

HAMLET

Boris Nikitin

*TEXT Boris Nikitin and Julia*n Meding*



<https://tinyurl.com/Nikitin-Hamlet>

ENGLISH TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN Dora Kapusta

WITH Julia*n Meding

DIRECTOR Boris Niktin

SONGS Julia*n Meding and Uzrukki Schmidt

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PROLOGUE

*Julia*n comes on stage, wearing a wolf mask*

Good evening.

My name is Julia*n Meding.

I am a musician and performance artist.

Some information before we begin:

yells

This is not theatre.

This is not a performance.

This not a concert.

This is not real life.

This is not reality.

And it's not the first act either.

First Song.

*Julia*n stops singing in the middle of the song, walks in front of the audience.*

The music stops.

*Julia*n takes off the mask. We see a young person, their hair completely shaved, watching at the audience. Julia*n silently walks the boundary of the stage.*

I

Tonight I am standing here in front of you on the stage.

It is about bodies.

And reality.

About something that's tipping over.

We are here in the theatre. You can see and hear everything that I do.

Everything that I divulge to you, is a matter of public record.

You can appropriate it. You can take it home with you.

You can try to identify with me and my story. And with this body.

walks, observes

But, on the other hand, this is also a safe place.

Because this here is not reality.

Rather, it is an artificial situation.

Because there's always the possibility of fiction.

walks, observes

So, when I show you my body, for example,
when I tell you the story of my childhood,
or of my problems
then it is all ripped from everyday life and from real life.
It is no longer verifiable.
And that is why I can make myself completely public here
and put myself up for discussion.
Because these things split off from my real body
and from the real identities that I create out there in everyday life
and enter into a relationship with this space.

walks, observes

Everything becomes material.
For example, what if I now told you that I'm not Julia*n Meding at all,
but actually Julia*n Schmidt. Or Urzukki Schmidt.
And if I tell you that I'm attracted to people who wear raincoats.
Or that I have a clinical anxiety disorder,
which is why I always wear camouflage when I'm out in town.
You see, my examples would have to be less spectacular.
If I tell you that I don't ingest any warm meals, only raw food, because I think that
the energy of the plants stays better conserved.
Or that I have 10 pairs of running shoes at home, of which I never wear any pair
more than once in 10 days.
Then you can put that down to this person here.
You can tie it to this body.
That is my offer.
Interpreting things into this body that is moving in front of you.

walks, observes

But when this body leaves the stage it will no longer be the same one.
This body only exists on the stage.
It will not be there before or afterward.
It is, so to speak, a phantom.

As I already said, I am a musician.
And I have brought a few songs with me.

Second song.

*In the middle of the song Julia*n drops the microphone stand on the floor. The
music stops.
Julia*n looks at the audience, observes it.*

II

There is a village there that I come from.
It's called Rütten. It is located between Braunschweig and Hannover
and it is surrounded by countryside and a network of country roads.

There are two neighboring villages.
On the one side is Wasbüttel, and on the other side is Warnbüttel.
There's a restaurant in Warnbüttel, where there's schnitzel with potatoes and
schnitzel with croquettes.
There's also a gas station with a car wash and a vacuum.
And there's "Carpet Centre."

walks, observes

Rütten is built around a village green. It's actually like a square or a hexagon,
made up of streets with houses on both sides. And in the middle there used to be
pasture land. There used to be quite a few farms, and they used to be able to put
the cows out to graze.

Now there's one of those housing developments.

It's all built-up.

There's those typical housing development houses with clinker and red bricks.

And everything is, like, around a front yard, with a hedge or a fence.

And everything looks very clean.

And I must say that I find this artifice kind of interesting. It's really kind of wicked
to walk around in there at night.

When my parents first moved there, they tried to assimilate.

But then they began to distance themselves from it.

I don't know, they probably wanted to keep up their self-image of being teachers
and part of the educated middle class.

*Julia*n observes the audience.*

My father died a couple of weeks ago.

I don't actually want to talk about it on the stage because it's so private.

He couldn't do much anymore at the end.

He had difficulties with, like, motor skills.

But he was still really good at sensual and cognitive things.

And he could turn his head. Like this:

*Julia*n moves their head slowly*

He had thought about getting help to die.
He wanted to be poisoned. He would have gone to Switzerland to do it.
But at the end his body just took over itself.

