

AYASOFYA MOSCHEE

DISTINCT INSIDE

über Prozess gegen die drei Heins
Heinrich

VIVALDI
DIE VIER JAHRESZEITEN
KAMMERORCHESTER
NEUE PHILHARMONIE HAMBURG

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DIE VIER JAHRESZEITEN
KAMMERORCHESTER
NEUE PHILHARMONIE HAMBURG
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
ANTONIO VIVALDI
JOHANNES BRAHMS
FRANZ LISZT
FR · 4.10.19 · 20 UHR
SA · 5.10.19 · 20 UHR
FRANZÖSISCHER DOM
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Pommes 8,99 €

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It's an airport approach.

It's dark, and silent. The legs are tired, twitching. Ants, dim – running through your thighs.

It was an airport approach then and it's an airport approach now. You lie in the airplane seat. Not sitting, precisely, – lying. You brush your rugged cheek against the ribbed fabric. The smell recalls the patches of light on the carpeting in the lounge, back in the terminal. The approach is along the carpeting.

There are many airports, and many carpetings.

It was a long way. A swarm of little distances, at first. On passing the woods, and among the rural housing: fences, ducts, walls – leading you back and forth. Then – huge and heavy regions, showing suddenly, imposing. Sweeps you'd never name, absurd and obscure, hovering above the freeway interchange, growing only larger above the barren fields.

Somehow – not an exile, all this. But it looked this way. You'd been sent away, there was hardly any business there, tonight, and the sorting centre stalled. The spurts of cardboard on the belts got sparser, and then there was nothing, nothing, and it all stopped. People reached their smartphones, and the supervisor vests showed up.

It's still not clear to you how you missed your shuttle. The heavy boots, perhaps – your fingers got twined into the laces and it dissolved the minutes, swallowing your time. The enduring brightness – The dull breath of space – The LED lamp flicker. It hushed the call, and it was too late.

But then, you had this flight, your lifeline. You just couldn't stay in the canteen, listening to coins sinking in the coffee vendor; drumming fingers at the wood veneer; holding to your phone; waiting for it to get bright outside.

So, you pierced the night, and dragged yourself, on foot, from Amazon to the airport.

Now, torpid, air-dry on the palate, you taste the minutes in the airplane seat. The voice of a stewardess, again, as your vanishing point.

Numb.

But when you close your eyes, you're still there, cutting through the moist, half-frozen fields.

Turning inwards. The seat embraces you. It's a different night by now, the sun rises on the other side of the eye. But it's still the same movement. An approach. And the same goal, to an extent. You sink into the padding. Depth deepens, and your legs keep walking walking walking walking, they walk that endless stretch, the warp, the main periphery. Thickets – snap. Your heart – bird-soft – caves in. And the scratches on the asphalt recommence.

Plains, silent. Boundless. And for better or for worse – since you've absorbed them. And all this being far from clear – how it might play out. What they reach, the plains, what the future holds. Surely, it feels good to be on board. Moving somewhere, forward. But this has never changed.

You've absorbed that shadow, of that cement plant. A shadow out of place, of that dull construction; the lone, erected cylinder. The stage set blossom, the steel weed tumor, more than half-abstract. You've absorbed that soil. You've stepped into the mud of the viaduct embankment, bleeding, feeding into night, white-grey, ghost, mist. You can smell it – it's still there, the grassy slope. Dung-fresh, in this airconned tube. Dirtboard. Smearred, under the neighbour's seat. Still slippery.

You keep on tripping over there. And this, this wakes you up, the sensation of a sudden fall.

But then you realize you're fixed. And yet deeper in your seat. And the plane is moving.

The runway. The sparked delight, the twilight. Drugged, chasing after the drone, after the speakers' silence, you reach out. And you're beyond that voice. Through words, pure – puppeteering her, her hand – the stewardess. Sense – showing, for a moment, in the dried-out slit of your eyes.

You leave the ground.

And it's an airport approach.

Herb lands. Wire fence -lands. Easy Jets -parked -lands.

And it's a long way.

You don't care. You go.

The lamps, along the runway, flesh out the parked airplanes.
Easy Jets – behind the wire fence, puffed white snouts.
Orange letters.

Puffed white snouts in the night's bosom. Behind the wire fence.

You remember the car? That stopped? And stood still?
on that scar of a road? in the middle of the woods?
– you remember that car?
Maybe – maybe it's better, that no one opened the door.
Who knows? Maybe it's better.

Airport approach. Terminal approach.
You're in for a couple of transfers, still. Dry and stiff wakeups.
Carpets.
A few anaesthetic announcements. Dreams, of connecting flights.
On board. Dreams of boredom.
Of an empty police car
– parked, mid-way. The driveway. Light-awash.

