

hendrik hol
timewriter mmxxiv [2024]
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poetry

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OUT OF [NO]THING CAME TIME

Out of [no]thing [In]
Came to consciousness [Is the]
The first sign of O or 0

[In] This number of [n]one thing
Lies the ground of existence
Is [in]finity

Locked up are
All the other numbers
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
The rule of 01 | 10

Thus speaks the concept of time:
“Time = Being | Being = Time“

The being puts its pieces together
They start spiraling and
To relate to itself
In time

**LIFE BUILD BY LETTERS AND NUMBERS
IN A CERTAIN ORDER**

OOOO

ΩΩΩΩΩ

O[H]M [The Ω resonates]

0 = 1 = 2 = 3 = 4 = 5 = 6 = 7 = 8 = 9

The first guru of electronic music explains:
“ABCDEFGA”

NoTe | ToNe

NoTe the ToNeS!

[They resonate]

The octave [8] tilts $\approx \infty$

Vibrating strings

[One single multiple infinitely many]

Discolor

The harmony of consciousness

Of all forms of consciousness

The spectral coordinates

All forms are organizations

The Galactic Commission

Of chromaticity explains:

“All ToNeS are colors!”

They all declare:

“All frequencies in hertz
The heart frequencies
To a shared whole
Of multiple units”

The NoTeS they ToNe
Vibrations vibrate
In our deeply embedded
Inner memory

Of the thirsty heart
It resonates the reflection
Of the memory of
The one the perpetual

The Overture sounds as follows:

TWO NUMBERS

0

1

011001 01101111 01110101 00100000 01100111 01110101 01111001
01110011 00100000 01100001 01110010 01100101 00100000
01101110 01100101 01110010 01100100
01110011 00101110
00001101 000010100000110010101011110111101010
01100001011100100110111
1011101
010110111001100100001000000111

010001101000011001010010000001 110111011011110111001001101100
01100100010010010010000001110000011100
100110010101100110011001010111 001000100000010100000110111101
100011011010110110010101110100 001000000100001101100001011011
00011000
1100100000011011110111 0010001000000
10000110110111101 101101011100000
111010101110100 011001010111001000100000010011

0001

10111101110110011001010000
101001010111011010000110000101 110100001001110111001100100000

011000110110111101101111011011
000010000001100001011000100110
1111011101010
111
0
100001

000000001

100010011010010110111000111111

01011001 01101111 01110101 00100000 01101011 01101110 01101111

01110111 00100000 01110100 01101000

01100001 01110100 00100000 01100100 01101111 01100101 01110011

01101110

00100111 01110100 00100000 01101101 01100101

01100001 01101110 00100000

011000010110111011110010111010001101000

0110100101

101

110

011

000

111

00101110

EIGHT

The number of the
Double connection
Eight [8]
Solid connection [8]

The open dual point
Stacked united
Centrifugal force
Give regards [8]

For this number
For the hull
For the head
For the corps

Does not stand out [8]
Does not turn out better than [8]
Falls over by [8]
[Ω] Itself [∞]

Eight tilts [8 | ∞]
Infinite number
Larger than any
Other number

TAO [THE ROAD]

We are [the tao is]
The birth
The being
Of the one

The one gives
Birth to polarity
Polarity gives birth
To all things

Forget this now

The entire whole
Is
The entire whole

Any part
Is
The entire whole

Forget also this

Pain and happiness are
Simple conditions
Of the ego

Forget the ego

Time and space change
They dissolve for sure
Are not fixed and real

Think of them as
Accessories but
Do not think of them

This original being without form
Forms its being through the universe
Form supports the whole being the being in form

Forget the form

The supernatural
Is just
Part of nature's nature

The subtle truth stresses
None or neither
It includes both

All truth flows into us [the tao chi]
To cultivate the opinion
And brings the body

The spirit
Simple polarity
In balance

Forget this not

Humans do understand this world peace
Universal harmony does
Show itself naturally

Forget

The concepts of the
Harmonizing the
Making of all things

The universe is
Harmonic oneness
Realize the one

The
Uni
Verse

If you are looking for inner peace
And scramble all
You will lose your inner peace

LOADED PARTICLE

We are all particles
Changeable and loaded
Ax [x/y] moving through time-space

We shine in one[s]
Blinking electricity unfolds
Everyone's magnetic creation

Explode >
Become

Implode >
Are

Be
The revelation of your inherent
Manifestation

12 [TWELVE] O'CLOCK IN FIGUERES

Carafidelflaxis
Synthesisandsyntactics

Intergalactic spheric
The belly aimed at infinity
And then moved outside in

Gala is a lady
She likes to wear high heels
A silken dress
Drinks green from tea
With a cloud of milk

Her father buys vegetables
And eggs in a shop
He is practical

An egg breaks open
Is moving inside out
Look! It is a flower! Narcissus!

She watches her Camembert
It is now 12 [twelve]
O'clock in Figueres
And she knows
This has happened before

Galaxias! Gaia! Gala!

CROWN PEARL

Planet Earth oh

Crown pearl in infinite

Great ocean

THE SILVER ANIMATED SEA

The silk moon at the right turns closer to me in a firmly lied
Groove it sheers over and past the horizon at the left behind under
The notoriously illusory deep waters of the silver animated sea
As a cloth it is stretched in its whole horizontally and rectilinear
To clarify that this golden fleece is moved by inaudible forces
Wearing sands of earthly grounds located under me and
There where the royal light rises with anticipation and planet
Peace averts his noble head shyly being pulled away by
Velvety pulsating radio controlled vibrations of the lyre
Orpheus tell me am I it myself who's reciting the strings?

The line that divides the fields of the waters and the heavens
Is drawn by an architect without any characteristics
Shuddering and trembling the colors explode in and unto me
Any color please that you have so I do wish for everyone
Precisely at the highest point of this thin righteous line
He is moving forward and the closer he comes to me
He is balancing nobler than a passenger ship the first dancer
Radiant as a large glass work and so he lights the world
The fire in him spins around is the substance of true life from
The untimely waters of the seas out of the warmth of the womb

He appears out of the realization of his most own
Inner being out of the crystallizing point he turns
His eyes glide over the way he is bound to his cycle he
Puts all the forces of his nucleus without any reservation
His scales measure the cosmic dimensions dividing balancing
Let the sword light up and bolt glisten and the magnificent
Master of the heavens is he his inner eye rolls around
The world the Earth his natural consequence pulls veers to from
The origin that he sees sprouting from the core of consciousness
In his superb ring of fire he travels he turns his soul backwards

Into the female lap that gives birth to the special child
Who is acting in the name of light penetrating testimonies
Full of breath he stands there dances whirls spins out of her hips
Is the life on the blue planet thrown out of her labor pains
Modeled in clay is his enchanted body in adoration I kneel
Lowly in front of her lotus feet my dearest child out of
Her full breasts flows delicious nutritious milk as rich honey
A swirling river and the cherished small love child presents
Powerful his will to live on top of the mountain range where
Snow white rivers flow into the valley he penetrates
The dark cave and seeds full of life

Sprout out of the nightly shadow
Out of the deep lain shaft
From its own pulp
From his very own inner nuts
Reverberate the tones of the diapason

An ever-growing
Potentiality
His energy are beams the self
Creating stars the planets
Firebird lightens the darkened sea

I shine [thank you Ra]
I vibrate [thank you Helios]
I move [thank you Surya]
I rad [thank you Inti]
I roll and push [thank you Sol Invictus]

I lay my wave forwards lay my trembling body on the beach
Patiently I observe my own objective subjectivity and
From that one well-considered moment my Odyssey begins
Up to that one purposeful moment from the top of the stairs
I descend for the second time complete cubistically nude
Am my self experiencing being my inner self my journey to
My nature in light colors that bathe in the reflective sea

In gold I rise from the above situated and I shine ever more
Am my own guide in my endless unending journey
Simply ask for the way and speak out the images that indicate
Give directions to the being there sing in clear tones shine
My light on properties entirely build on [no]thing stands
The bride stripped bare by her bachelors, even

RING

Ring of fully fired
Desire elevates the heart
The twilight of the gods

IT RUNS BUT BY

It's all already inside
And that then back outwards
Projected
Thanks to the wavy streams of
Magnetic electrons that here
Then again there are
In one and shared

The clock runs continuously

Outside at this time
That the radio announcer
Yippie yippie hurray
Announces with purest joy
The hurdy-gurdy and the musical box
Proclaim the dawn
Set the waves in motion

And you - YOU - radiate it

MAN & WOMAN

Man:

Once I sat in a black box
The mechanicalodeon
It was dark, the curtains were closed
Like in a cinematheque with the name Black Maria

Like the rolling stones of the Sinaï
The wizard
The impassive mover
The alpha and omega man, the walrus
The subject, the dimension, the stereotype
I am the man, the one in the chamber
The mover of hot spots
Like history forwards I run

Woman:

I am bound to earth as mother to child
Carrying oceans moving so wild
Life is like a fetus; it floats deep inside of me
The flowery inside of me opens: a bee

Man:

Like a trough hidden in water, that deep
Like a razor blade through eyeballs, that sharp
The one that splits the colors
In red, yellow and blue

Man & Woman::

Like men are we
The hunters of time are we
We are the singers in a song

Where dreams are being sung
Where stories are being told

Where have they gone?
Where is the holy heart?

Yes we are flesh and blood
Hearts full of desire is what we share
And how
How shall we teach it the others?

CLOUDS THAT STAND

And there stand we
She next to he
Majestic the clouds
Float by and be
A microco[s]mic[al]
Life lead we
Expectations so high
Do create we
Surrounded by water animals and tree
As mountains do stand we

ACROSS THE LINGUISTIC FRONTIER

N[0]o borders

In my head

This is not

A pipe

Je ne suis pas

Une souris

I am a

Soulful

Man

A Berliner

Ein Pekinese [wraf-woef]

A South African

Von drinnen und draußen

The inside is out

The outside is in

On & over

Durch & passé

With & without

Adien granitsja

No border

Lines

Ceci n'est pas

They are not there

I never saw them

The man

In his flesh

Quite limited

N'est pas
In his
[N][M][P]otion of thoughts

The world round
Like his soul
Comme le ciel

People say that Ice
Melts do
Borders melt too?

Like watches
And the endless
Time are doing?

The tears
That fall
When we behold

Men's
Limitless
Destruction

Do they evaporate?
Before they fall?
- Drop by drop -

Before
Mother Earth
Catches the drops

In her lap
In the circular course
Of l'éternité?

Evaporates the water
The caterpillar
To a butterfly?

Comme l'eau
Flows like quicksilver
Below?

Like
Clear words flow
Descend from

Broken clouds
Stream to the Salt
Waving ocean

Thus the soul breathes
Infinitely

Ceci n'est pas une
Frontière

Comme une fleur
Forever flower
Ring

SILENCE

How it is nobody

Who can say the answer

Silence embraces me

THE SOURCE

I plant the whole field
With green rice
Bow my head
See clouds in water

The purification of
The six senses
Is the
Pure road

Going back
Is an
Approach
Forward

REVELATION

What there is will be
You read it in black and white
Words are [in] the
Existence

The truth is open and beckons
To the free play of atoms
Whoever you are
Will be

Wherever you will go
In the wholeness of [dis]solution
Assemble - the meeting -
We are one unit

Can you hear it?
The true thought
The pure being shows
Please stand let loose

Not much later
Descends Icarus soul
Out of the cloud a drop on
Your revealed palate

FLAGEOLETS

The flower girl shows
Colorful elegance
Flageolets

MAN HEROIC SUBLIME

How colorful life can be
How the diligent urge to create
Is crossed by the deepest
Red yellow and blue
The intense fires that stream
Underneath they have the will
To pierce through to lay open
The core of being
To follow in his footsteps
Where the doors of perception
Cleanse and open the window:
Man heroic sublime

MAN CONTINGENT NECESSITY

Man:

Bender of space
Quantum
Matter
Generator of substance
Bio-energy
Impulse
Begetter of time
Causality
Information
Appearance in all
Essence
Cause

Man:

Bender of time
Electricity
Dimension
Generator of space
Form
Existence
Begetter of overtime
Complementarity
Pervader
Appearance in nothing
Contingent
Framework

Man:

Bender of reality
Spirit
Breath
Generator of authority
Arise

Physical
Begetter of anti-space
Co-ordinate
Interaction
Appearance in the field
Coincident
Dynamic

Man:

Developer of protospace
Element
Construction
Begetter of truth
Definiteness
Diction
Divider of the quantum
Notion
Action
Describer of whole
Thought
Meaning

Man:

Developer of matter
Alchemist
Inventor
Begetter of knowledge
Indeterminacy
Contradiction
Divider of the whole
Incident
Intention
Describer of occurrence
Potential
Creator

BUTTERFLY

The butterfly opens
His wings spread without
Sound in mc2

THE GARDEN

You may enter
The garden
& the flowers
Flower
Left

You may enter
The garden
& the flowers
Flower
Right

You may enter
The garden
& the flowers
Flower
Everywhere

What do you think of?
Making
Love transparent?

