

# CAESAREAN SECTION. ESSAYS ON SUICIDE

## 1. Overture

The glass bell of a heart. It pounds within and never misses. When it tolls we never know whether it is by mistake; is it just a joke perhaps?

## 2. Tenderness. Conversation by spilled wine

We stay dead much longer than alive, thus as the dead we need much more luck.

ERIK SATIE, GNOSSIENNE III

## 3. Opening of Heaven

I imagine Heaven. It is so insurmountable that immediately I fall asleep to comfort myself. When awake again I know that God is a bit smaller than heaven. Otherwise we would fearfully fall asleep during a prayer.

## 4. Suicides' Catwalk

People are afraid of God, therefore they go to heaven. There is a special section there for circus performers who can fly.

JESUS CHRIST IS ALSO  
A CIRCUS PERFORMER.

## 5. Infection. First

A man. A woman. A table. An eye.  
A woman stoops. So does the man.  
And now: this does not exist.  
A woman and a man. A table. An eye.  
Everything is just a language.  
A story.

## 6. To remove my skin

Right on the floor. The world has stuck to me. Square miles of skin. Continents of skin. Under your watchful eye I learn from snakes.

## 7. Engagement (to a knife)

## 8. Infection. Second

We had no language between us.  
Only words.

## 9. Dream. Miscarriage

A glass bell. A tiny bell. And color of unborning.

## 10. Tango

## 11. Suicides' Heaven. Why am I not an Angel

One angel dressed up as an angel  
and no one recognized him.  
Another fell from heaven and broke into pieces.  
Another foreign angel became a believer  
and drowned in a bathtub.  
In Heaven they stuff dead angels and  
hang them on a wall.  
I prefer to stay immortal.

## 12. Infection. Third

Five Unwise Maidens asked Wise  
Maiden for oil.  
When we give you our oil then it won't  
be enough for us and you.  
It won't be enough for us and you.

## 13. Suicides' Cinema

## 14. Dream. Illumination

I love you, I said. This sounds like  
a farewell, she replied, you'd better  
get under the covers.  
Lets tell the beloved God a story  
so he is not upset when I come.

With this she always managed  
to tempt me.  
Does he personally receive everyone?  
How would I know, I don't remember  
him saying goodbye.  
Most of everything happens without us  
anyway. God has heart full of the Dead.

This is dreaming through sound.

## 15. Taming the Madness

He knocked on the door.

Nothing.

He entered.

One saw brightness only.  
I have cooked light for dinner.

Eat!

God wrinkled his nose. This would not  
be the first time when he would ruin his  
stomach with light.

Eat!

Hmmm, said God. What? Hmm.

ZACHARY'S CHANT SANG IN COR-  
SICA ON GOOD FRIDAY

## 16. My Body a Tear

In each new town I make a pit in the  
ground under our circus caravan, then put  
my hand in there, and then the head and  
then I listen.  
How God breathes under the ground and  
chews. Sometimes I wish to dig through  
to him, though I am afraid that he might  
bite me.

GOD IS ALWAYS HUNGRY.

KYRIE ELEISON, CORSICA

## 17. Toasts

The color of soul smeared  
on this side of sky.  
And the glass ash.  
Rain.

## 18. Catatonia

I do not scream.  
I have rejected my mouth.

ERIK SATIE, GNOSSIENNE I