

Pos. 18 Stuck in Mud

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Fig. 1 Cat-walking on Treadmills

In-between the in-between
Tip_tappin'
through a scanning machine
Peeping peeping peeping thing
being late is not a sin
why are u still worrying

Sweaty hands oh how they push
they push it hard, they push it slow
things on wheels and things in hearts
wearing glasses to look smart
on my shirt a print of art

Cat-walking on treadmills
coffees to go -
penetrate my bills

lazy eyes from the pills
my soul still sticks behind these hills

Homelessness the state of mind
the waitress, damn she looked unkind
my feet, they're trapped
between the train and the track

blood splashes
on my neighbor's neck
drops;
that can never be taken back

my phone: alarmed
someone hacked my nudes
from 2nd grade
△
(Failed Housekeeping)

I dropped milk in my house
there's a hole in the ground
vacuum cleaner
resists,
my oven
insists

burn it
burn it
burn it
burn it
burn it

burn it
burn it
burn it
burn it
burn it down

Basement filled with corpse
my cat thinks she's a horse
the bed is just a frame
I try to crash with force

Fig. 2 Trapped in a Postcard

the elevator closed
and cut off my arm
off off off
I turn the alarm
off off off
off we go and wave the relatives
bye bye bye
see u another time
yes I'm fine mother
my make-up is meant to be like this

my train goes 200 per hour
all windows are opened
to move my hair
the forces comb through these dead depressives
like the movement in the sea

trapped in a postcard
stuck in devotion
trapped in a suitcase
fucked in slow-motion

my snacks are stacked on racks
lemonade exploded in my bag
sticky icky licky mush
husch husch
soak it soak it
soaked it out of textiles
can't afford to waste a taste

far away I saw some trees
juicy Lucy greeny trees
felt em deeply deep in me
lightly naughty haunty breeze

I'm soooooooooooooo connected with nature
It looked like a party I wasn't invited to, though
very pretty, very landscape painting

we're always on the run
always having fun
and if home is
where the heart is
could you carry your heart as a suitcase?

consuming meals out of throwaway boxes
ghost status on steel-heels

3x
trapped in a postcard
stuck in devotion
trapped in a suitcase
fucked in slow-motion

I think I know the stewardess.
she's as familiar to me as a snack to go

Fig. 3 Passenger (Syndrome)

drivin' through an open space
hiding behind a made-up face
take a flight to the other side
take a sight to another light

every way I take
keeps an anecdote to recreate
every way I take
keeps an anecdote to recreate

the clouds are dense
they don't make sense
the clouds are full
the clouds are full of death

De - de - death
De - de- death

tedratatattatarrtrtatadab da
Death

the clouds are full
they're leaking
the clouds are heavy
they're speaking
my heart is full
its leaking
my heart is heavy
it's speaking

my bag became my home
the clock the metronome
my phone my brain
my house my bone
my face their zone
must be _
the passenger syndrome

my room: a puppet house
my brain so covetous
my bed my frame
my screen the same
my heart the game
who wants to claim
who is to blame
it's all the same
same same
same same same

desire's a shame
ought to tame
the grande dame
the flame to tame
tame the flame
flame the tame
tame the game

tadatrrrrtatatadatdadadadadada

every space contains
another space
and in that space
its folded: me
in another space
referring to
another space another space
another space another space
another space in another space

escape escape
your eyes an empty space
new in town
and new in me
new in town
a loophole to feel free

If u roll up
I can give u a ride
in my suitcase
side by side
we'll glide
this endless ride
of passengers
side by side

take me in
take me to go
fold me up
and push me slow

take me in
take me to go
turn me out
to stage the show
take me in
take me to go
pack me up
and make me roll

don't act so pathetic, I thought you were pragmatic
check - in and wait for the waiter to spill some cheap champaign
Chers! to the never ending game

the star curator didn't like your elevator pitch
what a hitch - what a sad sad glitch

take me in
take me to go
fold me up
and push me slow
take me in
take me to go
turn me out
to stage the show
take me in
take me to go
pack me up
and make me roll

Fig. 4 Catcher in the Rye

my child is blind
my child is low
it is designed
to thrive and then fall slow

I watch the hunger grow
it pulsates every hour
the toys, they glow
the milk turned sour

hide and seek
running low
running deep
Hide and seek
running low
running deep
post-pleasure's treasures lost, repeat

the world, she tired
the world, she exhaust
see her eye ring so blue
looks pretty unglossed
she no whore,
she no house,
but she cost
how she cost

1,2,3 nobody sees me
4,5,6 something can't be fixed
7,8,9 I cross the line
cross the line and catch u

the catcher in the rye
calls me all the time
but I am fine fuck I'm fine
I wear a suit
that is mine
that tells what I do
I am fine
I own a card that is mine
no time to play games
here we only play: reality

and now the meditation bling bling parody:
Think of all your problems curling up in a form. Take that curl and put it into a room. A room in a house. Scale that house down and put it into another house. Put that house into a suitcase and that suitcase into another house. A house with a window..

