

## L.A. Poetry – Before Aviation

### What Will Stay

What will stay  
When I will leave  
What will stay  
When I'm gone

In this absurd world  
In this crazy world  
Was born on the bright side  
Will die on the bright side

Think 'bout all the people  
All this wasted lives  
All this ignored lives  
No one will ever notice them

What will stay from me  
Is this important  
To be honest  
It dominates me more and more

Will no million dollar house  
No diamonds, gold and great sunshine  
Dream 'bout touching others  
How much I envy them

Would like to touch the back of my book  
Would like to write a touching song  
Would like to.....oh, all this longings  
And still, I live on the bright side

All this people, struggling for their daily lives  
No time for elaborate plans  
Only time for hunger  
Or to keep their lives

Would my death help them  
With pleasure I would do it  
My live not help them  
So also mine is wasted

There's, *a time to be born*  
There's, *a time to die*  
And in-between – what's in-between  
Only wasted time

Only wasted time  
Unless, you would create something  
Unless, you would touch somebody  
Unless, you would cause something

The verdict, soft as chalk on a dove gray day  
While the bell is tolling and black swans were crying  
What will be, should I be able once  
Looking back at this time

Will I laugh 'bout me  
Will I be broken and disillusioned  
Will I be proud 'bout my work  
Will I feel your body next to me

Whatever will be  
Without any doubt  
Whatsoever will come  
This time I start to love me

And even if I will fail totally  
And even if I make a fool out of me  
And even if nobody will notice me  
And even if.....never mind – nevermind – Nirvana

The last two years  
Mid-February 2015 till mid-February 2017  
Émilie Simon „*Come As You Are*“ till Los Angeles  
Were the most thrilling years in my life

The most meaningful  
The most productive  
The most beautiful  
The most fulfilled

*I know if I go, I'll die happy tonight*  
Oh, Elizabeth, I asked you before  
I will die next month, 'cause I have to die  
Only not sure, to die to die or to die to live

Whatever, I close my eyes  
And see the young platinum-blond female singer with this charming smile  
„Would you come....?“ - sure, but this is gone  
Only memoria – I swear nothing

Quotes:

Ecclesiastes 3.2

Elizabeth Grant / Lana del Rey  
“Summertime Sadness”

## **The Point Of No Return**

Now I have reached him  
A lot of effort was needed  
And now I greet you  
Lead me to the promised land

Or desperate land  
Or ragged land  
Or sick land  
Or the land of my future

Whatever, I've changed a lot  
At the moment – New Years Day, today  
With every day, hour, minute, second  
The waves carry me away

I see a new world  
I hear new sounds  
I smell new scents  
I feel new feelings

I shudder, when I think of  
What will be, at the end of the month  
What will be, standing in front of her  
What will be, at the end of the next month

Will I place my ad  
I have to place my ad  
Will I find a kindred mind  
I have to find a kindred mind

The point of no return  
How beautiful  
How exiting  
How happy I'm

## **This is the End**

This is the death  
This is my death  
And this time he will be finally completed  
So much I've learned now

Father! - Soon you will leave me!  
Mother! - Soon you will leave me!  
Then I will be alone once for all!  
So much I've learned now!

Today I die  
Tomorrow I will be born again  
And in between The Crystal Ship will carry me away  
So much I've learned now

The unconsciousness  
Becomes the consciousness  
And I feel the kiss, the devil's kiss  
So much I've learned now

The day becomes the night  
The night stays the night  
Only night will surround me  
So much I've learned now

This time I've understood you  
Loud and clear till my ears were bleeding  
Welcome to the otherside  
So much I've learned now

No longer I will hesitate and be untruthful to me  
I can only win 'cause I will lose  
Losing this fucking life  
So much I've learned now

Fuck, you-all lit my fire again  
That, that I had as a young man  
That, that was ignited again by you-all  
So much I've learned now

I'm a liar, but this fucking world is a lie  
Only the liars are heard  
Time to join the choir  
So much I've learned now

*Some are born to the endless night*  
So I've quoted you right at the beginning of my writing  
Ultraviolence – now I hear and see  
So much I've learned now

Oh Morrison, Plath, Cobain and all the others  
Oh Bowie, Prince, Cohen and all the others  
How endlessly I envy you for your gift  
So much I've learned now

But better amateurish attempts  
Than only to dream about  
To sweet delight  
So much I've learned now

Yeah really, to live, to lie, to laugh, to die  
Yeah really, to walk, to run, to aim, the sun  
To laugh 'bout me, to emulate Icarus  
So much I've learned now

Join and laugh 'bout me and have fun  
I've no time to reflect 'bout  
I've to move fast, no time leftover me  
So much I've learned now

'Cause this is the end  
And I'm still not beautiful  
My very only friend, mate, lover  
So much I've learned now

Fuck 'bout my elaborate plans  
No safety anymore, 'cause this is the end  
Fuck, I really will never look into your fucking eyes again  
So much I've learned now

Fuck no! I can not picture what will be!  
Limitless, free and fucking crazy  
Soon, soon I'll be in the desperate land  
So much I've learned now

Five weeks, than I'll find my final whatsoever  
Malibu, Hollywood, Bel Air – fuck this shit  
Skid Row at night – The Endless Ocean  
So much I've learned now

When all the Good are greedily monsters, the Insane are your friends  
Kiss and embrace the homeless, ignore the famous  
Spit on the pharisaic assholes calling themselves the elite  
So much I've learned now

Touch the addicted whores face and kiss her bare feet  
She'll endow you Heaven  
The King of New York and his repulsive pack only Hell  
So much I've learned now

The west is the best, he'll do the rest  
Every day I hear Her tender waves a bit louder  
Every day I feel lighter, every day I feel brighter  
So much I've learned now

Father! Why did I leave you?  
Mother! Why did I leave you?  
Sibling! Why did I leave you?  
That I've not learned till now

