

*En Météo du sens* (1)

On longing for an onomatopoeic eutopia<sup>1</sup> *dans une langue étrangère*.

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I remember the dark spruce forest line against the light blue sky. The sky gleaming in its own mystery of light; making the dark deeperly dark and the light as light so that you could Breathe. To breath something *else*, as somewhere *else* (2).

I remember how I felt, I felt that this is eternity, this moment, this feeling; these spruce tops as ancient lighthouses of depth and the way how the whole human story and the history of mankind and everything that it holds in it unfolds under my eyes. It holds the starting point of every thing in it, the continuity of all, but it is so light that you will not feel the weight of its merit, it just billows through you creating the air to breath, creating the extent for dreams – a moment to be heaved high under the vaults, deeply rooted into dark-green with just bright-blue above the wandering head.

I remember the feeling of light blue sky in my mind, how its softness and clarity nourished my thoughts. It's plain simplicity seemingly non-recurring, but also knowing that it would.

I remember how my mind wandered all the way back, through and along my ancestors deep blue and red patterns, embroidered on their linen shirts and dresses. The attire as jewellery, the pride. How I have been there and how now it is in me, in my dreams, in my reach, out of my reach. How it roots me and urges me to breathe, to reach, to long for a reach; how it demands and heartens. How it cradles and reminds. How it reminds that without that longing, with absence of it I would only have two left hands.

The weather has changed, and I am standing bear-feet in salty-salty ocean – the wind washes, the salt heals, I have been told. Above and around are still the songs, the tales and tunes with their rhythm deeply engraved in .. in what? I can feel in *what* but I am unable to grasp it to name it. Maybe in wind? Perhaps in a breeze? In a breeze that resonates in me and with me, back from snow on distant expanse?

*Oh imeta, oh imeta,  
mis nägin mina imeta  
ollessana, käiessana:  
tüdrukud tegid regeda,  
mebed seadsid sepikuid,  
poisid pookeda kudusid,  
härjad haukusid oraksel,  
koerad käindsid käittismaida.*

*Taevas tantsis, maa müürises,  
taevatähed löid tärinaid,  
vikerkaar lõi viulida,  
kuu lõi kuldarõngaida,  
päev lõi hõbepärrelida! <sup>2</sup> (3)*

*Hiir hüppas, kass kargas  
vana karu lõi trummi  
kirp aknast välja  
nabkpüksid jalga!*<sup>3</sup>

*Oiu-roiu, rotil pulmad:*

*hiire tütar läks mebele*

*nirgi noorema pojale.*

*Seal olid ukked pulmalised:*

*hunt oli viie viuliga,*

*karu kabe kandlega,*

*kukk oli kulda kannustega,*

*rääku rästi rätikuga,*

*teder takuse tanuga,*

*harak halli manteliga.*

*Sokk oli söögi valmistaja,*

*rebane roa tegija,*

*põder pühkis põrandaid,*

*jänes küüris taldrikuid.<sup>4</sup> (4)*

The feeling is too far to be sure about its character, it melts away. It escapes to the flight like a swallow on a summer day. Falling abruptly from the blue heights dipping just into the surface of water and off again she is pulled to her flight.

*Poiss, poiss püksireis  
sittus saapasäüred täis!*<sup>5</sup>

*Siidikera, niidikera,  
sirts-sirts-sirr!  
lindikera, pindikera,  
sirts-sirts-sirr!  
Linnukene mäe peal,  
tütikene pääkese peal –  
ise laulab tiidekeeli,  
tiidekeeli, tiidemeeli  
sirts-sirts-sirr!*<sup>6</sup> (5)

*Harakale haigus*

*varesele valu*

*mustaleinnule muu tõbi*

*meie laps saab terveks!*<sup>7</sup>

I am standing in a knee-deep salty-salty ocean – the wind is pure and fair, the wind is mating with the water, the violin-wind; wild willow tree whispers too loudly.

I am still here, I am; in a knee-deep ocean water on an attempt to become *w e i g h t l e s s*. The salty-salty water starts to itch on my skin – its curing crystals are crawling through my veins, deep under the skin. The violin hurts, its strings are too straight and tight, its truths too fair.

I have lost my body and become a wandering water, along the rhythm of the wind, I remember, I go, along I am heaved by the water, the waves; and then the melody rises, rising above my head, meeting up above with me. Now the water, the waves are all around and me as they are taken by the undertow of my own thoughts. And now there is no separation between the water and the air, they are weighting each other with their own weight. By their nourishing nature, their silent smiles, their just scales. If I would lose the grip now, I would not be lost.

