

Still Guarding Space

Anja Garbarek

Hums of conversation
Lip goes
One leg crossed
Driven back into this corner

Is it the same when I leave
As when I come
On a higher or lower frequency
It means nothing to me

Watch me turn the volume down
It's always cold before the last day
Still guarding space
Snow piled up by the road to my house

The one time I tried
It was a fine view
Through and across
Then there was restlessness
And in that movement
I dressed in the light from outside