It doesn't hurt to set you free, to let you go  
Excited like a little child, waiting for the California rain  
Excited like a little child, waiting for the danger in big town  
So I hope now

Yeah, *the end of laughter and soft lies*  
Yeah, *the end of nights we tried to die*  
This days, this nights are over  
So much I've learned now

'Cause this is the end, the end of my third life  
'Cause this is the beginning, the beginning of my fourth life  
Ah, I feel so free  
So I hope now

'Cause as long howsoever it will last  
'Cause as much howsoever I will be able to create  
This will be my first real life  
So much I've learned now

And fuck, fuck I'll meet you where ever you like  
'Cause this is the end  
'Cause this is the beginning  
Nothing I've learned – Old Man

Quotes:

The Doors:  
"The End"  
"End Of The Night"

## **L.A. Poetry – In L.A.**

### **Hollywood**

Oh, Hollywood Blvd. - survived  
Hollywood-tourists-shit  
Seen the Hollywood sign  
From afar  
Seen the Griffith Observatory  
From afar  
That's enough!

Sitting "Elderberries"  
Cool intellectual crowd  
Looks like a Studentenkneipe in Stuttgart  
Feeling fucking stupid

### **This Is So Fucking Boring**

Sitting "Elderberries" - HOLLYWOOD  
Yeah, all organic – vegan isn't a problem  
Alternative, intellectual, political  
Aah, tell me: What a shit!  
Listen to live classics: *Safe me, safe me* - The Kings alright!

*Live this life of luxury!*  
I've fallen in love - L.A.  
The Latino people  
The Asian people  
The Afro people  
The homeless people  
Oh yes! The Ocean – my graveyard!

Hollywood - Blvd. - Now Sunset  
Now, now I hate you  
Holy shit!  
Let me be out of this place!  
Let me leave this place as fast as possible!  
I feel sick!

## **'Tis a joke!**

I can't take this serious! - 'Tis a joke!  
Tell me, is this seriously meant?  
Hollywood!

What a fake! - What a shock!  
I'm looking forward to be again,  
At the evening, when I return,  
When I'm home again,  
Again with the Latino people -  
More and more I love them!

Oh Donald Duck, ore better should say fascist Bannon?  
Fuck you - both!

## **Walking Along**

Walking along Sunset while the sun sets  
Wow, celebrate the rich white population  
Aventador, Rolls Royce, Mercedes V12  
Elegant ladies with tight skirts, high heels and perfect legs  
Sittin' in high class restaurants

Oh, let me leave, let me go home  
Oh, how much I will enjoy later  
The Latino people surrounding me  
Give me the feeling  
To be welcome and safe

## **Sunset**

The only moment, I smiled  
The only moment, I was happy  
Chateau Marmont – Kiki de Montparnasse  
OK, may also Whiskey A Go Go and Roxy

Otherwise I become sad and sadder  
Otherwise I become tired and more tired  
Scientology and Hustler Cafe  
You have to ask? Who are the fascists for me?

As I said to the creepy guy: Keep your fuckin' shit!



## **Skid Row at Night**

Calmness, Calmness, Calmness

No gunfire at the gas station – Hollywood  
No car crash after car chase – with a dead

Calmness, Calmness, Calmness

Walking down 7<sup>th</sup>, Downtown, the Diamond District  
Lookin' left and right  
Seein' all the tents  
Seein' all the shelters build up with lot of stuff

Not walk their! No, no reason for fear! - Calmness!  
But this is not a zoo!  
A zoo for white European middle class tourists!

They are no animals!  
They are humans!  
Show them respect!

## **Firecracker**

Sittin' here, near Wonder Bakery  
Enjoying my latte and my sweet  
Watching the beautiful female dancers

Shouldn't I be happy, why I'm so sad

## **Skid Row By Day**

Speechless, Helpless, Destroyed

## Worlds

Firecracker in the morning  
Skid Row, Fashion District, El Pollo Loco – Shrimps Bowl  
Broadway – il caffè – Mocha

Sitting outside, enjoying the beautiful weather  
Listening to the people, aside me  
Looking at the people, passing by

Mocha extraordinary good  
For a rare moment not in a paper cup  
Feels like sitting in Stuttgart – Karlsplatz

So many worlds side by side  
So many thoughts in my head  
In which I would live – would like

I'm no Latino

I've a job

I'm no Afro

I've a place to live

I'm no Asian

I've people who care

Tell me: Where would I live?

## Latinos

Lookin' at this society I get more and more the feelin'  
That this system only functions because of the Latino people  
OK, we are in California, L.A., with an extraordinary high Latino population  
Other States different may  
But, eliminate the Latino factor from this system – it will fail  
Donald and Bannon are idiots, haters, racists, fascists and more  
But, are they really so stupid that they think  
That you can fight a war against the Latinos and win  
May you even win the war in a certain kind  
But, this society will be destroyed  
Aaah, wasn't that Bannon's wish?

## **Elisabeth's House**

Now I've seen it, looks a bit different now  
No longer so white  
More beautiful from outside

And now, don't know what to say  
Should I hope now to see her  
Why?

Have written before, 'bout whores and homeless people  
Oh Lizzy, you're so far away now  
No, I'm so close to you  
Maybe only some yards

I still love your music, still have tears in my eyes  
Still dream talking with you

But things have changed, change - I hope so  
Now, that I die

## **Santa Monica**

Walkin' along Ocean Blvd.  
While the sun begins to set

Walkin' back to the sand  
Sit down while the sun disappears

Appearin' are the stars one by one  
Venus – the planet – above all

How wonderful this world could be  
While always this "coulds"

## **Santa Monica**

The Ferris wheel starts to shine  
The roller-coaster – plane above

Think 'bout Stuttgart  
"Württembergian Art Society"  
"Pacific Nocturne"

Now I'm here seein' all  
Nearly ain't remember my former life  
Why I have to return?

