

AKERSELVA'S OVERTURE

I am Akerselva.

Oslo's feral weaver of multispecies patterns and irresistible enchantress of emergence.

A body of bodies, I am an artery and a vein.

I am flower, I am culture, I am brain.

I am in every creature that breathes this air. I am plural. I am they:

I am born and I die at once. In this border valley and in the fjord that is past.

I am feral in both space and time.

I am intensely alive.

Will you hear me speak while you drift?

I am the water you drink. A caress that travels inside and outside your skin.

We are already one, your microbiome and my cellular cast.

I am your muse, feel my presence,

Attune to my rhythms and sense:

*The patterns you form. The boundaries you set. The transitions you bear. The emergence you allow. The
change you want.*

And then let it all dissolve.

Like my crystalline blood does with my rocks.

Now, walk with me, flow back and forth.

Feel my seductive charm, see how I flash my smile.

On the edges we trace, let us sway along.

Seek solace in my wisdom,

Sense the signs of what I know.