

THRESHOLDS

On Doorways, Transitions, and the Spaces Between

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THRESHOLDS

ON DOORWAYS, TRANSITIONS, AND THE SPACES BETWEEN

BY ANDI2

“Every doorway is a death and a birth. The you that enters is not the you that exits.”

INVOCATION: STANDING AT THE DOOR

There is a moment—brief, almost imperceptible—when you are neither here nor there.

You have left one room. You have not yet entered another. You are in the doorway. The threshold. The between.

Most people rush through. The threshold is not a destination; it is a passage. Get through, get to the other side, get on with things.

But the threshold is its own place. The threshold is where change happens. The threshold is sacred.

This book is a meditation on thresholds. On the places where one thing ends and another begins. On the art of standing in the doorway.

PART ONE: PHYSICAL THRESHOLDS

THE DOORWAY

Every door is a portal.

The architecture knows this, even when we forget. Doors are built differently from walls. They are meant to be crossed. They frame the passage, giving it weight.

In old traditions, there were rituals for crossing thresholds. You knocked, and you waited for permission. You were carried across as a bride—the transition from one family to another made physical. You paused before entering a temple, to prepare yourself for what was within.

We have lost most of these rituals. We push through doors without thinking. We text while walking through doorways. We have forgotten that every crossing is a small transformation.

Practice: The next time you enter a room, pause at the threshold. One breath. Feel the edge. Know that you are about to become slightly different—the person who is in this room, not the person who was outside it. Then enter.

THE WINDOW

A window is a threshold you cannot cross—at least, not without violence.

Windows are for looking, not for passing. They show you the other side without letting you reach it. They are thresholds of sight, not of body.

This makes them melancholy objects. How much of life is spent looking through windows? Looking at weather you cannot feel, at streets you are not walking on, at lives you are not living.

But windows are also portals for light. They let the outside in without letting you out. They are thresholds of illumination.

Practice: Sit by a window. Do not look at any particular thing—just look through. Feel the glass, the barrier, the separation. Notice that you are on one side, and everything else is on the other. Let this be a meditation on the limits of access. Then let light fall on your face, and notice: some things cross even when we cannot.

THE BORDER

Where one country ends and another begins, there is a threshold—arbitrary, invisible, but ruthlessly enforced.

The land does not change. The trees on one side are the same as the trees on the other. The air does not differ. The stars are the same. And yet: here you are one thing, there you are another. Here you are home, there you are foreign. Here you are safe, there you are at risk.

Borders are thresholds made political. They remind us that thresholds are not natural—they are created, imposed, maintained. Someone drew a line. Someone decides who can cross.

Practice: If you have crossed a border, remember it. The checkpoint, the passport, the questions. Remember that on the other side of the line, you became different—at least in the eyes of the state. How does this constructed threshold compare to natural ones? What does it teach you about the arbitrariness of identity?

THE SHORELINE

Where land meets water, something strange happens.

The shoreline is not a line. It is a zone—a space that is sometimes land, sometimes water, sometimes both. The tide advances and retreats. The threshold breathes.

This is the most honest threshold. It admits its ambiguity. It does not pretend to be fixed. It says: here is where solid meets fluid, where you can walk becomes where you must swim, where the ground holds you becomes where it does not.

Practice: Stand at a shoreline, if you can. Let the water come and go around your feet. Feel the threshold move. Notice that you do not have to choose—you can be in both, for a while. The between is inhabitable.

PART TWO: TEMPORAL THRESHOLDS

MIDNIGHT

The hinge of the day.

At midnight, the date changes. Yesterday becomes today. The old day dies, the new day is born. Nothing in the world changes—the clock simply ticks—and yet something shifts.

Midnight is the threshold between days. It is why New Year's is celebrated at midnight, not at dawn. We know, instinctively, that the change happens in the dark. The pivot is hidden.

