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

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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