

I softly move through my home, as all spatial resolution shifts to blacks. Rooms seemingly stretch infinitely only interrupted when my neighbors identify edges. I move unknowingly, trying to recall the golden walls that divided my occupancy throughout the day. Seams begin to leak, and corners softly glow. I wander through uncertain passages unable to identify boundaries.

These are the spaces that cradle me. They are swallowed with all their detail being scrubbed away. I am dependent on my neighbors light to fall through my walls each night and guide me.

Home becomes unfamiliar. Rooms blend into rooms that are defined by striking bands of light running along unknown planes. A sense of place is lost and I remain mapping out the shadows with no care for conservative perceptions of depth.

I am left in silence to reconstruct my home through my neighbors occupancy.

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While the current presentation of the work is through digital means in a book-like format, my ideal presentation would be through an engaging printout that allows people to literally unfold images to reveal a mapping of space. In the action of unfolding one large sheet, light sources directly inform planes which convey depth. Walls and levels are reconsidered, and recrafted in order to give people the opportunity to read a version of my home through my lens. Our homes are as much defined by our crafting of them as they are by the families who occupy around them.

Michael Powell