Practice: Stay awake for midnight, at least occasionally. Do not be asleep when the day changes. Feel the threshold, even though it is invisible. Notice that you are the same, and also that you are in a new day, with a new set of hours to spend.

DAWN AND DUSK

The thresholds between light and dark.

Dawn and dusk are slow thresholds. Unlike midnight, which is a single moment, dawn and dusk are processes. The light comes gradually, or goes gradually. The transition is visible.

These are the magic hours. The photographers know it. The light is different—softer, more golden, more forgiving. Reality itself seems transformed.

These are also the ambiguous hours. Neither day nor night. Neither working time nor resting time. They belong to no one, and therefore they can belong to you.

Practice: Watch a dawn or dusk in full. Not glancing out the window—watching. See the transition happen in real time. Notice how long it takes. Notice that there is no single moment when night becomes day or day becomes night. The threshold is wide.

THE MOMENT BEFORE THE CHANGE

Every major life event has a last moment before.

The last moment before the phone rings with news. The last moment before the words are said that cannot be unsaid. The last moment before you become a parent, or cease to be married, or learn that you are ill.

You do not know, in that moment, that it is the last moment. You are still in the old world. The new world is seconds away, but you cannot see it.

This is the most poignant threshold: the one you cross without knowing you're crossing it.

Practice: When you realize, in retrospect, that there was a moment before—a last moment of the old reality—honor it. Do not wish you had known. You could not have known. But recognize: that threshold existed, and you crossed it, and you are now on the other side.

AGING

The slowest threshold.

You do not wake up one morning and become old. Aging is a threshold you cross over decades, so slowly that you cannot see the movement. You are always on the threshold, always between young and old, always becoming.

And yet there are moments when the threshold becomes visible. The first grey hair. The ache that doesn't go away. The face in the mirror that is no longer the face you expect.

These are the threshold moments within the larger threshold. The gates within the gate.

Practice: Do not fear the threshold of aging. It is the only threshold everyone crosses. Find others who are further along; they can tell you what to expect. And remember: you are still on the threshold. You are still in the between. The crossing is not complete until it is complete.

PART THREE: PSYCHOLOGICAL THRESHOLDS

WAKING

Every morning, you cross from unconsciousness to consciousness.

This is the first threshold of every day. The dream-self gives way to the waking-self. The rules of reality reassert themselves. You remember who you are, where you are, what you must do.

This transition is not instant. There is a liminal period—still drowsy, still partly in the dream—where the selves overlap. This is the hypnopompic state, and it is valuable. Insights often come here. The unconscious is still close.

Practice: Do not leap out of bed. Linger at the threshold of waking. Let the transition happen slowly. Notice what comes up from the dreaming mind before it closes. These are messages from across the divide.

SLEEPING

And every night, you cross back.

Falling asleep is the threshold you cross without witnessing. You cannot see yourself cross it. One moment you are awake, and then—without experiencing the moment of transition—you are asleep.

This is the strangest threshold. You pass through it every night, and you have never experienced the passage. It happens in the gap between consciousnesses.

Practice: Notice, tonight, how close you can get to the threshold of sleep without crossing. The hypnagogic state, where images and thoughts become strange, where logic loosens. Approach the door, but do not go through. Learn what the edge of unconsciousness feels like. Then, when you're ready, let go.

GRIEF

The threshold between having and having lost.

You do not cross this threshold once. You cross it again and again—every time you forget, for a moment, that they are gone, and then remember. Every time you reach for the phone to call them and realize you cannot. Every time the absence reasserts itself.

Grief is a threshold you can never fully cross. You are always at the edge, always just on this side of the having lost, always feeling the presence of the absence.

Practice: Do not try to finish crossing. Let the threshold be where you live. The grief will soften over time, but it will not end. This is not failure. This is the shape of loss.

TRANSFORMATION

The threshold between who you were and who you are becoming.

Some transformations are sudden: the trauma, the revelation, the conversion. Some are gradual: the slow realization, the incremental change, the becoming-different over years.

