

## Channels of Time

*Time, Water, Landscapes, Music, Language, Time.*

*Jennifer Moore*

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Time as stillness and movement.

Time as giving and receiving.

Time as one and many.

Time as always and now.

A few months ago, I made a zine/map in response to some ideas I came across in the books *Capitalist Realism*, Mark Fisher and *A Thousand Plateaus*, Deleuze and Guattari. I made this zine as part of some personal research. The pandemic of COVID 19 began to unfold locally around the same time I printed the first and now only draft. As the days that followed began to crumple into themselves, both the zines' contents and its context quickly began to feel estranged.

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*public space quietened, vehicles stood motionless, bodies disappeared, birdsong reigned in the evenings, delivery mopeds formed a chorus across otherwise silent nightscapes*

*Time is always shifting.*

~

The zine doesn't speak as it had originally intended to. I find the words swim off the page into the crevices of my memory, where ideas and experiences have strayed. I pull them out, tying the threads of them together. New and simple knots, dancing in the light.

*Quarantine time brings deep dredging and scattered surfacing.*

The zine was born out of a desire to explore my own strained relationship with time and the ways our commodification of it, as a part of Western culture, affects how we move through it, feel it, understand it, share it. The recent practice of quarantining has possibly triggered an opening up of space in our culture, a space for time, for the contemplation of time. Throughout collective recent history the *present* has perhaps never felt so saturated in itself.

*A widening, and the expanse of debris rises to the surface. It is glittering with clarity.*

Perhaps we have never been so simultaneously ill and well equipped to delve into our relationship with time: how our ideas and perception of it shape the way we move through our lives.

*Time as rules. Time as structure. Time as a format for communication. Time as labour. Time as free. Time as privilege. Time as consistent. Time as quantifiable. Time as measurable. Time as understood. Time as predictable. Time as empty. Time as full. Time as controlled. Time as control. Time as valuable. Time as wasted. Time as everything.*

I am 26 years old. I was born in Ireland in 1994 and my cultural experience and understanding of time has been framed by this context. It is now the year 2020. Recent generations are attuned to keeping ideas of time safely at a distance, abstracted and captive behind the lockscreen of smartphones; google calendars; multiple images of sunsets and selfies; the morning alarm; event notifications; rosters; 'recent' images; *sent 4 days ago* email nudges; the visual stream of consciousness of a thousand people we have never met waterfaling down the endless aisle of instagram.

*Real time is trapped in endless, abstract space, where it is stripped of its own characteristics, its flickering beauty, its living essence.*

Quarantine holds onto real time, catching it as it flows and wriggles. We feel the ripples of it across our being, our worlds inside and outside. As Lockdown extends into months, and physical spaces narrow around us, time expands. It is opening itself up for us. An invitation.

*Come into me and feel me again.*

Time is a most precious substance. The almost daily practice of writing and reading towards this essay throughout quarantine has been a loving act of remembering, learning and imagining, of feeling my way through time. This essay briefly shares a number of ideas shared by people and communities whose birth places, histories, journeys, experiences and ways of feeling and expressing their ways through time have shone light on possibilities of imagining time and journeying through it; a journey of stillness and movement, of closeness and distance, of worlds within us and outside us, linear and looping, before and not yet, forever and now. It takes much energy to swim against the heavy currents of capitalist realism, towards open water. We must keep reaching out, listening, asking, reading and feeling, to find our place within something that is wholly infinite and always flowing.

*Feeling the way.*

I hope that this essay will serve as a place you may return to whenever you feel lost in the flow of time.

~ ~ ~ ~

## Rivers of Time, Sea of Time

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*The strange, invisible substance that holds the flow of our lives is something difficult to grasp from within the confines of our bodies, difficult to watch, to measure, to know.*

*It flows through my fingers, it carries me in it's currents.*

*I feel it in everything.*

~

Henry Thoreau contextualises himself and the present within the landscape of time.

*'I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and the future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line.'* Stillness and movement in harmony.

During quarantine the cracks in the floorboards, the stitching in the carpet, the cool grout between the tiles, *the meeting point of eternities*, all become oddly tangible beneath our feet, around our cheeks, above our heads. It surrounds and supports our movements. It feels closer. *The breath of time*. The pace of thought. Absorption and presence. The imprint of the surrounding world on our bodies.

