

Flowers line the path, some still in bloom, some already withered. Summer is at its peak and yet just on the brink of transitioning. The ground already covered with fallen leaves. A meeting point of life and death.

A squirrel, looking for food among the branches, lands on a plate of marble. „Dearly loved, only daughter.“, can be read below its feet. She died at 25.

Bass of a nearby concert cuts through the air and interrupts the usual silence.

A group of people in the shade of an old oak tree, chatting animatedly. A coming together in this refuge from a noisy city.

A young family passes by. A baby is sleeping in a carrier, snuggled close to its mother's chest. They are immersed in their own little bubble of exhaustion and happiness which comes with early parenthood.

Unnoticed behind them: Memories of lives lost during war. Born in 1938. A boy. Did his mother carry him also along these streets? Early parenthood during darkening times of great tension and insecurity. A childhood burdened by the hardships of those years. A world full of pain and grief. The only one he will ever know. What would he have grown into?

A young man sits on the grass and smokes. Next to him is a watering can. His gaze goes up to the sky.

The density of different emotions in the air is almost palpable. Yet, a sense of tranquility and even hope seems to lay above everything like a soft and soothing blanket.

The circle of life always continues.