

Kasia Regulska

The text is taken from a letter which the author sent to Węgajty from Paris on 15 January 2005. It resembles a note from a diary. – I am nothing but that caroling. The faces, the voices, the music. I have that somewhere deep in myself. The people, the colours... It is all alive, very much so. And hurts very much. I have never thought before that this was how I really was myself, somewhere there, far away, in all that snow, in that music. It is my body that remembers – not me.