

Live You Life

Strange Days

Yes, I thought this month would start a bit different. In the US I thought, I would be unemployed back in Germany. That I've saved some money, why not a bit easy going. I reacted to a job offer, still in the US, but thought that not that much would happen - and now?

Saturday back in Germany, Monday job interview, Wednesday I signed the contract, and now I'm head chief in a house with a long tradition - reopening in April. A nice former water castle, for a longer time closed, now it will be reopened. Today my first work day (March 1st), a lot of planing, a new kitchen, new menu - everything new.....

Yeah, I thought this will become a lazy month - always something special. I thought, long time in bed and some writing - now a lot of work, but that's okay. Tomorrow I will begin with "Lizzy's dead", today is Thursday, therefore I was at the jazz club - as always a fantastic concert! So, this is enough writing for today, tomorrow I will have more time. I will not work at the weekends till the reopening - Saturday and Sunday I will work intensively on "Brave New Life".

Wow, only five days in Germany and everything changed totally. But I have the feeling this development will be good for my writing and shows, that my decision to quit my old job in front of my travel to the US, without having a new one, but that it would give me all possibilities, a good decision was.....

A calculated risk.....

A Single Tone

A Second Tone

A Third Tone

A Fourth Tone

A Fifth One

An Instrument

Another One

A Third One

A Voice

A Rhythm

A Melody

A Song

A Mood

A Fascination

An Inspiration

Humbleness

Desperation

Hope

Admiration

Cave 61 - March 8th, 2018

Maria Mendes

Gary Husband

Cédric Hanriot

Jasper Somson

An Ocean Of Life

Our Honeymoon - well, when you're not dying, when you're not try to find a place, a place where you at least have not to fear to be dead the next day, or this day, or the next hour, when the battle starts again, when they try to kill you because you're not as they like it, as they wanna that you are. *Dreaming away your life* - how wonderful, when you have the ability to do so, when you have the freedom to do so, when you not only have one dream only, the dream to live in peace, the hope not to be dead.....

An Ocean Of Life - a world fulfilled with life, a world, so many have no real life, their lives stolen, destroyed, wiped out.....no real answer why this has to be - I have none.....I know nothing. There is this mood, when you wish to vanish, in music, in drugs, in The Endless Ocean, when everything feels meaningless, your job, your writing, your thoughts, your feelings, your life - everything, and only one question has to be answered: Why all this, why continuing, why not cease, this world would not even noticing it, why it should be something to be noticed?

Outside the stars shining and sparkling at the night sky, all is silent and secure. I took a risk - what a fucking risk? I'm a head chef now and work on the reopening of the kitchen of a wonderful five hundred year old water castle - what a shit is this writing about risks! Yes, I could fail, but come on, this is Germany, many would like to live here. A democracy, free health care, free education, a social welfare system and much more! Stars shining and sparkling outside, nobody tries to kill me because I've the wrong skin, faith, political opinion, sexual orientation - because two parties use my country to fight their war.....

Slow dancing, slow dying, fast revolution - will the students start a revolution? Revolution, never liked it, always doubtful about it, the French Revolution? The futuristic dream that the world war would purify Europe to create a new and bright future - Travis in N.Y.? Germany? The "Deutsche Wirtschaftswunder"? All the old Nazis in the new government, after 1949? No judge was prosecuted for their sentences they rendered during the Nazi regime - and then the beginning of the revolt of the students.....

Should we have revolutions - in Africa against Europe and their political "elite"? In America against the oligarchy of a few families, for real democracy where everybody has the right to vote? In Europe? Should we fight for more equality, against right wing ideas - would we need a revolution? Every German gets an invitation for every election ("Wahlbenachrichtigung"). We have a political spectrum from far left to far right. We have popular vote. We have a multi party system. We have press from far left to far right. Do we need a revolution? I've no idea - I know nothing.....

Everything is fine now - yes, as long as there's an ocean, everything is okay, until then there's always a solution, the ocean is calm and warm - *everything is bright now...*

I'm simply disappointed as always in such moments. I do not understand it, and I will never understand it till the day I die.....

An Ocean Of Dreams - I get lost in my dreams, try to escape the reality, this world, this life. Try to find something, something to grab, something to adhere to, something to get lost in. Don't start to become kitschy - you've your writing, what a shit should that be? Would I write every day, every hour, every second my whole remaining life - what would this change? Peter has thrown his .44 till Alcatraz, no bad idea! But he's a fictional character, and by the way, his story is not written completely so far, but I'm no fictional character, and I own no .44 - maybe still better so. No, would I be now the old author who lives at the ocean - you know, Chandler? - yes, you would find me in

the same way, like him in the story, happy and free - but also no ocean.....

A black swan swims on a small lake in the San Francisco Zoo, he opens his wings a bit and shows me his beautiful white feathers, take me with you, Black Swan, away from this fucking world.....

Hawking

If there would be intelligent life in the universe apart from us, for the moment I see us as intelligent, then we should welcome it. Yes Mr. Hawking, a risk, but not for us! How much more insane they should be, then we are? Assumed, they would kill us - as long as they not kill themselves, they are much more human than we are! Honestly, I fear more, this encounter will be bad for them! Is it possible to think a civilization, a civilization that lasted long enough to travel through the universe, that behaves as stupid than we do? Is it thinkable at all, that life behaves more cruel, awful, more insane than we do? What should they do, to top us? Yes, we not have destroyed our planet finally, but we are not that far away. Yes, not everywhere is war - but what should this mean? War as a military battle, but war can mean a bit more, or?

I think, everything depends on your opinion (confidence?), whether we run into a dystophy, or that at the end a Utopia waits. My Utopia - "Utopian Dreaming"? I have some very clear ideas about it, no details so far, but some basic ideas are obvious to me. But at the end I have to confess, that all seems to me, as I would describe a nice and wonderful dream - nothing that has any connection to the reality at all! "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl" will become the counter-draft - at least I feel so at the moment. And I fear, that "Tamara" will be only the prologue to what will be written then.....

Insane

I see this insane world
But I can't understand it

So many smart words have been written
But why we cannot understand them?

We crave for more and more
But who tells us that this is the aim?

Success is the measurement
But who defines what "success" is?

Happiness seems not to be correlated with wealth
Why we not reflect about this?

Human beings have rights, because they are human beings
Why is it so difficult to accept this – and to be consequent then?

Empathy
Why are we able to live in such a world, without running crazy?

We cannot heal the whole world
Maybe it would be better, we would try it at least.....

Time Moves

If time wouldn't exist
Would there be music?
Would it be possible in a universe without time
To play music?

How should this be possible?

Time moves both ways
Always doubted this sentence!
Joanna, when I play your music backwards
It sounds totally different!

A contradiction?

Would it be plausible to see music as a contradiction
To the theories that
Time is simply an illusion
Time can / could move in both ways?

I have the feeling, yes!

Music is a sequence in time
Music is not reversible
You cannot subtract time from music
b-a-c-h is not h-c-a-b!

Would you agree with me?

Music is like a river
And this image is very old
Music is a river

Yesterday I listened to Elizabeth in a live-stream
Lollapalooza Argentina
I can watch the video again and again
But never again it will be the same, never again she will sing in this moment in Argentina!

This day comes more and more to an end
My life comes more and more to an end
This writing comes more and more to an end
Soon I will empty my Whiskey Sour and drive home

Time moves only in one way
Time is no illusion
Time is real

Music is time, definitively no illusion

Well, who knows.....

Fear

Why do we fear so much
Everything, all the time we fear
Maybe, because of our experiences
A history of wars, pain and suffering

But in repeating all this all the time
Who would expect that this time it will be different
Except some fools
Should we try something new

But what would mean "something new"
Communism, hippies, many other things, all not new
No private property, but what should this mean - in reality!
Not: Nearly all for a few, only a bit for the most - that easy?

I have the feeling, that this world would not have to change that much
No revolution, no total change, no absolute break
Only some, few, slight changes would be enough
And the world would be, at least, somewhat (much) better for the most

Spinning

Money makes the world go round - really?

I have the feeling, that a few greedy, psychotic assholes ruin this world
But why the majority accepts this?
Why they accepted for a long time to play
The herd of sheep for the cleric shepherds?

Enlightenment - a key element?
Stupidity - a natural part of the human beings?
Science - a key element?
Laziness - a natural part of the human beings?

Maybe it could, at least, help to forget the "categories"
Sex, race, status, nationality.....

But not
Cultural identity, cultural diversity, cultural roots.....

Maybe, why not, the answer would be an easy one.....

Guilt

Who's guilty on all this, what happens in the world
The political leaders, the ones who elected them
The unpolitical people, the ones who wanna keep their (middle class) status
No problem to expand this list

Choose one from the list above, or write your own one
Hey, Micheal Jackson sang: *Man In The Mirror*
I preferred Prince:*the one and only*.....

My stomach hurts - no, not because of this world
But this world definitively not helps
My mind hurts - yes, because of this world.....

Pain

I wore a crown made of thorns
I was nothing then a liar
I wanted to be a human being
I became a monster in the end

My most fervent wish
To become a human
My gravest curse
To become a human

There's this pain, this despair
That the fulfillment of your most fervent wish
Would be your gravest curse
There's this pain, this despair

Curse

I try to hurt me, try to kill me
A needle as best friend, the taste of alcohol
The tenderness of water
I try to escape my fate, try to escape my existence

Hey, are there other civilizations in this universe
Hope not, it would be embarrassing to confess
Hey, I'm a human from planet earth
Sure about, we would disgust them

Do you have a dream?
Are you crazy!
Do you have nightmares?
Can understand you totally!

Nightmares

How wonderful a nightmare would be
At night with closed eyes
How awful a nightmare is
At day with open eyes

You should have nightmares while sleeping
You would wake and everything would be good
When you're wide awake you shouldn't have nightmares
It's difficult to wake then, and nothing's good

You search, crave for sleep
The longer, deeper the sleep will be
The more beautiful the sleep will be
You search, crave for the endless sleep

Turtle Dove

Do you hear the turtle dove
Her nightmarish wonderful singing
Do you hear the turtle dove
Her tears wetting the ground

I would give everything
To be a turtle dove for one day
Tears I've enough
Just not able to sing

Dream

Yeah, ridiculous old bastard
Who's interested in your fucking dreams
Yeah, old ridiculous bastard
Be merciful to yourself, a final and endless dream

A tone touches my eardrum
A delightful second
A second full of fulfillment
In an ocean full of pain

I'm laying on a velvet blanket
Looking at the velvet night sky
Feeling your velvet touch
Having a velvet dream

Yeah, ridiculous old bastard
Who's interested in your fucking dreams
Yeah, old ridiculous bastard
Be merciful to yourself, a final and endless dream

Velvety

Take a velvety blanket
And cover my face
What would this change

Take a velvety blanket
And cover this world
What would this change

Take a velvety blanket
And let me disappear therein
This would change everything

Yearningly

Yearningly I wait for you
Knowing, would not be able to handle it
So much too late, too late now
Yearningly I wait for you

I would offer you black roses every day
And would I be rich
A gorgeous black diamond also
But I'm nothing

I would show you the wonders of the black night sky
Would you be on my side
Would dive with you into the deep blue ocean
But you're not there

Last Dance

Last dance?
Well, not before the first - or?
Makes no sense - or?
Rotten dreams - or?

Say, that I'm a great poet!
Say, that I'm fantastic!
Say, that I'm a genius!
Enough, that I know the truth!

Holy, holy!
Words are words - who's interested in that dog shit!
Dreams are dreams - what a sophisticated crap!
Deeds are deeds - well said big author!

Last dance?
Man, you're such a fool!
Last Dance?
Man, you're looking like a joke, dancing all alone!

City Of Broken Dreams

Why you're captivating me, big city?
Well, we're very much the same!
Why you're fascinating me, big city?
Well, you're an insane city!

Walking in the night back home
All the waste on the streets
Rats and homeless people
I feel safe and sound

Walking in the night between the glass towers
All the waste on the streets
Sophisticated party people
I feel repulsed and disgusted

Walking in the night aimlessly
This city can be the most wonderful in the world
Touching the sand and feeling the breeze
Knowing she offers you your final aim

City By The Bay

I'm closing my eyes, no longer touching the ground
Flying with the seagulls, diving with the sea lions
And the ocean's waves and the rocks
The white foam never touches me again

I open my eyes and lie on the ground
The green grass beds me, the trees offer me shadow
In a far distance this world seems to be
No longer I have to fear

Would you offer me my final aim?
And she answers: No!
What then, you would offer me?
And she answers: A future!

Sometimes I feel free, sometimes
Sometimes I feel down, sometimes
Sometimes I see black, sometimes
Sometimes I see bright, sometimes

City By The Bay
Confusing in such a nice manner
Would you offer me companionship
To accompany the old man for the rest of his life?

Pain

What would be, could I start again?
Whatever - it's impossible!
What would be, would I die now?
Whatever - I'm dead then!

But I'm not dead now - even there's a lot of pain!
But I'm not dead now - even there's a lot of loneliness!
But I'm not dead now - even I wish it sometimes!
But I'm not dead now - even it will happen without any doubt!

Still there's time, and please don't lie
I fear a lot, but what would be the alternative
Not dead now, I still feel the pain
I'm weak and old, but I'm not dead now

There Was A Man

There was a man who lived in his own little world, in his own little house, there by the beach, without TV, Internet and all such stuff - and what does you mean? Yeah, he was happy, sometimes a bit alone, but then, he walked at the beach, the waves and the breeze, the seagulls and sometimes even a whale. From time to time he drove to the next little town, to buy what he needed, and sometimes, but only sometimes he looked at the newspapers, the headlines, but it was long ago, that he was interested in.....

Sometimes he took a sheet of paper and a pencil and started to write. He not thought about it, he simply wrote down what comes him to mind, and when the sheet was covert with words, then he laid it into a box, to the other sheets, the many, many other sheets.....

But most of the time he spent in nature, he loved the nature, the plants in a same way then all the animals, and the clouds, the air, the rain - he loved it to sit at the beach when there was a storm! The mighty waves, the mighty wind - then it was obvious, that he was nothing compared to nature, he was only an old man, a bit crazy, but only a bit.....

Long ago he wished to be known, that other people would know his name - well, all this stuff, but today he knew, that it was much more important, that the ocean and the breeze would know his name, that he was a part of this wonderful nature.....

A part of the sophisticated society, a part of the successful, a part of the famous, a part, always a part of something, but no longer a part of nature? This was without any sense, like in California. The next major earthquake will come and nature will show again that all the human efforts are meaningless, compared to the overwhelming nature - and the old man, his little house at the beach? Whatever would happen he would have to accept it, he never had said, that nature was tender and soft - sometimes! But in the same way, nature could be brutal and without any mercy, no, nature was no paradise, this nature was of overwhelming beauty.....

