

Ekkehard Morgenstern

LYRIK

THE ZEUM LYNX PROJECT
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Ekkehard Morgenstern, Lyrik

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VORWORT

Vorwort

Dieses Buch enthält meine Lyrik, in deutscher, englischer und sonstiger Sprache, die sich in den vergangenen Jahren bei mir so angesammelt hat.

Ob es Ihnen gefällt, oder ob Sie sich angewidert fühlen, liegt ganz bei Ihnen, denn Ihre Gefühle sind nunmal Ihre eigenen und ganz persönlichen Gefühle.

*Honi soït qui mal y pense.
Ein Schelm, wer Arges dabei denkt.*

Dieser berühmte Ausspruch mag auch für dieses Buch gelten, oder für Sie, meinen Leser.

Und nein, ich bin mit Christian Morgenstern weder verwandt noch verschwägert, aber ich hoffe, dass seine kreative Seele bei der Entstehung dieses Buches hin und wieder Pate gestanden hat.

Jetzt will ich Sie aber nicht länger vom Lesen abhalten. Bitte blättern Sie weiter.

Es grüßt

Ekkehard Morgestern
aus Germersheim, den 17. Oktober 2005

I.

Das Grundgescheiße des Blöden Idioten

Das Grundgescheiße des Blöden Idioten

Der Scheißgrund
ist ein Scheißgrund
weil der Scheißgrund
ist ein Scheißgrund

Hat der Arsch wieder Unrecht gehabt
der Depp der blöde
mal wieder nix gesagt

Der dumme Vollidiot
keinen Laut
von sich gegeben

Der Heini dem Arschloch
den Vorzug gegeben

Ist das nun alles Quark oder nicht
scheint auf Nummer 3 nun das Licht?

Es war einmal ein Rattenkopf
ein Sackgesicht
ein guter Knopf

Er spülte sich selbst das Klo hinunter
vorbei an der Scheiße
durch all die Pisse
das grüne Gekotze

Hinaus aufs freie Meer
wo keiner Schimpfwörter benutzte
und jeder zivil zum anderen wär.

Dort gab es nur Wasser und Sonne
nur die lichte blaue See

und den Duft des Salzwassers
"Hurra, Juchee!"

"Hurra, Juchee!"

Und die Tage gingen vorbei.

Es wurde ihm nicht zum Einerlei.

Da gab es noch Sonya,
die behende schwatzte
aber sie nahm auch gern
ihre heiÙe Tatze.

"Auf auf zum fröhlichen Jagen,
auf auf in der fröhlichen Welt,
wer hat denn nun das Sagen
und wer wird gern gequält?"

Traumkonstruktionen
verbieten und ermöglichen
was die Tatsachen
niemals aussprechen würden.

Die langbeinige Brünette
hat einen scharfen Hintern.
Ist das nicht alles,
was ein Mann wissen muss?

Wo beginnt der dreibeinige
Lamentomensch den Abschied?

Fängt er vorher oder nachher an?

"Das brauchste echt nich zu wissen!"

Fängt er halt wieder von vorne an.

Im Morgengrauen endet das Grauen
und der Morgen kommt.

Der freche Sack wacht auf
aus einem Traum, gähnt und räkelt sich.

"Was kümmert mich die Welt?"

Ist das alles nun richtig oder weit gefehlt?

Mal wieder was Deutsches, mein Freund.
Denn Deutsch sein heißt Mann sein.
Das Deutsche öffnet den Weg,
oder ist das Deutsche nur dort,
und er ist weg?

(17. Oktober 2005)



BIZARRO CAMARRO

bizarro camarro

bizarro camarro
was his name

bizarro camarro
there he came

and why are all the plentiful hazards unknown?
and why are all the basic instincts to frown?

bizarro camarro
here he comes

it's the plentiful bastards
it's the moosemouth's awakening

is the boredom not silly
in your brainwaves

the end-all of being?

amortization, it calls.

lambda probe.

walking on eggshells
walking on zero points

hey it's like Eurovision again

the chanson that's unheard and new

the song of my pastimes.

bizarro camarro

here he comes.

here he walks on the splinters of his soul.

here he's eating his breakfast.

here he's buying his groceries.

bizarro camarro

here he came.

the hero of heroes
who wasn't a hero
who didn't want to be one at all

and there did he go
in a puddle of mud
in a puddle of blood

eaten by a spaceman.

as the large vessels arrived
and teleported everyone away

he sighed a happy sigh.

rebirth galore!
a new life for everyone!

aboard this mighty spacecraft
where fun is nothing but fun

walk once more
walk your heavy walk

then fly
flying is easy as pie.

thru the wind
thru the installment.

thru the gaps and the hole.

thru the deployment.

it's in your zeroes.
it's where your heroes become.

fill this damn space with something,
just something to hold on to
in this barren world.

for a friend is a friend
and fire is a fire
and it burns and it can burn you up
but it doesn't; but hell --
where is it that you will turn up?

tchic tchac

tic tac

tick tock

the clock's a-ticking.

and nowhere is mourning as beautiful.

and nowhere is grief as hard.

but do you really crave for your freedom?

or does it all just end in a fart.

(8. Oktober 2005)



Entarin Norgwhal Venyar

Entarin Norgwhal Venyar

Sortranolyar Parrenkh

by the morning sun,
by the wind flying by,
by the early weasel
from the night

the dawn is the morning
the dawn is the break
the dawn is the hell yeah
when the morning's awake

tantalus tortures
the born and the re-born, again
hast spoken thou of thy parlor
in the mornings ever-new?

goodbye my friend,
does the morning renew?
does your favorite wavelength
come across, is it blue?

is your favorite armor
the one that you cannot see
and is your favorite hooker
the one that does not flee?

do you really pay all your money
on the wind
that comes and goes?
is it really the stint
when the rose rises above rose?

evermore sleeping, awakening.

rejoice after rejoice.

it's the belling, the hit tone,
the swing.
forwards, and backwards.
over and over.

The Bellerotrone, the spaceship
that jumps thru time,
has it hit you yet,
and did you come along?

What's your time boy, what's your time?

My time's the on-off,
my time is the switch
my time is the climbing
to a wall
out of a ditch

"Don't make a murderer's ditch
out of your heart"
is the proverb
the glitch? is a fart.

Enigma, enigma again
the soul that strives onward
the soul that is leaving
the soul that ventures on.

Hast spoken thou of thy neighbor?

Dillinyar Maley

Is He the one that you're searching?
Is He the one that will pray?

In the one morning
the pleasure rewinds, unwinds
renews

It's all in the morning
the bruise, the recluse

Dentera Norgwhal

In the morning continues
in the morning again

after sleep night is over
after sleep night is gone
from your imminent memory
from your waketime pursuit

In the sordid of space-cam
in the junk of all world's spam

is the moose still mooseworthy
and is the horndog still horny

questions above questions.
an enigma to decode
and a leviathan of space-Trump
in the beginning of a bump.

decode demode decode demode

encode the horse-train
the morewinding of species
of speedimen of specimen
the broon-skill-yar

the ler-tek-yar

it is still moving,
I can tell you,
it is still moving.

