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MUSIC BOX

i wake to a dream
i am pregnant
we had sex

while i was sleeping
while i was stolen
while i was stealing



such a long time
since
i stopped
touching lies
and so many other
rooms



your nearness is like touch

my eyes forever falling

when i turn

into his hands

glass things filled

with liquid and a scene of some monument

rubber-banded

onto it

a note that says 'human'

THE SPACE BETWEEN SHINES THROUGH

evaporation knowledge

fresh open buddha hand

gentle cycle

iron

simply drift

cannot be upset

untourable

satin solution

during sleeping hours

soft mouth feel

as when

after a long bath

gesticulation

offer a secret

corny is a candy bar from germany,
it has been produced by the schwartauer
werke since 1985 and is available in 11 flavors

maybe, i should call?

FOR FEAR OF NOT ENCOUNTERING

my compulsion toward you

admits only yes, and

hair in love

things that smell, extra tables,

being organic in hypermarkets

i closed my eyes, afraid to be seen

there was thinking to dissolve

i knew by this i meant *proof of purchase*

sundays that baffle—

saag bhaji, teeth like stars

may not have

common usage

and it got better

*fühlt endlich dass du dich verstecktest
aber sie, aber sie verändert dich*

a foil windbreaker,
a waffle-knit hoodie,

who said mousified? our feelings touch----- you will have to trust me

you undress, my tongue

passage through

sex is a civic imperative

obey the one you trust, trust the one you obey

in a place where no none knows what we've done

no. babies are not, generally speaking, cold. they are warm, and soft, and smell nice. they are very much in touch with their basic needs: food, home, love, and a clean diaper

in various positions of free fall

i like to be a source

barbie is safe II

more than 28,000 barbies have been separated from passengers after flights departed with no barbies on board

barbie getting married

invasion of privacy is sign of success

the recognized face

i met my face at the main gate of an ashram in India,

we fell in love without recognizing each other
how i know it was love?

*there was fear, there was beauty, it hurt, and
i felt ashamed for someone else*

how i know my face?

like all Ghesquiere's pants:
it is ultra modern,

original, and an object of desire;
i couldn't afford it

India, the preferred term is mad-house,
it reveals who you are—

like all hindrances // luxuries:
no one pities you, there is convulsing, truth-banging

the time it takes a lizard to eat up a
cockroach,

how she holds on to him—fear
is forever afraid,

the other night i watched a baby

lizard,
a fat roach approached;

pearls melt in vinegar
sheep
can
recognize
other sheep
from pictures

my face said *trust me, you are beautiful*
my face said *i want to tell you everything about me*

my face was the most beautiful thing i had ever watched,
i wanted it,
i wanted his country, and a wedding

when you recognize what you wanted
in other words, when you recognize
what you have been receiving
do you give it back?

face is a 4-letter-word, face contains

spinach, spruces, monopoly,
god, shit, peanuts, pain, plastic, hotels & houses
pride, okra,
mogra, passport, monsoon
rose,
roses
autobiography

i met my face at the main gate of an ashram in India,

we fell in love, without recognizing each other
lovers like roaches are very shy, excel at night-work,

are always afraid of being watched
for pleasure

love, like global warming, is a sign of market-failure,

unlike tourists with return, or onward-tickets,
who leave plastic, liquids & body hair behind,
fuck up prices,
excel at comparisons,
me, and my face stayed

my face said *you have Hitler mind*
my face said *i want to kill you*

my face was 21
my face was a drunk,
and paper thin

India, the inside of my face outside
it reveals who you are—

faces become humid & original & im per tinent
therefore capable
of

autobiography & adult content

i love you, i miss you,

i will kill her, i will kill myself, i want to drink with you

i lied, i am not lying, okay?