Should I talk now about the day - you know which day I mean. I don't think that this is necessary, also not what happened with all this many sheets of paper, covered with words. But one thing I will mention. The old man dreamt about, that the ocean would be the place where he would find his last rest, and what should I say? Even though that most of his wishes he had during his life became no reality, also not his second meaningful wish, this wish became reality and the endless ocean became his last rest. I should tell more about this? Why? Would it be important, his last wish came true, only that's what's important.....

Wilshire

Not knowing why, why I always feel like I feel, while listening to your voice
Yeah, you touch my heart, I lost myself in your music, your mellifluous voice
I could dream forever while hearing you, I could die forever, dissolve forever

Yeah, you're a drug, a devilish drug, addictive in a twinkle, no rehab possible
Yeah, you're a drug, a tender drug, sheltering forever, standing by you an eternity
Strange, what comes into my mind, while listening to you, wonderful it is

What would I do, would I ever meet you
I really have no idea
I close my eyes and.....

I dance with the endless ocean under a vanilla sky
And even there's no love, it's wonderful to.....
Two black swans and she who protects me, my beautiful bird

Oh, would I be.....yeah, would.....
Yeah, I would, I would, would, would, would.....
Funny old man, all this woulds, now it's too late.....

But your voice will be forever, your songs will be iconic
What a wonderful feeling this would be
What a wonderful feeling it's to hear you

I should write, every moment, till the eternity
But no word would equal yours, yeah, yours is the eternity
But I was delighted to be allowed, listening to you

Would I never write again, I would die
Would I never listen to you again, I would be doomed to endless torture
Death would be a relieve then, cause you're.....

Never I will meet you, maybe it's better so
What should I say to you, should I say.....
Sometimes dreams shouldn't came true

Truth and lies, who shall decide
Lies and truth, who's interested in
'Cause you're the truth, my truth while drowning in dreams

Would I ever be able to write something, something at least a bit relevant
It would be while listening to you, who would doubt this
A fool I would be, doubting this - Harlequin I would like to be, Trickster

A child I would like to be, amazed about the magician's trick
An adult I hate to be, searching for the magician's trick
While listening to you I can be a child again, you give me back what I've lost.....

Never I will be lighthearted again, your voice makes me lighthearted
Your voice expresses my sadness, your voice bestows me pleasure
Should I stop it - how should I be able to!

Endless repeat, endless relief, endless eternity
Lost in the nothing, with you and your voice and your songs
What else should I seek.....

Well, what would mean a life without art - nothing, because it would be nothing what one could name "a life"!

At The End Of The Day

Yeah, I feel old and tired
At the end of this day
After a thirteen-hours workday today
Tom Petty today, yeah, you be right
It would be good to be king.....

Yesterday I dreamt with Elizabeth
Today over twelve minutes The Heartbreakers
Again and again till I'll fall asleep
And never wake up again - no shorter day tomorrow
But then till late evening again - writing through the night.....

Thursday, jazz club day, the restaurant is closed - very cool!
Will have fantastic Thursdays from now on, with jazz and cocktails
Well, this Thursday at 8:30 am at the dentist, will need some hours
I'll get a large dental bridge, but the hardest part is already done - oral surgeon!
But come on, it's jazz club day.....

I'll write the whole night again, I feel excited
Till the dawn, and then I'll go to bed, knowing what I've achieved
I loved it very much to write in this manner - music, dreams and writing, the whole night
Many stories still waiting, many poems - know the beginning now
The beginning of "Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"

I fear it will become a very brutal story, but how brutal the story should be
Looking at this world, would I be able to write in such a way - should try it
Well, while dancing with Mary Jane now, it should be possible
Oh hell yes, it should become a radical story, looking at this fuckin' world
Oh hell yes, have written it some time before, I saw the devil tonight - it was me!

Maybe I should listen to Five Finger Death Punch? Or Garbage - No Horses!
Will see them in September - Köln - look forward!
Yeah, Mary Jane, would you dance with me? But I'm the inconspicuous boy at the edge.....
Or as a king, with my little queen? Oh, old man - you're a fuckin' dreamer
And therefore I love you, this old body with this young mind inside

Yeah, I'm tired today, but it's wonderful to listen to this fantastic musicians
Yeah, and Stevie Nicks - the whole concert? Nicks and Petty - Nicks and Grant.....
No, I fell that I have to come to the end - for today! And then, soon, very soon
The whole night will be mine again, yeah Mr Petty, we'll spend many hours together then
And also with all this other fantastic musicians and singers - the night is yours alone, R.E.M.!

Happiness

Happiness - should I be happy, people applauded me
No, not onstage - at least not such a stage
At work, my first two days as head chef in the little former water castle
And my writing?

Driven to Heilbronn, need people around me
At the bar - Sausalitos - Caesars Salad with king prawns
First a large Pina Colada, now a large Whiskey Sour
Very large, with orange juice, not totally my taste

Two days brunch, now two days à la carte
Then it will be Thursday, jazz club day
Two days working at noon, now two days at the (late) evening
Two days writing through the night

Tired, but relaxed - satisfied so far, tomorrow
A lot of work, again a very long day, but nightly writing
Sometimes I wish me to be successful with my writing
In that way, that a lot of people would read my writing

Not to become famous, or even rich, but
But I think it would be strange then
In hindsight on the last years
The years with writing, translation, videos and California

How would it be, to be a professional writer
A writer who would be able to gain his living by writing
Would I miss the work, would I miss this life
What a joke! In a few months I'm fifty-six!

Only a few years and I'm a pensioner!
Only a few years and I can live from my pensions (governmental and private)
Only a few years and I would be able to write the whole day
Only a few years and I would dream about my little house at the beach

Yeah, this version is not really my taste

San Francisco

At the very moment I've the feeling
That the next time in San Francisco will be fantastic
A bit drunken?
But really, come on, dungeness crab at the wharf
The bay at sunset or dawn? The black swan.....

Yeah, and the young giraffe in L.A.?
Oh fuck, it would be cool to live there!
Yeah, as a cook, as a normal worker, it would be fucking!
But the bay, the beaches - Californian Illusions!

Yeah sure, I would like to meet Ms. Grant
Yeah sure, I would like to read at City Lights
Yeah sure, I would like to life there
Fuckin' dreams!

Thoughts About Dying

Not sure why, but I'm in a mood
Yeah, stupid situation at work - to much success, to much visitors, too little staff
Yeah, my stomach aches are still there despite of the treatment
But sill, I'm not sure, why this mood

Spend the night with Garbage
Yeah, Ms. Manson, you will help me through the night, keep me alive
Night now, daylight where I would like to be now
But maybe it's better not to be there - at least not in this mood.....

When I close my eyes - fucking shit, I'm tired to dream about it only!
Yeah, only some years, then you would be able to, at least maybe
Yeah, only some years and you could write the hole day
But I'm sick of it, to wait, to hope, that it will become true!

How would it be, to have success as writer
No argumentation now what "success" would / should mean
Success when? I'm such a fucking old man! - Why I have to think about dying?
I would die happy tonight - definitively not, Ms. Grant, it would be fucking shit

I've the feeling that someone stands behind me
I feel the breath, I hear an angry snort
The beautiful queen is here, her incandescent thoroughbred
How beautiful it would be, to be her slave - till the end of endlessness.....

Should I turn my head, to look into her eyes
I would welcome death with exult
But still, I would be a coward, it would be the deed of a lousy bastard
I would love it, to dissolve, to dissolve in the nothing.....

Oh Shirley, and all the other band members
Not the first who says that your music helps you through such times
But it's true, your music and my tears?
Yeah, beautiful queen, can you wait a little bit longer?

To Die For

There's no devil, I'm sure about - why
Would there be a devil, he would stand next to me now - grinning
And I would sign everything, would believe everything - Lizzy
Think, it's really better not to be the young and beautiful girl....

Now I'm the old and ugly man, strange, could be worse - Little Girl
How would it be, would there be a God? Can you imagine an existing paradise?
Everything's so heavy now, feel like squeezed to the ground
Hardly I can breath, and it's not only my stomach, the pain is everywhere.....

To die for, not for this life, this life is worth nothing - ah, why so nihilistic?
I dance on a meadow of dead bodies, I enjoy it
The smell of rotten flesh, I enjoy it
Would like it, to meet the devil.....

How would it be, to slit the veins, to see the dark red blood?
Yeah, strange mood tonight, feel so empty, so dead
And the beat keeps me alive, there's nothing, yeah nothing!
How fucking it is, to die, it's like to read a book, never you will be able to read the story's end.....

Fucked Up

Sometimes everything is shitty
Shitty mood already, now I cannot upload my writing
No connection possible - mistake 500!
Would be a cool story - or?

Wannabe writer kills himself because he can't upload his writing
Desperation drove him into doing this
Well, I'm too hard-headed for such a shit, to analytic
On the other side, why not?

I'm so fucking tired - should go to bed
To be waken through all the night
All this pictures and sounds
How would it be, to be insane?

Three Young Pupils

Walked around, three young pupils (two girls and a boy) in front of me
Maybe fifteen, definitively no older
Talked about a young boy they knew
Who committed suicide, short after a school event all together

Yeah, when this old man writes about it, he's old and will die soon anyway
But such young persons, they should talk about music and fashion, not about death
And this young man
He would had had a whole life in front of him - so sad

Sometimes life is shit, walking around
Later the evening I will enjoy some good jazz
Maybe one or two cocktails thereafter
Maybe something to eat before, some good wine in any case

And this young man – this all is so without any sense.....
And the three pupils – please, try it, enjoy your life, even when....
And the old man – he will enjoy the jazz and the wine.....
And later he will write something, he has to write something.....

Not knowing

Not knowing what happens at the moment
Your cap of rump is the best I've ever eaten
Your Mousse au Chocolat is incredible
Your cream soup from sorrel - on eye-level with the three-star chef where we've eaten not long ago
Your nougat parfait - simply excellent
Well, maybe I should stop writing.....

The last nearly two years, my last job as cook, were a disaster
Now I work as head chef and everything works too good - okay, still too less staff
Should I be happy now - the jazz and the wine was fantastic!
And the world is still this insane miserable place as before
Maybe you should not think about it - maybe you should run crazy
Why would I be still unhappy, would I die tonight?

Is the Standard Model of particle physics complete or not - dark matter
Elizabeth Grant has announced a new album, Morcheeba will release theirs soon
I've a ticket for Garbage in September, Selah Sue is on tour again - maybe soon in Germany
Soon WW III, climatic disaster, a president who goes nuts finally, wars about resources
Yeah, "the end", Ms. Newsom - should we turn back, would we able to turn back
Not by will, this time I agree with you, but I'm not happy about it – no, not happy

Happy Sad

I'm happy, and this happiness drowns in sadness
So much marvellousness around me, so much insanity
I feel empty, would wish this awful dream would end
I feel empty, would wish I could dream forever
Nothing makes sense anymore.....

It's like a Hollywood movie where things become more and more catastrophic
But hey, at the end there will be a happy ending - it's a Hollywood movie!
But this fucking world is no Hollywood movie - a film noir?
No chance, whatever you will do - only death at the end.....
Yeah, too much death, too much senseless and unnecessary death.....

13 People

Assumed, you would have a list with 13 people
This 13 people would be no longer then
Would this change the world?
Only 13 people

Who would be on your list?
Only 13 people
How grave would be the impact?
Only 13 people

Isn't it an interesting thought
Or does you think this would change nothing
Some decades ago, a list with Hitler, Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot, Idi Amin.....
Not uninteresting, but today, in the present.....

Should I write my list - well, it will not function, they will be still there, unfortunately
But if it would function, I would write my list - only 13 names, and the world would change
Is this an appeal for murder? Well, always this crux with interpretation - Umberto Eco.....
Would I murder someone - no, at least not in a democracy - Georg Elser

Isn't it interesting, that many of this possible names were elected in free elections
That they were beloved leaders - okay, not by the millions they have murdered, but the people....
Yes, sometimes millions have to die, to build something new - what a misanthropic shit
Only 13 people, not millions, and millions again.....

Yes, let the monster free, it would tell you what you have to do
And let's see, maybe it's not such a little monster at all, maybe a real big one.....
Why not sitting here, in front of my PC, and writing about worthless life
Let's see, we will find a fitting group.....

Only 13 people
Would this be more insane then thirteen million people
Only 13 people
Every life is a valuable life, are you sure? - Hey, I'm a German!

And I'm an intellectual German - tyrannicide, old Greece.....
Why not thirteen times? Or do you have problems to find thirteen tyrants in this fuckin' world?
Hadn't we this problem with interpretation? Welcome.....
Yeah Lizzy, you're a little lush, and I'm a.....

Without Borders

Writing without borders - would this function?
Watch a video in the Internet were someone becomes beheaded, burned alive, slaughtered.....
What should you write then? Maybe nothing?
But silence would mean to give up - anepia?

As long as your able to, you're allowed to shout, shout out loud
As long as you're able to, you're allowed to write, write as much as you can
So much are not able to, are not allowed to - keep them in mind
What a gift, even when it should be something natural.....

What a wonderful world this would be, would everyone be heard.....
Think about a free Internet, everyone would be present there.....
You could extend your hand to everyone - what a naive thought
And Lizzy jumps off of bridges yet again! Ah Lizzy, with you at my side.....

Yes, I've a broken heart, belongs to no one
Let's get it on, yeah, with you.....
I would like it, to know the day I will die
You know whom I would listen to, the day it would happen.....

Four times I ended "Dark Heart", three times, and especially the very last time, with you
Last Girl On Earth
So many songs touch me in my inmost, but this one kills me all the time
Infinite loop, this night I would die happy.....

Senselessness

Had an Alexander (Brown), looked at the people
This all makes no sense to me any longer
All this hustle, this greed..... - why I look that much towards the US?
This country shows the unvarnished truth - maybe this country is simply a honest country

On the other hand, would it be there possible that..... - ah, why all the time this naive dreams?
And what would it means for the US
Universal health care, free education and more - in Germany reality
Germany a paradise? Not to have to answer this question - or!

Uneven distribution of wealth - nearly as extreme as in the US!
Our European neighbors are pissed off due to the low wages in Germany,
Compared with the productivity!
We've murdered millions in the gas chambers, started an awful war, but
Extreme right positions are still present - capable of winning a majority? Saxony?

For a different angle - Hillary Clinton would be a (far) right wing politician in Germany
Even Barack Obama, at least some of his positions, would be right wing in Germany
Bernie Sanders would be a "normal" left wing politician -
His political claims are reality in Germany.....
Sahra Wagenknecht is a communist politician in Germany ("Die Linke" / "The Left") -
In the US she would be the devil in persona.....