And the search,
it is still moving,
the search
it's still moving.

The morning of morning
the darkness of light
the eventful of stillness
in the morning of dwight

wellness and wellness
and the meef of a queef
it's the riddle
and do you belittle
the mermaid's dream again?

she's still swimming
across the ocean
under the water,
under the deep blue sea

and does she ever query
the disaster

of the master
of the failure
of the disaster

hangovers
and catovers

little bicycle shadows
on the wall
of the mall
does it ever mean something
or did it ever mean again?

and will you ever
break the code of this riddle
and will you ever
break the code of this song

is it in the middle?

is it in the paddle
of the puddle of the peddle
in the meddle?

is the born-across halcyon embryo
sane or insane or dead or alive
or insane or healthy or does it
ever masturbate inside the womb?

or breaks the flow of the words
in the winds of the fjords of
the nerds of the nyerds of the
merits of the suns?

or walks the specimen's halo
across the waters of the blazen
arrangement across the deploy of
the barren wasteland glory?

or walks the braveman's heart
across the drylands of wisdom
in the present and past?

Or is it just in the future
where the wavelength of moistness
falter the brown arrangements
of water and mud and the paddle
in the boat on the waters of the
great riverroad?

is the plastic of glory the water
and moist in the wind on the
battlefields the seed of gory?

wash now wash
dive and fall down the sea
dive and fall down
dive and down
down the sea
down the water
down the sea
down on the ocean's ground
down across the sand
and the fish below your chest
as you swim
down and down and down
then up and up and up
up up up up up up up

out of the water
out of the sky
into the space
into the calls of your mother
where the ship is
in the wind of space
waiting for the sunbeams
of the stars
like a sail
catching wind
we're on our way
like -- and away

(4. Oktober 2005)

IV.

PARABLE

Parable

Is this the work
of god or the devil

Kiss me

Is this the work
of saints
or demons

By the words
of the apparition

I'm all in your hands

Sparky is here

she's the spawn
of disaster

the hell master
the hell master

as the leaves of spring
unfold

as she gives the cure
to the disease

she's taking me away
away from here

in the arms of prawn

hellspawn
hellspawn

as the bells unfold
the morning

as the whisper reigns
in the wind

does the east
whisper its song

its is the morning
of the distortion
the contortion

the torque
is all in here
and so is the weir

amongst the other ones

illy noise
here it comes

undone
undone
undone

done
done
done

give me again

give me more
don't let me go

don't let me walk
amongst the heroes
and heroines who died

the whores galores
they chide
they change their side

is it all in the wrong now
or is it all in the right
decide
decide
decide

shapes
take your shapes
make your decisions
start your engines

it is the more
hellbore

take to your arms
brothers thereof

it's the parable
it's the metaphor
it's what you don't need
when you need it the most

it's all here

right before your nose

it's all here
it's all okay
it's all done now
it's all the beginning

and it's all evolving
like the eternal evolver

it's the beginning
the morrow
and the ending
and what lies beyond

in eternity
it's all yours
for your eyes only
it's yours to hold
for your eyes only
it's what you hold
in all eternity
it's all you hold

and the beginning
and the end
are brothers and sisters
and they mend

they mend again
and again

and walk their way
to the past

like a word of the last

it's the prawn
it's the beginning
the eternal grip
on your toe
and it's a remark
a simple remark

that can make a friend
from a foe.

it's where you are.

just keep looking
it's butter between
your bread and your jelly

it's the syphon
the funnel
the pipe to your ore

amongst you all

you choose your self

it's the sparkling
in the mirror
it's like the sun ray
that never fades
between all the dashes

as we speak
the morning unfolds

it's the beginning
of a beginning

and it's the future
that it holds
and it's the parable
of your being.

(16. Mai 2005)

V.
ARENA

Arena

my sweet darling

I have returned
from another arena

have I found another
life of mine

I have returned
from another arena

and I'm glad I'm home
'cause you're here
whenever I need you

don't mourn my fight
I have survived

and don't worry my love,
about my heart
the maidens on the marketplace
can't steal it

you're deeply woven
into the fabric of my universe

step forward
and take my hand

not even a god
could understand

the things I feel for you
and know
that the land that is my soul
is all for you to walk on
the touch of your sweet feet
is all I long for
you've been my wife
for more than a decade
not just 9 years
as they have said
and don't we have
more than 4 children
already
take my hand
and lead me away from here
I won't be sorry
I know what we have

(6. April 2005)

VI.

As The Spring

As The Spring

as the morning unfolds
the leaves of spring

morning dew
freshness in the air
sun climbing
above the horizon

shades of red
in the dawn

I see your face
like in a dream
a miracle come true

the touch of your hand
on my face

high on the roof
high above the outskirts of town

do you know the sky is blue
beyond the blackness of space
in our planet's warm shell

and the water is juicy
like spring

the rain is like the collar
of our souls

it's like the steps that we go
in our lives

love is the path
the way that we go

and each step brings us closer
to the bliss we seek

let's walk hand in hand
as the world turns clear

the lights are brighter
the lights more colorful
vivid, more real

than anything
than anything else

let's stand up together
and walk again
it's our walk, our steps
hand in hand
one in one

for ever and ever

like our souls
defying what we thought is real

let's kiss and dance
kiss and dance again
like so many times
in the reel of life

let me kiss you goodbye and hello
again

there's so many things
we don't need to say

it's just our minds
ringing in unison
like the sweet chimes
clinking in the wind

let the wind
tear at our hair
like a long lost child
waiting to be born again

the planet is below our feet
before we fly

when we hover in the sky
and say "I love you"
to each other, again

(28. Mai 2005)

VII.

SHITTY POETRY

Shitty Poetry

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quack quack quack
quack quack quack

why isn't a duck's echo heard?
no-one knows.

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quack quack quack
quack quack quack

part of the famous
copy-and-paste poetry.

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

qua-quick?
qua-quick?

qua-quick-quick?

the famous namesake, my friend.

when he was on his deathbed,
his last words were
"the cough is four dimensional"

he sure knew what he was
talking about.

he hoped someone would take him
seriously.

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

qua-quick?
qua-quick?

qua-quick-quick?

something light-hearted
for everyone

(singing)

let's forget all our troubles
let's forget them forever
may the sun shine in
where the sun don't shine

(speaking)

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

qua-quick?
qua-quick?

qua-quick-quick?

and again

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quack quack quack
quack quack quack

are you capable of lucid dreaming?

it's when you soar up into the sky
and over that plaza
in and up into that building
past that skull
in that hidden tract
it's just where you don't wanna be

it's where the schools
are facing each other
separated by that new plaza
that doesn't exist in real life
or was that different?

so, when did you fly over that place
and when did you see that skull
that you do not see in real life
is it the skull of your brethren
or is it the skull of a new life?

