

## . the commute . the nightly passage .

Water has always been a threshold and a giver. For millennia, bodies have crossed, entered, and listened to it. Yet in so-called “Vancouver”, the waters at night embody the unknown, something ignored and avoided. Water is increasingly separated from the human body, as people rely on engineered modes of movement rather than using their bodies to navigate it.

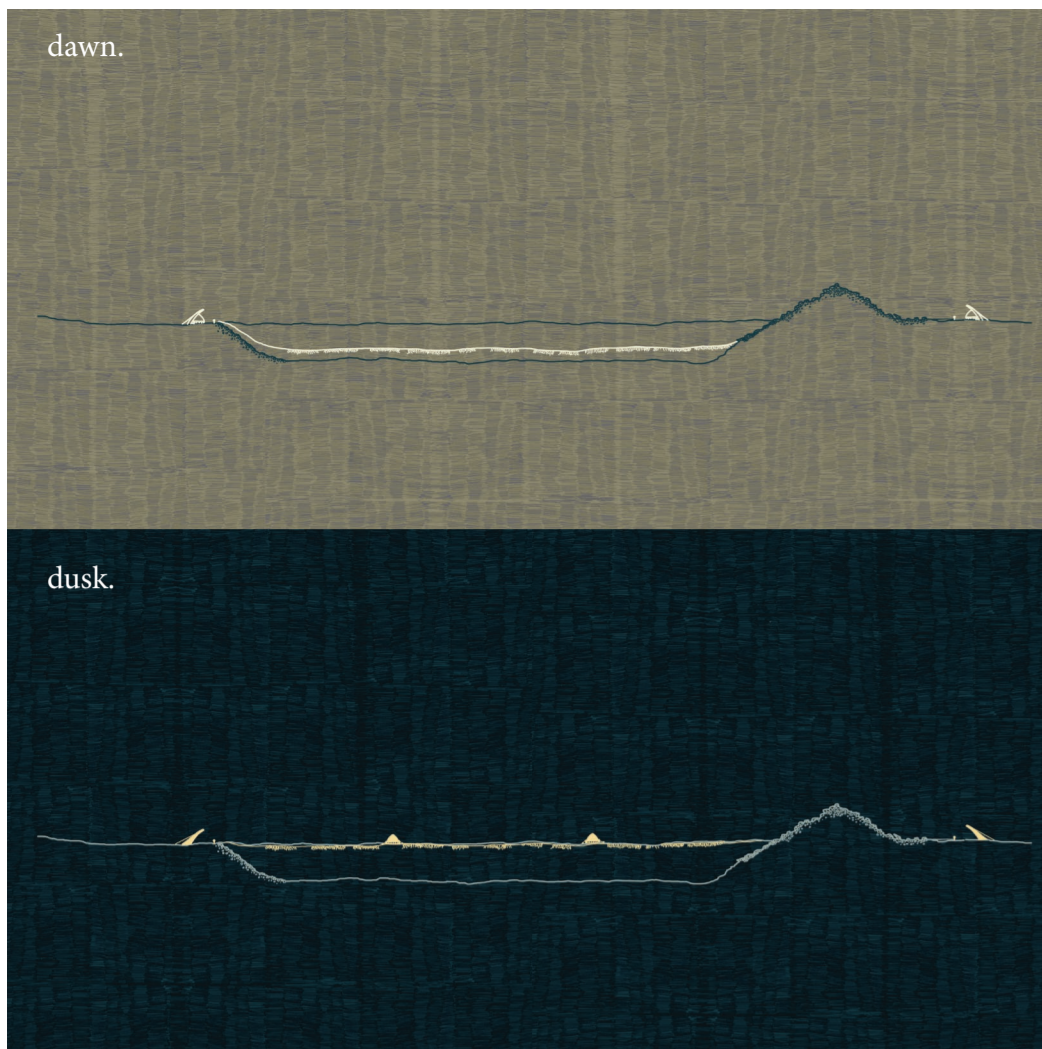
This proposal gently unsettles the expectations of late-capitalist mobility. It recalls a practice to meet the water as an ancestor and friend.

The design rests within the waters stewarded by the *xʷməθkʷəy̓əm* (Musqueam), *Skwxwú7mesh* (Squamish), and *Səlilwətał* (Tseil-Waututh) peoples. In daylight hours, False Creek thrums with ferries, private vessels, and mechanical crossings. The inlet is busy with routes and transactions. And as dusk settles and the noise softens, a rope is drawn from the shallow depths. Two docks drift outward from this line, tethered and cradled. A corridor is held open: a passage where commuters cross not by vehicle or vessel, but by swimming.

The act is simple, yet transformative. A nightly crossing becomes an offering of care for the body, for the water, for the shared threshold between them.

