

Blue Egg Lovechild

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Lydgalleriet, Bergen

4 & 5 April 2025 19:00-19:30

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1:00 In the beginning there was Day and Night.

1:17 A blue egg, their love-child, their light.

1:30 Day rose from its sleep,

1:39 woken up by the egg's luminosity.

1:50 The shell's rays warm up its body as it rolls its shoulders forwards,
backwards, forwards again, swaying the thick black fabric that clings onto
the Night's back.

2:13 Ripples form with each movement, soaring into velvet waves which wash
down the Night's neck, back, thighs and calves, reaching the feet and con-
tinuing onwards onto the small robin's egg which lays nestled at the end
of the cloth.

3:31 Day's chest heaving.

3:34 Space filling up with the Night's heavy breathing.

3:40 The nest unwound.

3:59 The egg rolls towards the left,

4:04 onto the right,

4:08 a bit forwards,

4:13 and further right.

4:16 The egg drops.

4:27 It falls out!

4:36 Bursting with ochre and yellow!

4:44 Followed by a rush of translucent goo.

4:57 The sticky spume grows into a salty lake,

5:04 It flourishes and becomes the sea.

5:23 Water sprays over golden yolk fields.

5:31 Salt crystallises over egg-shell peaks.

6:07 Of the broken shell's fragments, only the upper half lays intact

6:20 forming the heavens above: half the egg making the sky.

6:36 What on the egg is mottled becomes the stars.

6:50 What on the egg is blackish becomes rain clouds."

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7:31 When the yolks finally harden and the mustard ground dries out,
7:45 time flattens and slows down.

8:54 Silence unfurls over desolate waters.

9:18 Breathless. Lungs void of air.
9:31 A droning pressure rising from the depth of the Night.

10:01 As the Night realises its loss, its voice surges into a cry
10:11 -- a thunderous downpour darkening the heart in the sky.

10:55 Frozen follicles. Needles. Gales brush off the Night's brows,
11:01 Ahooooo, ahoooooooo""", oh how the Night howls!

12:02 Day lies below. Naked, it withers the storm.
12:10 The clouds tremble with expectation, lightning bolts gathering into a swarm.

12:21 As the heavens flog the fair one's soft skin, the sea watches in disbelief,
12:28 foam veiling its eyes, drool slipping out from its puckered lips.

12:40 A small exhibition of arousal: spume froths from the ocean's mouth.
12:49 The sea burps a rampant whirlwind which runs north to south.

13:33 The sea's towering white caps crash into the egg-shell peaks,
13:40 the yolky earth creasing into folds,
14:02 wrinkles being scraped out by the salty winds.

15:16 The storm begins to soothe
15:23 and the cloud of haze lifts.

15:30 Tears falling implacably.
15:34 Droplets coming down at different speeds.

15:47 A drizzle of sweat weaves into a fine discontinuous silver mesh.
15:57 A vision of the heavens exuding into the soil; blades of grass
standing gleaming and fresh.

18:00 Each micro-pore of dirt exhales a tiny brightening of air
18:10 as light pierces through Day and Night's unruly affair.