

Green Hariy Sea Monster

I stood up, and my eyes inadvertently swept toward the rocks: Oh, it gave me a cold sweat! I saw, in the middle of the rocks, something like a person climbing onto a rock. I crouched down, carefully peering from behind the stone, the creature had its back to me. It is dark green all over, like moss in a deep pool.

She lifted her head, glanced at me quietly, then with a “bomb,” she leaped into the sea. By the time I wiped the water off my face, she had already swam far away. I saw her rushing against the waves, white waves rising on both sides of her black body. She swam towards the vast and boundless sea—the endless waves, the black, vast, and dark sea under the dim light. I saw her stop about half a mile away, raising her head high above the surging surface and looking towards me. I stood up and waved to her. She waved back, then turned around, visibly speeding up, crossing the waves like a torpedo. Suddenly, she jumped out of the water, spreading the wings on her back and gliding on the surface for a while, then flapping her wings like a bat and flying into the sky. In an instant, she turned into a small black dot in the sky.

I tried to keep my eyes on her, but at that moment, the black dot suddenly disappeared. I looked towards the north in the sky, the Big Dipper was already visible, so I jumped into the sea.

tideland notes

I fell into a quagmire
It's said to be a mire
but it's actually endless mud
The mud is cold and slippery
You can't feel it if it sinks in
Sinking with the cows in the dream
There must not be mud under my feet

Footprints that can't be left behind
and ones that can't be pulled away
trap
Sticky and impossible to pull out
Finally, contact as reconciliation

Someone saved me
He took me back to the small restaurant he owned
Made me a cup of hot tea
He said that in the past six or seven years,
he had seen many people
They came and left, he saw changes
Of course and changes in water levels
He said that as the sea level rises
People are becoming more and more quick
In the end he told me

In this windiest place in the Netherlands
But at night
It will be so quiet that you can hear yourself
sounds inside the ear
At night the wind will stop
The wind will go somewhere else
He said
I can't imagine
not being able to even walk in this area
Where will the wind go to the land
where we cannot advance?
Such still
Even breathing is too loud
Only the sound of my ears remains

It's low tide at 4 p.m.
The moment I fell
The moment of falling
It seems like I saw green hairy sea monster
when someone pulls me up
She disappeared again

water stopped
frozen

Tidelands are bodies of water that stand still
The whole thing looks like a still frame
There is a huge wind in this frame,
and people are walking hard on the paper
not just at night
Even during the day, the sea stops

About to enter the tunnel
But then it slipped away from the edge

The somewhat hard body inside the squid
like shells and thin stones
Worn by insects and weathered
I found them on the grass
I don't know how they got here
Maybe it was the tide or the wind

I saw a dead bird with feathers
and some bones exposed
But there is the carcass of another bird next to it
She must have died a few months ago
She seemed to have found it
following a trace and died together

i didn't search for them,
they just come to me

that day i had a dream about the squid
was falling in love with some species in land

Finally we walked up to the tower and the spiral staircase
I stuck my ear to the iron handrail and listened
The singing came from above, from below, or from nowhere
and the sounds of many other species

10 March, 2024
Marrum, Friesland



[we have also translated the words,
we have emptied them of their
paroles, dried them up, reduced
them, embalmed them, and they
are no longer able to remind us of
how they sprang from things in
the past like the outbreak of their
essential laughter, when, in joy,
they called to, and exulted in their
perfume of names; and “sea,” “sea”
smelled of algae, whispered salt,
and we tasted the infinite loved one,
we licked the stranger, the salt of
her parole on our lips.]

Hélène Cixous, Entre l'écriture
(Paris: Des femmes, 1986)

New Moon Song
08.04.2024 — 07.05.2024
Qihang Li

Green Hairy Sea Monster by Wang
Xiaobo; Part of the narration
scripted from Can Xue's short
novel *Algae*;

Performance on April 20, 2024
Sound edited in Amsterdam

Invited by Yue Yuan
Design by Seokyoung Kim
Printed in Amsterdam

Lunar Practices, Bo9k
Changsha 2024