Paul Bulter

"Concept in 60"

0:00:00.380,0:00:04.830

From the Hotel des Balcons, I walked along

narrow streets to the marketplace.

0:00:04.830,0:00:09.270

It was Friday afternoon late and the vendors were beginning to shut down for the day,

0:00:09.480,0:00:13.490

bringing in the fruits and vegetables,

taking down the ducks and chickens

0:00:13.490,0:00:16.090

they had festooned like ornaments from the ceiling.

0:00:16.280,0:00:18.520

Then as if by accident I saw them,

0:00:18.769,0:00:22.739

the clay red flower pots, discarded pot de fleur

0:00:22.739,0:00:26.769

that beckoned even as they lay in dirt and

mud and dung.

0:00:26.769,0:00:30.349

I recall that Paris morning now with a

fond haze

0:00:30.349,0:00:33.420

that clings like ice to a window in

winter.

0:00:33.420,0:00:37.170

Time leaves only an imprint, half a memory of winding streets

0:00:37.170,0:00:39.310

and terra cotta pot de fleur.

0:00:39.380,0:00:44.800

Years later, as I look back, I know that moment changed everything for me.

0:00:44.800,0:00:49.800

As different cities have intervened I

still carry with me the fading light

0:00:49.800,0:00:53.600

of an open market and the desire to

find a connection

0:00:53.600,0:00:58.320

when nothing lingers but deserted

streets and lonely spaces.