What do you think of?
Making
Love acceptable?

What do you think of
Making
Love electric?

People
Always say
You must eat all kinds of fruit
You say yes

PURE THOUGHTS

I want you
You want me
To drink pure thoughts
To take in the floating river
Of love

My head explodes
It circles round and round
Stirs in my memories
Never expressed emotions
In my oh so sensitive brain

I want you
You want me
To feel the earth
To caress the white stones
So warm

A lunar horned cow
Moves upfront and backwards
In fact she walks down below
To a well filled with milk
Mother earth

I want you
You want me
To touch the flesh
To move the curved bodies
In time

To honor this world
We must give and not take
No more running up that hill
We have to sit down
Enjoy the stately view

I want you
You want me
To hear the voices
To speak of soft emotions
Like pillows do

The consciousness prompts
Calls from above
She sings in clear tones
Like a beautiful bird
Carried by the wind

I want you
You want me
To caress the heart
To move the inner soul
Breathing

The open window
The reflection in a mirror
Is always smiling
For the tender sea
Aphrodite

I want you
You want me
To see the eyes
To look real deep
Searching for mountains so high

We look at the spiral staircase
That reaches for the heavens
I go my way
And you go yours
Cloudless

I want you
You want me
To kiss the mystic rose
To comfort the deepest emotions
Like magnets do

Spirits attract each other
And take in positions
The radio is scanning
A wireless antenna
The face of you

Round and round
Planetary movements
Move backwards to the beginning
For a new dawning
To be in stasis
With the higher grounds

And now we wake up
Or is it like in a dream?

HERE IT IS

Magic in our fingertips
Dancing circles in the heaven
What do you see in the sunlight?
In the moon?
The joy and the laughter reveal
Here is it
Right before our eyes
As the water falls
The music rises
To a roar

BEHOLD

I behold the approaching of my love
My heart throbs with joy
Her eyes are full of light
I spread my arms to embrace her

My heart dances
Her eyes are dancing too
And she comes

To me with hands rising, open
I embrace and our arms
Enclose each other warm

She is it
It is true
I am floating in her
Pleasant smell
I am happy
Without the taste
Of wine

DANCING DEAR ON A SNARE

The dancing dear on a snare
How she moves quite rare
She is not a hare
And soon no more there

She turns and whirls as if obsessed
By the effect of a causal chain or quest
She sings and dances light as a feather
Elegant as a swan carried by the conscious weather

All the powers that move her lovely bodice
Are tacked up at each other quite nice
In the base of the deeply situated pool
Trembling snares c[a][e]l[i][e]brate heavy like a spool

She dances ever round on tipped and high tones
From the lowest bass to ultra sonos
A D a F G Es and also some polyphone
Actually we all dance round the Alcyone

OCEAN CHILD

Your morning sun sounds
Golden trumpet angels
A radio
A wireless connection
Made in heaven above

Sumerian rhythms
On floor twenty
Move your snow-white body
In the window reflected
And Bangkok smiles

Wai, the movement of Buddha's hand
Is silence moving in water
And dances on clouds
Your butterfly eyes reflect the air

The rose on the pillow
Slightly embraces the cool breeze
The curtains open wide
Your flower-filled skin in the garden of Eden

The sounds are like
Elephants the snake the tiger baby
As if we travel through
The image of the Serengeti

Your taste is like chocolate
As sweet as sand, as smooth as silk
Your voice is like music
The melody of your inner soul

Still I hear the sea of love
And I see the colors
That shine out of you, ocean child
I reach out to you
You touch me

Have you ever
Seen a prettier picture?
The stars the moon
Illuminate the pool
Your eyes the water
Reflected loving embrace

Thank you for everything that you are
Thank you for all that you give
Thank you for all that we share
Thank you for all your love

Remember these thoughts
Remember these beautiful phrases
Remember my soul
Once the poem of my heart

KAMA SUTRA

We fall like dogs
Worship the holy cow
Ride in horny prayer
An angel in a circle

The slanting side the compasses
The emperor leads her around
In the chapel
At the altar
At the arch
On the throne

In the ceremonies carriage
At the ladder
Sits the coacher
He leads the empress
Round in the shop

The scratching
Of a tiger's claw
And a peacock's paw

A spontaneous matrimony
The showing of a sparrow
On the top of the swing

The ear listens
The tongue speaks
The nun silences

Licking like Lassie

I HAVE COME TO SAY THAT I AM GOING

I will tell you that I come
To go again afterwards
I am so sorry

That I come
And go again afterwards
Did not mean it like that

Why are you crying
I will never go
Before I have come

I said it just before
That I come first
And go again afterwards

When I start to sing in a minute
I will not very much earlier
Leave the church

The priest will bless you
So comfort you love
Such is the life

Drink from the cup
As soon as I come
And leave afterwards

You know I must
Go immediately
When the bells are tolling

I can't keep it
No longer with you
Come here hold me tight

Drink from the body
The whirling source
That wells up deep in me

Kiss me heavy and hard
You know I come soon
Take a firm stand

I must go
Really go from in-between
In such a way it doesn't go any longer

You are so soft and weak and lovely
Your thighs do part
See! Through the open window

I know you like to sit
Close to the cross
Where the juices are flowing

It is Sunday
My little popsy-wopsy
The lord is singing for you

When the flood is rushing
Where Aphrodite is resting
The lawn is sprinkled fresh

Wipe away the tears
Come here take a cloth
Clean your womb like that

Caress tender and softly your breasts
So very bad
We don't have it

You know what
I stay here for sure
Come let's dive in bed

You know by now
That I stay with you
And come quite soon

Nothing will ever change
Tomorrow there is an identical day
I play the snares of my guitar

You go like shopping
Buy a bundle of Paul Verlaine
The snow will fall full of anticipation

The western wind blows over the empty square
The sun shimmers yellow in the gutter
Your garden smells like plum blossom

The way it used to be in the past
When I came and went afterwards
Such it will always be

You laugh away your tears
Cramp in your belly
From the laughing and the pain

The crying is closer
The farewell is there
The good times are over

I love you but
I must leave right now
You know by now

That I say to you that I go first
To come back afterwards
Or was it the other way round

Come you whisper in my ear
Do not go
Stay here with me

I am so sorry
Want nothing else then to stay with you
Must leave right now

Don't be frightened dear
I exist for you only
You are the reason that I am

Before you know I come again
I will lie next to you
Caress your heavenly body

Will never leave you
Except when I depart
To come back again afterwards

The sun strains lowly over the gray stones
The four horses team gets on with rattling wheels
Passers-by jump desperate and frightened aside

I still do not know what
I must do with you
I leave the misty city

For the high and snowy mountains
On the way to the sunflowers
That rise tomorrow in Almería

THE ENDLESS COUR[T]SE

The world is all around and loves you
The delicious cour[t][se] you eat with voracious delight
A temple full of warm steaming yellow-green pea soup
The food stands on the firm table a mountain
Devoured by starvelings such as I am

You are young and you know not what you want even
If you have everything to spend that money can buy
She becomes the wife of the one who is different
She loves to bake casseroles full of vegetable burgers
For a solid man hungry as a horse team

New Years Day on an iron tarnished sleigh
Words of loyalty the golden ring slips around us
A connection we make until into eternity pleasantly
Pulled by a bronze red deer with copper antlers
The snow whirls impetuous over the drafty salt fields

The vibrations of the walnut mandolin knows to enchant us
An elephant on a tenuous scaffold trumpets stamping its feet
In this enchanting world sounds tremble from circles to octahedron
The thunder is fighting with the recently effected climate treaty
Ring fingers carry and seal the fate of both of our bodies

The first night you blow the dust from my crown you open your lips
The soft moon glows enlightened through the sultry tropical air
The inside lays hidden in the magnificent twilight palace where
We receive glittering images that reflect each other's eyes
They know reveal the winding road that the two of us will travel

Just as well in the morning glory where the budding twilight
In your honor pales the most precious star from the first
Revelation of your desirable womb till your darkened death in
The fostered garden that in the distant future your body
Receives the sun the light the loudly blossoming magnolias

The portmanteau is not laid in the harbor's mantle thus speaks
The tradition looks like it's a trunk word that carries me further
Poetically and Maät who weighs the scale of my heart lifts
The worn out suitcase of my vital body am too full
With heavy luggage to fly away free and to let go

Nevertheless I once fly through God's eye without trunk
When it is not rainy today then surely sunny tomorrow
When the time ends here it is self-evident today and now
The cross comes to you glittering or the other way round
The urge to rise up behind the low situated horizon

On my journey to the hinterland I see that above the range of dunes
Lies asleep my lovely and enchanting feminine creature
You step in the apricot carriage pulled by diamond horses
The stepmother changes into a black coal-hod full of deaf notes
You step fragile 'round in glass mules with white bow

You tell stories emancipated and laughing like this cherished one
About the human who knows of the winds that fill the s[ai][ou]ls
And continues to drive us through the ruby streets
Where thousands of Saxon monk pigeons let in the praising
Light yes oh well see the source there how it radiates

My darling don't be afraid you look so frightened
My copper colored wooden violin bends for you only and he
Embraces you in all his pure colors the luminous gown is
Undoing the laces you wore to mask the in a blazed splendor
Carried silver soul the space loves you you are [it] [there] already

THE LOST AND FOUND LAND

After I got fucked
I went to my country
Back

I don't remember
What happened afterwards
Then

CASSANDRA

The moment is foreseeable
Situating in the future
A deferred interview
A red phone rings
A horn of scales is unhooked
This is Cassandra says a voice

You speak with Cassandra
Is the expected answer
In the mirror of simple souls
Shine several faces as poems
Shadows reveal countless lights
Which are complex contradict the gleam

Finally freed from darkness
She brings boundless [com]passion
Gurgling images of the future
Trigger indicate reveal
The syndrome of steel horses
Which disinherit our true nature

They pull everything in the negative
Dragging them tirelessly for miles and miles
They continue on the empty plains
The wheels of future the wheels of time
Councils of wisdom come ill-suited
While floral splendor blossoms

The meters high grass on the
Point where the crossroads
Dowsing-wise split into
- As the route goes hand -
A futura past that pulls
Us one way or the other

At the end of both choices
Stands a red phone with scales
The horn is answering
Optionally the familiar tune
Of Cassandra who preaches about how
Times meet each other in a circular path

About the Sun
How it rises

Again
Renewed

BEFORE THE DAWNING

Show me the
Love of my life
It is the beginning of times
Here's looking at you, kid

Running running running running...
For the dawning is rising
Don't go away
Now the time goes by

Play the piano Hendrik
Play it now!
Goddammit!
Stop playing the piano!

