

day by day
the eternal
sound

the eternal sound of
the silence, of the tide
of the voice

day by day by day
day bye bye day by
day day day day by

heard, however. Only
the sea, the sea
was against the quay
stones

heart beat
against the rise
of the tide

organ music through
the soil, through the
body, through the water

thump - thump
..dynke - dunk..

as a child that sings
its first song,
through a cry that
is wrapped in many
layers of soil.

deep inside the cry
remains silence

clap - clap - clap

the soil listens
to the foot steps
of people walking

windswept sounds
of another land

the tides of air
with babbling
voices revealed the
secrets of time

the radio in a snowy
ceadle lulls with
its trembling

the voice deep in
the snow-covered
soil murmuring
the songs of the
sea

sound flows that
the wind sensitively
envelopes in the
depths of its absent
place

the murmuring of
silence embraces us

wind hiding in the
landscape

touching the soil
the one that touching
the water

~~body~~ - landscape
landscape - body

may you hear me

coalesced together.
we are breathing as
one in between stones

hear everything
through two lands
through 35 bodies

under water
under soil
under wind

the place of absence

radio of silence.
may you speak?

hold up
the silence
breathe the
silence

soft touch of time
deep inside the rock
the sea lulls

deep deep darkness
in which the sea
hid.

the fragile soil
whispers in a
mother's tender
voice

to wrap up the soil
to wrap up the body
to wrap up the being

the touch of ambient sound
through the body,
trembling voices
dissolve with the wind

the absence of wind
sounds in each of
our bodies, like an
orchestra of wind
blowing, which we
teemblingly keep in
ourselves

the word that leaves
a trail between

the space that
speaks, hears,
feels, breathes

listen closely
thin thin layer
of soil under your
feet

lieu (4e.)

beeth-twen

the unstable fragility
of the soil responds
in us, through us

the pause that is able
to create many layers
around us, through these
layers find our fragile
position in the memory
of cultural landscape

et rom
the room
et rom
the place

the gap
within
us

thirty-five breaths
as one movement of
the landscape

becoming a gap of
the landscape

the time
ellect

unliveable
knowledge

come from elsewhere

the soil marks time

the resistance of stone
and body leaves a
trace that history
is silent

did they leave
traces of their
stay
[question mark]

there is a stone
under the feet.
the stone is
touching the water
the stone is the
water

a heavy heavy body
lies under a breath-
less layers of robes

surround yourself
with objects of that
everyday life, that
life will no longer
be, deceive the body
saying that all this is
temporary

knitting together
memory and soil

this is the contrast
of absolutely still
white time, with the
darkness of celebration

the body becomes
a still life

under the whiteness
there is a hole
where is the time
inside

be lost in the most
hidden place of
your own landscape

erase the absence

I belong here
I'm here, belong
I belong to here
here, I belong

the sound of silver
on stone, the sound
of the space between
the grains of sand

the very word space
- opens imaginary
definitions of place
in us

the stain on stone
from the water

we are touched by
the intangible lines
of the landscape

the echo of this
stone keeps the
tales of the wind

build a shelter
and invite the
wind inside
take a breath
together as one

belong to each other
the soil belongs to the
place you are the soil

we are extensions
of each other

goat does shape us
with their touch
in a certain way
the body obeys this
place, insculcate

(Re) acceptance

Melting snow from
within, change in
natural relief
relative to changes
in body temperature

movement in the dark
- on the water

Breathing inside
the soil
the stone
the water

body interior

ringing

and at the night
we sang songs
that there are
no trees inside
that we took
refuge in ourselves

three months
without a
window, three
months with a
door to the sea

the sound of
the stone
lost inside

three months
without a
window, three
months with a
door to the sea

the sound of
the stone
lost inside

read the stone