Rosie Morris **In / out / of this world**

Dancing diamond dashes delineate your flow, drawing from thresholds unburied abroad and paving your way closer to home. Ready, steady, STOP.

A room spliced and inserted. A public space inverted. The walls close in on you, your eyes adjust. Air thick, sticky and feverishly excited. Light encircles your surround, bounces even, can you map its course? Its many voices, east to west, through the apertures, connects us, delights us.

Windows to where? Stay within, move around, escape outside, adventure through the under-world. Explore your inner child. Breathe and race, race and breathe. Look back and everything has changed.