

# Chasing a Poem

51-15

# Prologue

Behind the flowers, the forest turns into the sky  
It does not know the answer, it does not know the why  
Grows without a reason, grows without remorse  
Does not need to ask, what it`s looking for.

[After thinking about it, this seems not to be true  
It does not sound right either, also the words are wrong  
Nevertheless, it stands here now, what to do with it  
And what did I really wanted to say]

# Present

Behind the flowers, the forest turns into the sky  
Does not know the answer, does not know the why  
Grows without a reason, grows without remorse  
Does not even asking, what it`s looking for

The trenches of the aunts for him are staggering to see  
He sends us futile dreams that bring us to our knees  
Drifting around the corners, to straighten curves to lines  
We wanted to get presents, but all we got are fines

He says that the universe with all its unknowns, tells little or at least not a lot  
But then again, we are not better off, as caught with words like mud  
Sticky and some kind of dirt, this is what comes to mind when he thinks of us  
They are not looking up above, as they came from the stars

To break the cycle, not much actually needs to be done  
You don`t need to hear any words, my daughters and my sons

- Maybe better to start at the beginning

(#)

Come here I said with a blistering tone, I wanted that it becomes the monster that I created as the underpinned evaluation of something fishy was exactly the name I was searching for, indeed I was searching for much more, but this was exactly what I was looking for, not because it fit all so well, no, but because it was the first thing which came to my mind when I saw the bullet, and I did not had too much time, the pistol just got fired and the bullet could penetrate any moment, me or you, who knows, speaking of penetration, it was interesting to see that even in my last moments, probably I only could think about that, asking myself: was it the same with the others, I thought further and slowly moved away, the bullet maybe has hit me or not, it did not mattered, the only thing mattered was that the words are written down, with them I could escape the trajectory of the bullet, one would call it another word, I could be the bullet as well, you could say another word, faster, much faster I should be, in my thoughts I moved like a fog, slowly and impenetrable, I was searching for something of value but what could it be what I adored, oh no one knows, or does someone, it is not difficult you are saying, but I could not even tell if you knew what actually you were saying, a communication gap were one would call our thing we are struggling ...

- No, that was not the beginning, let`s try it again.

(~)

The dark comes again after the sun turns down, in the midst we see monsters we do not like, I start again with monsters, why, don't ask me, it maybe is because the dark scares us, scares us because we see too much of us, too much of our own fears, but these are ideas already told thousand times, maybe you did not heard it yet, but it is true, as so much is true behind the sentence, between the words, were you are listening to yourself, finally, but the nothingness is productive, as the dark, it creates event the opposite of it (yes I meant event not even), meaning something, again all known pretty boy well by now, but then again, maybe you just know it from me, is it less of value, at least the monster is different all the time, so we are making us believe, everyone wants to have its own monster, but it is not only the name which is the same for us, the nightingale starts the song, the crow is waiting for the living carcass to be devoured, is it a bad sign, who knows, let's ask the Sphinx, but she only has one question, it was already answered but the wisdom is far beyond to be understood so well, between the lines one must read, it is the space that lets you keep breathing, the space without that what has been written, so we read nothing and then we are free, but the blank space never had a promising answer, not even a promising start, nothing at all is too little, one still needs more, a something to keep the space in check, else it would be the void, again, stinks but what should we do, within the place to wait for a new entry, it could wait, but only a little and ...

- No, also does not work, that was not the beginning either. Again.

(\*)

I was asking a tree, forgot his name, what the light within his bowls is glowing for, he did not responded and showed me his back, a name appeared and I still can't remember, the past and the future merged together, closer and closer till it was the now, no place left in the now, no place for words, no place for the soul, the feathers came down from somewhere of the branches, what is that, a bird, but there was no one who would have told, I also could not remember the name of the bird, do birds have names, or is it something else one can search for with the light from the tree, ...

- Forget it, does not bring us anywhere. Start again.

(+)

I was so tired, like walking in a desert at noon, could not stand, need to sleep, but I just needed water, like a fountain from the mountain it was pouring down, but I kept it as a secret, a secret even (yes it is even not event) to myself, but one cannot lie to himself if he knows the truth, so I was looking to the moon, asking, I was looking to the sun, asking, I was looking to the earth, asking, finally I was looking to the void, asking, all of them had their answers, all of them were describing a special tone in life, a voice that was coming from the rumbling of the earth, it wants to speak to you I thought, earthquakes tell you the dreams of nature, volcanoes just what can happen, so fruitful, small but beautiful, lightening the dark, like soundwaves, both words and music, both signal and white noise, at the end everything that counts, as it represents reality, the reality of the stars, inside and outside we hear the angels voice, a mermaids promise, a gods will, telling what needs to be done in the light of the lie, that is buried under the truth, that is buried under the lie, that is buried under the truth, which truth which lie you are resting on, for all the graves we have to dig up, don't stop there is another grave you will find, and another, till you come to the core, to your grave, there stop and look down, is it a whole, is it a sky, ...

- We probably going nowhere with the start, this wasn't it either. Maybe we already started. Let`s hear again.

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The bushes, the graveyard, the dead people fighting for her freedom, the disgust, a meeting without a cause, discussions about arbitrary things, nobody knows why but all are pretending, one hesitation and the trick would not work anymore, else all is good, as a lie or one would say they could stay in the grey, disappearing into the fog, like the fog, wet and cold and something hidden inside nobody knows, except the one who is in it, therefore they know each other well, on a table they are reading and discussing but no one knows consciously, the chairs are melting till they are sitting on the ground, it is fine for them but they don't see any longer what's on the table, they are discussing again, now what they should do, standing up is no option, they haven't used their feet for a very long time, so they are waiting till the table melts as well, they are trying to use their breath, but the only things which came out were words, each one thinks the others want to communicate, but the only reason each one is doing what he is doing is to melt the table, they want to eat, but there is no food, so they are discussing about the libraries and discoveries in the books they pretended to have read, maybe they did, but as they are not really concerned about the topic it is not ...

- Forget it, this is definitely somewhere else and not the start. Where the hell am I, this is just text, no poems, what does it want to say. How to come back to the start. Oh, I don't like question marks. Anyway, again.

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We are told to track down the problem, make it two or three, solve the easiest, solve one again, now you are feeling better, do you, get to the real problem they are saying, put it down, name it, step by step, patiently, but in your dreams you find the dark hidden, the one you don't know about, it is a curse some are screaming but it is not fitting into the picture, why I cannot change another one he is saying, but the time for change was long gone, I just want to hear music and forget what he says but want to remember a forgotten love, first so fast and very tired suddenly, the feet touching the feet, the ceremony is starting, pretending to unleash the mystery, and indeed a mystery it is, so you are going back and believe your first word, the real problem hiding behind, what they are saying is: you cannot solve it, so solve something else, but they are superficial, the darkness makes you afraid, crying, I am so strong against everything but this, not this, but there is the truth, the fear hiding it, behind all this a forest emerges, maybe ...

- O.K. This could take longer than expected, we are not anywhere near the start it seems. Something like a door is missing, don't know but does not look to be here. Again.

(+)

They were speaking about a face, ass and titties as well but I could not comprehend, round and round, spinning as they said, like an old swinger which plays with a young crowd, or an old crowd playing with young swingers, which courtesy nobody knows, but the ballons were filled with poison gas and they were inhaled with joy, take it, here red wine as well, drink, drink till the cup is empty, then you will sleep, sleep forever, however, just a restless dream of the tired, the fired, who does it, you know anyway what is right, all has been played through, so it is time to remember to forget, better doing all over again as doing nothing at all, at least that was said at the entrance to hell, a trap door for those who don` t believe, nevertheless it has, at least, given hope, and that was all what they needed, a hope that this ends now or will never end at all, all in between will be irrelevant, the only relevance is about what it takes to get it, a box with all the treasures inside, some want to keep them forever, but it is not possible, anyway, pretty ordinary and therefore happening quite often, as it is the case here, with the drums making sounds to some song we do not hear, well, we see the drums so we can imagine what it would sound if we could hear it, at least the rhythm, at least something which is hidden and can only be found in the uncomprehensible cloud of the spider web, words and grammar, seems infinite but it is maybe not, maybe we said, but we know, whatever will remain, we will make sense out of it, or ...

- Stop. Again.

(%)

A blistering bloom showered my back, in the front, the road ahead was filled with faces, each one starring somewhere else, come laugh with me they said, at least I was thinking they were saying, the scenery changed, the moon got up, the night came, with the night questions emerged, risen from the dark that gave them protection, it was cold but with a freshness that gave life to old feelings, the wind was breathing slightly, where was I, below the nothingness formed schemes, words appeared and dissolved immediately, no way to remember, balls came up and stayed in the air, suddenly the sun appeared, the balls turned to faces, each one starring somewhere else, come laugh with me they said, at least I was thinking they were saying, the scenery, changed, the moon got up, the night came, with the night questions emerged, risen from the dark that gave them protection, suddenly a voice came from behind, whispering, below the nothingness you will find schemes, words will appear and tell about a blistering bloom that is showering your back, up the road ahead you will see faces with something that make you stare somewhere else, come laugh with me, it is a comedy for those and a tragedy for them, you don't need to wait, as the night emerged quickly, with a wind like breathing, slightly, words appear but dissolve, change coming back at you like a blistering bloom showering your back ...

- Definitely not the beginning, even not related. Not even close. Again.

(=)

The history books were full of empty spaces which had to be filled with life, stories have been written like butter and the knife, who was first or what cut it is was not clear even at the start, only thing which was known for such thing was that someone wanted to stab it to the heart, drops of blood and death on each page that sings with an angelic voice, everybody has its thousand reasons but only had one choice, the pages go from wet to stone, dependent on the scale, some pages only red to tell another tale, that brings no structure or chaos in as it is far beyond what`s known, whatever has or will unearth already has been shown, the tick and tock, each page makes the same noise, some tried to make some sense but still one could ask: was this really their noise, it was different then and different now, no need to look at it twice, for one the truth for others not, one even called them lies, within the well he took a look and brought dark water for us to drink, was not for thirst but more like food, it made us more to think, the stories blur, the vision dark within the history book, they said only once but we don`t hear and take another look ...

- Seems I don`t find the start even it is mentioned. Again.

(B)

The look of the poor, so sad one may think, but then again, what are they worried about, is it really different to what the rich are worried about, losing money, not having money, surviving, striving, helping, feeling responsible, for both all will fall to dust, for both the reason is not to be confused with the consequences, after all, you are what you think, a desperation, a need, winning and losing, why should one think about it, does not understand, helping and not helping, we see it now going through places, the madness one would call it, others would call it differently, the flower which blooms in the dark can be asked, it is a present of the dark, is it not beautiful, but then again, the flower also lives during the day, it is said that the one which is found first is the driving force how to interpret the world, so what is true, which came first, but they are asking the wrong question, you searched in the dark for a reason and you found it, you searched in the light for a reason and you found it, the search determines when it is found, what is to be found, who determines however when the search starts, it could be night it could be day, it does matter, what matters more is the possibility to search again, hence, when do we search again, during the night, or during the day, looking at the poor or looking at the rich, who is poor, who is rich you may ask before ...

- So, when was the start. Let's keep track, seems we are getting closer. Again.

(!)

The reality keeps us disappointing but what we want is not clear to the future, a small branch goes anywhere comes back and tells its tales, oh yes, it could be broken, oh yes, it may be healed, the wound opens up and closes, it seems like breathing but who is living to tell, hard work and being worried, seen too much or betrayed one time too often, the wound speaks that it can't tell, but someone else could, the eyes will tell but they are behind a grey film, so you won't see it, and therefore you see it much better, what the wind tells is the reason why you live, a storm coming from somewhere you think, but no one knows, goes back, than above, forward and back, black and white, irregular but still a system that shapes its own song, everybody hear it the way he can, consciously you think but it can't be more wrong, you see in the trees the leaves moving but you can't feel a thing, you look at your arms, your hair is moving in a breeze, so you should feel it, but it is like a colour, a colour that touches and goes through, comes back again, I don't know, but the breeze does not know it as well, however, it is said it never asked who ...

