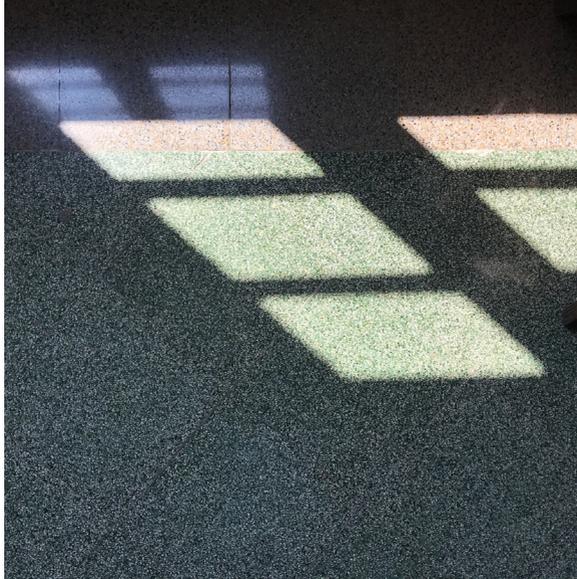




barriers, boundaries, borders, partitions,
margins, edges – dividers, walls,
enclosures, rails, tracks. spaces and
moments that define inside and outside.
up and down. here and there. us and them.
other.

public space aims to open these divides.
open society relies on people's ability
to come together. mingle, gather,
congregate, discuss, celebrate, elevate.
freedom to talk – congregation allows for
interactions between public and private
interweaving networks of connectivity and
support in a way that allows camaraderie.



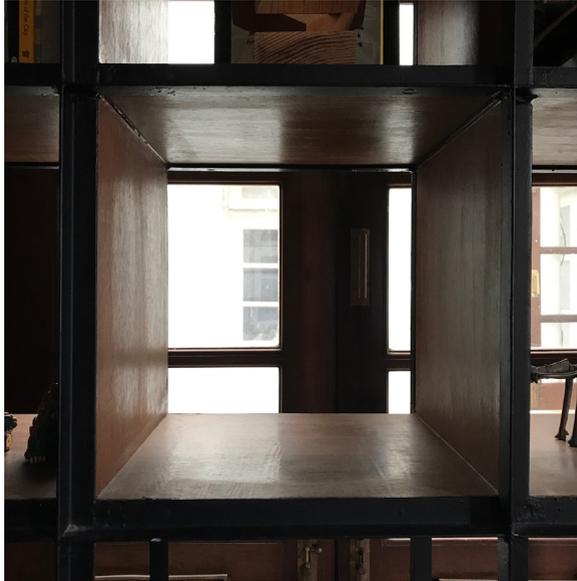
warm rhombic shapes float over floor
passing as time marking slow trail like
sundial. moment to moment these spaces
are bound by shadow and their own
finiteness. nuanced movement like gentle
touch passing – inch by inch on skin
raising pore and hair and heart.

pull back from cast light the source
becomes reflective too – more rectangular
– set below and above. space and time
seem uncertain like refrain set on repeat
up and down scales s-l-o-w-l-y like caress
from outside felt in the most inward spaces
– gut, bone, blood – hum in synchrony.



squareness of tiles. rolled, baked, glazed.
sealed histories applied to new ones.
memories shared in color tied together –
grouted – lines marking time like endless
journeys through spaces unknown. lines
paralleled and crossed form these building
blocks over and over. passing through i
cannot but help to be pulled into the void
– full and empty at the same time.

shades of green-grey-blue remind of the
strength in difference. possibilities that fall
on varietal moments and people building
those moments. echoes of formations in-
square hum unity for moments like these.



containers within containers within
containers. these open vessels define. they
protect. support. sense. absorb. they inhale
and exhale like their human counterparts.
inhabiters alike, they communicate the
ebb and flow of instants come and gone.
they hold yesterday and tomorrow in the
present pointing the exact moments of
flux. holding hopes and dreams not unlike
each whisper of intent through waking
days. these spaces give us seconds of
pause like awaking from dreams with
scents that bring us back to that very place
we found time and air. each holds the
same power and holds us upright.



outside-in like sun rushing through
windows of time like reflections or shadow
puppets or silhouettes of imagined and
real beings. set against gridded floor,
squares follow me like guides. they move
me from place to place, not unlike the
source of this projection. the place i stand.

slow pilgrimage through this place – on
wall and floor and ceiling – retreats only to
return. a slightly divergent path now covers
familiar ground with subtle expansion.
paths taken propels the sightline of
awareness and allows for the silence of
revelation.



pattern, like wall's memory gliding through articulated moments both lived and found. places stumbled upon. temporary shelters or homes. places to think and to create and to be. here, at the Royal Bombay Yacht Club sounds and smells swirled with light and color like beating breath – rhythmic and constant – tossing and twirling as one pulse through skin – inward and outward.

these walls looked like crepey skin, tarnished from years long fights and anguish. home is a place to exhale. to recuperate. to enjoy the swirls of color and light – reverberated rounded redolence.

john ros
january 2019