

I stand moored in earth on shifting ground – tectonic vibrations enter my feet and echo within my veins. I inhabit the lines which lie between unspoken sentences, embracing contradictory poems imbedded in the i's and u's. Illuminating the trail from cave to screen to fire. I squeeze water from form to quench thirst of this quest. This journey from wildness to domestication to new branch of tree. I exhale wind to transform, transmit, transmigrate the tones etched within double-helix language – body knowledge – visionary reasoning. Intuition traversing borders recalibrating, rethreading resonance sacred and profane. I Erase belly-buttons with right hand while creating umbilical cords with my left. I become the boat – the vessel – the bone hollow. To carry the responsibility and bear the gift upon other shores not my own. An instrument held, played, cast into currents. A mapping nomadic – as intermediary between furthest futures informed by arcane pasts manifest in present exigencies.

My inter/trans disciplinary practices are paddles with which I navigate; the compasses guiding me forth – revealing the ritual of creating that binds me to the deeper meanings of being alive and what it means to be human.

Nature is the true conductor, I am a note, and the things I create are the bridges between.