## **The Setting Sun**

Now she's gone  
My graveyard so blue - metallic  
The waves, their so tender sound

I fear the future, anxiety  
All around so beautiful

5:37 pm

The red glow, some light clouds  
A few hours ago – Skid Row  
I wish all this thousands homeless  
Would sit right next to me

Would this change anything  
I fear

## **Impressions**

So many impressions crashin' down on me  
My brain whirls, no clear thoughts anymore

I fear to go back to Germany  
To go back to my normal life  
To go back  
Back

Let me stay!

## **Metro Bus 2**

Sunset from Echo Park till end  
So different, so many impressions – hardly to describe

So do it by yourself  
C'mon, go for a ride

Yeah, Chateau Marmont still beautifully shines

## **Sunset**

Beverly Hills, Bell Air  
Would I like to live there

Should I answer truly  
Don't know  
All so clean - bores

## **Wilshire**

Not in a used little bullet car  
'Specially not with you

Metro Rapid 720

Shall I drive by your house again?  
At least, in a moment, I'll see her again

## **Handi Kebab House**

The young couple – Afro American and Latino American  
With a handicapped child

She is so sweet, he so tender  
In such moments my heart cries

Please tell me:  
What shall I do?  
Where should be my place?

Feel so stupid, empty, meaningless, sad  
Would like to honor mom and dad

## **Oh Lizzy!**

Now, now I sit next to you  
Yeah, your house in Malibu  
On one of this rocks

Same Daimler at the same place in front  
Looks like no one is in

Really a 3 million dollar house?  
Yeah, Malibu – but the view!

No cloud at sky  
A light breeze  
The ocean so blue  
With light soft waves

What a wonderful day -  
Today is Valentines Day!

## **Goodbye**

Now it's time to say: Goodbye!  
Tomorrow I will die  
Lookin' at the ocean, endlessly to the horizon

What will lay there upon?  
My final death?  
My fourth life?

Ah Lizzy, allow me call you so  
Ah Lizzy, now it's time  
To say: Goodbye!

## **Sentimental**

I'm sentimental now?  
So near, so far?  
Like the seagull sitting on your roof

How near are the seagulls sitting on the rocks nearby  
But also they are far would fly  
Would I try to touch them

Oh Lizzy, I wish I could stay  
As long as you would join  
But that makes no sense!  
So much I'm aware about this!

Let me just stay for a while  
Till I get the strength to leave  
Leave you forever admitting  
That I never will have the pleasure

## **Fly Away**

The seagulls flying away  
Only the bigger one – a booby? - stays

Now we are alone my friend  
Why do you stay?  
You also would be able to fly away  
Towards the horizon so far away

## **Oh Lizzy**

How much I envy you for this view  
The ocean, her waves  
Glimmer and shine reflecting the sun's rays  
So diverse her colors are  
So flat on the first sight she seems  
But when the waves hitting the rocks  
Than you see  
The water splashes high up in the air  
Even I get a little wet sometimes  
Sitting above all on the edge to down there  
I get this feeling I should jump thereto  
To become a part of this mighty force  
What a wonderful sound when the water hits the stone

## **Waves**

I look down the waves play  
Get this feeling, become dizzy  
Now a wave with tremendous force  
Now, I get really a bit wet  
Now I have this feeling – 18 year old – Dover  
Dover Castle, that time I didn't understand  
One jump, more not needed  
But what would this be a stupid act  
So near to your house, so near to your place  
Again a loud thunder, the water and the rocks  
My salty tears would like to join the salty ocean  
But c'mon today is Valentines Day  
So be happy – what a rhyme – and stay

## **Time To Say Goodbye**

I be around now for an hour nearly  
Watch the waves  
From time to time I move my head  
Looking at your house  
Ahhh, only to know you would be in!

July in Paris, I've tickets  
July so far away

It's time to leave, no longer to stay  
Wish you a wonderful Valentines Day

## **Suicide**

Is it inappropriate to reflect upon suicide  
Sitting next to your at Valentines Day

Looking at my graveyard  
Why not now and here  
Will not leave, will no longer stay  
Stay as nearly 52 years now at age

A seagull behind me laughs about me!  
C'mon it's Valentines Day!  
Show a little more compassion  
While the old man reflects about his death



## **Dreamin´**

I dream to live at the ocean  
From what does a homeless in Sid Row dreams?  
I fear he has no dreams anymore  
I fear he is done with his live

I still dream, means that  
I still live  
Let me die tomorrow, whatever will come

## **Crenshaw**

Back from Elizabeth´s house  
Crenshaw Blvd.  
From Metro Expo Crenshaw  
How different, so short time, this city can be

And back again till Hollywood  
Like a travel in space and time

## **Bus**

Opposite a young Afro-American couple  
She´s an outstanding beauty  
Her short tight dress simply sexy – not much under it – her cleavage  
And her knee high boots make things definitely not worse

They talk with each other, she loughs a lot  
They leave, I also  
They go down the street, I decide to eat something nearby

What will be their future  
Will they become happy  
What would I do all to know that

## **Bus Stop**

A black women passes by  
A shabby Teddy Bear in her hand  
Like a little child  
Whispers something tenderly in its ear

## **Magic Numbers**

534 - 19562

### **Today**

Today is the day I die  
Sittin' Santa Monica Pier  
Watching the ocean and the sun  
All the people around me

Three young German girls in the Metro Expo Line  
Talking 'bout the things they will visit in NY  
But c'mon! Today is the day I die!

### **A Nigger Spits On Me**

Metro Expo Line – suddenly feel a little wet on my arm  
A man, upset, walks by  
An Afro-American starts to shout  
'Bout 2Pac and Biggie – nigger pussy  
He spits around, also on me

Why you do this? - Your flow is fantastic! - Real poetry slam!  
Onstage and why not in a Metro train!  
But why spiting around – you just destroying all!

Arrived in Santa Monica enter McDonald's restroom  
Stand in front of the sink and think  
No! No, not will wash it away!

