

NARELLE AUTIO

PLACE IN BETWEEN: THE CHANGELING

Disappearing into deep water sounds of life drift away.

Silenced by cool sea hands.

Beneath me the sand devils circle

then gently settle, to a rhythm of their own.

In the underwater, empty of breath, I am still.

Tiny jewels shiver. Hold on, then let go.

Fairies, not meant for this world

fleeing up towards the light.

Alone in the shadows, songs drift in and fade away.

Older than time, distant soulful memories, bewitching.

I feel my unborn answer.

Quicken, floating in an ocean of their own.

Listening, waiting. Becoming.

My heart beats.

Get out, get out of here.

Life or something else, ephemeral.

The undersea, a mercurial joining of two worlds.

A birthplace or a primordial yearning

Changing

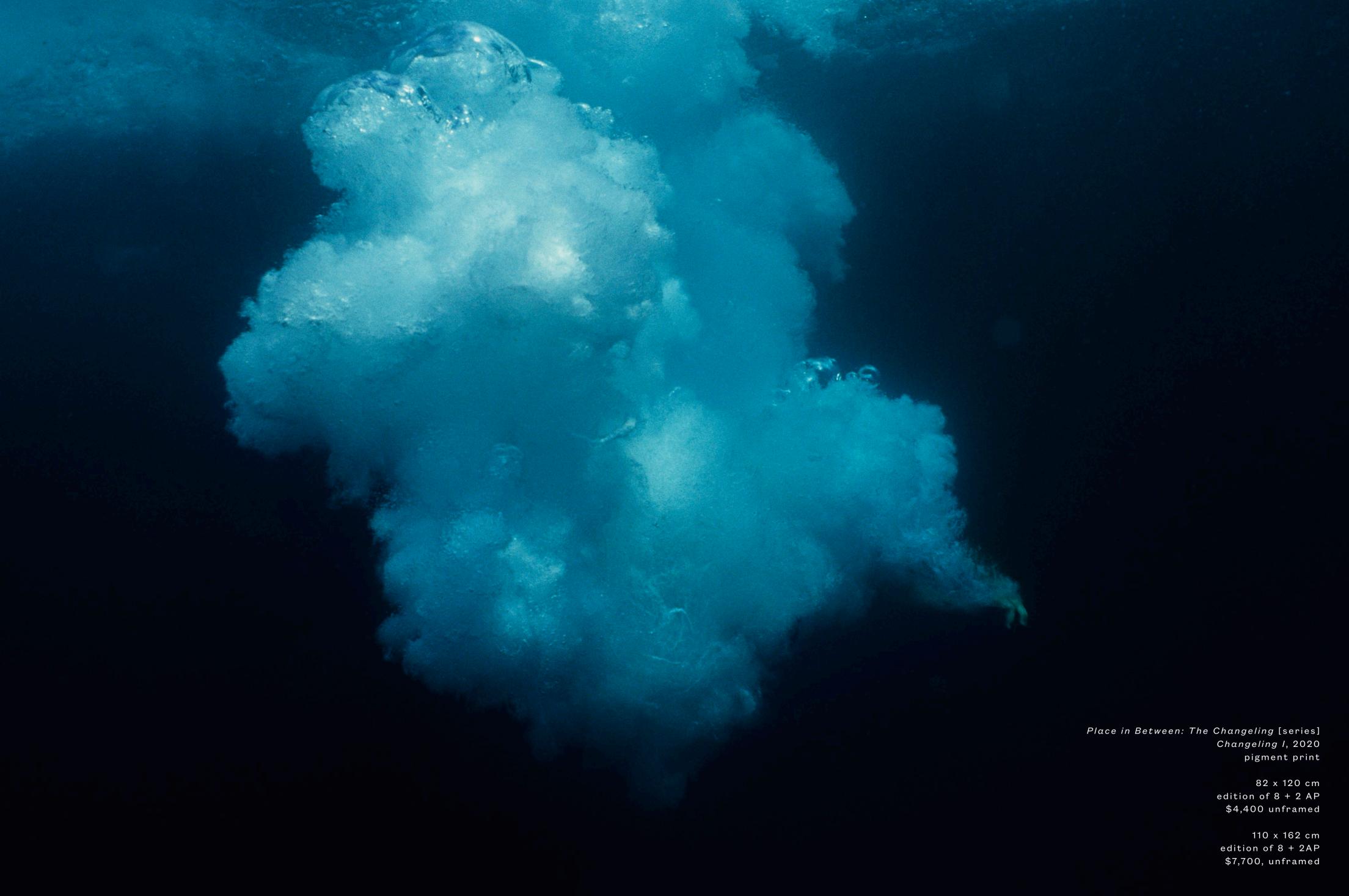
An explosion of light above, a terrestrial leap of faith.

Welcomed by a cold, insistent watery embrace. Shrouded.

Becoming for a moment, or eternally.

An illusion, a changeling. Born.

An ancient myth, forever lost but now returned.

















Place in Between: The Changeling [series]
Changeling XI, 2020 pigment print 82 x 120 cm edition of 8 + 2 AP \$4,400 unframed 110 x 162 cm edition of 8 + 2AP \$7,700, unframed











Text Excerpt by Judith Wright

Seven Songs From A Journey; VI Sea-Beach

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