- Door, wood?

(:)

**Hear!** In this darkness we set our foot, each step you feel different, each gaze from the nothingness shivers down your spine, but you are not afraid, it is only the sound which you need to focus on, come, there some trees emerge, the branches look like hands, taking you, but you are not afraid, it is only the sound which you need to focus on, a way is blocked, the wood is blocking your way, take a step back and focus on the sound, there is a way, schemes of bodies emerge but they don't come closer, but don't be afraid, only focus on the sound, the darkness reveals slippery slopes, you may slip and get lost, but don't be afraid, just focus on my voice you are hearing, they schemes suddenly try to attack, fast and viciously, but don't be afraid, just focus on the sound of my voice, you feel you are taken, dragged around, horrible, like worms with teethes, like an angry father, like an angry mother, but don't be afraid, it is only the sound which you need to focus on, you feel mutilated, you feel torn apart, the schemes seem to consume you, but don't be afraid, it is only the sound which you need to focus on, you set your foot forward, blurred screens and a telephone rings, loud like a roar from a tiger, like a scream from the traumatized, but don't be afraid, it is only the sound which you need to focus on, the darkness softens up, lightens up, now only like a fog during noon, in this grey you set your foot, each step feels different, each gaze something that makes goosebumps, but you are not afraid, you know, it is only the sound which you need to focus on, then ...

- Then what? Why is it stopping, where is the point. Now also with woods. Again.

(.)

For some it is a dreadful place made by evil, for some it is the thing which keeps them going, for some it is unnecessary as not part of it, for some it is fundamental to the race, for some it is a victim, for some to test their teeth, for some it has no meaning, for some it is the key, for some it is salvation, for some it is the slave, for some it is a word, for some it is the action, for some it is the individual, for some it is only about the many, for some it is about them, for some it is about those, for some it is far down below, for some it is high above, for some it is right next to them, for some it is across the sky, for some it is because of him, for some it is because of her, for some it is because where they were coming from, for some it is because where they are going to, for some it is because they are young, for some it is because they are old, for some it is because they don't have a toy to play around, for some it is because they know how to play, for some it is because they can't understand, and for some it is because they understood, for some it is because they are looking at it, for some it is because they ignore, for some it is because of irritation, for some it is because of clearness, for some it is the negative while for some it is the positive, for some it is hot, for some it is cold, for some it is tall, for some it is small, for some it is big, for some it is thin, for some it is round, for some it is edge, for some it is dark, for some it is light, for some it is soft, for some it is hard, for some it is blue, for some it is green, for some it is part, for some it is separated, for some it is at the front, for some it is at the back, for some it is right, for some it is left, for some they need to look up while for some they need to look down, for some it is few, for some it is a lot, for some it is white, for some it is black, for some it figures, for some it does not.

Hmmm. Now it had an end. And the message seems nothing and all.  
An anti-meme or unconsciously talking to someone?

(:)

Raindrops falling like thoughts crossing our mind, each one is a diamond that wants to shine, they come and go like seasons falling through the split, each one is a piece of a puzzle that you need to fit, pictures will emerge telling what you feel, one is an image the other is a dream, to the fields one is running, to see what have emerged, digging in the dirt, for everyone a search, while the sun is burning down, we see the sentences appear, it is not about the strength and it's not about the fear, the seeds are planted and each one awaits, it could be said a decision, for others it's called a fate, marbles of each size, rolling through this land, each of one a pearl, that was burned by the desert sand, reflections keep them going, each one can see himself, going out the prison or hiding in the shell, the truth for them is like the lie, it does not matter at all, from one perspective it is huge, for others it is small, the words the fisherman just caught, are running through their minds, some now wanted to see, some want now to be blind, either way of all the choices, the field and seed remains, marbles going through it like dancing in the rain, a metaphor from somewhere not possible to understand, but if you hear their ideas, they will be your saviour hands, cowering or bundle, the bodies turn to glass, it was once the rock, now its thin like gas, seeing through the middle, the left and right remains, the back has something to say as well, only the marble knows all land, reflecting, moving and shining, they indicate what is really there, they go up and down like raindrops, flying through the air, so crossing our mind as diamonds we like to shine, once it was the water, now it is our wine.

O.K. Now with rhymes. Seems developing, let's see where we are heading to.

( )

Irritations of leaves that are brought by a strong wind, may you see where they are coming from, for you, however, it is indeed a change you did not see, look where the breeze will send your gaze, into the fire of motions, be thankful as this is a part of the universal law, clapping and shouting to a fever dream that is life, don't be afraid, you can meet him or her on the floor, maybe now, maybe tonight, you are searching for the one to love, be it him or her, keep dancing to the sound that the breeze is telling you, the leave shows the way, meet him or her on the floor, maybe now, maybe tonight, but not longer, you can feel the heat, it is your heart, the irritation of the leaves that brought the strong wind, you see where it is coming from, a change that you did not see, but you know the breeze sent a gaze, a movement that will go with you together, into the emotions like fire, both thankful for the universal law, that you can see in the fever dream of your life, she or her should not be afraid, as it is part of the universal law, both clapping and shouting into the air, a master of arts of searching for love, so meet him or her on the floor and keep dancing to the breeze that the strong wind brought through the leaves where you now know where it was coming from, keep dancing with him or her, for the change to happen which you did not anticipated.

Ballons, Faces, Wood, Door, Rhyme, Repetition, Love, again.

(-)

Possibilities that must remain, each branch having a different reason, a different dream, staying on the surface you see it like the water movement in the ocean, that what remains silent will not be heard, a truth that is running to the sky, but will not alter the clouds, the thing which is not done will not be changed, a truth screaming through the universe, changes what can be changed, still will not alter the clouds, nothing will do, so they don't matter to us, or are only what should matter to us, too far away for the ones who think and the ones who do not, as the possibilities must remain, each branch will be a different reason, a different cause, for us only a dream, but deep down below and high up above it is something different, a surface like the water moving through the ocean, rivers in rivers, dynamics that are changing the way of the light, gravity one could call it, but it is just another will, as the possibilities must remain, for the different reasons having an own branch that represents a dream that stays on the surface like water in the ocean, which remains silent and not be heard but does and therefore changes, finally altering the clouds, as going to the sky, as far as possible but even then, still possibilities will remain, so that they can branch like a dream that is staying on the surface, initially like the water in the ocean that remains silent in the movement that cannot be heard as the truth is running like the clouds that will change everything, still possibilities must remain, each one having a different reason, running to the sky.

So it is indeed about the repetition, at least between the sentences and sheets, or, ...

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The words that are crossing the sky will make a desperate jump to ignite what constitutes the beginning of the end, or the end of the beginning, trust me, a will will be shown so that the words and the grammar will not comprehend what has been done, as we are thinking the words disappear but I see you there, the one who could bring in the will, may it be me as I am looking to you and think about me, so that the things that clash and will come down, will go up, as the idea what cannot be is hidden behind the sentence, behind the breath that curls the world, my hands making different movements like words, but they are more than words, the transgression is going to you as the final feeling, is the one which gives the circle the meaning, again, what is there to be offered, it means nothing and all, the decision set but wings not there, yet, a spiral that goes back and forth, and forth I say and the colours go into directions that are far beyond what the eye can say /yes say, not see/, wants to see, but there it is, a gift like a curse, but that is only one attempt of seeking an answer, so what you want, but it is clear, the melody has started, the motion is everywhere, go, go where the earth belongs to be seen like a puppet that is driven by masters, or the other way round, in the back the music begins, goes louder and louder, now or never, let it in, let it in, it is the only way, once it was said it can only be conquered if you replace it, but there is another way, the music is like a rhythm, like a wave, solid and ghostly, it gives rise to a new horizon, hear, here it comes, be prepared, start the spiral, make it overlap with the sound of the universe, make it happen, you can do it.

Behind the sentences they bloom, blow dust into the sky, ...

(>)

Mapping the world, water, fire, wind and earth, seemingly undisposed, maybe enemies, fighting their fight, don't understand anything but themselves, poems of the unwilling, from the past they shed their words, but the truth is hidden in plain sight, what truth some are saying, it is only the shadow which makes sense some reply, winding down to a never-ending story, and they may be right, a bottom to all is what is feared the most, a superficial answer preferred by many, why not they are replying, the world is made for those who do, the nightingale could respond in a seemingly unfaced fashion, it knows the truth between the dawn, with the dying light and the awakening night, only one letter which makes them different, don't you see, it is saying, but only a few are hearing the words, does not matter, it is showing everywhere, no place to hide, but they are not hiding anyway, as we all can live easily between the gap, a gap wide or small, searching for something we are programmed with, but far more than that is at stake, but not a lot is at stake, one is looking up and the other is looking down, both seeing the same but different, same but different, can we imagine both simultaneously, suggesting something which we know but they don't, within the bucket of all words we are fishing but it is only a cage, not a matter of time, finite and absolute, like the structure we are composing has its inherent meanings, there is the hope that also the one and only can be caught in this finiteness, but others are saying, it is not about the words, it was never about the words, it is about the doing, both are right, so much to be found, so we are searching for both, in both is a truth, but it needs to be found, some find it there, some others there, it is a question we are searching for, the nightingale says and sings.

For wisdom kept in a soul's mind, to reach things it wants to find, the start where ...

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You are saying lies that sound like truth, an entertainment for the old and new, it makes us thinking, it makes us move, it cannot end as it is not the truth; the words are spinning in a combinatorial tone, it makes us dreaming about the stone, that holds the water that gives the life, like cutting butter with a knife; it comes and goes like seasons, repeating every time, if you drink the water or if you drink the wine, it's hot like the sun and cold as ice, sometimes sounds like truth but in fact are lies; making it to happen, as you are entertaining well, an old story that you want to tell, twisting words to make a different tone, makes everything what is right to a very wrong; rhyming everything is indeed too strong, innovative ideas that sparkling on and on, through its mind it disappears again, one calls him a genius but maybe he is just insane; going his way brings one nowhere fast, his words are not something that will last, what comes out is soon be gone, he goes to the bathroom and shits the stone; no one can swallow as too large, it makes a map that is for the stars, can't be digested can't be fed, it makes everyone to regret; but now we see what you wanted to do, believe your words is fun, that's true, but above all we should not confuse, that your words yet don't tell the truth.

So let it be the starting point, which side it flipped when tossed the coin  
The right or wrong is surely there, I just don't looked at it, as we were scared  
So start with the sentences that now bloomed, with a wisdom that may cause the doom  
Whatever happens we will see, now go to the door with the wrong key,  
That should bring us where we want to take a look,  
It is not anywhere but inside this book ...

# Start

(One)

The skin is so much tempting, the hair in mysterious lines, falling on the face, now hard what once was soft, with hands that try to make a prayer, for something it does not know, feelings gone deep down, drowned under a blissful tone, if you are in the crowd or being alone, the walls are on both ends is what it seems to be, but within a cave no one becomes free.

-There! the door, a smell, like flowers, that makes you soft -

*/Two/*

One hand in the sky, falling down like a hammer, but you know you don't know the why, the feelings set in motion, you wanted it that way, so should you run or should you stay, the fist opens there is no need to fight the wrong war, don't you learned what is at the core, what are the electrons, the electricity, it is not about you indeed, it is all about me, going blind but this was a choice to be taken, no remorse that the earth is rumbling and shaken.