You don't believe me now that this has happened  
This is L.A. - West Coast – were everything could happen  
And after all, it's the day I die!

So, what a beginning of this day!  
Thanks for spitting on me!

## **Santa Monica Pier**

An Afro-American plays the electric guitar and sings  
Wow, a black diva walks by  
Her heels are high and her dress is short and tight  
Her legs are long and her naked shoulders wonderfully brown  
Ah Old Man, waiting to die

## **Santa Monica Pier**

A white old man – electric guitar and singin'  
Wow, he has a drive  
Some young girls dancing thereto  
Granddad says from Michigan  
Pretty cool!

Tellin' them a story – he once hold  
A trumpet in his hand, one of played  
By great Louis Armstrong, now at Beverly Hills Museum

Past Days always

.....

Later he sings and plays  
*What a wonderful world*  
Yes, what a wonderful world this could be  
Always could

Does this happened, does I cried at Santa Monica Pier  
It's the day I die

And now I will wipe away my tears  
Turn around and eat a burger or suchlike at Pier Burger

## **Malibu Pier**

534 – Malibu Pier  
Have I to like it  
Malibu Farm – waiting to be placed just for a simple coffee  
So much hullabaloo, feels like a five star gourmet restaurant at home  
But isn't  
Maybe should return to Santa Monica  
Wow, they have a pedestrian area  
Bit more easy there

## **Concerns**

Metro Expo Line to L.A. - A young Latino girl  
Talks with someone at her phone  
About her wedding concerns

What will it mean  
What will it cause  
She likes to go to school  
Fears to lose her dreams

Turn my head – She's so young  
Still goes to school  
But what I should say to her  
I can not give her an advice  
What should I say

Please make her happy  
That's the only thing I beg for

## **First Day**

Yesterday I died – I was in a strange mood later on  
Today I not do much I confess  
Sitting here – lunch time – Figueroa – Starbucks  
Chai Tea Latte – Venti  
Have a good day Peter  
Reading Los Angeles Times, watching the people  
Like the business women passing by  
Skirts, blouses and flats and sometimes heels  
Yes, I confess.....

## **Beautiful Woman**

A beautiful Afro-American woman walks by  
Tall, wears a gorgeous long flowery summer dress  
Yeah, red-white-blue  
What a wonderful sight  
So fast she disappears

## **Pancakes**

Flower Street – Delicious pancakes  
Writing picture postcards – Should do  
Write my workmates that:  
Yes, I will return  
But I'm not happy 'bout  
  
And a very special card for me  
Was the one for C.  
And her two gorgeous Collies

## **Fucking Lucky Bastard**

I'm a fucking lucky bastard  
That's true  
I'm totally happy?  
No, but to say I'm unhappy  
Seeing this city, feeling this city  
Would be a joke

## **Dance At Santa Monica Pier**

One of the things I enjoying most  
Are the dance crews at Santa Monica Pier

They have style, rhythm but uppermost skills  
And I'm one of the white guys  
Who better look for the next black guy  
To keep the rhythm

You see, they have practiced a lot  
Now they entertain you and me  
C'mon, give them some cash!

Wish you all the best  
Your dreams to become recognized, to become famous!

## **Diner – First Day**

First Day Diner – Again IHOP  
Flower between 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup>  
Swiss Mocha  
House Salad as appetizer  
Blue Cheese and Bacon Burger with Fries  
And added Egg thereafter  
Belgium Waffle as dessert

Now I have to decide, the decision is found  
Now I have to go home again – not joyfully  
And have to change things finally  
Finish the begun things – last two years  
But still six days L.A.  
Six days to train myself for the coming  
Six days more

## **Should We**

Still at Flower Street  
I have to answer should we  
Should we hand this world to the  
Liars  
Haters  
Racists  
Fascists

Oh fuck! - No! - No! - No! - No! - No! - No! - No! - No!

I'm so happy to see the American people  
Uprising against  
Demonstrating against  
Trial and Test  
Hope  
Hope  
Hope

Stand Up  
I have to

## **Soon**

Soon I'll be home again  
This year we elect our Kanzler  
Is there a fear same can happen like in the USA  
Don't think so – Hey, aren't you the guy who thought.....  
Look carefully! Be aware! Don't be silent!  
We have our own liars, haters, racists, fascists – fuck the AfD  
And sorry Sahra, I'm also not interested in you

The man from Brussels, Belgium  
The Belgium Waffle at least tastes good  
Bernie, with you things would be different  
Let's see if at least the Democrats have learned  
I learn so many things in this city – every day

## **A Sudden Sense**

*A sudden sense of liberty  
(New Order, True Faith)*

I feel so light, so free  
Yeah, to be honest my mind is filled totally  
But you know what I mean?

Should it really have functioned?  
To die in this city  
To be reborn in this city  
I would say yes – at least now

Tomorrow?  
Let's see!

## **Storm**

This evening the storm will hit L.A.  
The most heavy since the last six years they say  
So far only a bit of slight rain  
And a heavy wind

Sittn' here, watching all this people  
Enjoying their breakfast – wow, what all they eat  
And again my thoughts wander to those living on the streets  
This will be a rough night for them  
While I'll lying in my Motel Bed  
Watching TV or type the handwritten poems of the last days

.....

The storm is coming!  
Yesterday many people marching in the streets  
Tomorrow there will be even more  
And haven't I heard the word "impeachment" -  
Last evening at a news show!

I smile and hope!

## **Suddenly**

Suddenly I get this feeling I have to return  
Not 'cause I didn't like it in L.A. anymore  
On the contrary!  
It's only I get this feeling I still have to finish something there  
But then, then I know I would be happy endlessly  
To return, return to this place  
The place – don't know – hard to describe  
I feel, feel  
Like I'm finally at home



## **How Many Years**

How many years I still have?  
Would be nice to know!  
Even if short!

How fit I will stay?  
Would be nice to know!  
Even if not!