Days fall during quarantine, one mirroring the next, shifting slightly this way and that as they pass. Each one is drawn out, full of slowness, full of presence, and yet they rush by with the pace of a fast moving stream.

The world outside has shirked from our grasp, our attention is drawn to things that remain physically closer. What environment have we built around ourselves? What portals have we created in that space. Where do they take us? Why do we want to go there?

In a favourite book of mine *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*, Rebecca Solnit recalls a friend as he describes a trip to the Grand Canyon with his children 'where he *'realised how much time adults spend scanning the landscape for picturesque panoramas and scenic overlooks.. While the kids were on their hands and knees, engaged with what was immediately before them, we adults travel by abstraction.'* ... there is no distance in childhood.'

For some of us in isolation or quarantine this kind of time quietly returns, the kind of time which holds the days of our childhood. We have become submerged in the Now. Spacious and perpetually rippling outwards, it extends itself for exploration and deep excavation of our immediate surroundings. In the way that children experience it, time has become that with which we may fully participate. It also becomes something which we must relinquish our control of.

I recall once in work hearing a mother speaking about her three year old son who had just started figuring out the concept of *tomorrow* and *yesterday* - distant time. To his mother's delight, these ideas seemed to pacify the child and ease life for her. "*Tomorrow we can watch Peppa Pig again?!*"

I have always disliked when my mother says *Life happens when you are making plans*. Without my consent, over the years I have indeed gradually begun to live more and more in this disembodied way. EXAMPLES Distanced from my body and distanced from it's actions, over time I have come to feel increasingly disconnected from the space that surrounded my body, the

time holding it, its natural flow.

~

*Perched safely in a boat somewhere along a river, dreaming up possible futures by gazing upon the reflections of the past. Situating myself in these faraway surroundings. Preparing, anticipating possible and impossible navigations. Millions of people casting nets, rowing in the same direction.*

~

*Time is always shifting*

~

Quietness emerges to engulf the humming engine of our perpetually forward-moving trajectories. The noise of the future is a pacifying distraction, comparable to the way some parents employ the hum of hoovers or hairdryers to soothe restless children into sleep. Sometimes I am made sleepy and comforted by the noise of distant parties, the traces of laughter and music carried in the wind. The word *noise* is also used to describe the grainy texture of photographic images whose pixels hold too little information, resulting in lack of clarity or detail across the image. This fogginess resembles the appearance of objects when viewed from a distance - faraway mountains, the smudged dot of a boat on the horizon, the pink hue of clouds blurred together, miles off in an evening sky. Noise can be soothing, cushioning. I have always found peace and comfort in the presence of those things which hold distance, or rather, are distant. Distance can offer shelter and protection. It provides space for atmosphere and ambiguity whilst simultaneously holding feeling and inexplicable understanding. Distance may be a separation which enables unison. A wholeness made possible through perspective.

The immediate is sharper, more piercing. It sits on the outer edge of our skin. In ways, unlike the past or the future, the present is possibly more frightening, more threatening and real. It is more difficult to abstract or define, more difficult to *know*, explain or control. More difficult to romanticize. I like the idea of associating the present with the unknown - an un-navigational place where the concept of the future, whether clear, blurry or existing as a multitude, is absent, out of reach or inconceivable.

*'To be lost is to be fully present, and to be fully present is to be capable of living in uncertainty and mystery.'*

Amongst many writers, Rebecca Solnit is one whose work I return to over and over again during quarantine. The theme of the Unknown recurs throughout her writings. She refers to it in various ways as a place which you may fear: an unmapped territory you are wary of entering. In her writing she makes a convincing and beautiful argument for entering into this unknown. *Field Guide to Getting Lost* serves as a trusted companion or guide, one who emerges and remains present both throughout and after reading it.