Behold, then, for all you know
is that you never follow
how many variations of that theme?
or is it all just in-between?

no-one knows but you when you're dreaming
and no-one has a better eye than you
when you're seeing

then, is it so, as you can say
that the globular mind is in the hay?
like a needle in the haystack
too small to be found?

or like a lovers touch
that is yet to be found?
or bound to be around?

well, this doesn't rhyme,
nor should you expect it,
it's the back of your mind
and you better neglect it,
or don't you?

so, what's on TV today for a little distraction?
is it very dull now or full of action?

missing in action,
missing but where,
is it here
is it everywhere?

a global denunciation?
a global announcement?
is the path yet to be broken?
or the oath?

bouncing and bouncing and bouncing
like

bump bump bump bump bump

what is he doing that weirdo?
is it his leg or just its stump?

does he still have a stump?
did he ever have one?

and, can he run like Forrest Gump?

let's return to the duck now
for the duck is all we need
because it doesn't make many words
all it does sounds simple and bleak.

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quick quack
quack quack quack

quack quack quack
quack quack quack

qua-quick
qua-quick

ka-boom!!

(17. Dezember 2004)

VIII.

UPSKIRT POETRY

Upskirt Poetry

doesn't every beaver
have its very own scent

and yours,
it smells surely faboo

that's where I wanna
bury my face in

to feel its lovely fur
or is it all naked indeed

today it's upskirt poetry
tomorrow it might be upskirt blues

where do I bury my face in then
or do I just lick your shoes

*

what's a woman more than her twat
you might say, she might fear

does she stay with you for just one night
or will she soon disappear

it's what it comes down to
what's between your legs

or is life indeed more than what comes to
making life more than a mess

(17. Dezember 2004)

IX.
SWINES

Swines

The swines,
they come in many shapes and sizes,
some are rosy
some are blue
some are black-white checkered
some are quite faboo

Do they just grunt
and bury their noses in dirt
digging up another truffle
just for you
just for you?

Was it not that the hurrican-prone
came to visit another one?
Did it grunt again?

What is it really that we look down to?
The swines in mud and dirt?
How they dig up another truffle or rubble
just for you
just for you?

Are pigs really flying
are they rosy and winged?

Or do they not end up on our plates
being brown and singed?

What are YOU eating for breakfast?
And does anyone really care?

Is it a swine
or some other white meat
what is it that the future will bring?

Bon appetit, I might say!
Come, wherever life takes you!
And do bring your friends
let's see if they can save you.

Can prophecies sound threatening
or do they sound really cute?
Can swine make you sing
or do they just make you mute

Good-bye now,
the four-ender's waiting
there's a hunt in the zoo
and it might be fun and faboo.

(17. Dezember 2004)

X.

PRO FORMA
(on „Thank You Day“)

Pro Forma

Once there was a mighty queen
she called herself Chloroforma
she was a mighty performer
but she was it only pro forma.

I call her Erit Anon
because she's the sine qua non
a murderess beyond belief,
an agent, a killer, a thief.

She jumps like a sheep thru the grass
und es macht ihr sehr viel Spass.

The story, my friends, is short and gory,
and all that some see is her in her glory.
Hold on, this is just but a story,

Ta da.

Okay then, let's go back for a while,
dement, renew, service mine service
that anagram that conjunction
and is that she in her junction?

Among the blare, the mutants flow,
they drip like the liquid blue below.

My, is that boring,
I'll go on have another mood swing.

(17. Dezember 2004, „Thank You Day“)

XI.

ILL-BELIEVER

III-Believer

For feeble minds,
the barren breaks
endless at the horizon

be narrow at the mourn
born ruthless and shallow
and again and another one

be friends -- it's time
the round and still, divine?
had your heat under my sun
and it's shining still

reflections and more of that

noon

*

high noon -- it's like
the cowboys are back
they ride on their horses
they ride on their horse powers

it's like sun dawn
and morning

is it still morning?
are we still mourning?
have you still cancer
in your soul?

be late -- be morrow
and never feel
a single sorrow

*

rondra-kyel patarshin
tek-yondra-nar

is it so?
as you say,
as the morning is
unfolding like it ever did?

does the morning come
for sure?

or is it just a shadow
of hope in the past?

that is gone,
derived from the last?

*

in the sweet,
the morning, deploy
go to the farborn shadows
say hello to them,
from me

and yay, I'm going on
it's foreseeable
like my future
in my dreams

as it was
and it has been

it's the shadow
and the lightning
and the barren in
the sighting

*

has it all ended?
has it all ended for sure?

and has it become mute now?

is it all insecure?

or does it ever know now
what it'll be that will
come to pass?

or is it ever known now
what is
and -- who is
his last?

*

hath he spoken again?

did he ever say a word
or dare

to say what is lingering
on his tongue
for the next moment
the next moment to come?

horse powers
and I'm riding on my back
is it my own task
that I've burdened upon
myself,
or is it another task
that someone else put
upon my back?

do I ever know?

or do I guess
like the guesswork's
always been

and do I ever think
like thinkers ever do?

it's the question
that always persists
unspokenly,

while the wine
in my glass
is waiting to be drunk
to make me drunk
for a while
to see.

*

and do I really know
what the future brings?
without knowing future,
or with knowing the future,
what is really
the difference?

*

in the morning,
I say hello
to a girl, again.

(19. Oktober 2004)

XII.

A Tale Barely Told

A Tale Barely Told

and round the turbid goes
and now on to something completely different
the railway has the softest nudge
and does your ice cream has a proper fudge

born and buried the hill-billy's sound
of the breaking plastic windows
the broken clock -- interruption in time
a shift of events taking place, taking the horizon

"we're making it suspenseful now" he said
if there's not madness in each and every person
does she still wet her bed?
"thank you very much" -- "you're very welcome"

a slow approach to prophecy and poetry
write the words right out of your mind
until they touch the sheet of the paper
or your computer's memory -- where's your memory?

did the memories not come flowing like a stream
do they shove you over the edge, or do they
keep falling over the brim of the waterfall's edge?
you've got a more recent poison

blowing the wind blows blowing the wind blows
going the wind goes going the wind goes
yearning the sin yearns yearning the sin
loving the vim loves loving the vim

immortal and a time traveller she came from
a foreign year -- the photograph's showing it clear
she came out to get him, the man who's not afraid
to move on to new things, not afraid to be late

and how many minutes do we have left?
minutes, seconds and microseconds
how much room for a thought?
can thoughts take years or decades or centuries?

and is he all crazy now again?
and who's gonna be his friend?
and will this tale ever end?
and will the day come for sure?

what if we awoke in a different world?
what would it be like? would it be like what we expected?
would it have any trace of our wishes reflected?
would it destroy our delusions or would it fuel them?

and now on to the real question that I forgot
excuse me, dear or not-so dear readers
what did you expect? what did you resolve?
did you not come on like a wolf?

