

Arnolfini
"An Artists' Place"

Everything starts small.
A spark,
glint
an idea.

A "shall we pop in here,

Soak up something new for a while?

Soak up something that leaves us with more questions
yet somehow wiser than before?"

So, we step into the belly of this building

where time crystallises – holds us in the light

so that our fractals burst, twist

liminal flow onto a canvas we share.

We come here in borrowed dresses,

worn out shoes. We come leather clad

and longing,

ready for our seams to be

stretched.

We come here to bend definition,

making mosaic out of meaning

patchworking every

small thing

together

to give ideas
life

and plunge ourselves
into the gift
of the unknown

We come sepia toned,
singing silhouettes of the past,
reclaiming words which have dripped from
countless lips through time
but never in the same way twice,
washing over the gravel of our memories.

Words that split us open,
found approximations of belonging in the
reverb between bodies
and these walls,
If they could talk,
would sing songs of their own;
of melting pots and steel,
of beauty and elegance,
ugliness and vagrancy.

How all these things can look like the other
from certain angles.

We come to the place
where artists take flight
embrace the fall

buoyed but not tethered,
finding grace in it all.

And when sat in the dust
discover new life
reinvent what it means
to forge beauty from strife.

We come to a place
that's been scooped out,
wiped clean
whittled down to the foundations,
has made reinvention
a synonym for humanity.

Rebuilt by the bodies that inhabit it:

Punks that propped the walls up
Dancers made of iron
The named and the nameless,

The synergy of flesh and brick
singed with passion.

Imagine every hand that has

Traced the parameters of this place

Dusty knuckled workers.
Calloused, painted
Trimmed, unwieldy.

Unfamiliar palms,
Ghosts of fingerprints

In the hands of strangers
We find new wisdom
Different truths,

if we are quiet for a little while
we can learn their stories by heart.

And sometimes we leave bruises

And sometimes truths can sting

And sometimes words are nonsense

And they don't mean anything

And sometimes we are soft

And sometimes sharp and tough

And sometimes we throw convention off,

find being human is enough.

And sometimes we reveal struggle

And sometimes we show doubt

And sometimes we weave magic,

turn our values inside out.

And always unforgiving
Yet still somehow brave and kind
And always breaking rules
Always challenging the mind.

This artists' place is yours

We are
a gorgeous jumble
of intention,

meaning,
giddy colour
and shape.

We, the roaming.
We, the risk taking.
Intrinsically laced with
wisdom, but never enough
to stop asking questions.

This artists' place sees you:
The urge to
to rebel, reshape,
build this world anew

This artist's place is yours
so what will you do?