

Writing

# On Objects In Motion.

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Sometimes I freeze.  
Whenever this happens, whenever I waver,  
temporarily incapable of moving forward,  
lacking the quality of wandering freely, I return.  
To the beginning, to questions of travel.

What if clouds cease to rove around?  
What if hail retires?  
What if wind slows down?  
What if snow forgets to fall?  
What if air can't collide?  
What if thunder remains silent?  
What if skies close their windows?

What if you and I stayed at home? What if you  
and I can't dance? What if all of us would fail to  
nurture the ability to be rearranged?

Possible Scenario: When we solidify, be  
irresponsive to change, to motion, our vital  
tissues and cells, the foundation of our  
existence, will likely suffer from inflammatory  
ailments like severe soreness and inflexibility.

Let's not go there, you and I, to the land of  
troublesome stiffness, to that grim place where  
off-roads and spontaneous actions seem perilous  
and slippery. Because, if we would narrow down  
our mental and physical cruising range, don't  
be surprised to stumble upon a future situation  
where less and less encounters between you and  
me, between here and elsewhere take place.  
– Soon, we will estrange from one another and  
lose the notion of 'sameness'.

In order to refute this staggering forecast –  
I don't see a world without you – let's make  
a vow. Now. Promise me, that you and everyone  
we know shall never stop stretching and  
strengthen those delicate tendons and muscles  
that hold us together: the human condition.

Do you remember Bruce Lee's Warrior  
Journey? On which he unfolded that the only  
way not to freeze is to adapt, to be shapeless  
like water?

Streams keep traveling, traveling.  
And do you recall your physics teacher  
scribbling down Newton's formula on the  
kinetic energy of rigid bodies, over and over  
onto the chalkboard until it glued into the  
system? Let's not forget Isaac's basic principles  
on the power of objects in motion.

Especially in the midst of chaos, in the midst  
of a standstill, movement matters more than  
ever. Accordingly, as long as you and I find  
eclectic ways, carefully paved with endurance,  
generosity and wit, to open up those  
windowpanes, we will have room for one  
more folded sunset; still quite warm.



Packing up the studio. (Image Yeb Wiersma, 2017)