When he died he was in a hospital in Braunschweig.
I was with my mother and my sister.
He was hardly present any more, was breathing heavily.
I let a bit of music play from my laptop.
We were, like, all bent over him as in a painting and held his hands
but he barely reacted to it.

Then the nurse took a cotton bud with some water and wiped it across his lips.
He made a couple of abstract movements, breathing quickly.

Then he was dead.

*Julia*n observes the audience.*

Seeing how this body carried that out by itself, as if, at the end, it was demanding
its own rights—that was kind of impressive.
That moved me.
So, I'm just, like, standing there and staring at this body, which is lying there like
a statue and its face looks like a mask.
And then all of a sudden it's all kind of strange.
I notice how my brain is busy synchronizing the image of this lifeless body with
the memory of a living person that had still been valid only a moment earlier.
But it's not possible.
There is only noise.

Since then I haven't been able to localize that person in my head anymore.
It has become a memory without a body or place that I could fix him to.
It is everywhere.
And I think that that is the reason why some people suddenly think they're seeing
ghosts.
Because the memory of the person is so strong but that person isn't there any-
more.
You know that that person, that body isn't at home sleeping. Or in the hospital in
bed. Or here on the stage.
They have just become an image.

*Julia*n walks to the side, drinks water out of a bottle, then goes back to
center stage.*

A year ago I shaved my hair off.
 Up until then I had very long, light-brown hair.
 Sometimes I wore it down and sometimes tied up, with different clasps in it.
 I got a lot of compliments for it. Which I quite liked.
 And then one day I completely shaved off my hair.
 And then my eyebrows.
 I think it is interesting to remove these attributes and to pixelate my exterior self.
 As a form of self-manipulation.
 And the erotic dimensions of it fascinate me, I don't really know why, it's just so
 naked and round.
 And what I like about it is challenging to what's considered healthy.
 But that's not so easy.
 You have to train it.

walks to the left and gets a chair and a guitar. Brings them to the center.

I prepared a few songs for this evening.
 After all, I am a musician and I come up with music and texts.
 And for some reason I had the feeling that this song fits really well here.
 Maybe because it has something to do with the text here that came before.
 And it's called: "Everything's so nice."

Third song.

*Julia*n breaks off the song, drops the guitar. Stands up from the chair.*

III

Near my village there's a forest.
 Well, I have always thought that it was a forest. I always went there as a kid and
 ran around and went off the paths and kind of ran around the groves and stuff.
 But one day I realized that it's not a forest at all. It's a FOREST PLANTATION.
 And that they were carrying out forestry operations there.
 And that the trees are actually only there so that at some day somebody can saw
 them down and turn them into wood.
 And that's not a proper forest at all.

*Julia*n observes the audience.*

I didn't just bring songs with me, but also experiences from my biography.
 And I have no idea how you see it, but for me it is an ambivalent but also interest-
 ing matter. Making yourself public in a context like this. And just talking about
 things and stuff.
 But, of course, there's also risk involved.

I think it has to do with this invisible line, here at the front, between this side of the space and the other side...

And a story that I think is kind of fitting, it goes like this:

A while ago I was in a clinic.
It wasn't so long ago,
I wasn't doing so well.
Physically or mentally.
I had to stay there for a while and I was surrounded there by all kinds of bodies.
And they were moaning. Some loud and some quiet.

Some of them couldn't control their functions anymore—They vomited on their blankets or on their mattresses or pissed their beds.
And diagonally across from me there was someone who always held a teddy bear tight in her arms, and she reminded me of my gran. And she always said to the nursing staff that she wanted to die. And she always grinned: Like this.

And I, I wasn't allowed to leave my bed. That means I needed support dealing with my excrement. And I don't know either. I found it kind of difficult.
Because it kind of felt like a loss of control.
But then there was, like, a moment, when I kind of noticed that everything was shifting, and that somehow some pressure had been released somewhere.

And I thought:
Fuck it! I don't fucking care!
It's a kind of utopian place.
It's closed and detached.
Nobody has to have control of themselves or pull themselves together.
Everyone is sick and that's okay. And it doesn't matter who is who.

*Julia*n observes the audience for some time.*
Moves around.