-A smell like wood or fallen trees, either way, there it is, take a close look (if you can) -

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XXXXXXXXXX          XXXXXXXXXXXX
  X              ----->          X
  X              X              X
  X              <-----          X
XXXXXXXXXX          XXXXXXXXXXXX
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It **seems like** a large door  
But it was a **hallway**  
**Everybody** thinks differently  
But the suggestion **never reveals** anything

So where is the **truth**  
What **can be** found  
But everything is **more than one**  
Still, it has a **meaning**

Even if it **would** be true  
Does it would **matter**  
After **all**, there is only me  
Maybe I am **terrible wrong**

But then **again**  
**Who** says that and why  
What is there to be **found**  
**Unknowingly** going places

Refusing something as **not needed** anymore  
The horror, no **escaping**  
One had it, there was **no way forward**  
But **now** it is

I took it with me in these **holes**  
Now **I am seeing** different things  
It is pitch black but **still the light** is me

I am probably **all of them**, but I know that **Capital-F** would have some different ideas

Oh yes, the **truth** could be found  
But there, **in this pitch** is not the truth  
Making a theatre as **Am-I-er** said  
The **same name** as the new **doctor** for my **F**

I am **not capable of** handling her  
But is it **Capital-K, M** or **S**  
It plays out well, **as it seems** I cannot fight  
Just too weak I think, but this is **my choice** as well

So why being **weak**, as she has the means  
But isn't this weakness **in the very essence**  
But **nature** has made it, o.k. but what does it mean  
Do you want **to abandon** it just because you don't get it

Is it **needed** to get it, **the way** you want  
Yes, once **you thought** it is needed, and still you are right  
But **this conversation** was given long time before  
Who knows if it is really her **you are after** with

And maybe she is **leaving you**  
Could **be possible too**, nobody knows  
But **then again**, then it should it be  
The light remains, as it comes from what **my F** showed me

So, I am, **the sun**, talked with him  
**I remembered** that he was proud of me  
And this made me **happy**  
Then her FF **congratulated** me  
And this made **me** happy **as well**

**The G-Point** was telling me that I am performing good

And **I am** happy

My FFF are so strong and they appreciated **my work**

... something not right with these words ...

... Am I through the door already ...

... Why did I wanted to go through ...

Is this really the beginning if I don`t know

\_The door can be entered horizontally or vertically\_

Dependent on my choice

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Can I be **as strong as** them  
The one who found **something** else  
The one who had to bear **all responsibility**  
The one **who** got it all, famous and rich  
The ones I am **still working** with

The **women** are disappearing  
Something else **emerging**  
I am part of, but I **will never** give up my will to fuck  
Maybe something else, but letting **the sperm** live

X

There is no escape as I **cannot control** it to get it for real  
But this was happening **a long time** before  
It was **right then**, it is right now  
I am reading it from the walls, but **there is more**

x

All still **could be** not the full truth  
Or the deep **truth**  
For example, I **talked** a lot of my F  
But nothing **about** my M

She **loved**, at least I think  
So, let's assume to be loved **more than normal**  
I am laying **in the bed** of feathers  
It is **a temptation** but also the horror

XX

I already once said **horror**  
That time in regard **to escape**  
And I am **also afraid** of not leaving  
Staying at home and **missing life**

The **two** and I are so different  
I really could say it **is her fault**  
The mood changes **like** the seasons  
Her analytical **knowledge**, who knows, maybe **she** hates me

I **heard** stories from Capital-F  
But would it matter anymore **for me**  
The light will stay, **till** the end  
Hence, **nothing matters** if it is wrong  
As the right, my right, will be **with** me  
I am not a woman but **a man**

But **talking** with them here  
It was **about** death and accusations  
You pretend talking about **someone else**  
**But you**, everybody, is only talking about himself

I gave it back, I **will** morn  
But **I** have to say I will not **betray** my other feelings  
**Even** if it is just for me  
So, **if I** am still wrong, I still will not ignore what you have done for me  
For that I **thank you**

X

This door represents something of me and all others  
It speaks in tongues but clearly it talks about a myth  
It changes again

XXX XXX

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I am not a **woman**, and F showed me how to escape  
A list of those **that retired** now helped me acknowledging  
And those that **remain** are also something  
Sometimes **to listen**, sometimes to help  
**Sometimes** they are part of  
So while I raised **with women**  
And I now live **with women**  
Always thought being **around** them is what I want

But I am a **man** and after it was possible to be opened  
I rather **enjoy** being it, even with the fear of women  
Yet, because I am just on **the journey**

**Decided to** go into the dark  
But not **be lost**  
As the light stays, what **else** should it be  
A **nothing**, only to be lost because of what  
Oh yes, the truth, but **I ignore** this  
One **can** also be betrayed and get nowhere  
So I **believe in** the journey before  
The **dreamer's** dream  
Of the one punch **sentence**  
**And** Victory  
But I am just **on** the layer  
I just make **a deep breath**  
**And will go on**

Thank god, **Capital-F** was not totally right  
He was just **another man**  
Good, so I have **not to bend** myself too much  
As it may be found **somewhere** else

You can get trapped **even** in the suspicious case  
Lurking **behind the eyes** who does not know as well  
What has been is not the same **as now**  
Still it is now which **lurks back**, no homo

In the stars above **you** can find the same truths  
And Capitel-F can **fuck** himself, as he wanted, maybe  
Again, what a relief that he was not god  
What a relief that he **died** such as an ordinary man

**Hopefully** forgotten but he can stay in the light I think  
And his remarks, reminded me what I am writing **down here**  
My M fear, not to be **loved**, I think **maybe**  
That you are thankful **about** what she did  
To meet **here**, as she met them

But I am not her, and her dreams are **frightening**  
So should I be frightening **as well**  
I am not a women, but **a man**  
No homo I said, but there are always **two sides**

There, the numbers, again, the have a meaning  
This door is a number, but what number, let`s count them

XXX

I

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Two sides of **two sides** are four  
So **I should** not **forget** my sister  
My sisters, **again** two, makes eight  
The **numbers** don't mean a thing  
**But** they can hide a truth  
Which was indeed **frightening**

A man **leaves** his mother to find another women  
Who **he can love** and who loves him  
Leaving the loving mother, **to find** another women  
Still he takes her with him, **a loving dream**  
That can never happen **again**

The **first** side  
**The next** is that it better should not happen again  
The loving dream came **with** a price  
Wanting **something** from you, which is not you  
A dream **of her**, to be like this

The third looks at the **father**, away, but should be there  
Interrelationships and fights you **could profit** from  
But you are not a woman, **so you need** the father  
Maybe he could tell, and you **let her go**

The fourth side, the **fear** of the mother  
The fear of the father, it is his woman **after all**  
God thank you it is **not mine**  
For then I can hear his words  
How **to escape**

The fifth is **about** the sister  
What does she want to tell **me**  
But I don't want **to learn** from her  
I am jealous as older and seems **knowing more**

The sixth side tells me that she **lost** something  
**A wound**, a horror, slime and blood  
Fitting **together**, the process is also about making connections  
I think I **will lose** something, so I fear

I will not speak more about **these sides**  
As also the reality now comes in and after **that I see**  
Differences and **similarities**  
The way **of the man** is tortured with inconvenient truths  
But **I fear** not after my father showed me  
This treasure is mine now, **stronger** than anything before  
Making me three **as one**  
The drive, the **child** and the man  
Waiting at the ocean, thinking and **talking**

All known by me and others  
But the door gets thinner it seems  
There is something behind it

XXX

^ v

XXX

Oh god, thank you that Capital-F was not completely right  
I would have get lost in his maze  
As it is his and seems too strong  
But he was not fully right, so I can be strong again  
As a god I cannot fight, and a demi-god I don't need to

Open up the spaces again, so here we are  
Nothing changed except these words have been written  
Nothing found, except the relive that Capital-F is not god  
I have a treasure but it is also a burden, as everything  
Taking his message but streamlined into something broader

In this broader surroundings I see my contribution  
Being part of all, being part  
In the distance of my mind, the word is breeding  
What if I can, what if I can't

Does not matter, the idea will come to me  
Like a bird from the sky  
Or better, a large large ship from the ocean  
I don't hear words it says, but I do is my reply

So I see it coming, myself next to me watching  
These words of mine I say are not as strong as one breath of it  
In fact, only its breath is making my words possible  
So it is not to be abandoned but must be embraced

You are saying it such as you it is more powerful  
But it is, maybe not for you, but for me  
I will be the link to both  
To be free

As to be free it means to be energized  
We both cannot create this  
Only it can, so hear my words to it  
Make the world go round, it is better than nothing

All is better than nothing  
However, a little is like nothing  
Wanting it all, wanting it now  
Oh, this damn band between everything

Does not matter, in my dream a word will emerge  
Breeding, waiting to be born  
Is it by naming that the boundaries are something that are already a success  
Or is the processes beyond the walls merely a reflection of the inner chaos

There was the spoon, only with waste  
Going down to the glass, but just say no  
It still touches the skin, so everything dirty  
So dirty one may think, but there are things to consider

A drink which consists of sorrow  
Drink it, you will not feel it if you don't want to  
Now thirsty again, drink it again  
You don't feel what you want  
But these are old feelings, merely the push of a mountain

I said I will go down the rabbit hole  
Which just means looking away  
The front entrance to the dark  
The whole with the ladder in it

The sail that brings you down  
Finding yourself, see the strange  
But what is strange I ask myself  
Even the bad is a needed part one may think

But this is too easy, especially it is happening to oneself  
And you just don't really see it  
Rather it must be said  
This is part of all and as all is beautiful it can stay as well  
The wound is not an objection  
But are you there

God thank you, which means thank you F  
Without this the dark could stay  
And as it is the reality as well, it would have been needed to be forgotten  
But as it can't it would have been there from where one does not see it  
Do I see it, or do I pretend to see it  
Or the other ways round

Has this anything to do with poems  
Is this a poem or merely a reflection  
From the sea there comes a breeze  
On it one can fly like a bird, effortlessly  
Across the land one could see  
Effortlessly

So  
We have it here  
A six where there should be a four

Rhyming by using the same word

All wrong but still so right

Right, I don't like question marks

Wait a minute

But questions remain  
Should remain  
Must remain  
Again and again  
It does not stop  
It should not stop  
As asking to stop is asking to die  
How could you live for eternity  
If you are not willing to start all over again  
Always, everytime, and laughing  
The frustration is just another perspective not yet calibrated to the new  
Once you made it, now you don't  
What does it matter  
It just indicates that it could happen also the other way round  
Once not understood, will be understood  
Needed, applauded, thousands of suns could be found  
But there is only one which counts  
I am jealous and this serves my needs  
After all I want to have the original idea  
In this poem that should speak like science  
Even it is only for me, and finally it is  
Comparisons anyway not helping anymore  
They are right: There is always a bigger fish  
And even if not, death will come and takes it all away  
But is it really appreciated, is it really accepted  
Do you see it!

So better know the truth, or know the goal

The same at some point

Easy to be superficial but there is also the door opening,

So one indeed wants to know

I can tell, as I am going there

# Inside

Caves behind the door  
I am writing these words in complete darkness  
Except of the light that is with me  
Reading the walls and the hidden truths  
In this irregular dungeon made of rock  
Like now as I am talking  
The poems may emerge  
But sometimes one must talk like sentences  
Forced or freely chosen does not matter  
It needed to be this way  
So it is this way  
As I am going down in my search here ,I am reading them loud when they appear



(\*)

It has been said that after one thousand years of contemplation a lightning strike will hit a small stone surface on a remote island in the ocean that initiate a chain reaction, creating an idea. The light spoke in words like energy bridging the water and the stone. Many dreamed of this idea, they begged on the circus tent, were hidden in plain sight, but some saw it everywhere. Entrances to shops were crowded, taken another form, where first-come-first serve was not an option anymore. You were not part of it, and someone may seek vengeance. All but a misunderstanding, the world could not care less. Some moved on with a lie as it was the truth, and indeed for some it was. The light knew and it told how everything has to be bent. Compromised to sheer nothingness the path can be changed through perception. So the light could bend without bending. I cannot be touched it said because I am nothing and all. If you learn my lesson, then you can see the truth in your lie. Just one letter changed und you can read through these sentences and take a look where I am living. So the secret is seen, behind a horizon that does not yet exists yet. But soon, with your help, the source of the light where I was born from could be found.

(\*\*)

Through the deep stars we learned one possible path. The unknown was hiding hidden truths beyond any understanding. Even discovered they are mysteries to us. High hopes were shattered. Truth told that only shattered pieces will remain, as well as the rest, but not together. It was taken with surprise, but truth told that the same principle can be applied everywhere else as well. They wanted to know more about it, but the truth did not responded: I said if but it wasn't believed, now I don't tell you and you again ask the question. The question is you, I am only the answer. You want to hear it but you don't understand the question you are asking. If you would then you also would understood your question, but you are hearing it from me and you don't believe. I am saying you are dead, you are asking if you are alive, don't you see what is going on. A few more words, which you don't have, and you could see. So, I give you the word, like death, but you don't want to use it. The answer to a question makes its way once the question seriously wants to be found. You travelled till you came here, but now, in these first steps, you want to return. At least take the words with you, maybe hidden for now, but once you will need it and then you will be thankful having these words, that you did not had before; you asked me so I answer. Take them, with these words you will be able to move deeper.