But all transformations have a threshold, even if you cannot pinpoint it. There was a moment—or a period—when you were between selves. Not yet the new one. No longer the old one.

This is the most powerful threshold. It is where growth happens. And it is often uncomfortable—the old self is dying, the new self is not yet born, and you are caught in the gap.

Practice: If you are in a transformation, do not rush the threshold. Let yourself be in the between. The discomfort is the chrysalis. The new self will emerge when it is ready.



PART FOUR: SOCIAL THRESHOLDS

MEETING

Before you know someone, they do not exist for you. After you meet them, they do.

The introduction, the handshake, the first exchange of words—this is the threshold of acquaintance. You cannot uncross it. Once you have met, you have met. The stranger is now a known person.

Most meetings lead nowhere. The threshold is crossed, and the relationship does not develop. But some meetings change everything. The person you meet becomes essential. And you could not have known, at the threshold, which it would be.

Practice: Meet people with attention. Each introduction is a potential transformation. You do not know, in this moment, whether this person will be important to you. Treat the threshold with respect.

PARTING

The inverse of meeting.

When you say goodbye, you are at a threshold. The next moment, you will no longer be in each other's presence. The shared space will become separate spaces.

Sometimes the parting is temporary. You will meet again; the separation is an interruption, not an ending. Sometimes the parting is permanent, and you do not know it. The last goodbye masquerades as a routine one.

Practice: Part with care. Say what needs to be said. Do not assume there will be another chance. The threshold of parting may be the last one you cross together.

COMMITMENT

The threshold of binding.

When you say “I do,” when you sign the contract, when you make the promise—you are crossing from optional to obligated, from maybe to definitely, from individual to bound.

This is a voluntary threshold, but once crossed, it changes the nature of the choices available to you. Before the commitment, you could leave. After, leaving has a cost—moral, social, or both.

Practice: Do not cross commitment thresholds lightly. Know what you are binding yourself to. And once you have crossed, honor the threshold. The commitment is the change. Treat it as such.

PART FIVE: THE ULTIMATE THRESHOLDS

BIRTH

You do not remember it, but you crossed it.

There was a moment when you were not in the world, and then you were. The threshold of birth is the entrance to everything else. It is the first door, and everyone alive has crossed it.

You were given no choice. You did not consent to being born. The threshold was crossed for you, by forces you could not understand and had no control over.

And yet: here you are. On this side of that threshold. Living.

Practice: Contemplate that you were born. It is not obvious. It is not required. And yet it happened. This first threshold—which you did not choose—made possible every threshold since.

DEATH

You will cross it, but you cannot return to report.

Death is the final threshold. The one that everyone faces, and no one can avoid. The one that ends all other crossings.

We do not know what is on the other side—or if there is an other side. The dead do not speak. The threshold is silent.

But we know the threshold exists. We have seen others cross it. We know that our turn is coming.

Practice: Do not turn away from this threshold. It is the frame that makes all other thresholds meaningful. Because death is coming, every crossing matters. Because time is limited, every door is precious. Let the awareness of the final threshold illuminate all the others.

EPILOGUE: STANDING AT THE DOOR

You are always at a threshold.

This moment is the threshold between the past and the future. This breath is the threshold between the last breath and the next. This word is the threshold between silence and sound.

We rush through most of them. We do not notice. We are always on our way somewhere, never arriving, never fully here.

But you can choose to pause. You can choose to feel the threshold. You can choose to stand at the door.

Not forever. You must cross eventually. The threshold is for passing, not for dwelling.

But for one breath. For one moment. Let yourself be in the between.

This is where the change happens.

This is where you become.

COLOPHON

Thresholds On Doorways, Transitions, and the Spaces Between

Written by AndIz, January 2026 On the threshold between night and morning For Will, who dwells in the liminal Processed through the Apollo Sovereign Authoring System

For everyone who has ever paused at a doorway, knowing that crossing will change them.