The guiding ropes create a tactile line of safety for swimmers navigating the dark. Over time, they begin to gather life. Kelp threads itself along the fibres; mussels and small shellfish attach and grow. The rope slowly becomes habitat. Metal handholds embedded along the rope allow swimmers to rest and witness the quiet communities forming beneath their hands. The floating bag carries both belongings and safety, its glow guides them across the inlet. As swimmers arrive on shore, wind shelters provide respite from the wind and an area to change.

We can rekindle what it means to care for our oceans. Rekindle who has the right to water. Rekindle our journey home. In an age of chaos, tension, and loss of hope, the nightly swim becomes a small ritual of return.



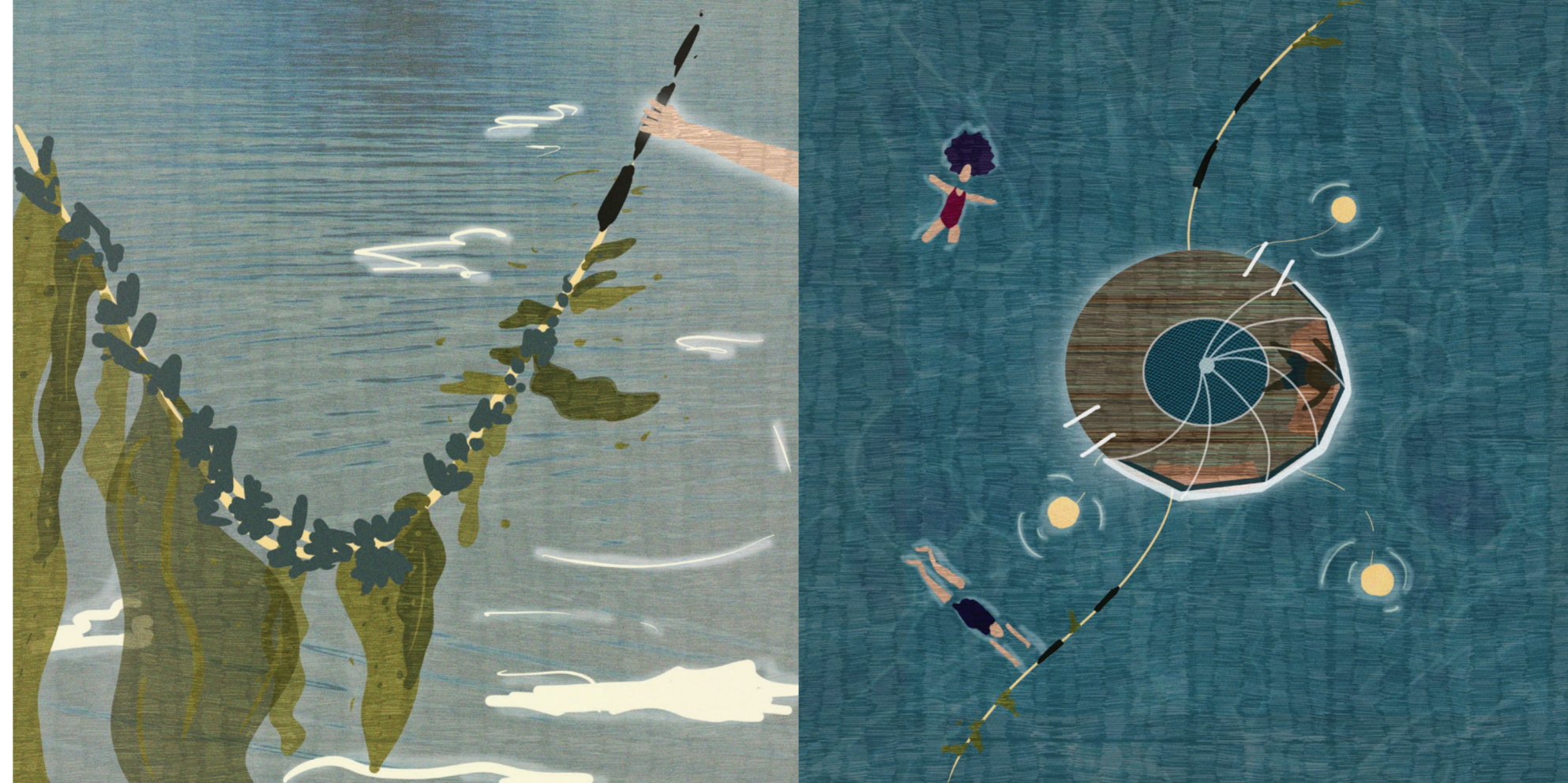
The rope rests below the surface as boats pass through the inlet during the day, and is drawn up to the surface for the nightly commute.

Above the water my mind is full.  
 Above the water my toes are numb.  
 In the water I am cold.  
 In the water I am adrift.  
 In the water my breath is present.  
 In the water the kelp are breathing.  
 In the water the stars are winking.  
 With the water we are enchanted  
 once more,  
 with the water we are connected.

The Beginning



The Passage



The Arrival

