

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 7th, 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 7th and 8th
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!

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 7th 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 - 5th 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 7th 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 12th but 19th
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./3rd Street - to 7th 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 19th, 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 19th, 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?