

There is a boundary line in front of you, can you see it? Has someone made it visible by putting up a wall or sign? Can you see a change in light or color or texture at the boundary? Can you sense it but not see it? If you close your eyes, can you still feel its presence? Can you hear the boundary? Are there smells or sounds or wind that permeate the boundary to carry over from the other side? Imagine touching it. Are its edges firm? Was it formed when the flow of water shifted dirt? Does it cut straight and measured across the land, drawn here by a calculation without care for the contours of terrain? Does it legally divide, designed to make the land for sale? Is it so wide the far side falls off beyond the curve of the earth? Is it so thin it exists only as an invisible sheet, extending upward into space or pulling down into the ground? Is the power of it imposed onto your mind by you or someone else? Why is there a boundary here? Does it change the way you act? Does it surround you, creating your identity or offering you a homeland? Does it contain, exclude, intimidate, or define? Is it also a path of migration? Have you made this boundary firmer with your thoughts or actions? Is it as real for you as it is for others? Do we even agree there is a boundary here?

Imagine your body crossing the line.

Feel your feet on the ground, look around. Is the other side a mirror image of here or does it look different? What if these two sides existed as one? Will

you notice when you've crossed it? Are you supposed to cross it? Will you need to climb to cross it? Will you need to leap or jump? Did someone ever tell you not to cross it? If you cross it, can you come back? If you cross it, will you be different? If you cross it can you still breathe? Does the air become water? Does your breath get caught in your mouth? Do your muscles tense upward? Are you heading in or heading out? Will your soul expand outward into open space? Will your vision relax? Will you feel relief?

Step across the boundary.

Notice your feet on the ground. Taste the air. Look around. You have crossed a line defining the edges of place. You have traveled out of one place to become part of a new place. Do you feel different here? This new place has its own story. You are now within that story, bounded by its edges. What will you do here? Where does this place end? Do you change this place by being here? Does someone else have the power? Is this a receptacle for a part of yourself? Did you leave a part of yourself behind? Is this a home for your dreams or fears? Will you return?

Turn back to face the boundary.

Does it look the same from this side? Are you looking in or looking out? There is a boundary line in front of you.

At Bounded Space

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