

## Rotations: The Dance of Motion and Memory

By Timothée Bordenave  
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There is something hypnotic about a wheel in motion — a circle turning endlessly upon itself, tracing both the fragility and the persistence of human invention. Long before engineers spoke of torque and resistance, poets and dreamers were already captivated by rotation — the silent dance that makes time visible. The stars rotate; the earth hums its slow spin beneath us; even our thoughts return to the same orbits, repeating, refining, and rediscovering what was once imagined.

In my youth, I often watched the spinning of bicycle wheels and the propellers of passing airplanes with wonder. It struck me that every motion, however fleeting, carries within it a seed of continuity. Movement gives birth to energy, and energy to life itself. To resist motion, I realized, is to harness it — the way windmills transform gusts into light or the way a river's resistance generates music in the turning of its wheels.

There is a secret poetry in such mechanics. Every vehicle, every plane, every humble fan, speaks of a dialogue between effort and release — the friction that lights our cities and drives our dreams. Perhaps the universe itself is one vast dynamo, producing the quiet current that keeps existence illuminated.

Once, while playing with a child's construction set, I discovered what seemed to me an innocent magic: a circle of magnets arranged so that each one repelled the next, creating an unending chain of motion. It was a game, a small experiment, and yet in that movement I saw a metaphor for hope — how one act, one thought, can push another into life. The wheel, animated by invisible repulsion, became for me the symbol of perseverance, of the spirit that refuses to rest.

Writers, too, live by rotation. Each new work is born of resistance — the struggle between inertia and imagination. To write is to turn the wheel again, to re-engage the force that has been turning since language first sought to mirror the pulse of the world. The poet's stanza, the novelist's chapter, the scholar's page — all are rotations, drawing meaning from motion.

If ever I have dreamed of perpetual movement, it is not merely mechanical. It is human. It is the desire to continue — to resist stillness, to create energy from encounter, to see the spark in the friction between thought and matter. In this sense, the true perpetual motion machine already exists: it is the human spirit, endlessly revolving between invention and wonder.



**Timothée Bordenave** is a Paris-based writer and visual artist whose work spans literature, painting, and geometric exploration. Author of more than twenty books including poetry, fiction, and philosophical essays, his writings have been translated into multiple languages and featured in international publications.

Named *Author of the Year 2025* by the literary organization "O to Be," Bordenave's recent visual art has been exhibited internationally, including at Tokyo's Metropolitan Art Museum. This December 2025, he was presented at the Miami Art Week, in the USA.

His practice encompasses contemporary painting and what he terms "alternative mathematics," hand-drawn geometric investigations of classical impossibility problems using traditional compass and straightedge.



Working from his Paris studio, Bordenave explores the intersections of faith, creativity, and mathematical curiosity. His interdisciplinary approach reflects a commitment to what he describes as "approaching beauty through patient, humble practice," creating work that bridges artistic expression and intellectual inquiry.