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Timeless. No calendar / for the tides of love / diving through the foam

Belemnite. From the wall of the cliff / it springs at me / petrified creature  
Aphrodite's Song. A breeze of frangipani / twilight hour blues / the cicada silent  
Gold Vein. Invite happiness / keep putting out nectar for him / the hand ready to strike home / catching the blow / the heart translucent

Sophia. A wind-skewed gait felt as nettles in the spine / a shock to the vitals / bodily wise my early warning system ignites / intrinsic physical treasure  
I am indeed a little weary / something passing in the air / mocks this colourful splendour / the river standing still / and yet behind all this vibrates a warm pure note



## ANNA WÜRTH Songs from my Tipi

### Home

This magic moment  
coming home to my tipi  
called by the open sky

Petroglyphs. Who carved you horseman in red stone / Who read your message by fiery glow / Wandering Bedouin / Let me too find traces and be a trace myself  
Lovestoned. Honey seized by surprise / the dance whips us together / more spice was never / hair-fine hip-wide in a passing touch / pliantly plucked in flight

Metamorphosis. The lark wants to be an eagle / to rise more regally than her song / shadows dance in the air / a scent of tar and feathers  
Balance. True to my own measure / turning the record over / keep the jukebox playing

Lucia's Song. Your song Lucia / when singing still helped / but then the snow

Change. Transforming chaos / say yes say no / grain of sand grain of salt

