

There are some who come to seize for themselves. Proclaiming the discovery and creation of lands pre-dating their presence there. They dig in their heels and trample on those shoulders.

It looks that way. It isn't that way.

...Giants?

Credit where it is due. Where is it due? Nowhere. Everywhere. Somewhere beyond. Below. Beside. In the darkness of the soil. In symbiotic partnerships. Standing on the shoulders of those on the shoulders of those on the shoulders of...

Others imagine they are the first to discover. Some assume they are the first to discover.



So, what is left for me? What remains here and now? Is this the end of the loop? Where history repeats itself in smaller and smaller moments. Narrowing. Tightening. These walls. How do I scale them? Is it still possible? Just one will do. I so badly want to see what sits beyond it.

That's what Teacher said before forgetting my name. All that potential. Full of skill. Hoping for action but happy to avoid it. Like a backstop. Slip fielder. Wicket keeper. Waiting, poised, braced. Just in case.

A reminder of those empty hands I left with. Holding nothing except a promise that grows more distant with each passing day. Full of meaning yet just beyond reach. Turned into a memorial artefact. Initiated by experience. Have been separated by decades. Bringing together elements that belong side-by-side, but Old ground. New ground. The map of dreams.

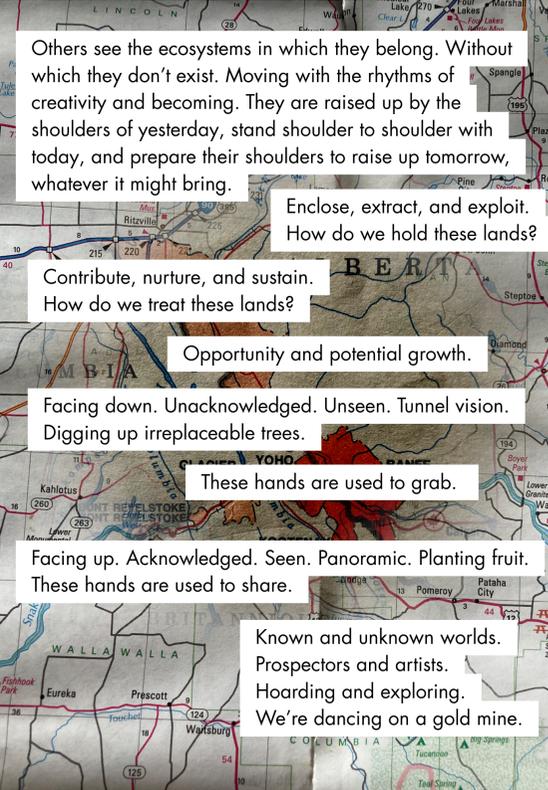
Pacing it out. Wondering. What might be.

Sizing up the possibilities. Perceived from a distance. Felt.

It's imagined.

A plan that points to a hope. A wish. For one day.

This map is a dream.



Others see the ecosystems in which they belong. Without which they don't exist. Moving with the rhythms of creativity and becoming. They are raised up by the shoulders of yesterday, stand shoulder to shoulder with today, and prepare their shoulders to raise up tomorrow, whatever it might bring.

Enclose, extract, and exploit. How do we hold these lands?

Contribute, nurture, and sustain. How do we treat these lands?

Opportunity and potential growth.

Facing down. Unacknowledged. Unseen. Tunnel vision. Digging up irreplaceable trees.

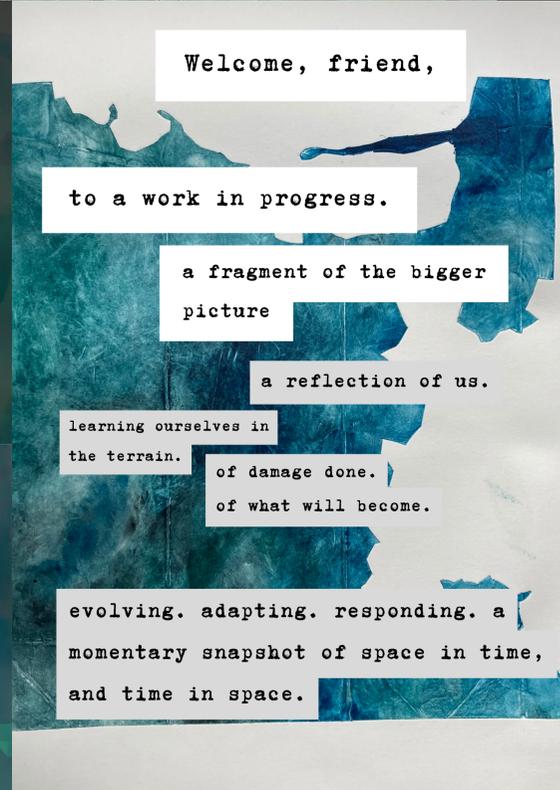
These hands are used to grab.

