## **Cotton Sun Mire**

Thank you for sharing intimacy with us The wall is covered again.

No traces left behind. Instead

We pretend to be together. to be alive to be grass

Or

To be remembered or retold

I try to listen to the smell of those movements We share the shovels and move the top layers to the side

to not make it to the end? not make it to the end not end

and

you in front of the wall, din ryggtavla /your backboard/ – body, frame

against the

dirt

Your t-shirts next to each other in a row into the horizontal layers of soil

melting

disappears

the mud the

painting

The smell of egg tempera linolja /linseed oil/ rå /raw/

Cross Section, a title and a process

cross section of three layers of soil – organic, surface and subsoil – from the ground below

to be remembered or retold

Surrounded by a forest we are not allowed to enter.

Next to

our inhalation as a response

moisture and heat in dialogue

Every hole is different		
0	O	
0	7 makes a Circle	
0	Ο	
0	0	
Digging with our hands. Using our nails.		
A ritual to be entered barefoot.		
wheel, circle, wheel, circle or	le, wheel, circle, wheel, circle,	wheel, circle, wheel, circle, wheel, circle
The smell of soil.		Glued on the wall. 2.90 x 5.90 meter
Or How separated are we?		Like cross sections. Like horizons.
Our naked feet safe surrounded		facing into the circle.
0		a vibration. Dug in the ground behind

<sup>–</sup> causes a certain frequency to imprint upon the 'matter' around it, and thus changes the energetic field.

A sign on the tracks in the forest. Not to get lost.

And

A fabric placed in the peat

And

A branch to keep it in place, in the water, in the life of what is not seen.

Did we move through water?

As if I can't remember, as if I don't feel held. As if I can't taste the earth between my cupped toes.

– permanence is the degree to which a material transmits another substance.

wood materials, buckets, lace, insulation, screws, window blue claw hook webbing strap a blue polypropylene rope cotton sun mire