

Rusted Steel, Paint Drops: Calgary, AB

I've been back to this old building many times, each time expecting to find nothing left. I've never been inside, and I've photographed it only occasionally, hardly every seriously, but it's existence gives me comfort. I take it for granted.

Pigeons roost in the irregularly spaced windowsills: high above the alleys, they have made a community in spaces man will no longer inhabit. Their clumsy wings and gentle cooing make them sound satisfied and busy: they take the building for granted too.

Someone had slopped blue paint over the brick wall and this steel plate. In this photograph, the steel and the paint seem separate, at odds; the spectre drops seem to hover above the surface. The steel reminds me of some grainy, ancient scroll.

Someday soon, this old building will be replaced, the pigeons will have to look for another home, and I will feel like I lost touch with a friend.

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