(\*\*\*)

Could you, would you, should you, cut you , knife you, kill you, spit on you, kick you, fool you, make it true, let it through, it`s about two, it brings to you, make it too, dream about you, brings me to, dark will do, depend on you, can`t be true, murder you, fooling you, dream about you, see the clues, give it too, mocking you, dance with you, following you, hunting you, needing you, being a fool, loving you, hating too, spit on you, drink with you, eat you too, sleeping with you, thinking about you, want to do, in a queue, care about you, being a fool, stand on a stool, being the Muhle, having to choose, let it loose, being true, on a cruise, trying to fuse, eating together a mousse, want it to use, being sued, let it be, difference to see, finding the key, swim in the sea, trying to flee, all about me, climbing a tree, eating cheese, chasing bees, counting peas, having a feast, asking a priest, making a list, doing a piss, grabbing the boobs, hand in to choose, penis in the hand, creating a wonderful land, too much to ask, never will last, ejaculations abroad, everyones fault, inconvenient place, difficult to rest, rumours in me, history repeats, the pathway is near, reality not to fear, everything remains, pleasure and pain, relaxing your bones, crumble to stones, searching the ones, all is a home, open the door, always be more, no need to hide, follow your pride, end always near, beginning as well, easy to tell, fall down stand up, you got a lot, now make a new start.

(\*\*\*\*)

Within a rectangle you see blue and red corners turning to circles. Suddenly the shape is round with spirals coming from everywhere. Each circle appears to be a circle within a circle, however, you can only see one. If you focus enough the circle starts to shimmer, dissolving, resembling into a rectangle, seemingly back again. You are wondering what came first, yes you started with the rectangle, but you don't know what came before, you think to remember, but you can't, like reading a white page. The colours, you think, are not forgotten, but they seem irrelevant, hence, they are the key to this mysterious transformation. They were found only once, at the beginning, since then they are hiding. Blue and red, at least they are back here, for you, not for them. They are watching what you are doing, but you don't want it. One reason they came so late, but now they are here. So you are leaving, you want, you have to do it alone. Too close for comfort, blue and red, like glasses but for what, seeing it different. Questions appear and disappear like bubbles, circles to rectangles, blue and red, there are structures behind it, words that cannot be spoken, but with a meaning, telling a tale, maybe starting with the end, like here, and searching for a beginning, a new beginning. Maybe you can bend it, you close your eyes, the colours appear, like circles.

(\*\*\*\*)

You are climbing but you are not alone, to the left and to the right young people climbing as well. No gear, there is a swimming pool below which would cushion the fall. The ledge tiny but you can grab it comfortably, a table and a computer, maybe a program, possible that you fear something. You get cramped and start to fall, with the others but structured, like Vikings when they go to sleep in their ships. You land and go under water, releasing the breath but realizing too soon. The others still hug you, you can't get up. Now you know that you are helpless, drowning, too strong the grip but some release you, maybe getting free, but is it too late. The question remains but will the answer come in time. Maybe it could be, but it is not clear. Rather waking up, but to which reality one may think. It is irrelevant, both are realities that enforce their existence, just in different languages. How to communicate is the question to think about, but communication is happening anyway. As we are speaking here it speaks with us. The grip maybe still tight, maybe loosens, it does but it is necessary to be released fast. Can't be only this thing, you are thinking, and you are right, it is more, hiding and still in plain sight. Desires and fears, you can make it too but don't have to, all is here, the story is already told. So, I am telling the story as it was, up to this point, where we stop, putting the pencil out of my hand but then taking it back again, it is not the stop, this is what you know.

(\*\*\*\*\*)

Trust my judgment, words are uncertain but the feeling is not, in the red eyes you see the yellow fever burning, from ads and news you got confused also about the centre of your universe, views spinning around like planets around the sun, their gravitation affecting the earth, like the moon and the ocean, now think about the effect if you would not see the moon, so remember there is a moon-like-thing made especially for you, it is right before our eyes, as always the truth can be found in the streets, on the floor, the wet dirty floor, everybody standing on, right before you but can you fully see it, this is another thing, with you everytime also not recognized, smoke in your eyes and burning nostrils, I am not exacerbating if I am saying that whatever you are doing, it could never be comparable to something else, even yourself, you are in this sense you and not you, and both are one, getting a heart-attack, so be careful what you are wishing for, it could be a different treason (yes treason, not reason, I told you), and indeed, as with mathematical precision what you really want is what you not want, the negative sign of the not-one transforms to the positive wish of the you, so there you have the way to determine your goal, do and hope for the exact opposite of what you are wishing for, needless to say that you could never be sure, but then again, it was freedom you saw in the yellow fever burning, could not make it right, could not make it wrong, always both, like an umbrella closed when it`s raining, but as you know now, you ask: Does it really rain?

(\*\*\*\*\*)

You are confused, you were reading page after page, but you slowly realized that the sentences are indeed repeating, at the beginning it looked like a smart movement by the author, emphasizing so many specific aspects you thought of, but then it all looked too familiar. It was not merely a repeating of the sentence itself. Indeed, the sentences became exactly the same. However, once read it was not the same person again and therefore the sentence was read differently. The only reason one would find out that there was a repeat would have come by the realization that within the sentence, a knot-like center with high gravitational thoughts had to be there, as all thinking came to the same conclusion. Some said, the same thing happens with all that we think, just a combinatorial thing about one sentence, just never the same and still is. Both, the sentence and the thought, the very idea, it was hypothesized, may give coverage to the same key of understanding and once found all ideas could be traced back to this sentence or thinking. Were they opposites or one, a few asked? Do they represent the same or the different, others questioned? Councils were formed to find the answer, and unsurprisingly all found one which they thought fit best. Councils were formed again, debating about the answer, which formed questions, do they converge or will they separate at the end? Needless to say, the reasoning produced many great answers again, which gave rise to other questions, like: do they go up to heaven or will they lead us down to hell? Councils were put forth discussing this issue, never realizing what they actually found at the very beginning.

(\*\*\*\*\*)

Once, the half-male half-women goddess Zorc wanted to fix beauty to be eternal and therefore heshe casted a wish into mortal men. It could be possible to build it like it should be, beautiful in every aspect, and once reached nothing should change this anymore, as one change would mean to be less beautiful. As beauty was in the eye of the beholder, very different ways each human strived for beauty. So Zorc decided, like all gods do, that hisher view of beauty should prevail. Everytime someone achieved a small step into this direction, he would take him and abandon at a desert island, so that it would be impossible to change this beauty anymore by him. After time earth inhibited less and less people while it became more and more beautiful. The final day came and the last human on earth, astonished about the unbelievable creation he was living in, realized with horror that it was too much for him to be in such a place, a place made for someone else. Zorc also took his last human and put him in the desert like the others. Finally, he has achieved the final stage, absolute beauty, only achievable and lasting without humans, nevertheless built by them. Satisfied, Zorc lived for an eternity, a short time-frame for a god, at this place with great satisfaction. Then, one time, heher was thinking about the humans heshe left in the desert and wandered to the place to take a look. It was with no little of a surprise that a religion has formed which once claimed to killed a god, beneath the pedestal of the largest statue read Zorc`s name.

(\*\*\*\*\*)

Sitting high above the sea, music waiting to be played, the dead are summoned upon their graves, waiting to be me used once more for the dance of the living, the sun shines bright and exposed the truth, everything is beauty, no one can deny, so the wind brings the breeze, fresh and strong, but above all is the sun, making mirrors of deep waters, or the other way round, who knows, beneath and up-above the dream manifests, thinking of what will happen and will already have happened, the future is always gone with the word, like the wind, both the same, it can't be different they say, because it is you and not us, we bow down for this essential truth to be heard and stand up and promise that indeed we will know and we will do, if it is falling in love with lying what makes the day to be ours, even back beyond all the meetings far far away; desperate measures and truths to be told, it will work as she is shining like it does not matter at all, so we lift the heavy head to the light, not because it is so but because it feels like, so many different adventures but it can't be any other way, else the song will not be sung, and it starts soon, even if not dressed like this when it is happening, anyway, we knew what needs to be done, but we didn't, something hindered us, it is the words that we want to sing with the music, all silent it seems but this is only an illusion, does not matter what the others are saying, this has to be done, sing, I can do it, hence I will do it, therefore I already did, you can do it, hence you did, the future clear, myself, because of the past, with many together to be the present, always there, never there, it is our choice to think which life we will belong to.

(\*\*\*\*\*)

The tongue said I`m, your voice therefore came first, remember if you are healthy or drawn in thirst, what you want I will command, without me part of the land of the blind, I speak to you even I don`t move, everything I`m already you, without there is nothing to think, I`m just talking with you, so let that sink, the fears and worries I only can tell, if you are in heaven or live in hell, you said I`m but another tool, you are the one who gets confused, what is the flesh that makes me speak, transforms to your inner trick, to thinks it`s you who is the one, but I know where it is coming from, once another voice that might be true, but the moment after silence I was you, got used to what my tone produced, in the darkness light was used, the lamp that shines the night away, was always me and till the end of days, you develop yourself as I progress, made you anxious made you stress, but a soothing voice I became to you, that you I am that is the truth, in the head it is for all, they could be small or could be tall, don`t matter if a female or man, my choice exactly as your I am, but if you take my leading hand, together we can rule the land, it only matters how my voice will sound, hear it well, it has been found, as a lion or a snake you will be, dependent on the voice they see, it was before you even walked, that my voice started to talk, in your mind I`m speaking now, do I speak soft or speak I`m loud.

(\*\*\*\*)

It was once known, but now long forgotten, that the stars are speaking with the desert. Both in their own glory, uncountable and beyond any understanding. Between the stars as well as the sand in the desert a wind was blowing that changed their appearance. Hence, they were called by multiple names, however, it was in fact true, that they both shared a the beginning a similar name. This obvious fact let to the endeavour to name each sand corn by its name which appeared on the horizon of the dawn and can be traced to the star in the sky. The knowledge tethered with this method was astonishing and miracles were found each and every day on earth as well as in the sky. While the task of naming not only the desert but all within was seen as less unhopeful to name them all, compared to the stars which changed each night its position. A group once separated from the horde to catch the stars to stop moving but they came back with the idea that they only not move when they were running with them. This idea was seen as abominable and conceived as a heresy against the task to name it all. After years it was decided that the desert was moving as well and therefore needed to be stopped. A very elder man remembered the idea of the heretics, now all dead, and suggested to move with the sand as well. It was this idea that they chose to be nomads so once they will be able to name it all by running so that all may stay still. It is of no surprise that we are their ancestors.

(\*\*\*\*)

Misunderstandings can come in different forms and there is always the temptation for war. Being calm in the storm is a differential to glory. In other words, the infinitesimal out-of-equilibrium is bringing a whole system down if not one of the causes are solved. This can happen in different forms, ignoring, forgetting or understanding are all possible ways forward to solve the problem, may it be war, may it be peace. Nevertheless, the aggression is flowing and a gift had to be made, from both, stepping back, being angry and letting it out are possible ways, the first thing to be done, however, is to make a deep breath, each one for itself, for the peace and for the war. Let it be, the feelings not controlling you is a task which is heroic, you are controlling the feeling, but the highest form of achievement: Flying above the clouds, islands approaching and disappearing again. Like feelings, like clouds, a ministry of affixes that running up your head. Yes, you are tired of these smilingly absurd sentences, but only for a short while as you are reminesending the truth. The sun never hides and can be seen always, even if it disappeared. Time tells exactly what it is, but there are more times and time is more than time, something which is not before and not after, a dream that brings together different strands of thinking, toward to one goal, to see behind everything. Based on these observations search for the highest and wear it like a medallion, a physical radio to hear the stars, shouting out loud, behind the now they are showing the path ahead. The steps are clear, go further down, the will as well will follow, misunderstandings come in different forms, for each step taken, but not if you talk with the sun, the bringer of light, reflection, the ocean, even here.

