

A VOICE-LADDER UP TO THE HOUSE



H	-	H
heir		loom
TO BE CONTINUED...		...CONTINUED TO BE
“We have a recurrent dream Every time we lose our voices We dream we swallow little lights” -Björk (<i>Heirloom</i> , 2001 A.D.)		“Voices we dream have a recurrent voice Every time we lose our little light Dreams we swallow” -Kim Shuld (<i>Loom-heir</i> , 1002 B.C.)

H	-	H
A radio in a forest with the voice of Björk said: <i>Voices we dream have a recurrent voice Every time we lose our little light Dreams we swallow</i>		A radio in a forest with the voice of Kim Shuld said: <i>We have a recurrent dream Every time we lose our voices We dream we swallow little lights</i>

H	-	H
There was no one watching or hearing this		but it doesn't mean that it's not happening
H	-	H

I didn't notice the tree, It was as if it had just run to hit me. The little girl was looking still at the corners of the roof searching for old xmas glowing lights as she told me singing with her hoarseness voice. I tried not to *violently if necessary immobilize her* as they commanded me and just stand by her side coughing and gagging. I couldn't see any roof or corners at all, even with the deformation effect caused by the tears in my eyes. That place looked like a forest and it was quiet and I just could cough and see my own eyes and hear my own ears, if that has any sense. The little girl was just there. You know that. In the forest. Standing. I was thinking of a way to ask her something, even aid, but even before coughing again she replied to me she needed help to build a *voice-ladder* to pick up the glowing lights. I told her that I was sorry, that I didn't even know what they were or how they were built and also that I could possibly be suffering from a pneumothorax. She looked at me and began to imitate the breathing sound I just made minutes ago, when the radio spoke, when I was running after her and crashed into a tree that I didn't notice and couldn't recognize where it was now either. You know that. The recurrent dream but divided in two at the same time:

H	-	H
So after telling her we couldn't built the ladder I just fell in the grass and watched the clouds making strange noises.		So after we built the ladder with our voices, the little girl took it and started moving it around as if she was a walking tree.

The little girl wasn't there anymore.
And I was just at the roof of the invisible
house. Surrounded by broken clouds.
My mouth oozed blood as I swallowed those
old little xmas glowing lights.
I sang and my voice was inside the radio.

The walking tree of the little girl stopped
at the front of the house and started
climbing her way to the roof
as the clouds were falling.
I was running again.
I crashed against the walking tree.

There was no one watching or hearing.
 I could only hear myself inside the radio
 inside my head, commanding me through
 the past *To violently if necessary*
immobilize her
 and again I was running after her.
 She was escaping and singing:
heeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiirrrrloooooooooom
loooooooooooooom heeeeeeeeeiiiiirrr
The house was made of voices
we build it with our breath

little lights we swallow
little dreams we get

We made this voice-ladder
and climb up to the [I couldn't hear that]

Clouds made strange noises
but their roof is still wet

H is the one step ladder
H is the sound of the silent
loooooooooooooom heeeeeeeeeiiiiirrr
heeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiirrrrloooooooooom

I crashed against a walking tree. She was there. You know.
 Standing. With a voice-ladder up to the house.

The little girl was looking still at the ladder.
 I was coughing and she was singing.
 That's when I realized:

I
 could
 see

the
 house

because
 it

was
 made

of
 words

and
 breath

A radio in a forest with no voices said:

H H
 HHHHHHHH
 H H
 H H
 HHHHHHHH
 H H
 H H
 HHHHHHHH
 H H
 H H
 HHHHHH H
 H H
 H H
 HHHHHHHH
 H H
 H H

H

