

Dear West

When I arrived

You told me not to worry about my accent

Now

you seem disappointed how over the years

my accent has faded

Suddenly it is no longer

Foreign

Charming

Seductive

Erotic

But in my body,

in my movements,

in my dance

No accents are allowed

Dear East,

Everything is different here in the West

In church the priest makes jokes and it all feels

like last day of school.

There are no candles.

There are no icons.

The walls are white and empty.

You do not need to kneel.

Nor kiss.

Nor stand still.

or to be silent.

You may speak loud,

you may run,

you may even dance.

Dear East

The Bodies in the west move in awkward ways

Sometimes the dancers scream

Some just walk and walk and walk

Some say modern.

Some say contemporary

Some say post-modern

No, it's not like ballet

Dear East

Here in the west, I'm often asked: Do you feel like us?

I never know what to answer

Yes I say

But I don't know how Us feel

I guess

I copy

I imitate

I've learned to have the freedom

To say

I don't want to

To say

I

Twenty years later

My eyes also get filled with tears when

I hear: (Tranströmer's voice)

*"...Klangen säger att friheten finns
och att någon inte ger kejsaren skatt.*

*Jag kör ner händerna i mina haydnfickor
och härmar en som ser lugnt på världen.*

*Jag hissar haydnflaggan – det betyder:
"Vi ger oss inte. Men vill fred."*

Dear West

I have

Un-learned

Re-thought

Re-learned

Re-read

Re-set

Re-opened

Un-forgotten

Un-erased...

And still

I find myself forever two decades too late.

But now I see. You too.

You too get stuck.

You too feel homesick for another world.

You call me romantic.

But for how many more years will you romanticize 1968 and dance in sneakers?

Dear West

one: Your constant hunger for news only underlines your privilege

two: Who gives you the right to give an expiration date on my movements

three: You can not erase mistakes of your own aesthetic canons