Would it be a moment of hope, would the people stand up in the US?
Would they contend successfully for that what's normality in Europe?
And then? Still Germany is no paradise! Neither France, Italy, Spain.....
Is there a country one could name as a shining example? - Scandinavia?

Sweden - I like the country very much - is also no paradise, the people very stay-at-home
Norway - a country in which the inhabitants consider themselves as very happy?
Well, also no paradise! Also this country has its problems.....
Okay, to be fair, compared with the US the Scandinavian countries are paradises! Germany?

There's a safety net - you not have to fear to lose everything, to have to live on the street
This means not, that there are no poor families, poor children,
But at least they have some governmental support
But still, this country is no paradise! To be poor, is also fucking in this country,
Maybe "poor" means something different
And as said, also we have our 1%, they are only not that aggressive like the 1% in the US

Would I die now, there would be another point that would sadden me
The story of the US - at least I would like to witness the next years, whatever the story will be....
I see me in the year 1939 in Germany, Hitler's rising, the attack on Poland.....
And I would write this words - And then?

Dying during the war, this would had been awful - the gas chambers, the battle fields.....
Dying directly after the war, would this had given hope - Hitlers end, the behavior of the allied.....
Dying some years later, strange things would had happened then - "Wirtschaftswunder", NATO.....
Dying today, a total new world, this country - an (mostly) open society, balance of interests.....

And then the rise of nationalism, especially in eastern Europe - Hungary, Poland, Turkey.....
And the British shit - would like to see how this will develop
No, I would be pissed of to die tonight, even when your music, your songs would accompany me
Not tonight Lizzy - hey fuck, I'm simply curious about the next chapters,
Even when the last is unreachable

So I will listen to you for some more time, Hollywood's Dead
Wow, in such a moment I even be able to love Hollywood, walking along Broadway, L.A.
And then I will jump with you off of every bridge you like - Colorado Street Bridge of course!
And finally I will drown in my tears - Last Girl On Earth.....

This Night Belonged To the Stars

This night was a wonderful night
A quite night
A night together with the stars
A calm night

Wow, since months the first time
Missed it very much
To be together with the stars
Away in a different world

It's beautiful to watch the distant lights
To estimate their brightness
Some interesting surprises
That was a too long time without them

Also some nearer or further away
Star clusters and galaxies
And off course, Jupiter
With two of his moons and a star very near

Yes, it was a beautiful night
Tonight? Seems to be a clear night again
The very young crescent oft the moon
Maybe I should observe again a bit, but then I should write also

Gnarls

Crazy - yeah, listening to you
I wanna be crazy
Watching your video
What do I see

I see me, drowning in the sea
In a black sea, in a sea of ink
I look at my body, my arms, my breast and my back
And the ink starts to move - Bradbury

Surrealistic thoughts and dreams
Who knows what reality is
Only an illusion in an illusionary ocean
Only a spark in an endless universe

Crazy - how crazy that we can see the universe
So much beyond the human experimental values
But then - we can understand it (at least to a certain point)
So much beyond the human reality of life

You have to be crazy - otherwise you will become insane, will stick in normality
Craziness allows you to be creative
Only the fool speaks out the truth
The others keep silent

I see a woman, I see a huge piano
Some say she's crazy, some say she's complicated
I see a person with feelings, I see a vulnerable person
Always I had my problems with her, in Munich she casts a spell over me

Crazy, Mr. Barkley

Happiness Wanted

We sell dreams, dreams about happiness
The Brady Bunch comes me to mind
Yeah, Marcia! All their "big" problems - happy world

And today? Not that much changed - or?
To be successful - job, car, family.....
To be a valuable part of society, to support society

You have to be something special
The people have to envy you
Would this an aim to me

I would like it, if the people would like my writing
I would like it, to be in the background
My writing should be important, not my person

We all have our dreams

Noise

I sit on the top of a mountain
No sign of human life
Many sounds around me - but no noise
The wind, the birds, the leaves - quietness

I'm not sure - would I like it
All alone in nature
I like it, to be among the people
To hear their voices

But it's good to be here
All alone in nature
To look at the plants
To see all the animals

I've no use for the society values
Well, have no and will have no children
No traditional point of view of life
Should be a crazy freak

Yeah, would like it to be
The crazy old man, later, when retired
Who writes this strange stuff all day, every day
Who lives from his pension

This is a really crazy image for me
To sit the whole day in a cafe
Writing, writing, writing and writing
I would write thousands of pages

What would I write, sitting at the beach, on top of a mountain?
Have no idea! How should I?
But it would be interesting to see
Where the path would lead to

I sit on the top of a mountain
Quietness

Human Behavior

Should I laugh about it - like scary animals
Fears, negative experiences - strange behavior
But emotions are important - who would doubt this
Everybody is a potential enemy - evolutionary burden

I would like it, to see the world in say a thousand years
How would it be - 1018
A lot of changes since then - but then also not that much
Would we be closer together, would we work together, worldwide

"Utopian Dreaming" - this will be my Utopia
For me this would be the only way that the humans would have a future
Therefore, all of this developments of today
Protectionism, nationalism, separation.....will be destructive

They will destroy every chance of a human future

Prince

Have found a version of "Crazy" with you at the guitar
Your death was an incident, mistake, accident.....come on, that can't be true
That's much more fucking than anything else - all the time this shit opioids

Tom Petty also? What a fucking insane shit is this.....
But then, it's only the top of the iceberg
How much the producer's stock market value rose

Hey, that's the US
Big business, making money
Are you crazy? - Fuck, I would like it, to be!

Never Trust Anyone

Know an old man with this sentence inked on his inner lower arm - a quote from a song by Garbage. It refers to "trust no one" - one of Elizabeth Grant's tattoos. He has written a kind of poem years ago - while reflecting on this tattoo, at this time he had no own tattoo at all. The second line was: Sometimes you have to - inked on the outer side of his lower arm now. This night he has the feeling, that he maybe should cover up this line - never trust anyone.....

Why we do the things we do - how old is this question? Too old, too long no one has an answer to this question, much too long! Why we do something at all - hey Avicii, truly with a shard of glass? Wow, I'm only an old coward.....

Twenty-eight, a star? If it's true, why you ditched your life? I mean, why you didn't buy a little house by the beach? I would buy me one - what a fucking shit this is, all the time.....

Only one time in my life I would like it, to feel secure, sheltered, that someone would be with me, someone who would trust me, and I would trust her. Loneliness, people do fucking things when the feel in this way, fucking things.....

I think about, to put the headphone on, Garbage till the ears ache - Why we.....killed the horses.....

Or should I drive to Heilbronn? Not to late for a bar - two Manhattans are enough for me, the third would give me the rest.....

Or should I walk or drive around through the night - still no blue velvet dress in my closet.....

A shard of glass? Sometimes the simplest things are the most effective.....

A Shard Of Glass

Breaking Glass - Hazel O'Connor? How many decades? Maybe she should accompany me through the night? And why not The Stranglers? Always The Sun?

No, now I know it - Nostalgia, too long ago.....I'd Still kill you.....

P.s.: I've discovered Alice Smith (Afropunk!) this night!

Time Lapse

Time moves away
My life moves away
Why does I can't only write

Why I do what I do
Yeah, money
Even someone like Bukowski had a supporter

Would someone support me
To be able to write more, to concentrate on writing
To upload everything, everybody can read it for free

Should I try it
A place like Patron
Should I try it

Why not
Or I hope that I will live long enough – retirement
Then the then really old man can write the whole day long.....

No Money

I not have to earn money with my writing
That's a good thing

I can write what I want in the way I want
That's a good thing

I can stop with my writing if I like it
That's a good thing

I should enjoy this facts, should be happy
That should be a good thing

Better Now?

Was ill the last two weeks
Better now?
My stomach hurts not that much anymore
Also my head
The new treatment better

Have problems to write after the work
Sometimes I can write nothing
Sometimes for a shorter period
The beginning of "Make Up" is not that bad
But feel uninspired

Today it's better - Thursday
Had a mixed grill plate in a Turkish kebab
Now a café au lait while writing
Later jazz club, a very interesting trio
Well, tomorrow at 8:00 am at the dentist

The next weekend will be the best
Since we've opened, since I'm head chef
Every day at least one event and à la carte
But have found a very good sous-chef
Look forward to the next weekend

And my writing?
I've decided now that my next step will be "Patron"
I think this is only consequent
No classic way with a publishing house
Maybe the Internet is my place

City lights?
Would be cool
A literary magazine?
Would be cool
But whatever way, I would wish people would read my writing

And then, to be a writer
I'm a cook, because I earn my living with cooking
I'm a writer, because I earn my living with writing
Otherwise you would have to say:
I cook, I write, I observe variable stars, but I'm no astronomer

I'm an amateur astronomer
I make observations who are relevant for scientists, astronomers
But I'm an amateur, as astronomer, but as writer I wish me something else
It would be only consequent to try to live from my writing – and then
I'm nearly fifty-four! In a few years I get my pension

Then I can write the hole day long
With my pension and some support it should be possible
To fulfill my dream, to live in the US
East coast, at the Endless Ocean
That I can travel around, see the country and meet the people

Would be a very different situation then
When some people would support me with a monthly amount
Therefore that I can write, could concentrate on writing more and more
Or later could live in the country that is the basis of my writing
As setting, as inspiration, the art, the people, the ocean.....

Wow, that's a surprising development, so many possibilities today
Sure, no guarantee for success
But only the possibility
But you have to try it, you have to work on it, give it a chance
My fourth year – February 15th, 2015

This Peter is so far away now
Not thought would be able to finish something at last
And now?
Now I think about it to earn money with my writing
About literary magazines, to live by the beach

Not as a dream
In reality
Not as an intellectual game
In reality
And it would be possible!

Brave New Life
Maybe not that cynical than I thought
Maybe a prophecy
At least a possibility
“Lust For life” - maybe not that wrong, the lyrics: *We're.....*

The Life As An Artist

Have said it before that I envy artists therefore
That they found a way to express themselves via their art

Have said it before that I respect artists therefore
That they take the risk to live such a life

And I?
Have I found my way now, to express myself

And I?
My life comes to it's end now, no real risk anymore

This all should give me the freedom to go my own way
Not have to think about what will be later, would I fail as an artist
There will be no later, the later is just right now

Feel really better now, will create my "Patreon" page now
Now I have a lot of ideas again
Now I feel much more relaxed

Life is such fragile, everything can happen, everything can change
And you're often a passenger only
And the ship has it's own course

Wow, have more and more the feeling that it really could happen
That I will find my audience, in some years
That I will live in the USA at the beach, in some years

A sudden sense of liberty – Dark Heart
And the morning sun is still a wonderful drug
Even when there will be a last morning, a last sunny summer day

Umberto Eco

Cult, for instance a cult movies like "Casablanca", consists of a succession of cliches
But also the question: Cult for whom
Madonna – cult? U2 - cult? For me boring commercial stuff.....

Beat literature and poetry
Not the most read literature and poetry actually
The city by the bay

Would like it, to have a community of readers
Not necessarily that much
Who would follow my daily writing

Not every day, but once a week or so
Regularly interested in my writing
Would like it, to communicate with them

Today you have so much possibilities
My webpage, Facebook, Patreon, Skype, E-Mail and much more
Would be cool, a bit like to perform onstage

Still A Lot Of Pain

Well, the treatment not functioned
Unfortunately a public holiday and a bridge day for the "normal" workers
My doctor is not in his office before Monday
Fucking pain

Yeah, there's an emergency service
But this helps not that much in my situation
Friday today, Monday will come
No interest in writing

A lot of stress at work
Shit situation
Have to reconsider everything
Monday will come

It's a

It's a thin line..... - Yeah, Ms. Hynde and The Pretenders
Possibilities separated by a very thin line
You drive and a ghost driver kills you - no chance
You make a decision and you will not know the future
You will go left, you will go right - straight ahead.....

You kill me, you thrill me, but don't bore me
Hey, still a few years, or maybe the ghost driver waits behind the next bend already
Maybe, maybe not, but maybe there's a drunken idiot in the car behind you
And it's better to drive on fast, maybe very fast
Every decision can be the wrong one, or the best you every made

No decisions, always plans, no consequent realization
This has cost me decades, wasted life
Therefore, whatever the decision will be
The decision will be better than a non-decision
You only have to make something, no standstill anymore

Prince plays the piano for the last time, then this fucking painkillers
But he played the piano and sang, and he will play and sing forever
No, I wasn't a big Prince fan, but come on he was always something special
Faults? Things I not understood? Sure, but he was a human, maybe too much
Nothing compares to you – Atlanta.....

Stomach-Ache

Stomach-Ache like James Joyce
Unfortunately not written anything that would be comparable with anything he has written
But maybe I will not die in the next days
To be honest, would like to die, would I had written anything that would be comparable to his
simplest writing

But I need time, not time to die, have to write at least something important
Not bad the last years - really, I'm satisfied so far!
But I have to go on, have to find my way, my own writing
But I need time therefore, and courage

Time? Who knows?
Courage? Yeah, that's a problem!
No time to lie to yourself - you're a coward!
James Joyce - never would had been able to live, or better to bear, his life

Schizophrenia - no, not really
On the other hand, would be not the worst thing in this fucking world
With all this billions of insane
Weißenhof - are this people insane?

Who knows?
Maybe they are only consequent
Consequent in their disgust
To be consequent, what a joke

So I look at my "Frankfurter Ausgabe"
Own it since I'm twenty or so
Have read it
Not understand it

Certified Unfit For Work

Yeah, to much pain, will stay some days at home
Hey, it's Germany, free health care and continued pay
No risk to become homeless because of illness
Good to live in a welfare state

New medication, but still this fucking pain
Especially at the evening as now, not to talk about the nights
See no relief, will wait what this night will offer
Maybe I need other meds – fucking situation....

Patreon

I've started to create my Patreon page today
It's a good feeling, something new, important, special
Will take me time for the creation of my Patreon page
My aim is to be ready to go online at my birthday - June 13th

One day before I will get my briefing for my gastroscopy (stomach and intestines)
I hope that I gain control of my stomach ache as soon as possible
All this happens at an inopportune moment
It would be cool would it be possible to concentrate on this.....

The Waste Of Human Life

So many died while others celebrated themselves
And it not interests me, who is guilty for that
The Hezbollah or Israel
It's simply disgusting how less a life is worth

So many examples every day, every minute
Senseless to start a list
My stomach aches, sometimes it's nearly unbearable
But it's nothing compared with the pain my mind has to bear

It's so sad that even today religion, capitalism, nationalism and others destroy this world
How wonderful this world would be, would we live together
All this fucking narcissistic leaders, why it's not possible to live without them
They should be marked as what they are - insane and paranoid!