Then take a fucking Xanax and get a therapist.

It's about desire they say
but then u realize
u don't even want it

Fig. 5 ZIEH MICH DURCH DEN DRECK

☪ Mit den Schellen
über Schwellen
mit den Hacken
über Nacken,
dass sie knacken
und versacken
in dem Dreck
In den Dreck
In den Dreck
In den Dreck ☪

Ja se hrabu
hrabu hrabu
vyhrabávám z bahna
z hrobu
z hrobu
z podzemí
se hrabu
hrabu hrabu
hrabu hrabu

Zieh mich durch den Schlamm
steck mich in Karton
ziehe meinen Kamm
schieb mich ins Visier
zieh mich über'n Hang
stell in Position
zieh mich auf den Rang
mach mich zur Portion

Zieh'e mich am Kragen
in den Laden
in den Fladen
in den Schubladen
in den Vollschaten
in den Schubschubladen
steck mich an an den haaren
steck mich an mit dem Faden
steck mich an ohne Gnaden
steck mich an anderer Gaben
steck mich an an den Haaren
die Geraden
wie ihre Hälse ragen

Oh sie ragen und
Ohhhhhhh
wie sie ragen
raunen saugen,
sie sagen:

ZIEH MICH DURCH DEN DRECK
HALTE DAS BESTECK
SCHIEB MICH DURCH DEN ZWECK
DA!
IST NOCH ETWAS - SPECK

Da hat jemand
Schlamm in der Kelle
Schlamm auf der Schwelle
Schlamm auf der Peitsche
Schlamm auf der Schelle

Hier der Dreck
am Kragen
Dreck am Laken
Dreck am Stecken
dreckige Fragen
unterer Lagen
Dreck am Haken
Fleck am Gnaden
da
der Makel
Ohh da der Makel
wie er Makelt
hier das Reine
für die Feine
Heuchelei

Zieh'e mich am Kragen
in den Laden
in den Fladen
in den Schubladen
in den Vollschaten
in den Schubschubladen

Zeig mir deinen Sarg,
was du alles mitnehmen magst,
(lieber deine Lieblingsmalerei
oder doch postmoderne Bildhauerei)

o

Mit den Schellen über Schwellen
mit den Hacken über Nacken,
dass sie knacken
und versacken
in dem Dreck
in den Dreck
in den Dreck
in den Dreck

o

Fig. 6 Sitting on a Branch that rots

catcher in the rye
needle in your eye
dinner in the waiting room
shower in a cage
sex on stage
post-modernism badly aged

wanderers in mind
places to be defined
efficiency hits hard
in a work fanatic phantasy

take a walk in your box
hear the clock that knocks
the passenger spills
the birds voice thrills
cheap talk
second thought
well I can be character

a bed is for sleeping
a table for eating
a box for keeping

mobile home
on my mobile phone
there's foam
some fomos foam's foam

online-dating on the way
hiding in the storm
rider in the mall
value in vain
I'm the collector of rain

turning tables
turning cities
turning faces
crying critics

critics critics critics,
I want critics critics critics
to criticize my innics innics
I meant innest motions

don't kling to life
don't kling to me
don't kling to anything
you lazy lunatic
u think u could stop their clocks?
move their hearts of rocks?

I'm leaking
I am dancing on so many parties
that I'm dissociating
failing to keep up a smalltalk
forgetting to go for my health walk

failing

to give you another elevator pitch

what a hitch

what a sad sad glitch

u want to attract after death?

the perfect make-up

will make it up

it'll make it up

my interior can't hold me

a life/knife in a box

a wife on rocks

sitting on a branch that rots

Fig. 7 Stuck in Mud

my heels got stuck in mud my
they hung me up
hung me up
as an image
as an object
as a breast
ich stecke fest
me in protest

bad blood
bad blood
bad blood
got stuck in mud

bad blood
bad blood
bad blood
got stuck in mud

my heels got stuck in mud
they hung me up
hung me up
as an image
as an object
as a breast

ich stecke fest

Mutter, die Butter
sie ist hart

Rollen umwickelt
um den finger
langes Fädchen
faules Mädchen

und mein Brustkorb
der Käfig
mein Kopf
die Tasche dieser Welt

Fig. 8 Drunk in Heaven

If the world is going down today
I will call my friends if that's ok
(to make sure we land in the same swing)

if the world is going down today
I will steal a big big bottle of champaign, slay
I guess I don't have that much more to say
hug my house goodbye, look the sky is grey

(ah actually it's quiet sunny outside)

my bloody Ex is giving me a call
but I have moved on - now that I know
that it's a bad investment for my very last day
instead I choose the perfect fit for my decay

my family is on another continent
I facetime them until the very end
this body is just the shell I've lent
but honey, it's not the fundament
I don't even wanna resist

the apocalypse gives me an anal fist
and then a very big kiss

If the world is going down today
my therapist will cancel, and that's ok

tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven
tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven

tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven
tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven

tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven
tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven

tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven
tomorrow we'll be drunk in heaven