

EN

Curated in collaboration with Melanie Kittl

If the black color of the rivers
is the night that has fallen
and the lament from the other bank
is -- --

it is an incomplete image
time
washes over every place I remember
or try to see

time
destroys space

the hand that pulls through sand
builds mounds
little pyramids
that run through the fingers
but I can't remember who the hand belongs to

time destroys
the distance between the event and the words
is not space
but an act
it transforms
language that
falls
in the stream
and becomes water

a fountain
on the surface
a statue
a twin
death as life

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translated from Swedish by Maria Catalina Heitmann

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