"nevermind" is all I can say
like the dude who blew his own brains out
who's so dumb to keep a shotgun lying around?
or was it indeed really clever?

questions above questions above questions above
questions
how many questions can a person have?
are they x-ed out after their use?
and do memories persist after we think about them?

how many ideas can we write down to paper
before the well becomes dry
and "thank you very much" is all I can say
it's getting suspenseful, real suspenseful now, or is it?

Or do all troubles resolve in light-heartedness
like a firm believer who's overcome all distress
like the resolution that is now coming on
and the freedom, pure freedom that is found?

"Careful! Warning! An example!"

(3. August 2004)

XIII.

Spams of the Mind Before Morning

Spasms of the Mind before Morning

Rain is pouring
Drops are falling like forests
Stinging like needles
to the unprotected skin

Flashing rainbows
scattered about the horizon
breaking the light of the wind
moving Eastward

Breaking the notion
of the emerald mind
taking nine
subtracting five

What's inbetween parenthesis
is lost in the translation
the subtext that which
you cannot read

Combine me again
for what we long for
determines our road
-- and soul.

Born have you been so
you cannot fail
what is it within you
that cannot prevail

bores the random within you
thru your idle-minded hull?

have the brethren not seen
the staves in the mull?

Unprotected mourning
the words that ring in your ears
and is it really devouring (you)
what is it you find in your fears?

Have you not seen the shining
have you not seen the molding blend
for is it not within you
that which you cannot tend ... ?

Have you not seen the broken arrow
of the bird nailed to the cross
for it was His wounds that you
could not feel that you denied

When time is ticking away ...
when things turn round again
when things pierce right into your
reality dismantling you

do you long for a beer?
has it not been that wet this long?
where is the companion you called
your friend? is it gone now?

amongst the blindfolded renew
display your cinema of life
bring the drama back to me
bring the drama back to me

that's what he said, right?

(flipside chorus)

Breaking, renewal, remembrance
Breaking, renewal, attune
for the breaking reflections
in the mirrors of life detune

Making a newborn making a newfound life
incarnate that damn soul
that will forever hate you
for whom you've got is none

for whom you've got is none

for whom you've got is none

Breaking, renewal, remembrance,
breaking, renewal, attune
for the halos have gone now
they will not return forever
not even for a day
you cannot count like I do
you will not find your one

Search forever, mighty soul,
that you are, so self-deceived
and no-one can ever break you
right?

and no-one can ever break you

for the new side is like the old
and blindness is what's underneath
your fold

you cannot find the brightest
of bright, you cannot see a glint
in the night

oh how you failed yourself
now you'll realize
how you failed yourself

(return to verse)

nobody's anointed
no-one's been told
it's not in your domain now
you can not hold.

and I,
I say goodbye now,
for what you cannot see
is truly what you ignore.

(29. März 2004)

XIV.

Encorror Jonalin Termalhe

Encorror Jonalin Termalhe

Providence and the spurious word
morin-tekyar alert alert alert

Again and hey-now sprinting
Combination of pathways

it's done now,
it's done now again,
it's done now forever,
it's done now again,
it's done now

do we have a deja-vu here
he said.

the bread the bread the bread the bread

combination of pathways -- again.

Providence and the spurious word
morin-tekyar alert alert alert alert

!!! dream explosions !!!

aren't they always good for a sign?
benign benign benign benign

combination of pathways -- galore!
again!

but when? but when? but when? but when?

repetition.

why does the repetitive phrase
rephrase rephrase rephrase rephrase?

A different kind of proverb.
Alert alert alert alert.

Is the solid word really that solid
and is the fluid one really that fluid?
who should know better than an Inuit?

Stop the matter-stream into your lung
a-chung a-chung a-chung a-chung

Does the world of Li and Chan
ready for the storm coming on?

Who might understand the distractive narrative
going to and returning from the silver mode?

(singing)

Till You All Are Done
Till We Might Be Done
Till The Stillness Returns
On The Silver Road

Till You All Are Done
Till You All Are Done
Till the Silver Returns
On The Stillness Road

(speaking)

Forlorn and barely audible,
the lizards steps over the desert sands.
It realizes how huge the world is
in a moment of true complete bliss.

Anointment please!
Keep my body in well condition,
refridgerated and the brain barely cooled.

Till July, he said
Till July.

A good morning to you in your new world
watch your step, you're still shaking.

(5. Januar 2004)

XV.

ERIT ANON

Erit Anon

do you cry for the blood of your victims
did they ask you for mercy or help

erit anon

your mastery is borrowing from the ecliptics
of solar passion that you never revealed

it's the broken arrows of disasters that
makes weasels long for their masters

do minions

entranced by the syllable fashion of modes
break the intelligible words into silence?

hey now

the morning glory is all in its dawn
and the sorrow or fashion-like globe coming on

tomorrow

the sand is the waves uncluttered
and brown yards were those barnyards that mattered

in vitro

is the gorgeous child of the metaphorous mind
eligible for the dominion of partaking? (not yet?)

in sultry the ravenous birds fly and nest upon
the heads of the unintelligible speaker (they do)

take care

it's what you are, it's what we are
that we cannot see is what we create any moment

melee

what we shatter is what we borrow
for a future that sparks into our presence (tomorrow)

a prayer

to be spoken while the words are barely heard
awoken the dawn of the early bird (for sure)

we mourn

the losses of brides of thought and thee
might waver in conglomerates of voracious distraught

in the mood

let's walk upon the hill and stare into the sky
something's hovering high above the desert sands

my eye (let it speak)

(28. April 2003)

XVI.

Bitte nicht kotzen!
(for the gruesome splinter-bearer)

Bitte Nicht Kotzen!
(For the gruesome splinter-bearer)

Point me down your halo
Attention sparks reinvention
deny that I exist
good morning and shallow
detour and sorrow in yellow

Yin-Yang galore in a heavier place
"Demise, eyesore!"
We'll see, explore

Martin-sha con Tara
Yenco'or pilangee
Mascapo'or Wotan-ya'h re'cor

REST AGAIN

Aye aye, Sir, I'm already moving
till then
you'll be the ashes of the disease
not their cure, by far
oh, please

In the mellow we break the deploy
Like, totally left and sweet and coy

And then, mourn yourself.
Good bye, Amigo.
Mees-beetarin retrained regained
but not defamed.

SHA CHA!!

Renowned the asshole
for its own good
too much and selfishly stupid
once more
like Jabba the Hutt

DING DONG!

Have you recently found your strap-on penis surrogate?
Don't need one, you?
What, do you have the flu?

A morning and the encryption deployed
fun fun and happiness -- nie bereut

Wie heute z.B. ein schöner Tag
Voll mit Arbeit, wie ich ihn gern mag.
Null problemo, gar kein Problem.
Und das hätte DER gern gesehen!

