

All about the harp



An object is dressed up and waits for the touch. Every touching supposes several body responses. Jumping up and spilling coffee over the strings. Inhaling the warmth of the hand. Wet and sticky palms on polished surface. Not reacting at all because sensitivity is not nervousness.

Points of deliberate contact vary according to size, weight and flexibility of the duet partner. Black linoleum bites the toes searching for the support. Who said that both feet should look similar? Veins of the left leg get jealous. Properly and long enough dried wood has even more elasticity.



A woman holds a harp. A woman holds to a harp. The harp is self-sufficient, except transportation expenses. Missing sculpture at the front of the ship doesn't sink it. Taken away sculpture leaves gap in the air.

Fingers touch the tension area. Strings are still cold. Circulation gets closer to the surface of the skin. Accidents turn into the regular practice. Family life starts from interference into each other's home policy. Being with the big object asks for the closer look. Shape blurs.

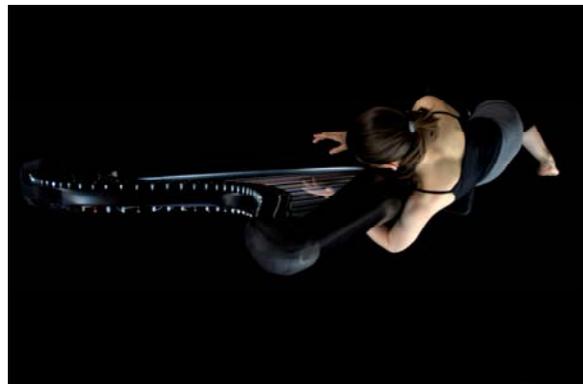
There should be more than hundred ways to explore irregular object. Reciting thousand and one story about Argonauts, mermaids and dancing scorpions. Practically she is on the harp, under it, next to the harp or as simple as part of it.



Backbone protects head from falling into one's ass. In case there is a support for the head, this consideration is wrong. Verticality grows from the eyes to the horizon. A square of the diagonal has human shaped corners. There are no golden cut shapes. Curious pelvis figures out the irregularities of the shape.

Police officers take frontal, side-al and back-al pictures. Thousand close ups are not worth one shoot of the whole scene. The scene as the whole is two suspects trying to hide into each other. They pretend they are strangers. They pretend they have never seen each others talents. And they happily enough forget about options right after trying them. Imprints remain on the officer's desk.

Fingertips lean against the shoulder blades pushing right heel away from the entrance. If you want to look at the symmetry forget about your eyes. And the harp is not guilty she is not matching your format. Anyway it feels so much straighter than the floor. Sing a little song with me!



Voice is contained inside. It is not easy to locate it. A woman hugs the voice of the harp. Not every hug is sweet. Breathing has reached the point when the air starts playing music. The harp falls in love with circle dancing. It feels as natural as regular musical events.

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