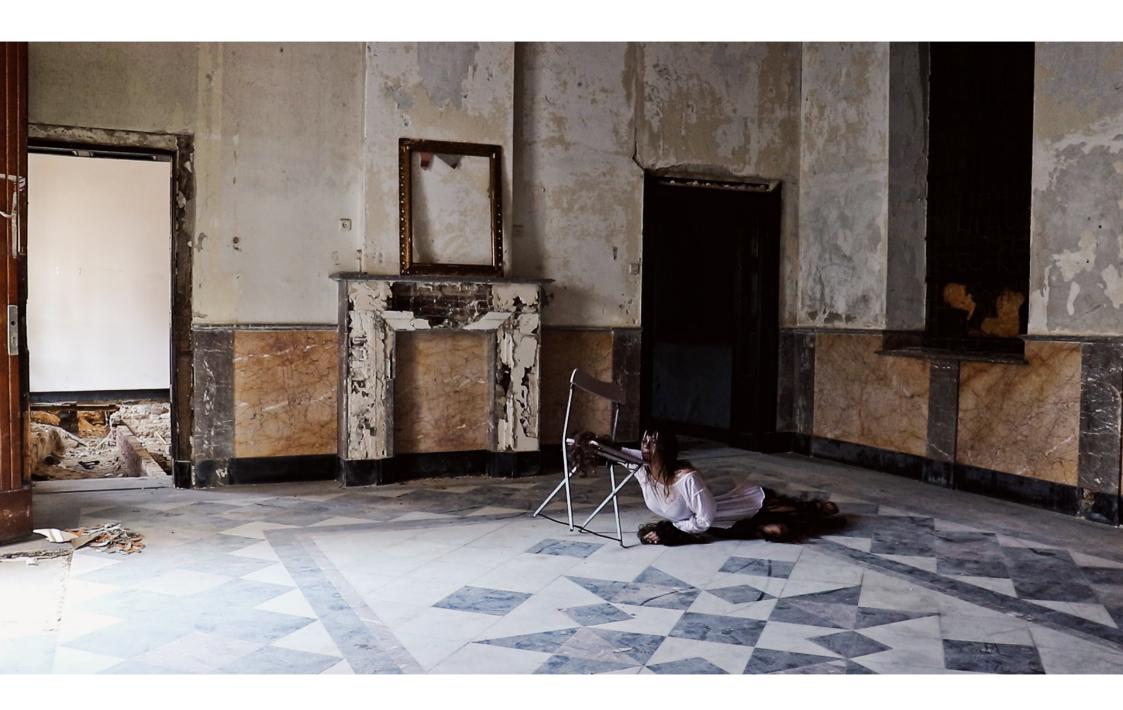
Ede Sevenich and Simone Grothe

eleu•the•ro•ma•ni•a
[eleutheroˈmānēə] noun
an intense and irresistible
desire for freedom



ac•count•a•bil•i•ty
[əˌkoun(t)əˈbilədē] noun
the fact or condition of being
accountable; responsibility



Yes, you were deceived by them missing all the warning signs
They disappear before placing a single piece of furniture
Try to hold it with tenderness carry the overload and have the patience that they demand Then replaced by the other ones but where do you go when you go quiet?

The sweet words roll right off my tongue how each single sentence is strung bruised-up and broken and scarred I have written down all that they cared to reveal All but the very ending which they were either unable or unwilling to tell me themselves or maybe they just couldn't see it yet

They are not the laughter or the strangeness I ordered
They are so tender and sweet and as soft as a bouquet of clouds
Still they consist of the madness
I so desperately and achingly want to avoid
Getting to know them more as you remember that we became more soul than body

Crawling onto your lap placing their hands on your neck holding on tight
If this is what you truly want
I can wear their skin over mine, their hair over mine
I can wear it like you wear disappointment on your face

It's an old story really the opinions shaped by your view disambiguation and denying A stained glass window try to contain and stay balanced What about the others? With their eyes staring to the nine panel door



in • de • ci • sive
[ ində 'sʌjsiv] adjective
characterized by lack
of decision and firmness



They are slowly created formed like clay pottery and watered with callous thoughts Overwhelmed by the unknown pretending that we can predict something that relates to uncertainty It's quite a breathtaking show to see the way they move by your written rule book

