



sw: Leaving my window open on hot August days on the island provides a dense fishy air that makes it hard to hear distance. The only clear thing is cracking shells of clams on the driveway from seagulls having breakfast.

ew: My window gives vantage of my community and what nature we have in the city. The window-screens are old and weathered...sometimes I hear birds tearing strands out of the screening for their nests. I make homes for my plants on the window sills. They drink the sunshine and flex their leaves with the movement of the planet and the movement of the sun. When I am worried, I water them and that is reassuring. I am not good at keeping them alive, but I am good at reviving them when they get wilty.



sw: Today the window framed workers clawing out a shitty temporary asphalt job, which I typically stumbled over while walking to the train, that covered the water main leading to the house. There were twice as many workers necessary for the little four by four foot hole in the street. Most stood around chatting and watching the machinery do the work. Hot black rocks were poured and leveled out with their shovels.

sw: Outside the flood lamp flicked on and off. Creatures in the night scurrying about too fast to be caught by automatic light.

ew: The season changes abruptly: we had a long Fall without snow until mid-December. Looking out the window sometimes feels like we are living inside a magic snowglobe, and it feels cozy and safe. Sometimes looking out the window, witnessing the barren iciness, the darkness of shortened days: I want to stay on the inside side of the glass.

sw: Nothing but the neighborhood labradoodle sitting elegantly on the front porch stairs framed in the window. Paws folded. Thundering helicopters over head makes it difficult to concentrate.

ew: You mention creatures a lot and I find this curious (I am breaking the fourth wall: hello!). My dog sometimes reminds me about the creatures outside: her ears perk and stand to attention at the sounds of dog barks. I wonder what she is thinking, but I rarely go look to the window to see what's going on. Every few weeks, my neighbor's dog will get loose (they never close their door or their gate). I can recognize his poodle yip, and will look out the window to make sure cars don't hit him. I tried to catch him once, but he is not friendly. I tried to remind his owners to close their gate and close their door, but I am not sure that we speak the same language.

sw: At our new place, we are street level, big first floor windows facing the street. We rarely open the blinds but get a large amount of sunlight each morning. Instead of seeing, we hear people passing by; walking their dogs, chatting on cell phones or loitering. We know the street mostly by things left by shadows. The other day I found an empty container of Muscle Milk on our windowsill.





