

Common Bodies

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Bodies unfolding outside of themselves, augmenting the space they inhabit beyond their physical form. Thoughts trickle through permeable fortresses of seemingly unseen structures, unravelling their barriers thread by thread, separating sinuous strands of other until all that remains are empty commons. The emptiness is inviting. Concrete landscapes sustained by perennial matter, organic creases of potentiality waiting to be unfurled.

A common space,
a common place,
a space for *commonality*.

A site of quiet introspection where we recognise we are part of something beyond ourselves. Our conceptual tendrils extending far beyond the reach of our mortal fingers, give or take the daylight, give or take the night.

The birth of a new commons. A sheath of semi-transparent acidic pink forms a weightless canopy which exhales with the breeze, expanding with every uplift above a nondescript field. An artificial second skin, hard at work diffusing rays of apathy. Every blade of grass touched by mutated dew that sends a warm glow pulsing through your skin, the soil softly shivering beneath your feet. The air feels cool and light to touch, mirroring the moment in winter months when the sun begins to rise, warming the air and melting away the heavy sleep of night. An awakening, a rhythmic surge that brings the realisation to the forefront of your mind that you come from the soil, you have grown with the earth, you will sustain life past your own existence. This vibration hums quietly, tenderly, glistening over your being as you continue to move through space and time. An experience shared with all living things.

Palpitations echo through the commons, the common space, the common place, attempting to situate themselves at the point of balance.

I AM THE AIR

I AM THE SEA

I AM THE ROCK

I AM THE WIND

I AM ALL AND NONE OF THE ABOVE
I AM ALL OF THE ABOVE
I AM NONE OF THE ABOVE
I ALL AND NONE ABOVE
ALL

Simultaneously nothing and everything, as nothing is still something. Simultaneously nobody and everybody, as nobody is still somebody. Prematurely we grow wary of the abundant interconnectivity before attempting to untangle the endless streams of living conscious that grind against the object. Slipping through the fault lines of ignorance to the cacophony of "more materialism, more excess, more, more, more!".

LESS IS MORE
MORE OR LESS

Stake your claim, tether your turf, unbind your newly awakened attention to the systems at play. Rage against the machine or move in concert with the non-living. Turbulent crescendos crashing against the grain, breaking into infinite pieces of enlightened logic, understanding and empathy. A violent

glare of red erupts across the sky before being diffused once again by those gentle rose-tinted glasses. More active than passive, less absent than before, becoming our(proudly inauthentic)selves.