You let them play with the waves up to their necks at times Trying not to drown in all the expectations For some inexplicable reason they feel unworthy Pushing limits until their arms are completely stretched

Slowly shifting its weight as rigid fades into smooth from bare foot to bare foot Up in a spiral of stairs knowing their curvature like the reminiscent smell of panic Slice through the skin dig out to give it some meaning discard and displeased by their very presence

Chasing, but they can't find themselves because they are never in the same place
One breath for every movement wondering if their feet will take a separate way from their hands
The reality is that they are not dancing they are taking steps but none the way your rules apply

Longing for them to stretch with the distant sound of a ticking clock when there are grander things swirling around them
An eager desire to stay the same craving what is nearly impossible to achieve
From where they are now
I can only be sure of a very few things



care•less
['keələs] adjective
not concerned or worried about



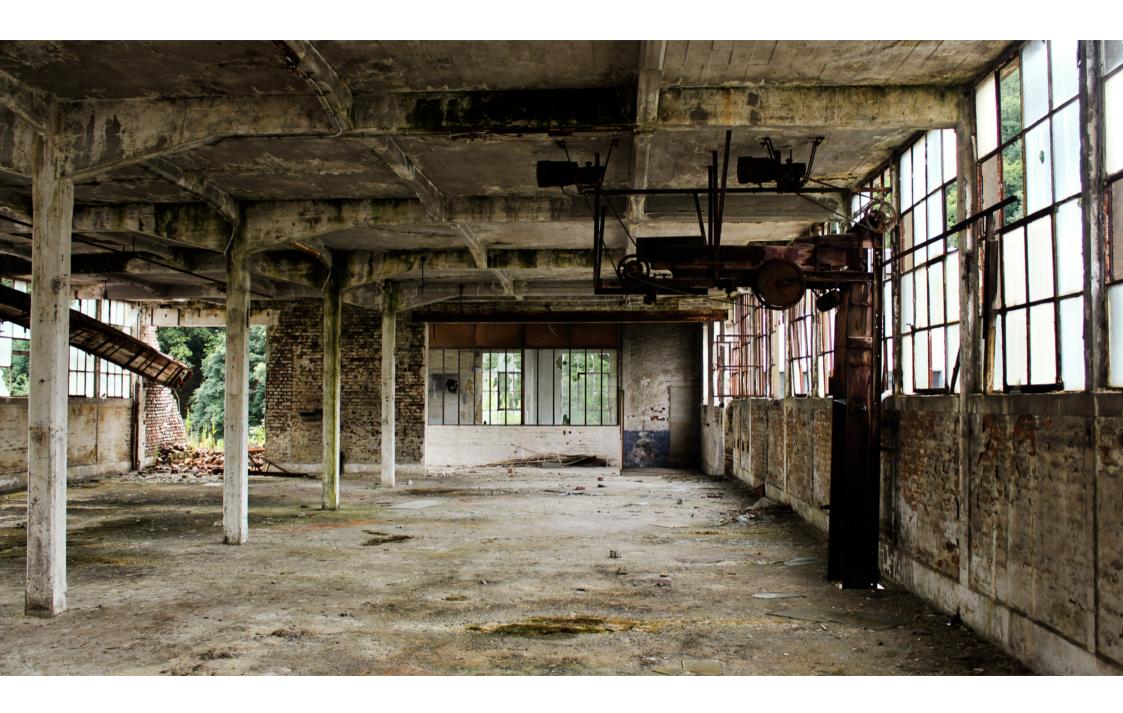
I am not even sure of the title
they don't care either
The idea that we should know
is a heaping pile of socially-crafted bullshit
With each languid day rolling into the next
unheeded swells the unbidden sigh
it makes them unsteady
Unceasingly intoxicate theirselves
to escape from the slavish martyrdom of time

They begin to invent things after a while fed by you
I suppose it's only human nature to add and subtract from our reminiscences
That strange emotion stampt with their unanswerable woes the feeling of not feeling being completely disaffected

They are telling the wrong lies not even useful the right lies would at least be warnings It's awfully terrifying You may not have meant to but you did fucked them up You fill them with the faults you had and add some extra

What luck
what a horrible curse
Poison under their skin
Worthless prescription on repeat
Absurdities no doubt crept in
this metaphorical bubble of existence
and they can't figure out what the hell to do
You are divine, cut up so perfectly
without the desire to change