One day I noticed that I actually enjoyed subjecting myself to the gaze of others and letting myself be objectified.
Because it stretches the norm.
Of course, it's not that easy, sometimes it's quite hard.
But it lets me "participate."
And become visible.
And when I am standing on the stage then I try to use that.
Of course it does something to me, but also with the person who is looking at me, too.

*Julia*ⁿ observes the audience.*
Walks around.
Sits on the chair in the middle of the stage.

I just ask myself to what extent my actuality has anything to do with my activity.
 I don't know if you have it too, this need for activity.
 Yeah of course, everybody wants recognition, otherwise they just die out.
 But that's also connected to the activity that I have—with my body, with my thinking, my speech, my gaze.
 The word for the potency of activity, for the degree of influence is: power.
 Those who can influence reality have power.
 Those who can't influence it don't have power.
 That's all there is to it.

So, I don't know, it's a very banal example, but e.g.
 a model.
 He takes a new suit from the clothes hanger and puts it on.
 Or then he shaves his hair off.
 That's a form of power.
 And it produces: Happiness.

And if I lose my abilities, and lose them more and more, if I notice that I don't have any influence on reality at all anymore.
 As if my powers didn't even exist anymore.
 Reality is indifferent toward me, for reality it's not even relevant if I'm there. Or not.
 Then I notice: I WON'T BE ABLE TO BARE IT.
 This feeling of impotence and powerlessness, as if your own body is at a standstill, as if it weren't there anymore and time is passing without you.
 I CAN'T STAND IT.

That's depression. But it's nothing clinical.

And the question is: how do I deal with this powerlessness?
 I have to interrupt it.
 Somehow create a gap, a distance.
 There are two forms of interruption.
 The one is: I destroy something.
 I take a stone, throw it through a window, the window shatters and then there is a moment of happiness because I notice: I am relevant. I influence reality and it changes.
 I have done something. I have worked. That's a good feeling. A feeling of power.

That's something that I want to keep. And that's why I might throw another stone. And notice how I'm feeling a bit more secure again, in my body and in my skin, because I have the feeling that the world does give a shit about me. Because I can change it. It's possible for me to throw stones. Or to blow something up.

The other possibility is: I direct the stone toward myself.

Now how does this feeling of impotence come about?

It's quite simple: When there are enough people who tell you that you are stupid, then you also think that you are actually stupid.

That's reality: Repetition.

It's like a knife and you use it to scratch it into your brain bit by bit.

And when people give you the feeling that you're not worth anything

THEN YOU ARE ACTUALLY NOT WORTH ANYTHING.

Because, that you're not daft and that you are worth something, you haven't learned that. Unfortunately, nobody taught you.

Bad luck.

That's why you wanted to get rid of it, to destroy it, to plunge it in, to extinguish it in a physical or mental intervention.

And finally to not be scared of the pain anymore.

And the injuries.

And then to jump.

*Julia*n takes the guitar and starts playing the fourth song. It's a happy song.*

*During the song, a baroque ensemble enters the stage and starts accompanying Julia*n.*

*Julia*n goes to the microphone and makes an announcement.*

Hi everyone. Welcome to the theatre, to this piece with the title "Hamlet".

Here on this stage, in this space.

This is not the official intermission of this evening. And this is not the second act. And at this point of the official intermission, I also don't want to forget to introduce our musicians, who constitute the award-winning ensemble "The Musical Garden."

It's a baroque ensemble by the way.

Yes, dear audience, I hope that you're all doing well. You all have reason to.

*Julia*n goes back to the guitar and finishes the song together with the ensemble.*

Stares at the audience for some time, sitting on the chair.

IV

A low, atmospheric sound is emerging.

*Julia*ⁿ puts the guitar on their lap and changes their attitude. Gets a bit softer.*

Reality has somehow flipped over.

That's the impression Hamlet is confronted with.

The impression is that the world has turned upside down.

On the one hand, into something threatening and grotesque—it's flipped over—and yet, at the same time, it's been asserting all along that this is not the case.

That's his conflict, all the time.

And he's trying to make his position clear and communicate that something is not okay here.

That something is somehow wrong.

The whole system has flipped into injustice.

The legislature is, in a sense, no longer in the right.

And that puts him in a borderline state emotionally, because somehow that has to be seen.

But it doesn't work. It's not seen or heard at first.

And then he gets louder.

The confrontation becomes stronger and stronger and it becomes clearer and clearer that this experience of injustice nonetheless remains.