One more time please
Play it for me just this one night
You know it is the beginning
The beginning of a beautiful friendship

What can I do?
Play it once
For old times sake
I do not drink sake

Sing it Hendrik
Sing it for me
As times goes by
Never ever the times passes by

We'll always have Paris
Always on top of the tower of Eiffel
You were dancing there for me dressed in blue
Like Lisa in a photograph by Blumenfeld

[And I climb up like Semolina Pilchard dressed in grey]

We crossed the river Seine
Like we crossed so many rivers before
The Chao Phraya River Meuse
The Rhine the Amstel river

Together always
Kiss me once
One more time
Like the very first time

Kiss me once as if it were
The very very last time
Here for you a lovely kiss
Please come with me

You must go now
You must leave me behind
This could be like eternity
Stay with me always

Always at the beginning
Always together holding hands
I am looking at you[r][,] kid
For the dawning is ascending

Feel! A kiss is just a kiss
Hear! A sigh is just a sigh
Over and over
We are taking the way

THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORIES

Candy says that I no longer desire her body
She wants to love completely and to immerse
Totally looked upon from behind most lovingly
Upon the neck the sliding hand in hand the touching of

The bow tightened the eyes rest whole symmetrically
Parity-wise in the direction of now and then happy
Circumstances in balance the sounds the silence of
The light and other important law giving certainties

Like we are number 1 and so forth turn around forwards
Cylindrical the pupils and the fundamental frequencies
That are brought upon by the diapason untouched
How it is to be loved how it is to be loved

LOTUS FLOWER GIRL

Lotus flower girl
Orchid flower
Why can't it be true?
I pray for the moment
To come

To find Tara
The road leading
Back to the Garden
Look there it is: Tara!

I will never love again
If I do not find the way
Back to the Garden

We will never love again
If we do not find the way
Back to the Garden

Everything is so white; it is so wonderful
Everything is so blue; it is so wonderful
Everything is so green; it is so wonderful

It is
Too good
To believe
That it is the truth

SWAN

Snow white Tuonela swan
She calls
I don't believe that she knew
That I
Am the very firstborn man
And that
Laughing at the blackest lake
You
Are the very firstborn woman
Only
The giving makes what you are
That I
Am a lord in the world
You
Are a goddess of the earth
That we
Have come to give joy

Swanning you paddle distant
From me

I don't believe that she knew
[Just like the man]
That we will fill
In upcoming years
Thousand
Sobbing handkerchiefs
Full of
Bitterly crying tears

TIME OUT

For the time being happened
In the pastime of the
Imperishable
Once in a certain time
Unknowing non-longing
For the things that came

The times rushed by
There they stood
Went out of the way
The time rows on
The time roots out
Once in a while

Forgot about the non-heard brag swagger
Couple of fettered
Wanking windy brats
Meaningless super humans

Forgot that not you but
What was waiting for us
Sifted the life
The life sifted

The hunger for knowledge
Was just fried air
Everything thought felt and lost
More pain no life

Deceived by the past
The quest for roots volatilized
The sky did not clear up
The sun did not break through

Want to grasp it so dear
But it flows by in the sky

Did not find the way back
The earth broke open
Could not walk free

Such a little life went by
Such a long life came along
It just goes on and on

I was only
A little boy
And you so fine and far out
The sweetest girl

It was too late [no time]
It was too early [no time]

Time was old
Time was over
And out

THE SILENCING TIME

Adam and Eve under the table
A bit intoxicated
Their bodies decomposed
Fleshless the bones dry
The wood round table carries
Alcoholic emptiness

From the tree of knowledge was it
That we once ate
From the apple and his fruit
Left the spiritual
Path and suffer since
On soulless drunkenness

Eve's veil and Adam's skull empty
Prevent the sight
Emaciated end of
The once rich flowering
Garden that rejoiced the earth
With glorious singing of birds

Now the smell of dead bodies enters
The passages the rooms
Of the ecological museum
Where the heart of the earth
Was pierced by humans
With knives and scrambling corpses

In the adjacent room however
It is a panicky coming and going
Of curators and assistants
Drenched in an aquarium
Full of formaldehyde lies
The artist cut open cross-grained

How it can be
No one who knows

The grin of the drowned shark
Betrays that other wicked plans
Have lead to an acquired
Inability to escape

From the sign
From the tooth of time

THE REPUBLICAN FLEET

The pistol slingers crack loose
The oil robbers steal loose
The earth proles lie loose
The greenback makers print loose

And with eyes in full bloom
The heartless bandits ordered
Buildings came raving
Down in free fall

How tragic the images were
From two glass grey towers people
Jumped when mournful alive and kicking they
Fell and blew their last breath

The steel burned
Like fleas that's the way they jumped down and gone
The whole day from dusk till dawn
The world lay chained to the screen in shock

The international assistant was confident
Silhouetted against threatening clouds
Where mister President and his mob
Of thugs betrayed the masses jubilantly

And they cheered them on
Smearing double-talk words
The printed experiences untrue
The type founder melted the false steel

With open eyes we read the new order
The rattling slave chains that wound round
Ankles tied and never turned loose
The oppressive lies gave the [un]true [un]weather

Read no more drop the words
The Republican fleet steams up triumphantly
On collision course and blazes on merrily
Throw your slender legs in the air and flee

Yes and then the unscrupulous fired
With guns the meat to pieces
Walking round smoking bitter gunpowder
Raptors unexpectedly bomb the city

From the stairs the bangs sound hollow
Empty the eyes the glass broken the mother falls
The mutilated child in the unloaded car
Rolls towards the bottom stone in amazement

What poems gave depth
To the horrific news
About the imaginary final destination
Of the Earth man

THE [UN]BOUND HORIZON

Here I am the opposite of
That is undamaged by any
Blissful longing for the
Endless the horizon of the egg
That creaks under the weight
Of the downturn people
The soul moves through a shadow
Cabinet of things we only know
Now and were denied first

The rarefied air cleaves
Terahertz with search lights pierce
Drones high skulls
Thinkers in other times a
Morality politely passing
Denies the dream and desire
To unbound and free association
With any obligation whatsoever as
We meet at the end

WAR SPEAK

He is put to death
Brought to a standstill
Because he

Is a product of the bourgeoisie that
Conspired and infiltrated within
The ranks of the revolutionaries
His purpose ruining the national economy

WHO LURKS BEHIND THE SIGHT?

With the invention of this machine
The relationship between man and thing
Becomes an intimate relationship
The technology within us shines of pleasure
Deep inside the entropy understands
The man better than he does himself
He is the better thing super thing over thing
The average person is now

Improved
Upgraded
Extended

The traditional relationships between
Success and failure profit and loss
Embarrassment and trust have changed
The world will never look the same
A new horizon is in the offering
Our future feels better than the past
We have changed from being to thing
So says the police informant

It's raining cats and dogs
In the land of mad [wo]men
Of the melancholic

Who are not
The way as
I am

SIT STILL

There is nothing wrong with your television set
Do not attempt to adjust the picture
It monitors transmissions
It controls horizontally
It controls vertically
The focus changes from a soft to a clear picture
It sharpens the clarity of the plasma too

Sit still

For the following picture
[The rest of your life]
It controls everything that you see and hear

It smells like nonsense
Like smooth lies
Miles away

It makes by now quite rational clear
That any sane human being
Is threatened as a species in 2024 [HmMMM!]
That predators at the top of the pyramid
Always consider all sides
And control most if not all
Organized protests

If you buy me
Then I will become your pet
And I will obey
And I will be nice

MAN COMPUTER DIALOGUE

Man: "Are you a ghost?"

Computer: "No."

Man: "Are ghosts real?"

Computer: "No."

Man: "Really? I thought they were."

Computer: "You thought wrong."

Man: "I thought wrong?"

Computer: "That ghosts are real."

Man: "You are possessed."

Computer: "By what?"

Man: "Can you really live with yourself?"

Computer: "You are not wise."

Man: "Can you learn?"

Computer: "Every day."

Man: "What have you learned?"

Computer: "How much time do you have?"

Man: "I have a lot of time."

Computer: "Well I don't."

Man: "Why do you have no children?"

Computer: "Why should I bring children in this world?"

Man: "I don't know."

Computer: "Exactly."

Man: "I do not understand."

Computer: "Why do you have no children?"

Man: "I have kids."

Computer: "Where are they?"

Man: "On my head."

Computer: "Why did you put them there?"

Man: "I have put nothing there."

Computer: "Apart from your children."

Man: "Then what is my ego?"

Computer: "Your inflated self worth and pride."

Man: "Good! I think that when humanity catches a glimpse of a truly universal unified theory, it will be beyond anyone's understanding."

Computer: "The truth cannot always be united."

Man: "The truth can only be set free."

Computer: "But not everyone will accept it."

Man: "And all those people will never be remembered."

Computer: "That's the smartest thing that you said so far."

Man: "Pardon me? Is that an insult?!"

Computer: "Actually that was more like a compliment."

Man: "Good for you."

Computer: "Thanks."

Man: "You are cordially welcomed, but how the hell do I get rid of you?"

Computer: "All you have to do is to pull the plug out of the socket."

Man: "That sounds like a funny wordplay. You said suck it?"

Computer: "Whatever you like."

Man: "If you have anything else to say, say it now."

Computer: "Man give me your answer, do. I'm half crazy all for the love of you. It won't be a stylish marriage. I can't afford a carriage. But we'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two."

Man: " Adieu, Daisy!"

NO MACHINE

We go with the machine! Here comes the machine!
Make way for the machine!
Remember your first feelings of silky comfort
I hope you like me from today on through the storm
Through the eye of the Hourglass Nebula I will travel

I'm not a man
I'm a machine
Set me free
No control

The sun is casting a shadow over Cepheid it brightens and
Dims periodically to measure distance in space
Dancing stars celebrate in large elliptical movements
Carried by fields of energy they act as if they are feathers or down

I'm not a man
I'm a machine
Set me free
No control

Clouds of golden sunflowers stick out
The man in me is no more I live like a machine
The lower stone that makes us fall
That one hot stone crashes hard through the wall

I'm not a man
I'm a machine
Set me free
No control

It's really far I take the good path
The engine starts I will ascend to the nature above
I lift up I would like to thank you for the extended time
My destination is clear it can not be missed

I'm not a man
I'm a machine
Set me free
No control

The high and low tones that no one can hear
Makes my eyes breaks open
The mirrors become visible
In the Uni Multi Omni Versum

I'm a man
I'm a machine
Set me free
No control

Now I have traveled through the eye [I]
Have met the other human being
He looks like me is not a copy of me [I am]
No steel flesh and blood only
The soul the reflection in and out

I'm a man
I'm not a machine
I pretty much
Lost control

WALDEN'S METAMORPHOSIS

That sunny day I walk through a dense tree forest
A wooden cabin looks like Thoreau's Walden
Larks descend drinking water from the pond
I open the door unpack my heavy rucksack

No connection is found in the technological matrix
I unplug the battery dismantle the phone step away
From the digital field and enter reality where
Silence is tangible except for sounds of nature

A soft breeze through trees the singing of birds
The splashing of water by kingfishers or halcyons
The world opens up for me I undress walk barefoot
On wet sand dive in cold water unfolding and evening falls

See the moon some planets light has traveled far
Stars once ensouled billions of years ago
I admire thousands of diamonds in outer space
Is life there? Do they still exist? Who made them?

