

I am riding the line

I am riding the line in a direction

I am an extension of form along the line

In the periphery between two points

The line takes me somewhere

I am a moving shape on wheels

I am a moving point

Attached to the line

The square fills without announcing itself.

I talk about the extend to which
architecture exerts influence over lives.

About whether it pushes me over the
edge.

Space is provided for sixteen people, the chairs
arranged in formation. No gaze can cross another,
no gestures can be exchanged. The partition to my
left is the right partition of my front man, and if I
follow the straight gaze forward, I see the left
barrier of the person in front of my neighbor.

Strange to see a tree that openly needs help.
Perhaps just a precaution yet weird as everyone
has pitifully tried to split tree roots at some point
– to dig somewhere. They are tough.

Even with a spade it's a sweaty job.