

Recovering A Sense of Place
(2001)

Jean Robert

Though shadow-less space overwhelms me, I still dwell among traces of lost boundaries.
My flesh—the flesh of my “lived body”—still does not coincide with the charts of anatomy.
Though a light imperative soaks the epoch, I cherish shadow.

The tracing of a bounding circle is the first act of founding a place to dwell. A “place” is not a portion of “space” enclosed by an arbitrary frontier. A place is “where it began” (cf Greek *archein*). It is a local, peculiar and unique union of landmarks and skymarks. I live among the traces of broken boundaries. Can I still trace boundaries?