

Sarah Contos: My Friend, Lavender

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf has always perplexed me. Its lofty title sits there like an in-joke that's not inexplicable as much as it's unexplained, and while that gives my back a knot I can't knead out, I'm happy enough to sit with it.

As it stands, I've spent the last few months at home working into a contracted universe where details dig deeper and playact bigger. Creaky treads are church bells. The unanswerable a happy illusion. Cigarette smoke a rolling fog.

When it's clear, there are times through the day where rainbows visit through different glazes. On the floor next to the oven, over the stereo. A spot in the bath that I sometimes run my foot under wondering if it will magic some of the turmoil away. At the edge of these slivers is ultraviolet and I wonder if it's allowed to hold lavender's hand.

The windows through which these light shards travel are significant too. Panes out to an exterior closing in, but far away all the same. With depth perception out of whack I'm accustomed to the blur. Bedroom friends and their silhouettes. Not fearing or feeling afraid. Working from the lap in a nest of tulle. Getting high, fucking up, coming around. Little cross sections. Little crosses, stitched.

These minute worlds maintain their distance and chat amongst themselves. Each with their own universe poured into them like honey at 2am — hard-cuts of a grand narrative flickering in unsequenced frames. The knot in the back reminding us of real life as we rouse from REM ballets where our teeth fall out. Waking up and remembering what time you can run your foot under a rainbow and not quite know where lavender begins or ends.

The dragging feet of upstairs neighbours, or the light-loafed friends you invite inside — empty-handed — because Sarah Contos will imagine the flowers herself.

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