WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE

Grappling with loneliness during the pandemic, my access to the outside world has never been more severely limited. As opposed to trips and visits with friends, the inside of my home became my daily geography. The lack of human contact affected me. Worse, my bedroom, being rather cold and dank, did not help to buoy my sense of well-being. Alone and quarantined, I struggled to remain upbeat. In an attempt to express how I was feeling, I began to build a series based on the somberness of my mood.

The images that I related to were symbolic of the oppression that I was experiencing, creating black and white images that reflected my deep sense of isolation. I eventually found that getting out of my home for walks with my dog offered the color I needed to counter my cloistered existence. I found a sense of comfort in the reflected worlds of people's windows. I reimagined my pandemic imprisonment through these abstracted reflections. They acted to alter my visual and recapture my sense of wonder.

When outside, I became even more sensitized to my immediate environment and continued to receive joy from the beauty around me. Engaging my senses was critical in maintaining optimism. Returning home and uploading these photos in color, felt like giving myself unexpected gifts. This process reminded me of how, when reading books, I could be carried away to distant lands. It reacquainted me with my child within and allowed me "to play" with my imagination.

Gazing into my neighbor's homes felt like traveling into a different time and place. Since the panes fragmented the image, it felt that I could be anywhere. I was able to reignite my curiosity and recreate a buoyant balance in my life.

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