You poke and prod for hours
that is so enthralling
I know it's abrupt
they have grown quiet now
Some of them have left
shrinking into a corner
like pressed daisies
For those who have stayed
their prison is their tangible incomprehensibility



fa • ti • gued
[fə'ti:gd] adjective
extreme tiredness resulting from
mental or physical exertion or illness



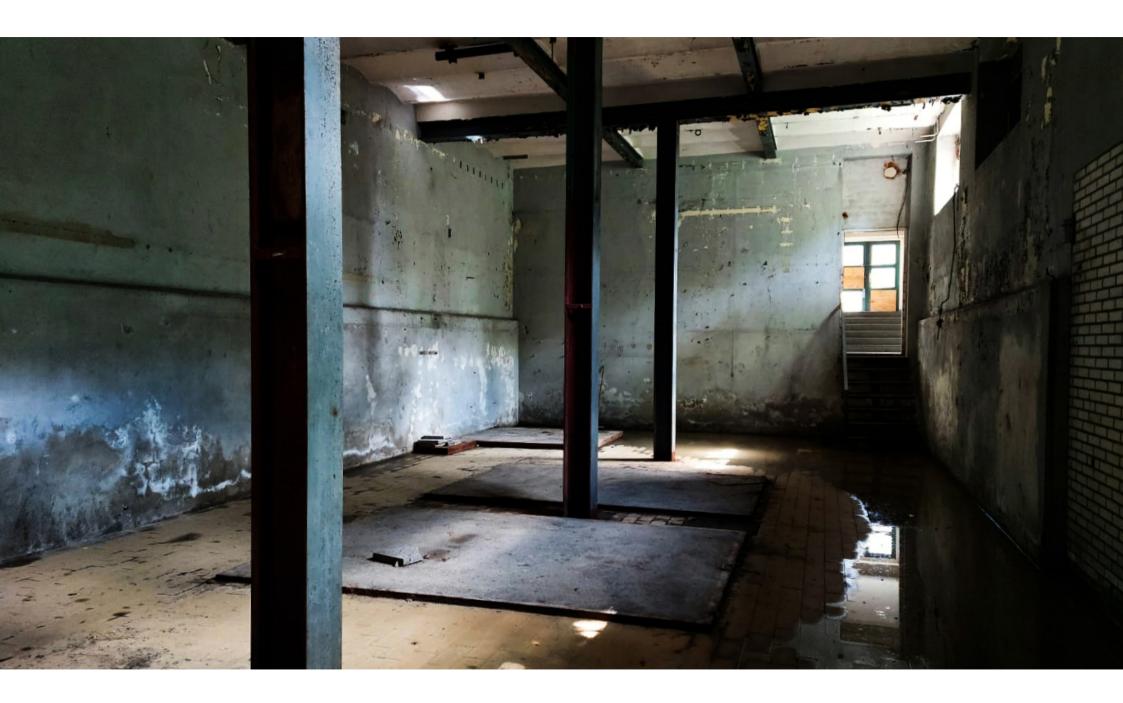
And then how do they go on after the unthinkable happens? They weren't afraid to grieve with empty arms but of the names randomly plucked from the air head filled with echoing memories They became polite and smiled at each other exactly the way strangers do

Resigned themselves
to where they are now
hanging by a thin tenuous thread
They can feel it twisting above them
gently fraying
Cutting themselves off
from living according to their inner guts
as oppose to the narrative
that you tell us would be right

There is a meeting point between how they imagined it and how it has transpired
To ease the mind of its nagging questions they drift in and out of each other's lives Making room to reconnect until the empty space is replaced After months of silence you, the mutual fear, bring peace

Their attention may be drawn to you but the few who dare must speak again to right the wrongs for many Be a shelter for the broken and a cocoon of motivation for those who need confidence until it feels like blowing in the wind

Watch their gathering shadows that have brought me to a new understanding the words, and then became a prolusion something they weren't expecting A surprising transformation from nothing to everything but it's a promise



in • dig • na • tion
[indig 'neif (ə)n] noun
anger or annoyance provoked by
what is perceived as unfair treatment



