

## Your Memory is My Freedom

if only the grief would go away. not turn up again. again. the thoughts empty out. the seagulls. the wooden bridge. red thread. thin. long. over the knees. like red spider webs. on the bench. red puddles of water. liquid. it entangles. the thread. in his hands first. then in hers. abstraction. repetition. automat. machine. so it must hurt her shoulders. naked feet. a weave. or the opposite. something repeated. the labor. the body's hard work. suddenly one is caught up in the machine. the colony of punishment. the slavery. part of the whole. to become a part. a citizen of the state. a state. the irregular. the tiredness in the shoulders. or another striving. another discipline. lack of discipline. her face smiles. sometimes on the verge of tears. loose wrist. a sort of music. string. bow. unwinding. nothing. no materia. image, textile. body membranes. fluids. angles, width. range. radius. against the hand. the wind in the thread. a name. the needlework. the hundred days. the wall. the wandering. something invisible and unaccommodating. a content. internal. two scenes. without words. complete. trust. to walk across a square. in agrophobia. or. to see him come. across the square. broken story. the black and white square. snow. it was after that I got the pain in my neck she says. it was then the problems started. the day after I had stood outside the wall in the cold. something I couldn't remember. the moment. to be able to come back. have a reason. if anything. a complicated figure. the black and white pattern. of forgetfulness, covering up. different body. the thread falls over his feet. her bare legs ever more covered. the one. left. what is that wants to be told. together with him. close to him. he has a lash with the hand that exceeds the mechanical. when he lets go of the thread. as if the freedom existed. opened itself. was the possibility of the body. she makes variations. text. not context. the scratches. the scars in the weave. in contact with them. wherever in the weave. the text. he sits still now. pulls the thread. tries to make contact with her. she continues. until the thread is finished. they pull the red thread things over each others heads. to cease. be untangled. in the weave. if they even can see. through the red. back to back. thin threads around the legs. one of theirs. the other one. hybrid. interval. the space in between. he turns around. walks toward her. she stands completely at the edge. he places all of his body close. slowly. transformation. potential. it might as well come from outside. from someone else. the other. the impossible situation. the impossible position. furthest out on the edge. jump jump they shouted. in the silence in life. in another sequence. the other inside. death inside. what was she doing there. on the edge. some original rejection. on the side of the defeated. the risk. the time of the now. the little movement. the extreme

to everything. good, new. the day sees. the night feeds. phoenix park. fenix. the place of resurrection. a park on ireland. the ache in the back. thin pencil marks over vast depths. a tinnitus tone. woke me. kept me awake. his or my. scream. the disk. the gap. the scream in between. whose. where from. tumbling. reversed. the birth. again. vein. again. yesterday. today. is another day. already. monster birth. or rest. new years night. margarita's. or the master's. night. en route pour la joie. his. hers. dissonance. that detaches. in the time flows. in the night. when. if not the night before new years eve. the time of questions. sleep wasn't what I searched for. a ton etoile. the night. to be able to inhabit the night again. travel. through. your difficult countries. stars. to exchange. the written with the lived. sleeping. without crying. a formidable pretense. the moment of truth. where you're broken to pieces. a greater wholeness. to begin with. from the beginning. a truth that pours through you. to escape it. create something else. when the stories are emptied out. the big silence. will we. be there. and hear something different. create something different. from the dissonances. in careful details. le vent nous portera. maybe. hopefully. the order of hope. its conditions. next to a sleeping body. to not want to move from the spot. to dip the pen in the ink. in the white spot. and move from there. in another writing. next to. close to. to survive. noir désir. the destructiveness. i once again had the time to think of. as word at least. the fear. that they should be eliminated. the thin pencil marks shouldn't hold. but what do i know. maybe they have an effect i don't understand. to draw the depths like this. not binding anything. no demon. not even one's own intentions. to know nothing about oneself. increasingly less. clear cut. there is no clear cut. it sounded very sober. rien ne bouge. to admit the gap. maybe. what do i know. what will i know. the stars keep silent. but shines. in the new year's night. the brown. light. which maybe will fade. has faded already. i would like to leave. so that the day never reaches. touches this state. disappear into the night. the indescribable. along its language barrier. through fire and water. nothing entices sleep. the tension so excerpted. so elusive. the aztecs say it's the year of apocalypse l says. crossroad. is the night cold. would the coldness come. two degrees below zero. how could. new year's morning. i not have seen. weak sun behind the roofs. april. i opened the window. april. you coming. the nicotine in the body. and now. the ache in the back. your rain. someone. april. walks across the floor. what if. in the apartment above. what if. someone. in the apartment. i drown. next to me. i drown. what exactly

