

## **Miss me harder**

by Tenzing Barshee

“We stay arbitrary.  
We are causeless.”  
– Eve de Mauve

Anchorman gets on stage.  
And informs the police about  
intruders in designated area.  
Bows to the audience and exits stage.

Morena appears.  
Followed by a boy.

**(Morena)**  
Marveled in May  
Died some days ago  
A bit caught in the act  
By this and that  
High-speed through the tunnel  
Still Clinically alive  
As Words stay around  
Screens tuned on  
Not vanished under -  
Sticking to the surface  
Rolling over ground  
Police cars do disco  
Under raining stones  
And I'd dive my finger  
Into liquid gold  
Onto you  
Over you  
In the in between  
Fly with decadence!  
Swing your tentacles!  
Go Club kids with too many causes

**(Boy)**  
Slugs smearing  
Heavy, dreary  
Weary, merry  
Heavy, dreary  
Weary, merry  
Eerie sound  
Leading all you lonely creeps  
(laughs)  
Miss me harder  
Miss some other  
Earth inhales us in

**(Morena)**  
Arriving at a point  
Somewhere different  
And we all look back  
Make who we are  
In times after winter snow  
Yellow chime of forsythia  
And Blackthorn enter,  
berries come along  
Their skin glows darkly  
Shading the ground  
On top of things  
Tarmac plows through  
Dividing leftovers  
Splitting gay green

**(Boy)**  
My Queen, My Queen  
It seems, it seems  
We need, we need

**(Morena)**  
The Sun pops up  
Bangs on our heads  
A bright, white, light  
Stomps us down  
My wooden core  
Flowers in-hand  
Mourners rise  
With else in their hands  
Clinging to dead cold bricks

**(Boy)**  
Duchess of Now, of here this and that  
Survive your tears  
Bye, bye farewell  
Cheerio

**(Morena)**

Who likes to know details?  
Of the how and why you die?  
I don't  
You do  
You're still young  
I'm already gone  
It's not the beginning  
It's over  
So impatient  
Never wait in line  
And now the first to go?

**(Boy)**

I find it hard to believe  
Always did  
Always thought  
Always tried  
Always lazy  
There's this abyss  
Just a little blunder  
Misstep ahead  
Ensnarled in the fall  
Downwards for a while  
Before you understand  
the idea of landing

**(Morena)**

Droopy grey under the lid  
Pupils made of drugs  
The Patina of life  
Outside is happy  
Inside is luscious  
Covering dust  
A thin layer of time  
Threatened by a single gasp  
Spare sparkles swash over  
Wrap up my thin hair  
Cover my pale face  
Fingers interlocked  
Perhaps I wake up  
Perhaps I resurrect  
I know the spot  
Somewhere in Europe  
I could tuck in the sky

Boy is in awe.  
He applauds.

Come inside, bitte

# Juliette Blightman

Opening  
Saturday 14 February  
6–9 pm

Exhibition  
14 February–4 April  
2015

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12–6 pm and by  
appointment