

Natalie Häusler

Bethsabée reste au bain

1.

«Un jour, David se leva de sa couche; et comme il se promenait sur la terrasse du palais royal, il aperçut une femme qui se baignait; cette femme était très belle. David fit demander qui était cette femme, et on lui répondit: C'est Bethsabée ...»

2.

Fureur,
Bethsabée!
Fureur,
Bethsabée,
fureur!

3.

Devastated
she went
underwater.
Underwater
she couldn't
smell anything anymore,
which was exactly
what she aimed for.
But he was still waiting
at the edge of the pool
with his letter,
this king on a mission
to be and to make history,
while she wanted
to smell nothing,
which was
a very different aim
of course.

4.

The water was
like a skin surrounding her skin,
while she was
like a gap within this liquid,
her body an interruption of the allover.
She knew well then
how to make use
of her solid state,
and finally felt
that she understood
the advantages of being
a lump of flesh,
feeling the contact
with each thing in a different way,
and feeling herself differently
depending on what she was touched by.

5.

And then the water turned upside down and she found herself in an oval shaped room. There were two of the same kind next to each other, she realized, locating herself. It seemed like diving for too long had caused some sort of mental deficiency, or she had in fact, in some way, traveled through the swimming pool to another place. Lack of oxygen must have caused this architectural space to take shape, the double oval ∞ .

6.

It is in my breath, your future
is a simple architectural plan
which causes trouble
only if you don't want to inhabit it.
You just have to own it, as they say.
It will be your life,
handed over to you,
more individualized
than you could have ever hoped for
in your simplistic dreams.
Your image of yourself lacks detail
Infinity,
as I will call you from now on,
but I will help you
to improve it.
Just breathe normally.

7.

Cette, cette, cette,
crazy diver,
dunno what she's looking for
down there.
But baby
you gotta breathe
this air up here,
may it be polluted
with particles
of sharp edged irrelevance,
or with
what you take by mistake
for the space in between,
this clean idealized water of yours
can never make up for
its lack of impurities,
face it!

8.

Each moment here was pulling sideways and downwards at the same time. At first she tried to figure out how this was possible, but understood soon, that she had to simply accept it as a plain fact.

Vivid daylight filled each of the two rooms, but she didn't see a single window or lamp. The ceiling seemed to be the light source, a luminous area of bright softness.

She sat down on a bench, the only piece of furniture in the room. The water returned instantaneously.

9.

Any line or surface
was infinite here
in its variations,
and soft or blurry
caused by the shape shifting
that took place
when she tried to focus.
It was a no edged existence,
an infinite sameness
of everything,
although she tried
to become aware of the differences
that she thought she could sense,
if she managed
to concentrate and isolate
the individual phenomenon.

10.

As long as she was
in the watery substance
she didn't care
about any of those questions,
but as soon as she entered
the second space
of the oval shaped rooms
this plain being
became impossible.

11.

She imagined
a forest was surrounding the pool,
tall cedar trees
of the darkest green.
The lines were moving inconsistently.
She imagined the pool to be filled with
tall cedar trees
of the darkest green.
She imagined herself sitting on a bench
high above
watching the pool of trees.

Sound: <http://npiece.com/natalie-haeusler/works/bethabee-reste-au-bain/bethsabe-e-reste-au-bain?!=en>