



SUBTITLE TRANSCRIPT

Korakrit Arunanondchai ***Songs for living (2021)***

The two forces that rule the universe are gravity and light. Gravity makes things come down.
Wings make them rise.

Creation happens when you are in between the descending motion of gravity... the
ascending pull of grace, and the second fall of grace.

I will watch their wings turn into embers as they fall towards the heights.

They will no longer recognise themselves.

Every new freedom starts with a sacrifice.

You ask me how to pray to someone who is not.

And all I know is that prayer constructs a velvet bridge.

Wielding it we are aloft as on a springboard above landscapes.

The colour of ripe gold transformed by a magic stopping of the sun.

That bridge leads to the shore of Reversal where everything is just the opposite and the
word "is" unveils a meaning we hardly envisioned.

Notice I say "we"

There everyone separately feels compassion for the others entangled in the flesh and knows
that if there is no other shore we will walk that aerial bridge all the same.

All the same.

All the same.

They will gather on a single shore

The ocean that they must cross.

The chaotic darkness that their very illuminations make where the two leviathans dissolve
into one.

Their bones will turn into coral

Resting

And waiting for them on the other side of time.

Their consciousness will soften and seep into every last pit

It returns to them in every fleeting form.

They will experience loss, Memories will decompose

The ghost will die again and again and again and the essence left over from the process
which will belong to no one will be the animal we will call god.

SONGS FOR LIVING

Their flesh will filter every sound and all their songs will be beautiful

Because in this world, flesh is limited.

A promise was made that in this world apart

A world where roses bloom and when we speak angels will sing from above.

Everyday words will turn into love songs.



(interlude)

The dead cells of soft beings will become our bones.
We go down in this water.
Memory alone
And yet so real.
The sea.

(interlude)

We participate in the creation of this world
By decreating ourselves.
There are no longer individuals
But a single body tendered towards its destiny.
I am a voice that adds itself to another.
I do not represent
Yet that residue in me remains.
The gods will have to die to liberate
the unanswered prayers.
And they will die a thousand times more.
And I protest that the matter is not in the details.
It is in the overview.
May the one whose language is solemn.
Walk beside the one whose voice
is incomprehensible.
There's a spider
Beyond the upheaval.
Beyond threads of the modern world.
Which assail the human spirit
In that discovery of the disparate
We find the fundamental other
Who nourishes the nostalgia for unity.
The ones who wake at dawn
While the fog thickens
Make the first sign of friendship.
They believe they are basking in the light of the free world
But that reveals a landscape of mourning
In the still promised distance.
Let them go.