

My Favorite World #27



It's graduation week for Röbsdóttir, which means Memory Lane has been a road far more traveled by.

Who is this kid? I'll let a slightly altered quote from *My Dinner with Andre* suffice:

I mean, you know, people hold on to these images: father, mother, husband, wife, again for the same reason: 'cause they seem to provide some firm ground. But there's no wife there. What does that mean, a wife? A husband? A daughter? A baby holds your hands, and then suddenly, there's this beautiful young woman waving goodbye, and then she's gone. Where's that daughter?























All leading up to this.



My Favorite World. Watch out. She's on her way.