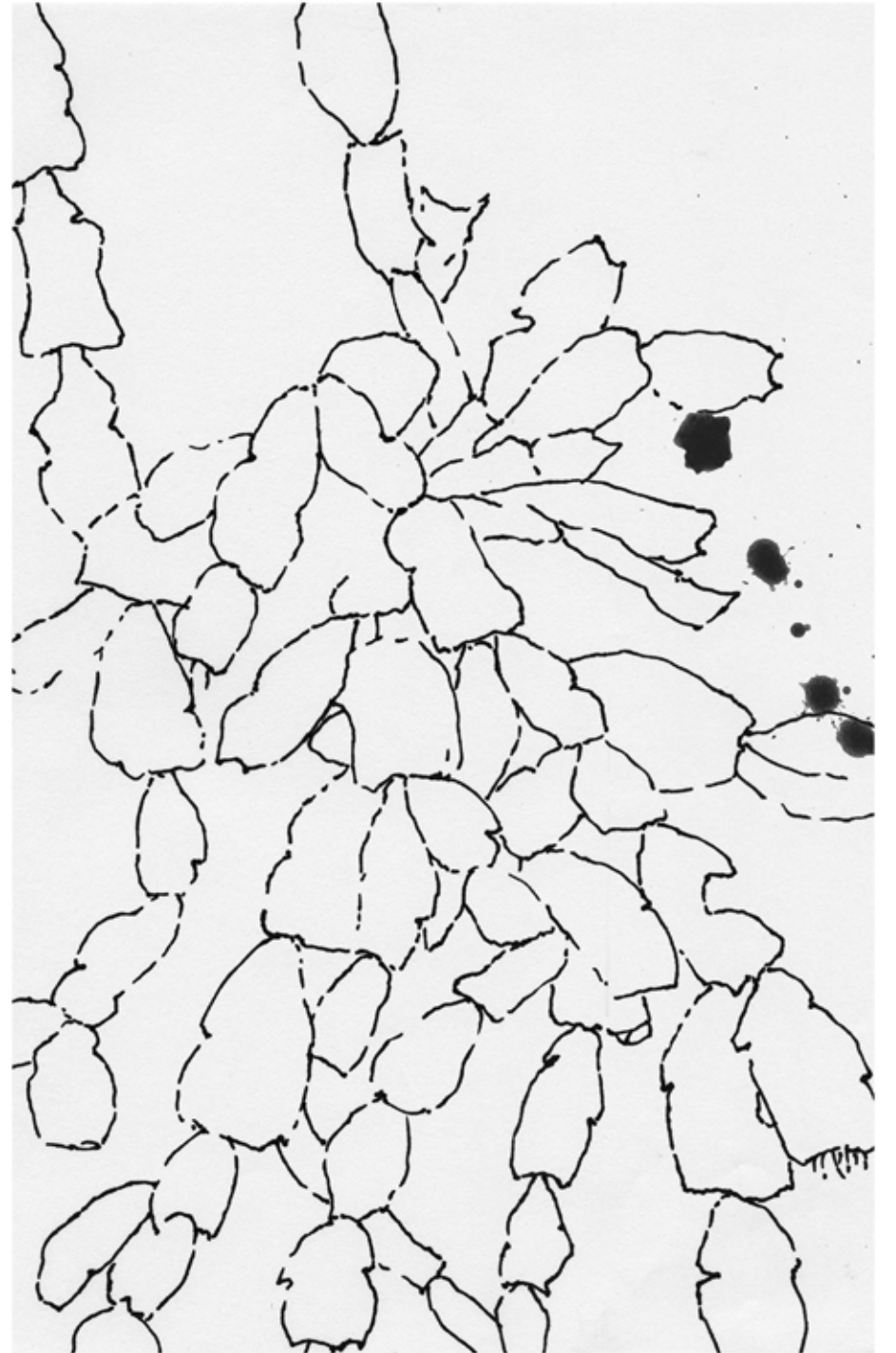


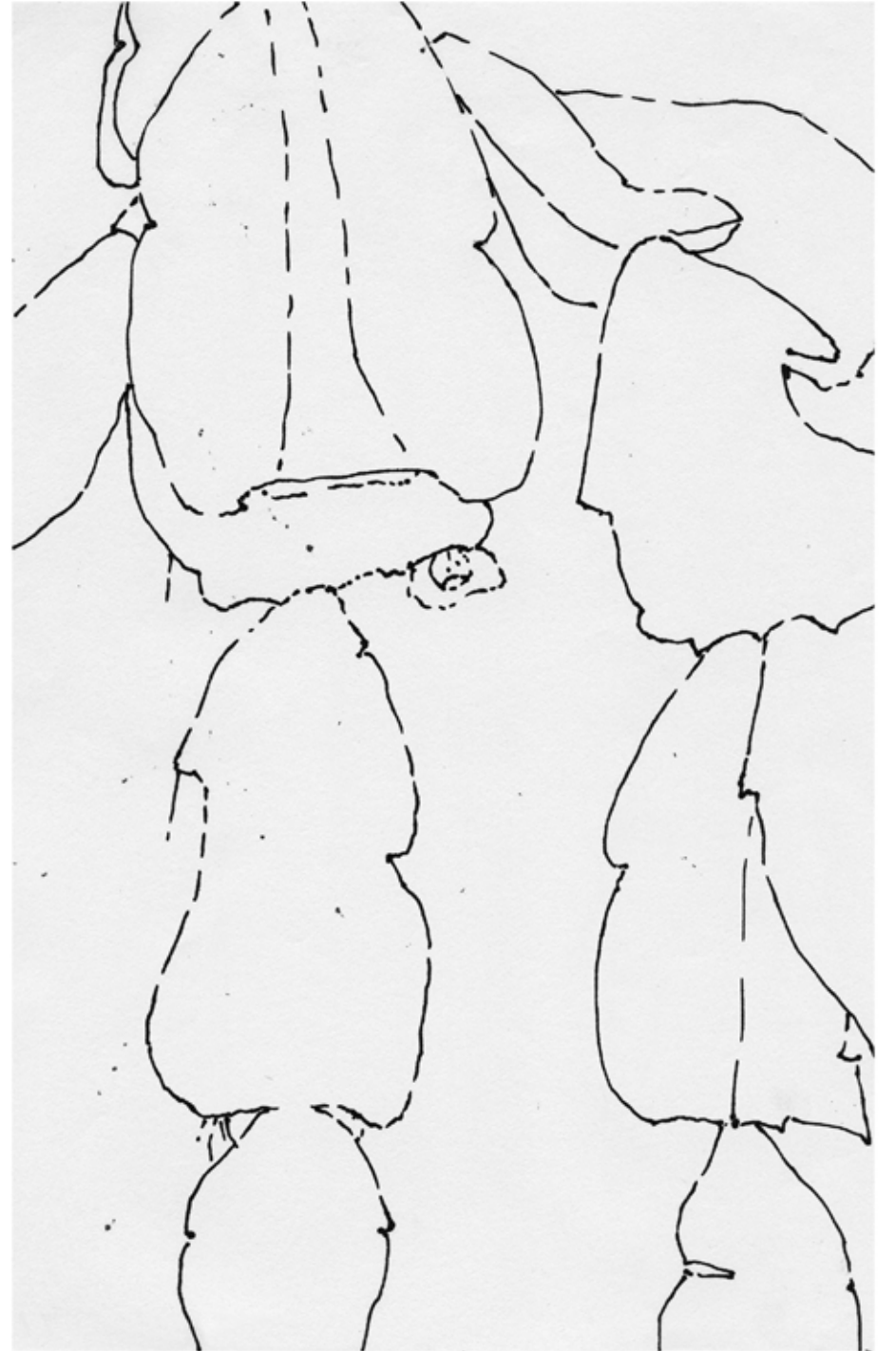