Will I find my love?  
Would be nice to know!  
Even if not – nah, this would be sad!

I wish to find my place  
I wish to find my way  
I wish to find my mate

## **Morning**

It's morning, walking Metro Center 7<sup>th</sup> Street  
Yesterday the storm  
Well, heavy rain

Have tears in my eyes  
See the buildings, the station  
All so familiar now  
Why I have to leave?  
Why I cannot stay?

*California dreamin'*  
*On such a winter's day*  
*(The Mamas & The Papas)*

## **Union Station**

So small – So fine  
You let my eyes shine  
And all the times someone plays the piano

Sitting Amtrak seating area  
Have no ticket, but....c'mon grant me a rest  
You now how much I like a place like this!

How important stations were all my live  
And this one, without any doubt, the most beautiful is  
I've ever have been!

So small, so American, awesome and so old fashioned elegant  
Next time I'll stay, I promise  
I will ride Amtrak Rail

## **Movement At Pershing Square**

All this – often young – people  
Nice mood – music plays loud  
Their slogans, their signs

That's democracy, "elected" wannabe dictator D. D.  
That's democracy, fascistic Bannon

At least in this moment  
I'm sure  
You will not be able  
To destroy this  
Nation

May, you even bring it closer together

## **The March**

The march pass me by - 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
I've looked at all the people and all the signs  
And I wondered, seeing not one (North) American  
Haven't seen none all the time in L.A.  
And guess never will

Some call them "native", but what should that mean?

They are the only real Americans  
Have seen people from around the world  
And some from Middle America  
And some from South America  
But none from North America

.....

Now the people march  
Not will follow them  
But keep it in mind

Hope you will win!

## **L.A. Zoo**

Today L.A. Zoo  
Yesterday I talked for hours (!)  
With a Chinese-American man  
In front of Wonder Bakery

Today I'm delighted  
About the zoo's special mood  
All my life I enjoyed being there  
And Los Angeles Zoo?

All the people, so many children here  
Enjoying the animals like I do  
The plants and the trees

.....

Getting tired now, walking through  
Waiting for the "World Of Birds Theater"  
Watching all this people walking by

## **Bird Show**

Sitting here, waiting till it starts  
The place fills up more and more  
Looking at all this different people

Feels like at “Burg Gutenberg” and their show  
Apart that the people are so different  
The Asian-, Latino-, European-Americans  
Only a few Afro-Americans – is this by chance?

So familiar, so different at once  
And to think about the big city not far away  
More and more it confuses me – this place, this time, all that surrounds me  
Some days, then I’m home again  
Can not envision living there again

## **Breakfast**

Sitting IHOP again – 8.45 am  
Try to find something without sweet  
Not really easy doing

But what I see more and more  
Why always this hecticness  
It was impossible to sit  
Simply drinking a cup of coffee and read a newspaper  
But not only here, that’s a symptom  
Langer’s for instance  
The food fantastic, but the hecticness

I wish I would sit in Heilbronn  
In one of the Cafes  
And enjoying a cup of coffee, reading something or let my thoughts fly away  
Here I feel bad, not finished with drinking get my bill uncalled  
Even when many tables are vacant

## **El Pollo Loco**

Chicken roasted on open flame – delicious  
Another example for this simply tasty food  
Can be found everywhere in this city  
Enter, go inside! - Order, and enjoy!

I will miss this!

I will miss this people around me  
I guess I look very strange for them with my long hair and tattoos  
My red-golden watch, my bracelets  
My clothing, my sweaters when it's cold, my tees when it's hot  
Wow, nobody wears clothing like me  
Like to wear my L.A. tee and the one with the American flag  
Look like an alien!

But now I enjoy my 4pc Half Chicken Combo with Rice, Cole Slaw and Tortilla

## **President's Day**

Not My President's Day  
Like it!

## **Resistance**

Everyday I see more and more posters like

Impeach  
President  
Bannon

Like it!

## **Never Knew**

Never knew where my place is  
Always felt like a stranger  
And today, last day in L.A.  
Tomorrow I will aviate again – home?

Sitting Santa Monica Pier  
For the last time  
Yesterday rain – Today sunshine  
Sitting here with my L.A. tee  
Strange! Nobody except me wears such a tee here!  
But like it!

And now, where my place is?  
Heilbronn or L.A. - And if L.A. where there?  
Sitting here at Santa Monica Pier with my L.A. tee  
Watching the white waves – hearing them  
Watching all the tourists passing by  
Hearing the musicians play

I suddenly feel as I'm there  
I suddenly feel as a part of the pier  
I suddenly feel as the tourists, I'm no longer a part of them  
I suddenly feel, now I'm at my aim  
Here at Santa Monica Pier  
Wiping away my tears

### **Now It's Nearly Done**

The sun is near the horizon now  
A long day gets to end  
Spent hours at Santa Monica and Malibu  
Like my first day here in L.A.  
Yes, also drove by – you know where

It was a wonderful sunny day, after the storm and cloudy days  
The wind was strong – I love this much  
When my a bit longer hair wafts in the ocean breeze  
Walked in the sand, getting wet feet  
Collected some stones  
One day I'll bring you back  
And lay you in the sand again  
The sand of Santa Monica Beach

### **Now It's Done**

The sun has set – disappeared in The Endless Ocean  
A homeless has walked by with all his stuff  
And wow, have saw the green light  
I thought it will be a love-hate relation  
And now, now I wonder  
It's only a simple  
Deep melancholic love

Love you!

## **Departure Day**

Now it's departure day  
Got up already now  
Listen to someone at the news  
From the New York Times  
Talking 'bout Donald Duck

Sitting naked on my Motel Bed  
Will have a last shower  
And then I will leave  
But I'm not sad  
Oh, of course I'm not glad

An emptiness is there  
But also I'm exited  
I've accepted that I have to leave  
But I'm unclear about what will happen  
When I'm home - home? - again

But the past is the past  
I look forward now!  
I look forward to what I will do!