They should be send to mental hospitals, but come on
We elect them, we cheer on them, the more they destroy, the more we love them
We Germans are the supreme nation - oh no, the Americans
Or the Turks, the Poles, or who the fuck ever

At first glance it looks like as that the human race has achieved great progress
But should you look closer, into the heads, we still live in caves
Give somebody a piece of wood, he will use it as a weapon
There would be so many possibilities how you could use this piece of wood

And then I look at the hands on the keyboard - my hands
Touching your shoulder tenderly, killing you brutally
Why they have the ability to do both
Why I could be a murderer in the same way as I could be a tender man

Insanity as a basic characterization of the human being.....

Dismissal

I'm dismissed, got my dismissal to May 31st
No problem, Germany has a safety net, I have some money on the bank, and cooks are in demand
But this gives me new possibilities, a new start
We will see what will happen

The last days I hadn't such severe stomach ache
Still bad, but not that worse
Last night I've slept for some hours
Something new after a long time

Have written two job applications
Tomorrow a visit at the employment agency
And then I hope that my stomach will calm down a bit more
This would give me the opportunity to be creative again

Life is strange, at least when you have a life
And I have a life, still a fucking easy life
Yeah okay, not that nice at the moment, but I hope the worst time is over now
Well, I feel eased now, plans in my head, give me a few days, to be back again.....

Too Fast

Yesterday job application
Today a email
A phone number, call back for a job interview
Too fast, need some more days

Watch a documentation about Sgt. Pepper's
Was never really interested in the Beatles
But it's interesting, a bit like Pet Sounds
Was never really interested in the Beach Boys

It looks like it's a clear night tonight
I hope that I will have enough energy to observe my variable stars
Fucking time, strange time, changes - hope so
Should I buy me Stg. Peppers? Pet Sounds I own.....

Hospital

Well, in the hospital now
Not better, my stomach
Stupid situation, not now
Patreon, looking for a new job

Maybe only one or two days
Maybe all not that grave
I'm a bit pissed off
Hope I get well soon

It's so easy, that something goes wrong
Maybe I have to be a bit more patient
But I'm pissed off
One or two days, more would be really fucking!

A Night At The Hospital

Long time I was alone in my room, but no no longer. A very old man, not only old like the old man, lies in the other bed. His breath is gasping, he was not conscious the whole time, he needs oxygen, he wears diapers - he's a very old man, a dying man?

And I? Yes, who I'm? Not that much pain today, while lying and waiting for hours, various examinations, yes, health care for free, no panic that it will cost too much. Okay, to be fair, if I'm not wrong I have to pay ten Euros per day, but that's it!

And now? No pain - okay, the night just begins, 10:15 pm. But I feel good, much better than the last weeks, while I hear the very old man breathing. His mouth is open, the bubbling of the oxygen. I hate hospitals, I fear hospitals, but I feel better than the last weeks – two episodes Dr. Who, old ones with Billie Piper. And the very old man's breath.....

As they brought him, as they changed his diapers, unconscious, I thought that I not wanna end like him, with diapers, unconscious, oxygen. But now, at night, it seems like he would just sleep. And I sit at my laptop, no light, only the light of the screen, and it's nearly tender to hear his breath.....

And I feel like an idiot. The shit I've written before, the thoughts I had. Will he become waken again? Will I become waken? I feel like comatose zombie, he more conscious than I.....

I feel sad, would like to know his story, his life, the life that maybe comes to an end now. Maybe he wasted his life as I wasted mine. But I have aims, to see Los Angeles again, Santa Monica Beach, dinner at Gus's, tacos at 3rd Street and of course my Los Angeles Times and a Caesars Salad with strawberries and bananas at the wonderful Union Station, Café Crepe. And not to talk about San Francisco! Bird & Beckett again, City Lights? Publishing something? I feel like a young boy, secretly writing, while my near future breathes in the bed behind me.....

Another Day In Hospital

Have to stay in the hospital till tomorrow. In the morning I got a gastroscopy., tomorrow I will get an exercise ECG. They want to exclude that I have a problem with the heart. I really think about how it would be to live in the US - more check-ups, higher invoice? Free health care, not important for me how much the additional examinations will cost. No bad feeling.....

Was late yesterday as they brought my neighbor, made a mistake. He suffers from dementia, his eyes are open sometimes, but he not reacts when someone addresses him. He sleeps now, and I think I should do the same. I hope that I can go home tomorrow, hope, to be home again.....

Home Again - Duodenal ulcer

Yes, home again - a lot of work waits
I'm certified sick till June 15th, will be sick at my next birthday
Will nevermore cook at the little former water castle
But that's no problem, will find a new job

The last days I had no pain, painkillers in the transfusions
But now I have painkillers also at home
And if they should not be suffice I can get more effective ones
Therefore, I should have no (not much) pain, and no job, the next three weeks

Well, some bureaucracy and suchlike, but also an opportunity
Time to establish my Patreon page
I'm hot to write again, daily, to finish "Make Up" and "The Little Girl" fast
Then I will have several months to concentrate on:

"The Lady At The Ranch"
"Utopian Dreaming"
"A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"
And from time to time: "Hard Bob Fantasies"

"Live Your Life" will accompany me the whole time
"The German Stewardess" will be the short final
I have to write Eric, need his help
Literary magazines, planing my next stay in SF

Yeah, would need a few more months
Then I would know it, only nice dilettantism or maybe more
Whatever, now I feel it, much more than ever
This is a fucking world, time to become a fucking artist

Out With A Bang - *Carry me into the water, now we're drowning*
Wow Ms. Grant a.k.a. May Jailer, years ago, it was such beautiful, naive, to write this
And now? *Is it the end - No, it's only the beginning - If we.....*
Yeah, another "if" - but it's my "if", it's my dance, it's my future.....

No Pain

No pain the whole day - well, painkillers, but only a few
In the morning the bureaucracy, but it was easier than I thought
Now the first night writing, after a longer time
"Make Up" at an interesting point, no idea what has happened with the couple

No idea what Yves wants that Peter could do for him
But I think I will have some ideas
Now I have to think about my utopia and my dystonia
Wow, feel much better in the moment

We will see what will happen
Lying in the bed this afternoon I had an interesting idea for an conversation
But "The Lady At The Ranch" has to wait a bit
"Make Up" and "The Little Girl" are the stories I have to finish first

Tomorrow I will concentrate on my Patreon page
Still a strange feeling, someone would give me money me for my writing
But it would change the things, it would give my writing a total new basis
Would it change my writing?

At least it would give me the opportunity to get in direct contact with people who read my writing
That would change a lot - without any doubt
And that would be good - change would be good for me
Philip Roth died, never was interested in his books

But he was a writer, a novelist, you not have to like his writing
But you have to respect a person like him
He had done from what I'm only dreaming
I never have read one of his books, but he's a person of respect

Day One

The first day I worked on my Patreon page
Not sure how I should describe my goals, the rewards, my tiers
Have written my introduction, not the final text but not bad
I'm very satisfied about the first day

Now I'm writing again in the evening and at the night
All develops good, no pain the whole day - a few painkillers
But I have eaten a lot, without any problems
It seems that everything comes to normal again

I will not write that much today
But it's a good feeling to come into the rhythm again
Not important that I write that much at the moment
It's important that I do it on a daily basis again

I will need a few days more to come back into the stories again
Especially "Utopian Dreaming" and "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"
But there's no reason to hurry, enough time till next February
"Make Up" and "The Little Girl" are the stories that I have to finish first

Today was a good day, a satisfying day
Still unsure about my health problems
Should I stop using painkillers, and then
I fear that this grave pain come again

The next weeks will show whether the treatment functions or not
The next gastroscopy in around three weeks will show it
Yeah, this common sentence: Health is the most important thing
Yes, why my body is such old now? Feel so fucking young.....

Feelings

I'm wafting like a feather in the air
The days are long and much to hot for the season
I've nothing to do, lie in the bed and wait
Wait till the evening and the night comes

I write, try to write, and waft in the emptiness
I watch the news in TV, read my German and American newspaper
The women in Ireland, Italy.....some raises hope, others.....
Would like to be at the beach while the sun sets, and I with her

Started to work daily on my Patreon page
Strange days and strange feelings
Now I would die happy, the best days of my live
How would it be, would somebody become my Patron?

I fear a lot
Fear that it would be a success
Fear that it would be a fiasco
The days, "My Dark Heart", so naive, so innocent

The translations, the readings, the videos
I miss this time, never it will come back
Would like to write this way again, about Lizzy
About me - drowning in the little river

But now I saw her, The Endless Ocean, no return anymore
I dive into the water, the body so light now, the world so far away
I'm loosing myself in your words, your voice, the tones and the slow rhythm
Slow like the beat of my heart, slow like a tear that drops down

The salty taste, the ocean and the tears - The Old Man and The Ocean
One of the most beautiful images that came me to mind
Strange, never I reflect on the words I write
I'm simply writing, Mr. Bukowski: *Don't try*.....

And also you recommend to become crazy
Well, never reject the advice of a wise old man
But I'm not you, I'm only a stupid old man
But I've hope, while wafting in the emptiness.....

Self-Confidence

No hour ago I've listened to Ida Nielsen and her ass-fucking band
Jazz club Cave 61 in Heilbronn
Now I sit in here with my Alexander brown
Caipirinha in Heilbronn

Soon my Patreon page will have its launch
Soon I will finish "Make Up"
Soon I will write Eric
I've a good opportunity now

The concert?
Wow, I'm totally overwhelmed!
What I've learned?
I have to be more self-confident!

I cannot continue to doubt about everything
I have to believe in me
Think about the open mic events
Think about Kitsch

No one told me ever that my writing is rubbish
The reactions were always very positive
It's definitively no writing for everyone
No writing to become a famous writer

But that's not my aim anyway
Still the little house by the beach at the ocean
Would like to travel around, to read
To talk with people who like my writing

And there's no reason to hurry
Sure would like it would it happen fast
But I'm still a beginner
You cannot play the bass like Ida Nielsen after such a short time

But you have to begin and to practice then
You have to offer your art
You have to try that people become aware of you and your art
You have to develop an idea

The next step, a major step
And this step is not possible to do when you not believe in your art
You have to believe in, that's a must
Do I do it?

More and more - really!
I've learned more and more while watching the artists onstage
Like at this evening, so much energy but also capability
I have to work hard the next years, stop wasting your time with doubts!

What level I can reach?
Stupid question!
We will see!
Never I thought I will come that far, when this is not enough motivation.....

In half an hour it's June 1st
Thirteen days till my birthday
Thirteen days in which I have to show that it's seriously meant
I wanna become an artist, I'm an artist

I have to look for a new job, have to earn money
But this job is for earning money
Means not, not to do the job serious and proper
But my heart belongs to my writing, to my art now

I'm an artist now, I'm a writer now
I still earn my money with cooking, but I'm a writer now
And one day I will be a writer who can cook
Maybe it will take another fourteen years, but then.....

And now I should lean back
Enjoy my Alexander brown
And maybe another one
It's a good feeling to be a writer.....

This Evening

What an evening, what a concert
Funky music, so full of energy and emotions
And wow, at the end of the concert, even I was able to show at least a few emotions
Yeah, it was a wonderful concert

I have to be more passionate
I have to release myself, to drown in my own art
Like a musician who plays, not thinking about his playing
I try to do this with "Hard Bop Fantasies"

Discovered Kamasi Whashington recently
Fantastic music for "Hard Bop Fantasies"
Should try it again and again
To drown in my own art

Now it's June 1st
From now on it counts
Will enjoy my second Alexander brown
Then I will drive home

There I will typewrite this writing
There I will have a few hours of sleep
Then I will get up early
No doubts anymore!

Dark Days And Bright Nights

The raindrops hit the marquee
Too hot was the day for the season
Like the days before
It reminds me of a short story I've written - New Orleans

A cool breeze now, a long way to my car
Will I get wet or more like a short summer rain
No ten minutes, not over now, but lighter now
Summer rain in California, no rain last February

I become tired, all this emotions, the concert, the alcohol
No, not the alcohol, but the overwhelming impressions from the concert
I will sleep and will awake as another man
Dark days and bright nights, ever loved the nights

The rain is over now, I drift away
My body is no longer, only feelings and emotions
This world is no longer, at least this night
Tomorrow it will slew my again, but tomorrow, not now

Dark days and bright nights
I look forwards, the future
Maybe I will crash
But before, I flew high

Bezos' Greed

Name him as what he is
A monster, disgusting, he destroys people and families
He's the ugly visage of the American Dream
Point with your finger at him, spit him into his face - he's a monster

But he, or Weinstein, are only prototypes
The top of the iceberg
Don't concentrate on them
See the iceberg

Yeah, they are cool, they are rich
They are ruthless, without a conscience
They destroy this world
They are the ones the world should get rid of

Yeah, naive, but maybe?
Don't let them destroy your dreams
Don't let them win
I know that's naive.....

Calm Days

Calm days, a calm afternoon, sitting in a Biergarten, maybe my new work place
Not that hot today, a bit cloudy, sitting under a huge chestnut tree – Mr. Bowie
More and more all feels so strange, like I would watch a movie
A feeling as I would waft away

Simple menu here, but don't know, the place has charm
The freeway only some yards away, but here it's nice and calm
More and more I've the feeling, now it's time to find your place
Dreaming about to become a professional writer, to live in the USA

Dream about I would travel a lot, reading in different cities, states, maybe countries
But then I would had found my place, a place I think I would like
A place that would calm me down, that would spend me comfort
And maybe I wouldn't be alone then any longer

I think about all the people who struggle for life - Pursuit of Happiness, so bitter
All this unnecessary pain and suffering in this world, sitting under the chestnut tree
Would this place offer me a basis for my efforts, to try to fulfill my dreams
Job interview at Monday, we will see

For over two weeks I was at home, in bed, all the time, or even in hospital
It's good to be outside now, to feel the cold breeze, the sunshine, the birds singing in the trees
I feel so light, I smile, relaxed, close my eyes
The future will be bright, whatever will happen, not have to freeze, not starve or die

So let us wait till Monday, no pain since some days now, start to eat normal again
Still omit coffee or wine, no heavy food, have lost some weight
I'm a lucky guy, well, my body gets old now, but that's okay
As long as my mind stays young, the rest will happen, no chance to change it

I'm a luck guy, would I be blind and deaf.....