And that's why he becomes louder and louder, and then at some point it's no longer possible to overhear him.

And the reaction of this system is then to pathologize him.

"You're crazy," they say, "that's why it's like this." "Everything is fine here...You, however, are acting kind of weird and saying strange things".

And the thing is that he is indeed destabilized. So one can say, "Yes, that is clear to see, you are unstable, so you are crazy and therefore everything you say is wrong. And that's why we don't need to listen to you now."

It's a kind of incapacitation. Because otherwise he could become a problem.

Therefore, he changes the strategy.

He appropriates the attributions "insane" and "sick." He affirms them and starts to work with them. He starts to understand them as material and to play with them—according to his rules.

Only: Nobody can know when he does this or when he started with it.

It's unpredictable.

And that's what I find kind of interesting.

scratches the strings of the guitar, making a metallic noise

I feel that this system is violent.

I think it's totally obvious that it's like that. But I have the impression that this reality is working all the time to legitimize itself and to constantly send out the message that everything is right and that everything is okay. And I think it needs that. Because otherwise it would collapse immediately.

The string players of the baroque ensemble are starting to create ambient sounds.

In my life I have often felt that I am on the receiving end of stuff that's just not visible.

And that's the reason why I needed a really long time to be sure that it exists at all.

Whether I am just imagining it or if what I experience as a form of violence actually exists.

If there is really an external cause, or whether it is after all a problem that I create for myself, or if the problem is the way that I deal with it.

So, I can't be categorized.

But that's what I'm supposed to be, and so it's my risk to take or my problem to overcome.

Or to cope with.

And it's so totally clear that that's the way it is and that's why I can't bring that in or that's why I can't criticize that.

But I am getting closer to that!

It is my hope that I can develop a gaze that is so precise that I can notice things that are happening and distinguish and name them.

And then maybe I can organize and show solidarity or stay in spaces where I feel safe.

For a long time, I thought that I was falling out of everything, that there were no such spaces for me.

Where I can show everything about me and publish myself.

And where we can give ourselves new names.

*Julia*n stands up, walks towards the audience.*

We have the right to have secrets.

But I would actually really like it if we didn't need them.

If we could pull the things we're ashamed of more toward the outside.

The secret is there: I am done.

Often I was so overwhelmed by the expectations that I had of myself, that I thought:

I can't do this anymore, I won't manage, I don't function anymore!

And then you withdraw. You go to your room. You're totally screwed by something. You do the reproductive work on yourself at home.

But if you expose it again and that would be a huge risk for you, then that would strengthen the whole thing.

I have felt somehow exposed to it, for a very long time, even since I was very little.

Nevertheless, I was always confronted with being looked at.

And the question is whether you say: "Stop. I have a right to be viewed as normal".

Or that you say: "Yes," and "Fuck you and your system of values".

But you can't do that the whole time, because it's too hard.

And I wouldn't do it just now because I would be scared of the consequences.

For example, now, here, here and now on the stage, I wouldn't say: "Fuck you and your authoritarian expectations, fuck you and your emancipatory aspirations, fuck you—....."

I wouldn't want to say that here.

*Julia*n gets louder.*

Maybe we will be able to experience a moment of solidarity with each other tonight.

Is this space here tonight suitable for that?

The more I think about it, the more I realize that this here is maybe one of the last possible spaces where we can achieve this moment of creating solidarity.

Because we all have the need to live out our propensities!

starts moving strangely and jumping, the strings are getting louder

What we are missing is solidarity! WHAT WE ARE MISSING IS SOLIDARITY!

Because we all have the need to live out our propensities!

And in reality we all do it too. But we don't talk about it.

We are ashamed and go home. And why?

starts screaming

I'M JUST ABOUT TO START DOING IT!

TO TURN MY DEFICITS OUTWARDS AND CLAIM SOLIDARITY!

AND THIS EVENING YOU HAVE THE CHANCE TO PRODUCE SOLIDARITY AS WELL AND AT THE SAME TIME RECEIVE SOLIDARITY FROM THIS COMMUNITY

THAT WE ARE TONIGHT AND THAT YOU HAVE PROCURED BY PURCHASING AN ENTRY TICKET.

OR MAYBE BY PURCHASING A REDUCED-PRICE ENTRY TICKET!

BECAUSE THIS ENTRY TICKET IS A CONTRACT!