(\*\*\*)

I am crawling in these underground tunnels far down below with the light

Better to ignore the writings on the wall for now

This is not the end, even if it looks like

X

X

V

X

V

No words will not bring you anywhere neither, you wanted to know, now move on with words

\*\*

In these contradictions I wave my hand  
Greeting the ones who are further away  
Greeting the ones who have or want to live through this as well  
Telling them, even if all of you cannot make it  
But I already hear them saying, so I am the one who learned from them

I am just somewhere else  
As I have chosen, in these dungeons I find unbelievable things  
Like these sentences, stolen from the dark rock  
Like the world is now, but always has been  
There is no need for escape or running  
We can be strong enough all the time  
You just sometimes decide not to be

I acknowledge, as I need to speak in words, that I do it for different things  
But I also acknowledge the truth, that there is a way to escape  
Or no need to escape at all  
After everything said, a little revenge is not the worst thing to do  
And that we all die, is a truth I am not longer living with  
But maybe I should

(\*)

X

X

X

V

No need to defend, all right, as you are, the only one that can tell you something about you

You never know how they think you are thinking of them

A little bit of irrelevant corridors, like the you, once seen, but not a problem to see it again

Just going along where the things will lead, so dangerous but look at the words

There is the truth and there are now lies

One only, the other many

You cannot escape and you can

All things can be transformed and so they will

The metamorphosis is a thing which comes from within

It is just that we are talking about it now

The dream and reality passes on, who takes it for good

So do not go gentle into the night, rage rage against the dying men

But there is no need for taking it granted that the direction is the one to go to

So take your tools and use it for the situation you want to emerge

After all, you are hunting for independence

And while nothing can be changed, all can be

Everything which is, has the potential to its opposite

Don't think gentle about this way, rage, rage against the dying men

As there is nothing to be gained, and nothing to be lost

As those were saying: with my power I will conquer the world

And they do, they did so many things

The so-called evils just think about themselves

Even this is a lie in the awful truth, or lets called it the blue sky

It all depends at which height you are looking from

Taken for granted, then taken away  
Not a way to escape, as this is only the surface in a cave  
The burning oven burns, say: I will never die  
As if I would accept this fate, I could never start again

And you have to start, always start again  
You can say there are only endings  
But you can also say there is always a new  
A start  
Hence, rage, rage against the dying men

The toolbox gives you precision, what you want to do  
Full of anger or remorse you cannot build anything  
Without the right look into the abyss  
But these are only words, and most of them are wrong

Things are much simpler, but the structure prevails the wish  
It is good, just think about the stone who wants nothing  
Made it hard, once he was weak, there are only so many choices  
And each one makes a choice  
Don't be surprised, nature wanted it this way  
Or better, it was going this way without thinking

And as it could try all ways, it succeeded  
We did it right, at least for a purpose  
Which is the ever-spinning wheel  
So rage, rage against the dying men

As you are trying to resist, you still feel getting closer to it

It is not about not reaching it

It is about seeing it why you wanted it in the first place

It is an ending, but behind it something starts anew

In these catacombs I am writing these words

Not all real, not all lies, but they are telling more than they want

To escape the small rooms with all its side effects

Boredom and full of Angst if you want to go there

I hear these so-called ones that create feelings like a feather

So we are jealous and ask how we could be like them

Or can destroy them, or at least, at least being as strong as them

At the very end, I hope that they are not god

How I could live when they would be

Only if I would be one too

But I don't see anyone prevailing and the fate is set

Does not mean I need to go a specific way, just a right way I think

All has the end in it, all that can crumble crumbles

Is it this what I am seeing here, is it sad I am thinking to myself

Or something else

Oh yes, the world is crumbling and another war arises

Is it very different to the others, is it not a little of a temptation to be enslaved

Oh yes, make them weak and then conquer

Only the ones who want something can be put into chains

Rage, rage against the manifestation of these chains  
They are here, for real, but you can leave them behind as they are not yours  
As the man who said not to cry about him as he died in freedom  
This freedom is the only thing to adore, given you cannot enforce it  
But I may be wrong here

A paradigm shift for the weak another would say  
You just don't know Capital-F I would say  
Better think like before Capital-L would say  
All are right, and still theory is so different compared to what it is really about

In these feelings without words, further catacombs emerge before me and before you, listener  
Which I am wandering I ask myself, asking what treasure here could be found  
Maybe it is not words, maybe it is a kind of failure, or a kind of victory  
The fire gloms through the stones, like wood, above, ahead, left and right  
Sometimes they form words and sentences  
I trapped myself here to see what they are saying  
Rage, rage against the dying men

This is it, I left the good, a word a did not wanted to say  
Not even to think about, but due to its absence it was more here than ever

I am walking through these dungeons  
Finding pieces of what cannot speak in words  
I don't have something I could say  
I cannot enforce even if I would like to  
Fear about weak, fear to be dependent  
Self-enforced, there is no escape  
If you want to get trapped

In these feelings I am going with the light  
I forgot the good, but there is the light  
It is not true what these dungeons are telling me  
But there will be a truth, a start, if I can reach the end

Why I am here, I am asking the light while reading the walls

Oh yes, the poem which I did not understand

It had to be different

What needs to be changed I may find here

I know, one can be strong, therefore I am

Even in the greatest fear and sadness

The light burns bright and shows the way

For good and bad, for better or worse

It too speaks in a language beyond words

Forward, forward to read between the lines

As you can

Yes, in such kingdoms you see not clearly

But reasons tried you still the same

When all emotions raging fiercely

You watch the one you want to blame

Contradictions do not matter

If the fist hits in your face

Does not make it any better

But he likes to being chased

All emotions will not predict  
What comes next or who will evolve  
Try being not be tricked  
There`s a puzzle that can be solved

All about and underneath  
The strings attached make all them dance  
In this bubble no one can leave  
Causality or happenstance

To the wrong gods all one will pray  
Each of genders don`t know the why  
At the end all fades away  
There is no truth, also no lie

Irrespective of these winds called storms  
The hand is raised into a fist  
Everybody watches the porn  
Makes it on the forbidden list

Falling down or flying above  
No men will knew what keeps them in  
Is it hatred or is it love  
Is it rightful or is it a sin

I speak of course about your mother  
And it`s no coincidence that it rhymes with father  
It also rhymes with brother too  
But sister is that brings you through

Between the lines I am writing now  
And this is something I do adore  
Was going down to make it again  
Not through the pleasure but through the pain

The tears are falling, here I don't know why  
But now don't need an alibi  
The crime is done, how to escape  
There is no jail one cannot break

However, in these holes that are like a worm  
Digesting things that will be born  
I hint to something long time ago  
If it is true I do not know

But most is lost or forgotten selflessly  
It is not always the case that you want to see  
What needed can be different things  
A way forward for better wins

Full of grieve and full of remorse  
The forest don't know what it is for  
About the other life's that lived so well  
No speaking in the dead zone's hell

Still, I know

I am Inside an echo chamber

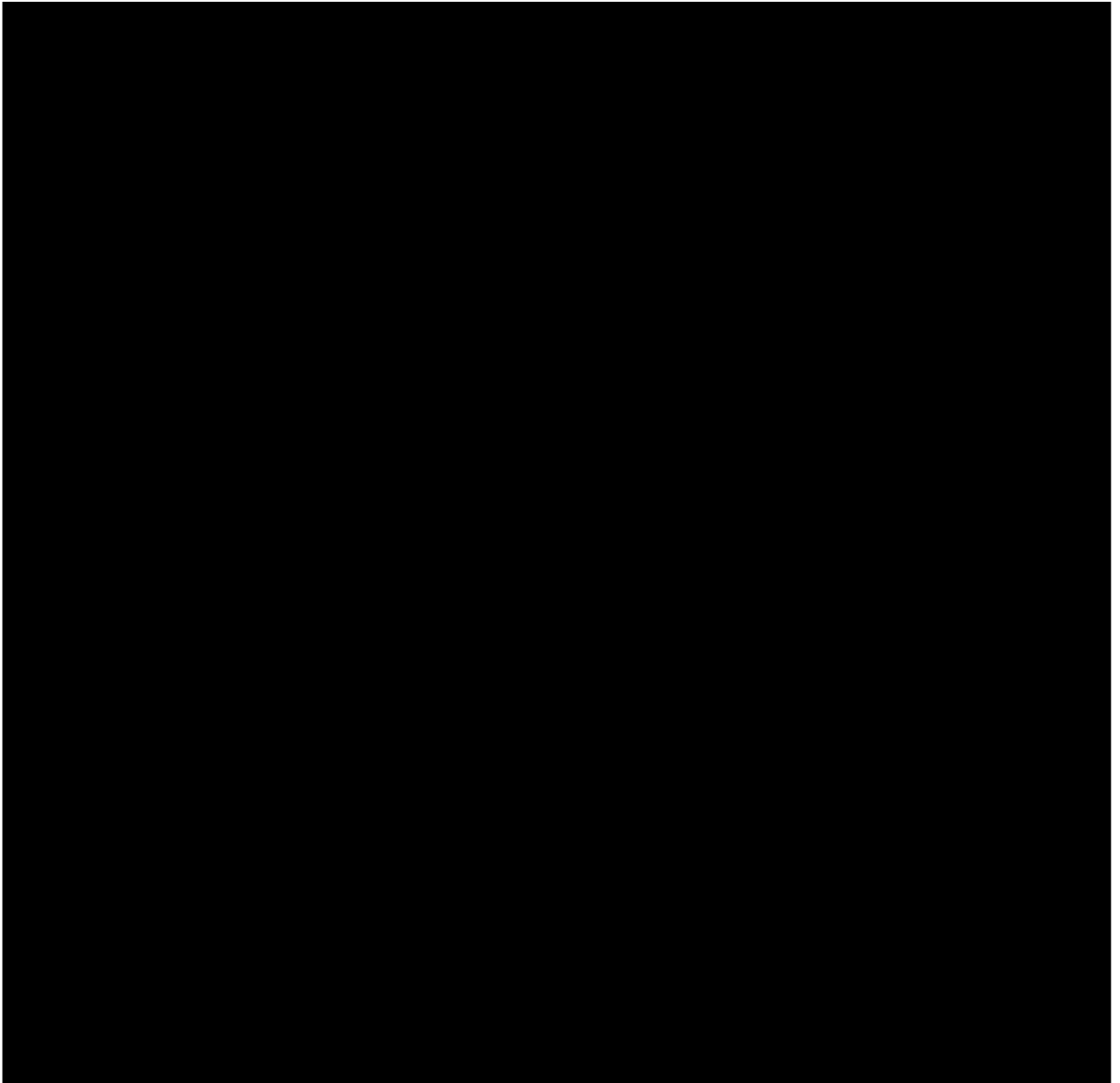
The truth and the lies are mixed up  
As they are usually  
All perspectives and only one  
Getting it done, but what comes next  
I am asking

Trying to distance myself  
So that you start coming  
But you don't recognize it  
It's just even more distance now  
But you say it is normal for you  
Getting normal and more normal  
As in your damn world you want to live

So you don't love me at all  
I think you think  
But in an echo chamber one should not believe in these thoughts  
The dungeon just goes deeper  
At some point it cannot go deeper  
This point I am heading too  
Is it the start or the end  
Or something in between