I'm Hot

Sitting Hartmans in Heilbronn
A cup of coffee, one milk, one sugar
I plan "The Little Girl" and think about "The Lady At The Ranch"
It feels good, very good

Got a phone call earlier, that my job interview for this morning is canceled
Was okay, because I'm still certified sick till at least June 15th
Better this way, to focus now on to become fit again
Better this way, to focus now on my Patreon page and the next writing

I'm full of ideas again, start to take it very serious
The next months will be very important
I've the ambition now to write fucking good shit
I've the ambition now to become an author

Oh come on, let me get eighty years old
It would be so fucking cool then, to look back at this time
No matter what would happen until then
But I would know then: At least I tried it seriously!

The Greatest Great Dictator – Part 1

I'm the greatest – yes, as a boxing legend. I've the greatest – well, Boogie Nights. But, the problem with our dictator is, that he is neither the greatest, nor he has the greatest. What the second concerns, simply believe me - not he! But that is not all. Also his country is not the largest, and not the greatest. The economic power? Well, should we talk about cars? But to be honest, his army is in fact the largest on this world, but the greatest? At least they have some problems to win wars in the recent time – was this unfair?

He has a nice daughter, he loves her very much. Some say that he loves her a bit too much, but come on! She's fucking hot – according to her papa – and he's a man - who would throw the first stone? And his son-in-law is very smart, a very smart Jew – ah, politically incorrect? Maybe would I be a German, therefore.....

She became Jewish to marry him – interesting how easy you can change your believe. Wow, that's a bit unfair now, they love each other, therefore how important is it then whether Jesus is the son of God or only a prophet? But I run off the topic.....

Oh, he also has a wife, but she's not that important – for him. She has born his daughter, was fucking hot formerly - his consideration -, and she says nothing when he grabs other pussies. The most time she stands behind him, when he does his important work, and smiles bored. Sure, that he has to fuck porn stars.....

His libido is fantastic, as everything he is or does is fantastic. His skills playing golf only to mention, women are helpless near him, they act as if they not would like it when he kisses them! But we all know this women's plays.....

What should I tell you to introduce him? That he's a jerk? But he's the dictator, and all the people cheer at him, all the people admire him, love him and support him to overcome the last eight years, this so dark time when blackness came across this wonderful nation, as forces came into power who nearly destroyed this proud nation – women, democrats, Africans, Muslims, niggers.....

But maybe we should have a closer look at him? To discover the intelligence in his behavior, to meet this wonderful people around him, his profound advisers, all this fantastic people in his administration, all the people who are his most passionate supporters, all this people who sacrifice themselves therefore that this nation becomes great again, to become the greatest.....

Are People Idiots

What shall I answer to this question
Maybe we look at this world
We waste our resources as we would be the last generation
Only to mention this

Have written it before
I'm sure, later generations will hate us
And who would criticize them for that
We would have so much opportunities today

Maybe only some are idiots
Like the ones who think that they need more and more billions
For what, for whom
I'm not naive!

Money can buy you political power
Political power that you can use therefore, to achieve much more money
That will give you much more political power
You know, and so on, and so on, and the question is answered.....

The Greatest Great Dictator – Part 2

So we talked a bit about our wonderful greatest great dictator - should we let him talk here himself? Not in this part, but why not later, always good entertainment, without any doubt better, greater, more fantastic than this boring European weenie politicians. Hey, be honest, it's always entertaining when he says something, when he holds a speech. He reminds me then to this funny German politician - ah, what was his name? This small one? Come on, everybody laughed about him and his funny crew. The one who made Germany great again, after this disgraceful Treaty of Versailles! He linked his Reich directly to the empire of Charles the Great, he was his direct follower - hey, our unbelievable great dictator has German ancestors - that's fucking cool!

You know how often I've written about this "to be a woman" stuff. But from the bottom of my heart, always when I see him then I'm definitely frustrated not to be a woman. A picture is enough, his lovely smile! It would be a honor for me would he treat my like a whore - I'm a woman at the moment! - when he would tell me how hot he gets, looking at my tits and ass! I'm sure that he would give me a job, an appointment in the White House, now white again.....

But really, look at his wonderful face. Could you imagine that he would fuck you - in a traditional way, not from behind - and you would see this charming face in front of you the whole time - I would be delighted! Would be interested in what color his.....you know.....his greatest body part has, while I give him a blow job, with pleasure.....

But that's not appropriate, to write so! Assume I would begin now to write about him and his daughter. You know all this unfair rumors, begotten by this democratic black Muslims, this unbelievers - he's like an emperor, a kaiser, assigned by God! I'm sure that he talks with God every day like Phil Collins did.....

But we should try to be fair, he has the most significant position in this world. One of his decisions can change the world, so much weight on his shoulders, no time for golf any more. Think about the nuclear codes! I would break under this responsibility, that would be too much for me. But he handles this with bravery, he's more than a normal man. And I mean it in this sense, you need a "man" for such a mission. Can you imagine that the woman would had won the vote? I only say: North Korea and diplomacy! A woman! Come on.....

Still a bit space on this page - should we fill it? Trade war with Europe? That's okay, I also hate the Germans with their fucking good cars! And not to talk about Haribo and Ritter Sport! You know that this stuff costs only a fraction in Germany of what we have to pay in the US? And the Germans? How much of our artificial sweets you see in German supermarkets? Yeah, that's the point! Punitive tax on gum bears, the US economy will grow and the USA becomes.....

Still not filled? Should we listen to his words - should I write a fictive speech? Ah fuck, I think my American English is not good enough, I haven't learned to babble like an infant.....that's ugly now, maybe I should apologize to him? Nah, come on, he's a impudent bighead, why I should apologize to this jerk? Never ever!

Okay, still space for some lines, but while listening to funk music all the time - I'm in a good mood at the moment. Should we laugh about our greatest great dictator? Absolutely, to realize how dangerous he is, he and all this figures around him. But laugh about him, he will not like it - Umberto Eco; The Name of the Rose. You have to laugh about everything, to study how the one reacts, the one you laugh about.....

The Creative Force

Still sick and without a job I feel powerful. A contradiction? Not really, because I feel this creative force in me, more and more! Yes, this stupid old body, but this wonderful young mind. Much better now, no longer this fucking stomach ache. The next days my Patreon page is ready to launch, “The Little Girl” develops much better than “Make Up”. Have - I think – good ideas concerning “The Lady At The Ranch”. It would be possible for me to continue with “Utopian Dreaming” and “A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl”. But I will concentrate on “The Little Girl”, to finish this story first. Then I can concentrate the next months on the major stories of this cycle. What will happen with the Patreon page? The ad, the letter? Thinking about these and others, I fear not that much. But it’s the same as before. This activity could change my life. Maybe - most likely(?) - it will not, but maybe. And this is what pushes me further on, that gives me new power. And if it will not change my live? Maybe my activities in San Francisco? Maybe I can publish something in a literary magazine? Maybe my next stay in the US? Maybe! So much “maybes” are still around, enough for a whole life.....

So I sit here at Hartmans, waiting for my third cup of coffee - no, no refill in Germany – and, after I have worked on “The Little Girl”, write this. Later I will meet my sibling. I will show her my Patreon page, to talk with her and her man about it. Yes, it’s time to become more offensive – yeah, offensively! Time to step out, time to promote my writing, time to act professional. Is this the moment, when some accused Elizabeth Grant in that way, that she has sold her music and herself to the music industry. No, that’s too early, I’m not that far now. I’m still Lizzy in New York. But have written about it, this topic a lot. And I’m no musician, I’m a writer, that’s much more easier. I type the words now and later I upload them. That’s it! I can write everywhere, using the laptop like at the moment or a sheet of paper and a pen. I only need WLAN and I can upload it, I have not even to be at home, or in a studio or suchlike. It’s easy and simple. I’ve found my way to express myself.

I’m on a good way, the right way. Still at the beginning, but it’s a good feeling now. It would be exciting to get direct reactions at my Patreon page – really more a reward for me. Strange, have read some of my “old(er)” writing, the parts I recommended on the Patreon page. Apart that I’ve seen many mistakes – which I’ve not corrected – it was strange to read this texts. All the time I asked myself: Really, you’ve written this? But the answer is: Yes, I’ve written this! And I’m proud of it! Mistakes, not that good constructed sentences, the parts about the early career of Elizabeth Grant? Yeah, cool stuff! Would like to read it in say twenty years again, a real old man then, eighty-three years then – almost. I enjoy this time more and more, sure about that I will write many pages the next months. I’ve so much in my head that have to be written. I would like it, to write a hundred stories and a hundred poems at the same time. But I think three stories plus “Live Your Life” and “Hard Bop Fantasies” will be enough for the next months. But to envision that it would be possible to me to write only, the whole day to do nothing more than writing? Then I would be able to write a hundred stories and a hundred poems at the same time. Well, that’s a bit exaggerated, but come on, no time for self-doubts any more! At least not concerning my art, my writing. Well, about this world, to be a human.....that’s a different story, the story that forces me to write.....

The Greatest Great Dictator – Part 3

Let's see now what our greatest great dictator has to say, let him talk to us – nah, why I should listen to this dumbass? It's always the same shit! I'm fantastic, I'm great, everything I do – stop this babble! It's more interesting to listen to the others, what they say, or better, what they say not. Okay, it's a bit more difficult as a politician, but I'm a bit disappointed about Europe. What I hear from Canada sounds much better – a real cool country! Economic needs, give him his trade war! He can not loose it, he thinks? Show him that he's wrong! But the American people will suffer! Yes, but who has elected him? Get rid of this idiot, there will be a future after him. Isn't it interesting, after each dictator, even after the greatest of all great dictators there was a future – I mean I sit here in Germany! After our great dictator the “Wirtschaftswunder” came. Sure, with the help of friends, but even we had and found friends after all the shit we had done. What gives hope. The fact that the relationship between Europe and the White House is a disaster today, but the relation to congress, the senate, to politicians in the states not! There will be a future, hopefully soon.

An artificial orange wannabe kind of monkey tries to play the big stud – he's like Berlusconi. Why people elect such persons? In Europe? I have no idea because there would be alternatives. In the US? Maybe no (real) alternative? After WW II the Germans were surprised what the Nazis had done – they had no idea. After the end of the DDR the (East) Germans were surprised what the SED had done – they had no idea. Oh, the “ordinary” people always have no idea about the things that happen. And after the monkey show? After no new jobs, a economy that declines, a deficit that raises, CEOs who get richer and richer, workers who get less and less, a country that becomes more and more isolated.....we had no idea that this can happen as we elected him – sorry! Sorry for electing Hitler, we not thought that he will be that awful. Yes, he had written a book before, held speeches before. But have this to mean, that we had to know it before?

Oh yes, sometimes it's that easy. Let me kiss his feet, let me worship him, he should be my greatest great dictator! For the German one I'm born too late, unfortunately. But maybe I would had not stood on the street, hailing him? The orange jerk is sometimes very upset about that some not everybody agrees with him. Really, some say that they are ashamed that his in the office now. An old Chinese man once said to me, in front of wonder bakery, that the Germans did one thing well. After WW II they were ashamed of what had happened and they asked for forgiveness. No, the Americans not will have to ask for forgiveness – at least I hope that it will not become such a disaster. But as long as there will be no parades, where all the Americans cheer on him fanatically, it will be not that dangerous - No Horses. As long as he's upset that somebody disagrees with him, about the FBI, about checks and balances, about such things, one can raise his head. For me as German, as somebody who asked himself often: How this could happen? For me it's very interesting to see the US today. There're a lot of reasons you have to be concerned. On the other hand. Would have the Germans acted like the Americans act today.....it's a question no one can answer, and no one can see the future, but it seems to be, that he will not find his place in history as a great dictator. At the moment it seems he will become the most lousy POTUS. And hopefully a one term.....

A toddler cries because someone has not given him the lolly he wants. I'm POTUS now, I wanna have my lolly! Ah little toddler, you've shit in your nappies? It's okay, the nanny will help you. I'm POTUS now, everything I do is fantastic and great! Yes, your shit is the most fantastic and the greatest, nobody produces better and greater shit! We all love your shit, it's real entertainment! The best POTUS entertainer ever. And your Nazi friends? Well, unfortunately their shit is very dangerous, but our little toddler while shitting in the oval office is a real cute one – or? Nazis love brown, they are the greatest shit lovers on earth, sure they like it to have a toddler in the White House.....

Video

I've made my video for my Patreon page today. I tried different settings and ways to do it. It was interesting and I'm satisfied with the result. Please consider that I'm someone who writes, not someone whose way to express himself is (stand-up) comedy or videos as such. Now everything is done, I can launch the page. Two days, then the page is online, the video also on YouTube, wow, I feel excited and tensed. But that's good! I feel like an artist before the premier - and in fact it's a premier! It's a statement, a very clear statement! From now on it counts, I ask for money! Therefore, I have to work from now on thereon, that I achieve something. It's like someone who plays football at home, as a hobby. But now he's in a team, now he gets payed for it. There have to be consequences!

I have to work on my skills concerning the English language. I have to be more concentrated while writing. One on hand I have to plan the stories more, on the other hand I have to write them more spontaneous. To understand this contradiction, a contradiction who's only seemingly, I think, this will be a major key to find my own way of writing. And the topics? Hard-boiled will develop very interesting. Peter will be in San Francisco at the end again. But something will have happened. Should I continue this series then, then it will be impossible to do this in the same way as before. I will have written a utopia and a dystopia then - and then? Another stay in California? This would be very interesting, and I think especially in San Francisco. And then I would have to write differently, developed, whatever this would mean!

I've read some passages of "My Dark Heart - Itinerary" the last days. I like it, but it would make no sense anymore, still to write in this way. I regret this, it's a pity, but the new Morcheeba album? Would be nice, to listen to the songs and then to start to write in the way like I did at the beginning of my writing. But this time is over, but this means not, that Morcheeba is not in my mind - Sweet L.A.!

Two days, two nights - yes, I've still my Californian Dream.....

Change The World

Show me how I can change the world and I would do it
Castro freed his people – and executed “enemies”
Sorry, it was a war and their you have to be rigid
Yeah, King and Gandhi only myths?

Could I be a hero, what should I do
Whom you should follow – Dewey, Whitehead, Rorty
But they were no “loud” people
Not that much heard them

Why you have to be a roisterer
You need the ability to assert yourself
No matter how important or good your thoughts are
Make a show out of it, the show is what counts

But maybe there's hope, maybe there's a future
A future for everybody of us
Optimism, difficult to do so
Maybe the wrong people shout out loud

Done It

My Patreon page is online now
Employment office and public health fund this morning
I'm no longer ill, look for a new job now
Then YouTube, my webpage and Patreon

Was a cool day so far, now I will continue "The Little Girl"
Will be finished till the end of the week
Yeah, never did something like this before
Not my whole life!

