

Michelle Taylor

## SLIDESHOW

A projector reinvents the wall.  
Joins of wood push through faces  
that find a home for a brief moment  
in a house where they have never lived  
until now,  
congregating amongst the cracks,  
wood less worn than them even.

The viewers have a lifetime  
to get through in an hour  
with the help of a light globe  
and special coloured plastic,  
years parade along the wall  
defying gravity (how unfair —  
sandpaper, putty and paint  
are all it needs to stay young).  
We watch ourselves, fast forward dreaming  
as we evolve into the present  
trying to keep up with the projector.

When the lights go on  
life begins again (far less interesting)  
We climb into the room  
through moving pictures  
and someone hangs a painting  
on the wall.

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