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POJOČA RIBA IJEKARU

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KiBela, space for art
MMC KIBLA

You go silent, to sing.
you go silent you sing
..... the sense soothes the surface
so that you can sing and listen to
the language of fish,
which is really
VOICING, LOUDCLEAN SINGING
the sound of wings, that ALL fish dream about
WINGS FINS ... BLUE SPINS ...

You listen and you dream
..... when the fish brushes up against you, her wing caressing you,
you ask yourself: do fish and birds ever want
to swap places?
we, who are in between, all of us not-here-not-there,
.....

WITH COLOUR, TOO IYEKARU
fish wing and bird fin, IYEKARU
like a tiny mushroom grows, IYEKARU

in the forest, in the warm green light of the moss
in wintertide,
ooOOooOOo, winterwinter to be, IYEKARU,
U, chillLLLy to be, IYEKARU
A CLINCH inside the roar of unknown IYEKARU
forever unrecognized
the love of questions and touches iyekaru
KAR KARU KAR KARU
a benevolent touch
AND LAUGHTER, AND LAUGHTER, IYEKARU

"UPSIDE IS INSIDE ", sings iyekaru,
"the upper world is the inner world."

BUT ... THIS ENTERING, CO-ENTERING(?)
To talk about doors? Redundant. About skin, about the eye...."????"
SENS-ING,
SENS-ATION so frail,
made frailer systematically, with purpose,
thinned, killed, time and time again,
yet a single, frail frailest sensation,
a little light, at the steep slope staring,
striving somewhere to the inside and stirring voices and images,
so that the darkness GLOWS UP
AND GLOWS
.... ENTRANCE is a strait

the strait, grief
the world wideness

THE ENTRANCE is freshness and a wound
and also a fortress, a fortified wound. Sometimes the noise and madding crowds and panic
at the entrance are unavoidable, sometimes we even collect self-fees, introduce customs
duties, require a border pass, tramp down the grass,
cry for the barbed-wire FORK and use electricity to fry Cosie (bye-bye swimming, bye-bye
flying!),
feel out any suspicious-looking limb ... and all the parts in betweennnn
Yet sometimes, sometimes we do NOT prey, we do NOT get numb. It is then that we make
magic. We conjure up the wonder of all wonders: WATER.
We hear it first and then flow with Her current into our Inner world
delicately and sweetly
ardently and smoothly like a winged FISH
THE SINGING FISH IYEKARU.

THERE ARE many rapids,
millponds,
many dunes,
spawning grounds we would ALL love to escape there, into the LIQUID MAGIC,
at least like fish spawn,
BUT WHO KNOWS HOW TO BREATHE THIS WONDERFUL SOIL!?!
AND that is why – although entrance points are many – entrances are rare.
Entering conditions cannot be predicted, apprehended, understood ...
We can only suspect what they are, where they were forged, And it takes an
almost inconceivable SOFTNESS OF ABSENCE OF OUR STINKING THINKING,
so that she opens up and reveals the inwardness with the open spot
FOR YOU FOR YOU FOR YOU!!
She is so
VULNERABLE,
that she is afraid to expose herself: like an apple that prefers to rot,
than to burst open and spit up the seeds into your snoopy face!
THAT IS WHY
you go silent,
TO sing.
AND YOU SING, to keep us quiet. (LIKE HENS AND KNIGHTS.)
GENDER? begone with it. GENITALS? They may stay!
THE GAME? let it continue.
EVEN WITH COLOUR, iyekaru
FISH FINS AND BIRD WINGS,
like a mushroom growing through my head, IYEKARU
the roar of the unknown,
the benevolent touch of the forever unrecognized,
thank you, IYEKARU!
IYEKARU

* Translated by Helena Fošnjar.

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KiBela / KIBLA Maribor

KiBela, space for art, is open on weekdays between 9am and 10 pm, Saturdays between 4pm and 10pm.