I'm in the mood to do something stupid today
Birthday today – fifty-three!
Let's see, I be up for doing something
Maybe I already did something, at least something that could change a lot, maybe everything

Human Life

What's the aim, for what we live?
I would wish we, the society, would talk about
Would talk about whether we're still the same
As our ancestors a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand years ago

Could we feed the world, with McDonald's, Coca Cola and Walt Disney
But maybe with enough to eat and to drink and own culture
Without war and suffering
An acceptable live

Why we are that stupid to waste so much potential
So much creativity, so much new ideas
How arrogant are we, to do this
As if we not would need them

I feel light, relaxed, calmed
It's done
I have a feeling like it would be nice to die now
What a nonsense!

Hey

Hey, hey, uh
What you think 'bout me?
Should I tell you?
Who's interested in?

Don't tell me, should be interested in?
Funny jokes and stupid lies
I'm on my way, kiss my ass
Funny jokes and stupid lies

Hey you, see me sitting in the shade
Not sweating, just relaxed
Slow rhythms in my mind
See the days passing by

Hustle and bustle, petty narcissistic nothing
Streets, plazas, buildings with your name
Why I should be interested in?
Sitting here in the shade, while slow rhythms passing by

Time is ticking away, my life therewith
I'm born in a supernova
Merging pulsars and black holes
Everything will come to an end, I therewith

Let me die now, right now in this moment
Let me die happy in an unhappy world
Everything's done now, everything is fine now
How should it become better

Ah wait! Not written the big novel now!
Not earned my first million now!
Not everyone in this world knows me now!
Ah, who cares?

Slow rhythms in my mind

Child Habits

The curious child as an symbol for the humans?

Well, would be cool would we stay children

Not getting older and adult

Serious and a productive part of society

Playing in the mud, some ouchies all the time

Every days something new, the world and adventure places is

Stars at the night sky, fish in the deep sea

Inspiring and exciting

Well, it's not the world that changes

We change, we're the problem, not the world

The world always inspiring and exciting is

We only would have the task to stay children, that would be enough

The Greatest Great Dictator – Part 4

It's an interesting fact that dictators like it to steal children and babies – our motherfucking greatest great dictator and his fucking bunch is no exception therein. The more the they cry – the parents as well as the children – the more their dicks raise. I think they lay in bed in the night and masturbate while thinking at the grieve an suffering they cause.

In such moments it's a nice thought that God maybe is real. Oh, I would like it, seeing this disgusting wankers in front of him, when he kicks them in their shitty nuts. But the problem is, that will not happen, one have to judge them while they life, in this, the only world. But hey, this are the good ones, like the pure German AFD or lovely madame Le Pen. Fight against pluralism, and always keep in mind, molest the weakest always first.

How stupid it would be to struggle with someone who is equal? Oh, China fights back, takes the gauntlet, welcome to the trade war! And in Germany the idiots from the CSU kill their own administration – that's a real strange world. Over a decade many tried to defeat Ms. Merkel, welcome to a crazy world. Let us rob babies, see that this fucking immigrants threaten our beloved way of life. Let us celebrate the World Cup, Germany will have their first game tomorrow on their way towards the next championship!

Was there something else? Ah, yes, but, yes, all babies like football – sorry soccer.....yes, Ronaldo is the greatest of all, all of our dictators and the USA will win the championship, because they are the greatest and if you not like the Americans, you hate them then, you are their enemies then, like the Germans who wanna win this fucking championship all the time! This is the reason why we hate their cars and rob their babies – does America participate at all? Who's interested in, Germany will win.....

Do we think longer about the children, the children who are treated in an awful way? Why, it's World Cup time!

Slow Rhythms

While time is passing by
I've slow rhythms in my mind
I feel tired and light
While I've slow rhythms in my mind

There's this unreal mood
Sad and happy, strange birds in the sky
On my back they fly, at my heart they will meet
There's this unreal mood

This could be a moment to die
Die happy, what a privilege in this world
Die happy, the ocean still waits
This would be a wonderful moment to die

So much one would miss
Our universe still much treasures hides
So much creative things still are to create
Our potential possibilities possibly endless are

I smile, the slow rhythms in my mind
Sooner and sooner the day will come
No longer the birds will fly
But till then

I've this slow rhythms in my mind

Floating Away

A world, senseless and meaningless
Another world, full of beauty and wonders
Both worlds can be seen and found
Which world you would like to live in

But that's a bit too simple said
Often no real opportunity one has
Often restraints and needs of daily living
But all the more, this other world one should enjoy

Thankful I'm, to all who create this other world
With their efforts, passion and creativity
All the joy, help and support they bestow you
Thankful I'm, would dream 'bout to.....

But this other world is endangered
You have to fight for, others not like it
Others try to destroy it
'Cause this other world a free and a manifold one is

But isn't it interesting, that this other world
As much as some tried to destroy it thousands of times
It always survived and flourished again
Like nature after a disaster, always more enhanced

Life Is Worth Living

Yeah, this life is worth living
'Cause it's the only one
No other will wait, would be a nice thought
But I'm afraid, this only an illusion is

And when you no longer capable to bear this life?
Sorry, no answer I have
But remember, nothing will wait
A dark endless nothing

And when this dark endless nothing
Seems to be more consolatory than this life
When everything seems to be more consolatory
What then you should do

Sylvia Plath, how much it would delight me
Would she had been able to decide for this life
Would she had written more poems, lived her life
How sad I'm that not

Unreal

So unreal this time is
Not knowing what will happen
Not knowing what I should do
Feel like time is frozen

Frozen time
No meaning anything
Who will become World Champion
Is there any importance

People suffer and die an senseless death
This was a foul?
Don't think so!
While people suffer and die

This world so disturbing is
The humans so disturbing are
It's still like we would live in caves
Is there no kind of progress

Maybe you should not think about it
Maybe you should be funny
Maybe some drugs will help you thereby
Maybe this all would be shit

So unreal this time is
Not knowing anything
Confused all the time, puzzled
Let's be funny and nice

Milky Time

White haze, no clear thoughts
Hendrix, Purple Haze?
No, my haze is milky
No drugs, only a strange mood

Dropped out of time
Would wish this feeling could stay forever
Should addle my mind
Hendrix? I'm no genius like him!

This milky time tastes such sweet
Sweet like mother's milk
Comfortably and warm
Cozy and soft

I'm so unbelievably tired
Could close my eyes
Never I would open them again
I feel so unbelievably calm

No weight anymore
Like a weightless feather
Wafting, hovering in the air
A white feather in milky time

The ocean's surface without the slightest unevenness
An ideal smoothness
The only ideality on earth
How wonderful to drown in it

In this moment I would enjoy it
What a strange time
Weightless wafting in the ocean's deep
Surrounded by milky time

What You're Looking For?

Well, that's a cool question, with no answer
So much ways open up, not sure what will happen
So many things can or could happen, no one can know it
And I'm not sure how I should act

I have no children, not even a partner
Why not simply drop out from society
Why looking for a new job, thinking about possible possibilities
For which possibility one should go for

Hey, I'm a German!
We love the feeling of security
Why I'm so fucking old
Why I'm not twenty years younger or thirty

But please give me a bit more time
See, how much I've changed
Three years and three months ago I began
Please give me a bit more time

Three years changed me totally
Three years I did things, I'd never expected
Three more years, more changes?
Three more years, would I utilize them?

Dazed and Confused - what a song
But suchlike I feel
Too much input at the moment
Too much thoughts

I've the feeling I loose my grip
Become mentally unstable, do I take drugs?
That's crazy - no!
But there's something, I feel it, not understand it

Insanity - I'm insane, who would doubt this?
I'm able to live in this world - that's definitely insane!
Maybe I.....oh yeah, raise the veil!
And drown in your self-complacency

This is the month of my birthday
The month I'm born
And I've the feeling now
The month I died

My head whirls, problems, to keep my eyes open
I feel drunken without alcohol, Japanese green tea
I feel like as that the whole world can kiss my ass
This fucking feeling that it would be okay and wonderful to die right now

The young moon at the night sky, Venus and Jupiter
Should I fly to them, visit them
Close your eyes and enjoy the journey
Never you will come back

Always this strange thoughts, unreal, surreal, ill mind
I smile and despair, I happy after all
I wish to feel pain, the tenderness of the waves
All is so crazy, the freedom of insanity

Take me with you my friend
No idea about what I talking now
But why should I
Dissolve in the eternity

People Walking By

People walking by – what all they do?
The diversity of life

Happiness and safety, better together than against each other
This thought about the devil, the good and the bad, black and white
But why people can live together when they live together
Always this haters, this “leaders”, I'm sitting here in Germany

We build monuments, crave for fame and fortune
Individual lust and satisfaction
Why not calmness and freedom
Working together, we would be able to build monuments never seen before

Too many know too much absolute truths
Ideologies, religions, political opinions
They contradict each other, but they all know the absolute truth
Maybe it would be better to know nothing for sure

A pluralism of ideas, the pluralism of life
The history of mankind such disappointing so far
But why this should have consequences
Simply move on, this will have no future

And now? Write a dysopia! And my utopia?
Overcome this nationalistic shit, the believe, that anyone would know something for sure
That would change a lot, and maybe a little respect and empathy
This is a strange world with strange creatures on it, but it's the one I live in

Product

You're a product of your experiences, a bit simply expressed, but not wrong
Children, even toddlers, stolen from their parents, no good experiences
But when you're ruthless enough, why should you be interested in their pain
You have high and important political aims, nothing more important is

Don't be shy, confess your cravings, confess your lust
What would you do, would you have the power, the opportunity thereto
Sure, you would help the people, you would care for others
Like one of this Hollywood stars on photo session in Africa

Some nice pictures with children who starve, some nice words of empathy
Back till Hollywood in you little million dollar house
Your entourage still waits that you come back, the next celebration waits
How much money you need for this live style?

Let us be liars, let us be pretenders
The beauty of a corrupt movie, novel, song
The gay womanizer, what a wonderful Hollywood topos
A wonderful topos in this wonderful world of lies

Don't talk about that you're gay, don't talk about your problems with this world
And if, then do it in a way that one can neglect it
Wow, this movie was tremendous, four Oscars at least
What an impressive album, this artist will become rich and famous
Happy suicide!

How much we're a product of our culture
My view on the US – before I was there, in my youth
Pershing missiles in Heilbronn, fucking politics in Middle America
McDonald's and Coca Cola, Hollywood shit

Interesting literature, paintings, directors – music!
A huge diverse country, "Native" Americans, Afro-Americans
A country of contradictions, of beauty and hate
And Germany? A little standstill country

I'm a product of what?

The Oldest Trees

The oldest trees die, no one sure why now and in such an amount
They are thousands of years old, what a span of time
Hundreds of human generations old, they now die

Would I wish to be one of them, thousands of years on this earth
I don't think so, they are plants, no knowledge about the beauty of this universe
No knowledge about themselves, about anything

And yet it's strange to think about them
Once a little inconspicuous plant
Then thousands of years at the same place – now they die

Should we start now to think about
That everything has its time
But I've the feeling that would be dumb

It's sad that they die, in such an amount, now at this time
They look so beautiful, as all life is beautiful
And always it's sad when something ends, something dies

Blue Light

Blue light surrounds me, this bright sunny time
I've the feeling I could fly, only too lethargic I'm
Only too lazy, too tired I'm

I spread out my wings, no longer on the ground
High above now, up up in the sky
Everything looks so small now, such big shortly before

What should I say?
It's a wonderful feeling, a wonderful illusion, only a dream maybe
Yet, I like it, enjoy it, it gives me hope

What makes Life Worth Living?

Obviously no obvious answer
Health, definitively – I can tell you
But then?
Freedom, peace, enough to eat
To be able to live your own life

When you need three jobs to spend your living
To earn enough money for the basic needs
Something is wrong then
When you're not allowed to express your opinion
Something is wrong then

Humans have a basic need for the possibility to feel free
Why some think that they can tell others what they have to do
Politicians are legitimated by elections – if free
Judiciary is legitimated by the society – if no dictatorship
Religions are legitimated by their members – for their members

But what would be a practical solution?
I mean, to write theoretical papers, that wouldn't be the problem
But in practice! What for instance should pluralism mean then?
A task for "Utopian Dreaming", to describe something that would be possible to realize
Really, not in the fashion of: Would all people act like this, the world would be a peaceful one

No idealism, something with substance – a very hard task, seven months time for it
Is it confusing, how easy it is on the other side to write a dystopia
To write "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"
Concentrating on this story? I think I would not need more time than two months to write it!
But an utopia? One that would be more than an intellectual playground?

But maybe therefore it would be a very interesting task
Something destructive is very easy
To make fun of someone is very easy
But to create something is such difficult
To talk about real, feasible things is such difficult

It's not about that this world would be a world for a few
Like a rich part of the society
Everybody should be able in it to find its place
And of course a live worth living for
How easy it's to write a blood staining dystopia.....

The place I'm at the moment
How easy it would be to destroy this place
But to make this place better
You would have to think about it
Destruction needs no thinking about, yeah, every idiot can do it.....

The Feeling Of Security

We all need security, the feeling not to stand alone
Like the mother and the father for a child
The feeling of insecurity and to be endangered
Lets us do stupid things

And there are enough who know this, who use this for their purposes
But maybe we should be a bit more rational in such moments
A few immigrants not will destroy our society
But extreme politicians and fundamentalist religious groups will do it definitively

Is education a solution, at least an important piece in the puzzle
This is well shown by the effort to exclude groups from education as we see it in the US
And art?

Why do dictators hate and suppress artist and the artistic expression?

Education, a free press, free speech, pluralism, fast alternation in political offices and more
This would be important, this would be no solution for all
But it would change this world dramatically
This would make this world to a place where many can live a live worth living

Do we need an elite – the „elite“ would say yes, but what should this mean
We would need the input of as many as possible
We would need as less borders as possible
We would need the voices of as many as possible

A bit democracy goes this way
But only a bit, because you would need more, who not have to struggle every day
Only to satisfy their basic needs – no time for anything more
A real democracy needs people who would be able to live democracy

No education, no easy way to elect, struggle for the basic needs, but enough to survive
Selling a poisoned dream
That's not what will offer a meaningful future
The French revolution

Still I have my problems with revolutions
But maybe a European revolution
But maybe a revolution in the US
But maybe revolutions everywhere

I fear not, as always, some will tell the majority
That they are unable to deal with this world
That they need the „elites“
That they do it for them

Peter the revolutionist
Well, not really
But why are the people not a bit more self-confident
Why not using your own mind – it would function, I'm convinced about this!

