

IN WHICH SILENCE COMANDS SPACE

Your words are whispers now.
Our words are whispers now.

The memory turns
Black burdened
By blurriness
Out of one dream
Another is born
Out of one life
Many were wasted

Faltering in fear, I searched for ways to give
As the weather gives us its temper,
And the books give us their feeling,
Under this peachy orange hue,
Illuminating underneath closed off feelings
I wished to summon, my senses trapped,
One over the other, the other over another,
Out of sync, out of self.
Where are we now?

Again, in the escalating wildness of the monolithic state,
searching for the flattened land, the sea and its horizon.
Where do we go when there is nowhere to return to?
When there is nowhere we belong to?
Cradled in youth, our separation comes in pulses,
Until bursts of memory treat us to their miss-shaped forms
and retrieve the ritual of care.

I called out to this non-space. And silence returned.
I held my hands to my face. And silence returned.
I watched the water's stream. And silence returned.
I smelt the orchid's bloom. And silence returned.

Silence returned, as the walls crumbled into cracks,
allowing new weeds to bloom,
and bring about the first transition we had felt in years,
The first phase of the second movement,
Balanced between the thin line that signals
Where I am and where you were.
Such that the upheaval of my spirit recalls on you,
In moments that appear too dark to see,
And all the while, a silence returned.

Sonya Derviz's work is a composition of dynamic gestures. Colour erodes revealing an inherent intuition. Sequences of sharp strokes allow the composition to take its own form and structure, unveiling deliberation and sincerity.

By Joshua Leon