IT'S THE ENTRY TICKET TO AN EVENT, THE ENTRY TICKET TO ENTERTAINMENT, BUT IT CAN BE ALSO THE ENTRY TICKET TO A NEW FORM OF COMMUNITY THAT WILL CONVERGE HERE TONIGHT.

WE DON'T NEED ANY SECRETS! WE DON'T NEED ANY PRIVACY!

WHAT WE ARE MISSING IS SOLIDARITY!

*Julia*n exhales.*

Grabs the microphone, goes to the video camera and looks into the lens.

*Julia*n's face is now projected on the big screen at the back of the stage.*

*The strings continue the ambient sounds. Julia*n takes the microphone and talks slowly. Very, very slowly.*

V

It is my
hope
to develop a
gaze

that is so
precise
that I notice the things
that happen

and can differentiate between
them
and name
them.

And that I can spend
times in spaces
in which I am safe.

But what kind of spaces are they?
Spatial spaces?
Temporal spaces?
Cognitive spaces?

Being able to evade
the permanent demand
for consistency.

10 am: to be.
10 pm: not to be.
Not having to
be.
Not having to be
me.

Not having to live.
Being able to live.
2 pm: both.
Living and dying
at the same time.

*Julia*n walks towards the screen. Some old family videos are shown, a child's birthday party, people swimming in the sea. Julia*n makes some stretching movements in front of the screen.*

*He lies on the floor and continues with the movements. The ensemble starts a piece—something between “Le Sacre du printemps” and “Jaws.” They are continuously increasing the volume of the piece. Julia*n stands up, takes the microphone, starts to count the acts:*

This is not the third act. This is not the fourth act. This is not the fifth act. This is not the sixth act. This is not the seventh act. This is not the eighth act. This is not the ninth act. This is not the tenth act. This is not the eleventh act. This is not the twelfth act. This is not the thirteenth act. This is not the fourteenth act. This is not the fifteenth act. This is not the sixteenth act. This is not the seventeenth act...

*The ensemble keeps on increasing in volume, while Julia*n is counting and counting dozens of acts, slowly getting louder with the music.*

This is not the 90th
act.
And this is not the 91st
act.
And this is not the 92nd
act.
And this is not the 93rd
act.

*Julia*n continues counting, they are all getting louder, reaching a kind of climax, Julia*n starts yelling the acts*

AND THIS IS NOT THE 108th
ACT
AND THIS IS NOT THE 109th
ACT

yells

AND NOW:
CONCENTRATION AND RELAXATION!
CONCENTRATION AND RELAXATION!
HEY YO, YOU THERE! RELAX YOUR NECK, RELAX YOUR NECK!
RELAX YOUR FOREARM! RELAX YOUR UPPER ARM!
CONCENTRATION AND RELAXATION!
CONCENTRATION AND RELAXATION!

*Julia*n drops to the floor, exhausted and somewhat dramatic.
Julia*n lies in front of the screen. The ensemble keeps playing. The screen shows
the entrance of a courtyard. A person appears in the video. He is walking
strangely. Then another one. The ensemble stops playing.*

*The video takes us into a building. A person in a wheelchair. The camera follows
a staircase. A waiting room, a TV is on, people in wheelchairs are watching. Some
are sleeping.*

The strings start playing a continuous high tone.

VI

*Julia*n starts speaking very slowly into the microphone, lying on the floor, while
the video shows what now becomes visible as a kind of a hospice. People in beds,
long corridors, elderly people, people smiling into the camera.*

You are
only half awake, I think.
Half awake
at the most.

And what
you are looking for
is a kind of revival.
An awakening
not as a linear process,
but as an invasion.

A waking up, where you
 see the world with different
 eyes for the first time.
 With eyes that you never had before.

That's what I mean by awakening.

You are getting more and more tired.
 I don't just mean the corporeal exhaustion
 of everyday life.
 Rather that total exhaustion,
 that sets in bit by bit,
 when you're somehow not running synchronously
 with time.

When the world,
 the way it presents itself,
 and the world,
 the way that you experience it,
 aren't running synchronously.

And you think:
 Now I would have to throw a stone through a window
 to interrupt it.

