



## grounded shared space

what does it mean, to be without touch?  
to live without people,  
to see you through a screen.

When we meet                    to be apart.

Careful, cautious, t e n t a t i v e.

A feeling of loss, an emotional pain,  
psychological surfaces

reminds me of the teaching that the self can't be found in one place anyway.

If the composure of your skin is pixels, your voice those invisible waves,  
where are the boundaries in an online age?

I hear birds and look out to the sky, surely our voices are also flying by.  
In tiny fragmented pieces, poppy seeds on the wind,

Presence where are you?

Here...

Though something is strange.

To relate to the person through the screen is a possible thing,  
though slightly scratches at a sensitive surface within.

*We are not ready to let go.*

Navigating a groundless landscape,  
see the terrain below,

shifting textures, frayed edges a

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I trust we will land.

There is vulnerability in all sorts of being,  
gradually we will appreciate a restoration,  
the warmth and energy of a person in our sensory field  
and we will share in the responsibility to care for  
and regard this place:

This space. Between.

Our relationships are fostered through presence not proximity,  
and consciousness is air, in the home of my body and yours.

Our in-between can be simple,

Sustainable.

Release global, be close, care for the threads of each life.

Here.

*Kindness is in us.*

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This piece of writing is a response to my curiosity and experience of social contact during the pandemic, as well as a contemplation about my connections with others going forwards.

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Images: Sharing space II and Sharing space III, both 2020, pencil on tracing paper, A5

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