

To root, to rot, to rest. The meadow with its multiple voices, confounding the mapmaker by changing in order to stay. Some weeds escape, meandering past the boundaries and blooming by the ditch, sprouting from the overlooked places. The heart is rendered green.

The transformations of flourishing and decay are closely braided together, everything here embroidered with death. The wilted leaves of the dying season are slowly seeping back to soil, what came before transformed and made again. I return to this, over and over, the constant hum of life impossible to fix in place. To let this encounter unfold in unexpected ways, there is a need to leave things open-ended.

Here to meet you is all this subtle complexity of life, not just displayed and suspended for contemplation, but shifting, impossible to quantify or categorize. This metamorphosis is such an ordinary miracle, both too quick and too slow for us to catch. Here is all the surplus of life, the weeds and dirt and insects and mold, to hold and be beholden to. The clay to hold things together, both fragile and persistent, the possibility of repair and unraveling present at the same time. The different overlapping processes happening beyond the threshold of perception, the matter made anew, the vast and the microscopic intertwining endlessly. The residual elements elevated by attention, but eluding interpretation, important on their own right.

Slowing down in order to perceive more I feel alchemized, propelled to unknown directions. To encounter all this life means being entangled and simultaneously distanced by strangeness. It is both subtle and charged, this transformation that happens by being present to what is around us. To pay attention to this strange life everywhere, the attentiveness transforming everything we used to take for granted.

The multiple voices resonate within these nested spaces, highlighting the embodied experience of being in the world and questioning the clear borders between the self and the surroundings. Everything is not available to the gaze, making me aware of how much there is that I can't reach, shrouded from perception or understanding. I am drawn towards this and kept at a distance, this uncertainty offering an important place for reflection, a way of searching better questions instead of trying to find definite answers.

Other strategies include: to notice these different layered worlds and territories, the multiple ways of inhabiting and making sense of the world, to pay attention to everything that is considered insignificant. To craft these fragile shelters, leaking with light, where the possibility of unraveling and repair exist simultaneously, to flourish in the forgotten places. To wander down unknown paths, to stray without an aim. Just to be here, present, until the clear lines and categories begin to blur.

I open towards this wonder and the astonishment I feel is a kind of joy tumbling out of me. It is a joy to notice more and more, all this life happening in surprising constellations. But by being here, I am also implicated, within these webs of life and therefore responsible for them. Already surrounded and suddenly aware of everything there was all along, regardless of my attention. To notice this is to notice how deeply entangled we are in these processes of living and dying, our existence dependent on these reciprocal relationships. Here is a space to hold this knot of joy and sorrow, to hold this contradiction.

Undone to emerge again

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By taking into account this connectedness, taking it seriously, something new opens up from the edges of the familiar – quietly subversive ways to live and relate, crafting conditions for the possibility of doing things otherwise. It is a way of learning from others, without a shared language, becoming aware of the relationality that binds us to the world. It requires taking other lifeforms into account, creating spaces for being with others and letting others to be, in their unknowability.

This process of crafting spaces for others to flourish is tentative, always experimental, but also rooted in what came before.

It is impossible to fix this in place, to give one right answer for everything. As the echoes and fragments keep emerging and slipping from view, there is a surplus of meaning too, the multiple processes and the countless voices refusing any finality. I am on the verge of this becoming, already implicated. It is unclear what will happen next, but I want to be here

for this wonder. We transform each other, and the outcome is always unpredictable. To trust this not-knowing means letting go of control, these words only marking a place for an opening. Something else is emerging beneath the familiar, its effects unknown.

