

“Over the years the stoic heroism and grandiose allusions to power had faded from his features. His eyes no longer contained their authorial glint and astute stare; his cheekbones were no longer defined and chiseled. His excavated features had become significantly more malleable now as he’d come to reject and put to bed years of preservation. There had been a time when he had laboriously aimed to immortalize his appearance; his trophy, but his concerns had now changed both by incident and through intent and this freedom finally came with a great sense of ease.

Throughout time his appearance had been shaped by personal experience and the landscape in which he had found himself. There had been occasions when he’d had the luxury of love and excitement; full of vitality and energy he’d expressed himself decoratively and with a sense of exoticism. There had also been tragic moments that were brutal to him and brought with them a melancholic and empty outlook. He grew to realise his situation was not unique as he read the same changes in the faces of the men and women around him.

He celebrated the passing and marrying of these times because they allowed him to arrive at where he was now a combination of all of these contradictions; a tease and a charmer, optimistic yet ironic, humorous but thoughtful, animated yet sedate, both masculine and feminine. He knew how to replicate the impression of oneself but understood it was not necessary to do so. In order to avoid becoming one’s own glorified artifact or monument he chose now to stand tongue in cheek and strike his pose – whether he was smiling, or grimacing was hard to tell.”