

/oo/ She, Her
Poetry part

/oo/ ʊ

how long in this cocoon, in this secluded
body?
the chicken asked the worm—shy

how long alone in your hidden corner,
the door closed, in this prison-body?

my thoughts are with resurrection the worm
answered
I sit alone above contours and below them

all my contemporaries are become butterflies
sprung from this cage, turned visible

in seclusion, I imprison myself until death
loosens me
or I find wings and take flight

so now, you, household chicken,
won't you try? and beat your wings?

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Work_ Nazanin Mehraein
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content warning

