

Three windows described by three voices. Anna Bowen describes the first, a window with cream-coloured curtains of varied lengths, hanging from a sagging rod, occasionally blowing in the breeze. Catherine Frazee describes the second, a window covered by dense, grey curtains that respond to a gentle wind, the light peeking around the edges alternately growing and diminishing. Laura Burke describes the third, a window with off-white curtains that are at times still and at others billowing out or sucked back against the window screen (either fully or partially), the play and glow of light animating the space.

First voice: Anna Bowen

Most of what you see is plain.

I'll draw this for you: the frame is long, there is a window that takes up most of it. And on the window is a hanging curtain on a sagging rod. The curtain is bright white light in places, but all around the curtain on the wall, it's gray. Even the curtain, bright as a white petal, is gray where it is out of reach of the sunlight.

Outside, we hear the hum of a car, birdsong – twittering, the sound of wind must be the sound of leaves outside, but we don't see even the shadow of a tree through the curtain. The curtains are closed.

There's a basket on the floor. It's almost as if the basket were there to catch the plant.

A hanging plant

The walls are grey in contrast to the white light of the white curtain.

It tugs, sags at its rod.

This video is still

except for the curtain that sucks slowly
back into the open window.

Just a breath, not really wind.

The hanging plant is wild and unruly,
black vines with spade-shaped leaves of three points, an ivy.
The window has a simple trim in this old house.

The window & the plant are most of it, and a glimpse of a wooden floor.

We don't know what is outside

Let's imagine this window faces north onto a not-too busy street--
perhaps it's a cloudy white day.

The sound of a passing car like a whirr, a hum, a rolling hush,
rollers on a conveyer belt. The curtains
rest or blow lightly into the room.

Forget about the curtain,

the only movement for now.

Forget about the cars outside,
the only noise.

Whatever you hear, it is not the noise of these movements.

One side of the curtains is hemmed longer than the other.

On one side of the window down at the bottom is pinned up a decoration of some lips hanging like a mute windchime -- and on the other side, a blue paper owl and throughout the video the curtain is sucked in to the window by a gust of air on the outside, and then released and then sucked in a bit tighter as if, if you could imagine someone's mouth sucking in a plastic bag to make a seal.

There will be two movements: the curtain, which responds on its rod, and the plant which responds on its axis.

We start to desire these moments, when the curtain releases its suck.

At 6 minutes the camera shifts.

Before it was head-on but now we see the plant on the right side and the curtain filling the frame. We are closer to the plant – you could touch it.

Breath, slight twisting of the plant on its plastic hook now out of the frame.

It shakes its head at the next car, a slow back and forth.

There is a tiny something, the size of a leaf, behind the plant near the draped window ledge. It seems affixed to the curtain, it looks like a rose.

This plant hanging in front of the curtain, I can imagine how it feels, waxy leaves like three-tailed spades, it is a mass of tangled vines and tumbles down from its unseen pot in a collaboration of spindly elbows.

We are back and mostly we see the whole window, a white coat hanger connects the white hook on the ceiling to the plastic hook of the plant.

It's just a window
a set of lips
a paper owl
the corner of a briefcase
a binder

a box
some laundry in a basket.

Most of what you see here is plain--
There are two movements: the plant, which responds, and the curtain,
which responds.
They respond through movement to what passes by outside. They answer
it.

It's the vague movement of something hanging on a pivot, a feeble swaying
This is a rare moment of quiet, a convalescing.

Second voice: Catherine Frazee

Slowly.
Almost imperceptibly.

Fabric

Fabric is drawn in
so gently.
Held
then pressed out.
Released
like a lover's sigh.
Released
back to its own tender gravity.

Is it curtain
or shroud?
A riddle
that calls for patience.

The colour of warm earth,
the weight of moist air,
it moves, supple, like water
on the sands of an unknown shore.

How did we arrive here
in the heart of a riddle?
Drawn in.
Held.
Released.
Into what?
On which side of this riddle are we welcome?
On which side will we be held
honoured
draped
and gently released?

Edges

What happens at the edges?

Does hot glare bleed through borders of cloth
into gloom?

Or does cool shade trickle out its quiet comforts
in beckoning gesture?

Either way, there is no contest at this edging of light and shadow,
instead, just a kind of lazy, timeless commerce.

What is our business here?

A new perspective, and patience is rewarded.

Yes. There is life.

On both sides of this curtain.

Yearning on both sides.

And sustenance.

So that life can flourish.

Third voice: Laura Burke

There is stillness
There is light
Breathing
So slowly and unobtrusively
that it almost goes unnoticed
by me
by
the world
I sit
on the other side
of this image
Breathing
Slow
Deep...and
Quiet
As the flow
of wind and breeze
also breathes
along with me
Inhaling, filling
Breaking loose and deflating
Hugging tight, constrained
like one might imagine I might be
Then relaxing into
forms
gentle
romantic even
The way, like me
this gateway
Between worlds
Flowing and capturing
its outside fancy
becomes transparent
Then opaque
Transparent
Then opaque
And quiet
Yelling quiet

and whispering
Quiet
It is not the same

How many colors exist
inside
clear
white light?
As the breeze carries my attention
outward, I am absorbed
pulled close
and close up
A silhouette
cast in darkness
Sitting aloft a portal
to another world
There are waves
that carry me so far out
to sea
out of this room
that no one would dare
imagine the places I've seen
this portal
this soft, white window
this seam
is merely a thin layer
between I and the sensations
of all that lay beyond it

Perhaps a slip, a silhouette
A nightdress flowing
and exhaling
with me
There are things growing
beyond my view
But I can see them
There is movement between
stillness
and more stillness
There is a wave crashing

upon shores unseen
There is an echo of wholeness
of chaos and wonder
Reaching
Reaching
It reaches
me
Here
And here
Within
In
Inside
Inside out

There is breath
There is breath
There is
breath
And it hides
in pockets
beneath ribcages
and collar bones
and nostrils
There is breath
and here
inside
there is still
movement
There is still
There is still
Still