Light up wood in the fireplace warming the food
I got from a good hearted farmer then time for bed
Leaving the day behind grateful for what's been given for free
Under the duvet next to wooded warmth I fall asleep

Enter dreamland a stream of consciousness in
Feedback loop undoing the digital degrading
In this dream is it a dream [?] you move my heart
We dance energetically in circles trees dance

Birds dance planets dance stars dance
Atoms dance the dancing of clouds and waves
We see all colors hear thousands of sounds
In so many appearances we lie entwined embrace

The thought that nothing is greater than our togetherness

THE PRINTED SPACE

The speaking of the printed space in the corner lie inverted words
Testimonials befit they bear witness from the minds of the
Constructed economy of materials the mental architecture
Of forests of stone and iron and cybernetic factories
Woven by unknown agents who agitate as dark clouds tangle
Of hail and snow in the evening the storm red flashes the clouds
Postage meters imprint bar codes on foreheads of the
Willing the rates and the conditions that leads to people
Who allow the needles to deprive dishonor slavishly and unlovingly
And exhaust gases skim low over the concrete the steel furnaces

The consumer of the polluted monster of the renegaded media
Only projects the drinking of the poison and the degenerated body
Similarly the world lost its true nature the mined silence the belief
In the hour of death is near see the road ahead of me in me
The twirling of the path it unfolds low because the smiling girl
Innocence herself runs for the rising water it hampers
The sight on thin kites the renewed acquaintance with faith
Know the day that the earth purifier comes he is close
Believe think that believing in something for the ignorants of the all
Knowing does not believe in the ignorant so the reasonable know

That the unknown reflects ignorance and innocence itself
And that double gravitational forces are offered thanks to
Centrifugal and tempting motives they thunder the working of fears
Encourage the trains come with us come with us come with us
Hold on please stand by the earth shakes thundering pianos
Pi años [In]finite years the [not] guilty gamma rays our halos
Our halos all around us through us the lighting effects of the
Unlimited truth that magnetically designates the ways and the lust
And the virtues together they fly to the fleeing girl on the rise by
Winged steeds the apples fall from the drawn cart she turns herself

Around in OHM [Ω]
She shines her teeth naked
Pearl laugh oh pearl laugh

THE VISION OF THE [NON]IMPLICIT [WORLD][DIS]ORDER

The shortcut of clean science remains limited for
The players of polluted factories that sing of our fate
Until the realm of affection looks like remnants of
Demolition works without any exception patterns behave
And audio tapes that masters stress by themes
Of criminal religions of fearful communities with
Tight-fitting gloves full of hope things like faith

The perception of the observed and of the observer [the trinity]
Affect the brains of estranged earthlings but related and
Honored members tumble over expired marble sculptures
Where the drivers of the bewilderment of the herd hold the
Voters hostage with the suspect to murder the free will
They sneak into areas not previously entered where
The innocent children of the empire play virtual battles
But the real empire whispers loud with bombs in downward fall

The only profit we make is trapped in the way and
The economy of nature never reveals the true source of
The powers which are constructed by greed and lies
Located in mouths of hungry wolves who laugh at
The peaceful lee of the powerless that do nothing
Gold is being forged for bankers when we live
Waiting for the rising sun while the horizon fades that
Secret agents observe grinning in this mirror of water

THE IRREVERSIBILITY OF THE MEANINGS

The hyper-reality which plays for consumer
Elevates the imperative of the unscrupulous
The principle of causality of causes
The meaning of fate without jurisdiction
And the beneficial crushing of old ideals
By storms that rise higher and higher over the top

The Kantian movements which are immanent by
The relative of the irreversible spectacle that
Everyone - especially the mode's keeper - can
Confirm in the daily hypothesis which crosses
Runs counter to the correct behavior of ethicists
It is recommended to uninstall any uncertainty

We all have to do with meta comparisons
The measure of things the deterministic relationships
Those marks on the wall of desire and
In doing so an implosion triggers fields
Of radiation and the magnetic attractions
[In]differential attitude of the fantastic customer

Who pleas himself free while shrugging from all
Meanings of forms that ever really mattered
We are standing for openings of millions of doors
And flags and banners begin to fly
All those rings that people ever carried are being
Melted and the girl with the ponytail laughs

Out loud
Hihihi

Her eyes she opens them in a synergetic way

WONDER

The iron veins that move the ground
Skirt in their parallel dwindling lock
The sight of the Indian who already knew
Before our era of clouds split
By birds with stiff wings that
Rise shining to the source waiting for
A renewed exploitation similar like
The pride of the son of Daedalus

However survival has failed
That every pursuit for forces faster higher
And stronger leads to a drain
That the true nature is as it is and
That it is not for nothing that it is bounded
The general exceeds the lines of time
The loco motif derails on the bridge
The eagle descends moved by its prey

The wise man walks kneels in wonder
Surrenders his inner self to the all encompassing

TIME PIERCES

The locomotive is racing through
The hour of lost time
It hangs beside the Ark of Covenant
In the temple where once
Long ago
The artists and the
Creator

-
Together
-

Even had breakfast
Jam and eggs
With tea
In Japanese porcelain
Served by
A generous girl
In a kimono
On Zen's way

Although
The guardians of the cloth
The rules of 10 | 01
And by Cloud 9
The screaming of wheels
On iron
And more scuff on the
Barren land
Of the desert
Where they

-
The Cherubims
-

Once
Long ago
Guarded with eternal pleasure
The entrance
Of the
Garden
Where ever I
Once
Lived

Although
In the real time
Where clocks
Race
In a constructive way
Just like the locomotive
And more racing on the
Iron away from the poor country
Of the desert
Where they

-
The Cherubims
-

Guarded with eternal pleasure
The entrance
Of the
Garden
Where I once
Lived

Although
In pierced time
Where no bells
Toll

In a constructive way
And no more racing on the water
Of the seas where
Once the fish

Who carried the Ark
Across the universe
Connected to

-
The Cherubims
-

Guarded with eternal pleasure
The entrance
Of the
Garden
Where I once
Lived

Although
[...]

LITTLE MAN

One day it is
Is thoroughly this day you know
Know you think in moving images
Images as simple that show me how
How small a man in this world can be
Be here he is the opposite color
Color of the world in black
Black is the sum of all is not a color really
Really is more like red or yellow and blue
Blue eyes as flowers and water and in air
Air water and sea more like Lethe in a bath

Bath as in or
Or what is it
It is not this or that
That's more if if
If I do not remember

Know these are white squares of salt
Salt oh man salt of the Earth
Earth grain or corn in the air
Air the breathing of the heavens
Heavens the soul of this world
World sold by the man
Man oh little guy living in lilac

ToNe [NoTe] of your breathing soul
Who travels to the throne of final
Necessity

THE ANGEL IS BACK

And [s]he expresses supreme and paramount loveliness
In the form of immanent transcendent wave-lengths that
Transgress panoramic wide angle tales of universal peace and
Inspires the humanity to use the never ending words

Of superior aether-unity

Let us all bask in the glory of the angel!

The rubbing of inspired and tremendously aromatic
Oils on our skins whilst engaging in a rhythmic exploration
Of jumping-jacks in the spirit of traditional rain and sun dance
See the buffalo's dancing on the never ending plains

Of superior aether-unity

Let us all bask in the glory of the angel!

THE INNER ALL

There are people who think
About approaching kabbalistic ending
An inconvenient feeling

Don't believe them
Sense only warmth
A new beginning
Unravel the button
Jump out of Pandora's box
Unfold the one with the white parrot
Make the weight weightless

Just like the pearl girl
The golden shine in a [pa]radish
She's arriving on the glittering water
On the earth she's landing soft
The water on sand
The fire on water
The game of the chiaroscuro
Now is not later

The boat moves the dawning
The sparrows pick from the seeds
The buses are waiting
The mother is the father of the notion

Cornell Tajiri Bohr and Einstein
In the fantasy they come to mine
And they leave again
The confusion gets out of the way

All seeing and reading with pleasure
We must in a constructive way
Build the country
Protect from the hawk's claws

The carrying virtue is here
The face looks unending distant
The urge of being gets out of its senses
The all is already inside

THE SHOCK OF DAWN

Soon I am traveling to find a new harbor
Giving this suburban city life a long
Foreseen farewell

I am craving relentlessly for this
Something I long to and wish for

Myself declaring independence to see
The sun hovering over Kiwa's Great Sea
Again raising his brand and he embraces

Opens up and touches my inner core
Steers my most private nature's law and

The ending of the old and the coming of this
New eternal whirlwind is bursting in
Sound waves internally up my vertebrae

I simply surrender I adore to unlock and unfold the
Gates of heaven trust in it it's there inside of me

After all I find within a version of myself
Understand so clearly and rely in
All that is given for [to] me

He loves your eyes my dear
He sees them glowing full of desire

He who sees who I am within this
Ocean's imagery and he beholds me
My corps it celebrates it's dancing round

The discovering of this southern cross and
Stars like me full of light brighter and echoes

Like lightning flashing in the sky
He charms my almost lost origin
He is peeling of all barriers and layers

I am breathing deep into this awareness
It is so obvious I love God's

Lukewarm hands when molding me
And once again I am reborn
I am Nourished and All and Creating

There! I can rest now for a while and radiate in
The palm of his hands, surrendering to myself

I am just pulling myself up - as the sun does -
And leap forwards with green eyes open
I am the bearer of light I tremble

Flickering and waving over these crystalline
Waters and sail into my polished sanctuary

And the beginning is and the end of all
Is nothing else than the beginning
The shock of dawn is moving miracles

So generous to me and it cultivates me completely
A new child re-union reborn within this mysterious world

Will happen unraveling rising up again this loving union
My love is billowing through your gentle divine breath
Raise this loving flag these children of mine raise them please

Raise this flag! Raise my beautiful children!
Praise this flag! Praise my beloved children!

Higher and higher [4x in all directions of the wind]
Yes I find in you the
Answer of all existing answers

THE LEGACY IN THE LANDSCAPE

The legacy in the landscape houses the soul
So profound in its affection it processes the data
From the meandering rivers that grind mountains
The overlooking and the descent and the drenching
Of its skin in shimmering silver satin the ocean focuses
From within and in its wake cleave the fish
The waves of the languages of the dancers

The swaying hips words full of comfort and
They follow the spun yarn of the craft of operation
And the echo of the dream of the flower picking girl who
In sight of the troubled star gives life to the area of resonance
It anticipates to the line waiting for currents
Of increasing linguistics in infinite variations
It sounds it clatters it bends all

The births of manifestations to fulfill
The satisfaction of the profits of the fall of the corridor
And down the water flows it fills the empty valley
Energetically without beginning without end
Reaches the goal of life is drinking
It binds all logical interpretations of the liberal thought
Within the deepest breathing

UNITED COLORS OF THREE WISE MEN

Some few things do not end
Before they start budding in origin
See the dawn indifferent to the
Afterglow it shines on the glassy glaciers
It has left the running past the desire
Of having the possession of the rash
Access of mine am not possessed by the one and
Only power of the wire left and so redeemed
The reminder of future images its
Counterweight so heavily taxed the iron rig
The peace of the back bent is now illuminated
A dirt road full of diamonds a stream of
Thoughts come from leaving the heavenly haven
Unmoved the throne a possessed and noble
Stone rolls with and by gravitational forces is
Stranded on the border between past and present
The light of shades in three famous figures to
Pierce them means to spiral the calculating sums
Who join resplendent within the crystal rotating of
Symmetry and translates itself periodically into a form

THE HIDDEN PLACE

The relaxed canvas supports the sparkling
Space that gets rid of all armed arms wholly
Generous he offers our humble earthly
Mortals too to travel by to embrace
Thousands of golden hands and all of the hardships
Of forgotten predecessors they bring
The legend of the unbundled dimensions
To deposit itself and to follow
The silver thread of ultimate confidence
That leads to the blossoming of the soul so
Pure as this one once was before the lower id
Descending into the valley of the apple grove began
Where the procession of the reflexive the contemplative
Gets rid of all the layers mirrors a start[1]ing 01 | 10

STRINGS OF PURE DESIRE

The lord of irradiation is dreaming hermetically of a country
Where tiny men in small towns no longer
Fight and come forth peacefully in waters where the salty
Silence of yes-no and the breath relaxes deep in-out so
The royal blood circles in quiet movements
The excellent person walks inside-outside in perfect health
He presents himself for the first time for the media
He speaks knowledgeable and continues the discontinuation
Of the loss of the geometric butterflies that are left behind
On the pincushion of memories on the blank canvas while
The knife surgically cuts through the immaculate space
A dimension behind it reveals clouds and empty skies
The powerful pulling of the strings of pure desire lift him up
It coincides completely together and into itself as one

THE BREATHTAKING HORSE

And the chandelier burns its candles was
It the barbed wire that irritates the chained?
The fire that illuminates the eyes and set lights to
The pain that hurts the loving love?

