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A Constant State of Change

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A Constant State of Change

Collecting the unwanted waste of life and compiling it into something beautiful. A reminder that all things can always continue to change. An assertion that I will continue to change with them. Expecting that despite the disregard for what it was, it can be valuable as something else. It is not new, this form which it is transformed into, it was always there as an opportunity for it to become. Made of items from across my past, this was always an option of what I could be. From here it will continue to reform and reuse its materials and meanings, it does not end even if it disappears. This is what it means to be in a constant state of change, what it means to let yourself change, and accept that the world around you will change too. This is only the start of accepting that when I end, and the world ends, we will not disappear we will simply become something else.

Our Temple

Safe we stand together; strong we stay in motion.

Pray as you may to yourself. Practice as you dance, freely.

Our Temple is ours because we make it in the vision of our shared future.

Our temple is yours because you visit in the moment of our shared present.

Someone

I knew someone once, but never by name.

That someone that was never the same.

Their color and shape, ideas and mind

all independent variables shifting in time.

I knew someone once, then knew them again,

that someone I knew who was always them.

Adaptable

I walk into a room and bend at the back,

adapting to the space in places it lacks.

They wander through the door and adapt even more,

a code switch, a smile, and pronouns ignored.

We adapt to feel safe, we change to feel sane,

and yet our existence to some is a game.

Grounded

Grounded,
I stand beside all those who stand beside me.
We reach our arms up and are entangled in expectations.
Pinned to the ground or washed away we remain,
less we stay, grounded,
standing beside all those who stand beside me.

**Time Lies**
How fast does it go? Where does it end?
Why sometimes is it slow, why sometimes does it bend?
Each of us a function: You over Time equals Change.
Each of us a motion through a space never the same.
I do not believe in time, and it does not believe in me.
It is only ever full of lies and congruent mysteries.

**Everything is Empty**
If I am everything then I am empty.
I feel the space that moves between that space which I fill.
If I am empty than I must be everything.
I am as expected as I am unknown.
I am as I decide and desire.
I am as I am, and everything that I am remains empty.

**Someone Adaptable** is **Grounded** even when **Time Lies** because **Everything is Empty**.

This show is available for viewing on my website at KarianneCanfield.net
Someone

I knew someone once, but never by name. That someone that was never the same. Their color and shape changed and all the independent objects shifting in time. I knew someone once when someone knew them and now someone I knew does not exist.
Adaptable
I walk into a room and bend at the back, a code that adapts even more, a code they wander through the darkness, we adapt even more, a code they smile, and pronouns ignorant. We adapt to feel safe, we change to feel sane, and yet our existence to some is a

Time Lies
Each one is a translation through a space never the same. I do not believe in time, and it does not believe in me.
It is only ever full of lies and congruent mysteries.
Grounded
I stand beside all those who stand beside me. We reach our arms up and are entangled in expectations. Pinned to the ground or washed away we remain, less we stay grounded, standing beside all those who stand beside me.

Safe we stand together; strong we stay in motion. Poor as you may to yourself, practice as Our Temple is the place we make it in the vision of a shared future. Our temple is you because you visit in the moment of our shared present.