~

*Making friends with the present.*

*A body of water in a body of water. A memory of floating.*

*Time is always shifting*

~

Existing in the present requires trust, presence and connection. A sense of acceptance, detachment, ease, belonging. *Rootedness in floating.*

*The art of floating.*

When I lay on the surface of the sea, my body is balancing between water and air. Nothing but the expanse of the sky above and a ravine of water beneath. In this place it is *trust* that keeps me floating safely in-between. Trust in my body. Trust in the arms of the sea. Two vessels aligning. I focus on feeling both of these entities, the moving points where they are encountering each other, flowing back and forth, balancing. There is an endless stream of communication going on between these two bodies - my body and the sea. The closer I listen, the more I can feel it. They speak heavily and lightly, lifting and sinking. This conversation requires me to relinquish the urge to control anything - to be, without intervening. I am asked to let go of the expectation of any outcome. *Possibilities vaporising.* I must acknowledge this, which is uncomfortable. I must keep turning into it. To stay afloat is to remain within this fluid continuum, in this back and forth of feeling and trusting. To become detached, resisting distraction. To be present in the dissolving.

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In his book *Eternal Echoes*, John O'Donohue weaves in and out of the idea of presence. The title of the second chapter *Presence; the flame of longing / To know that you are here* unites these ideas, the feeling of longing and the present time. O'Donohue describes presence as a flowing substance or energy that can be sensed in all animate and inanimate things. '*Presence is something you sense and know but cannot grasp. It engages us but we can never capture its core. It remains somehow elusive.*'

~

My friend Maria once sent me an interview with the artist Dorothy Cross. In this extract from the interview Cross explains "*I have never been a landscape painter and I never could be, because I always felt that nature would beat anything that I could try to attempt to paint.*" Her hero is the German artist Joseph Beuys, who once jumped into an Irish bog hole, up to his hat, expressing the desire, as Cross has it, "*to be of it, rather than to be looking at it, to be in it*".

It was the last line of that interview paragraph that resonated with Maria and myself. As two Irish women who experience an immense draw to both the land and the sea, it is a shared feeling we cannot help but channel into the art and the various materials we absorb as well as through the conversations and experiences we seek out.

*To be of it, rather than to be looking at it, to be in it.*

Tuning into the presence of everything relies on our connection with the present. How may we practice opening our bodies toward a place of unclouded receptiveness? - How do we conceive of the present? A place that appears and exists at once, in a momentary dissolving of the self into the essence of the other, be it place, creature, person, story, sound, or body of moving water.

*Feeling the way.*

'*Water flows, its constant movement responding to the environment and to possibility.*' In his book on the imagination and water, Bachelard reflects in depth upon the element as a way of seeing, a way of being in the world. As an element, water is always in motion, perpetually shifting in state between gas, solid and liquid, passing through matter, *giving life, dissolving life*, yet always remaining itself. The water cycle was one of the most beautiful things I recall

from geography lessons of years gone by. The infinity of it still feels reverent. As does its immeasurable presence. Water is continuously dragged from sea to sky, from rivers to sky, from land to sky, passing through creatures, soil and vegetation along the way. Whole oceans and seas are pulled and pushed by the moon in an endless two and fro. Water keeps passing through all these phases, over and over again. Water is grounded in movement.

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*The present as constant change*

*Time is always shifting*

*Feeling the way*

~

Heraclitus, the Greek philosopher born 535 BC, is known in part for reflections upon the idea of the river and how upon entering it, one may never encounter the same waters twice, *'for fresh waters are always flowing'*. I like how this image moves. The infinite and the fleeting as one.

A similar unity of the opposite of *stillness* and *movement* is evoked in the ancient aesthetic principles of wabi and sabi, more familiar as wabi-sabi, which has roots in both Zen Buddhism and Taoism as well as Confucian and Shinto traditions. Wabi has been associated with philosophical pursuits of way-finding or the idea of a path, space or direction - simplicity and immateriality. The life of a hermit, or 'life of wabi', a life of solitude and simplicity was given the term *wabizumai* in Japan. As with other traditions, the life of the hermit or ascetic was associated with spiritual richness.

*Emptiness as fullness.*

One of the many ideas centering the life of the wabizumai was *'the appreciation of life's evanescence as a prompt to living in harmony with nature.'* This can be contrasted with western philosophical premises of power, authority, dominance and control, whether of others or of nature.'