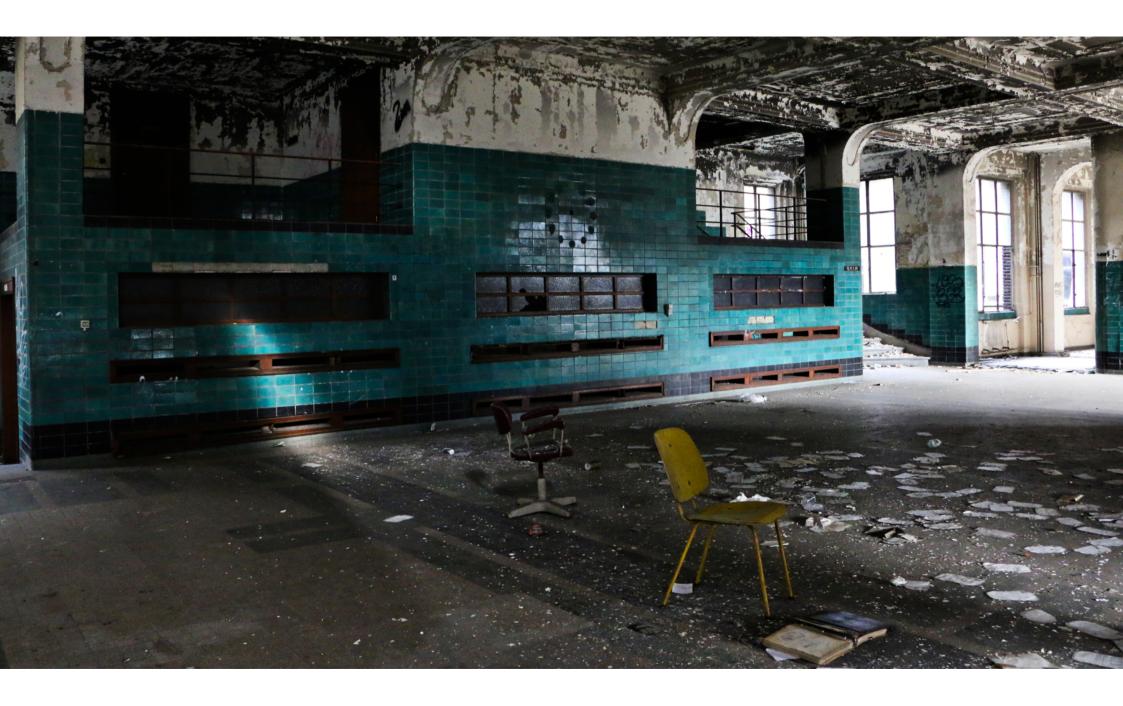
Pay close attention you have seen them from a distance Wearing their mantle of mystery marrying their perfumed silence Soon spread the dismal shade bowed head and lowered eyes folded like two white petals Realisation striking this time I could not bear to pick them up

They drink glasses of clear wine
Impossible to see properly even as darkness bends in on them closing from every side
They are lying to themselves calling it unconditional
But I cannot see it not yet

