

the soft metronome

Every night & every morn
Some to misery are born.
Every morn & every night
Some are born to sweet delight.
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.

William Blake

I am concerned with time: how it kills us, how we kill it, and what discreet intervals we use in its measure.

The bed is our soft metronome. Where we are conceived and born, and where we die. Dividing day from night, the bed is where we sleep; and lying awake, dream.