Sabi is an outward expression of the values of wabi, suggested through material, aesthetic qualities, encompassing solitude, contemplation and reflectiveness. *'Sabi objects suggest 'a universal flux of "coming from" and "returning to." They reflect an impermanence that is nevertheless congenial and provocative, leading the viewer or listener to a reflectiveness and contemplation that returns to wabi and back again to sabi, an aesthetic experience intended to engender a holistic perspective that is peaceful and transcendent.'* Stillness and movement in harmony.

Sabi may be expressed through various objects or materials, as well as other arts such as poetry, drama, literature, music. Basho, the Japanese Haiku poet channelled the wabizumai he experienced into his sabi poetry in which *'the melancholy of nature became a kind of longing for the absolute. But this longing never fulfilled -- the "absolute" is not part of Zen vocabulary -- makes the tension between wabi and sabi an enriching and inexhaustible experience.'*

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*The appreciation of life's evanescence as a prompt to living in harmony with nature.*

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*To be of it, rather than to be looking at it, to be in it.*

~

Matsuo Basho says *'Go to the pine if you want to learn about the pine, or to the bamboo if you want to learn about the bamboo. In doing so you must leave your subjective preoccupation with yourself. Otherwise you impose yourself on the object and do not learn. Your poetry issues of its own accord when you and the object have become one - when you have plunged deep enough into the object to see something like a hidden glimmering there.'*

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*All presences are in subtle flow*

~

*Time is always shifting.*

~

*'In the biosphere nothing is claimed to be known and everything is known to be felt.'*

My friend Cameron published a zine in January 2020 entitled *The Body: Your Portal to the Biosphere* in which he portrays two kinds of worlds. He gives these worlds the names *Biosphere* and *Technosphere*. The Technosphere is a world of spectacle and techno-systems, comprising all the professional and social systems through which we are engaged with technology. *'These systems are contrived by humans and are a deferred existence, existence via something else.'* Representations and disembodiment.

The Technosphere expresses itself through definitions, precise valuations and conclusions. By contrast *'in the eternal drift of the Biosphere, the ever tumbling nature of everything is embraced'*. Biospheric existence is one to which our bodies hold the key.

*'We can think of the body as existing outside of consciousness, outside of language and outside of interpellation. We should learn to put more faith in the feelings, however short-lived, that have come about through activation of the body. These feelings don't lead us to draw conclusions, but encourage us to feel more'*

In Cameron's Biosphere, we come to develop deep trust in our bodies and the connections they form with other bodies, creatures, places and the elements.

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*'The body is our biosphere form, a faithful link to the natural world and human-kind, our ever-changing presence in an ever-changing world.'*

~

*To be of it, rather than to be looking at it, to be in it.*

~

I heard once that perhaps for the human race, over time, systems of language and cultural practices of educating and learning came to replace or deplete our instincts as a species. The word *instinct* may refer to an inborn disposition, found in various living creatures, towards particular behaviors, often in reaction to certain environmental factors. *Feeling as instinct?*

I grew up near Bull Island in Dublin, where flocks of Brent geese mark the seasons with their presence or absence. Winter presence, summer absence. Those flocks spent one half of the year on Bull island and the other half of the year thousands of miles away, along the North East

Canada coastline, at the edge of the polar sea. Over millennia, migratory bird species have developed their migration patterns, destinations and times in response to resources, temperatures or other environmental conditions. Up to 60% of migratory songbirds return to the same place every year. These birds rely on their surroundings to establish and navigate optimal migration routes. Length of day, position of the sun, air temperature, the landscape as well as earth's magnetic field are all environmental shifts that are felt and interpreted in the body of the bird as it navigates or wayfinds through the skies.