*Üüdu-tüüdu türnakaske,  
maha jooksi mablakaske.  
Tüüdu türna jooksemasta,  
maha mahla langemasta!*<sup>8</sup> (6)



*Kui ma bakkan luulemaie,  
luulemaie, laulemaie –  
siis jäi küla kuulamaie,  
vallakond vaatamaie,  
sõasarv jäi seisamaie –  
alva lapse laulusida.*

*„See’p ole lapse tööda teinud!  
See’p on õppinud sõnuda,  
see’p on Harjus õppimassa,  
Virus viisi võttemassa,  
Järvas sõnu jätkamassa.“*

*Ma küll kuulin, vastu kostsin:  
„See’p on õppinud sõnuda  
küla alla kündedessa,  
lahutanud laulusida  
arus beina nütedessa,  
pannud kokku palve’eida  
lubas loogu võttesa!“*

*Pangem mustad munderije  
ja need paadid pandelije,  
ballid hõbehelmideie,  
langud laiu ribmudeie,  
sõresilmad sõrmusteie!  
A’agem ballid alla õue,  
toogem mulle suudesulge,  
lana pealta laululehta,  
kerstukapist keelekõlksu!  
Siis ma laulaks linnukeeli,  
teeksin häält tedrekeeli  
pajataksin pardikeeli.<sup>9</sup> (7)*

The waves are gone, I remember the rhythm of the waves as I remember myself. I still remember to breathe as their scars are engraved deep; it roots me, it hurts me - it grounds me - to be lifted. So I could see the pale, bright blue sky, with all the shades in its clarity brightening my mind. The space extends. I am more than I could imagine, my thoughts travel further I could see – they find the serene spots to nest, far from *the white rock*<sup>10</sup> (8), in places where the sea salt has turned to vivid pink, where it does not feel as salt, as I ground my path along it, but it feels as mild as forest moss guiding my heart. Taking the shapes of my wanders, my reach, my humble reach towards its center, as mild as it can be by its means. A human attempt to deceive oneself.

*... Süs ma laulaks linnukeeli,  
teeksin häält tedrekeeli  
pajataksin pardikeeli*<sup>9</sup> (7)

*Tüdruk, tüdruk,  
too piits, too piits!  
Särr-särr!*

*Tüdruk, tüdruk,  
too piits, too piits!  
Särr-särr!*<sup>11</sup> (9)

*Tomorrow, the after, strawberry mountains forever  
and never again, these scars on your hands, never again  
a pillow, a bit wrong on the right  
always a moment too thin,  
a rustling wave turning into sobbing murmur  
and just then, it's a shimmering glint on herring fish scales  
and so long, so far away the strawberry mountains, again  
and lilacs in a bloom just remained in a dream, in this May.*

I have woken up under the sky too clear and I am too naked in my fears. It is mid-June already and the apple trees have not burst into blooms yet. The pink-white nectar of relief and hope have not been released yet, I breathe calmly, I sigh with a relief – I am not yet late again. The white purity is not unfolded yet, not yet, the hope is still nesting in the light delicate powdery, in its safety, ready to spread love over the land, to mild the skies with its pink and white pastels. It is taking its time.

But the skies are not seeming to turn milder. The white remains in buds, slowly turning into rocks. It remains as a salt, a sharp crystal, as it has never been from the sea, played by waves, heaved by unknown currents as bodiless *materia*. The light remains as a spike that could break and cut. I am not yet ready – the thread is still tangled. I can see it on the distant, gleaming, yet unreachable. And I am afraid that the crystal can turn into *Cape Leukas*<sup>10</sup>, yet again.

Õrnad käivad  
ohakaid mööda  
ja puhtaks saab valgus

on lumeta  
Nimetu kõnd

Ja õigus kel on  
su silmile hingata

kui eba puna  
nii valusalt  
puudutab iga kord.

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nii valusalt  
puudutab iga kord.