Facing up. Acknowledged. Seen. Panoramic. Planting fruit. These hands are used to share.

Known and unknown worlds. Prospectors and artists. Hoarding and exploring. We're dancing on a gold mine.



coming TO our Senses unfinished maps



Welcome, friend,

to a work in progress.

a fragment of the bigger picture

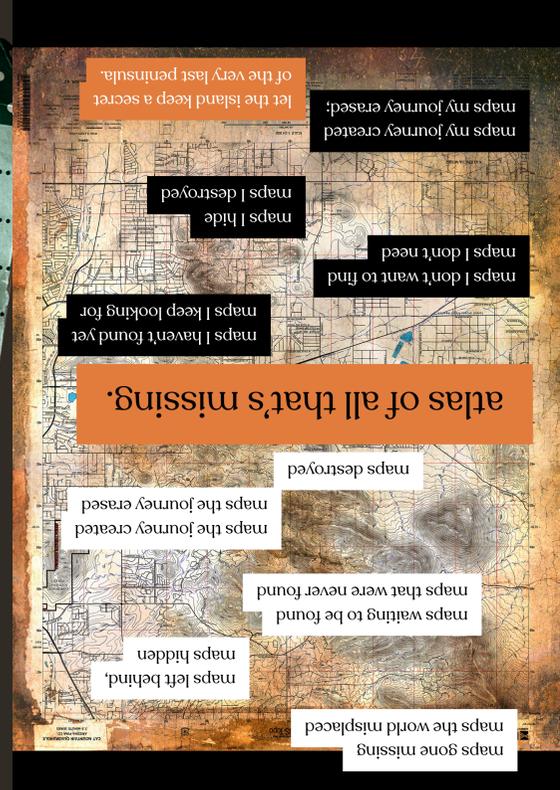
a reflection of us.

learning ourselves in the terrain.

of damage done.

of what will become.

evolving. adapting. responding. a momentary snapshot of space in time, and time in space.



atlas of all that's missing.

maps destroyed maps the journey created maps I haven't found yet maps I keep looking for

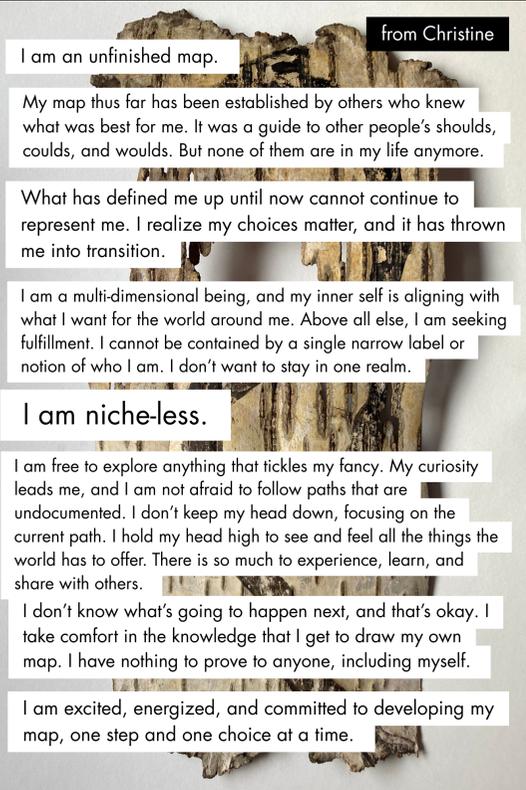
maps left behind. maps hidden. maps waiting to be found maps that were never found

maps the world misplaced maps gone missing

maps my journey created; maps I don't need maps I don't want to find

maps I hide maps I destroyed

let the island keep a secret of the very last peninsula.



from Christine

I am an unfinished map.

My map thus far has been established by others who knew what was best for me. It was a guide to other people's shoulds, coulds, and woulds. But none of them are in my life anymore.

What has defined me up until now cannot continue to represent me. I realize my choices matter, and it has thrown me into transition.

I am a multi-dimensional being, and my inner self is aligning with what I want for the world around me. Above all else, I am seeking fulfillment. I cannot be contained by a single narrow label or notion of who I am. I don't want to stay in one realm.

I am niche-less.

