

Boundary lines  
by Sally Button

*on falling*

The sky grows heavier by the minute, and as the sweet, suffocating stillness of dusk falls desperately through my window, I keep the blinds open, instead watching closely as the sky turns blue, blue, darker, darker; moonlight piercing the circulating air between my body and yours.

I am stood, now, in front of a smooth pink painting – a square canvas dream. There's movement, a stirring. A slow rush of air. A wave, building. A glance, imminent. Inhale, hold. Paint starts to move at the hand of the artist, a swollen sugar-pink dreamscape, pouring and breathing, suspended in smooth control. I stare into the strange buoyancy of these synthetic forms, shifting across boundary lines to become more than just the sum of their parts. *How would material move when the body is gone?* What is left now in the place where I once was? Is there a mark of me still there? What happened to the borderline, then, between you and me? Your world and mine? Your hand and mine? For when I am in this place – in-between here and there, you and me, tired days and sleepless nights – I have no perspective of it. I am too close. I will not be able to see until I reach the other side and look back; until enough time passes to allow for precious hindsight.

Beth Luxton

Lingering in this hypnogogic state of being, between the boundary line of wakefulness and sleep, feels good – safe, even – so I lean into the dizzy pink artifice of the vertical landscape: canvas, screen, surely moving (it slips and folds, breath still pours into space, empty, but was someone just there? Did a body leave just before I arrived?). Your inhalation carries me along like the rush of nightfall, and the exhale sets me down to sleep.

*on dreaming*

Resting low to the ground, dreams populated with anxious, wiry thoughts. Outside is quiet except the low buzz of electricity, and the blue light running through my veins. While the body sleeps, the mind moves as if in open water – free,

unbounding, against the tide of consciousness which, in waking, tends to constrain the imagination. Strange things happen. What is normal or expected becomes different, new – something that has expanded past human expectation and cultural constraint. Pain becomes beautiful, or scary, and emotion becomes object, action, or landscape. Frenzied thoughts become, in sleep, a single, weighty, tangled object, revolving around its own discomfort. Heavy ceramic tubes twist into themselves, and the anxiety, the *knotted cables of the body*, curl the real into something unreal.

Rebecca Griffiths

Time has weathered me, and this texture is beautiful. Fingers move toward the broken surface, stroking something from the sea, maybe, eroded by the waves, dirty, granular, concrete, *knotted cables of the body*.

Rebecca Griffiths

Intuition, in orbit around the deep emotional state of the self, leads this precious time...or, maybe it doesn't. And sure, I understand these material encounters of the mind...although, maybe I don't.

Sleep is lonely, dreams are isolating. Don't come near me, it's hopeless, you can't see into my world and I can't see into yours. Can't see the knots of the body and of the mind that form when one thing transforms into another. Shifting sands, feet slip, find grip, fall again.

*on waking*

Teetering, almost, fingering the boundary line with closed eyes, as light peels through the window frame, blinds still open. The soft light compliments my quiet, hypnopompic body. Stir, roll over, clamber into my peripheral vision. The boundary is imminent, and the porous skin of an early day moves slowly and is hard to locate, being formless. A blurry mind to nudge, a soft touch to poke, to become, to look back, to keep on waking, day after day, born with the weight of the day that has gone before.

This feeling reminds me of being a small age. This feeling reminds me of moving from the outside in, aware of my skin, of the border between soft flesh and the sharp city.

This feeling is *holding space* for boundary lines – inhabiting the discomfort of an in-between state, until it becomes a comfort. Sitting in the boundary line means trying to hold everything together: to hold space for you, for my mother and her mother, for energy, slowness, tears, for the anxiety, the nightfall and the dawn. For the artificial light, the knotted cables, the exhale, the buzz of my phone, the fingers that touch, the pink flow of organs. For the love, the joy, the cycle, the moon, for each wave as it comes. Moments before sleep, moments before waking.

Emily Snell

I live in an abstract world, pink, porous, flexible, supple. Fluid materials make me, and I don't know what shape to make today, in my disarray. *How to present something that could slip off?* Slip off the edge of the day, the dividing moment, into a new rhythm. Maybe I want to slip off. Maybe, listen! Cross the border, recross it, shape it, reshape it, renegotiate your position and, in so doing, the position of the borderline.

Emily Snell

Art is a skin – a self-made border between the mind and the world. *Indeed, this is a place of slippage.* A place where three artists might meet, just as one day meets the next, and their work, meeting too, swells in the shifting boundary lines, in the blur of peripheral vision. Neither here, nor there. Having left, but not yet arrived. Swimming into open water, glancing back, and, with a resolute kick, pushing on forward.