

To Maja Delak, What if? by Ann-Sofie Öman



The bird has lost her feathers, so vulnerable
she's using her featherless wings and legs
her exposed waistline, the covered face
to show us her grace
Letting out a cry - wildly penetrating
Breathing loudly as if to say:
I'm speaking the language of the whole body
not just the tongue, the lips, the throat
Listen to my gentle voice:
to the sound of my feet avoiding the floor
to the gaze from my eyes when I'm watching you
to the bliss of my playing muscles
She's recalling the past, the future
Time is consuming her being-in
while she's quietly monitoring her body
commenting, commenting
Without notice she's leaving us
though she's still there
using her featherless wings and legs
her exposed waistline, the covered face
to show us her grace
Letting out a cry - wildly penetrating
Breathing loudly as if to say:
I'm speaking the language of the whole body
not just the tongue, the lips, the throat
Listen to my voice

Ann-Sofie Öman

Covering the City of Women festival for the Swedish magazine Danstidningen