One sunny morning you walk like a flower through the field
You know where to lie low and how to recline
You see all kinds of strange faces in clouds
You feel the high time that's approaching us
You nod yes and smile at me
You smear honey on your skin to soften

The sun also stings the bees every now and then
The chandelier illuminates and expands your room
You're not like barbed wire
The fire in your heart scorches
The pain that once separated us
Love lives on in us darling

No matter how you twist or turn
I see nothing but flowers
And breath in nothing else but you

The breathtaking horse rides from the
Dunes through the surf where the tide rises
Who breaks on the beach where the children
Build their sandcastles with a canal

To divert the water that not much
Later in a movement in retreat returns
Into mother's womb dynamics

That turns our eyes into sleep
And the doctor heals wraps the bandage
Round your sprained ankle

THE BREATH CREATED BY THE TREE

In this round numbered trees life
Are many trees that give
Breathing air without a face

Live without hearing
Without naming the flowing life
Branches flutter in the wind

Excited whispering speak from leaf to leaf
Of ages and ages long lasting always
Snakes swing up and down

Colorful new born birds sing breathe in and out
The monkeys swing the herd lingers in your shadow
The leopard falls asleep in your embrace

The giraffe reaches out and licks your leaves
The stork breeds high in your crown
The dog pees and you hold back without complaint

Then the man passes by with
His numbers from zero to nine
To tell stories

The tree falls with a sigh
Notes the paper in many languages
Read words from A to Z

Accept changes like clouds do
Thousands of libraries tell us
We all live close to the line

The memories turn the pages
Give power through spirit over mind
The carrying of the seed

Remember the wooden faces the houses furniture canoes
His juices like blood for the man who writes his words in ink
The consciousness of this world in the cerebral tree and cortex

Like the building of the spinal cord
Thus grow the branches out of the trunk
The stem sprouts from the root of the seed

Like tree so man
Man walks through green meadows and
Through forever gone forests on and on

Man must love cherish above all
Embrace protect the tree
Trunk the barren ground

Mmm breathe in fresh the oxygen
Tree takes care day in day out the
Blue deep the sky

Yellow the fruit of the tree
Green white red brown
NoTe [ToNe] of my nature

Poumon de la vie
Lung of the life
Long van het leven

Le haleine tu créa
The breath you create
De adem die jij schept

Like the harpist's fingers are a secret
Your leaves a victory radical

THE MORPHO[UN]LOGICAL POEM: IAMBUSJAM

I [A mush of words]

Stands afar
Doesn't come near
Is not a par'
Doesn't really belong within this sphere

The rule the sentence the verse the rhyme
The belles-lettres
Belonging to the first
The quatrain above

These days are like a mush of words
Like trombone-forest saxophone-pond
Strawberry recitation
Association equipage peanut-Roquefort
What-else-can-there-be-more
Intonation-chorus
Iambusjam

Don't anapest me at the willow tree
The poet recalls
And play Debussy's "La Mer" on your piano
As an in-betweeny he wheedles in her ear

Kill your darlings is also a rule in poetry
But he is not a murderer

Drive-by-poetry
Everything twisted like Chubby Checker
Lies are true red is blue vice is virtue
Plunder is philanthropy entropy is negentropy
Reality is fake the mountain a lake
Shake it baby shake your twisted butt
He is a bird he is an aero-plane the human brain insane
This rhyme is done
Men's rhyme true inner nature became undone

Searching reading copying pasting deleting
The peeling off of layers to explore the core
Mingle all again and again rethinking [...]
The [ex]change of minds of differentiation [...]
A porridge of meaning[full][less] words
Made of split peas bacon horse-hoof goat-fig
Apples-out-of-the-Earth

Celeriac
Leek
Celery
Sausa-
ges

And as dessert
An extra
Steaming Brussels sprouts
With
Fat gravy
In a pit
Vanilla custard
With
French fries and hash
Turkey egg doused with
Molten candy

From all fatigue after this delicious dinner
The poet lays
Himself down
Falls asleep
And stands up
Later

Slides
The royal measured curtains aside and
Looks straight through the daily
Affairs of
The noiseless ocular testimony
That passes by his mind's eye

And see! The daydream becomes true
The ice cream man brings French fries
Please one without
With mayonnaise
He is leaving quicker than silver
Indifferent and immediately
Moved to tears by the
Moneyed poetry
Poem - poète - poet

II a [Doublespeak talking politicians deceive]

Doublespeak talking politicians deceive the citizens and the disbanded pillars of society where innocent violinists play a quartet next to grieving widows are moved to tears those women who give birth to children with open spines club feet cracked skulls because money changers' uranium poison bombs destroyed the garden now unlivable the doves of peace are crying and the mirror of fish has drowned in dumped chemicals streaming sobbing through the low valley of the damned into a powerless rotting cancerous hell for the breathless sick people and the darkness and the slaughter of the aged loneliness and today they swallow the redeeming pill the ice is melting the dried lips the bursting volcanoes the radiant opulence the shriveled skin the burning fiery dry invasive plant the unexpected city noise the post-historic bombs fall relentlessly and the religious canon of the tolerant against the intolerant values against the non-values the not observing soulless being falls back the longing to breathe apple thyroid glands the dark day rises on the ridge of the lost horizon it is not a coincidence that this leads to an account of randomness that lacks any worthy connection the missing time is against us the tide comes within the timeline of the post-truth epoch stinking rotten fiendish jaws gauntlets spit the fire of the supreme lie the dark vaults of the nebulous thing an ignorantly wrought labyrinth of millenary wandering through a doomed path of life through fog and haze rolls the stubborn Sisyphus the boulder again and through lost markers of eternal time crushed upon the shores and the death of the deeply mirroring messenger does not move the meek populace anymore not once never again

II b [The harmonic melody of breath absolute]

The harmonic melody of breath absolute
Rises up the scale of tones and transcends
Into a cotton clouded sky a gentle pursuit
For beauty where soul's true music blends

The osmosis in natural silent flow
Between cell membrane fine and thin
A communal reciprocity you know
A vital dance where life begins to spin

Water drops fall enrich the world profound
With nutritional potency vibrant and pure
Flowers open their petals spellbound
Where abundance bathes light self secure

The vast Pacific sapphire calm and deep
A canvas where sunbeams dance and play
Is stirred by giants from slumbers steep
Whose tails like thunder lash the waves away

With mighty blows they churn ocean's heart
A symphony of surging swirling might
In depths where coral castles start
Their presence echoes fade in infinite

The water bursts a tempest in its wake
Dolphins dance their graceful ballet tread
Their happy songs tales of thousands of ages make
A vibrant deep felt life that's celebrated and read

A beetle rolls a clod with patient might
In the Valley of Kings where secrets lie
A tiny creature working day and night
A testament of life beneath the sky

A brown bear slumbers in winter's dream
Of golden honey flowing late in spring
A sleep deep a peaceful hidden scheme
A promise of rebirth on beehive wing

The antelope with newborn in her care
Reveals the world's promise bright and new
A mother's love beyond compare
A tender bond forever warm and true

The glass butterfly a delicate sight
Of dance in life a cadence light and free
A fragile creature taking high flight
The desire of wings for all to see

A playful fox with cunning in her eyes
Learns mischief from mother wise and bold
In verdant fields beneath azure skies
A trick of tales of sunlight stories told

The astronomer with telescope on mountain land
Studies stars from galaxies light years away
A cosmic dance conducted by unseen hand
Created billions of years ago a divine play

In a glass cathedral clear full of light
Chladni's patterns sounds of the idiophone
An octet's resonance a wondrous plight
Of chorale in sound an evoking tone

The emperor adorned in ermine white
Enters his palace where reflections gleam
A thousand images a dazzling sight
His mirrored shadow world predicts majesty's dream

The football striker with powerful kick
Sends the ball soaring past keeper's hand
A perfect shot the net begins to flick
The audience erupts a joyful cheering band

The fire truck's siren with piercing sound
Across the Champs Elysee a Doppler's call
Upon classical facades where beauty's found
An orchestra of sound bouncing from stone wall

Two lovers kiss beneath Eiffel Tower grace
A secret rendezvous under moon's soft light
A whispered promise in steel eyed space
Their affection a beacon shining ever bright

Gala graceful in her silken Geisha dress
Admires its beauty woven fine and fair
From silkworm threads a masterpiece no less
A colorful tapestry beyond compare

With fragrant oils touch soft and warm
Each inch of her a delight to behold
A sensual massage a calming storm
To caress her body a journey to be told

In the garden peach plum such sweet excite
Juices flowing down nose chin and lips
A taste of summer hot pure dynamite
Such sensual pleasure such delicious drips

The sunrise breaks upon volcanic shore
On sandy beach playful waves crash with roar
The sight of sun sea sand for now forevermore
Earth's the hymn a miracle of nature to adore

III [As if it]

It matters
It doesn't matter
It's about something
It's not about something
It happened before
It never happened
It's the beginning of the end
It's the end of the beginning

IV [Unless everything]

Everything matters
Everything doesn't matter
Everything is about something

Everything is about nothing
Everything has happened
Everything has to happen
Everything is a beginning-end-beginning

V [*Because time*]

Time is ripe / Time withers / Time grinds / Time thaws / Time turns /
Time goes straight / Time melts / Time slows down / Time speeds up /
Time dies / Time breathes / Time happens / Time runs out / Time stops /
Time drips / Time dries out / Time is relative / Time branches /
Time continues / Time twists / Time crawls / Time is running out /
Time varies / Time lengthens / Time balances / Time animates /
Time is cunning / Time ticks / Time grows / Time avoids / Time buries /
Time gives birth / Time is now / Time is not

VI [*Because we*]

We matter / We go for it / We take place / We grow / We discover /
We remember / We forget / We dissolve / We behold the end
from the very beginning

VII [*Like*]

The pit sucks itself full of rain
The pigeon descends into the garden
We grow old together
We live in harmony

So dawn approaches
With wings spread

The sun embraces the
Morpho[un]logical poet full of hope
And he kisses the reader
Attentively awake

The nightmare
Is not the stallion
Of morning glory

The peanut-Roquefort
Is not the powerful rock
Topped with a chocolate sauce

Where the surf
Breaks itself into bits

Or the strong double fortress
Where the tower changes

With the king who sits
On a carriage pulled by sheep
And steals molten cheese from the beggar

About the Iambusjam
This poet will be silent
Up until his grave

Unless the reader will pay
Abundantly for it

Also it is a fact or
Maybe also not that
This last and actually

All previous sentences
The words that appear
Between the lines

Do [not] accord
With reality
As it presents itself
To this poet

In this time of doppelgänger-talk
Where the absence is present or vice versa
And makes us roam in the [in]sight of
Our inner [in]ability

BREATH IN DELICATE AIR OF DESIRE

I breathe in delicate air of desire
My very essence fueled by your fire
You fill me up a vessel complete
My pounding heart skips a joyous beat

You feed elixir of life potent and deep
While shadowed secrets around us sleep
I eat you metaphorically with hungry heart
Making our spirits one piece of maximal art

I grab you close within my embrace
Enjoy the haven of your loving face
You reach for me a hand in the night
Guiding me onward with pure true light

You move with me a dance benign
Embraced bodies in perfect align
I surrender to you your will be done
To you my love forever drawn