Bass Saxophone

First time, that I saw onstage that someone plays the bass saxophone
What a crazy instrument
But fascinating what one can do with this astonishing instrument
At least when you are a master

A special evening with jazz classics from the 20s
Till Star Trek, Captain Kirk kisses Lieutenant Uhura
Oh, and Marilyn Monroe - I Wanna Be Loved By You
Thanks, was a cool evening

Joachim Keck; bass saxophone
Gerhardt Mornhinweg; trumpet
Jörn Baehr; guitar

Decisions

What you wanna do, what you expect from
More money, less money
The possibility, the luxury that you can choose your job
Different alternatives

Uncertain about the future, uncertain how I should decide
What a privilege, not to have to accept every job, not to have to accept all terms
I think I should sleep a night long, should dream a night long
But is there anything to decide

Good working hours, five-day week, forty hours a week, thirty days payed holidays(!)
Well, less money - much lesser, but more time for me, my writing
But I should be honest, it would be still enough money to spend my living therefrom - with one job!
Patreon? Would be cool!

Two other restaurants asked for a job interview, normal à la carte
I'm in four or five selection procedures, but they will need still one or two weeks at least
But for the mentioned job I have to decide during the next two or three days
Stupid situation, not sure what would be the best for my writing ambitions

I need money for my travels to the US
But the money for at least the next travel is on the bank already
I would still have the ability to drink an Old Fashioned or an Alexander brown
To enjoy the jazz concerts on Thursdays, Garbage in September and more

The other very good opportunity so far
Much more money, working late till night, at the weekends many banquets and catering
Writing through the night, did it often and I like it
On the other hand, not that much sun in my live then
Have written often the last days, with my laptop, outside, with a coffee or tea, enjoying the sun

7:30am till 4:00pm, cool working time for a cook
No longer a head chef, not so much responsibility, no office work
But as head chef, more creativity, artisanal work, no mass production
Cooking for my patrons? Well, I should have some therefor.....

I'm unemployed at the moment, the job center pays me
But even in this situation - at least as long as it's not for a (very) long time
I not have to accept every possible job, I would be allowed to say: No!
But even this is not my situation - my "problem" is, to which of the possible jobs I should say: Yes!

Every alternative has its interesting facets, would it only the money
Or would it only the working time, the vacation days
Then it would be easy!
But each alternative, each package has its interesting facts

Yeah, I think now it's really the time to search for some dreams
Not have to find a decision jet
Not even tomorrow, but maybe then
Decisions, I fucking tired, two long and strange days behind me

Lust For Life

Yeah Ms. Grant, the first time I listened to the song, it was a bit confusing
And I will not start now with my interpretation of the lyrics and the video
"Stolen Moments" on the "Hollywood-H"
But at the moment I've a strange feeling – Lust For Live?

Not signed a contract till now, but so many job opportunities
Different in many aspects, but all would be possible as such
Well, I'm fifty-three, lost my job, was ill for some time
And still I have many possibilities, no fear I have that I would have to live on the street

Germany – why there is no ocean shore
USA – why this fucking rules for working visas
Should I think about Canada, Norwegian fjords, the rough Breton coast
Wow, no job and I feel better now, as for a long time

Because, I've done very important things – Patreon recently
Because, I'll have many opportunities
Because, this country supports me
Because, I'd started to do things who are really important for me

Lust For Live!

Tangerine Dream

At this time, I would like to do it more then ever, to experiment with drugs
But too good, and have written about it right from the beginning, I know, that this would be my end
I've no problem to loose myself in music, but have problems to come back
A day without music would be a dead day for me

But music not kills you, drugs will do!
Nevertheless, I feel this deep wish, but not now
I think about how it would be - Diagnosis: Cancer!
Metastases everywhere, death waits at the end of the alley

Then I would do it, nothing to loose anymore
Every drug I can think of
To write about it, to loose myself in them
To drown in them like in the Endless Ocean

But till than I will stick with music
Every day, the electronic rhythm carries my mind
Louder and faster at the end till my ears ache
A free spirit in an old body, still not found my way to write

N.B.: Tangerine Dream is a band from Germany.
They are one of the pioneers of electronic music.

Like A Druggy

Yeah, still no tiger, no daddy and still no black motorcycle
But more and more I've the feeling: Why not the two hours till Nevada?

Why interested in this greedy and power-mad assholes called captains of industry and politicians?
Why not sitting here forever and listening to the music's tones?
Oh forgotten, the needs of life!
Still drive none of this fucking boring Audis, produced around the corner in Neckarsulm!

The soft sound of the synthesizer hovers through the air, I touch the keyboard, feel it
I look at the keys, not knowing what should I write

Should I write, that I not know what I should write
While writing, that I not know what I should write
Or should I hit the keys without the intention to write words and sentences

dlfophhmodwfirmfgbioümfmikelfqoiet4zjkkujuqwokhromphtaomhmophrfopmthemophfhhtghjkkstra
ttjrtjuegwqogek4ß55q7zkg32tt6qewrRZ&\$&U?=-JZ\$)===)JHZ%HTEA?)OJZ%R%Z&\$UW/%IOW

Let me die now! Or better in some minutes, when I've uploaded this writing.
At this very moment I've not the slightest idea what the future will offer

From the deepest disappointment to the highest ecstasy
Everything seems possible now, but only a specific future will be possible

Should I fear this future, should I despair
Should I be open-hearted, should I be confident

Maybe I should be simply relaxed
So much drugs in this world, and Nevada with it's country music festivals.....

Bang Bang

Yeah, the 60s.....
In Germany after the Nazi time, the Wirtschaftswunder, revolt of the students
In the US?
Depends on what you focus upon.....

It's like the roaring 20s
Roaring for whom?
Isn't it always this, same, question
Or is it more the question what makes you happy

I'm happy, satisfied, with my situation
I not know what I might miss
That my car has no 500 horsepower
Why it should, it could, but I don't need them

This world sucks me dry, arrogant assholes like
Söder in Germany
Donald Duck in the US
Orbán in Hungary
Erdogan in Turkey
You should accuse them all, for all the lives, they destroy for their fucking ego trips

And myself?
That's a very good question – Biedermann!
Bang Bang
.....*the church bells rang*.....

Human Needs

I think about a lot about what we really need
I see a Japanese Zen garden in front of me
Sounds so good, the Japanese cruelties during WW II
I see a man walking in an empty landscape, is it true

What should be our aim
Success, to show others that I'm something special
Money, property? Maybe our creativity
Science and art without an distinct purpose

We will win, others have to loose
But maybe it should be the aim to play a captivating game
Maybe a high „defeat“ is no defeat when you played good, when you gave your best
Maybe the winner should be the team who gave the best

And in a twinge of craziness I ask myself
Would it be possible that both teams could be winners
No matter what the final result would be
Naive thinking of an old man, but.....

Maybe we should be all a bit more relaxed
Maybe we should come to one agreement
That we should work together that every human can live a live worth living for
But therefor you would have to overcome this fucking ruthless so called leaders

Maybe a decision would be a good decision if it would help most people
Yeah, that's really fucking naive now
But maybe we would need more naivety and less so called realistic politics
Yeah, that's finally fucking naive now

But what I understand less and less, at least in western democracies
With a variety of press and media, with a unfettered internet
With free speech and democratic structures
That demagogues of any kind get be heard that much

What be the lesson from that?
That humans are idiots?
That humans are lazy, too lazy to use their own minds?
That humans are cowards?

This is the world of wasted possibilities
This is the world of disappointments
The story of the human kind
How meaningless all this wars and empires

How wonderful the world of science and art

A Picture That Means Nothing To You

This world is like a picture to me
That means nothing to me
I see no sense in it, no meaning
I feel, like in the wrong exhibition, the wrong gallery

I feel, like I would live in a house of insanity
Not capable to leave it, imprisoned, bound
Am I am the insane? Who knows, who should decide this?
Maybe I should close my eyes, sleep and die

What should I hope for, not interested in
Fame and fortune, in a million dollar house
That people would read my writing - and then?
That people would give me money for it - and then?

I have to die, why not now, tired I am
Too much shit in this world?
Come on, become a valuable part of society
Earn your money, buy a house, wife and kids

And then die with the knowledge
Yes, I lived a good and fulfilled life
What a shit! This should be a meaningful life?
Not, that I start to believe, that this life has a special sense - but this!

I would be really interested in, to see this world
In say ten thousand years, maybe more
If humans then still exist and not think this
That we today not more than caveman are

This would be shocking
This future would be an awful scenery

Inability

I've that feeling, I'm simply unable to live a normal life
I'm simply not interested in it, no motivation to do so
Why I should, give me a reason
And please, not talk about the society

Why other people should be a measure for me
Or better: Which people should be the measure for me?
Ah, it's a nice game! - I'm German, let's see!
Or a reckless jerk like asshole president as measure?

We try to give our lives a special meaning
We kill for it, millions if needed
But what's more impressing
The Trojan War as such or the Iliad as artistic expression?

Maybe we wouldn't need a bloody war
To create something as impressive as the Iliad?
Maybe we would be able to create even more impressive works of art without it
When we would no longer waste so much resources for wars?

Should I start now, to talk about science?
All this efforts for war and destruction
Used for the aim to gain knowledge
The human race in a hundred thousand years?

I should decide for a new job, at the end not important which
To finish this wavering time
To start writing the three major works of this period
To show to what I'm capable to

I'm totally out of time, it's like, time would stand still
Even when everything moves around me - Germany won in the last minute of the overtime!
But time has no meaning for me anymore
How would it be, would it be possible to me, to spend my time with writing only?

No longer a part of the society, out of time.....

I'm Hot

I'm hot, "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"
Not bloody enough it can be, with my German genes
I'm hot, "Utopian Dreaming"
Why not dreaming a dreamful dreamish dream
I'm hot, "The Lady At The Ranch"
Will I be able to realize what's in my mind

I'm hot to do it, to try it
And then I will become a famous writer
Well fuck, that would be cynical
But why not, others became famous with real stupid shit

So let us be happy and cool
And we all know that "quality" is definitively no measure
Maybe I should involve more sex and kitschy drama?
Maybe I should be simply a bit more positive?

Nah! Not in this fucking insane and hypocritical world!

Decisions

Now I decided for a new job
Decided for more time to write
Decided for less money
In two days I will begin

It's the best solution for my writing
And I have to be consequent
From now on the writing is the most important for me
This has to be my focus now, everything else would be a joke

I'm nervous, tomorrow a last day
And then I have to develop my three major stories
I have to think about literary magazines
About to promote my Patreon page

The decision is made, but it's a decision not irrevocable
Let's see how the new job develop, the new rhythm for my writing
But I have a good feeling, should bring me down
And Germany will become World Champion

Well, this interests me not really
But it was a good time, the last one or two months
I've learned a lot, think that I've changed a lot
Think that I have the basis now to continue and develop my writing

Look at the old man, sitting and watching a soccer game while drinking a brown wheat beer
I drunk a lot of beer the last days, watched a lot of soccer
Still enjoy wine and tea more, happy that it will be possible to me again
Ice hockey in the winter and football, baseball and rugby in the summer

Thursdays jazz club no question – have to work till 4pm!
Maybe public observatory at Fridays again
More evenings at the Altes Theater, not only the jazz concerts
This job should give me many possibilities

Tell me what's right, what's wrong
But who should tell you
You have to live your own life
You have to make your own decisions

Live Your Life
Now I have the feeling that I do it
Now I have the feeling that it's only on me now, to show
What I'm capable to do, how creative I can be

Live your life!

Decisions

Decisions have been made
Good or bad ones I will see
But the next two days I have not to work
Good to start the next step in my writing

I think I should rework the beginning
Of "Utopian Dreaming" and "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"
I think I should write the beginning
Of "The Lady At The Ranch"

I feel a bit tired
A new rhythm of work
A new rhythm of live
But it seems, as if the decision was good

It seems that we will have a clear night sky tonight
Not should try to write something substantial now
Should try to relax a bit
Why not observing my variable stars tonight

Eight months till next February
Plenty of time to write three longer stories
Plenty of time to develop
Plenty of time for so many thing that should be done

Think about the USA often at the moment
California? Los Angeles or San Francisco? Boston?
Will start to promote my writing here
Heilbronn, Baden Württemberg, Germany

No, to be very honest
I don't think I will have "success" as a writer
But at least I do something that makes sense
That makes sense for me

Decisions Should Be Made

When you ponder, should I do it or not
When you're totally unsure about it
When you fear the consequences
Do it!

When the decision "to do it" was wrong, this will be no good
When the decision "not to do it" was wrong, this will be a catastrophe
When the decision "to do it" was right, this will open up a new world
When the decision "not to do it" was right, why you pondered that at the beginning?

When you ponder - do it!

A New Situation

Since some days now
I changed my life
Feels still a bit strange
Still a few problems to become used to it

A simple job, no responsibility anymore
More time to concentrate on writing
But have not the rhythm yet
Will need a few days more

But from day to day I feel that it was a good decision
My body feels better now, not that old anymore
A lot of ideas in my mind
But not sure about how I structure the writing best

Should I write at home or with the laptop outside
Should I try to write immediately after working
Or would it be better to have a break first
It's summer and very good weather, at least at the moment

The first week with this new rhythm is over now
Not perfect but the development is good
Got my business cards today
Think about what would be a good strategy

So far I was a cook who writes in his free time
Now I'm a writer who cooks because he earns not enough with his writing
Things have changed, dramatically for me
Even when it might not look as such

The fourth year now
Unbelievable!
The next years
Who knows!

Should I ever would be able to make my living by writing
This time was the beginning thereto
Satisfied with my writing at the weekend
"Utopian Dreaming" and "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"

The written parts give me the opportunity to develop the stories in many directions
They have opened the stories, think about, in which way I should continue
Different possibilities, enjoy it more and more!
The beginning of "The Lady At The Ranch" should be the next part to be written

I have some images in mind
My travel by bus till San Francisco
And later, the coach trip back to Los Angeles
But I hesitate a bit, I've the ambition to write a "good" beginning

Nevertheless I will continue with my style
To begin with an idea, and then let it flow
Whatever will happen happens
Whatever text emerges, emerges

No rework, apart from obvious mistakes maybe
One step (text) is the basis for the next step (text)
I not planned what it would mean a lot for the story that Alexandra is "his" daughter
But now it became to a major topic, I like it, not to know how a story will develop

I have an idea about the end of this story, but I had also an idea about the end of "The Little Girl"
And then, everything was different at the end
I thought that I will become a disaster for Peter, but in a way it ended very positive for him

I feel strange, feel excited, feel positive
In a way I would like it, to know how Peter's story will end
But I not even know the end of my stories, have ideas, but not more
So, why I should know the end of the story of my life?