## LAX

Sitting at LAX  
Looking at the place I arrived days before  
Looking at the flag  
Now I will leave

I feel empty, powerless  
Aeroflot and Emirate air hostesses at Starbucks  
Still an hour to boarding  
Will not leave, wanna stay!

I always liked places like this  
Normally train stations, but also such an airport is fine  
All the people who leave and arrive  
From all around the world to all around the world

I could sit here the whole time  
Stay till next day, and the day after  
Again I fight with my fucking tears  
Like I did, hours afore

50 minutes till boarding time  
The minutes run away  
Like my life  
Like this will not stay  
I will not stay at this place

But maybe, maybe I will be able to come back  
To place the stones back in Santa Monica's sand  
To the place they belong to be

## L.A. Poetry – After Aviation

### “Arrived”

“Arrived” - at 10:25 am Frankfurt Airport  
- at 01:36 pm Bad Friedrichshall

Spent the evening in Heilbronn  
Walking thru the “city”  
Looking at the narrow streets  
Looking at the strange buildings  
Looking at the broad pavements  
Looking at the strange trees – where are the leaves?

Where are the homeless?

All looks like Disney Land  
like an unreal place

Where are all the small shops?  
Selling all this food  
Selling all this beverage  
Iced Mocha – where it is?

Where is the street life?

.....

Now, now I´m sitting at “my” desk  
05:00 am local time – 08:00 pm L.A. time

Now, now I would maybe sit at  
Santa Monica Beach after the sun has set  
Or already in Metro Expo Line downtown  
Walking to Jerry´s Motel for refreshment  
Then to Gus´s Drive-In for dinner  
What would it be?

Salad? - Chicken? - Sandwich? - Burger? - Steak? - .....?

And the people so kind!

.....

Can not sleep – not the jet-lag  
But closing my eyes, I lie in my queen size bed – but it isn´t!

The tears dropping at the paper  
I always use pen and paper to write down my thoughts and feelings  
Sometimes I have problems in reading it afterwards!

Tomorrow I will place my ad  
Give me two weeks to prepare myself  
And then, what when no one will answer, when I get no response?

Then I will safe me some money, money to aviate again  
Airbus A380 – largest plane in the world

Fly again thousands of miles westbound  
With five stones in my hand  
Will stay again at Jerry's Motel room 11 – Late lunch at Gus's Drive-In  
Than Metro Expo line to Santa Monica Beach  
I will sit in the sand, next to the pier  
While the sun sets for a last time – maybe I see the green light again?  
Then it's time to give back the five stones in my hand to the sand  
To find my final peace  
At Santa Monica Beach

.....

Now it's 5:23 am, my eyes are wet  
Have no idea how I shall live  
Live without this city – L.A.  
Your're no beauty!  
Your're not safe!  
Sometimes you smell!  
Sometimes you bore!  
Sometimes.....!!

I love you, yes haven't said this my whole life to anyone!  
I love you!  
And not do I know  
How shall I live without you!

Not an half day flight you're away  
I can afford the flight fairly easy  
Not more would I need!

Oh Lizzy, "a freak like me"!  
Be honest, do you think you are a freak?  
Have seen so many physically broken people  
Gosh! I've to thank for my still thus far healthy body!  
Have seen so many mentally broken people  
Gosh! I thought I'm mentally broken!

But I'm only an European white middle class sucker  
Who can not handle his life  
Who fears to be human, seeing what humans all do  
Who fears death – panic right now!  
Who wishes that only one time.....

“Come to California”! As if it would be so easy!  
Walking through Skid Row by night  
Looking at the narrow streets  
Tent after tent  
I had the feeling I have to walk there  
To ask for a place  
To become a part of this nameless mass  
To drown in this ocean of lives  
And never come back

You know what the most heartbreaking moment in this city was?

To see a homeless, dirty, broken, smelling....what shall I say!  
In the morning he swept the pavement in front of his shabby tent!

Hey! Hey! What the hell!

In this city – open up your eyes! - even Downtown you can find side streets  
Between the sparkling high buildings  
Full of waste and smell!  
At the tourist-shit-Hollywood the same!  
But this man, cleans the pavement in front of his HOME!  
My heart breaks right now again, this image in mind!  
And my tears running wild!  
How many humanity this man has inside!

More than I!

.....

05:34 am now, I will find no sleep  
Tomorrow I have to place my ad  
Tomorrow I have to type the handwritten pages  
The day after I will have lunch with my parents and my sister  
What shall I say? - They will ask!  
What shall I tell them 'bout this city?  
This city I will never understand!  
This city I was fallen in love totally!

Another day later I have go to work again – have no idea how I shall handle this!  
Like to be in L.A., stand in a kitchen  
With your fucking health care!  
And workers' rights!  
Not to talk about wage and living costs!  
But wouldn't it be better?  
Better than here?  
Here, here my life is quite easy and quite safe!  
But no palm trees swaying in the wind!  
No Spanish in the streets!  
Everything so calm and small!  
Everything so neat!

.....

Two oceans I know now to drown in  
“Come to California” - “Be a freak like me”  
Oh Lizzy, I don't believe you're a freak!  
Sorry for that, but.....

*“Under the bridge.....”*  
*“Lonely as I .....”*  
*“Together.....”*

Maybe that's the reason why.....

Lonely, lonely like the successful downtown at “miro”  
Only the man with the broom, he wasn't lonely  
The city, his companion was

.....

05:57 am, should stop – writing this shit!  
But not able to sleep – all this mind whirling in my brain – Bowie!  
Was he a freak?  
Or only a fucking multi, multi, multi millionaire?  
Bequeathed not a cent of his wealth to the poor!  
Gosh! Had I only written one of his songs – not one of the famous ones,  
One, nearly unknown to everyone, also to me!  
Had I only written one of his songs, I would be ready to die!  
So I'm sitting now “at home” - no longer it feels like this!  
Crying tear after tear, fear the Reaper – ah, I should stop!