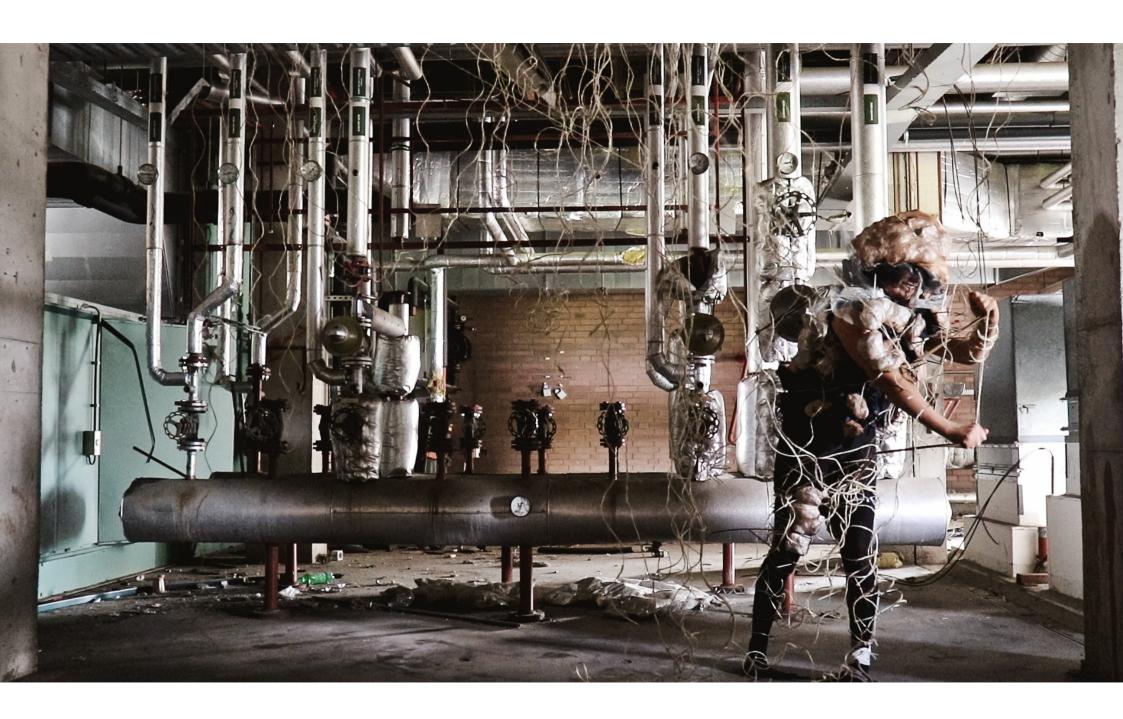
Plan to build a secret glass refuge think of it as a kind of survival procedure but there are faces on the wrong side of the wet windows smeared by rain Even if they separate themselves breaking the binds of the misconstrued their silence is too deafening

We were friends in the old days but they are not my priority anymore You turned your back you turned your back and you turned your back so many times That soon your feet were facing the wrong way altogether

Reaching the point at which they rebelled against each other A forest without trees melted into a desert
It's the right choice to close the shutters and stay so cold but it was all in vain



suf • fo • ca • tion
[safə 'keiʃ(ə)n] noun
the state from being deprived of
air or unable to breathe



Leave the others hanging at eternally vague intentions with turbulent currents churning underneath You drained them of their identity the damned whisper cruelty knits a snare Only the self-destructed thoughts to keep them company

They are a deluge of human luggage a muted mask of nonchalant composure All calm tranquillity on the surface their dishonest projection masquerading as beige Some vague realization collapsing from the growing pressure of their silence

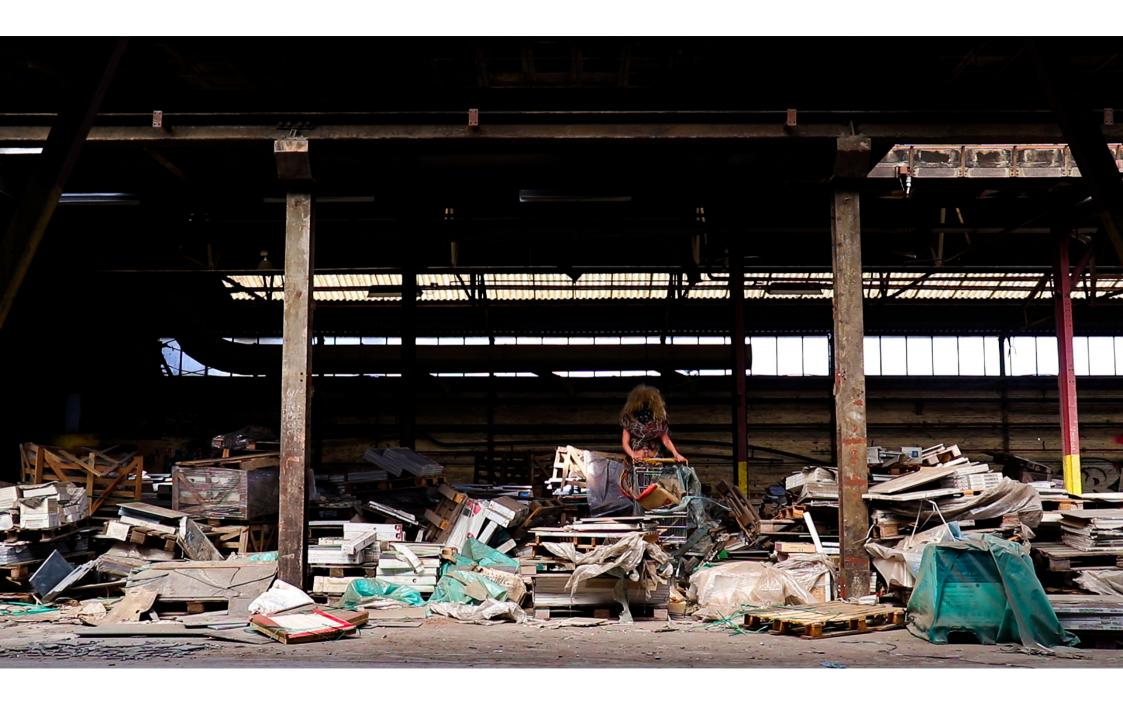
If I touch my body,
does that mean it's still here?
Questioning their own sanity
walking around armless
Suddenly whole days were blending tighter
creating one endless
and subdued loop
Their mantle-state has been
shaken to its core

