

## Still life in a shared flat

The photos I'd like to share capture still life in a shared flat which, more often than not, mean the mess and clutter in the things that signify lives being lived alongside and intertwined with one another. These photos are unarranged and instead came from being in the kitchen when the light hit just right and somewhat romanticised, in my eyes at least, the chaos of a stacked draining board, the spices piled up and even plastic bags drying over soy sauce bottles.

They are of my previous flats and, despite the clutter, capture a sense of home to me. I think maybe because mess requires presence, ordinary people interacting with everyday objects, connected through shared spoons and shared spaces. Pasta bowls used to eat a shared meal as stories are shared or tv watched side by side, and then after washed and piled up, waiting for the ritual to begin again tomorrow. The clutter is a sign of life and in my eyes a sign of the poetry of living in a communal way.