.....

Two weeks I will give me!  
And then it's time for billing!  
Then I will find my inward peace!  
Oh shit, I really should stop!  
After 06:00 am now – dinner time in L.A.!  
Close your eyes, the big city is waiting!  
Oh, that's Jay-Z! You know which building I've in mind?  
Yes, you do! Still the question stays: N.Y. or L.A.?  
Too cold! Like this shit Germany!  
No, I don't believe that America, not to talk about Donald and the fascistic Bannon gang.....  
No, I don't think.....  
“Dada ist nichts!”  
I'm starting to become nihilistic now?  
No! “Sunset while the sun sets” and Santa Monica Beach  
How beautiful this world could be

06:14 am

## Second Day

My second evening after  
Sitting "Primafila" in Heilbronn  
Waffle with curd-sesamecaramel- and nougat-ice and cream  
Later I will have an espresso  
What a difference!

Such a place in L.A.!  
Downtown, Beverly Hills maybe!  
Would cost a few times more!  
Here it's (nearly) normal – Italian ice-café  
OK, it's a bit more expensive than some other places  
But it's still an relaxed and and easy atmosphere – everyone can come in here!

I wonder, should I have tried  
To enter "miro" - without reservation!  
The dishes, not will say, that they not would be delicious  
But nothing on the menu, I can not get in Heilbronn as well  
Also very tasteful and without all this formal stuff

My waffle is there – will enjoy it very much  
And try, not to cry out loud.....

.....

The espresso has arrived  
Why I feel like an alien?  
Have done this before several times  
Waffle with ice and cream, espresso thereafter  
But now it's so different  
This is not the place I should be.....

## Alien In Hometown

Now "CelatOne" - need more sweets!  
Crep with plum jam, vanilla- and dark-chocolate-ice  
Wow, all this sweets – the first I eat this day!  
Got up 5:00 pm!

.....

Now double espresso – my stomach needs!  
Looking out of the window – people walking by  
Heilbronn pedestrian area, so different, indescribably different – Santa Monica!  
Feel like an alien in the city I was born – oh fuck, why always this tears!

.....

Fear Monday – first time to work again  
It's not the work as such, it's only.....I can not imagine, this life again.....  
I'm tired, not 'cause of the flight, 'cause of this jump in this now so strange life  
"Stranger Than Paradise" - that's how I feel now  
Kitty-corner "American Nails" - what a sign!  
"Bürotechnik Lombacher GmbH" on the other side!  
And looking straight ahead "Orthopädie-Technik/Sanitätshaus Weber-Griesinger"

Maybe I should go to Kiliansplatz  
Starbucks – Chai Tea Latte Venti  
My name is Peter, maybe I feel than a bit better.....

## Chai Tea Latte Venti

Now Starbucks Kiliansplatz  
Looking at the Church  
Sitting with my cup

Hey, it's Germany – no paper cup!  
Solid china, porcelain it's made of!  
Do I miss my paper cup?  
“To go” you get also here a paper cup, so.....

Drink my Chai Tea Latte – the one before I had at LAX.....  
Not long ago, so long ago, so far away.....  
I start to hate this fucking tears.....

.....

Also here the hip people with their notebooks, tablets.....mostly Apple stuff.....  
Not everything is different – shall I be happy now?  
No, not really, but believe it or not  
McDonald, Starbucks, Burger King and KFC  
This are the American Brands you see the most in German towns!  
Would like to see El Pollo Loco, or any of this small places  
Not to talk 'bout Gus's – to hear this Spanish voices

Fuck McDonalds, Starbucks, Apple and all the rest  
Miss the street life Downtown West  
And also the Afro-Americans.....  
The Asian-Americans.....

Stop this fucking tears!  
Now it's time to act!  
Now it's time to place you ad!



### **Jerry's Motel**

When I now, lie in my bed at night  
Find no sleep, looking around  
Then I feel that I miss a thing  
There are no rings above my bed!

Two beautiful medieval book paintings  
But no rings!

At the third day, at 7<sup>th</sup> Street Metro Center  
I asked myself, whether I should go on for dinner  
Or should I better take a short shower, some refreshment?  
I decided to go home first – to go home!?!

The “home” was my Motel Room  
So familiar in a little while  
My home – 285 Lucas Ave., Room 11

How much I miss my home!

## **Gus's Drive-In**

Gus's Drive-In

If there should be a synonym for what I feel.....  
Now, back again, closing my eyes.....  
Thinking 'bout the big city.....  
Gus's Drive-In!

I fell in love with the Latino people  
I fell in love with Downtown West  
I fell in love with Gus's Drive-In  
With the people there

The first evening in L.A. I walked there  
Chicken Soup – why not  
Mhai Mhai Salad – why not

The soup fresh made with vegetables  
As a cook I not would be able to do better!  
The salad, in Germany you can buy such a salad as “baby leaf” for an high price!  
The dressing with fantastic olive oil, the fish wonderfully grilled!  
Okay California, but - sorry afterwards – this was a Drive-In!

Still the first evening I learned how amazing eating in this city can be  
When looking around and trying different things  
Not to forget the food trucks and the barbecues at the pavements.....

And Gus's?  
With Gus's I fell in love!  
With the people there I fell in love!  
With the food there I fell in love!

Sometimes I wished to embrace them  
Sometimes I wished to stand in the kitchen there  
Sometimes I wished to be one of the regular customers – one who lives there!

But I was a tourist – only stayed for some time!  
Presented them some cookies for goodbye  
But next time when I will be there

Soup of the day in any case!  
But then?  
Salad or chicken or burger or steak....ah, all so delicious, what should I take....

And then, this unbelievable American breakfast!  
Pancakes with syrup and eggs and sausages and why not a steak.....!  
Oh, and everything with French Toast if you like!  
Oh Gus's, I miss you so!