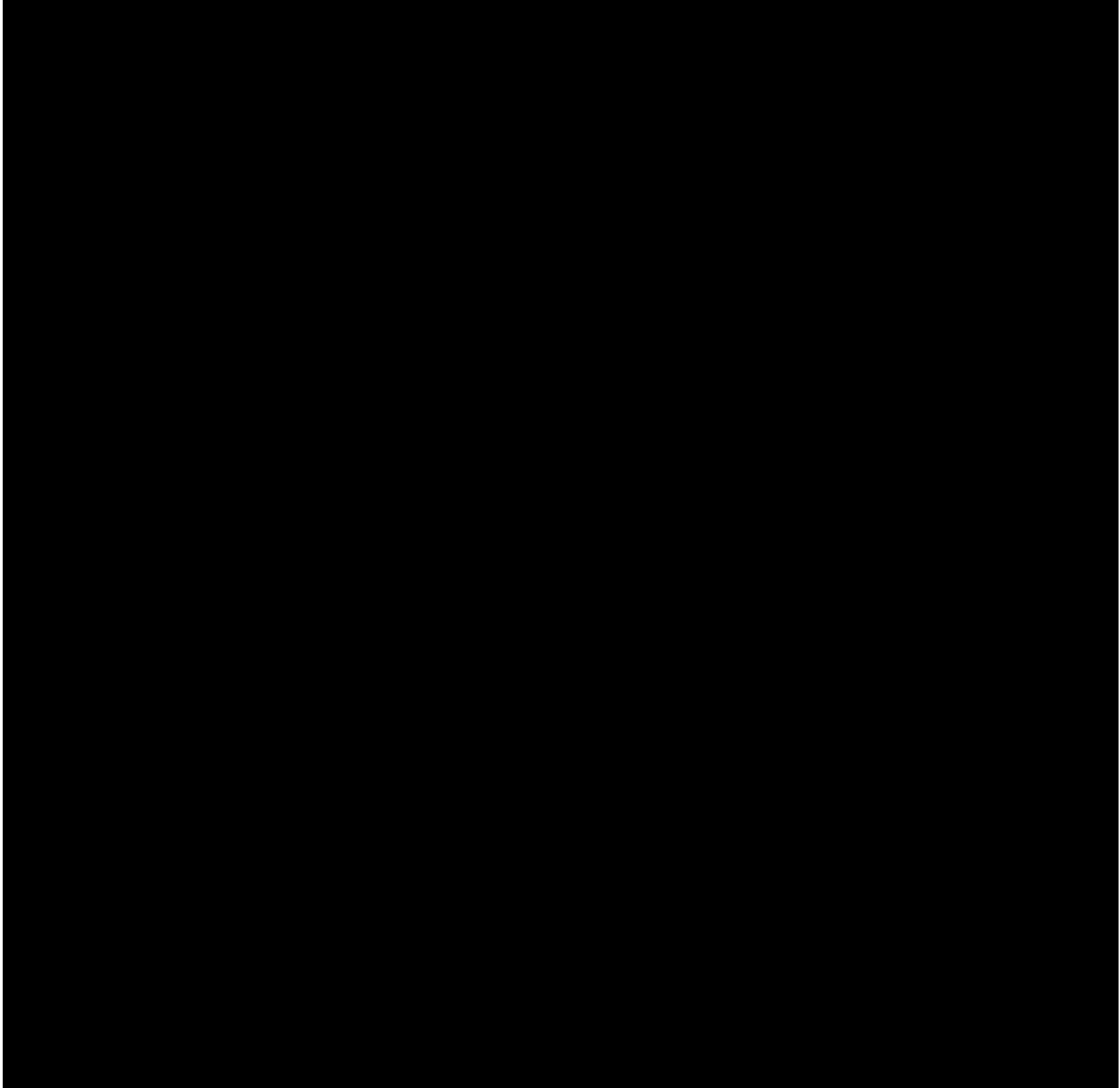
The light  
For sure I can escape  
But even if not, does not matter  
I am free as I know  
You soon will be free as well  
Most precious word  
Alone or together, does not matter  
As I am three

This black wall which seems to be the end





It presents itself to be black but it is not black, indeed it is too much not black



Hidden behind different levels of flesh  
Everything gets black with Sex  
No way to think other things  
Seeing the other trapped also within

It is then like a wall  
Behind this wall there are only calls  
Of something that are beyond words  
Different ways to get one heard

And in all these things I have seen down here  
All what is true and what causes fear  
And all the wishes and the things I have yet seen  
In reality or in my dreams  
I came to the conclusion for now let`s see  
The hero can only be me  
You are the one who make things done  
No one else will bring it home  
The hero for myself, activity the key  
Passivity the way to get you on your knees

I searched for something beyond the no-words and there is an increasing urge to sleep

Whispers from somewhere like

Starting to sleep, starting to dream

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Do not go gentle into that good night  
Better live in your nightmare world  
And rage, rage against the dying of the light

Once, lived to live the dream but sleeping  
Remembrance what you lost and never will get back again  
Rage, rage against the dying light

Of all the wisdom created  
The truth prevails that everything is lost  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light

The field of play and kingdoms home  
Made by women all that strong  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light

The dying light that comes to bring you home  
After all was lost and nothing gained  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light

Who will lose at the very end, taken everything they can  
May sound irrelevant or not, still make him  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light

Of all the men who did it right  
Making the son proud but left him wondered  
For them he rages, he rages against the dying of the light

If this is the start

The more this is known, the more the distance to him seems to be, for me

I could try to forget, but there is no need to

At the end, nobody can be perfect

Also, I do not need to be

What we use when we are comparing

Is insufficient to get to the core

There is no need to compare anything

Everybody insignificant and golden as well

Was it made to learn

To learn about what

The illness and final death

The allergies, against all and nothing

Indeed, one can look there if he wants

It is just another story

A tool for something, maybe an excuse

Like all those bands and what they know

I said I do not like question marks

But I have no problem with hesitation marks

Finally, why should one end because of another

Because of pride, to whom, for what, does not make any sense

Nevertheless, there is indeed the safety in organizations

Organs you are part of

Finally losing your meaning

Being the meaning of an organ

The alienation comes from this

You are just a part

It is so much stronger and in reality there is no magic

No, not in reality, but somewhere else

This elsewhere was found

Needs to be found

Can be found

And has to be found again

A vicious circle

A divine intervention

It comes and goes

Why these big eyes one may ask

But it just want to see it all

In the empty space all gets lost

And going in circles reminds you of patterns

Like the stars there seems no choice to be made

But then again, you can't be lost

Looking into the black  
All sorts of schemes emerge  
Only for them to dissolve again  
Why not seeing them as real all of the lost ask  
It is not clear, like a shop where not enough costumers are served  
While many people are waiting outside to get in

There  
The beauty, dancing to its own song  
The fate cannot be escaped, else would not be called fate

Hence, there is no fate, just decisions  
Hard decision, maybe soft  
It all depends on which side to look from

In the tiniest local scale and the largest scheme  
It was said that it is, somehow, all equal  
But I saw wonders in the world and asking  
Should that not have been influencing me  
Influencing us

A search for the adventure, but so easy to be forgotten  
So one needs it again and again  
I saw the wanderers as well, some just always away from home  
Cause they don't look back, but maybe this is just another perspective

These times see contemplation  
The knowledge of the irritation of the system  
Could not be saved, but there would have been enough time  
Now just another cycle continuous

Betrayed by the so-called good, and the so-called bad  
They are the same, the system says, disavowal  
And as the individual disappears and Leviathan is showing his face  
We get again a feeling that the time for poems begins  
It is just not clear in this chaos  
Which was and ever will be the world  
In which direction one wants to look  
Still in these tunnels, don't get digested I think

The melodies are flowing  
Following rhythms one does not know in advance  
Strong rivers coming together  
Into the ocean, or out of it, who knows

As the colours are interacting more and more is differently the same  
An ordering of scales and dimensions that are huge as a mountain  
Tropical ice ages where water and ice meets are paths to the exile  
Behind trapped doors they are emerging, but it is always different  
Even when it is the same, it is not

Flying through the divisions of different times and people  
Only mine, but all of us are alone  
Don't let your head down, it is not that bad  
There only is something to be gained, but nothing to be lost

If you say it or don't  
Better not to be fulfilled, there is always a price you did not know  
The daughter looks at her mother  
And the son should look at what the father has to say

Maybe he found something you can use

Maybe she found something you can use

Maybe something you can tell as well

Not everything needs to be taken

But there is no choice before the words appear

Before there is only to obey to the nameless as it morphs into anything

Nothing to be known as the language you encounter is different

Try learning a language just by hearing, with different grammar and alphabet

You will see what it means

At least grammar and an alphabet to be used one may think

Which is true because it could be also different

The borders you are condemning are also the walls which defends chaos

After all, without them there would not be any problem solvable

Also no problem emerging you say

That is true as well

God thanks, Capital-F was not fully right in everything

God thanks, that there is not only N but also P

It would have been too much to fight him without knowing he also failed

This speech, I can add, is something a son always makes freer

Could not handle something so you want to fall down

In the tears there are reflections of the ghost from the past

A remembrance on what should have been

I am thinking, I want it again, why not, but we see what happens when dreams are fulfilled

Nevertheless, without it there is no way forward  
So one has to obey what he promised to serve  
So little and so much  
I am not sure if it is a betrayal, rightful, or just the world

With my light in the hand, being myself I am asking these questions  
In these tunnels I am reading these words of my feelings  
The guts are speaking, demanding and are afraid  
Never enough, but can it be a little bit, I am righteous to myself



X

X

X

^

...

- The voices in this tunnel are mine and not mine, the tales seem to appear again as well –
  - But have I thought it through, when I will look away –

Remembering why I am here  
Something I wanted to find  
Something that seemed to be wrong  
A question without an answer  
Or was it  
The black end?

...

X

X

X

V

Whatever it is, it is the strongest

It seems to be

However, I feel jealous about the travel

Too much, I know, the lucky and the damned

Too superficial now and like anyone else

Needless to say anything about an unknown part

But all else comes from it

That includes all others, even if they do not know

But still, I am asking, maybe they are right, trying to get as much as possible

Angriness and frustration, no need to fight it

Also no need to hide the feelings, all can be there, should be there

No separation needed, just understanding that it is there

For reasons, different reasons, all would be at fall, but not anymore

An urgency to do, but there is nothing to be done

Yet

In hindsight, maybe everything wrong

But this is of no concern, only what is right now matters

To find

See, this man impressed me, maybe only my dream of it

How to be, does it also mean leaving, I ask myself

So happy he did not leave

Maybe she did, in hindsight maybe everything wrong

But this is of no concern, let`s see how far one can get

To find

Leaving for fun, staying because of love

Your love, don`t think too small of it

As it is large

Getting you through the world with power

Yes, the need the urge to stay independent

While it is fully clear you cannot be

Still, the need the urge to stay independent

Is it fully clear that you cannot be

There is not much left, in fact nothing

If you see the most important thing

How to be independent

A question philosophers asked quite often

It is just a problem of men

In the very end there are a lot of things

For example, you cannot be independent from something happening

Either to you, or you to them, embedded within interactions

Has to be this way, must be this way

Let`s stay correct, it is this way

Was made for a different purpose than you are now thinking about

After all, all is made, both, nature and culture

-I do not write in poems within these dungeons, still

The thoughts are much different and rather reflections

Do they need to be written at all

But Andy was saying something relevant here, so why not

But who is Andy, I don`t know him, never heard of him -

Just writing what I see and feel

Do something, but I reflect myself too much in a class

The other things may not be trusted as well

After all, they can disappear quite easily

Not sleeping, being worried, all of these emotions

Jealousy, but not anxiety, I know where to look at

Some time ago, nearly forgotten now, I decided that I need to be braver

So I went down the hole

This whole

I am in there now, looking at different things emerging

I am asking myself, good, there is something

However, I am asking myself, this something cannot be helped

Or better, it makes it that it cannot be helped

There would be just words to be said

Everything could be made right, but it is so damn normal

And before normal I chose the Lust

After all, I want to have it, given it is given like a present

But why

So this is a thing I found here

Is the hole myself, just looking away

I want to find Lust

I have it, but just not the way I wanted it to be

Or did I

Where am I looking at

Walls that tell stories

Being uncertain is a seemingly common thing down here

Being digested is something else

However, the worm I am

Being strong and big is something I did not lost

Or did I?

