

Elsewhere is not here and here is not elsewhere.

Here is surrounded by elsewhere which is anywhere else but here.

But where else, specifically, is elsewhere? Everywhere? No, there.

And there and there. And here.

Elsewhere is better, or worse.

Elsewhere is better and worse.

Elsewhere is not necessarily a place in which we are, or are not,
but a space in which we are or are not or were or were not or might or might not be.

If you're lucky, it draws you out of yourself: you seem elsewhere.

I like this elsewhere, as if my skin, my here, has been peeled away.

When whatever it was that seemed so desperate to be elsewhere, is finally released,
disgorging gossamer nerve fibres and spiderling thoughts.

With dispersal comes the chance of survival.

So scuttling or skimming or bridging or ballooning,
my elsewhere scatters:

to my pocket,

to the back of my mind,

to the pit of my stomach,

trailing plume-like behind me or racing on ahead;

it is packed up expectantly into car and boat loads,

spewed down busy city streets,

exchanged: one unprofitable elsewhere for another (you see, elsewhere cannot be bought),

or dumped wantonly in lifeless piles to become someone else's here.

Then elsewhere is here. And here, elsewhere.

So elsewhere is neither here nor there, or both here and there?

In that case they are not one, but many.

Elsewheres.

They will not be moored to a here or a there,

or a here on the way to there or a there on the way to here.

Elsewheres are not specimens to be caught in nets,

or condensed and examined in round bottomed flasks.

Elsewhere's make no sense shut away in cabinets (or sentences) arranged or explained.

Elsewheres will set themselves adrift, to dissipate and later congregate,
of their own accord, around forms that are distinct and shared:

In windows: to frame, look out, keep in, shut out;

in envelopes: to send, stash or reach out;

in lines: to connect, divide, cut along.

Elsewheres swarm, like heres, like this.

Feeling their way

brick by brick, shard by shard, stitch by stitch, word by word
towards somewhere else.
Together they hold the promise of revelation
though no amount of restitching, hitching, cross-stitching, and unpicking
will pluck them from their haze of (inter-)connective doubt.

Elsewhere, you see, is not mine or yours, nor yours nor mine.
In the way that it is yours it could never be mine,
or mine it could never be yours.
It is nestled in the interface,
in the nook between mine and yours
which only happens if we allow mine and yours to meet.

Elsewhere is not about belonging is about belonging.
It cannot be possessed.
You cannot claim elsewhere, you cannot have it,
you cannot fold it up
and slip it into your bag
ready to be dug out, to wave across borders.
What possessed you?

Elsewhere is about gradations and striations.
It makes certain uncertainties, making uncertainties certainties.
Elsewhere makes strange the heres and theres

Elsewhere is always. Elsewhere.
Elsewhere is

the underside of an intermittent weave in which patterns of
wheres and heres and theres and nows and thens and soons are complicated by
knots and skeins of thread in spatial, temporal and chromatic sliding.
But this magic carpet will never be finished,
its waft never ending.

This is what an elsewhere is, by degrees.
This is elsewhere. Art is elsewhere
always.