

AN ARCHEOLOGIST - WHO WILL DANCE, A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER - WHO WILL
WRITE, AND A WITNESS - WHO WILL WITNESS.
BELOW THE STORIES OF THE SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS.

Sunbathing in the shadow

broken wings growing out into the liquid
a listening creature with soft shoes and
flat hands on the ground

rising up threads
steps
strings

curved spine drawn towards any warm beings
fast returning home

straight forms
ears crowns waterfalls
skirt
pool
splashes
repetitions
loooong
tensions
extensions

little eyelids
closed
head down
reach to the outer space

occupying concrete floors
and mud

sunbathing in the shadow
too warm
nose up over sea level
feet in the sand

just woke up
to learn what is here

weightless curves

I AM YOUR DOLPHIN!

Standing, something pull me back. Hello! I am I ready? Ready! or maybe
not. surrendering. touching out of my axle. wary wave. will you dance
with me? pick me, notice me. I am your dolphin. balance, pull,
surrendering. I am open for you. Me, mine, I am small. I am big. hand in
back. hand in front. finally together. connected.

DIMENSIONS OF PINK

The rocks, the trees, they carry the past - they now offer and dissolve into new, dimensions of pink. Let's follow her the one that has been standing forever, into sacral cares and astral star systems. Let's remove layers of artificial stuff and let's reinvent our structure. Grounded, still floating beyond gravity. We are young, yet old. Soft and durable. Caring and receiving. We will shine through our chests, reformulate and reorganize, together with horses we will meet in a timeless era where touch will define presence. There will be mirrors and shadows and echoes that manifest that fertilizes our kind in this space we visit as we call it home. We are rocks and trees, waves and materials we do not yet have discovered.

From where we came, from what we are - going back to the sea

The waters running
running through mountains,
cavities, discovering floras
and faunas - becoming animal
water foam is all and everywhere
A transformation, a prayer
a call out in the blackness,
- come with me, let's dance
on my terrace for
a life time. let's dance
me to my end and let's
dance us to our ancestors
let's dance cultures and
natures, until heaven and
air connect into a
small gesture I will carry
with me. It's
time for fiesta, for
a party, for sprinkling
stardust all over over
physical bodies, pulling
the life energy from the soil
planting new seeds and
waving to our mothers.
Going back to the sea.
From where we came,
from what we are.

Mech & Clovers

Memories, tumbling
around in the mind.
I remember feeling
from my relating
to the space.
I touched it and
it started to remember
me. Not as was

but as now.
My wings was also
there,
creating memories.
The wide Grass fields
is bashing around.
What do they communicate?
I wonder?
How is it to be
with them today,
in this time.
Mech and clovers.
A blanket is
around my shoulders.
Mech and clovers.
Waiting.

THE PANTHER WOMAN WAS BORN INSIDE A TREE

The panther-woman was born inside a tree.
She come from the spaces between the roots, she
moves inside as if it was water. She swims in
a sea of minerals, together with other actants.
Her body is made of sun, air and fluids.
At night she vibrates inside the three, and
when sun rises, the tree opens. The panther
woman comes out through the gap (sheath), and
in her first breath a green light comes out of
her mouth. It's time to explore the outside world.

Blossom ears

I am a standing
living body.
I am on a track.
I can beat it.
I see spirals.
You are my witness.
Follow me.
This is towards a
new path.
That we will do
together.
I will show you the way.
You can trust me.
I am your guide.
Let's find a common
rhythm.
We swing.
We do singing.
Mountains will meet and exchange.
Butterflies accept and wait.
What is carried through?
Deep down my
breath is released.
I call my inner voice.

Anna!
Under the earth
under the rocks
there is water.
It is warm, moist.
Dense.
Do you hear me?
Feel my voice.
It is soft.
Reaching for the sun
a loop with no
boarders.
Spring hands evaporate.
Blossom ears.
My eyes do no
longer see.
I am no longer
your guide.
You find your own path...