The ability to see the Earth's magnetic field, known as *magnetoreception*, relies on the presence of specifically the [blue wavelength of light](#). Cryptochromes are a type of protein found in plants and animals that are sensitive to blue light. These proteins help form the circadian rhythms of plants, animals and humans. Cry4 is one type of cryptochrome found in bird's eyes. It enables them to visually detect earth's magnetic field. This visual compass assists birds in finding their way. The Earth's magnetic field is made from the movement or '*convection of liquid iron in the outer core. As the liquid metal in the outer core moves, it generates electric currents, which lead to a magnetic field.*'

Whales are other creatures whose lifetimes comprise the ritual of migration, navigating seas and oceans across the globe. One of the ways these mammals find their routes is through sonar or *echolocation*, which keeps them highly attuned to the vast landscape of the sea bed as well as the presence of other whale pods sharing the route. In a similar way to migratory birds, the presence of biomagnetite in whale's bodies means they can also sense the earth's magnetism as it fluctuates in intensity around the globe. Shifts in the earth's magnetic field can be felt in the body of the whale, perhaps as a feeling of intuition? An internal directional map of the water is revealed as the whale moves through it, along migratory pathways and beyond.

~

*All presences are in subtle flow*

*The present as constant change*

*Feeling the way*

~

My friend Rory has gifted me many wonderful things throughout our friendship. One of these gifts was an essay she sent me by Ronan Foley on ideas of therapeutic landscapes and *hydro-therapeutic settings*. These ancient assemblages or sites of hydro-therapeutic performance and experience were long understood as places of spiritual, psychological and physiological healing. Sometimes called 'faith cures', experiences of healing in these sacred sites were sustained by '*deeper narratives of curative power and belief*'. Myth, metaphor and local lore were ways of intertwining these narratives with the land, water and the body. *Embodiment as both a physical and imaginative experience?* For pilgrims and seekers, the flow of these practices in place over time relied on an endless two and fro of conversation between inner meaning and outer social context.

~

*All presences are in subtle flow*

~

I can only dream of a time when peoples bodies, hearts and minds were embedded so deeply in the water and the land around them. I walk, almost everyday, preferring to walk without a purpose other than the act of walking, of witnessing and being outside in place.



*Gusts of wind and calm, still air. Blankets of trees and open space. Wide pathways and narrow ones. Grass and stone. Winding and straight. Loud and quiet.*

I am lucky to walk often by water. Wherever and whenever possible, I will always take the path alongside moving water. It offers a double landscape, a rippling mirror of the world. It has soul opening powers. It is a tool for reflection and release. Standing in the presence of a body of water, whether lake, river or sea (*each unique as bodies*), my own body is met by such a force, at once overwhelming and powerful, at once calm and gentle. I am touched by it in invisible ways, through the meeting of our presences. I am changed. I know others seek this out too. The distant walking strangers who pass through each journey. Our staggered pace and rhythms. Silent companionship. We are walking the same path, being touched by its movement, its breadth and bends. Some walks are for unravelling, pulling thoughts and words out from faraway places within us. Some walks are for dispelling tension, soothing chaotic or conflicting ideas into clarity. A few years ago my dear friend Cara introduced me to the writings of Virginia Woolf. Recently she shared Woolf's writing '*The Fascination of the Pool*' in which people are drawn to a pool of water to cast their thoughts, worries, dreams...

*'But if one sat down among the rushes and watched the pool—pools have some curious fascination, one knows not what. Many, many people must have come there alone, from time to time, from age to age, dropping their thoughts into the water, asking it some question..'*

On these watery walks our bodies can become a vessel for a kind of deep exchange of presence - exchange between our own presence and the presence of the place that surrounds us - which is far more than its shape and form - it is the enormous wave of time that has carved that place, the living creatures that reside within it, the people who have been drawn there to cast their hopes, dreams, sorrows and stories. *Walking as emptying as filling. Some form of vital balancing is occurring.*

*'The passage through a landscape echoes or stimulates the passage through a series of thoughts... This creates an odd consonance between internal and external passage - one that suggests that the mind is also a landscape of sorts and that walking is one way to traverse it... A thought often feels like a feature of the landscape that was there all along.'*

In her book on the age-old practice, Rebecca Solnit writes about walking as a weaving between the external and internal realms, the mind and the place, material and immaterial, in dance with one another. '*Walking is ideally a state in which the mind, body and world are aligned.. three notes making a chord.*' This flooding feeling of the harmonizing of presences can be found too through dancing to music.