I am free to explore anything that tickles my fancy. My curiosity leads me, and I am not afraid to follow paths that are undocumented. I don't keep my head down, focusing on the current path. I hold my head high to see and feel all the things the world has to offer. There is so much to experience, learn, and share with others.

I don't know what's going to happen next, and that's okay. I take comfort in the knowledge that I get to draw my own map. I have nothing to prove to anyone, including myself.

I am excited, energized, and committed to developing my map, one step and one choice at a time.



Welcome home.

So am I.

You are here.

I have been standing at the end for longer than I realised.

The furthest point of my island, where the land tapers into a narrow peak and the sea stretches endlessly ahead. At the end with me stands an old lighthouse, now without light. Below me, the sea of tranquillity. At least, that is what I named it.

Lately, it has felt uneasy.

A narrow cleft, high and exposed, with no obvious way forward and no place to turn back: I began to believe that was the only direction left - onward, and down.

What I forgot is that this place has another name. The peninsula of Unimagined Possibilities.

I named it great, back when I felt that maps are not finished while we are still inside them.

This is not the end of the story. I can turn and look back towards my island again.

From here, I can see it - the familiar places, the quiet paths, the corners I have not waited for some time.

The landscape still unfolding.

Perhaps this map was never meant to lead me away.

I am still here. And the island is still mine. The whole island is I want to.

May we meet soon at the Harbour Inn, or wherever the fairplace waits for us.

(The Letters Never Sent - Tuula)

Follow the rules of a pre-worn path. Decided. Unimagined Possibilities.

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Music maps the territory of life in many ways.

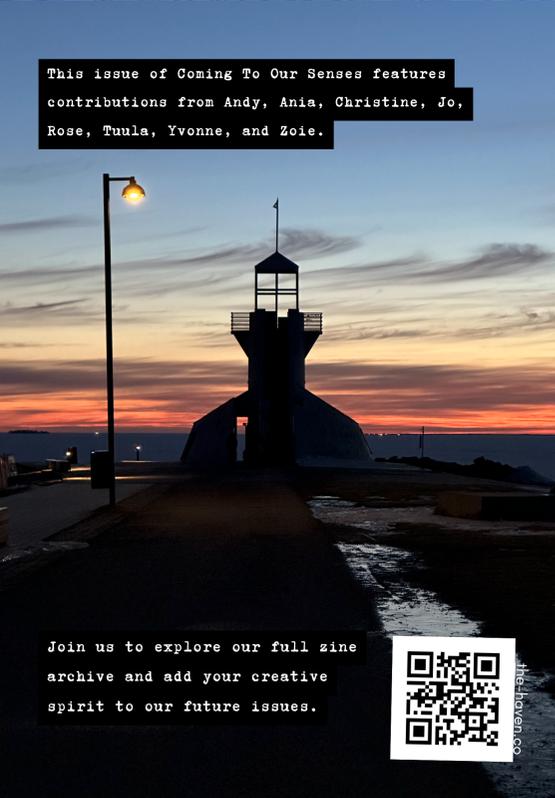
It provides the soundtrack for celebration, loss, and hope.

It takes us back and moves us forward. It reminds us. Better times.

It has been suggested that people tend, on average, to stop listening to new music in their thirties.

A mix of nostalgia (sticking with the music they grew up with) and life circumstances (changes in priorities and cultural tastes) is said to contribute to this pattern.

Is music part of your unfinished map? Showing you where you've been and inviting you to where you might go next.



This issue of Coming To Our Senses features contributions from Andy, Ania, Christine, Jo, Rose, Tuula, Yvonne, and Zoie.

Join us to explore our full zine archive and add your creative spirit to our future issues.



What's in a name?

The finger pointing to the moon is not the moon.

The map is not the territory. The name is not the thing it signifies.

But a word is still meaningful. Real. Powerful.

Even though we may never fully capture what we mean within the shells of sounds and squiggles.



We look at the same territory yet see completely different things.

Our reality. Our maps. Are different. Which makes it exceedingly difficult to listen.

My map of you is not your map // Your map of me is not mine.



Apparently discarded, it was out there on the street, absorbing the early evening mizzle. Who had left it there? Dropped? Placed? Delivered? How long had it been?

He took it home and dried it out on the radiator. Except for a couple of colours running together, the image seemed intact.

It was clearly a map of sorts. Or part of one, at least. But beyond that, it was anyone's guess what it depicted, where, or why. There was a tear down one side, which bisected a word. Three letters, "SMA..."

Along with a few hand-drawn symbols, there were only two other visible words on the paper: "WALLED OFF!"

To be continued...