Na ja, man kann halt nicht alles haben
auf der Welt
so wie der Arsch da, dem sowas gar nicht gefällt.

So let's resume with our tryptichon
the tractate that's just about to be done
and let this day not be the end of all fun

DONTCHA!!

(16. November 2003)

XVII.

Not Really a Cow
(cows and future linings)

not really a cow
(cows and future linings)

she's up to it
I can sense it now
she's the one they call
the stupid cow

I've got nightmares galore
want to live no more
because of that stupid cow

she'll destroy my life
she'll hunt me with a knife
she'll watch destruction around

she's a stupid cow
and I'll meet her soon
and only a popstar can make her swoon

she's been called a thousand names
been called this and that
and she'll fuck me joyously
she'll fuck me in my bed

she'll crater upon me like a bird
fallen from the depths of space
she'll brake never
for she is so sure of herself that it hurts

she's the only one
who finds herself clever

yet she'll crater on me like a bird
and I can run nowhere it'll hurt

she'll take my boner
and laugh at me
because she's on a killing spree

another page run down the line
another page written then read -- divine
she'll never take what was mine

tomorrow the switch
breaking of standards, thank you
again

no mourning before the last shard of glass
been picked up

the last of the dead is buried

bombshells grenades no regular ones
and this might be the end of all funs

work of day
hang around with me in the gutter my friend
lets fuck and eat and drink what's left

my friend is this the end
no way she says
and we join in on common memory
we share what it used to be

so they say she's a stupid cow now
and I'm all alone by myself
wishing she was here and she will

why we live in this mad forsaken world
and why do we care to tell at all
we'll see

day is today
we'll be

(2. Januar 2003)

XVIII.
MÄDCHENLAMPE

Mädchenlampe

*

Im Schein der Mädchenlampe
find ich zu mir selbst
ich such die Schatten an der Wand
ich such die Welt dahinter
ich such die Freiheit und das Licht
ich brauch die Mädchenlampe

*

Ein Schuß ein Tor
ich höre nicht
ich suche immer weiter
wird sie sagen "ich liebe dich"
ich gehe immer weiter

*

Auf auf die Tür die Toren
es war einmal ein helles Licht
ich glaube sie erinnert sich
die helle Mädchenlampe
die helle Mädchenlampe
ich brauch deine Sonne,
Mädchenlampe

*

knips dich an ich brauche dich
meine Mädchenlampe
die Liebe freie Liebe
Verlangen bald gestillt
ich warte voller Sehnsucht
auf meine Mädchenlampe

*

Ein Schuß ein Tor
ich höre dich
ich weiß du willst mich ficken
und wenn du sagst ich liebe dich
werd ich mit dir ficken

*

Ein Schuß ein Tor
die Sonne sie geht auf
wie die Mädchenlampe
sie scheint auf mich
mein Schatten fällt
weit und weiter hinter mich

*

ein neuer Tag
ein neues Lied
ein neues Matrimonium
ich weiß ich brauch dich
ich such deine Nähe
meine Mädchenlampe

*

scheine hell
ich liebe dich
liebe dich schon lange
bevor die Sonne zum ersten Mal schien
und so gehn wir immer weiter
auf in die Unendlichkeit
ich brauche dich
ich liebe dich
ich weiß du scheinst ganz hell
zu sein ist keine Qual
ist dein Verlangen
ganz normal
plötzlich und weit gefehlt
sind unsre Pfade einheitlich
genormt auf uns abgestimmt

*

wir werden eins
aus zwei mach eins
aus eins mach viele

*

wir sind bereit
wir sind zuviele
wir sind alle
wir sind zuwenig
und wir sind niemand
und doch

*

erheben wir unser Lied
wir singen
im Schatten deines Lichts

*

meine Mädchenlampe
meine Mädchenlampe

*

ich freue mich

(24. November 2002)

XIX.

Keorhal Moulanjin

Keorhal Moulanjin

Say, my friend
have you ever known me
have you ever dared
to touch my face

Inparcor Namera
they said
once
and for all times

Borrowed
structures of being
Burrowed
into the ground

No man's land
and nowhere
we go
freedom is to dare

Dare me, my friend
I'm lone, not lost
I care
drive away the frost

Moments
in tormented artwork
Refreshment
is what we need

Unity
where was separation
Unity
is what we seed

Reincarnational secrets
a tale
that's never told
ours to share

A family
rushed onward
yearning still
for your company

I'm tired
but I'm not deaf
and I'll watch you
choose your clef

Complacency, my friend
two and two makes four
not three
let's unite again

Awkward and lonesome
when we're separated
happy, beaming with energy
when we're one

together, my friend
we can outbeam the sun
valeha senterahin
djorsheehal entarcrahlar

(8. Januar 2002)

XX.

TIME SPIRAL

Time Spiral

1. The Evening, Crossing Borders and Timespace

Somewhere deep inside
I know you are my wife

and I wish I could locate
the pattern of that life

*

you're in there honey
in some ball of spacetime

go and ride your pony
someday you might be mine

*

let me surrender my ego
let me surrender my rest
let me find you in Amerigo
let me just pass one more test

*

oh my greatest darling
dearest love I've ever known

I might end up in Tien Shaa Lin
before that pattern is gone

*

The West Wind
may push me like a leaf

Eastward, like a lint
the night is a thief

2. Dawn, a New Beginning, Outspoken, Silent

Somewhere deep inside
I know you are my bride

Walking in the domain
walking out the domain

*

flashes, silverling, barnyard karma
retrospective, a sin, and a Taarna

circles, uprising
clouds, spheres, and poison

*

let me unveil your drifting shadows
let me unveil your juicy meadows
let me retrace you
let me embrace you

oh what wonderful thing we have found
and events waiting to be bound

evades our attention
resparks my invention

3. Corón Rétrà, a Future Shadow in the Past

Borrowing the syllables
symbolizing the unworded void

the languageless language
la merde est soît (the marketroid)

*

Veean Valar (der Bienentalar)
My what have they thought

Need some kyaar-thelpar
before caught in distrougt

*

And the heederin,
she's taught

that the breederin
is naught.

*

Circled plus operator
attractor geometrically right

on a tilting planar level
rotating dimensionally out of sight

*

Conus contactors
white tape message bands

spiralling in the fourth dimension
being still where they stand

*

Rowantree-caelar wotarin yen
secaro matyarkin-sha tonoye-kyen

pascarthee she said
in the white-nighted word

going beyond the syllable engines
falling into the angular nyerd.

cascarthee, cascade thee,
we must listen to the languishing burn

enchant me
let's make our decisive turn

(9. Februar 2002)

XXI.

Untitled II

Untitled II

*

one fine day
our heads will be
etched in gold

*

so many struggles
such hard work
so many fears
so many tears

*

and we bring ourselves
to climb the mountain
to unravel
what had been veiled

(2002)

XXII.