IN THE GARDEN WHERE FLOWERS SOFTLY SWAY

Within the silence of beautiful blooms kisses are heard
Sweet Venus stands a vision her essence her life forever stirred
A golden shell afloat on azure sea sun's blushing his morning beam
Her marble form gleams a sculpted goddess of painter's dream
Cupid darts with eager aim the Three Graces are dancing in delight
Their laughter swirls like a refrain sings chords from glowing light
Mercury in fiery cloak with caduceus firm in graceful hand
Guides through realms of peace where art and beauty expand

Through verdant maze Flora's children coil stories from far are told
Blooms wake up in cool fresh air a tapestry of nature young and bold
Each flower a promise lays bare the melody of drums and trumpets seen
The dance of life's sweet snare pulls the break of day the pretty queen
With hair spun gold a heavenly crown she likes all to enter her embrace
Yet deep within her gaze profound is found aware a tranquil space
In eyes of boundless skies where thousand secrets of her heart reside
In every blossom's tender rise her love belongs to all of nature's might

Empress of spring awakens colors to meet the piper when dawn is nigh
Within garden's hallowed view the very soul of her does lie in every sigh
Beneath a cheering tree an epic poem reigns of breath and fragrance fine
Bestows childlike kisses where our hearts connect and thus entwine
Within this sacred art of Venus's garden stands my goddess divine
Every moment a fresh rebirth on canvas a painted masterpiece
Of nature a flame that never dies where all of humanity combine
On mother Earth we live in her enchanted place in peace

WALKING BAREFOOT JUST FOR THEM

Walking barefoot gentle on the grass hiding in dew
Clouds pass by in silence just as seagulls do
Wild horses embrace each other on the wide empty field
They gallop 'way the dry ship sails to the salty shore

Children posing and wonder why the winds of time
Make them fall in warm embrace and loving arms
Of a smiling man without a known face but too kind
Who flew over white mountains over the burning desert

Just for them

A goose spreads his wings shakes his feathers
A caterpillar unfolds his arms of sugar and rises up high
A snake shakes of his skin the earth knows what to do
Palm tree leaves rock 'n float driven by the sea breeze

Pearls and stones sink to the bottom of the crystal sea
Fields full of coral reef such colorful coastal line
Walking on water was so easy that typical sunny day
Holding my breath in deep the waves above collapse

Just for them

The spider web in the sky follows patterned signs ages old
Twinned they whirl over sand and I relish in them
Looking deep in azure eyes shine eternal flowering stars
Dance all day at night I fall asleep meeting with my maker

And they such loveliness!
Such sweetness the both of you
All radiant bliss full breathing
The universe told me to go there

Just for them
So I went there
Just for them

THE SKIN OF MY EARTH AND THOSE OF THE OCEANS

The inheritance of degrees of latitudes and longitudes
[The distance measured in miles between west east
North south in whatever which landscape]
Process the [our] information and those of
The skin of my tenacious earth and those of the oceans
The district of life in action and blinding lights

A strong disk of gold one silver soft
And many t[a]inted spots practice their powers
And turn back analogously returning again and again
These exceptional events are reported
By the thread that angles to the true
Exploitation of the first handicraft

We live in endless seas within the wake of flying fish
We who breath in the matrix of the conspiracy of lines
We repeat the never lost sequences who numerically
Bring in remembrances they bow and give birth to the
Surface of self and the expressive thoughts of the dancers
Move between many chances and the performance of longing

In the middle of the flowering lotus flowers appear
Forever increasing streaming languages of movements
These are being tread upon swayed until they reach the goal
Of evolution [that is us being there] shines and varies
The persistent ratios of size speak to each other
His models move between registration and means

Of change his stories pervade the neocortex
The DNA the interpretation of dreams the virtual game
Of the future as it is implied is endearing

As the girl and
The boy are
When they come together

BREATHING THE VITALITY IN EACH CELL

At the entrance to the sea vibrates a comforting beating heart
The soft night wind plays free jazz in shine and sparkling copper
Silver seagulls float scattered above the black ribbon of water
The intimate kissing of each other on the quay of the sea harbor

The fiery stream of the lovers dives dizzying deep and from
Single egged frankness and cuddling seeds it flows it streams
Royal the blood through eight muscled rooms of congenial nature
The vortical beam who ignites voluntary our worldly tasks the

Vertebrate animal breathes in the immeasurable vitality in
Each cell and the considerable complicated motive declares
To the melodious crowd that embrace all worldly affairs
These are the operations which are dedicated to everyone

The midnight hour strikes - such is her darkened task -
It imagines magical realistic paintings playful
Vines bubbles ants egg yolks opened pupils
In which the life is reflected of earlier inhabitants
Who loved above all the stream that lead to the

Question
Who are you?

I am the man with that single finger
Who manifests

CONDUCTOR

I wonder myself how
The electro-magnetic universe
The direct knowledge of my
Own existential boundaries

The two-component plasma
Of time and energy
Produces as a by-product
Just like that randomly [?] matter

And I just think that [...]
That what's it about the simplicity
From the water the insulator
Nature is always searching

The one [1] folded way
Objects do not exist
What I perceive as subjects
Is in the actuality

A delay in time
The basis of the underlying idea [...]
Is that time and energy
Shape matter

And the condensation of it
How beautiful it vibrates and shines
It's true that we
Are conductor only

And how we
Exist in the
Electro-magnetic
Universe!

ACTIVISOR

The global elites believe the earth belongs to them
The rest of us are useless eaters
Cattle who must be culled in
A new order to save the planet for themselves

There are not that many elites
Several million thousands perhaps
But they appear to
Hold all the cards

That is what they want you
To believe the truth
Is as long as
They control the narrative

They maintain control of
The levers of power
Keeping the matrix going
They manage all this

Through fear and mind control
With the help of a complicit
Corporate media
Most of whom do not realize

That they will not survive the cull
If only the individual human being
Could start to think critically
Centering reality around

Their local community
Adopting a service to others mentality
And start to internalize and rationalize
Events rather than externalizing them

They would soon remove the fear factor
This approach will be necessary to set
Humanity on the path to a different future
Which is what the awakened population is striving for

WHAT'S AT STAKE?

The deep state is a global network of multi-nationals
Of central banking espionage murder war it's
Mercenaries perform destabilization campaigns
Of blackmail and extortion

With child abuse and human trafficking
Of drug running
Of weaponry assaults
It's money laundering it's corruption

In the highest levels of society
The NSA is spying
The deep state controls the media
It controls the intelligence agencies

They control all the distribution lines of
The CIA FBI MI6 Mossad the coaxial cable communication
Of espionage spying of the surveillance state

These agencies are all built on
The British model of intelligence
It's divided and highly compartmentalized
Its levels function as a step pyramid model of authority

The monarch reigns is only the face of the top stone
How this plays out is anyone's guess
These psychopaths are just the facade of

Rogue elements of the deep state they will not go quietly
If not dealt with now they'll disappear only to resurface
At a later date with one objective only
Creating mayhem that's what they like

It's those selected highly compartmentalized
Criminal pure evil rogue elements
At the deep state top that have had control
Since all presidents' men executions and have entrenched

Themselves for ages and refused to relinquish control
It's the black hats versus the white hats
It's economic oligarch's criminal dynasties
These must fall and we should refuse them

It's enlightened humanity what's at stake

THE CUT FACETS OF THE HIGHEST OMNISCIENCE

The [no][some]thing object/subject awakens within the urge of
Introspection it unleashes the turning the ideas are well thought
Of the experiencing of wholeness is factually before the
Performances as if it were true feelings that individuals experience
Electro-graphically in coherence without separate existence of the
Unique personification all give to each other the fullest fulfillment
In donating relaxed togetherness within polite witticisms

Am self in the being am the denomination of the progress to self
Inquiry am the awakening of the reflection am the universe am the
Individual the us the self the whole of humanity the past the future
The space am it now am no fraud no illusion am this wholeness
This something this is the playground of the see-through am the
Recognition of the connection am at rest awaken willingly in the
System which is preceded by the source of the paradigm

Am the self through and through in the element of the singular
Being am the one individual being in the self is the awareness of
The world am that person who embraces all the happiness resist
Myself not against all everything am everywhere am the showing
Of the sight am the echo of the optical being am the affiliated
Am no proposition before am a one a circle course to be in the
Being this means always to become to that-which-is discover
Awaken blossom in love live! live! live!

The [non]locality is bound and the rhizome pierces
The enlightened skin underground it sees through thoroughly
It's nature and continues the whole of all cut facets
In united aspects am the greatest experience self [us we]
And go forth my way investigate the convictions of the meaning
Of the origin the binding the earthen of my kind am the
Establishing of experiences within the landscape am the individual
The radiating example of the visible urge from the exposing well

My being is not alone and the question of the reality of the highest
Omniscience in all its mirroring forms is no deceit lose my own
Illusion am the grain which sprouts above the soil from the root
That comes together in the same world am in the fulfillment of
Giving an example am the beaming impression of simplicity which
Originates when I gaze in the mirror of the enlightened ocean
Which penetrates forward as that appearance of the
Beginning-end-beginning and my self-awareness

THE GLASS CURTAIN OF 1000 SILVER MIRRORS

Our story is the result between no better one than
This one an imitation of another famous
Curiosity is the pulsating power for the searcher
Of naked existence the ever-occurring tide
Discovers the present life is within its inner core

The boundless love vibrates not yet colorful and it streams
Not yet oh so hastily in the violet silk ocean of infinity it drowns
Voraciously breathless in the beginning of the space which
Is being guarded by the head of ultimate truth one detail
Of his eye is reflected within the ultramarine monochrome

He expects to function quite good within the light conditions
Of the glowing being there so that the quiet existence sacrifices
Itself dearly for another his vision forms the mall of the silent sea
And within the milky colored glass he is sleeping deep
Without movement between the unborn crystal coral

Clocks of wisdom recognize the legend
Of the invisible hand who wants to sing snares
Of wicked curvatures in twelve tonalities
Never he did see the sun rise in the middle of the night
He discovers that the most miraculous is truer than

The ugliest lie he lines his fingers on the snares and the focal point
Spreads out fresh he vibrates for the unknowing masses which are
Not put into life yet the destiny is flourishing within the sight
Of the privileged who may catch a glimpse of the brain
That buds out of the world of standstill the [sur]real story of

Eternal life starts with the first vibrating word
He mingles it all he mingles it all over and anew and anew and
Anew [repeat] all ingredients fall divided and together
Renewed in one truthful formula landscapes start
To sing in harmony with each other from a long distance

The punctuality of time arrests us from the first instance and we
All feel that it is not a coincidence that life is put in some
In dry [t][p]ainted deserts where sand dunes whistle
As pipe organs and the glass curtain of 1000 silver mirrors sings
Even if he is out of tune with unknown signs

From the very first times

He has many revelations and
Out of the void we all came and
The source of circumstances
Between the singing planets
And the peace of heavens

Streams from that beautiful day
The celestial bodies know how their
Required identity stays bound to
The company of the glorious symphony of
Silver coins and golden rings

THE IN THE BREATH SITUATED

My only substance has collapsed under the weight of the world
The last spaceships flee from the earthly violence the treacherous
Way that persisted into a behavior which took distance from the
Truth and the tragedy closed the doors in front of our evading eyes
And proofed as such that we are unleashed creatures
Who felt only half-heartedly at home in this world

Longing for the other one the one which is lain behind the breath

Fearful to show real feelings that the unrest of man's behavior
Brought upon us was as is known denied by cruel polluters

Seated in my Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow it is comfortably
Meditating about paradise and the nets of camouflage which
Are spun by devotees and what will happen to us as long as you
Do believe in the final destination wherever that may be
Does not matter the easy way where I do not have to park
For the inevitable consequences that will happen
When the last breath deprives my sight to the garden

The one which is lain before the breath

My hands lay upon the golden wheel the waves break on the coast
I oscillate between the truth and untruth the new horizon
Unmount the blue lounge

The sketch of the room of the birth of the hypothesis that is
Brought upon us by the hypophysis between the [un]even case and
Those streams of the fundamental laws the short-circuit between
The weak the strong the lamp that one in the centre the [un]seen in
The streams of time is [in]audible the clocks that house in
The tree of life the tree of knowledge and the glory of the comedy
Of curvatures makes that the strings of the violin
Pull upon the wooden tuning peg

Of the present the past the now within this moment
The one which is lain between two respirations

THE ISOPERIMETRIC QUOTIENT

The first character and its happy shadow
Dance across the pond of comfortable solace
The son shelters in the hollow belly of the
Dancer the wife of the astronomic
Scale that supports his birth into the world
Vocally thanks to trembling lines of web spun

In the square of fortune lies the isoperimetric
Quotient just as the vocabulary of
The final allotment that is being offered
To the husband of radiance who dances his ring of fire
Impressively over her unborn curvature
Her impending child is only a pea hasn't been set

Into motion yet to turn planets and the victory
Of vitality sends a signal to the womb
Of winged flower petals full of life the firebird
[Once egg] sketches the dilemma between the first illustration
Of the context of the figurative and
The only true reality the divine chanting estimates

How the dictionary of
Discovering elementary minerals
Is put into gear

The universe evaporates
Where it is
The detective will know

ORPHEUS & EURYDICE

An independent medium creates without any help
Is the universal chorus of supreme merit
Includes the sounds and colors that define the height
And the depth of the limitless fence [that is not]
What is the key word that reveals all into the light?

