

11:11 The angel hour recently I kept noticing it, happening upon it. In the studio speaker, on my phone the digital symmetry. The ones all standing next to each other. I wanted to photograph it on a wall clock for the exhibition poster, but in that case the time I actually want an image of is somewhere around 11:55. The hands are aligned but the time is not. I remember dinner, we were all going over where we were on the 11th of September 2001, Sarah telling me about the note she found in her journal years later, she was 13 at the time I was 12yrs 4 months and 9 days. She was in love. I often think of her entry that day. I got her to remake the note as it no longer exists. It will never be as good as it is in my mind. I have made and remade small colour paintings of it, rephotographed here in black and white as if it was the souvenir itself, layered with my memory of it, conjured from her story. The two towers that stood like the hands of the clock, the repercussions recontextualised through the thoughts of a child.

I was recently asked to read a bedtime story to a child I know well. The book he chose was about planet earth. I pointed to a compass on the first page and asked if he knew what it was. He said no but when I told him he exclaimed 'I have one of those!' and he ran across the room to get it along with a blown up globe that was a drift in the corner amongst his toys. Sitting on the floor holding the inflated sphere we twisted the compass round so that the arrows lined up at north now pointing out his bedroom door. We looked together at the white printed mass, and traced a path from Belgium, where we were sitting in his room, to the orb on the top of the globe which I had explained was the North pole. Our eyes followed our compass arrows pointing north in unison out of his door and back to the globe. 'We are going to have to get a boat,' he said, rolling back with laughter. He suddenly spun the sphere like a basketball player, the ball orbiting on the edge of his finger and as he did, I noticed how the north and south remain visible while everything else spins into a blur. I looked up at four large drawings of giants dressed in the costumes of his current obsessions that hung from the wall above his bed that he must have made with his mother. They made me think of that time again, those four digits lined up next to each other...

It was time to put the lights out. I promised to stay until he fell asleep. I lay on his floor looking up at the phosphorescent randomness of stars stuck across his ceiling, glowing. I used to have the same ones in my bedroom when I was your age, I told him. 'The moon too?' He asked. I replied just the stars. 'But how did you come up with all of this?' he asked me, sweeping his hand across the plastic galaxy. Thrown by his question I lay there. 'I didn't,' I finally answered him. 'The moon and the stars existed long before me. My parents stuck them on my ceiling to sleep under at night just like your parents have now done for you.' My past, his present. The same age at different times, we had different stars with the same intentions.