

Two different sounds enter my skin
enter my skin
enter through me
soft water murmurs in front of me
sharp mowing machines behind me
machines mashing up the grass and the ground
clouds are not careless anymore
birds
from all directions
ink writing on this paper

surrounded
sursounded
the sound of water
the ever much too loud machine
traveling machines
indescribable songs without words
matter creating sounds through movement, frictions, touches
traveling through the air
touching my eardrums
touching the eyes
rearranging the parts
make things move around

the grass is moved by the wind

what do I hear?
my own voices?
are they my own?
or the voices around?

a whistling passes by
not a nice sound for a woman sitting alone at the river
she calms herself thinking something is passing by
when in fact, someone is passing by

what is this inner voice I hear?
a inner song?
a forgotten pleasure?
a splash
splish splash
bloub bloub

i don't hear my feet caressing each other
i hear the river and the birds
nature sounds
i don't hear the time running
I don't hear the leaves growing
i don't hear the grass moving
i does not hear.
my system creates priorities

my skin hears the sun and changes vibrations
these vibrating matters around me
humming and hissing
trembling and shaking

do my bones hear the bombs in ukraine?
all the bodies crushed and exploded
torn apart in so many places
in so many ways
even the earth body is uprooted hollowed out.