I know no place here “at home”, that has the flair, the warmth, the comfort, the ease.....  
And tears dripping down while writing this words on my block  
Oh Gus's, I miss you so!

## **Ad Placed**

Now it's done  
Ad placed!  
Thought it would be easy  
Via Internet  
But then, it was a bit more difficult  
Without an American address  
Oh, L.A. Times - one and a half weeks,  
But then, it was done  
Not 12<sup>th</sup> but 19<sup>th</sup>  
And now?  
Don't know!  
But what I know is,  
That this is the most crazy thing I ever did!  
And I did some crazy things the last two years!  
Whether I'm enough crazy now,  
To make you crazy?

## **Letter Written**

Now I've written my letter  
Dark Blue - Malibu  
Will you ever get it? - Will you ever keep it in your hands?  
Oh Lizzy, I've said: "Goodbye!"  
And this was important!  
Now I would be ready to say:  
"Hello!"

## **L.A. Confidential**

Today TV  
Always L.A.  
The play of dream and reality  
Kim Basinger breathtaking  
I feel dead here  
At home in Germany

What would I get:

The world?  
or  
The ex-whore and a trip to Nevada?

## **L.A. In TV**

Lethal Weapon Series  
NCSI: L.A.  
Today  
All the time L.A.

Mayor Eric Garcetti:  
"I brought back the movie industry to L.A."

Dream and reality!

## **Homeless Males**

Now, and only now  
I realized that I saw (nearly) only male homeless people!  
Where are the women?  
Aren't there homeless women?  
Where are they?

## First Four Days

The first four days in L.A. - strange and puzzling. After I've arrived at LAX, customs and all this things - FlyAway to Union Station - Union Station!

I have to cross the whole station to the other side to get to the taxis - but that was good! First the Metro Headquarters - beautiful building! Then the Metro Line counter - bought my TAP card! Then I pass below the tracks to the other side - The Hall! In reality much more beautiful! Then I realized that this is "Amtrak area" - yeah, USA! Further on to the taxis and to Jerry's Motel Downtown West! I thought this all - LAX, FlyAway, taxi - will be difficult, but in the end it was very easy. Check in also very easy and I was there, in my motel room!

I've checked up before so I knew the way to the next Internet cafe and to Gus's Drive-In where I thought it would be good for the first dinner. Because it was still early - around 05:00 pm - I decided to go first to the Internet cafe and on my return to the motel to Gus's for dinner. Also I would see Mac Arthur Park - nice on pics. In reality - homeless people, not a few - tent next to tent - man without legs, veteran? - Skid Row, but here! - yeah, welcome to L.A.!

All the way to the Internet cafe this Latino street life - from the first moment it captured me - then the Internet cafe - wow, what language? - the browser! I managed it, but I was puzzled, looked at my map - oh, no longer Downtown West? - by crossing the last street now Koreatown! Later I saw that the signs are no longer Spanish and English but now Korean, Spanish and then English! Again, welcome to L.A.!

I've written about my first day at Gus's, wherefore I will not do it here again. But back in my motel I felt happy - I done it! From the first moment on I felt at home, comfortably, relaxed - and tomorrow I would see the Pacific Ocean! Maybe I should say that I could not see the ocean from the plane because it was very cloudy and foggy that day at the coastal area!

The second day I walked from my motel - Lucas Ave./3<sup>rd</sup> Street - to 7<sup>th</sup> Street Metro Center station. Downtown L.A. - well, large buildings you can see in every larger German city, therefore.....but my aim was another - the Pacific Ocean! Metro Expo Line, Santa Monica, a few blocks and then I saw her! - I've tears in my eyes right now, writing this, but there.....the pier, at the very front, to the endless horizon - my graveyard! I was overwhelmed, she was so indescribably beautiful.....

Later I took the 534 and drove by Elizabeth's house, ate something Point Dume, back to Santa Monica and my first sunset.....

All the time I had my block and pen with me, tried to write something, my thoughts, feelings.....but I wasn't able to. I wasn't sure how I should do it. Back again in my motel I thought about to write a kind of diary, but discarded it.

The next day Compton and Long Beach. The day after Chinatown and Little Tokyo - I put nothing on paper! My camera - I thought to take it along with me to make pictures and short videos - the whole two and a half weeks I was not able to make something - also not the planned video: "In California: In L.A.!" At the last evening I made one picture in my motel room - the one you can see on my webpage! But at the fifth day something happened!

The fifth day I decided to do some "tourist stuff" now - Hollywood! Hollywood - it was a shock! The last days I fell in love with the city, more and more - but now! Scientology, all the tourists, all the sights, Sunset.....what a shit! So far this city was so fascinating, inspiring, overwhelming....but now! I felt like an animal in a trap - and found a hideaway in "Elderberries"! There I came to rest, ordered something, listened to the live music, took my block and my pen and started to write.....L.A. Poetry

## **L.A. Poetry - The Completion**

### **The Day, When Nobody Died**

24h - nobody died!  
At the whole world!

No Killing!  
No Murdering!  
No Torturing!  
No Violence!  
No Disease!  
No Accident!

No one died!

March 19<sup>th</sup>, 2017!  
*The day, when nobody died!*

Except my dreams!

(Nickelback, If Everyone Cared)

### **The Day, I Died**

So often in my life I died

Directly after birth  
A few years later  
Again a few years later  
Dover  
Thoughts about suicide  
Car crashes  
Sunset Santa Monica Beach  
Sitting near Elizabeth's House  
Valentine's Day  
The day after  
March 19<sup>th</sup>, 2017

I assume, it's time to complete the list!

## **My Body**

Looking at my body

Isn't it amazing?

The human body – Life!

The knowledge about the biochemical processes which make this possible!

Would it be a “sin” to destroy this body?

Looking at my mind

Isn't it strange?

The human mind – Self-awareness!

How different it can be

Only as a result how much or few of some bio-chemical substances it produces

Or is it more – looking at this world?

Would it be a “relief” to destroy this mind?