

I like to put the world in a little box. I lay some grass and sand at the base. I put the little figures with their cute costumes in their spots, I crack a glow stick, toss it in for lighting, and then I close the box. If someone wants to see how the world looks in my box I will poke a hole in it and they can take their peek. That's how I make a film.

I know how big the world is. I stare at the ocean too much and too long to forget it. When I leave my phone at home and say '*this*' to myself (not to specify anything, just to center me), my endless senses reveal the importance of my present physical experience. My immediate environment is infinite. (I am not 'connected'. You cannot 'tune-in' to your world. You are it.) There is nothing larger than *this*.

A box blurs this truth. The trance of a screen makes me doubt the size of my now. It brings me then, there, that. It makes me think I'm bigger than infinity. My phone shows me beautiful children singing in praise of their homeland and my heart warms but also aches—it wants, desperately, to be thousands of miles larger. Space photography of Earth disturbs me. The Earth, the children, they aren't pixels on a screen. For the time of that trance they are more. They become now and this.

It's not a bad thing to yearn for an expansion of your heart; it's a bad thing to pour that yearning into an object that can't contain it. The yearn gets mistaken for love, replaces it. The screen becomes my only source for the yearn, so I'm convinced it's my only source of love.

But the love is here. The love is the bigness of *this*. Your love can never be the screen alone—it's just too small. Your love is the hand that holds it, and the sand at your feet, and the ocean swelling and crashing in front of you. (Assuming you're at the beach. For some reason, when I think about people watching or reading my things, I picture them at the beach. I don't know.) The screen is *this* too, but not on its own.

This is why I make my films like a little box. When I look inside, I know it's just a box, tiny to that which surrounds it. If the screen exists as a small part of someone's infinitely large moment—the them around them—its content should be proportionate. I used to think films were in some nonexistent mind space, free from the temporal and material. That they needed to be effective and secure and commanding in their meaning or else they'd fade from the mind as the winds of change erode them. But they are a part of the time and place they're watched in. There is no mind space. There is only this.