



PRASANNA KHAWALE

LETTERS TO NOWHERE

A man drifts through the hollow corridors of his own existence, where every shadow, every whisper of the wind, carries the weight of something lost. The world around him moves, but he remains trapped in a space between presence and absence, between memory and silence. The streets, the empty rooms, even the objects he once touched now feel like remnants of a story that no longer belongs to him.

He carries a diary—one and a half months of scattered thoughts, unfinished sentences, and echoes of a presence that refuses to fade. Each page is a letter to no one, or perhaps to something that lingers beyond the reach of time. As he documents his days in fragments of images and sounds, reality blurs, and he begins to question whether he is the writer or merely a character within his own story.

An introspective audiovisual project, Letter to Nowhere explores the quiet agony of remembrance, where absence becomes a presence of its own, and the weight of the past seeps into every frame, every note, every breath.





















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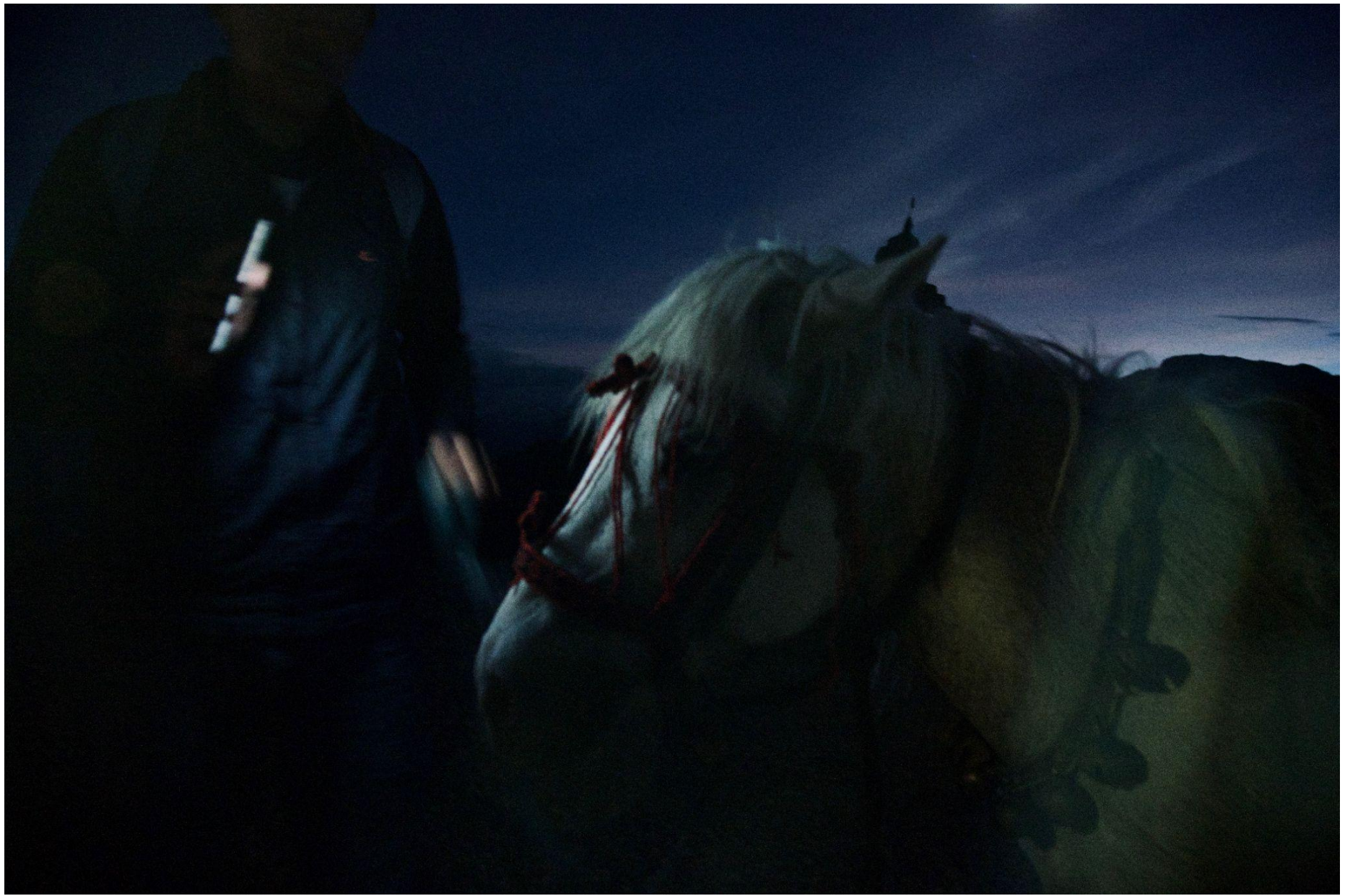


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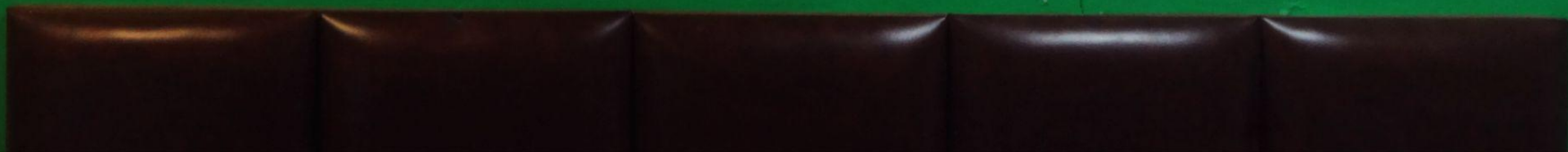








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Like a place that invokes a memory, there are now places I wish to avoid. People, too, whose presence I can no longer endure. Roads, trees, scents these, I cannot escape. When I decide not to tread certain paths, someone always leads me there. Fear grips me when I think of going home; the scent of it feels unbearable. Yet, what is to be done? Leaving the city isn't easy. Leaving the world feels simpler. But why should a place hold such power over anyone? It's absurd to let it. Some things are inescapable. I've preserved certain relics of the past, but when I look at them, they terrify me. Over time, though, I've begun to savor the sorrow they bring, as though it were a bitter wine meant to be sipped slowly. People leave, but places remain, immutable, as if mocking you.