I lied, i am not lying, okay? trust me, and for the first time,

I FUCKED

my face,

even in public, a foreigner-woman, therefore,

available—

it hurts to enter god

it hurts to be loved back, love contains__ *I think, I think* love contains

success / sex / sterne / mercedes-benz/ I think, and

poetry, guts, giving, giving, giving, nervous, I think nervous and giving giving giving

frequently it comes with a pool /

swings / and

tests at its entrance/exit gates;

it hurts to enter god

it hurts to be loved back, god contains nothing

god contains everything, *my faces?? a house for my faces...god*

god is not a container

god is not a container is not a container IS NOT A CONTAINERis

no spitting, no spitting, okay?! okay. okay, fine!

god is a tattoo artist who works from home

tattooing love,

it involves opening one of the body's main protective gates,

one of my native neighbors locked the door after me twice, placed me next to him, on an egg-white leather couch that seats only one, *i eat very light*, my feet touched the ground, all windows were closed, *do you have shoulder pain? i have been to the west [doing foreigners], my wife won't be at home*

when you recognize what a face contains
in other words, when you recognize
what you fear,
do you fall in love?
do you fail god?

a common problem with tattoos is dissatisfaction, tattoos are meant to be permanent,
like facts, and unlike faces,
or love, GOD can surgically cut
sex / success / sterne / mercedes-benz
and stitch the edges
poetry, guts, giving, giving, giving nervous,
back together, *nervous, nervous*
this can leave a PAIN, A MUCH PAIN
a power,
a weakness, and
a deep love of rain

a recognized face provides opportunities for lovers to house GOD

pearls melt in vinegar
sheep can recognize other sheep from pictures

through it all our faces remain,
in a notebook,
next to my passport,
inside the fridge,
to let you know,
it rained
in Paris yesterday
BROKEN ENGLISH,
DREAMLAND,
JESUS SON, i don't miss you, I love you, bye, bye bye

Seeing somebody who is speaking, Imagining her ashes, 2005-2008

an item named body exists already in this location

she films her intuition only, she is beautiful, a rectangle

if you don't violate, it's not morally complicated enough

china has 44 million missing women

holiday inn loses 560,000 towels a year

about 120 corpses remain on Everest

this is an installation

she believed she was different from all the other girls

3 outstretched words on a table, on top of each other, unconscious, raped

domestic passengers mix freely with international passengers in airside shopping malls

more people can identify the golden arches of Mc Donald's than the christian cross

he seemed like such a good boyfriend

silence is the basic sound element of love

an item named body exists already in this location

they made a list of people we would invite to the wedding

when walking on ice bergs they can turn over without warning

she did not believe that he took the \$100 note from my passport

she replaces it with the one she is saving

the christ is not called to unconditional approval

when falling into ice-cold water exposed parts will freeze in about 4 min death will occur in 15 minutes

money is never the problem, but having money, when the other has nothing causes problems

she lost a lot of my hair, had blood tests done, *anchoring wind*

general elections were being held and sonia gandhi won an unexpected victory

tom ford left Gucci

she started taking iron pills, with the earlier writing often legible

female sex tourists are often overweight, incompletely erased

an item named body exists already in this location

silence is the basic sound element of love

the time of death is uncertain

sonia gandhi heeded her inner voice and abandoned her own prime ministerial ambitions

this is an installation,

bush got reelected

ideal conditions are difficult to achieve in the home *hanging from a book*

and then something will happen again

silence is a form of pain

she films her intuition only, she is beautiful, a rectangle eating into fire

she checked into the world's guesthouse with a silence badge and
a butcher-knife

2 countries agreed to the formation of a united nations associated boundary commission to determine the final disposition
of the disputed border zones

a visitor to the Tate Modern pronounces himself thrilled that the exhibit 'shibboleth' allows for the possibility of injury

she looked at the i she had taken out of his base note

he attempted a double-toe loop

the mosquito net broke

safe can become stylish
detachment, too, has its bridges

writing is an ungraspable future

writing is anchoring wind, eating into the fire
silence did not allow to penetrate the body through it
silence is the basic sound element of love

all holes you can see you can travel into

if we need the private to be public *exposed parts will feel maniacal*
all other skin, housed between tracing paper, closed by simple, interrupted sutures
armies of arms in young blazers, *do you want to taste my kiss from 2004?*
maybe even write in big fat blocks of prose

and then something will happen again

the bottom word has a mother

something continues, stops whenever a visitor enters

silence thinks its collapse

the mosquito net broke

he attempted a double toe loop

she could not believe her beliefs, however developed, like scenes in a movie on intuition, body, we cannot be precise
about its location

china has 44 million missing women

the time of death is uncertain

the sentences dress for dinner

the sentences carry the emotions

sutures must be strong

sutures must be flexible

the thread color was straw

the thread color was violet

an item named body exists already in this location

she replaces it with the one she is saving

she is filming her intuition only, she is beautiful, written more than once, with the earlier incompletely erased and often legible

this is an installation