

Text to accompany vinyl record by Megan Rudden  
For Somewhere Press  
Selkie Reflections by Alliyah Enyo x Angel R

We listen underwater. A voice submerged in shifting oceans, planetary cycles led by the pull of the moon. Her song is a siren call, hypnotic and luring, guiding us down and under with little resistance. Beneath the surface sound travels faster, hotter, further, stretching for centuries like whale song. It moves through waves, unbounded by the linearity that is often demanded on land. An echo is heard in reverse like a reflection of the future. Our ears are made for air and so things become distorted, articulation lost in favour of feeling. The sound is located elsewhere but still in the body, our insides vibrate in liquid harmony. In the dry place above, a needle is placed at the edge of a lacquer disc, spiralling inwards. A pointed crystal follows grooves cut into blackness, transforming its journey through plastic valleys into sound. Physical becomes audible. What we hear is always a memory, a fingerprint lifted from dust. A wordless call, an ancient sigh, wisdom released as exhaled breath.