

I hear voices

I don't really understand them

At least not all the time

But I love to just walk among them

Listen to them

Barely grasping them

But feeling them

I hear voices

And I see landscapes form before my inner eye

Like docks and costs

With waves rolling in the horizon

Like mountains and valleys

With the wind singing between the branches of a pine

I hear voices

And I feel the history that shaped them

Like a tongue from medieval time

Intoning vowel and consonants in ways that estrange the familiar

Like a way of speaking

That reminds me of both historic wars and post-modern capitols

I hear voices

And I feel the urge to explore

To know why the sounds are recognizable

Even though they are barely able to create a stereotype in my, apparently, so small minded head

To know how the voices can live their lives in such a strong contrast to mine
And still seem so friendly – even familiar!

I hear voices

And I love that they prove me wrong

They are nothing at all like the voices I laugh and cry with from the safe zone of my couch

Or like the ones threatening my beliefs on a daily basis

They are nothing at all like the terrible picture

That has been forced upon me by my bitter and unemployed friends

I hear voices

And I feel so proud

Proud to just be among them

Stolt af at have mit modersmål iblandt dem*

Stolt af at *være* en af dem**

And so very, very proud of playing a part in reshaping all of them into all of us

I hear voices

And I pray to all the gods I don't believe in

That they will never stop talking

*Translated from Danish: Proud to have my mother tongue among them

**Translated from Danish: Proud to *be* one of them