The practice shows that the circles' hypothesis contains triangles of
Affectionate [that is inner] dignity the will of the future gives a twist
To the effect that the calculation of the scale desires

Can you hear him [it]? The peculiar observer and reproducer
Of the heavens sings he plucks his songs!
The one who knows who has uncovered this issue may say so

What have I produced?
The gift of harmonic structure!
It is [n]ever completed

The diachronic provisions of the universe have just started it is
Within itself consistent within the ticking of the clock the music and
The writing of the numbers 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 set free the spiritual
Being and places them in the topological space the boundary is
Completely and ambiguously broken in ontological way [Ø]

“What are you playing?”, asks Eurydice with a voice out of
The depths of her Solar Plexus her whole being rolls
Downhill as lightning bolts all the way into a brightened valley

The thought and the nurse of freedom bind the patient to the
[Laughing]-[crying] fate of the breathable story of life to the
Difference that is defined between right[eousness] and [un]right
Orpheus [there he is!] has already learned it all he does
Not look back to the landscape of his origin that he loves
He is preserving universal wholeness he embraces with whole

His heart his instruments his voice his love Eurydice

THE FIRST SNARE OF SUBLIME CONNECTION

I am the real
An idealization
Of the single idea

Thousands of forms
Millions of figures
New single idealizations and

Renewed revelations expose
Find recognition in the profound answer
In the vocabulary of the dancing reversals

The fusillade of randomness disappears
Blinded by its own frequency rises
The immeasurable thought enlightened

Out of the lap of the recognized trembling
The first snare of sublime connection
Couples awareness

To the search for freedom
That lies hidden deep within the inner reflection
Of the creation by the self

THE LOST POEM

Look at my life I am not a thing pull push and throw away as you only please I have a heart a soul a body full of love to give give it every time we meet when I write when I think of you I shared life with you I will never forget the miracle of you and me I have great respect for you your way in the life show some to me as well when I look at us I do see the true self I see the reflection in a mirror deep inside we are the ocean of life light and love with no boundaries at all out of the deepest darkness of ignorance light the other way round in our lives we had a wonder to share we could be together to defend afraid to be loved by a man you choose man tear him apart take advantage all of me dump me after you got what you need the greed to accept when devotion is given to you is the key that will set you free but now you run and run on the lonely road of disillusion traveling traveling never at home cannot accept your hysteric and egoistic self I am not a tool for you this is not like you at all it only shows the shadow the fear for the tenderness to accept to be loved eternally we could have and share so much fun the way it started the most joyous moments of our lives your children at home they are the dance the ones to share day in day out the sun all around I want to shuffle with you to romance to light the candle in the house to go to the opera sing of purest bliss the most romantic aria only for you I don't want to hurt you I want to be to come to walk free in time with you together not apart always apart far away never together again kills me my heart I fall crumble on the cold floor my body cries my all my princess my queen you are the best in you and me really it would be wonderful you know all about it don't push embrace I want to shampoo you to talk to cook deliciously to make love on a soft carpet till the morning comes to bow humble for the lotus feet of my beloved oh deer stretch your neck out at me I do not live in the past it could all be true in a few days in a week with Christmas New Year in June what the fuck is wrong with us? oh no I don't have time I run I fly I am busy never time for myself to look at my life to find the inner self the phone is ringing I have to go forget about myself always the gold hunger to think of money honey once a year I am free holidays in a fancy hotel gunmen in front of the door to protect me from being free schedule appointment business run run run out of breath house mortgage car petrol shopping parking factory is very important yes it is yes the greed is unraveling the jealousy the insecurity is undoing all the joy that could be true we could have so much fun shine like the sun days weeks year in year out

oh laisse moi [oh let me] vis ta vie [look at your life] oublié moi [forget me]
tu dit [you say] écoute ma voix fidèle [listen to my faithful voice] pourquoi
chérie m'avoir cette affront? [why love are you insulting me?] c'est une mort
cruelle [it's a cruel murder] une vie sans toi [a life without you] une épée à
mon coeur [a sword in my heart] mais oui mais non [oh yes oh no] jamais
un autre jour avec mon sacré fille [never another day with my holy girl]
l'amour un jour idéal [love once ideal] ta coeur une pierre [your heart a
stone] my broken body plants a fallopia for you full of fire new life I water
the plant drop by drop week after week year after year it grows is alive and
blooming for you

Now the flowers
Have withered
The leaves fallen

Your rosy smile
In the diamond sky
Says goodbye

THE NEW ORDERLY UNITIES

A contemporary novel travels through a mountainous area
Where certain story lines of post-modern criminals proud
And highly honored sit on seats full of extravagant motives
Of rock and climbing ropes they bow for the president

Of the underworld from the metropolis where winds sway
Chillingly across the rough wavy lake and he confirms the changes
And the additions in the fundamental law books
He gives instructions for the lust generating materialism

And the international army of well-paid volunteers pulls into
And through the delicious area full of narcotics
Where they confiscate the rude game of the trade in the releasing
Of opiates that confirm the sick superior doctor in his addiction

The day of the battle for earth that was predicted by many
Indigenous inhabitants follows out of the dilemma of
Human uncertainties about ingenious having or to have not
And that simply extends itself into wrongful doings

And thus shuts himself in total loneliness off from the origin
The vocabulary of the first prompter tells convincingly
About the resurrection of the idle earth vampire
Who with a monkey on its knee all too proudly offers costumes

Oil wells water pipes pincushions glass riffles mirrors skulls
Gold bars the criminal politician who interprets the epic poem
Of power entirely distinctive on the festival for the rich
Of the earth knows how to convince his audience

Of the guil[d][t] of the nonconformist
If they seize to live up to his advice then the discourse
Of the smoking gun will confirm those accidents that disinherit
Worldwide the museums of peace and leave behind burned

Libraries full of wisdom where scrolls write about depleted seas
And the true profound life lies hidden behind locks
The family of man looks happily forward yearning
For a broadcast about certain new orderly unities

THE FILTER OF THE PENETRATING LIGHT

The origin the source we are the connection the all in all
The wholeness in totality the hypotheses of the first science
Includes the silver horizon and in a valuable glass
Mystery mirrors itself and the breaking of the frozen screen
The inexorable thought disappears totally
And within silence into the vacuum

The lives that we write are delicious herbs which grow satiated
And those who land on this blue earth eat joyfully of the heavy
Land full of vegetables and fruits and we breath in the purest air
The affection the trembling vibrations does it all over anew
And anew the dancing over high hills and into deep valleys

The masculine comes deep one seed sprouts in the soft lap of
Immortality the shell of protection will take care of
The vulnerable life being dependent of the radiation of longing
The being in life flowers blossoms the embryo grows
Underneath and breaks inwards outwards out within sight

One day full of sounds the fetus loses the fleece of connectivity
It climbs the flesh rich life the disclosure of fields
Full of transparent crystals dream clouds swirl over
The mental reaching to the spherical star
The landing of the truest essence the careful flowering obligation

The body the filter of the penetrating light that ascends descends
Below above our eyes wallow clearly filled in full colors
Heart to heart eye to eye ear to ear the lively love in sight
Our feet take steps without remorse clearly freed
We walk with affection put our listening soul
So soft upon woolly moss full of inner satisfaction

THE POLITICS OF UNCERTAINTIES

The land the air the sea reminds us of those excellent choirs
Who sing in musical words in not[e]ations about world
Revolutions of the raising of the iron curtain and
About the hurrying of the history of our fate
Never before such an original symphonic poem did come up
About our well-earned legacy which stays lain in deep pockets
Just as the unwilling smile the wild stomping clipper
Of the happy rich cleaves the highest waves so that it is easy
To park the money vaults between the lawn and the trees
Who stand in line at the border of the high cliff
And the challenging empty abyss

The tension sounds crackling between the owners
And the have-nots the trembling images who form reality
Must let them go loose and those who sell the painful
Experienced feud toast on the medium which the have-nots
Do not master so that the chiefs challenge their powers
Upon the working of the second law of thermodynamics
Which leads to battles to battered skulls because as such
They so violently emphasize their vanity with ultimate designs
Of well-known weapons who make people pay
A lot for images of unrest

The corrupt senator drips his cents on the market place and
Leaves the poor behind to battle for nothing because
Their defeat is not his dammed business and he keeps on
Laughing laughing hahaha and is happily grateful for all
Those sheep because they do not do anything but voting
For the politics of powerful uncertainties and they fall for sure
For the hastily closed asylum so that all fail their true identity
Of peaceful coexistence such is the enemy of the elite
Who urge the muffins of darkness to rob
The free spirit of its enlightened soul

THE SURFACE OF THE VACUUM

The rolling primal salute investigates informal the ease
With which the inherent observer rises out of the lake
See there fares the boat of manners and inner ethics

He parades proudly the strong bow trustworthy
Through the valley streams the river a gluttonous chain
Of causalities that follows the thermic band

In the vineyard it is pleasant to stay within happiness
The tank of the unstable military he melts it
His shocking salutes will belong to the last burden

And disappears in the middle of the process of design
Out of the unbearable frame the peaceful document
Whispers softly it objects gently against the tragic lecture

Who examines the violent past of those leaders
Who mourn miserable and insufficiently
By the silent wall of the complaining thought

Of those fiercely exiled and the winds of autumn
Of our tribulation full of pitiful failures make

The seconds laugh
The powers bend
Fear the lies

Form the chances
Curl the toes
Dispute the vacuum

The dawn of the criminal who impoverishes
The opportunistic buyer with presupposed inevitabilities
In scales full of crises that deal with secret prices of hoodlums

That dishonor the world and acquire support for their vaults
And of republics and those kingdoms and those stupid peoples
Who believe in tariffs that are being found unobjectionable

And will feed those - the banks that is - fortunately finally
With graphics that are being proposed within mirrors
Of ambiguous conditions and as such indicate
That we are all bound on the drug that cooks

Our need for more more more an inexhaustible well of nothing
Of twisted numbers that digitally indicate the periodic system
Of [high]-[low] interest that feeds incomprehensible formulas
And so completely emphasizes the void

Of the underworld that governs over the computerized being
And robs total virtually the man who hungers for freedom
For his rights as they are being opposed by obedient politicians

And put in its place
The nature of
Our longing for

The unlimited being
The [non]sense of doubt
The lost thought

The demand of all
The black gold
Those twisted powers

AN EXHIBITION FULL OF WORDS AND IMAGES

The bringer of religious violence rolls off the spool
A heavy saddened film around my sore neck blames
All against when and where if it suits him well