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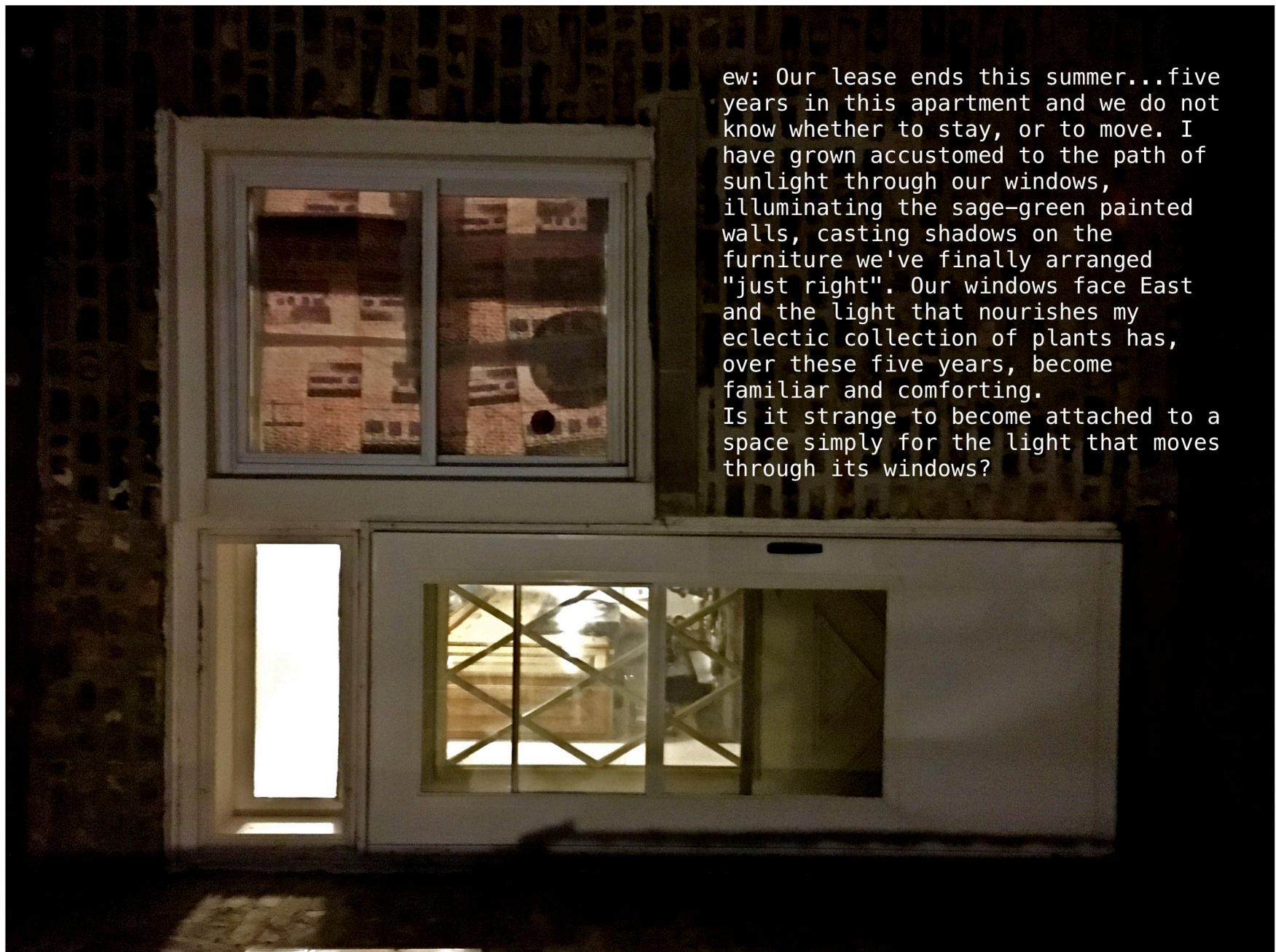
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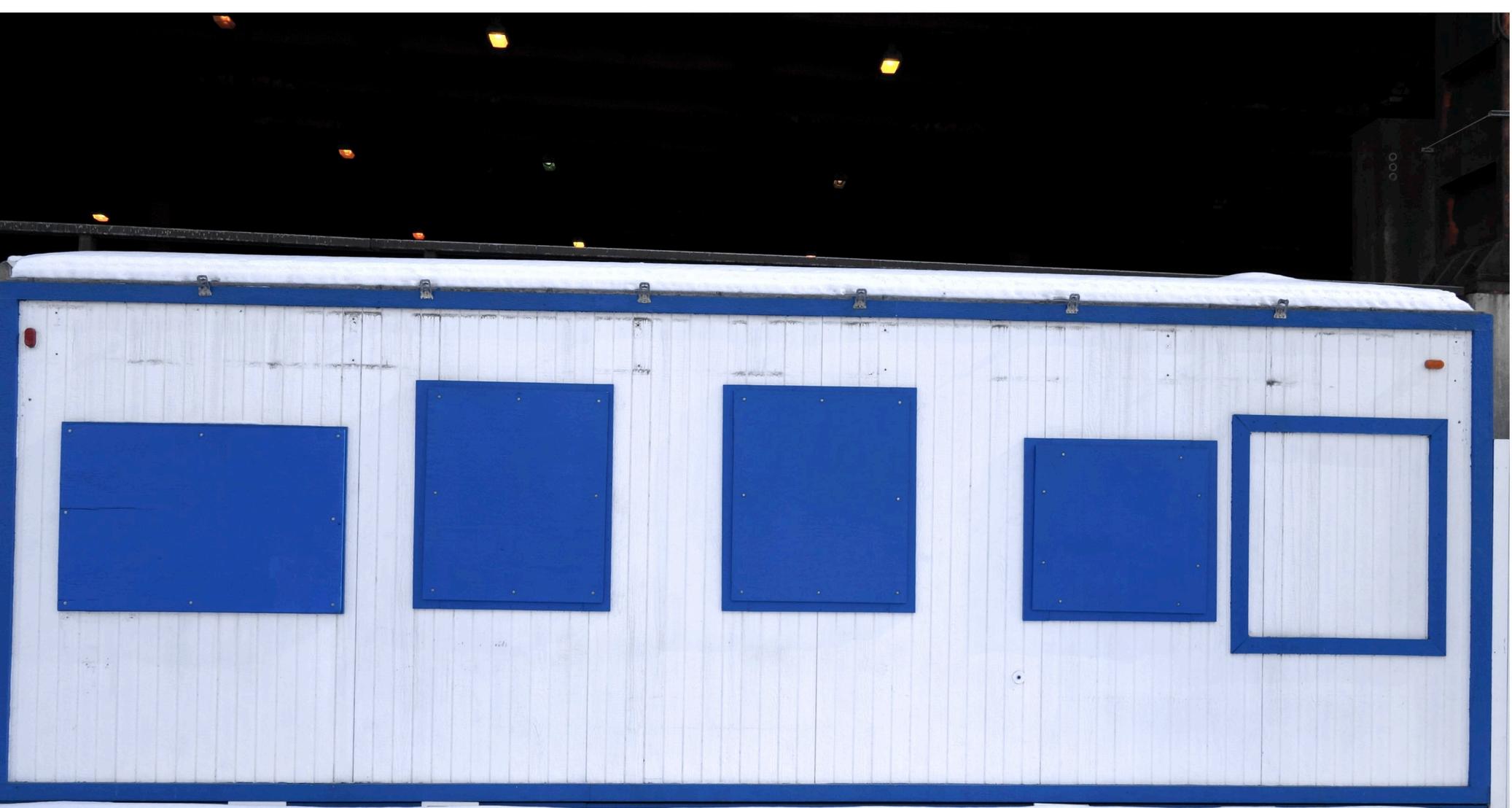




ew: Our lease ends this summer...five years in this apartment and we do not know whether to stay, or to move. I have grown accustomed to the path of sunlight through our windows, illuminating the sage-green painted walls, casting shadows on the furniture we've finally arranged "just right". Our windows face East and the light that nourishes my eclectic collection of plants has, over these five years, become familiar and comforting. Is it strange to become attached to a space simply for the light that moves through its windows?







windows
sean ward + erin washington