Contemporary dance and music clubs are potential sites for healing and deep exchange. Exchange between the dancing body, the presences of others and the journey of the music playing. In moments of harmony, these elements unite to pull out memories, hopes, dreams and fears from deep within the body, casting them out into the atmosphere. As they dissolve out of us and into the communal spill of memories and feelings, we are somehow filled. *Emptying as filling. Some vital form of balancing is occurring.*

~

*To be of it, rather than to be looking at it, to be in it*

*All presences are in subtle flow*

~

There are similarities shared between the experience of moving through music and moving through place.

~

*Feeling, listening, opening*

~

Music is always being made. Music is always being returned to. Returning to music can mirror the experience of returning to a place. Like places, music possesses presence. We may return in search of something within us. We may find comfort in the familiar and simultaneously encounter something new. Music, like places, are guides that help us reflect upon and navigate the ever-changing nature of ourselves and the world that surrounds us.

~

*'Our own reflections, we might say, are a part of the play of light and its reflection....The inner - what is it if not intensified sky'...*

*By acknowledging such links between the inner psychological world and perceptual terrain that surrounds us, we begin to turn inside-out, loosening the psyche from its confinement within a strictly human sphere, freeing sentience to return to the sensible world that contains us.'*

~

Along the course of life I have often found myself returning to walk similar paths. These loops through places, always beginning and ending with home, may expand, vary, buckle or bend over time. A long way-around, a cut through a lane, a continuation past a turn off, a cul de sac full circle.

*Continuity and change in harmony.*

Walking routes are made by the rhythm and energy of my body as it meets the temperament of the skies, the time of day, the mood of the landscape, the strength of the wind, the presences of others, the conversation between all of these things. Moments remain unfolding endlessly like waves. All flowing moments are opening pathways.

~

*Feeling the way*

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Songs and pathways reflect one another in ways. Rooted in pagan Ireland, Dinnseanchas or Dindsenchas is an oral tradition originating between 100-400 AD. It loosely translates to the word '*topography*' or more accurately '*lore of place*'. The practice of Dinnseanchas involves weaving places with stories through prose and song, as a way of tracing people and navigating or mapping the land. Songlines or '*ways through*' are a cultural practice of groups of the native Aboriginal people of Australia. The oral tradition of songlines is central to their culture as it is the form through which ancient and sacred knowledge of place and history or *Dreamtime* is passed on through generations. Songlines tie creation stories and familial stories to territories, taking the form of long cycles of song. Songlines form part of the way the people understand and relate to their history, sense of time, territories and the features of their landscape.

*'The sense of being immersed in a sentient world is preserved in the oral stories and songs of indigenous peoples - in the belief that sensible phenomena are all alive and aware, in the assumption that all things have the capacity of speech. Language, for oral peoples is not a human invention, but a gift of the land itself.'*

In his book *The Spell of the Sensuous: Perception and language in a More-than-Human World*, David Abram, cultural ecologist and philosopher, recalls stories of his encounters and research with South East Asian, North American and other Indigenous groups, and other dispersed and endangered cultures. The knowledge, traditions and practices of the communities he researches offers deep insight into our collective past and present, both as individual beings and as part of communities of the living world.

*'...When a Navajo person wishes to renew or re-establish, in the world, the harmonious condition of well-being and beauty expressed by the Navajo word hozho he must first strive, through ritual, to create this harmony and peacefulness within himself, he can then actively impart this state of well-being to the enveloping cosmos, through the transforming power of song or prayer..'*

Reading about cultural practices and ways of being for the Navajo people feels like encountering something familiar, remembering a deep knowledge that was once clear within my body, but had been forgotten. It is possible, despite emerging from and existing within a technospheric anthropocene, that our bodies, the land and its animate forms, all hold memories of exchange, of opening, of balancing, of way-finding.

~

*Feeling the way*

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A river is created through exchanges of presence between rock and water. *Flow of exchange*. Music, walking, swimming, dancing, painting, conversing, singing are different forms of this same flow, of receptiveness and extension, of giving and receiving, two and fro. These 'art forms' are possibly echoes of memories of exchange between our bodies and the world. Time is the substance through which all exchanges flow. All exchanges are connected through time.