*Onomatopoeic treasure*  
*lies misty, in moss*  
*it glitters in bright*  
*my sky above*  
*the sparkling apple trees*  
*my ever-bleeding scar.*

The salt under the open sky reflecting its bright – the hidden depth; it breathes as mild as it can – its rhythm softens slowly. The buds are melting and the drops of raisin are pouring out as the tears of relief and joy. The depth of the breath gives me courage, it heartens the essence of the wind – the glimpse of the light breeze that only comes around when it feels completely welcomed and as home; when it is not forced neither questioned. When its essence becomes its surroundings and *vice versa*, yet it is being hidden safe. When the meanings unfold silently without the questions. Everything is and is not, it does not have to be, but it is. Everything has become bearable even in its weight (10).

*Je suis adaptée par la météo du sens. Je suis arrivée. Je suis.*

*Onomatopoetic treasure*  
*lies misty, in moss*  
*it glitters in bright,*  
*my sky above*  
*the sparkling apple trees*  
*my ever-bleeding scar.*

As I sense the places echoing in me, have found their safe homes and I have become part of their *météo du sens, je fais partie de leur météo du sens* – I feel and can read their character, and I realise that I pass on their meanings, *j'ai du sens* - I start to extend by reflecting them and myself in a relation with them and the places from far outwards and around. I can feel the snow on the distant mountain tops on my bare skin, unknown ocean currents of depths wandering in my veins as the forest dark has done since I was child. I am part of the language here, I sense it, as I also carry the feelings of places beyond. I allow it sometimes to hurt me - we grow together, as place has become a relation. As Niilas Helander discusses, in order to survive and to share the space, to grow and breath together with it, we have to become part of their language – we have to learn to speak in and with the language of place as connecting ourselves with its memories, impulses and vibrations (11). It is a give and take, also a willingness to sacrifice in a moment when you would need a gift – reciprocal living as the unercommons <sup>12</sup> (12).

I feel like I might now be able to give birth to something by creating spaces and meanings to thank for the gift that I have once been given – so I have found the recipe for the ways to turn the sharp *White Rock*<sup>10</sup> into powdery *rosé* mountains softly caress my face.

As I can connect to the beyond, I am holding this energy on my lap, on my palms, that I can recognize from up above, under the arch of bright blue sky and feel pulsing in dark flushes under my skin, waiting to find a form and a context to be embodied. As I connect with vibrations they create new impulses, thoughts and spaces that I feel need to be manifested. As Amanda Fayant's discusses the subject of her research project, it supports my thoughts on the significance of the sound and the lack of sound as a tool and *materia*, how it contains a potential of carrying and ability of reflecting vibrations and rhythms and how it holds both the qualities of feeling and logic (13). She argues that a sound or a lack of a sound could be manifested from tools such as words and thoughts and how the volume of a voice or a lack of a voice can be turned up as our strength grows and it takes up more space in the physical world instead of the physical body (13). So, could the external landscapes become an extension of the body, a shared space resonating the sound, becoming a sacrifice, a gift – building the undercommons <sup>10</sup> perhaps? As Brandon Labelle has described artistic practice as world-making activity and emphasized its necessity to commit itself to a dialogue with the overlooked, the under-represented and the marginalized – all borders to the seen and apparent (14).

I trust and listen to my voice that rises deep down from my roots, from the gift of my ancestors, finding its fertile humus from the embroideries on the linen shirts, the patterns that have

travelled with my ancestors all along the waters from far-away land and have been worn on the walks along the secret paths through the home bog and forests. It echoes in dark late November evenings when the air is so still and quiet so the back room's door opens to the healing whispers from spirits, and you could feel those whispers as your own.

My voice gathers strength from warmly humming stove fire as the low winter-silence is resting over the forest and my great-great grandmother is singing low-voiced by the gleaming warmth as my great-great grandfather's solid steps are approaching the frosty door. My voice indulges itself for a minute here, breathing deep into chest that freshly baked rye-bread aroma, feet firmly on these colourful hand-woven carpets, eyes following the graceful shapes of ice flowers on window glass and then it slips out through the chimney, pouring itself over the high sharp mountain peaks and milder valleys, rocky islands, taking a look at its reflections at the seas, far away from familiar home bog.

My voice is a voice of silence, the abounding voice of silence, in balanced vibrant nuances unsaid, but present. It is the language of *muet*<sup>13</sup> (15) (16), it is a strong voice in its vulnerability and complexity, yet freedom, my own grown, I tell myself, so therefore I have the right to erase and to turn up the volume of void – I am *creating space*. By doing so, I allow something *else* (2) to speak, I create space for *something*. To create something, to make something visible and audible, and to emphasize *something* I have to make choices. Not showing something is showing *something*. It is both cleaning and refinement and as well sacrifice.

