

EXTRACT: CORIN SWORN

Large glass windows, a set of double doors and then out again onto a flagstone court yard. One tall oval rock at its centre. A tumble of water falls through a hole in its smooth plane, to an architectural cut below.

She stops by a pine, its needles dark, almost blue and its trunk grey. Its solemn stature is offset by the bright green starlike leaves of a neighbouring dwarf maple. She follows a shallow spillway from the oval rock via a low incline of stairs, each step sloping and long beside the water.

Through a pink canopy of cherry blossom, passing more dark rocks, their surface dented with folds, stilled rivulets suspended in some other order of time. At the base of the steps the spillway arrives in a pond. This she crosses, by a series of stones. The water's reflection shows green and pink above as it is on the surrounding ground. Blossom has fallen, as though to invert the world.

She crosses another pond, again the sunken stones they appear as a progression of days, one following onto another. The larger building returns, its windows a set of rhythmic planes rising above the garden. The courtyard fans out again beneath broad cement arches and she walks beneath these over the irregular flagstones considering how various grey can be in tone and texture. The sky is harsh blue and bright.

She has arrived at a tower, the last element in the garden. Its interior is lined in cement panels, smooth but for circular indentations at regular intervals. The ceiling appears to float, a seam of light runs its perimeter. Two high backed chairs in metal sit against the opposite wall beside a slice of exit. This, the mirror image of an entrance, she has now passed though.