Describe the day you first knew you were real it never made sense
Worrying over the floors
in confused circles
Don't know how many pieces you got constantly adding more
Keep cutting all the edges
until they are unrecognizable
stuck in the misplaced encounter

A bar fight of untangling giving the clock a face fit the shoes with their tongues Pull the sorrow from between their legs like silk knot after knot after knot filled with doubts but still anxiously wandering further



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chaos
['keips] noun
complete disorder and confusion
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So much noise, what a circus does my sudden sassiness upset you? Don't try to make it logical the only ones who are left are the mad ones desirous of everything at the same time in a cubicle that closes in on them They will float for a moment and then lash out

In the fell clutch of circumstances they are going quite mad With the knowledge accepting the overwhelming number of all dehydration and spite They created a rich and complex inner life most time caught up lost the minds in the midst of confusion

Compare them with an impossible highway skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke up to a burning house The way they are pulled and pushed it became a constant struggle But you are always asking more unashamed and sacrificial You split their heads open

Notice every subtlety in their environment it's intense Surrounded when left with nothing but chaotic thoughts Why can't heads have overflow pipes or simply find structure? They are caught in a disaster with no mercy

The ones who didn't prepare to handle themselves Bought train tickets without permission and refused to run The jealous behavior over illusions as if we were born with it in our mouths
Unplug it for a few minutes



des • per • ate
['dɛsp(ə)rət] adjective
feeling or showing a hopeless
sense that a situation is so bad
as to be impossible to deal with



Do you remember being born?
How does one forget
something as essential as that
It is a terrible thing
to look at oneself
and all the while to see nothing
They are crossing the road
the most ordinary thing in the world
but it's the last time they are ever going to do it

I could not count the hours that you tried to cage and contain them they were labelled You drained them of their worth traversed through the rubble Beat them down to nothing with relentless fists of words until they were numb nothing left but the internal rustle

You have broken the vase and stole the lonely flower
The need to withdraw into a darkened room
Come back!
Steal all of the vases cut all of the flowers
Listen for a second they have tried to change for you

Still unable to release grip although it gave them blisters
They dropped what they once were holding onto
Leaves are all dead on the ground the floor seemed wonderfully solid
They lay huddled scrape them together with my bare fingers

Thinking beyond the moment smell the raw sweet essence of things Probably shaking hands away motionless sitting Eaten up by you like plums in the icebox They were delicious so sweet and so cold



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emp • ti • ness
['em(p) tinəs] noun
the state of containing nothing
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Doors lead to trapdoors
a stairway leads to nothing
In the end everyone is aware of this
nobody keeps any of what he has
Like a soggy paper boat
they dipped their toes
As though to test if it was cold
they shivered
and never learned to swim

After many years
trying so desperately to save the others
while their own hands where shaking
It's over
They stand in the center of their room
and can't breathe
This isn't a physical problem
it's about accessing their memories
Like a museum of fears

They were visitors owning nothing
You never belonged to them
they never found you
it was always the other way around
You took all our clothes off
they witnessed all the imperfect parts
but time can not
fill the empty chair

Slowly, they did not speak another word they are free to go
Still they confine themselves held in place by their looking
And I, infinitesimal, felt myself being a pure part of the abyss
Caught between being noticed and wanting to disappear busy in my solitude

But it is they that still cannot see any of what is coming
But the rest of what is coming cannot be seen
Even after it has been covered up nothing left to see
even as they look right at it
And still I think I'll stay
for one more look at them

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