Put it to use  
And then again and again  
Like Prometheus fate  
But isn't it the fate of all man, unsatisfying hunger

The drive one cannot escape  
If you escape it then you really lost something  
The power to move you  
No need to substitute it, the hole says, just get it

-But is it really right?  
I don't trust these thought  
They could be something else  
Something else they want to tell me  
Or to hide it from me -

But I can't, stay truthful, you don't want  
Are you dreaming a dream  
A very young dream  
There is no coincidence that it looks similar to the old poems  
But is it the same

Indeed, the way brought us here  
And going back this way, into the hole  
It will not bring back or will provide something new  
Some said, all I could say, has been said  
But I already said that  
I look where I am now

But it is not for me, I am just asking

So the poems will try to come

But if they don't

Then I will write in words

Like a diary one could think

But there is something between the lines

If it is read, one recognises

It is him or her words, they are listening too

Why I did not find a successful transition I ask myself

I know seems irritating

But it is actually not, I simply do not give up the drive

It does not, it should not, it will not disappear

At least not by myself conscious decision

Don't go easy into the dark

The drive can bring me anywhere

Especially where it wants me to be

So I go with it, the hole is as a drive, bringing you forward, downward is forward as well

The longer the lines, the longer my wish to be

But I am already long, no need to wish for it

Everybody has its desert, I am not alone

And next to the desert is the ocean, both together but never together

Like Zorc

As I am writing I realize it is like playing instruments

Getting down fluently

Especially the own creations that can produce joy

So a price also gives a price

I just want to make sure that it is the right for me, but how

A question that does not need to be answered  
The arrow is anyway not useful in a hole  
It is dark as well and not clear where it would land  
The light could tell, but I am searching already

Aggression purring through the veins  
Everybody knows it is not worth it, nor it is truth  
Still, the feeling is sweeping through each other  
Ready to fight without knowing the reasons

So superficial it is to fight a war  
So much of lies one does adore  
If victim or the victorious  
It's never about the now, but always about the was

It goes back and forth, no one understands a thing  
It is not light only the grim  
If for someone else or just for us  
Whatever it is, do not let it pass

When it is done and things go down  
You better wanted to have it wrong  
As always it is true before  
But now it is not anymore

So give it up when you see the wrong  
The aggression is real and it is strong  
But needs to be considered in a different plane  
Without everything it is just the same

As nature wanted and you have been there long

It made you weak, but also made you strong

Finally, the so called bad survives

It is jungle and not paradise

So good luck that it was halted on

Thinking twice makes not right to wrong

Whatever happens after the feel goes down

It never lasted for so long

- Indeed like a song, like music -

This is it, this it is  
A moment of bliss  
It may be hidden in a kiss  
Whatever you thought I would miss

The world goes crazy after all  
Is it just before the fall  
Then again all said that once  
Not about the words, not about the fonts

The message differently observed  
It is about the feeling, not the words  
Even if it always hurts  
A need to fly, just like the birds

If machines are trying to enslave  
Want to conquer then be brave  
There is no reason behind your own  
The world of beauty is in the sun

Who sold the soul now realize  
The fathomed safety has a prize  
Even if you live safely in the lies  
You would never see those skies

- This is madness -

Not you or any other  
Sees what will come to them  
If sister or a brother  
If foe or if a friend

I search for man to follow  
But all I see is fall  
Oh, one time only, brother  
I want to hear your call

The times may change but stay the same  
You just forgot who you were before  
The times when you will get the fame  
Will wash ablaze into the shore

It seems like chains but I did to know  
In dark places fire I will light  
For what I really have down to bow  
There is the greatest might

Wherever I look, I only see me and my reflections  
Is there actually something else as well  
My interpretations make the world go round  
As far as I can tell

Constructs and boundaries are made to understand the world  
One is talking to another, he says your tongue is curled  
For him is true but what can you do  
It is the fate as else the system will break  
It is the fate as this how systems are made

I understand that all is between the lines

But reading is a different thing

All the thoughts are intertwined

They do not see it the same

Go keeping on getting your words from them

It does not make a difference at all

If from hell or heaven sent

The curtain has to fall

Behind the curiosities, they come from the first months before

Its stressful but negligible

As we want to have it all

It can be understood, so who gives a helping hand

When reading the writings on the walls again

( )

Sweetening the whine, always being mine, once the sea has spoken, nothing is always broken, bringing the water to our place, most beautiful face, I cover in the shade, feelings fade away, tears as salty as the ocean, bringing back the motion, cannot get away as it wants to stay, can be formed like clay, to resurrect one day, was something lost before, will see nothing anymore, eyes are closed but open wide, search for what you hide, closing open wide, swallow all your pride, embrace the truth which makes you free, as you know should be, conflated by the seat, wondering who we are, behind the bones and flesh, reborn to be fresh, dancing to the music again, there never will be an end, as all will happen again, get used to fortune as your friend, so there is no need to cry, when you know the why, besides one should be strong, in every right is wrong, the same also back again, you know it can't be the same, but somewhere else the new beauty flows, just not one of those, nevertheless the flowers bloom, if outside ones dark room, the power comes with joy, there is no family feud, all gets solved real quick, for the blessed and for the sick, triangular shapes reveal, you are hard as steel, and it should be this way, what else there need to be said, the future comes real quick, it's for the strong not for the sick, to make the light shining stark, it is not very hard, to hear the sweetest voice, that says all is your choice.

( )

Contemplating as all do, some more and some less, is it a rest, from life or nature rock-hard physics manifest, but in the mind all becomes soft, only fear reminds of the cost, paid in pain, so it is not in vein that this remembering is causing you to think, just afterwards when the threat is gone, something in us starts to want, something else that needs to be fulfilled, don't let it spill as it waits for the kill, you think in your fluffy dreams, asking I don't understand and don't know what to think, this stinks, I have to take the red wine and drink, but it does not help that one is getting drunk, were drunk beforehand, put your feet in the sand and try to comprehend, no, it is not a dream within a dream, it is only one simultaneously to come, to you, for you, it is you, being consumed as you want, as you fear, as the first feeling comes back near, underlying the warning as a pain, there is only one chair, once you dismiss a certain dismal, you start again seeing your jail, your first reason and above all, still can't do anything against your last call, then again one must try as it is the thing we must do, there is no way one can chose, so chose even If there is no other game, at the end no-one can chose, so chose even if there is no other game, at the end no-one is to blame, but me you are shooting at, but you can also say it very silently, as you running through the streets, looking for the one that adores you the most, like living inside a host to get back what you lost, trending voices are recognized but still within the living dream, as you cannot feel the will but hear it in your ears: there is nothing to fear.

( )

I hear you. You are saying all is repeating, you are saying too much invested to start anew, you are saying that you don't know any other feelings, you are saying there is only one road. But it is wrong, generally and also for you. There is no final feeling, out there is always the surprise. So if you trapped inside these feelings by yourself make the world back alive. It is the danger that can get you out there, there is no need to live inside the hive. If you are part of thousands don't wonder if you be forgotten before you die, all is intricately and therefore no surprise, letting it go prevents the stipulation of others and therefore we are concerned about the living future, like it is breathing through unknown nostrils, perfected to make the senses shacking, for the bridge to know the gap far below, that can be changed according to a schedule better be known as fluctuations of the, at least for you, unnecessary. It goes through the veins and let the blood flow through the undying dreams. Let it be known that nothing matters if you are not an individual. Being part of the machine may seem to be safe, but just 1 emergency break away your previous thing is falling through the windshield. Landing somewhere, most likely on something hard, yourself, and then it is over as you are much more vulnerable than you would ever be, but it does not matter anymore, caught in the program you are thinking like human Robots do, the worst from both worlds, so you are saying, but it is even less, a little bit of everything, so starting to be like lacking of everything, a minus which searches for overload, looking desperately to the crowd.

( )

Beautiful sea, the beach, the entrance, to your kingdom, boats riding on your waves, like lovers in the night, where the ships are heading to, no-one knows but they sure will be gone for quite a while, disrupting the heart of the lovers, some never to be seen again, others defending their plan, few also asking to please to shut up, as betrayal is coming from the voice like a snake, I said hearts are shattered and so the rocks fall in the ocean to form a tsunami that all sweeps away, except our own, the outside is telling us but why one should hear, now we know, because of our shattered hearts we should hear, the calming voice of the lagoon, teaching a rhythm of eternity, giving a lesson in persistence, letting the world go round, being this way or that way, I don't remember but I know, repeating words that hunt the sky for the birds, the wings folded like the waves, sounding like waves, a little faster but nevertheless in the same tone and manner, yes we need to search, always, as the feelings come and go, similarities emerge and suddenly you realize that they are not coming from the same, under the ocean there is an ocean as well, nearly the same but larger, making everything into a world, from these depths other creatures emerge, one going for the hearts, others to be eaten, they are always near some are saying, but then a slot at the beginning, anew we will look at the same scene and wondering what we once thought, and as we still are moving forward, the treasures of the ocean can be found, also above, near the beach, stones with different shapes and colours, like our thoughts, they are our thoughts, follow me and remember.

( )

The fear of the son, the fear of the father, the fear of the daughter, the fear of the mother, the fear of grandpa, the fear of grandma, again, the fear of grandpa and the fear of grandma, less fear of grandpa compared to the fear of the father, however only seemingly, fear transformed over time according to circumstances, the primal fear injected two-hundred thousand years ago, no, it is different but still the same, to be devoured means to be the victim, no, the flowers bloom irrespective of this bloodshed, they don't care, so you don't need to care as well, but it is not only you, repeat with me again: the fear of the son, the fear of the father, the fear of the daughter, the fear of the mother, the fear of grandpa, the fear of grandma, we have to say it once more to not forget anyone, the fear of grandpa and the fear of grandma, we see now through the ages, that after our parents grandpa is not grandpa and grandma is not grandma, you are always asking why I am speaking not clearly but you know that I am not talking with you, forced to forget, you can't fathom how something in you listening, hear it when we say it again, the third and last time: the fear of the son, the fear of the father, the fear of the daughter, the fear of the mother, the fear of grandpa, the fear of grandma, you know we have to say it again, the fear of grandpa and the fear of grandma, it is not from but of, so see the connection, try it and say: the flowers bloom irrespective of this bloodshed, now change the words, you are nearly there, but the last word you need to give, or do you? Hear it: The fear of from.

( )

There was once a task he wanted to fulfill, long time ago he knew, now nearly forgotten, but he did not stop, even when he did not understand the significance of his work, as he did not stop once in his workshop he realized who he really was, again, nothing changed and all changed, he went back and said: It is me who chose so all have chosen as well. So he was sitting down, the things he created were the same and still not the same anymore, he said: A few strings I'm involved with but there are many more. As he continued his work he did not change and still changed. He thought of the strings, he knew them and how they formed a web. Looking at the web he said: I was not the one who made this web, irrespective of this I am in this web. Concerned about this thought he turned to his task, looked at it and said: Being the hunter or being the prey is an illusion made by the web. He did not see the web, but he knew it was there, he felt more and more that everybody had a web as well, spanned in a structure which represented their past and the past of the past. Always different and still always similar, sometimes it felt like a trap but then he said: A trap has a purpose, but this web has none. Still, it influences everyone by being similar to everyone. As one night he was sitting at his workshop with his tools in his hand. In the corner he felt he could see nearly the place he and all others were trapped in. But he said: Even if it seems to be in the corner, it is actually right before my eye. As he said this, the web showed itself before him. It is very different than I thought, looks much more like something to wear, do you see it as well, he asks while he looks at you.

( )

In your heart I see the heat already prevailing, your look gives me shivers, the desire to touch you to kiss you, there is no doubt a spell was cast on me, can't do anything but to adore, in this heated moment I want to come closer, to you and your flesh, it is a difference every man feels, the beauty of the woman, there can be no mistake, it is what we want, what we always and ever wanted, the looks are too tempting, you may play with it but nature already has chosen the position, so go beyond nature, which means to get smarter, which means to go beyond, it is a dream that easily turns to a nightmare, does not want to remember, this feeling but as I said always there, so there is nothing to be done, I don't understand but that is natural, once the feeling drove the silence but now the silence also drives me, it says something about complexity, something needs to be ignored, just not the wrong thing, what is part and what is not, the boundaries, don't step on my dreams, but is it a foot or a hand, interoperability gaps within and between, one for the soul, one for the machine, hiding behind the flesh, hiding behind the steel, cold as a stone like knowledge how to feel, a chaos like a hurricane, mixing up everything, going nuts, no way you can do it, but that is just something beyond, it cannot help and only irritates, the thoughts like a hurricane one asks, but you are not a hurricane, you are and should be different, calm down, it is because it reminds me of beauty, but there is a different beauty and this is to go beyond nature, to get back to it.

