

ARTIST STATEMENT

Megan Edmunds

I grew up in a comfortable suburban home where summer nights were spent riding bikes in never ending loops and chasing away mosquitoes from bare arms. I am still hit with the nostalgia of looking out to a lawn and remembering the grass which was transformed into a stage more times that I can count. I grew up writing plays with my siblings and the neighbourhood children, and forcing them on our parents. I grew up making art galleries with chalk on the sidewalk and picking huckleberries for fresh, morning muffins. I grew up in love with my home.

As I changed, as people are so prone to do, I have become fascinated with the idea of home; the peculiar places where we can find it and how it can change in a single day. It is something which is well known by so many, yet if asked to pinpoint exactly what “home” means, most would struggle for a concrete definition. I lived in one house all my life, I grew up there, I was so comfortable with the routine which had shaped itself around every corner in that cosy place, entirely our own. When I moved just a few years back, albeit not far, I felt the change immediately, in something which I had taken for granted and never truly recognized. When does a house transform from a structure within which one lives, to a place one can call home? For although I would never be able to state a specific moment or day when this change occurred for me, it must have, somewhere. A subtle moment, unobtrusive and beautiful in the most quiet of ways.

It was this thought that was the basis of both of my poems, for when I think of Port Moody, the initial word that came to mind was, quite simply, *home*. Though not itself a complex word, when I began to think of all the people who call this city home, who have ever called this city home, I began to realize how deeply such a word not only runs, but anchors.

In *Taking Root* I focused on change and the eventual acceptance of a new home. I began by thinking of the original pioneers of Port Moody, people who left behind very different lives to move to a promising young railroad city. Change is never easy, and moving large distances is perhaps only more commonplace in modern times. It was this thought which led to the eventual parallel between the old Port Moody and the new, displayed in two girls who have made a move that changes their lives drastically, and yet who find solace in the land and all those who have come before them. These links, to each other, to the city, provide them a certain sense of security and community, and even the much sought after idea of home.

Horizons Falling also deals with the idea of home, yet I chose to highlight the railroad in this poem. There is something so mysterious about railroads. How many things can claim they have touched the horizon and gone beyond? Railroads unite and include, drawing people forth and allowing dreams to be dreamt of far off places. New ideas of home, new ways of viewing home. It connects people and transforms distance into something conquerable, allowing people who are far apart to still remain connected.

As I wrote more about the theme of home, I wanted also to focus in on the specific people who have desires and fears, who may be confused and overwhelmed by life but still find something so beautiful in it. I believe these are the aspects of this city which should be highlighted, for the people are the ones who create this home. This entire city; travelled to, lived in, thrived in, created in. A place called home.