Brandon Labelle argues referring to an artist and writer Steven Dixon on how materiality, embodiment and the actuality are deeply related to absence, loss and negativity. Things and bodies appear before us because of certain act of removal, a singular presence that is achieved by a perceptual away turning from situatedness and relationality, paradoxically creation is based upon withdrawal (14). The act of removal or withdrawn could be quite clearly visible or audible, but perhaps even more powerful or at least equally effective are the acts that are only sensible, which remain invisible – the imperceptible and hidden (14).

As my bodiless voice has poured over the landscapes, nourished the expanse with its fertile void, it has created the space for sound, *materia*, for the external reflections and cognitions – there is now a space in a space to *be*. We, me and the landscapes have created the bond, I sense them – the embodied cognition unseen, the cognition as embodied action of the cognizing subjects (17).

I craft my silence into sounds that I can hear, perceive and feel resonating in me from extend landscapes and underwater labyrinths. And then I cast this embodied cognition back to the expanse to echo back and beyond as the feeling of the sound amplifies.

As above referred Brandon Labelle takes his thoughts on materiality dependence on withdrawal further and emphasises the importance of the absent in a relation to the articulation of sound and language by discussing the work of a performance artist and writer Moa Franzén (14). He draws attention to the silence that puncture the flows of conversation and emphasizes that the unsaid needs the gaps to take up residence. Labelle describes how Franzén attempts to capture these silences and gaps, showing us the empty spaces that are always present, how her work shows us how clearly silence and emptiness punctuate the shape of speech, and the process of relating to another. Speech is brought forward as not only a process of making apparent, but equally one of withdrawal, silence, and negative articulation (14). Using the articulation and negative articulation of gaps and withdrawal becomes a tool to draw attention to subject and to let the subject talk itself. Franzén investigates relations between the artist, performer and the receiver as a material itself, she directs the attention to the very act and communication itself. By doing so, she enables to find the brakes or gapes where other kind of interaction or other form of attention could be engaged with. The exploration of the ambiguity of rhetorical silence and speech is one of the re-appearing topics she has investigated in her performative practice. The very ambiguity of rhetorical silence provides diversity of meanings and allows to reflect viewer their own experience on the subject.

An understanding on activating an empty space, a zone by flexing speech as well as by the negative pauses and interruptions, could be translated into approach of any act of art making practice. As with the acts of using my *voice* and perception of space and the feeling of it I am creating a void to create a *space* and a presence for the *space*, for the sound, the *materia*, I am drawing the attention on the presence of the viewer and the perceptions of the viewer in a shared space, by creating the undercommons<sup>12</sup>, so the *sound* of the gaps, punctuation and brakes

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the elements of the *météo du sens* (1) could have the ability and the permission to activate the senses of the viewer; so that the body of artwork becomes a cognitive field, creating space to dream as well as engaging the viewer, where one is invited to follow their reflections as they are being activated and they would become an active part of the installation work. In fact, the artwork would be fully activated by the cognitive presence of a viewer. Edvine Larssen



emphasizes the expansive qualities of such embodied experiences that reach beyond language in her PhD Theses (18), describing how communication between the performers results in tension and how it could be achieved through spacing and timing between silence and sound (18).

I would like to embrace the viewer, activate the viewer, but yet provide them space, where one could *be*. The viewer is left free to perceive or interpret the impulses of the artwork, as it is the viewers intuition that guides them way, while the senses are being physically activated, so that the piece could be experienced by the method of intuition (19). Philosopher Henri Bergson claims that free will does exist within time and space, and it is pure mobility which Bergson identified as being the *duration* (19). Since *duration* by his definition is being mobile, it cannot be grasped through immobile concepts, but one can grasp it only through his method of intuition. He argues that the concepts are limited and the ability of intuition to grasp is absolute (20). The spaces are mobile and there are no clear borders between the spaces, between and among the inner spaces and the external spaces and the spaces beyond. The space is shared and free, yet we have responsibility for it when we enter it and as developing relation with it and with its language and impulses - we have to use our intuition and senses to be fully connected with it, to achieve a reciprocal relation. We have to develop our own *language* and the understanding of it, the viewer is free to develop the possible meanings or understanding, or yet just sensations. So, there for we could never really experience the space or a sense by its representations or translations, without never really entering it. Only physical experience could truly activate our senses, make us connected with its *language* and impulses.

