

Vedbæk

for any number of speaking, singing, playing people

By Ailie Robertson

The text is a sort of connective tissue, that holds you, holds each other and holds the past: speak, sing, play to yourself, to each other, to those before you, tenderly, with care and curious noticing.

Vedbæk

I remember reading about it.

A tiny article in the newspaper, hidden amongst reports of greed and hate and
rage.

A Bronze age woman and her baby, found buried together, laid on a swan's wing.

Eerie and tender all at once.

Lain in privacy and darkness, the little bodies embracing, not on the ground but
cradled in the downy scoop of a swan's encircling wing.

Red ochre on feather-white

Placed in landscape, placed in time

Put to ground in the howl of the wolf's moon,

In the still silence of long December snow,

In the blue-dappled dark.

And did you feel it, in your heart, how it pertained to everything?

And have you too finally figured out what beauty is for?

And have you changed your life?

* The regular typeface words are by the composer and the words in italics are by Mary Oliver from her poem *Swan*.