

les spirales

**a spiral with a definition
a space between the here and now
fine line of destiny and fatality
created just as it finishes
in the paradox of a boundless reality
I'm no longer afraid**

**a spiral without an expiry date
time is only a subject
all is but a moment
one leading to another
each dying in the other's death
I'm no longer afraid**

**the spiral suffocates
like the city I am leaving
in twists and turns
and yet pushing me far away
it's the spiral that's leaving me
I'm no longer afraid**

The line follows a single law: of never being interrupted. In our linear lives, our wired lives, the spiral is a salvation. It becomes evidence to protect us from this linear destiny. In all its paradoxical existence, it makes us swing between the infinite and the finite, between empty and full, between promise and destiny. Although it is dangerous, it protects us as much as it renders up captive. The sweet and reassuring spiral becomes a maelstrom in the depths of our being. In the face of it we are left with just an ounce of autonomy; what should we make of this abstraction?

Millenary, it expresses itself in everything. In galaxies, winds, in nature, in living beings.

Some dance, in the spirals of bodies and minds, all the way to ecstasy, the collapse of the ego. To destroy everything, burn everything. In belly dance, the spiral enables the hypnotizing *tarab*, the mysterious force of the dancer allowing her to transcend and bring her audience to a climax. Again, the spiral in oriental dance creates its own paradox: the *tarab* is reached through the inner movements of the body, while it seemingly remains immovable.

Others weave. What is more symbolic than interweaving, elliptical threads? The propeller never stops, drawing its infinity into the artist's movement. It acts as a spring in a kind of balance of opposites. Marie's spirals are both memories and promises. There is a longing for somewhere else, striving to transcend her weaving loom through the very essence of her work. However, she seems to find herself in it, tirelessly exploring colours, materials, and techniques, finding answers as she moves through her choices. She invites us into her practice, dancing in her own way, following the rhythm of her warps. Where is she taking us? The path is in ourselves; we are weaving it each day, following the clues sown by the spirals, the movement they create and in their strictly soft arms.

Lorraine de Thibault