As it is hard to border the space, or really define shared space, although we can experience it only by entering it, we can never own the space. We can feel it, it can resonate in us and we can echo it on.

Could the body of an artwork be a goose-pumps on a viewer's skin that extent reaches to everything that the viewer relates to – from their morning coffee cup to the nipples of their lover and all the shades of the daylight and the nuances of nights?

Now that my bodiless voice has wandered long it has turned into material scape of *météo du sens*, it is embodied, it is a space, perhaps also an extent to another body or mind, but still echoing the far-away rhythms of places beyond, so familiar, but my voice, it is no longer only mine.

In indigenous philosophies the landscapes are often describes as a prolongation of the skin and spaces as active parts of identities. Sami artist, writer and nomad, Niilas Helander describes a relation and relation building with a canal-side site in Berlin as using the indigenous philosophies and practices inherent to him (11). He writes how he goes there to listen, to be present, how the body listens and the wind speaks across and with the skin that also thinks, describing wind as animated being. As he claims that also his skin is able to think, he asks the question, or rather reminds us – wasn't that our first language by what we were connected to our mother's heart and its rhythms, so, with its emotions - physically affected by its every heartbeat. The language that stretched itself to the resonance with the rhythm of our mother's heart, the language that is not a system nor concept, but an animated act - placing the acts of feeling and sensory reactions as primary communication tools and means. Helander describes how the area speaks, echoes, in a way he finds hard to describe with the rationality of the Enlightenment and the need for physical evidence and explanations. How the words don't go there. As he finds it impossible to describe with words and names it a place between texture and formlessness, he asks: how to give that space without demanding ownership (11)? So, by that description Helander claims that his body is not a defined space with physical borders nor limitations, but rather it is the developed relations with external spaces that allow him to have this shared prolongation of the skin, manifesting in variable and mobile landscapes and sites, that allow him to echo himself with and in it.

Hypatia Vourloumis brings out that poetic materia produced by indigenous people, who have ability to deeply bond with their environment, even when it is written or performed in some other than their native language carries the sonic qualities, materialized rhythms that expresses onomatopoeic qualities that goes beyond the language (21). That thought unfolds fully when listening to the sounds and looking at the sights of the very environment of the indigenous people where the tone of the native language, sonic matter of nature objects, traditional music and the vibrant matter of natural movements in nature are inseparable (21). So, it means that the voice, or a sound or absence of the sound needs a space, an environment to vibrate from and resonate with, so to make it fully audible and so the non-verbal language, one emerging from the vital animations and materialities of the non-human environment (21) can become the *language* to express the qualities of native language in some other sonic matter, become a body of an artwork.

*If the onions are just the onions  
with their layered skin, who  
am I? Salt collector?*

*Too polite to drink whisky,  
out of wisdom I cry.*

*Kes minu kuuleb laulamaie,  
laulamaie, laskemaie –  
sie mõtleb ilul olema,  
rõõmupäivi pidama!*

*Ei õle mina ilulla –  
laulan itkule ilusta,  
haletusele avista,  
südamele rõõmusesta.*

*Süda ihub itkemaie,  
miel mõtleb muretsemaie.<sup>14</sup> (22)*

*Varesele valu,  
harakale haiget,  
kirbule kibedat,  
mustale linnule muu tõbe!  
Minu valu jääb vähemaks.<sup>15</sup> (23)*

*Varesele valu,  
kirbule kibeda,  
mustaärele muud valu!*

*Tii-tii tihane,  
vaa-vaa varblane,  
hüppa üle oa aia,  
karga üle kapsaia,  
üle metsa – vurr!<sup>16</sup> (24)*

*Varesele valu,  
harakale haiget,  
kirebule kibedat,  
mustale linnule muu tõbe!  
Minu valu jääb vähemaks.* <sup>15</sup> (23)

*... Minu valu jääb vähemaks.* <sup>15</sup> (23)