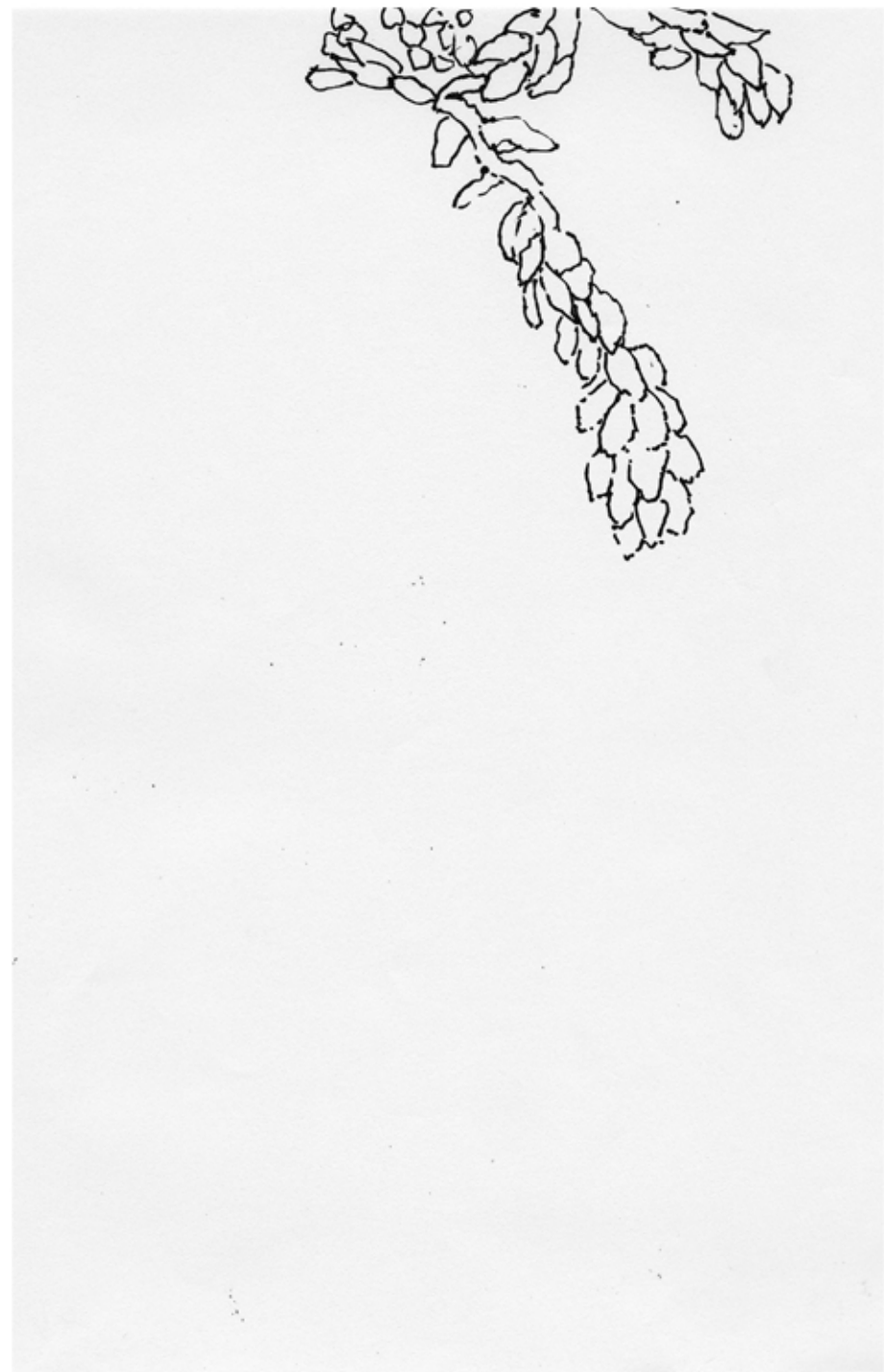


Unnatural moves are traceable in the snow. I am not sure where to go next. Promises of distance are often forgotten.



