

## Suspended

I only have to find another viewpoint. The frontal view has reached its limits. It is as if this horizontal plane—that I come up against every day—is reassuring in some ways and yet, it doesn't offer me the possibility of going beyond the points and geometries that have already been described. In this space there is no more space for other visions. All I can do is lifting my eyes and I seem to see other men whose feet are no longer on the ground, as if they were suspended, waiting for something to happen. And yet, looking closely, there are not worried about their precarious position. On the contrary, they seem to be at ease, understanding what it means to be suspended, to live in uncertainty and to find equilibrium in instability. Perhaps mankind needs to accept the fragility of existence, dangling by a thread in order to gradually change its image and once again inhabit the earth. If you fly without roots, it is quite likely that you will crash. But if that thread that touches the ground becomes a root it will become like a tree, a tree with deep roots that extends its leaves and branches to the end of the world. Perhaps the urgency of my vision is nothing more than a need to dialogue with the shadowy areas, to find a passage between the cracks and through the cracks find a hope to ferry the thought that will take me from the shaded shores to those with light, without ever losing sight of the seas that it is crossing. Our voyage cannot be a mere shipwreck. We can accept a wreck in order to start looking for the route again, to have the hope of returning to Ithaca. But, at this time in history, "there is no homeland to return to," we are living suspended between reassuring ideas and eternal uncertainties. As we are intent on the quest for a secure place to put our feet, we learn to listen and not to flee from our shared vulnerabilities as we hang there. And, as we await redemption, the suspended part of man waits, slowly swinging in the dark as the blood rushes to his head. He believes in darkness when the light tells lies; waiting only to be seen and recognized, like the shaded part. Until man feels secure, strong and free of danger he will not realize what is happening inside and around him. If he doesn't accept and doesn't look at the other one, who is hanging there suspended as part of himself, he will never find true balance. Perhaps this is the meaning of my vision: that my feeling attracted by what is suspended sends me back more faithfully to my own part of being in the world.