

THE GAP/

18 steps through (dance) history

PART II

(2022)

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 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

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

It took me years to break free

From you

From you who considers emancipation as

Foreign

Unnecessary

Ridiculous

Unnatural

As a caprice of the wealthy west

Here in the West, I can speak openly about

Liquids

Cramps

Heat

Pain

Even if men are in the room

Dear West,

I've dreamt of you

Since I saw Baryshnikov

Speak English on TV

Dear West

I have Un-learned; Re-thought;
Re-learned; Re-read; Re-set; Re-opened;
Unforgotten; 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 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:
"I markens djup glider min själ tyst som en komet"
(Tranströmer)

Dear West

One

Your constant hunger for news only underlines your privilege

Two

Who gives you the right

to put an expiry date on my movements?

Three

You can not erase mistakes of your own aesthetic canons

Dear West

Where do you start on the map?

Where do you end in the mind?

To you

Grace and Clarity

are important values

Dear East

What would my body do

If I had stayed

In your world?