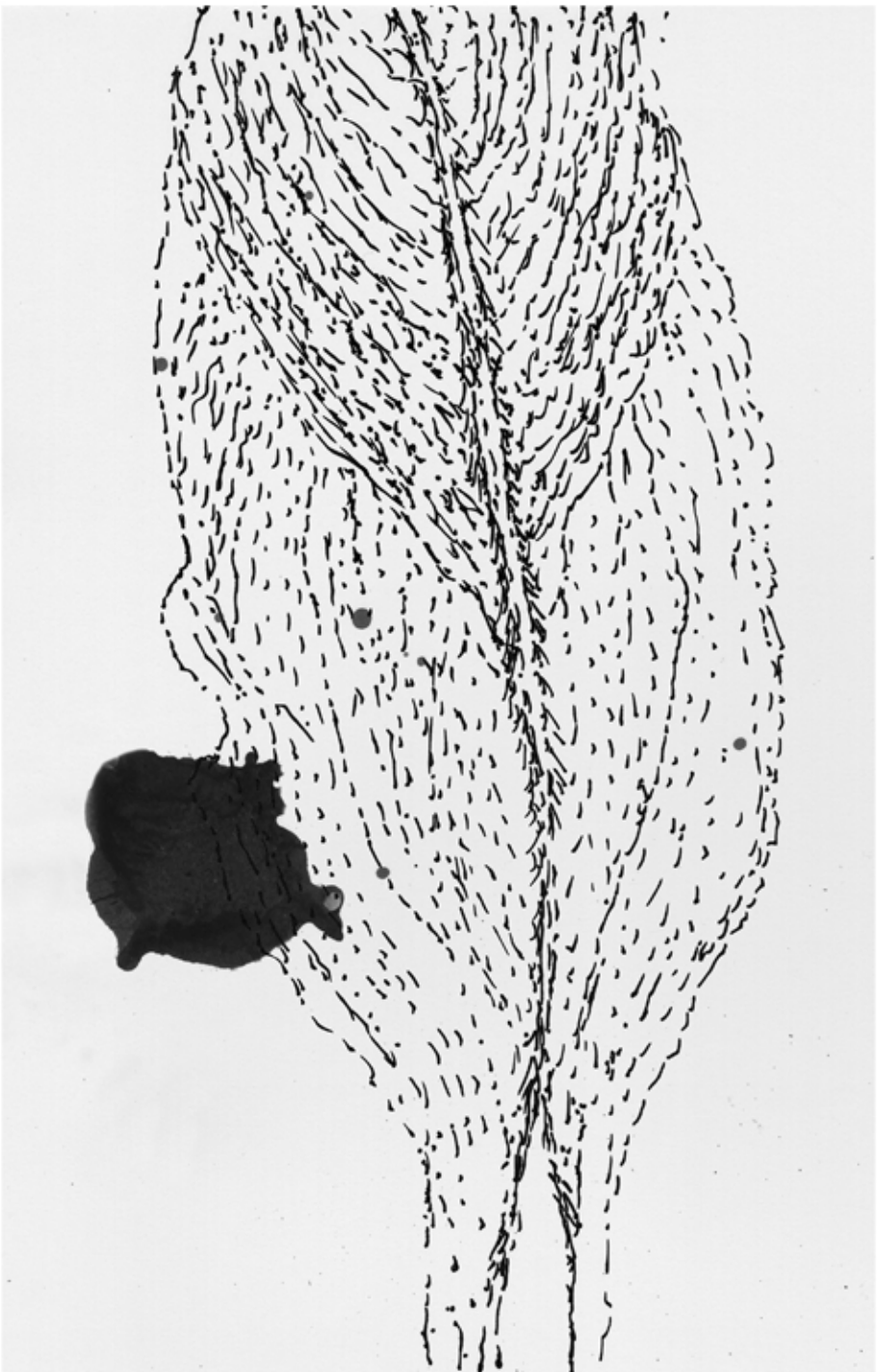


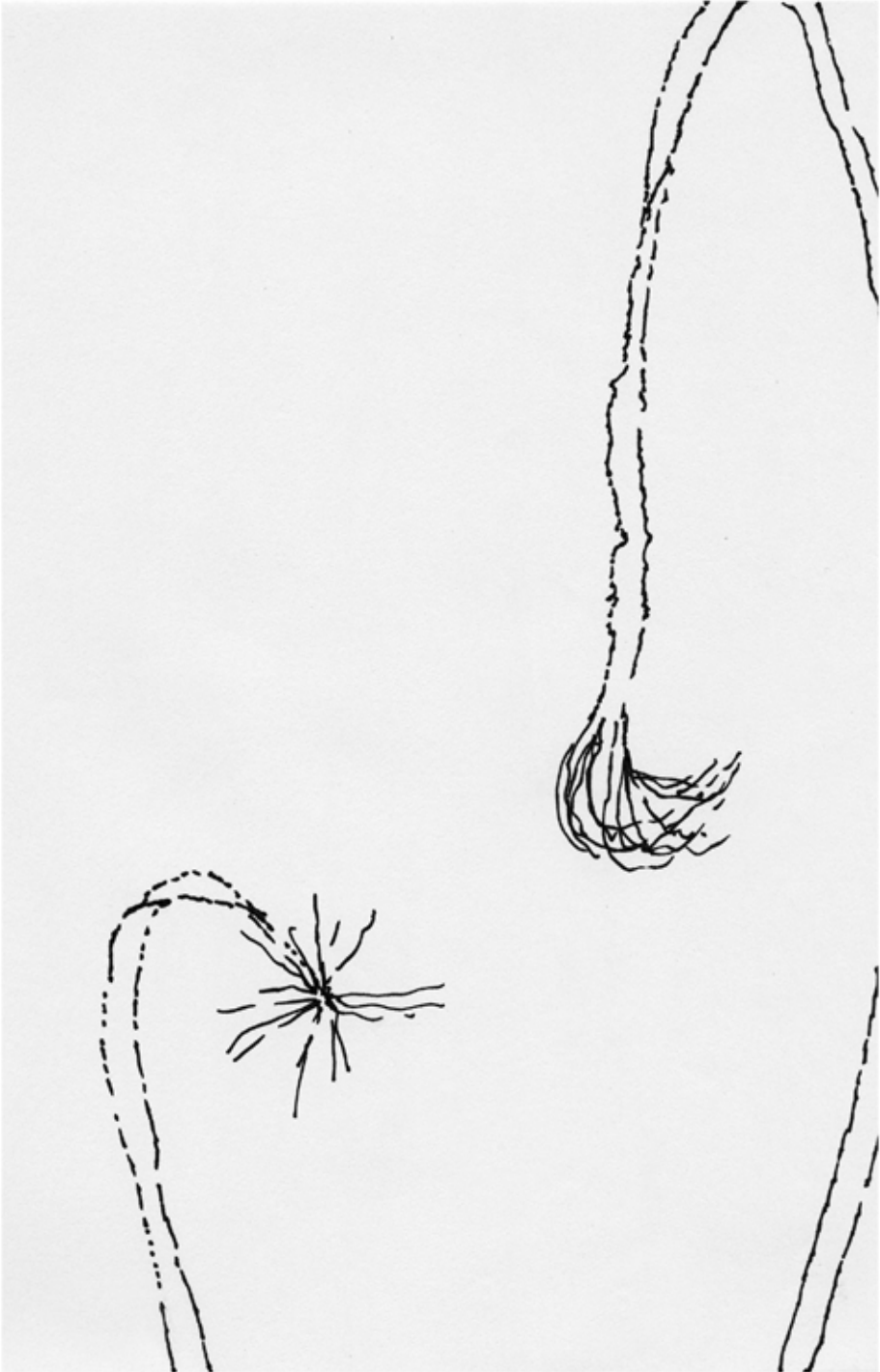


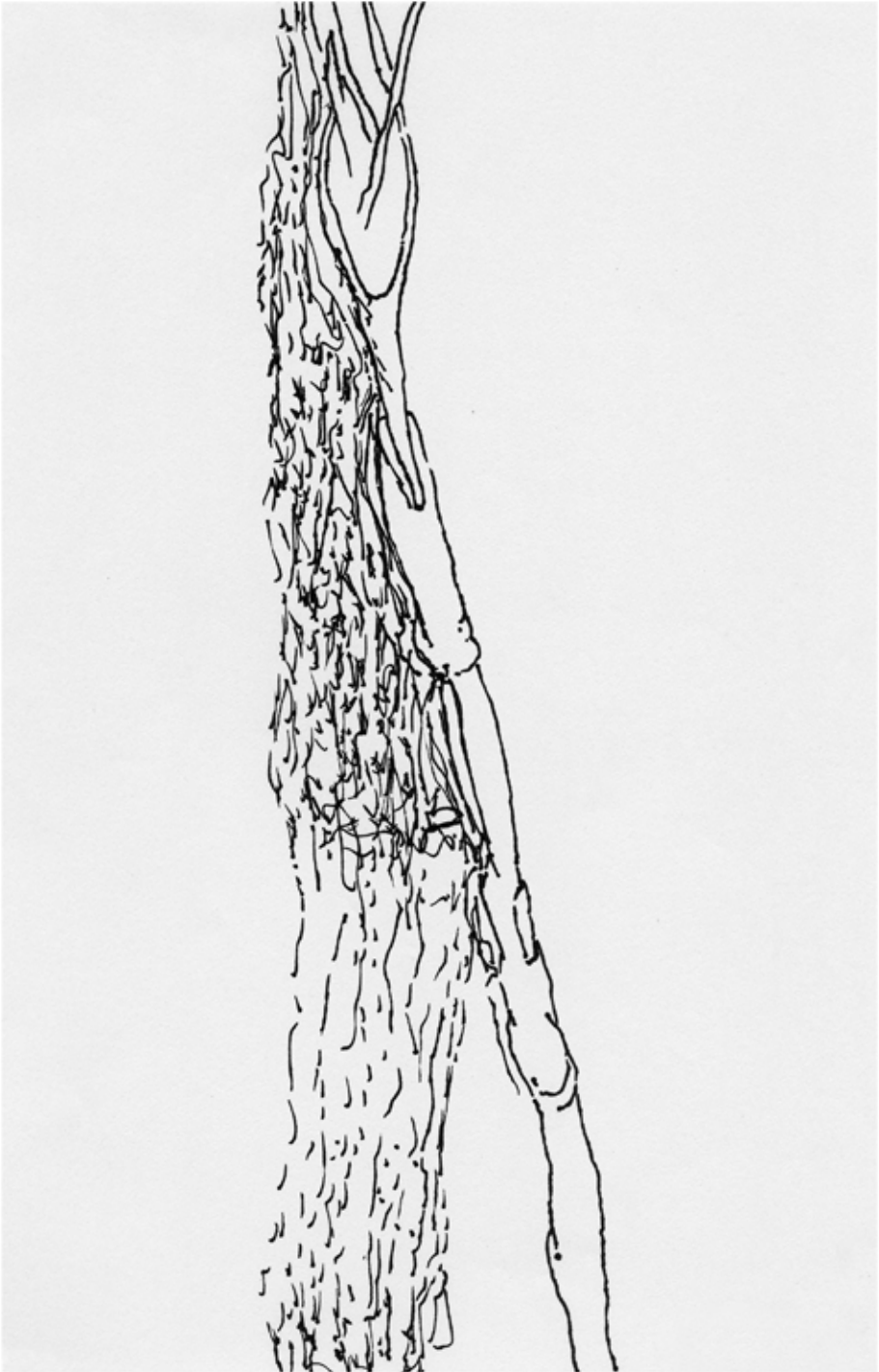








