

**Zeitschrift:** RosaRot : Zeitschrift für feministische Anliegen und Geschlechterfragen  
**Herausgeber:** Redaktionskollektiv RosaRot  
**Band:** - (2023)  
**Heft:** 63

**Artikel:** Fo(u)r dancers  
**Autor:** [s.n.]  
**DOI:** <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-1044548>

### **Nutzungsbedingungen**

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. [Mehr erfahren](#)

### **Conditions d'utilisation**

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. [En savoir plus](#)

### **Terms of use**

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. [Find out more](#)

**Download PDF:** 03.04.2026

**ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>**

# fo(u)r dancers

von alx

**CN: Körperlichkeit**

my head is a box  
whose lid is cracking  
whose pieces disappear in the  
inside  
inside of a room  
with walls impossible to count off  
at least  
for now

light comes through  
opaque glass  
windows!  
next to old walls  
covered with old names  
written with fresh, wet color  
the sound of aerosol  
small dots small points  
same like on my knuckles  
same like on my wrist

my hands they go  
to my mouth and back  
always again and since ever  
in between the gaps of my bones  
- still covered with flesh  
moves swirling smoke  
smoke  
it moves on and on and on and on

moves like my scared pulsating muscle  
right there on the left side  
hammering on memories  
deforming them like raw meat  
to make them more  
make them more  
more?  
to make them more what?  
even?  
not bad  
but I don't care

moves like a tooth  
grinding on another one  
longing for the taste of joy  
or  
moves like my silent poise  
balancing next to myself  
and without any noise

or  
or  
moves like your faces, letters and signs  
on the outside  
of your materialized souls and stories  
- your bodies

moves 360 degrees  
to see to catch  
every new born possibility  
don't you see it?  
just over there in the corner  
where the dark grows  
where new thoughts are playing hide and  
seek

stop. breathe. try again.  
change your play

moves like my unconscious ambitions  
which leave my pores  
which leave my mind  
like heavy rain leaves the sky  
and so?

lost time drops  
they fall on asphalt on a dense spot  
it's right over there - see?  
disguised as a grey boring  
parking place  
really... believe me