

# Anja Garbarek, Still Guarding Space

Hums of conversation  
Lip goes  
One leg crossed  
Driven back into this corner

Is it the same when I leave  
As when I come  
On a higher or lower frequency  
It means nothing to me

Watch me turn the volume down  
It's always cold before the last day  
Still guarding space  
Snow piled up by the road to my house

The one time I tried  
It was a fine view  
Through and across  
Then there was restlessness  
And in that movement  
I dressed in the light from outside