*Kukkus kolmida käguda:*

*üks kukkus: oole, oole;*

*tõine kukkus: leina, leina;*

*kolmas kukkus kulla kieli.*

*Mis sie kukkus oole, oole –*

*sene oolele ulatin;*

*mis sie kukkus leina, leina –*

*sene leinale lebitin;*

*mis sie kukkus kullakieli –*

*sene pistin põvve'eie,*

*vaiватin vöö vabele,*

*säädsin särgi rüppe'eie,*

*vein kodu ema kädeje,*

*ema vakkaje vajutin,*

*alle kaanekinnitenin.*

*Kasvas kuu, kasvas kaks,*

*kolmatagi pooleliste,*

*natukene neljatagi –*

*sealt sai Salme, neitsikene.*

*Tulid Salmel kõsilased:*

*üks tuli Kuu, tõine Päiva,*

*kolmas Tähte, poisikene.*

*Ei kullas Kuule menud,*

*pärg ei Päivale lubanud:*

*„Kuul onvad kuued kombed,*

*kuued kombed, viied viisid –*

*vahest Kuu varagi tõiseb,*

*vahest tõiseb valge'ella,*

*kõrra tõiseb kõidikulla,*

*kõrra kõidiku iella!*

*Päiv tieb paljuda pabada –*

*odrad põllale põletab,*

*kaurad põllale kaotab,*

*linad liidab liivaknie!“*

Tähte tarka poisikene,  
Tähte tarka, maa kavala.

„Ehi, neidu, jõvva, neidu,  
saa, Salme, valmiesta,  
ehi meie mieste kaasa,  
saa meie saaje kaasa,  
valmista vanemi kaasa!“

Salme saunasta kõneli,  
üle õrve oone'esta:  
„Tähte, tarka poisikene!  
Andsid aega kasvadesa –  
anna aega ehtidessa!  
En enam aeg läha ehtidessa,  
kui läks kallis kasvadesa:  
jalg on kullas kinga'asse –  
tõine ilma kinga'ata;  
käsi kullas kinda'asse –  
tõine ilma kinda'ata!

Jookse, eite, jõvva, eite,  
tuo minu udune särki,  
üle piha pienikene,  
tuo mul üle ümberikku!  
Jookse, eite, jõvva, eite,  
tuo mul kroogitu käikse!  
Jookse, eite, jõvva, eite,  
tuo mul kasuk kardarihma!“

Jooksis eite, jõudas eite –  
siis sai Salme valmiesta,  
siis sai saaja sõitamaie  
öö valulla, kuu valulla,  
vaskival'laste valulla.  
Tuld lõivad obuse turjad,  
sädemed lõid sälu sääred,  
kibemed lõid kimli küljed. <sup>17</sup> (24)

*Kust on minust laulik saanud,  
luetaja tütarista!*

*Üeldi mu õbissa õlnud,  
üeldi mu koolissa käinud,  
sõisand sepade pajassa,  
kirjatundija tuassa,  
laia põlle põrmandulla.*

*En õle õbissa õlnud,  
en õle koolissa käinud,  
sõisand sepade pajassa,  
kirjatundija tuassa,  
laia põlle põrmandulla.*

*Minu ella eidekene,  
kui läks, ella, einamaale,  
kui läks, kallis, kaare peale –  
vei minda mennessanni,  
kandas minda kaasassanni,  
pidas põlle paulusanna.*

*Kui sai, ella, einamaale,  
kui sai, kallis, kaare peale –  
pani minu maha mätta peale:  
madu laulas mätta'asta,  
sisalikke maa siesta,  
rotti robupõõsa'asta.*

*Kiel õli kiereldi suussa,  
miel õli mõteldi peassa,  
saba salme rõnga'assa.*

*Sealt tulid sõnad minule,  
langesid pealaele.*

*Sai subu sõnakõrenda,  
pealaele laululanda.*

*Sealt sai lauliku minusta,  
luetaja tütarista.* <sup>18</sup> (25)



*Kui mina hakkas laulemaie,  
laulemaie, laskemaie –  
ma laulan mered murusta,  
merekaldad kalasta,  
mere-ääred äädikasta,  
merepõhjes põllumaast,  
mereliiva linnasista!*

*Õekeised, hellakeised,  
sõsarad sibulikeised,  
lähmä merda pühkimaie,  
mere äärde häilimaie!*

*Pühin pühkeid mereje:  
meres kasvavad kalasta,  
ülenesid hülge'esta,  
siiad suured – hambad laiad,  
löhed laiad - langud otsas. <sup>19</sup> (26)*

*Kui mina hakkas laulemaie,  
laulemaie, laskemaie –  
ma laulan mered murusta,  
merekaldad kalasta ... <sup>19</sup> (26)*