

Lärbro | Hångers källa

From Atlantis (2017)

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Midsummer day.

You feel the movements.

The baby's hiccups.

In the extremity of time.

See the clouds. The sunset light.

Wet greenery after the rain.

Smell the rising fragrances.

Early sunrise.

Thin blue and pink clouds move slowly over the dawn sky.

To become the movements you are made of you think.

Widen.

In waiting.

You fall asleep under the tree.

In the birds' and insects' summer.

The big white seagulls fly over the field.

The otherwise calm baby moves.

A hot day finds its beginning.

A hare runs over the field.

The hot July sun disappears behind clouds.

You dream about a concert with Lou Reed you don't

make it to before the dream ends.

The foliage.

Where will the impulse come from you think.

A garden and a field full of seagulls in the morning.

Wind in the grass. Through the blueweed.

The blooming lilacs.

Air heavy with thunder.

You walk along the sea. At the stone beach.

See the rotting seaweed at the coast.

Swans. Seabirds.

Feel the contractions or the baby's movements just
under your ribs.

See a spring of clear water in the forest.

Some violins are playing in the landscape.

You hear their tones in the evening fog.

The two wells you think.

Not this day either. That is flowing by so peacefully.

No night. Still nothing light enough. Or high.

The secrets.

The heat.

Laying bare and dazzling.

Early morning. Hardly dawn.

The euphoria of depletion.

In the evening the amniotic fluid still runs.

Slowly. For forty hours.

You stroll together through the warm summer night. The dawn.

Along the streets. The beaches.

You see seagulls outside the window in the evening.

Feel a continuous downward movement.

The runnels of sweat.

A burning pain.

The crown of the head against the perineum.

The moment.

When the head breaks through the body.

Short umbilical cord.

Slippery.

Golden.

You're cold.

Shiver.

Smell the fragrance of the child. The amniotic fluid.

A reaction between blood types she says.

The yellowish color.

You feel the downy skin.

Hear the dim sea in the murky night.

Birth's wide-open day cycle. Days.

You watch him look toward the light.

The fragrance you smelled for almost two days.

The delicate form.

Affection's.