

Our movements through the world are a direct indication of the history of our bodies. Our stature, how we feel in the world, how we hold our existence. Our bodies connect directly to the surfaces of reality, our feet on the uneven concrete paving, or our backs against sun warmed red brick walls. Do our bodies know the freedom of openspaces, shoulders back and heads up, or do they know a life of constraint between blocks, feeling observed, feeling on edge, shoulders up. Or maybe we feel like this space is ours, like we belong and so we can move through these streets seeing our reflections in the people we pass, a connection with each interaction.

Our embodiment is our uniquely human experience. It is how we move through our realities. Our movement from one moment to the next is what makes us who we are, how we exist in the world. Our movements change depending on our lives. The instances in our lives change how we carry ourselves, how we use our bodies.

On Meath street I think the locals walk at a relaxed pace, this is their home and there is a safety in that, they know each other, they stop and talk, they call to each other. Their bodies are connected in the way they move amongst each other. On Thomas Street there are commuters, walking fast with headphones in, they occupy space in a linear way, they are passing through. And there is the circular movement of organisation amongst the homeless people, scanning, interweaving, and then the stillness of resting in doorways.

A body that has felt the cold of concrete at night will always move differently than mine. A body that has grown up worried about their surroundings will always move differently than mine. There is truth in our movements, honesty, the beauty of it is that we can see traces of each other's lived experience and feel a small connection in that.