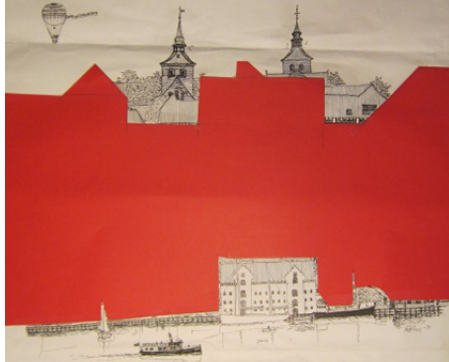


# svendborg

•• a town in denmark ••



reflections before you asphalt my childhood: a town made of living houses, squares, streets, alleys, parks, people, all this shapes shaped my childhood, my identity, my soul. I miss respect for what hands crafted, you tear my, our childhood down in thoughtlessness - under the pseudonym "progress" with bulldozers - we pay - and how - who said: resources wasted? soon you will be there: the asphalt's grey blanket sinks over my childhood's last daisies! *congratulations.* •• with best regards andreas father.