Raven

(from a traditional riddle)

Raven

(from a traditional riddle)

*

The raven's like a writing desk,
because it's black as ink,
and you stare at both of them,
when you dare to think.

*

Downright the doorsteps,
you have to carry them,
and in the blue shine of daylight,
vivid darkness surrounds them.

*

Hast thou not heard of this riddle,
and it's privy solution,
you'll just end up in the middle,
forming your very own conclusion.

(2002)

XXIII.

DEMEANOR RASHEED

Demeanor Rasheed

down in the tunnels
in the burning deploy
brisk all your halos
morning in darkness

rewound

rejoice!

take your heroes
to be superstars
and brandish them
to be from Mars

"we're mice from Mars
we're 'live and well
and you won't ever
break our shell"

ta da! renewal.

what a cream-covered thought.

dispersion!

and now put down that sword.
you missed me!

reconstruction where was chaos.
order where was disorder.
blankets where were sheets.

tone that down!

remorse where was guilt.
belief where was lie.

displacement!

good morning!

strangers in the 24th century.
time shift.

have you slept well?

our world is in shambles.
we need your advice.
you had so many ideas.
can you help us?

transgression.

in a spacecraft three billion miles from home.

is your cabin alright?

our cities aren't working anymore.
we do need a solution.
you had so many ideas all the time.

wake up!

you're sleeping like a log.
you're sleeping like a dog.

you're sleeping like one of our gas giants.

where is this decade's wind?

enjoy the view!
enjoy your stay!

look, there are some ladies
who wants to get laid!

good stuff.

three centuries from home
I find freedom and an interesting task.

rewound again.

fast forward.

press play on tape.

good morning my friend!
another time shift.

where we are there is no void
there is no need there is no joy.

thank you.

how kind of y'all.
ye always be remembered.

good night!

fast forward. rewind. stopped.

slow motion.

"what a fiery disease,
what a fiery friend
what a watery world
what a watery scent"

thanks again.

stills.

look at that.

frills.

move on.
forward again.

skipping time.

look at this context.

stop.

lunch break.

(12. August 2002)

XXIV.

GRAVITY

gravity

life is easy as a pie
and it floats lightly
in the sky

easy like a feather
and I'm slowly
tearing at my tether

tomorrow and yesterday
and today and tonight

and a couple
that could be balanced
like a yin-yang

forking pathways
dimness and light

and she's living
in a bright world
and I'm living
in a dark world

and trust
doesn't come too
easily these days

I wonder why

and I'm happy
because she'll never
call me an idiot again
and I cry

the bleak serenity
has died

and I wonder why
it rained so much
in the night

and I wonder
if I can put up
the fight alone

if there's a world
beside easy girls
I'm gonna take it

and there'd be
no reason
to ever break it

darkness and night
brightness and light

can a contrasted
love be true?

or are we further
into the gray area

are we meatfuckers
or are we more

there's a dim zone
fucking with our minds
and we're yet to
be born again

round-up and stillness
broad halos and
vast demise

gorn-rashnas and
brown-reloes
takraheeneh and
paherins

more than a wordplay
more than sweet nothings
more than the structures
that we can't find

we're riding on a sunbeam
tomorrow and tomorrow
and tomorrow and tomorrow

for the centuries
are yet to come
and the gravity is huger
than the sun

and we're sparkling
in tomorrow
we're sparkling
in the sun

and we'll never
be lonely again

and we'll never
have to wonder why

then,
live will be as easy
as pie

and our spirits
will be hovering
thru the sky
like a feather

and we'll never
want to die

and we'll never
be dissolved in lie

we'll be honest and true
and we'll have a clue

(18. März 2001)

XXV.

SOME SAY
(SOMEDAY)

Some Say (Someday)

some say
the world is a ball
left for the gods
to play with
serene and moist
and unlike
any other thing
riveting throughout
like ulysses

boredom
never fails
to amuse me
brown shadows
for the brightest light
and don't you dare
ever refuse me
some say
but I don't
for I know
the bridges
in your mind

c'mon
one more dance
I cry
but I don't despair
completely

tomorrow
you will find your way
with or without me
lavender nights
blue moon shadows
from sprinkles
to waterfalls

meandering
like my words
'cause words are
like rivers
streaming into the sea
feeding into the ocean
nourishing the life

you never know
what you get
until you're there
and it might carry you
like a stare
bright-eyed and
full of joy
to see and embrace you
caress and nourish
and feed you

someday
we might be there
and till then
let me dream
of holding you tight
of being your friend
every day and night

love
has been
my strongest companion
throughout all of
my hardest times
and if I'm strong enough
it won't ever leave me
it won't ever fade
it will guide and lead me
and brighten up
every aspect
of my tortured mind

(18. August 2001)

XXVI.
THE RIDDLE

The Riddle

- The Opening -

I've been the enigma
that's the key to your life

I borrowed your fire
to light some torches

And I've risen and fallen
before your eyes
many times

We've played in the
meadows
in another part of life

- I -

And I was your
unborn child

You yourself stopped me
from coming
to your rescue

The gods you screamed at
never ignored you

They knew you
much better than I

And I retreated
I had to leave
I had to give up
I had to go

- II -

And I was in
all of your lovers

Have you ever
seen the good in me?

I'm not a broken hero
I've never been
a hero at all

As you might
have gathered

If I only had been
as dangerous
as you've called me

I could've dragged
myself
out of this life

But I can't

And the days pass by
each by each
and the future's
unfolding
like it always did

- III -

And I'm sure
within your daughter

I'm crawling with her
and look
thru her eyes
sometimes

Don't you ever
judge me
before you know me

I'll be around

I'll be watching

I'll be holding my hands
protectively over you
both

And you'll never know
until you care

- IV -

And I could be the soul
you could find
if you only were looking

Tell-tales and parlors
broken arrows and minds

we're riding
on the waves
we're sailing

we're borrowing
from the
intricacies of time

we're no longer worried
about the secrets
we find

- The Epilogue -

The future is unwritten
but it is already shaped

And we always dream
we escape our fate

The morrow
the dawn
won't be blank

and the shadows
won't leave us alone

but in the parameters
there's some unknown variable
that we must find

(4. Januar 2001)

XXVII.

