

## Boundary

Marking a boundary to define a space. A space to live in. Space for an idea. Marking the boundaries of it. Creating the space, making it empty so something can appear.

Squares of blue sky framed by the window. An object moves across it. A clear shape in the blue.

Clearing a space, marking out a territory. Defining a city. As the vulva closed like a flower closing, a small elegant black line remained which became the slightly undulating black figure of a dancer slowly turning, the pieces of her wispy black dress floating away from her body. Without thinking, the woman at night in the clearing among the trees becomes the eye in a circle of trees which contracts in to a smaller circle. It happens automatically. The closing of the boundaries. The beautiful circle fringed with leaves. A circle or the way our eyes look, turning 360°, showing that the earth is round. Her sadness, alone beside the car in the clearing among the trees, under the moonlight. Her solitude, the peacefulness. Somewhere near the sea. The smell of salt in the air, the refreshing cool. The white fence marking the clearing, lit up in the moonlight. The shadows of the crossbars of the window fall across her face in the bright sunlight. Looking at the light not at the view. Waiting for time to pass. Counting the seconds. Throwing time away as though it meant nothing.

The lights of the city over the dark hill, twinkling in the distance. The road along the ridges of the mountain. The mountain circling the plain, the city, in an arc around the bay. Above, the dome receding upwards in sections. Blue like the sky. The sky is a canopy. The dome above the circular room. Everything is covered in mosaic. The room is a secret garden: above - the sky, underfoot - the garden bed, on the walls - trees and climbing vines. From where I stand, the circle is incomplete. It breaks behind me and behind me is the escape route, stretching out like a long straight highway. The spider sits at the centre of the web which has dew on it, glistening in the moonlight. At any moment it could drop onto the woman's breast. The dew or the spider. Cotton bolls. The eyes watching the boundaries, scanning the public ground for a female presence to eliminate, a way in. Watching the females for a flicker of movement beyond the boundary. The city walls broken down long ago, and now an open rambling of the city into the landscape, contained only by the wall of eyes.