

Of cloud

of rock

of bird

of sky

of breeze

of light

of leaf

of poppy

of birch

of me

of you

The cloud condenser sits patiently collecting the now. The unnoticed, the unpercieved, all are gathered within the cloud of reclaimed plastic fins. Swaying gently in the breeze these reflective blades hold memories of their own past and their own overlooking. Now fused together into new forms gently tilting in a soft breeze, their beauty is revealed in their holding of the blue of the Tibetan Poppies, the green of the grasses, the yellow of your shirt, the soft black of the crow as it sails past.

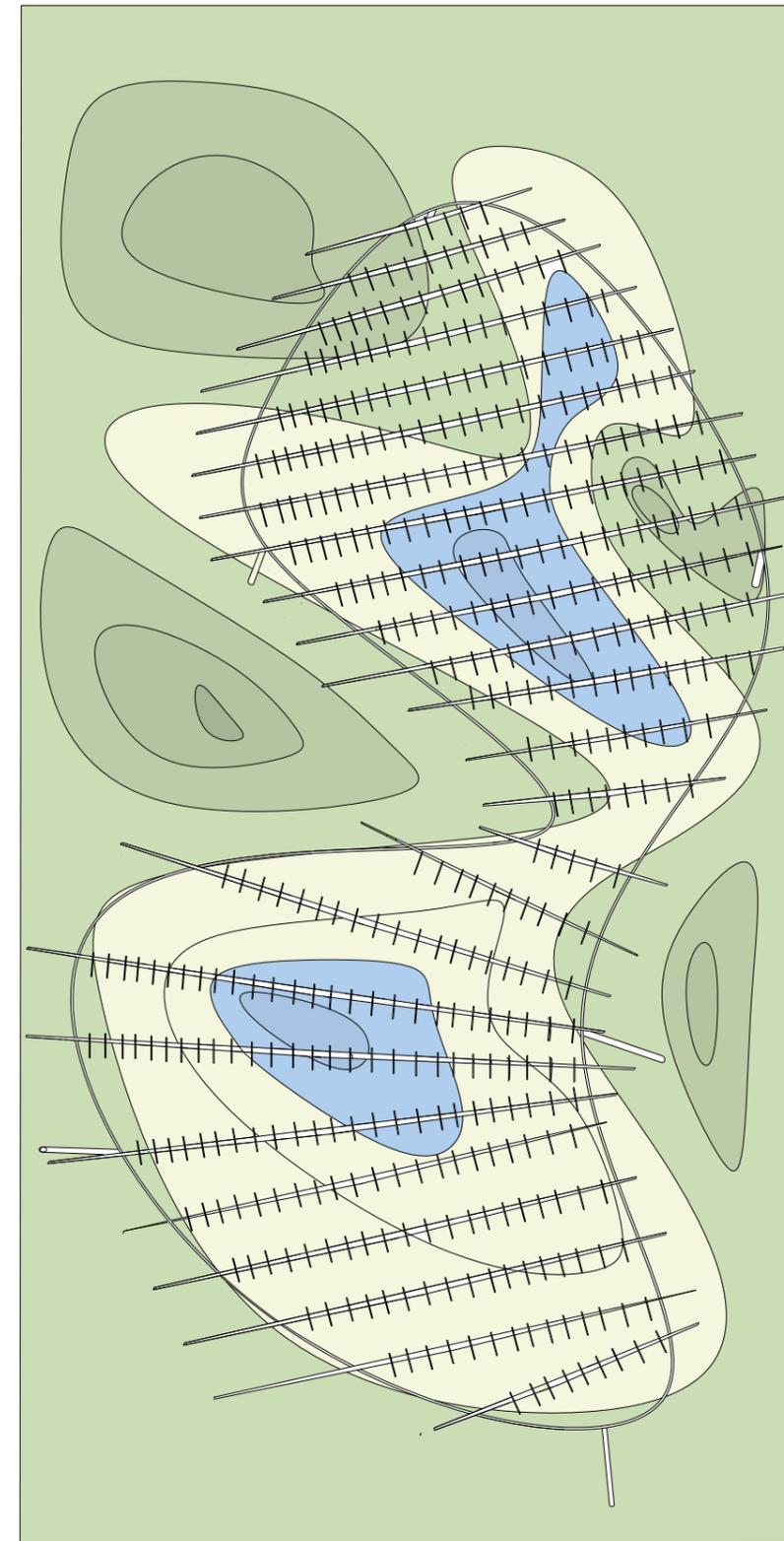
Below the cloud the raingarden sits calmly contemplating the blades reflections. Mirror pools of the now gently construct mappings of the moment whilst the Tibetan Blue Poppies sway in the breeze and people sit on the hillocks contemplating the moment, reading the now.

As the seasons move, as the rains come and go, the mirror pools rise and fall. Each moment unique. Each visit speaking of the now, and made by the present. Experiences constructed by a constant mapping of the moment, never silent, never still, never the same.

A temporal cartographer of the ever changing mercurial moment.

A capturer of the never repeated.

A condenser of the ever changing now.



Cloud Condenser
cartographer of now