*Feeling the way*. Maybe feeling our way is a kind of opening up of ourselves to time, time as all of the presences that surround us at any given moment. Maybe feeling the way is a kind of perpetual opening to the practices and ideas of others individuals, groups and cultures, as they share their own ways through time. Some of these ways have been forgotten or erased throughout the employment of patriarchal, colonial, racist, capitalist systems across the earth, the landscapes, hearts and minds over hundreds of years. These systems continue to distance us from perhaps fully sensing and knowing time as a sacred fluid of ever flowing potential openings and exchanges that we are all a part of.

~

Clara Hancock, a Scottish-Irish writer and artist whom I met through my friend Rory Reilly, introduced me a few years ago to the work of Audre Lorde. In her essay *Uses of the Erotic*, Audre Lorde writes about the *erotic* as force, as a resource and feeling that ripples out from deep within...that holds potential to infuse all of one's life with its powerful energy. Her essay brings to surface once again, the feeling of remembering - remembering something that lay dormant inside, was clear once, but forgotten over time... The feeling of returning to something that was always there. In this essay, her words form a map, a guide, for finding fullness in

participation with the flow of life.

*'Another important way in which the erotic connection functions is the open and fearless underlining of my capacity for joy. In the way my body stretches to music and opens into response, hearkening to its deepest rhythms, so every level upon which I sense also opens to the erotically satisfying experience, whether it is dancing, building a bookcase, writing a poem, examining an idea. That self-connection shared is a measure of the joy which I know myself to be capable of feeling, a reminder of my capacity for feeling. And that deep and irreplaceable knowledge of my capacity for joy comes to demand from all of my life that it be lived within the knowledge that such satisfaction is possible, and does not have to be called marriage, nor god, nor an afterlife. This is one reason why the erotic is so feared, and so often relegated to the bedroom alone, when it is recognized at all. For once we begin to feel deeply all the aspects of our lives, we begin to demand from ourselves and from our life-pursuits that they feel in accordance with that joy which we know ourselves to be capable of. Our erotic knowledge empowers us, becomes a lens through which we scrutinize all aspects of our existence, forcing us to evaluate those aspects honestly in terms of their relative meaning within our lives.'*

~

*To be of it, rather than to be looking at it, to be in it*

*Feeling the way*

~

*The strange, invisible substance that holds the flow of our lives is something difficult to grasp from within the confines of our bodies, difficult to watch, to measure, to know.*

*It flows through my fingers, it carries me in it's currents.*

*I feel it in everything.*

~

Time is a most precious substance. The almost daily practice of writing and reading towards this essay throughout quarantine has been a loving act of remembering, learning and imagining, of feeling my way through time. This essay briefly shares a number of ideas shared by people and communities whose birth places, histories, journeys, experiences and ways of feeling and expressing their ways through time have shone light on possibilities of imagining time and journeying through it; a journey of stillness and movement, of closeness and distance, of worlds within us and outside us, linear and looping, before and not yet, forever and now. It takes much energy to swim against the heavy currents of capitalist realism, towards open water. We must keep reaching out, listening, asking, reading, feeling, to find our place within something that is wholly infinite and always flowing.

~

*'Phenomenologically considered, it is as though the luminous orb of the sun journeys into the ground each evening, moving all night through the density underfoot, to emerge, at dawn, at the opposite side of the visible world. For some indigenous cultures, it is precisely during this journey through the ground that the sun impregnates the earth with its fiery life, giving rise to the myriad living things—human and nonhuman—that blossom forth on earth's surface. So the journey beyond-the-horizon can lead under-the-ground, and vice versa.*

~

*We begin to glimpse here the secret identity, for oral peoples, of those topological regions that we have come to call “the past” and “the future”—the curious manner in which these two very different modes of absence can nevertheless transmute into each other, blur into one another, like moods. It is thus that many indigenous cultures have but a single term to designate the very deep past and the far distant future. Among the Inuit of Baffin Island, for example, the term uvatiarru may be translated both as “long ago” and “in the future.”*

*The cyclical metamorphosis of the distant past into the distant future, or of that-which-has-been into that-which-is-to-come, would seem to take place continually, in the depths far below the visible present, in that place where the unseen lands beyond the horizon seem to fold into the invisible density beneath our feet.’*

~