

Hidden Under Fog

Association Series: Part 1 – “Familiarity”

Date: September 8, 2019

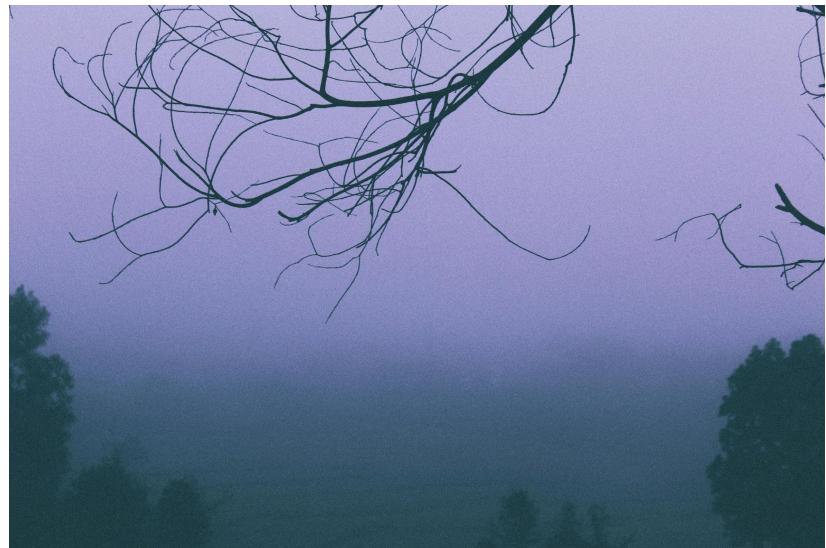


Figure 1: [Larm Rmah](#), on [Unsplash](#).

*I might never come back here
so I'll savour this liminal moment*

*between night and day,
between the world and home,
between safe and unsafe.*

*I am in someone else's life,
enjoying the view they take for granted.*

*I'm in an unknown place,
making myself familiar and comfortable.*

*I've discovered a secret place...
to hold in my memory,
as I crouch on high beside a tree.*

*I soak up the weather –
damp, cool – heavy but crisp.*

*Notice the textures of wet grass and mud
and a softened black tree.*

*I'll stare at this horizon
until someone I hardly know comes to find me.
Hidden to all, except those who know where I am.
Lucky to be alive, but unable to be who I am.*

About Part One – “Hidden Under Fog”

Association Series: Part 1 – “Familiarity”

This specific photo caught my eye, first because of the colour – a warm light purple beside a hazy dark green. The picture is out of focus so I spent more time noticing the familiarity of a countryside: the shape of branches above, various trees nearby and a heavy fog over a field that blocks the horizon. I imagined stopping at this tree to experience and enjoy the peacefulness of this environment, so I wrote some of the thoughts I might have while there. I used free-writing and edited the text after, making it easier to read and understand.

This exercise made me think of how extremely lonely and helpless I was growing up. This moment would be an opportunity to get away and have time to myself; to be still and quiet. I'd often hope to find precious moments like this as they were key to maintaining my sanity throughout my upbringing, helping me to stay grounded and to recuperate.

In particular, I thought of a happy but rare visit to a friend's house. We went for a walk down a trail I'd never been to. There was a tranquility that I lacked otherwise and I felt like I could have time and space to myself there, like I could just *be*. Whenever I was out of the house I learned things about myself and the world.

These moments and feelings were true to who I am as I spent the coming years struggling to get away for good. Most of the time, I knew what I needed growing up but didn't have access to it. As an adult, I'm able to give myself everything I was missing as a child. I still love to be alone, I maintain my inner peace, and I can finally enjoy the world around me.

How to Hold a City

Association Series: Part 2 – “Unfamiliarity”