I lost an opening sentence

About love. The insight. The moment. When something is definitely changed

Got drunk at the reception. Electrified. By the champagne

The light from the paintings

Dialogue. Conflict. Competition

He continued painting until the last minute before the opening, I hear someone say

The Turner light. Didn't know it was so strongly bright

He sees faces in the painting. Small children's faces. The morning after the deluge

And the bridge. Deep inside the color. Many bridges

We guess about the seasons. Spring or summer. A completely white light. The red

Spring, he says

It looks like that, he says. The spring in Damaskus. It's white light

When the light returns. The red. The flowers, he says. When they open in the spring

But they don't do that here

I was quite sure it was summer

That it was the summer

The flowers. They do that only later here. When summer arrives. The red

The music in the hands

Night scripture. Light scripture

When something changes

Close to the pictures

Tea , he replied

Gave me four cigarettes. Write the poem, he said

Lock the door

To open yourself to the roar

When the language rises

The big wave over three frames over the whole wall

The entry ticket

The photo flash

Couldn't remember if it was Tranströmer or Peter Cornell I saw at the bus stop at Kungsträdgården

Maybe it was both. But at different times

He had read his poem about the fireflies. When he sat crouched in a corner. And the body went straight

The wild square. The roads of paradise

now the killing will start, he says. when i ask him about the veto. about what will happen now. looks at the clock. only five. he shows me his passport. they see it here, he says, and points at nationality stateless. i look at his palestinian passport, a photo of him as much younger. can hardly recognize him. so long ago i say, is it a long ago. see that it's almost six. we must go i say. will you accompany me to the bus. no. he replies. will you help me with the suitcase. no he replies. takes it from me. moves towards the bus. an experience of violence. an insight into it. to bear the memory of it. nakba sadness. he says they call it. that the men died from it. that nobody could explain why. no sickness in the body. like the africans, the native americans. the people in australia. i read in lindqvists book. but not the parallel. the similarity. they floated. were floating. in the library. the leaves that swirled. their presence. light. reflection. clear lucid colors. running water. long before the frozen. to reflect oneself in the foreign. find one's picture. some picture. skin. to take the world in through. opening the eyes. turning the head. the signal. the siren. an emergency. a need. what would the next step be. some words out of the night. or giving the word to the night. or taking it. risking the word. i saw my hand when I tried to imagine my face in the mirror. the devastation. to be broken down. into parts. to let the parts speak. or. or. I couldn't pronounce his name. without feeling it was an abyss I moved over. when the languages fell silent. the foreign ones. the shared. a reaching out. in so many directions. if the massacre in hama 1982. if the world had condemned in time. not kept silent. it wouldn't be repeated now. maybe. if the west was the eastern state dissident's hope. what then was the hope in Syria? did one hope anything? where did the impulse come from? the demand for justice, freedom? one generation to forget. the killing. the outrageous. grief. loss. silencing. the disappeared in prisons. the hope that they were still alive. would come back. they who managed to leave the country. how long the pressure remains. the fear. we weren't allowed to say that the bread was bad, nothing. each morning we were forced to rattle off a homage to the president. the truth a function of the power. of the economy. I thought about the whisper in the child's ear. when it is born. to have the dream still. make reality of it when possible. if it becomes possible. live for it. to whisper in the child's ear. that god is great, greater. to be put in touch with the relatives. the generations. the father's names in a long row, far back in history. to be in revolt against the world. is that a universal truth, that revolt. a deeply human movement. deep inside. dark wedding. homelessness. don't laugh he said. I'm not laughing. the language of exile. of poetry. maybe. to accept. bare it. know. to see. to have seen. that skin. the hand mark against the inner wall

Marie Silkeberg. From *Till Damaskus* 2014

Translation: Agneta Falk-Hirschmann