

How shapes disappear

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I wonder how, at a certain point, shapes disappear.
We're usually more interested in the birth of a shape or a form. It arrives from somewhere and starts moving through the world.
We're not as much concerned with its disappearance.

But what about an appearance that consists mainly of absence?
Or even better, one shape that survives in another?

There could be unfinished works, growing and growing.
Not depicting anything in particular – the details are unclear - just continuously nodding to different things.
Or works just crumbling, falling apart.
We all know the power wielded by someone who has the strength to just get up and leave.
There's also the work of time, the stream of the days and nights.

Perhaps in this uncertainty, I can find exactly what disappears and appears, what sinks below the surface and re-emerges without end.