Date: December 31, 2019

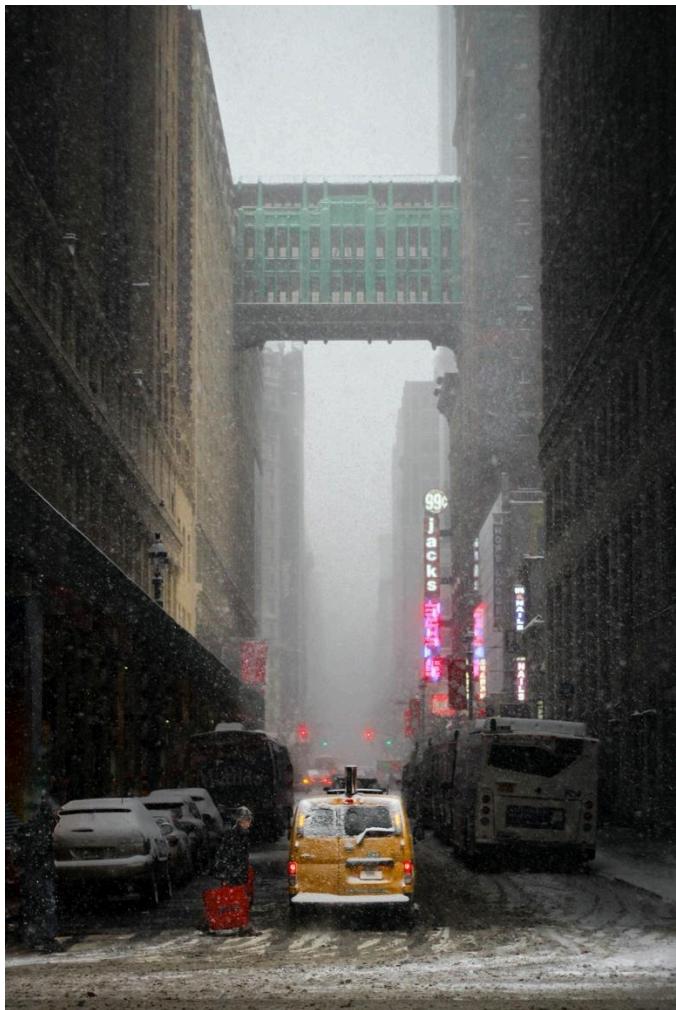


Figure 2: [James Barker](#), on [Unsplash](#).

In a place of belonging, I have not.

Where there's purpose and anticipation, I've been still.

I see vehicles abandoned while drivers have somewhere to be;

Streets full of people busy living; traffic just where it should be.

A welcoming warmth within the cold and dark.

A city is what I picture when I think of being alive

or of somewhere to stay, inevitably.

There is transformation and carefree acceptance in community,

Giving sufficiency and solemn determination to those solitary.

A different life in each passing face,

Through any door, walkway, or running car,

Immediately as you step outside.

The sky sinks from above into empty spaces,

As straight lines become obscured by liveliness.

Underlying, there's a message of understanding:

That we're all human and we all lose, sometimes down to our core.

And just one person reminds us to move forwards.

There is always a stranger who will happily listen.

Holding an idea of a city so close to our heart, we are no longer lost.

About Part Two – “How to Hold a City”

Association Series: Part 2 – “Unfamiliarity”

I chose this photo of a busy downtown city area in snowy weather because it makes me think of warmth and connection between the people who live or visit there. It captures pedestrians, buildings full of people, and those driving on a one-way street. Your eyes are guided to look down the street, making you feel like you’re there too, in a steep alley of buildings and cars. There is movement in the falling snow, reminding me of the action that takes place alongside the crowdedness in every city.

In this photo, I notice cars of people involved in their own lives. Though cities are usually filled with a lot of competition and inequality, they still give me a sense of hope beyond that. To know it’s possible to have everything you need close by and to live in proximity to other people would allow you to live freely, however you choose. At times, the weather might be an inconvenience, but people are resilient and daily life goes on.

This resonates personally with me because as a very young child, I’d stare out of the car window and admire all the different people, busy doing their own thing. I could’ve watched them for hours... their interactions with others, their faces, and where they were going. I also wished to live among them and to be independent like them.

Name: Memo

Website: MemoWorks.Online | **E-mail: Contact@MemoWorks.Online**

About Me:

I'm *Memo* and I put a lot of myself into my work. I made this project outline for you & hope that you enjoy creating!

Business Description:

I'll be hosting the quarterly Community Project (4x/yr).

I've just started to make + sell my own art prints.

Other Social Media Handles:

1. [Twitter: @MemoWorks](#)
2. [Reddit: u/MemoWorks](#)
3. [Society6: MemoWorks](#)
4. [Patreon: MemoWorks](#)

Details about my social media:

- Follow me on Twitter! :)
- Join [r/MWCommunityProject](#) for discussion on this project.
- Visit [r/MemoWorks](#) for updates about Memo's art prints.

I welcome feedback from the public: YES

Submit your own project via:

[MemoWorksOnline@gmail.com](#)