

ELENA NARBUTAITĖ

*For a Soft Ass*

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How many great sentences run through my head each time I am in a good mood, how many of them I lose in a non-stopping passage. But sometimes I write them down. I wrote down this one on 11th of February. 12 days before the Russian invasion into Ukraine. We were having a dinner out with my mum Daina, Gintaras and as Francisco, who was visiting, stayed at home Liudvikas joined us in his chair and he brought a saying\* with him that evening.

When I said I had a feeling of us being made up of atoms who gather and re-gather in different clusters he added 'and we live in infinite tenderness' It stayed with us. There is not a day that I would not not remember this sentence. I think somewhere deeply as deep as space can be limitless. I believe in tenderness like in water who will anyway run past and over the illusion of unchangeability.

I listen to a concert with my eyes closed.

We are made up of atoms and 'live in infinite tenderness\*'.

*Elena Narbutaitė*

*\*Liudvikas Buklys*