

HOSPITALFIELD

*Pamphlet Series*

INTERDISCIPLINARY RESIDENCY AUGUST 2015



SABINE HAGMANN



*I close my eyes and I see you. It is you, carved in every detail. I see your eyes on me, looking at me.*

*He has disappeared into the sea, a long time ago. I was missing him terribly. Standing at the wall at the end of the garden, looking over the pale yellow field, I was hoping for a sign, a sign across the ocean. You must have received my messages, you must have, I am sure.*

*The wall keeps us warm, me and the lilies, the dahlias, peonies, marigold, the blue morning glory and the little nasturtium. There is camomile sprouting under the cedar. Words don't come easy to me. They fear the open, the exposure to the air, to other ears. If they come, they stay. All the stories he told me about his travels and I was wondering when he would ask me about mine. I guess he thought there was not much to tell from a life like mine,*

*kept to myself. But he was wrong. I travel a lot, you know. I wander around in this vast space. So much detail. The parrot is cuddling up to the pear. My body might seem still, but my mind is restless.*

*When I first saw you, it was there. How my body reacted. I was chasing after you. I wanted to take your picture, then and there. Watching the video over and over again, I see my happiness, so obvious to everybody.*