

I needed to get rid of this body.

It had been lying there and nobody noticed, but I knew it would only be a matter of time until someone became aware of it, and things would undoubtedly only get worse from there.

I began to think.

This was not an easy thing, starting from a premise that had not presented itself to me before, and thus felt unconnected to all sorts of decisions and conclusions that were stored in my memory. I started by collecting the facts:

There was a body.

It lay on the ground.

It looked stiff, though I could not tell for sure because I had not touched it.

I might be able to touch it.

I might just as well not.

It looked heavy.

It looked pale.

It looked somehow twisted, though it failed to occur me why that would be so.

I sat down. I remembered this, from somewhere. Sometimes we sit and think and sometimes we just sit. I remembered that sometimes I just thought. I wondered if that counted as well

I might even wonder still.

I closed my eyes, but the body wouldn't vanish. When I looked again, it was still there.

I tried to remember everything I had seen on TV. On bodies. On bodies found. On bodies found somewhere. On bodies found somewhere outside. On bodies found somewhere outside of

me

and then I realized that I had absolutely no clue.

The sun started to rise, far in the east. I covered my face with both bare hands and felt like I was six again. But the sun crept through my spread fingers and I couldn't hold the darkness for a long time.

I got up. I scratched the dust off me. I clenched my teeth and felt the foam coming up. I spat. I looked at it and grinned and bore it.

I went to work and was just as bored as I had been the day before.

It only dawned on me a few hours later that I could have started by looking at the ground the body lay on. Not started as in ground before body. But started as in body before ground before dawn. Somebody had once told me that dawn translated as morgengrauen in German, and that the literal translation of this was morning horror. I think I should have started with ground.

I had never been grounded, maybe that's why. If I had been more attached, maybe, who knows. But all I knew was all I knew, and that was as far as I could go attacking that problem right in front of me. I couldn't let go. I couldn't lift it, but I carried it with me the whole day.

Then I went back.

It was so heavy. I wished for a smaller body.

I had seen people do this. I had seen them drag their bodies along, and they all looked so much lighter, so much easier to lift up. I had watched them, their muscles, their triceps brachii, their gastrocnemius and their rectus abdominis. I had imagined their gluteus maximus, their pectineus, and I had stopped aching.

In the morning I felt sore. Apparently, I didn't sleep well, at least that's what they told me. I wouldn't know. Nobody monitored my sleep. And things were okay in the night, when I finally could allow myself to sink into the cushions. Rest was good, when the work was done. Going to bed wasn't the problem. The problem was the mornings. The problem was waking up in the middle of the sunrise and feeling a heavy cramp in the stomach. The problem was wondering why I got up and getting up anyway and looking at the color emerging from behind the rooftops of the childhood's far-a-way and then remembering how the thought of unrealizability was impossible. I tried to recall the moment when it first struck me, but I got stuck again and again somewhere along the way.

I returned to the return, and I didn't know how I had gotten there but didn't manage to get anywhere else. I did a run and the sun would blind me and then I feared I would stumble over the body and I stopped running

I started walking instead

I walked away from the body, but someone had once told me that the earth wasn't flat and no matter how much I tried to fall into space I would never. Space was the only place I would not fall into. In stead  
y steps  
I continued to resume  
knowing that I would end I where I left off  
because of Galilei.

My teeth hurt in the morning, and then they started hurting in the day, too. They never hurt in the night, but my dentist handed me a splint that I was to wear at night.

I went back to the body, wearing my splint.

The next day I had broken my arm. I went to the doctor, but he was not the same. He told me I needed a cast and told me to come back as soon as I had gotten one. I didn't know where to look. I went onstage and someone painted my face and told me how much better I looked, and I looked for much better but couldn't find him.

I went back to the body, wearing the face.

My skin started itching. I didn't go and see a doctor. I didn't trust doctors when it came to hides. A woman told me to use cream. Another told me to use water. Someone told me that cream wasn't good in winter when it got too cold, and that water would be better when one started freezing. I didn't feel free, so I got myself two rules: Never trust a doctor. And Never trust a non-doctor.

I covered myself in paste and then I painted myself on a canvas. When it had dried, I looked at myself and wondered how I could be so colorful.

The body was still there.

I couldn't tell. What would I say? I got this body to dispose of? Who would understand?

