

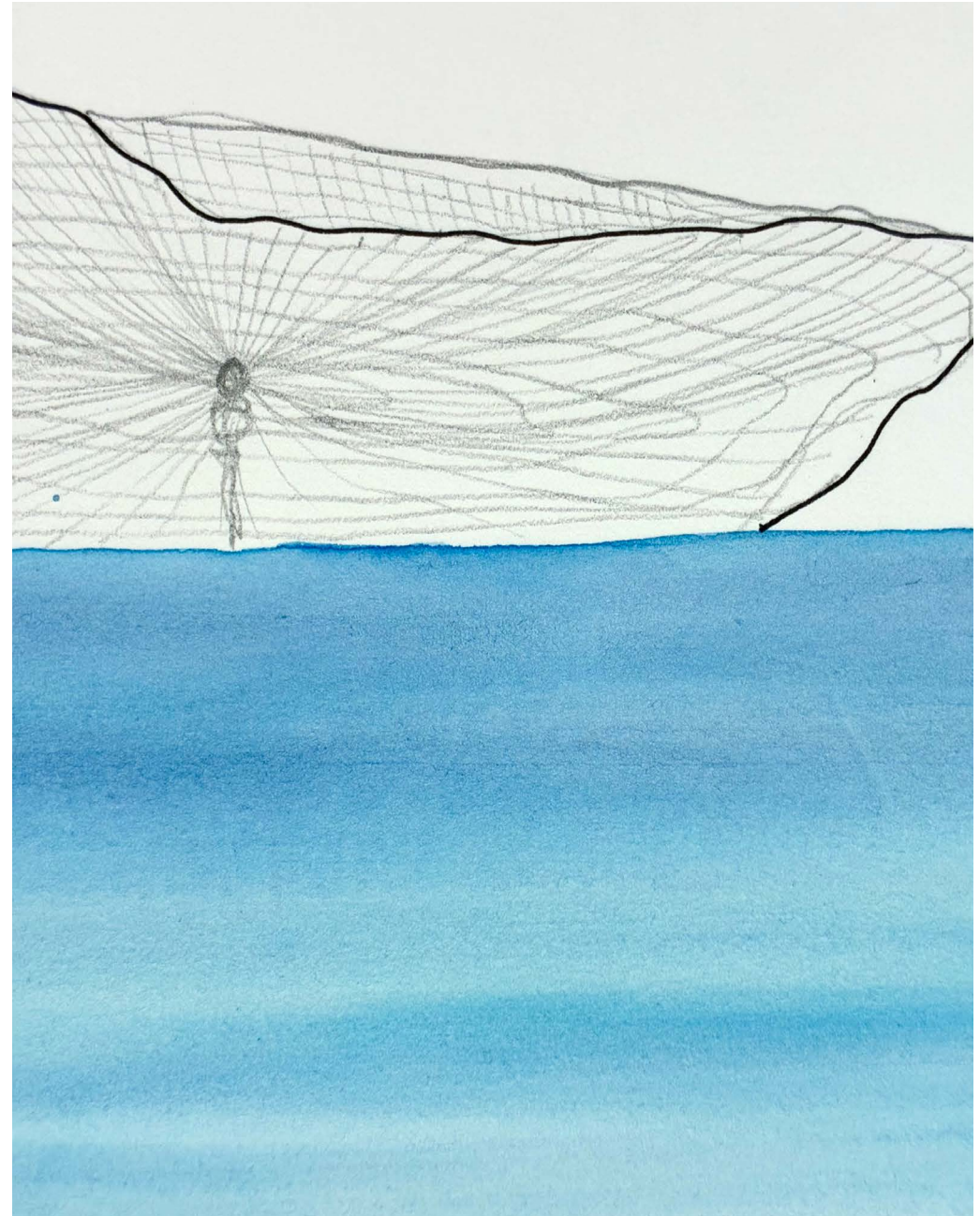
Work process at CanSerrat

At CanSerrat, my ongoing horizon project shifted from an individual inquiry to a more collective exploration. The location itself offered a layered context, but what became central was inviting others into the process; gathering people's associations, memories, and perceptions of horizons through questionnaires and workshops. These exchanges not only expanded the project beyond my perspective but also sparked the writing I developed during my time at the residency.

Alongside this, I experimented with visuals that trace the elements: land, light, and sky that come together to define a horizon. Together, these strands form a field of notes, reflections, and fragments that continue to shape the project.

Title of sample work

Shared Notes on the Horizon



collective horizon mapping



pinhole by the horizon

capturing the horizon

Writing developed during the residency:

Edge

The word once meant to sharpen,
To press forward - eggian,
The blade, the border,
A line that urges.
An edge is not just a
n ending,
But the place a beginning must break open-
A precipice that calls,
A cliff before an unnamed ocean.

Tree bark,
Sun leaving husks in the soil,
A roadside where time
Etches itself into stone.

Power gathers here,
Where a body meets its outline,
Where I end,
And some other thing begins.

The edge of the world is also
The edge of the self,
Both fragile, both perilous,
Both necessary to cross.

Pause

A pause is a comma
That steadies the breath,
A silence held longer than expected,
A rest between two beats.

It feels good under the trees,
Our back to the hills,
Leaning into the fabric of fatigue,
Mistaking gunfire for wind.

A dragonfly rests on my forehead.
Time lingers,
The horizon awaits, five more minutes.

Pause is hesitation?
But also astonishment,
A lull that proves itself by silence,
A space where the world
Returns to view.

Far

The ocean murmurs faintly,
Machines turning besides it,
A sound carried just beyond reach.

motors in the distance
Could be the sea.
Ridges blending with,
Cities fading into outline.

Far is where you are
When i miss you,
Where i am not.

A horizon holds the view,
Invites the gaze to rest,
To linger on what is smaller
The further it moves away.

Far is hope stretched thin,
Longing both behind and ahead,
The measure of distance
And the ache it leaves behind.

Hope

To be like the dragonfly,
Fragile in frost,
Calm by day.

Hope is what remains
After (disaster),
The ground that steadies us
Towards a future we desire.

It is carried in action,
In speaking forward,
In the open horizon.

Friends and a hug,
A quiet commitment
To what is yet to come.

Hope moves us without doubt,
Towards distant dreams,
Towards light,
Towards what we are still learning...to name.