

EXPANSE

Amanda Buchnea

How did I get here?

I got so caught up in the present that I feel like I've forgotten the journey to this moment. Untethered, unanchored, ungrounded, uneasy and undulating... I'm overwhelmed by the vastness of the things I don't know, have yet to know, or may never know.

How do I drop anchor and get grounded when I'm just holding on as I'm pushed and pulled to and fro? I look out at the expanse searching for landmarks, anything tangible that can help me triangulate my current position and chart the course forward.

In my first attempt at remembering I start to see things that look familiar, the pivotal moments that brought me to this point... shining beacons of my past, safe and inviting.

But upon closer examination they turn out to be mirages that distract from the murky rocky waters that pull so many unsuspecting navigators to their doom. These tidy, pretty illusions and delusions obfuscate state the long, awkward, cringe-y, uncomfortable and mistake-ridden unabridged journey of how I came to be here.

I feel the tension of intentionality and serendipity, each action along the way feels like a movement in the right direction, but so much had to converge to bring that each moment. Can I tease apart the exact ratios of happenstance, effort and privilege that concoct my current reality?

Re·Vision

The Centre for Art and Social Justice

I started on this journey without lived experience, the essential knowledge needed to find a good path to safety. Far from helpful, my initial motivations, assumptions and ignorance were dangerous and put people in harm's way.

Each day unlearning and learning, undoing and doing. But then I haven't been on this journey alone. There's an intricate web of human and non-human relations that have given me and give me life, guide me and sustain me.

Some I know intimately - strong bonds formed through time and trust to create a stable foundation that have cradled me, kept me afloat and able to navigate turbulence. With great care these are likely to last a lifetime or more.

Others I know tangentially through their labours of love that have spun beautiful threads of wisdom (word, art, action, emotion) that have woven together over the course of my journey into a strong and reliable sail that can harness the wind and pull me to where I need to go.

Quite suddenly I realize I've stopped searching for a final destination. Opening myself to moving with the push and pull of the expanse have brought me to good places before - let's see where they lead now...