But there's no window here.
 And this isn't the third act. And not the fourth act either.
 And not the fifth act. And not the sixth act.

starts singing gently

Ich würde gerne ausgehn
 Doch ich muss noch meine Haare föhnen

Sie sind fest, wie Beton
 Und ich singe diesen Song

the cello starts playing

Ich würde dich gerne sehen
 Doch ich muss vor dem Spiegel stehen

Und ganz genau hinsehen
 Das kannst du sicher gut verstehen

The harpsichord and the other strings start playing as well.

Ich würde gerne aufstehen
Doch ich muss schon wieder schlafen gehen
Um ausgeruht auszusehen
Das kannst du sicher gut verstehenⁱ

*The video freezes, Julia*n stops singing, getting up, walking to the front of the stage.*

*There Julia*n takes a mask (it's in the likeness of the Emperor from Star Wars).*

Stares at the audience for a while.

The baroque ensemble suddenly stops playing.

The king is dead.
Long live the queen.

The king is dead.
Long live the queen.

*Julia*n takes the microphone.*

There are a lot of people who say
that the crises of today are based on the fact that the fathers are somehow absent.
That's the biggest bullshit.

The king is dead. Long life the queen.

Yes. That's how it is.
Some play, others watch.

walks to the back of the stage, addressing the ensemble

I have thought about making an experimental video film. And you could make the music.

So there is this tower that is standing, like, alone on this field.
And it is being watched over by ravens.

And nobody can leave the tower, because otherwise they will be attacked by the ravens.

And there are two people who live in this tower and they are, like, together.

And they, you know, can't leave the tower but it's not so bad because they kind of have everything that they need.

And so there are quite a lot of books in the tower. And, like, sofas.

And they also have something to eat because there is this garden around the tower.

And there is stuff to drink.

And they lie on the sofas. They hold each other in their arms. And read the books.

And they, like, look out the window.

And the ravens fly around the tower.

And then one night one of them wakes up.

And notices that they are alone in the bed.

And the other person isn't there.

And they go down into the kitchen and fetch a bottle of beer.

And then they see the other person talking to the ravens.

And, like, summon them.

And tell them that they're not allowed to let anybody leave the tower.

And then you sort of think about what happens.

But then what happens?

Nothing.

And on the next day you see how they are both lying together on the sofas again.

Holding each other in their arms. And reading the books.

And the ravens are, like, flying around the tower.

And I thought that would be so nice because that could mean that the person thinks:

Oh well, that's pretty crazy. The other person, like, trapped me here.

But on the other hand I have everything I need.

And it's a pretty flattering compliment that they went out of their way to enchant ravens to keep me trapped in this place.

stares at the audience, then again at the ensemble

Award-winning baroque ensemble.

Hello, award-winning baroque ensemble.

crowned with awards

crowned with awards

crowned

crowned

crowned

*Julia*n takes of the mask. Walks to the microphone stand.*

Sings the last song titled "Drowned Body".

Drowned Body

Ich bin
Eine Wasserleiche
In deiner
Gerichtsmedizin

Ich liege
Auf deinem
Seziertisch
Die Wände sind alle
So clean

Die Fliesen
Schauen ein bisschen
Aus wie
In deinem Bad

Du wirst ein
Bisschen brauchen
Glaub ich
Denn meine Knochen
Sind ziemlich hart

Du schaust
In meine Augen
Doch mein Geheimnis
Verrate ich dir nicht

Du kannst es
Gern probieren
Doch ich glaube ich
Behalte es für mich

Ich bin
Eine Wasserleiche
Und ich wurde
Aus dem Fluss gefischt

Ich schwamm so
Darin herum und jetzt liege ich
Etwas hart
Auf deinem Seziertischⁱⁱ

Julia/n/Hamlet leaves the stage.*

The End

i I'd love to go out
But I have to dry my hair
It's as hard as concrete
And I'm singing this song.

I'd love to see you
But I have to stand in front of the mirror
And look very carefully
I'm sure you understand.

I'd love to get up
But I have to get back to sleep
So I will look rested
I'm sure you understand

ii I am
A drowned body
In your forensic lab

I lie
On your
Autopsy table
The walls are all
So clean

The tiles
Looks a little
Like
In your bathroom

You will need
Some time
I think
My bones
Are quite hard

You look
Into my eyes
But I won't tell you
My secret
You can try
If you want
But I think I'll
Keep it for myself

I am
A drowned body
And I was fished
From the river

I swam about
In it and now I lie
Quite hard
On your autopsy table

