

# THE GAP

18 steps through (dance) history  
Part II

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(2022)

**Dear East,**

Everything is different here in the West

In church, the priest makes jokes,

and it all feels

like the 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 of 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 - postmodern

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

Twenty years later

My eyes also get filled with tears

When I read:

"Klangen säger att friheten finns

Och att någon inte ger kejsaren skatt"<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Tranströmer, "Allegro"

**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

I have unlearned

Rethought

Reread

Unforgotten

Set Reset

Unerased

and still

I find myself two decades too late

But now I see

You too, **Dear West**

You too feel homesick for another world

You call me Romantic?

But for how long

Will you

Romanticize 1968 and dance in sneakers?!

**Dear East**

What would my body do

If I had stayed

In your world?



**Dear West,**

Where do you start on the map?

Where do you end in the mind?

