

We are at the border.

Where did it begin? Where does it start? Where does it end?

We are there though?

There is *t r a n s*

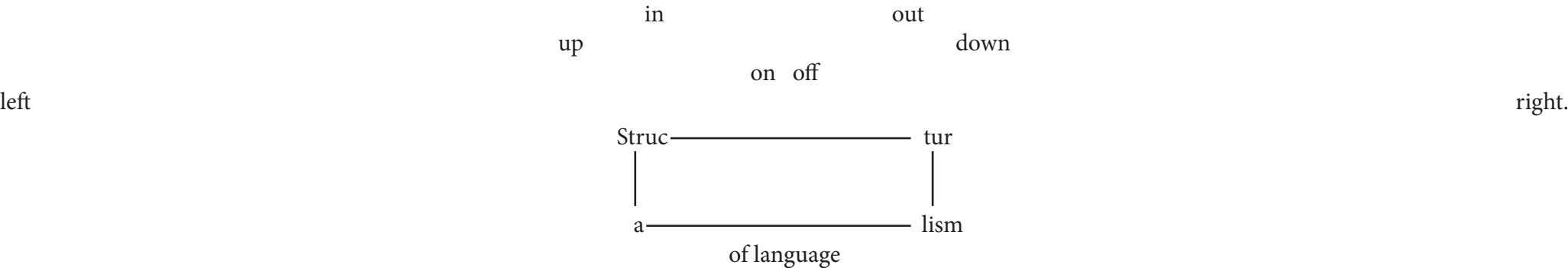
Elements d*i s a p p e a* Elements arrive and **w** **i** **d** **e** **n**
r and dampen,

But where is the switch? hold taking us to the distinguishable ‘other side’?
s
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The t

Not here. It is not black and **white.** Here, there is no l i n e of separation. No p l a n e of certainty and clarification.

Is that not the definition of a border?

Binary opposition:



has established expectations, Contexts for relative comparison and confines.

In their invisible status they are t r a n s i e n t, But physics and matter do not abide.

A s p e c t r u m . A g r a d i e n t

Without label and a **definition.**

At the border, there is no physicality. There is no finite border.

There is space holding our c o l l e c t i v e s n e s s i o u s Keeping us together.