

Balance: A Poetic Video Project

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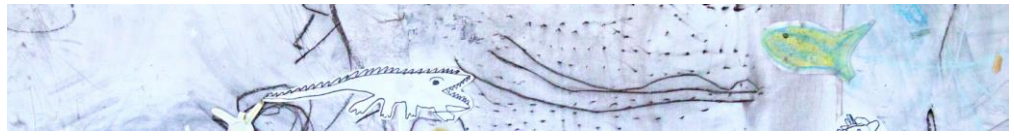


Balance

Balancing in diverse forest terrain walking among fallen slippery logs and uneven rocks a complex space of equilibrium and disruption is created. Like winged beings, arms outstretched to the air, reaching for nothing but holding everything. Murmur echoes in the atmosphere, “Do not fall,” leaving behind ripples of concern. No longer brave, mind racing, body pausing, breath held close. More aware than ever of the limitations of an aging body, crippled core, and the weightiness of the unlimited potential of what lies beneath and above pressing down. The hesitation comes naturally, slow and steady became our allies.

Discontinuity is the norm here in this uneven terrain bringing forth obstacles on the path. Up, down, up, down. Unsteady feet meet bark, both solid and unreliable. Navigating through low-slung branches, hands brush away threatening bristles, they return with vengeance. They tell us to move on, push forward. We are disrupted; we respond to this pleading. “Keep going, do not fall.” whistles through the leaves.

Robust ancestral trees are welcome shoulders to lean on or hold with a gentle touch of a hand. Steady strength. Still, all eyes gaze down, wishing for a moment of equilibrium. “You. Must. Not. Fall.” repeats incessantly with every footstep, testing. Can’t let go.



In a rebellious act, feet willing us forward, calling our bodies to play. Toes dip, legs rise, dance, explore. Raise eyes, smile, recollect, reminisce. Spinning frees us... Tipping, turning earth challenges the desire for steady-ness. Vision is hazy, stomach-churning, a blurry world. Once again, aged mettle is tested.

Foolishness offers redemption in the eyes of the forest. Unsteady mind, bodies shake with laughter. “It’s okay to fall.” Move closer together, grounded in relationship. In a moment of realization, one outstretched finger lifts to the infinite sky. Gaze up, camera rises, what is seen isn’t known, doesn’t matter. We are suspended and decentered by the weight of greatness surrounding us and imperfections within us. “Just fall...”

Artists Bio

Laura, Veronica, and Maya are fourth-year Early Childhood Education students pursuing their bachelor’s degrees at Capilano University. Being considered ‘mature’ students and all three working mothers to children ages 16 months to mid-twenties, they were drawn to the idea of balance as a physical reflection of their lives. The daily struggle for balance between home life, student life, professional life is echoed in unsteady bodies wandering the woods.