

VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY CHANCE

Note: for this text you need a context. Set yourself against a priority and see who wins.

We were building bridges when we realized we were afraid of heights.

I'm worrying. I heard that in Chinese the word most fit to translate to melancholy has worry as its core meaning.

We moved, and now we've got more walls than ever before.

I'm becoming a stranger to myself; I'm not touching my hands anymore.

Lockdown day 1: He is correcting my paper on my tablet, so the corrections come under my name.

Can water experience sehnsucht? The wind blows snowflakes against the window in our kitchen that melt on contact, and from the inside condensation obscures the view, becoming heavy with humidity. Now water droplets are running down on both sides of the closed window.

I've seen wild horses. They were just there; that was enough.

Soap Bubbles of Thought.

I touched a donkey today. Donkeys seem to me like the cats among the ungulates.

The days blend into each other.

I dreamt of a horse last night. It was black and it was white, like a hologram, and it was tugging at its strings.

I'll be back dancing tomorrow. We dance in circles. We sit in circles. Painted with chalk on uneven floors, we are outlined against the background of chance.

Where do the stories hide? I searched in the gap between the sofa cushions and all I could find were particles of dust.



Gesine Heger was born close to the fuss of the Ruhrgebiet and could have created an urban legend background. Instead, she moved to the village. She started writing early to create in the words what wasn't there in the world, but then left off to study law because she didn't understand the world. She then left law to study texts. They made more sense. She now works in the field of law and literature, where she focuses on rhetoric. In the meantime, she writes her own texts to distort sense because it means something to her.