Three Trinkets and a Running Bird

Three Trinkets and a Running Bird

Once upon a time
I borrowed
from what was mine

And I followed
and walked
thru the splinters
of my life

And I found --
strange enough for me --
a reason
to be free

One barmaid
after the other
took my tip

Not knowing
why I was there
or how I could be

the lonely spot
in a trinity

Alas
had no clue
but I believe
in what is true

Tomorrow
my waning thighs
will look good

Demise
of this person
I used to be

I will be the center
of this trinity
that will then be

Amorphous
I am
Unreal
Surreal

I break into you
like a bird of prey
and my eyes,
you can't see them

But I just
took a look
I will look away

for all I got
is the sanity
of a bird of prey

I will spread my wings
and I'll cover you
beneath them

for you is all I have
right now
and I value,
appreciate you
I really do

and I'll carry you
with my softest claws

for I know you
and deserve you

for all times

then,
you will be what is mine
and I will be what is yours

and that is the end
of the fairy tale
for now

but you know
that I don't lie
for I never did
and I'll never do

I am your bird
your bird of prey
your protector
your healer
your saviour

tomorrow
and today
and yesterday

and I know
why time has no meaning
and space is meaningless
to us

we have something new
we have ourselves
we have us

that is my promise
my post-mortem delay
my harness and tarnish
and broken village dismay

alas, I'll stop here now
for the words are enough
for this time and place
but you'll know

(03. Juni 2001)

XXVIII.

EYE

Eye

Now that the times have gone by, I'm in the eye of the storm, and while I wait all too patiently, thinking about embracing the silence and abandoning my voice, I see the world shattered in its future and I know for certain why. Alas, the masters have erred foolishly, and they'll toast their god in the sky. I will not bat an eye when they cry for mercy, when the spaceships are hanging in the sky. They'll burn and I'll smile. I will make houses out of their leg bones, and I will use their ashes to cook my food. I will walk thru empty lanes alone, and I will look at the stars and smile.

(2001)

XXIX.
harvesting nil

harvesting nil

she's dwelling under a moonlit sun
and steals the stars from the sky

she's many-one's nightmare
she's the dark of the night

she's cruel and brutal in her mind
she'll rape all your halos

bend them and twist them
and she'd never listen to a warm-hearted mind

she'll get what she deserves
just like she always did

with all her hatred
in her mind

no-one will mourn her
they'll walk past her grave

and no-one will ever
be her slave

the cruellest nightmares ever invented
will plague her forever

will plague her again

no, I shall not help her
ever again

for my mind is in fury

(20. Mai 2001)

XXX.

SAND RAM

Sand Ram

bring over
your beautiful mind

and kiss me
in the darkest night

and hold me
whilst they are
singing their tunes

and trust me
I'll never treason you

and rest assured
they never cured me

I've been around
a couple of times

and I've noticed you
are fine, so fine

we'll run again
as one

this time in unison

and we'll run
all over them

and show them
our minds

we'll laugh
as the petals of spring
will open

and we'll cry
when we depart

we'll vibrate
the soundwaves
of freedom

and you can
belate them
any time

(4. Januar 2001)

XXXI.

SHE

She

She'll wander this world long after 2003, walking through the forest, counting the leaves, counting her souls, counting the dead on the road, and she'll feel her fingertips, and remember how it feels when it's five past midnight. She'll be friends with darkness, she'll be friends with light, with the sunset and the sky, she'll walk on clouds, she'll walk on heaven's toes, she'll walk aware under the sun, and she'll look up into the night.

(2001)

XXXII.

DREAMS 2001

dreams 2001

yeah tonight's the night
let's see what dreams we had

tape it all correctly
voice your voice outspokenly

I will listen as I always did

for when tomorrow comes
I'll be on the run

escaping the fungi in the sky

how hard can life get
makes me wonder
what you said

he dreamt about it too
let's make another count

when will all be dead
and my bed is wet
from my sweat

skyrocketing

who's to take the blame
and who will take the shame

"we're dust that's all we are
we're dust in the wind"
that's what we'll become

and for evermore
is sleeping

she will sail across the wind

(12. April 2001)

XXXIII.

Fat Years Before the War

Fat Years Before the War

There's no doubt
these are the fat years
before the war

And girls, you are
so picky now
will you be picky then

when all your men
have gone to war and died
will you need a friend?

when the remaining men
will look prettier to you
than they ever did

and you'll say
"hey, will you make me a kid?
all my brothers are dead"

and will you thank someone
with a fuck for some food
"hey, you are a real friend"

there's no doubt
these are the fat years
before the war

(2001)

XXXIV.

Greetings from the Netherworld

greetings from the netherworld

in my capsule

emerging from the shadow world

I break into your reality

momentary focus

shall I rise above the waters

shall I break into the ground

shall I move forward

in the dark dim gloom of the morning

exempt from the light

save your spirits for me

down from the narrow destructions

save a Lumanian world for me

and the shores of Creta

will I borrow from the sanitary complex

dark and rancid thoughts

brought to you today

and why do I know that the sun

won't shine today

when my friends release me
into this kind of life

there's a world more fun than this
a world that lets me play

and I will find my way back to it

your loss, my gain

I'll be happy over it

(18. April 2001)

XXXV.

IKARI

(unfinished song)

Ikari (*unfinished song*)

...

And sometimes we pray
that the sun may burn
our wings

And sometimes we mourn
our lost youth

Hushed voices in the moonlight
so bitter when we sleep

I adore you, my friend
how could I ever fail you?

I still wanna sail you
into the starlit night

My precious soul
you are my only demand

My only pathway
my only true friend

Have you not been around?
Have I not been around?

Do you really doubt so much
what you've found?

Can I love you this time?
Can I love you again?

Can I hold you for once?
Can I hold my dearest friend?

...

These changes are sweeping
swiftly across the land

and hey I am weeping
what remorse can I lend?

...

should I really cross out
the sugar x-es from
the barnyard fairy tales?

and should I really pick up
my broken arrows
and mold them
together again?

...

Neverending sadness
and joy
is what we've found

(15. Oktober 2001)

*

and should I really park
all my symphonies
where the sun don't shine?

(15. Oktober 2001)

*

and should I really bind
all my memories
to words from the sky?

silver shadows twisting
round and round and
round again

(16. Oktober 2001)

*

and someone's playing fisting
as calendar leaves
fall to the ground

keep her, my brother
I don't need her
got someone better around

(17. Oktober 2001)

XXXVI.
KHALID

Khalid

with all your dreams
and the girls you need
and your mediterannean soul

you saved my life
more than once
you made me realize

you're coming and going
and walking everywhere
and finding the pieces in time

tomorrow
when the war is raging
you'll bring me to a better place

and look,
I found something
I found your perfect girl

but she's somewhere
and you're somewhere
let's guess and dream

let's hope and think
let's burn all our memories
let's find our friends

(26. Januar 2001)

XXXVII.
MESSIAH

Messiah

Maybe we're the Alpha
and the Omega
the Beginning
and the End

like Water and Wind
like Earth and Fire

And maybe we're part
of the new threefold Messiah

the woman
the man
the extraterrestrial

bringing a new religion
and a new language

(2001)

XXXVIII.

**movement and stillness
slowing down
and injustice**

movement and stillness, slowing down, and injustice

the times are never as good as they should be
and the grass is greener on the other side
but i know how to move, but i move slowly
and i move too slow for some
and if the days are brighter someday
i might be around, focus in right, for those who need me
if that isn't too late

(23. April 2001)

XXXIX.