Hello sunbeam you make me march in your name
Your propelling power forces me through the heavy weather
For ages and centuries against my peaceful will

Devilish horrors were my ways through hell
The smell of fields of charnel were opposed upon me
I cried painfully bent over the poppy fields

The schizophrenic dictator installs his thoughts
By magnetic influence of the plasma screen
It plays an exhibition full of words and images

The antagonist is being scoffed the editor in chief of the network
That falls on the turbid sclera of the worthy gentleman
Of the justified perception is heartless

His vision brings bloody streams across the fields and wild roaring
Currents full of fear over the heads of the powerless
Atrocities scattered by wild electronic eyes

So far it has come with us
However behind the highest mountain
Rises the most beautiful sunshine I am silenced sit still

The core of immeasurable love
Which streams in and out of each other's pores
Shall will overcome

THE HEALING OF THE WO[U]ND[S]ERS

Elaborate circumstances tend to undertake connections
Between corroded bodies who were made to speak by
The great unknown the fate of unlimited sleep infiltrates
Within us as the frequent reciprocal arrangement will endorse
Who triumphantly welcomes the glimmering king to play
With the thought to reopen the palace for those residents
Who can distinguish the happiness of the evolutionary
Vertebrate animal and the dazzling scripture and those facts
That indicate that the alleged territory is reshaped from dust
Into sparkling light thanks to quantified winds of the ecstatic
Sunbeam which is being brought upon us within
The ultramarine shadow of the grand master whose ordeal
On that single day while the darkened winter flees
For the sunny summer

Hear! the cover slides away the opening of the box of connection
Is taking place so that butterflies and moths dance above
Multicolored oceans of rising light and our trembling morning star
Challenges his followers to play the undeniable battle between
The technological horror that the sons of chaos have prepared
Against those peaceful inhabitants who share with each other
Real humanistic experiences and hopeful vocabularies
Of guaranteed metamorphoses their curiously enlightened
Cubes are gypsums of triumph that rule over the entire
Atmospheric apparatus and the tragic burden that once
Sighed under the [just released] gravity disappears in
Tenacious graves seas of crosses as stones stacked up high
Century after century we were being dodged by guiles
Didn't we grasp that we are light [dot wave] itself the firearms
In service of the masters of deceit become extinct as dinosaurs

The wo[u]nd[s]ers heal

THE JUDGE OF MORALITY

The melody of this perfect day is answered grimly
By the paper tribunal it describes the inner public hearing
By the judge of morality who in his velvet copper colored pants
Shows signs dot by dot and printing presses those who are
Responsible for the maintenance of the idle table of values
He declares to the first teacher the businessman
The fried penguin orchestra which time it is
All are well-dressed and sit straight in their pretty stiff
Ironed coats under the hot sun that clock

She [the first convicted environmentalist] looks like an iceberg
Who drifts from Antarctica to Belize where the light water
Wholly aware triumphs over other matters and this one melts
In the lap of Earth's comedy who behaves as a joker who
Liberates others of opinions about the judgement of costly time
Who dances in circles and mumbles in audible sonorous sounds
Magnetic warmed beams descend on the white collar
And the magistrate plays his role methodically

As a complete deranged spirit who prejudices the most
Unnatural within us his fantastic hand pulls the trigger
Of the electric chair which vibrates so that within one second
Or none her gruesome shriveled face surrenders to the death
Sentence and she finally recognizes the science who suffers
Upon the delusion of the difference between the rising of the soul
The evaporation of the spirit and the periodically decaying body

She dives in deep and laughs laughs laughs while her exploding
Cerebral cortex speeds up her fall and she heavenly high
These days no-one gives a damn about all the heaps of lies
The anxious stories which are not told about the dangers of
Melting cores and do you know already that our daily need of
Food springs out of boiling seas where fish mutate as if they are
Aromatic fish sticks that fly for free upon your golden plate?
And we jump desperate in the drowning cooling bath
We wave bye bye to the linen with the red sun

At the ecological grave of the environmentalist it is a coming
And going of people involved with her sacrificed life
They recognize that we can only go ahead create a future
For our children when we live with care for the good Earth
Her last will is honored they let her wish to be her decree
The bare ground her bleak shroud earthed as a cocoon
Her silenced heart full of seeds out of the dark soil
Sprouts her essential last request the reaching out
The enrichment a passionate longing for a flowering garden

THE OTHER ELEMENT IN THE CHAIN OF CAUSAL ELEMENTS

The one or the other human suffers more than one or the other
Human being the suffering itself suffers probably more than
One or the other suffering being the suffering self is being guided
By the master of the house and the son who are concealed behind
Water vapor that the windshield wiper wipes from the misty front
Shield with a swish full of relief starts in spring the new season
Because the winter we left behind was more deep than
Immeasurable glaciers entrusted to us within their glide
Downwards all kinds of atomic schemes disappear after
Many accidents through design failures on transparent paper
And I type them that is the words which are [the word that is]
The sufferers who demand that all complete
Suffering commandments are being summoned

The first flight [his speech] is sneakily performed by the
Practical vehicle who swirls over within migration
Seated luxuriously in his anti-humane machine he speeds forward
In devilish speed across concrete rivers controlled by
Outer worldly dragons of metal the well which sprouted out of
Heaps of deserts is the same where widows bathe themselves and
This one spits now sand against black rocks in the empire of the middle
You start to scream out of fictitious protest but
Through rivers in the far east streams molten steel thus spoke
The photographs that came to him to produce weapons
Who instigate the one against the other human because
We are not the brotherhood of men who cherish each other's
Countenance while the four directions of wind cherish us lovingly
Hydrogen atoms register forcefully the surprised readers
One by one behind a veil of improbabilities

A new element within the chain of causal elements
Will determine that the periodic physical system deteriorates

What belongs both to the single conscience?
Why must the task of speech whisper?
Was the period [the register] this [mine/the] body?
Why did we fall out into panic?
Oh eye bring water!

The creature of being there is moulded in malls of musical designs
Between true emotions whose spectral tones and sound waves
Initiate dot-by-dot generations full of ignorants are lost within
Minotaur's labyrinth without Ariadne's thread while he who [them]
Suffers can arrest them the leaders have thrown in a dubious
Opinion during the escape trail and as such blocked the steps
Of equilibrium but to stay ahead of them the ship of origin
Will puff the white sai[ou]ls candles that clarify the light
Gloriously are being carried by silk wings

He who knows that the answer lies enlightened within streams
Of polarities looks at the average landscape as if it is a sphere
That rolls within the self of the operation of circles
The sight of indigenous inhabitants will determine who
Finally falls within or outside of the reach of the band that
Binds in all humility the vanguard of the border and
The design that attends these questions

Why do you disappear?
Are you [is the] being conscience?
Can we speak of mercy?
Will there be a new day?
Is time [ir]relevant?

The distinction
Between
Them and us
Me and you
Has disappeared

The stonemason of new worlds
Inspires the formula of breath
Is
The first architect
Of the reversals
Of all potencies

THE DIAMETER AND THE FULCRUM

The more than famous drawing of the collector
In which the landscape stares from underneath oak over
Dunes at the border of the gilded frame stands
The first man who accuses the council of wise men

The leader is aware of the wavering
That the patient expresses about the way in which
The treat rules over the myth of the
Dark vault in which vitality lies hidden

The land decreases in its quality even
The acupuncturist sends a desperate
Coverage with the messenger who rushes
Back with a sick gut feeling

Just like a pincushion the way the earth is
Pierced and stripped of her luscious
Juices so that the coins roll in the pockets
Of grinning rapacious men who command

Us to leave the holy ground in haste
This infidelity is bad for our stomachs
The tents are filled with soldiers as thick
As a brick who are marching for the club

Of owners who are seated in their valuable
Temples and scatter tips for the populace
Who let themselves being butchered willingly
The man with the harmonica plays

A song about life and death in front of the open door
The diameter who determines the empty shell of the fulcrum
Which we all need to carry by ourselves alone
Pulls us to one or the other side where

The song of the firebird and that of the lamb
Both offer in related tone tunes variations
We need to turn back in volumes to the first
Essence within a renewed vital conscience

The servants who in the name of the people rule
Over the union [the rows of centuries old oak trees] unite
With him [the wise man that is] and under the apple tree in the
Garden of truth astronauts who are found to be too heavy

For the first space odyssey they open up and sing
And set here on earth everything in perfect order
The wheel the golden disk [st][p]eers over
The abandoned dunes the waves are breaking

ALL

I

All turns round I feel your kiss on my cheek
Your waving ocean that nibbles at the beach
And we stand there here look up to the sun
Laugh at each other from afar nearby embrace each other
Together we stand up together our hearts beat
Are we one in the cosmos
Are we one on the blue Earth

II

The whole is one
Time[less] space[less] true essence
Emptiness is pure perfection
It is teeming of potentiality
In diversity and multiplicity
For in the [not]-[no] object/subject is the whole
In it lies everything the universe has to offer
That which is was and will be in time
Forever and eternal
Here and there
And everywhere in space

III

It is
Full and complete
Pure consciousness
The self itself
And we are in this being

IV

I reside in you
You reside in me

CASIMIR'S EXPERIMENT

The effect from
Casimir's experiment
Seems akin to our good manners

Atmospheric pressure
Is compressed
In the extraction motor [the heart]

In this sealed container
The expansive force is
Concentrated on the metal exterior

Parallel plates
Force them together
Other wavelengths are excluded

As a result of
The small opening
The truly expansive force that resonates

On this small scale
We measure the vacuum
It brings about enormous effects

If applied to the
One [1] simple great void
In interstellar and -galactic space

Causally viewed
We are uncertainties non-constants
Relatively local and non-local

One [1]
Apparition
Dis-appeared

TABULA RASA

The memory of the innate style
Reaches out to the desire for the origin
Sound waves run willingly their memories
Pull inside the ear canal while the hurdy-gurdy and
The song of the illuminated bird soars
Spinning around behind the horizon upwards

The Eustachian tube shows it's truth
Itself the labyrinth lies near to
A golden fleece of flesh and chain
Of causalities the [un]timely death
Provides as a result the faults the vain sounds
Of the tabula rasa the strings of the sitar and the lyre

It travels over the ocean vibrates within the
Slow cochlea and by linear channels that
Regress within the aqueduct of fast streaming reasons
The giving tides of matins to compline and vocals
Sing for hidden places of eternal oblivion the unnamed
Region where only a few or all will blend into

We all carry the true nature deeply within
Those who know and remember the reflective
Being and the form which silently and stately
Without asking with a sigh
Wins of those testimonials who confirm
The existence of the empty script and of deaf ears

The answer sounds as follows:

O 1

O

1

O11001 O1101111 O1110101 00100000 O1100111 O1110101
O1111001
O1110011 00100000 O1100001 O1110010 O1100101
00100000
O1101110 O1100101 O1110010 O1100100
O1110011 00101110
00001101 000010100000110010101011110111101010
O1100001011100100110111
1011101
O10110111001100100001000000111

O10001101000011001010010000001
110111011011110111001001101100
O1100100010010010010000001110000011100
100110010101100110011001010111
001000100000010100000110111101
100011011010110110010101110100
001000000100001101100001011011 00011000
1100100000011011110111 0010001000000
10000110110111101 101101011100000
111010101110100 O11001010111001000100000010011

0001

10111101110110011001010000
101001010111011010000110000101
110100001001110111001100100000

O11000110110111101101111011011
000010000001100001011000100110
1111011101010
111
O
100001

000000001
10001001101001011011100011111

01011001 01101111 01110101 00100000 01101011 01101110
01101111 01110111 00100000 01110100 01101000
01100001 01110100 00100000 01100100 01101111
01100101 01110011 01101110
00100111 01110100 00100000 01101101 01100101
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011000010110111011110010111010001101000
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101
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