**Tongues in Trees Project:**

**Transcript of Corrin reading Through the Landing Window**

Through The Landing Window.

In my council house row,

The swifts fly home from Africa to roost,

Spring is announced by their chirps

through the crack in my bedroom window,

They swoop between the telegraph poles that garland the kerb line,

A whirligig of conversations,

Pole to pole,

Small black bullets with dagger-like tails

contrasted against the bright blue sky,

They weave under the electricity cables that hold hands between the houses,

The eaves sheltering their young.

My daughter was born at the top of these stairs,

On the landing,

In a haze of unimaginable sensation,

Where time had stopped.

If I could just throw myself out of the window, I wouldn't have to do this anymore,

I thought matter of factly,

(Forgetting my enormous whale-like belly

and how small the pane of glass was.)

My grandfather coached me through her older brother being born,

We sat together on a beach somewhere,

'Other,'

Calm,

Beneath the stars,

The ocean was black,

The sky was black,

The waves tumbled gently against the pebbled beach,

Shush,

Shush,

While out to sea the breakers crashed,

We were both caught in transition,

On the shoreline to somewhere new.

He didn't visit,

when my daughter was born,

So full grown as I was,

Cut free,

Alone,

Far from land,

Staring up at cresting waves,

Mountainous above me,

Tumbling under a great weight of water,

Unable to surface,

Just me,

And the thought of squeezing myself like toothpaste out of the tiny upstairs window.

In those final moments,

When you realise that you can go beyond breaking;

Like heating steel,

The reaction between iron and oxygen,

Strong and beautiful,

The more heat,

The more colour in the patina of your eyelids,

Gradually darkening as the temperature rises,

My body was POWER.

Her Daddy caught her before she hit her head,

on the towel covered floor,

Euphoria fell into his lap,

All slippery limbs,

Wide, splayed, elongated fingers,

Tiny, crumpled paper ears,

Pink cheeks and dark eyes

That stared up into mine.

Knowingly.

Here she grows,

Cradled,

Beneath the eaves,

Where Sahara bound swifts nest,

Not some exotic place,

An ordinary home,

Where miracle made manifest.

You never forget where you are born,

Mother,

Father,

Child.