

Laagu
precision and beauty

I am unsure of the English translation.
Not song. Prayer is not precisely song
But the beauty of the singing voice
Is heard in it. Perhaps beauty as part of precision.
The trill or holding of a note,
The pause. Enunciation.
Beauty not as addition or decoration
But inextricably part of the prayer.
The tears of the listener and the speaker
So neither is aware they are crying.

Fast

To say, not now,
To walk along the simple paths of the body
To taste the inside of an untouched mouth
To feel the body's surprise change
To time hunger by the sun and the moon
To remember the body before sunset and after sunset
To taste the seconds of daylight
To share food
To expand the borders of the self
To close the eyes and the lips
To reside inside the borders of the self

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