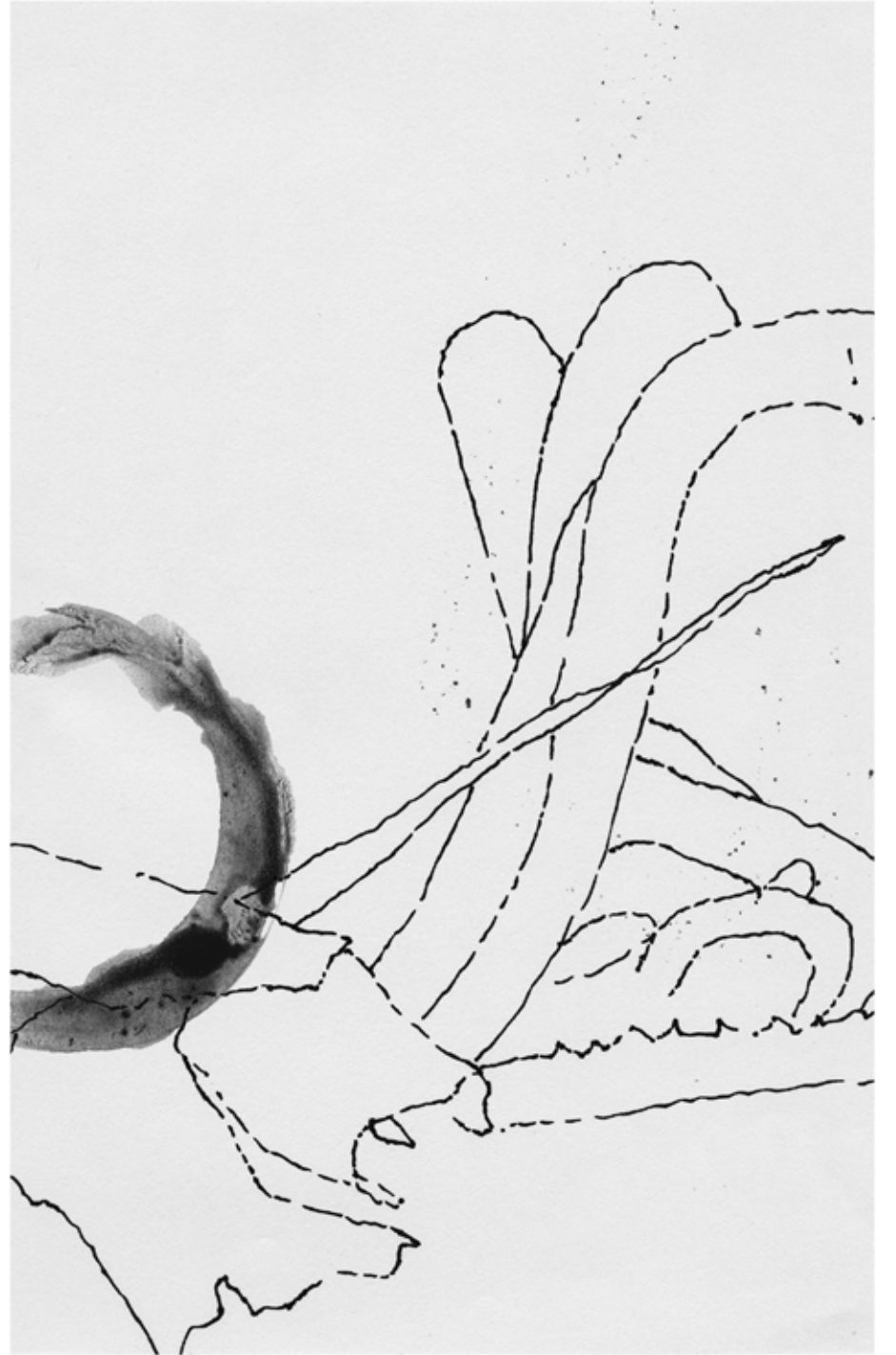




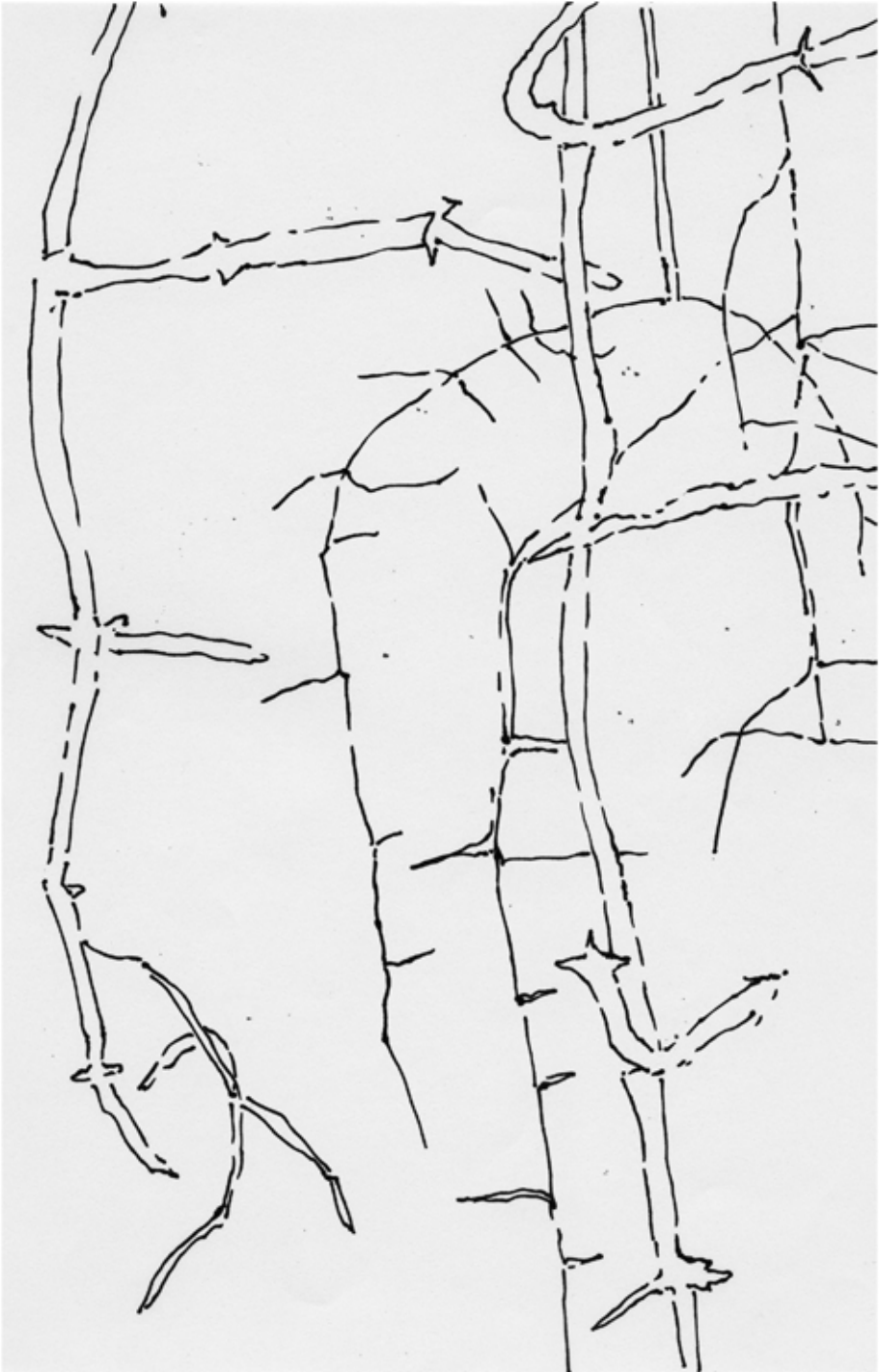








Too close the mind shuts off. Oxygen levels seem to decrease. Without impulse or aim I continue. Moist air around the trees dampens the ground. My underfoot carpet holds.



Ansuya Blom

I HAVE TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT

First edition limited to 250 numbered copies.
In addition to this book a limited edition multiple by the artist
is available from onestar press.

Concept and design: Ansuya Blom
Image preparation: Roy Talor

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