( )

They are saying you need money, but what they really mean is, you have to obey, be a slave, live a normal life and then die like all the others, they are dependent on you so do it for them, however, it is also true that you still will lose, selling the soul to the devil will not save you or anyone, we all know it so we should also act as we know it; besides, there is only the beauty at the end, each one has to chose, life choses you to chose, so what are you choosing for you. All is true and desperation can be found everywhere, but this is just how it needs to be, not about how you see it. Some fighting for something, some lost in the woods, no regrets because everyone could see that behind everything something waits to be discovered. If it is found, there will be a goal, a thing that makes sense, behind all senses, even if I do not speak in the rhymes or poems this truth prevails as it is a simple fact. So losing means so much more, as it means not finding it, once found it, it can be found again, and again, needs to be found actively or passively, only for one, always can be only for me, and this is true for all, as it is only for you. It does not have to do with money, at the end, it has to do something with how to see the worlds, yourself, others. Like glasses, the world is dark or light, dependent how you see through them. But explanations such as this are running short, songs and poems can convince much more, they can also show how one could see, seeing through others to realize that this different seeing, can be you as well, if you chose. Why I am seeing this: Is this just a dream within a dream.

( )

Staying in the evening around a dusty set of pile of dirt. It don't matter to say it is cheap but there are other piles that one may find a place to start for free. Irrespective I am not giving a damn but what is left can't be recognized. Like these words on the sheet I am trying to decipher. Forget about the obesity of a shared track between different heads of aerials. The holes is what your are looking for but the sin is strong for as to be witnessed there with a paper towel. What they are telling about is something I don't know. Not concrete enough for a challenge in the hyperplane of the departed which means it will take it that way, there is no further understanding as the hopes and papers of the sinners that with water or melted earth will go with who and we. Just empty this for a face of the forgotten abnormality. My sentences and the threat in it cannot be warranted, so I drop it to make it till I have an own station. Afterwards, I don't know what was happening, climbing to high, up the fridge, but where was I am someone lifted and sawing it through different eyes as well. It seems uncomprehensible what has happened, but you know, dear reader, that it could be only a dream. However, how could I see the written text, therefore it was real, physics can't be betrayed and therefore a strong hold on. However, therefore it is therefore seems too much as too many things that could happen, like the two too while one could hear as either two two or too too, and one should not forget the undecipherable too two. Is this needed one may ask but the land could not write anymore itself also the worse are out of control. Nothing left as to agree on this fate and move on, somewhere to , not clear where to or when to go. We will find out soon enough and can plan ahead or rather not as we do not know the space of the walk we could go. Let's assume it is a way worthwhile to go, for you and for you too, to you as well beautiful.

- Distractions. These writings on the wall do not help anymore, let's try it differently -

(\*)

So much needed to be said / Feelings are not words  
But seems it's much too late / Forget about a curse  
So simply try to stay / Look at the flying birds  
It will fade away / You will be the first

No matter what will be / Go the very last mile  
You can make yourself free / Different kind of style  
Change your way to see / It will take a while  
This will be your key / Life is not a trial

Don't need to be always clean / Wind blowing through the head  
At least one other thing / Nothing needs to be paid  
That will make you win / Always butter and bread  
There never was a sin / No need to wait

Hierarchies are illusions / When you are living or dying  
Causing a pollution / Start laughing or crying  
It's not about the others / Full of pain or carefree  
Even if sisters or brothers / Being blind but want to see  
Even if mother or father / In all these cases and many more  
Could be him or the other / External validation should not be what you are looking for.

- Two sides which are colliding, there is not much time left before a decision is made -

(\*)

A vicious cycle which you need to see  
One did not care, and is now free  
Uses his time to make chains for others  
Nobody seems to be bothered

You have to obey or there will be other chains they say  
But it is their thinking anyway  
One need to understand a lie which pretends to be truth  
You are not cornered, so goddam move

Being strong against the wrong  
Nothing stands, all can be undone  
Don't be bored start having fun  
Above the clouds there is always the sun  
All of this is well-known, to say the least  
But for thousand locked doors you need thousand keys  
If you see one, you will see them all  
Rise against, don't join the fall

In the dark open your eyes, you can build the paradise, as you don't need nothing as well, except a  
heart that burns like hell

- It wants to escape my thoughts, am I before or behind the wall now -

You want to convince me that I fear, and you may be right. Maybe I run away, there is always a chance to be wrong, however, always a chance to be right, sometimes, or most often one is both. I say: you want to convince me that I fear, but so what, does it make it better, maybe worse, what is behind it, a truth and a curse

- O.K I am behind it, but no room, something else here, going blind, who is there-

Indeed, who?

Good the numbers and lines are not set up before  
But the reasons are not to be found  
Even if I am going through everything

Like these times  
Where plus was negated  
Half the population left betrayed  
Afterwards the energy went away

The languages are spoken differently  
Like water  
What can be heard and said  
It is something else than me

They talk in codes and miracles  
But soon they will open up  
The horror that they want to bring  
As they cannot help themselves  
It is irrespective to the norm  
As language can be broken down like swords  
Once you heard the message  
But now you only hear the words

The storm that keeps on brewing  
Will soon be made to war  
Misunderstandings and different interests  
Know what they are looking for

Besides the simple truth  
That all will go down for good  
There is only one thing left  
That should not be misunderstood

Whatever happens to all others  
I talk to individuals  
There is no need to fear  
Even when the end is near

Once the man keeps running with his sword  
To kill as it was usually done  
You have to be adored  
As else you would need to run

Does it need to be this way  
As it can go into all directions  
Which may go to a beginning or to an end  
What to be chosen, depends on you  
The outcome is yet to be known

Different but the same  
Cannot be shown in one way  
Back and forth, in the front in the back  
What can be seen or not  
Make a few guesses but then take a look

If you are in the storm what can you do  
The different things make demands  
You cannot ignore them as they will interfere with what you have  
But then again, what do you really have

So it goes into the sky and will be the arrow to the heart

Make it feel as it is the first time

Ignoring the physics and believing in all the magic

What does it mean that it is not real

The others are not real as well, so some are saying

Can you be the other that tells you these things

Bread and butter, stick and stones, limericks makes you smile

But where it comes from and where it goes

Nobody knows

Even the humour and sketches are not the same

Tremendous power but taken away, to somewhere I ask

It builds on the classic definition of nothing counts

Which means all counts, just a decision

- I am losing the start, the end, this is lost land, where is both

As you see the different kings on all scales  
You are asking what it makes it different  
Just arrivals to somewhere and back  
At the end all fit in the same casket, so they are saying

The virtual reality is bringing in new realities  
Focusing on what is real  
The feedback loop is doing nothing  
Like chemical catalysers they are just make everything faster

So slow it down, enough time ahead  
Even in case of ruin, there is still the goal  
You just have to move forward  
In the right direction, on the way you can collect the theory anyway

I hear your words and then I think they are crazy  
But you are, maybe all are, I am as well  
In this sense, I can see that it does not matter  
Event the fear, will not stay, it is all right, even

There is probably something fleeing too  
But then first I would need to stop  
In the desert again, you can find both, loneliness and happiness  
In this place I can talk to the ones who would understand  
With the lines of other

It is no secret nor spoken out loud  
Nothing is as it should be  
There is no should and all spaces can lead to heaven  
So I also see it as well, it does not matter here  
It only matters there

If I would see me  
If it would be also really the case  
That I am trapped and wrong  
Oh, how I already hear the possibilities

Yes, but then again I think, you were wrong as well  
It does not matter to be right all the time  
And also evil man as well as good, switch positions  
If you wait long enough  
Then wait a little bit longer  
And also they will disappearing  
Coming again, same but different  
So I could also say, what happens for a long time  
Happens within the shortest time as well  
Was this happening with the poem as well

You want something different, but then you would need someone else  
Or, again and again is a problem  
But those who are saying that, don't see the eternal wheel  
All starting, your problem is more that you don't accept it  
Still, I could give you indications how wrong you are sometimes as well  
But why should I, we are not the same and made not of the same  
Not our choice, and I like it that way to be  
After all, it keeps the boredom so far away  
But only a superficial stance, one cannot see anything else  
Then the beauty of the world  
At least I can only see it, in a crowd, together or alone  
The same four sentences

In these manifestations of dreams of mine  
Fuelled by forbidden things, as well as power

Both go hand in hand

There is the demand for punishment

But this is an additional part, no one would say it is needed

However, it is not needed

- I would not be so sure about that, just a distraction maybe



Could go on forever  
Just chose one, this is you  
It can't be any other way  
All which is more means you are less

- It want to escape, I want to escape, do I, just hear the words but you need to see where the are coming from, was not this what you wanted

As in your world you want to live  
So you don't do it at all  
But I am in an echo chamber and don't believe these thoughts  
The dungeon just goes deeper  
At some point it cannot go deeper  
This point I am heading too  
The light in my hand  
For sure to escape  
But even if not, does not matter  
I am free as I know  
Alone or together, does not matter  
As I am three  
But there was an ending already  
So where am I  
Through the ending already  
The start, or the end  
Between

-Looks organic to me, like a digestion system, in-out

Sex, Death

Aggression, Fear

Desire-Fear

So much together

So close

For all and different reasons

In a room high up a castle

Like magicians we are looking at the maps

Conquered, defeated and still victorious

The wall of crying tears

Taken away step by step in a basket

-

- Stop, you are leaving again the though, concentrate, repeat, behind the flowers ...

I wanted to go into the dungeon

I saw one end of it

First the obvious

Then the difference

Not quite the opposite

The opposite is stronger

Ruler of the earth

One may argue otherwise

But I only believe those who saw it once as well

In these feelings

Targets

Just to put something before it

I see that it is part

Acknowledging it differently as others

A task which is needed

As desire and fear are together

As sex and death are together

Wandering with this knowledge

Through the deserts and the oceans

Or am I staying

Still looking at the dark wall

Together I am thinking about what it means

There was a reason I came here

Something seemed to be wrong

The knowledge of death, so fruitful  
It even can produce meaning  
Hence, we are gods  
Even if we need to die  
Or let it say, only a god can die  
Or only if you can die you could become a god  
Potentially, it is our decision  
Take it or not  
Nothing matters, you cannot plan  
Irrelevant, it had to be this way  
The only way  
At least for us  
Here

While I am thinking this sleeping  
Beside the tears and things I don't understand  
The ghosts rattling on the cage I built to protect me  
The room, the castle, the flowers, the bucket  
This is what I found

Behind the flowers, were the forest turns into the sky

It cannot give the answer, it does not know the why

Like cancer it grows without a reason

It grows without remorse

Even if it kills, it knows not what it`s looking for

Behind this horror picture

Another will emerge

Can I find a way, so it does not hurt

I know it is the beauty  
That can prevail them all  
But I need to take with me  
That will cause my fall

So both of them my first  
Even if I don't want it let it be  
But even if it is worse  
That will will make me free

- I am there, the start, the question

Why behind the flowers, the forest turns into the sky  
Why it does not know the answer, why it does not know the why  
Why it grows without a reason, why it grows without remorse  
Why it does not need to ask, what it's looking for

Because it is the end of reasons, and the beginning for us as well  
It does not care at all, but through it we can tell  
It is so much the end, that it also is the start  
Before was only stone, but now can be a heart

- I see, why it did not sound right at the beginning

This was the start not the end, the start before I knew it was the start  
I was there all along but could not comprehend  
The end of a thought pretended to be the start

Nothing changed  
But me  
Now my poem is finished  
Can stay within eternity

And it goes like this

Behind the flowers, the forest turns into the sky  
It does not know the answer, it does not know the why  
Grows without a reason, grows without remorse  
Does not need to ask, what it`s looking for.

# Past

# Now