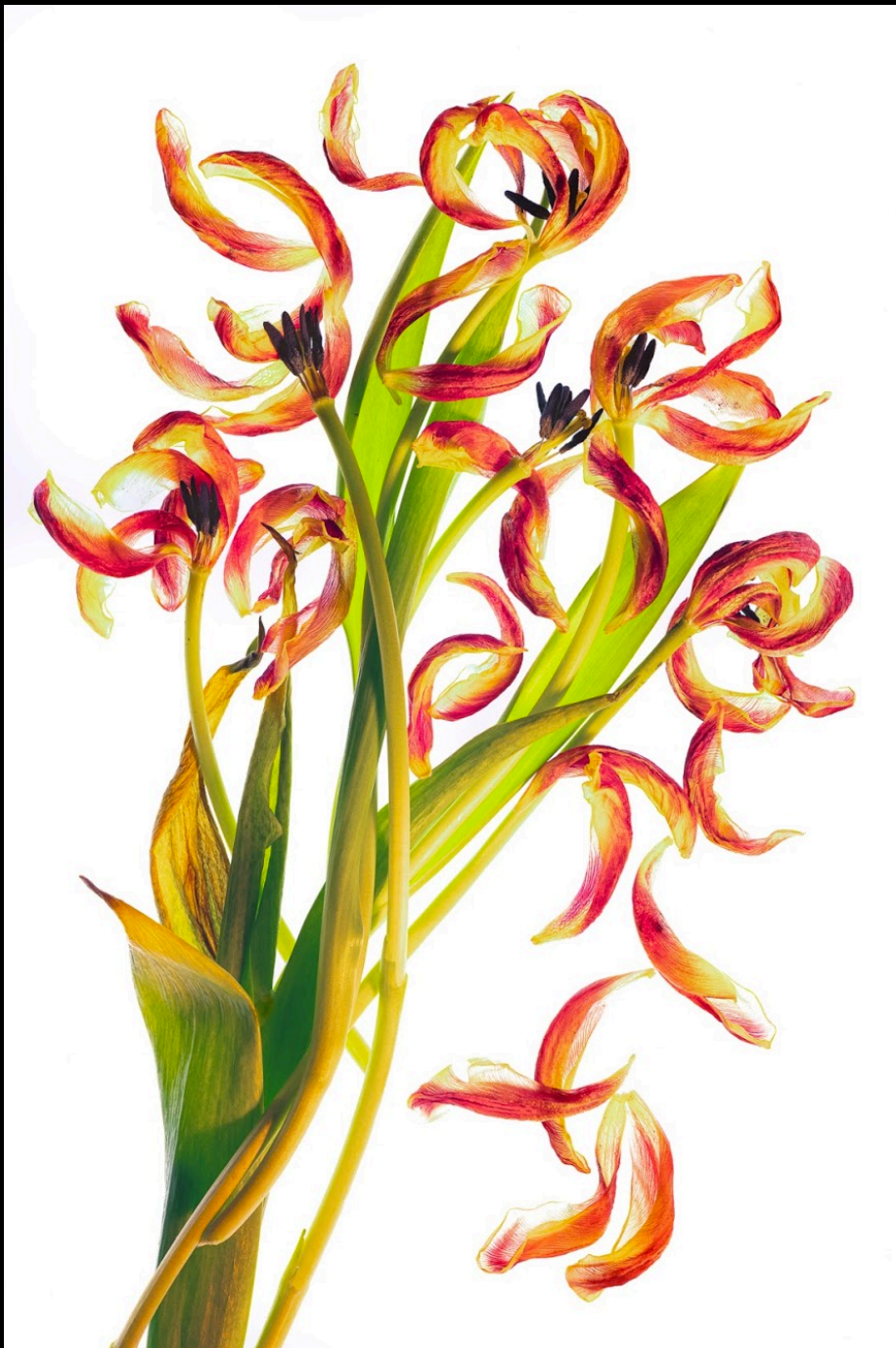


Life's Transition

Tim Meadows

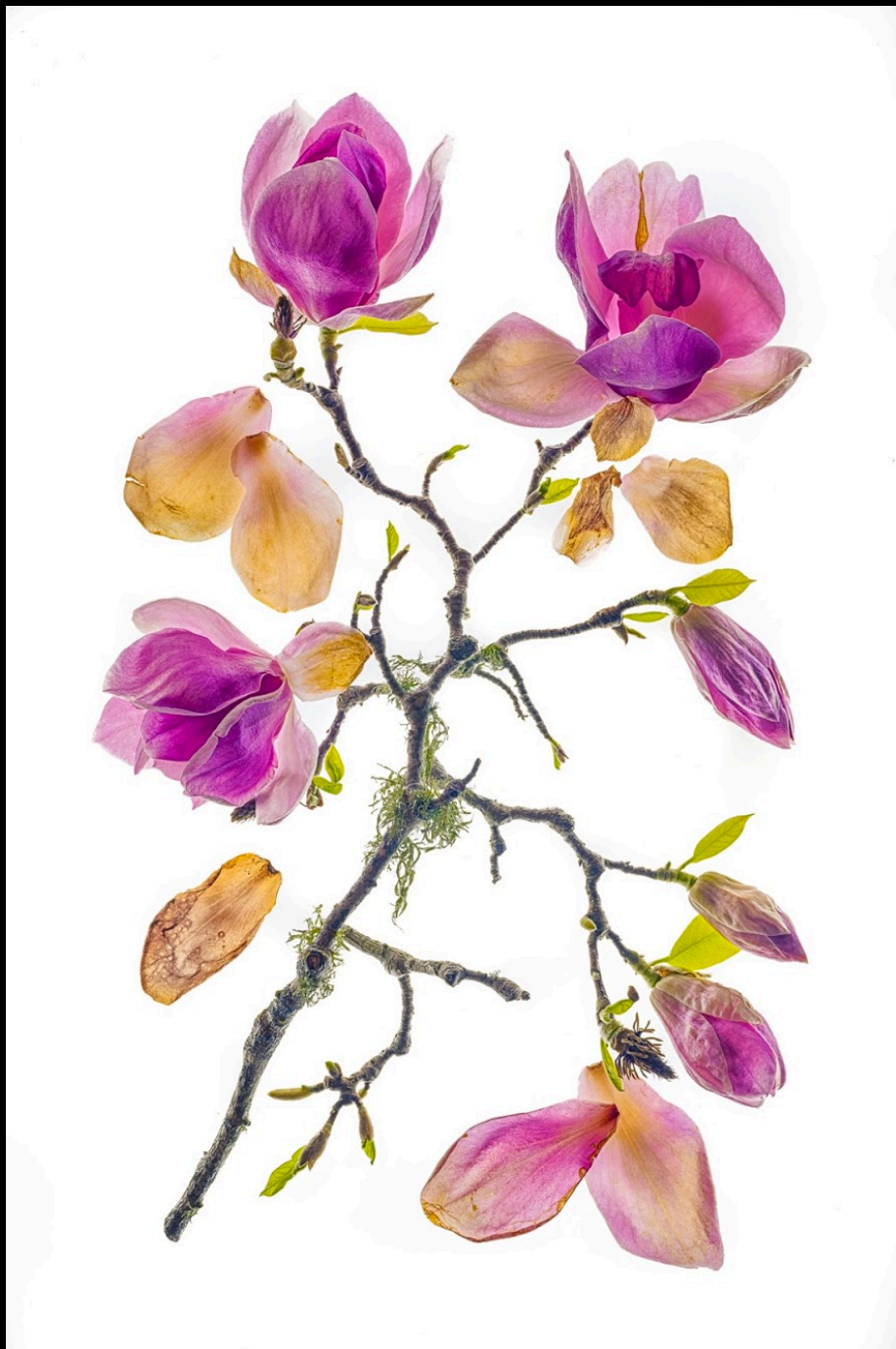
Floral beauty is all around us. Beauty in the living, but also in the dying. And in the dead. Colors fade, transforming the bright pinks of spring into rich golds of the fall. Beauty once is beauty still. Flowers, past their prime, echo the human condition and life's transition.



Radiance is fleeting, but the
afterglow remains.



The last dance. Not like the first dance. Less exuberance, more remembrance.



Always the Grande Dame,
now falling from grace.
Slipping on life's precarious
path.



Tumbling down around you,
I cloak you in the warmth of
my love.



Fleeting elegance. No need
for the lipstick this morning.



Growing older we
often lose our
heads. Spent.
Exhausted.



A nod to a fallen friend. One day we're together, the next you're gone. I miss you so.

Life's Transition

Tim Meadows