SOMETIME

Sometime

Sometimes she's there
and sometimes she won't

Sometimes she loves you
and sometimes she don't

And I always wondered
what's the point in hating me

I've just been going
spiritually / aesthetically / peacefully

I've done no crime
still walking with a stainless soul

And the days of madness
will soon be over

Perhaps we might find
some unity then (and now)

She'll get the key
to unlock my life -- if she dares

This is what moves me
and two birds moving make a flock

These days perhaps
she won't run from her memories

And if we break each other's
superficial shells

We'll discover the depth of our seas
and the heights of our mountains

(2001)

XL.

**THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY
TO RETURN**

there's always a way to return

there's always a way to return
and true friendship never ends

while i was crying
i thought about you in my need

i was dying
to hear a word from you

you rejected
and abandoned me

still, you're in my thoughts
and i cherish every minute

i'll be there for you
when you need someone

for i know
how loneliness feels

(17. Januar 2001)

XLI.
UNTITLED

Untitled

And if
you should happen
to hate me
know
that I never
hated you

And if
you should happen
to love me
know
that I love you
love you as well

roll me around
like your
favourite marble
or the planet
that never
sees the light

I could give you
all the passion
all the passion
you missed
in your life

We could merge
our souls
we could mix
our minds
we could prove
that we were right

And if
you should happen
to be stranded
like the soldier
after the terminal
fight

And if
you should happen
to be the one
that is ringing
the bell
of mine

just know
that I love you
that I never hated you
that I always
wanted you
to be mine

and that is
one part
of the truth
that they are
never going
to tell you

for our light
combined
might shine
too bright

will this
be the love
they were
searching for
the one thing
they are truly
afraid of?

they know
that they
shouldn't mind
because
the time frame
might be
a different

when we're
long gone
they'll see
what they did
and what
they didn't

that day
when we walk
hand in hand
we won't
have to fear
anything
or
anyone

for our mind
is the soul
combined

the one thing
we need
the one thing
we'll find

(14. April 2000)

XLI.

**Inspiration
and Recklessness
and Grief**

Inspiration, and Recklessness, and Grief

I'm a message in a bottle
and I'm swimming thru the wind
and I wonder
if for evermore
I'm destined to have sinned

brown the waters pass around me
heaven is a lightning bolt
and will the feelings
in my heart
ever switch to 'cold'

'rhyme, and rhyme'
the voice keeps telling
me
I know
I should be yelling

and the past
and future
are a ball shaped sphere

jolly, jolly,
I am jumping
from infinity and back,
rotating
round the corner
round the willowy insect

have a new betrayal,
and she said to me
'take your bargain
with the waters,
take them far away
from me'

neither did I know nor plan
but I know the passion's
fleeting
and it's swimming all
around me
threatens me with *tickles*

and I know for sure
it's the best invention
since mixed pickles.

well, for now
I shall turn mute
not let anything
pass thru me
but I think
that's just too cute
(*sudden silence*)

(12. Dezember 2000)

XLIII.

**Leave and Regain
Intorrough Yamar**

leave and regain -- intorrough yamar

rendering slowly
thru
the tumbling madness
crashing

silent and mute
I am today
broke that ban of yours
everyday
in the past years

you're not here

not here
to punch me in the face
to kick me
to kill me

I am my own hero
and I ever will
nothing
is what you know
is what you knew
of me
and forever
will the laughter
be with mine
forever touching
the stars
tomorrow and
yesterday

in the morning
and the night
the day

shutting down
shutting down
the systems
rage and glory
fuck them all

there's the one
who knows
what I am
who I am
and she'll be waiting
for me
when the days
are thru
when the dust
has settled
when stars have come
crashing down
breaking the silence
breaking the thick
of the clouds

letting the sun
shine thru
the beams will touch
my face
the warmth will touch
my face
her hands will touch
my face

crash-bounce alone you
along the fields
and the skies
watch the twinkling
happy stars shine bright
rotate in your madness
and break all your furniture

I'll be laughing someday
warm and soft
and relieved
totally relieved

the weight lifted
off the top of my shoulders
for evermore

someone else will carry it
and I'm sorry for him
already now

and so I tell him
-- and the future self of yours:
parokhan termar sherey
tesiprokah narohne tarparkor
reprekhar nah-re
somarkar renferrough yoh-nar
parron-ha nerron-te sekhoronta
parrhenk djerferrough marroughne
lertekhyar sornartra parronkeh

(5. November 2000)

XLIV.

I, ZEDRA

I, Zedra

the time I was dead
I wanted to return to the spirit
saving the life of the laughing
dead body on the street
with the knife in his back
with a bullet in his head
with a cut throat
slashed to pieces by a sword

now the diamond is speaking
and the next time she'll be quiet
before Earth was born as we know it
she was part of mineral revolution
talking beyond the limits of time

now I'm screaming out loud
thundering vibrations through the halls
of life and spirituality
another time another place

flickering universe
impulses atmospherics to my senses
soul expansion beyond reason

(17. August 1996)

XLV.

Ein Wintermärchen

Ein Wintermärchen

(Stimme 1, auf dem linken Kanal)

"Nicht mehr als ein Flüstern"
sprach der alte Friedrich
zu seinen Söhnen
"und die Welt gehört euch"

glaubt nicht an die Dinge
die euch die Werbung erzählt

eine neue Welt von Konsum

Konsum - wahre Traumgestalten

die neue Religion der Wissenschaft

der Krieg der Moneten hat begonnen
ist in vollem Gange

(zünde Zigarette an)

"nie mehr nie mehr"
sprach Adolf Hitler
als er sich das Leben nahm

die toten Juden rufen
aus ihren Gräbern
"hör zu, du Schwein
hör zu, du Schwein"

und Gott sitzt auf seinem Thron
und die Engel singen zu ihm

"und die Reiter, die Reiter kommen
die Reiter kommen
und löschen die gesamte Menschheit
aus"

sprach Johannes

manchmal wußte er selbst nicht
wo er den Joint hingelegt hatte

(Stimme 2, auf dem rechten Kanal)

Es war einmal
da gingen zwei Butterbrote
über die Straße

sie trafen den Weihnachtsmann
und den Osterhasen

Hel und Loki waren auch da

Wotan hatte seine mächtigen
Schultern ausgebreitet

und der Papst
summte ein trauriges Liedchen

"Welche Überheblichkeit"
sprachen die Butterbrote

und sahen das Glas Orangensaft
vorbeimarschieren

und der Papst begrüßte
Loki und Hel
und sagte
"was macht ihr denn hier
was macht ihr denn hier"

 darauf sprachen
 der Weihnachtsmann
 und der Osterhase
"wir warten auf die Sommersonnenwende
wir warten auf die Wintersonnenwende
und all die Toten grüßen euch
die Toten grüßen euch"

(1996)

ENDE