It was not the body itself that left me mute. It was this inexplicable urge to get rid of it, although I couldn't explain how I'd gotten related to it in the first place. It just wouldn't leave me alone. It haunted me, and it kept reappearing before my eyes, again and again, and would only leave me alone when I was determined and decided

on how my next step would be. As soon as this got dubious again, there it'd be, white and stiff and open-mouthed, until I'd have a new plan, only to surface again with the next uncertainty.

At one point it would start to smell, that much I was sure of.

I wanted nobody "official" involved.

Why bother with the officials when the most they would do is to follow the official routine, and somehow bury that body, bury or burn it. It was only when I thought this that I wondered how peculiar it was, that bury and burn, both official ways to deal with a body, started with the same three letters, and only differed in their ending. This was so weird, because the measures themselves were the complete opposite: they differed in their implementation. In the end, though, they all came up to one thing: dust. And after that, maybe more. Eventually meaning less, dust reduced to even smaller particles, and completely dissolved, not resembling a body anymore. Not that dust would, but at least it has this relation, as in, and all will be dust, or something like that. Thinking about it like that, this song, another one bites the dust, it was peculiar, to say the least. If that expression, as I am told, refers to the process of doing your last breath, that is, starting the way to become dust, then another one bites the dust is actually quite the same as you are what you eat, which, admittedly, sounds better in German: du bist was du isst.

Frank Zappa said you are what you is. I think I like this even more.

This really got me thinking. There was something intriguing about it.

Handsome is what handsome does. If that was true, I felt pretty messed up. I must have looked horrifying. I wondered how I'd come from dawn to dusk.

A wolf in sheep's clothing. Or was it a sheep in sheep's clothing? The latter sounded somehow redundant, but then why would a wolf dress up as a sheep? Why would one want to be sheep, if one could be wolf? And I'd never heard of wolves doing carnival, but then this might be because I've never lived with wolves. I had my own teeth to sharpen.

I got rid of the splint.

I stayed up at night turning and turning and turning

– no rest no sleep no dream no plan no clock no must no need no go no went no gone  
no come no came no come no darkness apart from the back of the lamp –

page after page after page

I got rid of the splinter that had been in my foot from the day I went onstage. It didn't bleed. I knew that when it finally would, I would be happy.

I couldn't tell what had come first: the body or the need to get rid of it. From a logical viewpoint the second option was out of question. Why want something to be gone when it is not there anyway? But to me, both options seemed equally viable.

Later I couldn't tell what had come first: the turning or the dawn.

When I went back, the body wasn't gone. I knew it was still there. I could feel it. But I turned and turned and turned and I saw none. I thought I lacked something

I tried to trace it. Somewhere along the lines, the marks, the grazes, the scratches, the scar beginning to build.

I fiddled quite a long time with the ink. I had blue, but this didn't feel blue. It felt like color, but although that was a necessary condition for blue, the conditional when color then blue didn't work out from a logical point of view. When blue then color, that was fine, but one had to be careful in mixing things up. Maybe it was blue because of a want for color. But this got me really confused, so I decided to stick to my feeling, and that told me, blue wasn't the right color.

I had red, which would fit, somehow, being the color of blood and such. But this looked too much like corrections. I had hated corrections in school. More precisely, I had hated mistakes that needed correcting. I think I still hated corrections, only that nobody did them for me anymore.

I went for green. I went away.

I went to buy a slim, elegant, grey pencil. It had the look of a senile old man who had once been a lord, or an earl, or the mayor of a small city close to the Dutch border. It lacked a rubber.

I went to the store again. I wanted a pencil with a rubber on top. A pencil that could erase itself as soon as it had appeared on the page. A pencil that looked like it could be there and not be there at the same time. A pencil that was what it looked like.

Nobody understood what I wanted. I hadn't said a thing.

I went home. I searched through my old pencases. I found pencils with horses, pencils with the pattern of a giraffe's neck, pencils with mathematical formulas, pencils with stripes and pencils that had once been green, pencils that lacked a coating, pencils that were no pencils and pencils that were used to sharpen pencils, pencils that I had seen on TV and never seen again and pencils I mistook for sandwiches, pencils that felt hot and told me I had fever, and pencils that would never see the

light. I felt dizzy. I felt like I couldn't hold the pen. I was right. Somehow, they got  
hold of me. But who was I to judge  
who wrote and who read  
for some to quote and some to forget.