Germany: A Winter's Fairy Tale

Would I be ashamed would I be an American - of course, yes!
I'm ashamed to be a German? More and more!

It's unbelievable how politicians act in this country today
Söder, Dobrindt and Seehofer - what a bunch of hypocritical and pathetic jerks!
They would destroy our solid basis of democracy only for their personal egos
And the SPD not reacts? We will look at the compromise and say later something about it?

Are you crazy!

I think about that the real politicians of my youth would be still there
How would Brandt, even Schmidt, not to talk about Wehner react to this farce
Wow, without any doubt they would not let it simply happen
They would react, they would act, this all is such ridiculous and embarrassing

Germany and the Germans
A shelter for stability
But now, more and more nationalism breaks free
Oh, we had this not even a hundred years ago - with a not that good end.....

Deutschland. Ein Wintermärchen - Yes, Heinrich Heine:
„Denk ich an Deutschland in der Nacht, / Dann bin ich um den Schlaf gebracht“

N.B.: The quote is not from "Germany: A Winter's Fairy Tale" but from the poem "Nachtgedanken"

No, Not Did It!

No, not started with “The Lady At The Ranch” today, but I think I found a rhythm for writing now. I think it will be the best, after work, to drive home, have a meal and take a shower, to go out then. The last days I found no good rhythm, so early at home. It’s more or less the same situation as at the beginning of my writing, while working in Lauffen. At this time I listened all the time to music, dived into another world. But now, at least while writing the stories, I no longer listen to music, many things have changed. But at home now, in front of the computer, no music, I’m not in the mood for writing. The last weekend I was very productive, sitting with the laptop in cafés, drinking coffee. I said it, I like it to be among people. This late afternoon the same problem, no real mood for writing. But now I sit here - täglich - and many people are around me. Tomorrow I will try it, working, eating, showering, café or bar, coffee and writing. But tomorrow I will not begin with “The Lady At The Ranch”. I will do it at Saturday, have the whole day time for it then. I think I will continue with “Utopian Dreaming” tomorrow. And now? Don’t know? Drinking my coffee? Around the corner is a bar where you can drink a very good café au lait?

Proud To Be A German?

No, I not became an AFD jerk
But how the SPD and Bündnis 90/Die Grünen acted the last days
Wow, there’s still hope that Germany not develops towards this nationalistic shit
Bavaria maybe, but hey, Bavaria is not Germany – at least not for the rest of Germany

It’s good to see that we still have enough politicians who are able to say clear words
To see that most of the Germans are nerved about this Bavarian shit
That Seehofer is disgraced now, as well as Söder
That it’s said now, that Dobrint is anti European, that he’s against our idea of democracy

But it’s not over now
Why the people believe in this nationalistic shit
Working together, not even possible in Europe
But at least for the moment, nationalism has shown how stupid it is

Good Days

I've finished the beginnings of the stories "Utopian Dreaming", "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl" and "The Lady At The Ranch". For me interesting is that even when this are only the beginnings, they are at least as long as some of my previous stories. This beginnings give me many opportunities to continue with the stories. Now I see the end of "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl" very clear in front of me, also the end of "Utopian Dreaming" becomes more and more obvious. I thought that Daryl's daughter Hannah had committed suicide, but I'm no longer sure about it. Should it become a "case", or should it stay unclear till the end? Not sure about it at the moment.

The last days I found more and more a rhythm, not perfect, but much better than last week. It seems, that the decision with the new job was very good. But now the next important affair is imminent. The next gastroscopy, at Tuesday, to see whether the treatment functions or not. I have no pain any longer, but that not necessarily means that everything is fine now.

I think, I will not work on the three stories the next days. I have to wait till I get the result from the examination - at Thursday most likely. It would be good to get a positive result, it would help me to concentrate more on my writing. I'm satisfied with the writing so far, I'm curious about how the stories will develop, to what writing I will be able.

I'm still a bit unsure about the current situation, but I have a positive basic attitude at the moment. The next week will be important, the result from the examination will be important.....

Boston?

In a short time now, I got contact with two Americans who live in Boston. Well, Boston, the New England States? It was obvious to me already previously, that I have to visit the New England States, have to visit Boston. Peter ("Hoax News") was born in Providence, Rhode Island, even when the story is located in Los Angeles. And at the end of the story?*America's treasure box*.....

But Los Angeles is Los Angeles, and San Francisco? I have to return to Los Angeles, it's a must. Now - "The Lady At The Ranch" - more than ever. I cannot imagine that I would never eat at Gus's, no tacos at 3rd Street anymore, Chinatown and Koreatown, Crenshaw and Compton again – why not Paramount again? And the young giraffe, her I have to see again. Santa Monica, Santa Monica I have to see again. In the morning with the Metro till Union Station, L.A. Times and a Caesars Salad with strawberries and bananas at Café Crepe – and so much more!

San Francisco? On one hand so interesting, such a literarily city with so much wonderful places. But then the feeling, that it would be possible for me, to be in this city never again. This is a disturbing feeling - oh, why I not live in this country? The snowflake in the Rockies, the Nevada sky, many things would wait to be discovered. But what would this mean in reality, in this nation dominated in such an destructive way by money. In a country where the simplest human rights are defined as privileges for the rich?

Maybe it will be possible for me to travel two times to the US next year? Two weeks in Los Angeles in February and two weeks in Boston in spring or summer? And San Francisco? Yeah, I think this a luxury problem.....

Good Times

I feel good at the moment, still some uncertainties, but I've more and more the feeling that my decisions of the last time were good decisions. I've more and more the feeling that the next months will be very good, very productive months.

I sit in a Biergarten and drink a Radler – okay, it's my second one – and writing this words. It was a very hot day, but it cools down now, in the evening, and I think about my future – will I have one? Why not, maybe even one where my dreams will come true, at least in a certain way – somehow, like Ms. Grant sings in one of her songs.

A sudden sense of liberty - New Order - a sudden sense of comfort? The fourth year, not that sudden, another four years? It thrills me, to think about it, how would it be, say ten years of constant writing? It would be fantastic, without any doubt, it would be fantastic – I'm an author now!

Life

What does you need for life, what should you expect from life. What should I expect from life, why should I travel to the US again? Would it be cool when others would read my texts, should I hope for? Would I like it, would people be interested in my person? I've the feeling that I've done it now. Many pages now, several stories, many poems and other texts. Maybe I should simply live my live here in Germany till it's over, while writing from time to time? I have no interest in a big house, a fast car, that people are interested in me, that I would be famous. I would like it when people would read my texts, but that's it.....

Would it be cool would I it be possible for me to make my living by writing? Yeah, because then it would be possible for me than to concentrate on my writing. It would be possible for me to rework my writing. On the other hand, it's also possible for me to write in this constellation. Yeah how would it be, to read this writing again, say in ten or fifteen years?

Days passing by, days gone forever. How many days will still come? I feel like I would hover, would be only a visitor in this world, like an alien from another planet, not understanding this world and this human race. I feel like I would be invisible - Ralph Ellison - like a ghost surrounded by an ocean of lost souls. And I even not believe in something like a "soul"! All this modern industrialized world, this fetish of industrialization, looks like a big mistake to me. Progress towards the abyss – does I write an utopia at the moment?

Hot days in the summer sun, nice time at the Mediterranean beaches while thousands drown therein. How much is a human live worth? Not much obviously! I see the Moskstraumen in front of my closed eyes, but not large enough for everything.....

Life should be holy, the only holy thing on earth. But that's nothing than fucking theory. Should I write about a black swan in the sky, or maybe two? About a sublime white unicorn, or maybe a horse? Should I only sit with closed eyes and wait? I've no real idea at the moment, sitting in the hot summer sun.....

Summer Sun

I'm weightless, riding on the sun's beams
I'm weightless, losing myself in the warm air
It's a wonderful time, a wonderful time to die

But than its also a wonderful time to live
A wonderful time to be
A wonderful time between life and death

No Diggity!

No, absolutely no, no doubt, no disbelief
Ready or not, here I'm
I've found you, not let you go anymore
Should listen to such music more

Well, a few years to late
Or just in time
Better than today
Who would ask

California Love - the stuff I write about it
Yeah, I bow and discover new music
I would need a long time to reach such a level
But maybe I will have some time

Ah, all this musicians, all this music
Why I not stop writing
Wouldn't it be more meaningful
Listen to them, as often as possible

I don't know, maybe it would
At the end I think it would
But there's this little spark of hope
Would I be able to.....

Time, always this thoughts about time
I'm the asshole that wasted his live
So pay the price and shut up!
If I had wings I could fly - yeah, regulate.....

Everything's Fine Now

Had my check-up today, everything's fine now, the duodenal ulcer no longer
An important step for me, now I can concentrate on my writing
I'm very tired, was a long day today
But a short week, the next three days I have to work, then I have two days free

I have to decide now what I will do, during the next time
Should I promote my writing - open stage in Germany, open mic in America
Should I think about literary magazines - San Francisco? Boston? ??
Should I travel again to the US, why not Canada or Scandinavia?

At the moment I'm totally unsure about what my "aim", my dream should be
To be famous, a famous writer? And then?
Would it be possible to gain that much attention, that much Patrons
That I could make my living by writing

At the moment I have the feeling
No attention or very much, but nothing in between
But what would mean "very much"?
At the moment I've no idea

I think I should go to bed, trying to sleep
Tomorrow, after working, I will see to what I'm capable to
"The Lady At The Ranch" would be interesting
I have to discover a new town

The insanity of "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"
The craziness to think about a positive future of the humans - "Utopian Dreaming"
I've a new idea for a story that "deals" with time travel, but it's still only an idea
Look forward to the next weekend, not have to work, two days, only for writing

Now the situation it there, everything is prepared
My webpage, my Patreon page
Time for writing, magazines and stages
But I don't know, would I like it, to be an author?

So far I not thought about it in that way
I have written, not thought that much about it, dreamt about it
But now there's this point, now I have to ask myself
Do you really wanna try it?

And if the answer would be "yes" - and the answer is: Yes!
Then the question, how should I continue?
How should I try it, what would be a good way, an interesting way
What would be a gainful, lucrative way?

Innocence lost - in this world?
Maybe in this moment
Maybe in this moment developed into a serious artist
Maybe only a stupid old bastard

Creation

What should be the most important experience for a young person
To experience how arousing it is to create something, to be creative
That it's a lust, a rush, a drug
To see that something develops, comes into being

The artistic being, a nice thought

The Difficulties Of Being Positive

Well, thought to continue with "Utopian Dreaming" today, but it's really difficult
How should it be, my utopian future, even when I have some distinct ideas
It seems so strange, to write about a positive future

I would have no problems therewith to write "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl" non-stop
One leads to the other, like it would be something natural - eight decades ago in Germany?
It's difficult to believe in such a positive story

"The Lady At The Ranch", also so much easier to write
Even when it develops in a different way again, as thought at the beginning
But whatever will be the story at the end, it will be a possible story

"Utopian Dreaming", can see it only as a dream, but would like it, would it be more
Isn't it sad, not to be able, to be positive
Not to be able to think about it, that the human history would lead into to bright future

Be happy and enjoy you live
In this fucking happy world

The Real World

What's the real world - a simple question, open your eyes and see
But since the beginning - Aristotle, empiricism - this was not that easy at all

Are humans as such "good" - Rousseau - the society the problem
Competition as the evil element in the societies

Working together, collaboration - the basic idea of "Utopian Dreaming"
To come to the point where you realize, that together is better than against

But if this would function, what else has to happen, that this point would be reached
Really the ninety-nine thousand?

It seems to me that it's really a utopia to assume that billions of people would be capable to do this
Waiting till the next global natural disaster, what a vision for the future would this be

Even in "Utopian Dreaming", even when I call it a dreamery, I need an apocalypse
Even then, I'm no able to believe that humans would become "smart"
Because they are cognitive beings?

Is it because I'm too negative, that I cannot imagine that it would be possible
Or I'm too realistic, that I've seen too much of this world

The wish to be child again, what a fucking thought, a child
Dying in Syria, drowns in the Mediterranean Sea - a child

Maybe it's in fact the best to destroy your mind
Maybe it's only a deed of cowards
Maybe it's the only way you can see
Maybe

I saw a double rainbow today, after a short summer rain
It was a wonderful sight, tomorrow a lunar eclipse

Why this world is no wonderful place in its entirety, it could be - and that's the tragedy
The humans would be able to create a world beyond being an animal - and that's the comedy

Comedy and tragedy fulfilled in the human existence - that's only a bitter joke
Rousseau - are we really unable to live together in a "modern" society - that would be.....

"Come As You Are" - Emilie Simon, to you I'm listening
With you, all begun - should all end, with you

Melancholy, sweet melancholy - no gun and fucking memoria
Who's the old enemy - why you ask me?

The World

I've the feeling the world would squash me
And honestly? I like and enjoy the pain!

I look out of the window, is this the world
I think about, to live on an earth with billions of humans
At a place all alone, no humans at my place, only far far away
What a wonderful place this would be

I walk down 3rd Street, Downtown West, millions of people around me
And yet, I'm all alone, and I enjoy it

I look out of the window and see an ocean
How wonderful this would be, feel a tender touch
But nothing as childish dreams of a naive old man
Take a rest, out of breath, but still with a beating heart, full of fucking memoria

Doubts

A little crisis at the moment, made some more research about California and its agriculture
"The Lady At The Ranch" - a wrong starting point, a wrong idea, too naive

At the moment I have problems with my stories, well, not therewith to destroy the world
But with the stories in which I would had to create something, not that easy

Well, how easy is it to point with a finger at someone - he's to be blame about everything
How difficult is it to create something that's real, positive, to create something new

The next two days I have not to work, I have to use this days. to do the next steps with the stories
Is this now "professional" writing?

Whatever, I have to make the decision now, how I wanna continue with my writing
Should I try it seriously or not and if I would try it seriously

If it would function, what then? I would be no good as a "celebrity"
If it wouldn't function, what then? Honestly, I fear this question

Is this one of the crisis on the way to become a serious artist
Or is it the beginning of the insight that I never will become a serious artist

How I will think about this words in say five years
No, no words about death now

Without any doubts I have some problems at the moment
But it's not, that I wouldn't be capable as such to write

On the contrary, it would be easy to write many pages
But it's the form, the feeling that I have to change my writing

I think I should stop now, still not continued with the stories
But I have the feeling that's okay at the moment, maybe it's simply important at the moment

I look forward what the next two days will bring
Maybe this is the most important time in my writing so far

Apart from the moment I've begun with it, of course!

Male Dominated

I saw a documentation about Frank Sinatra yesterday
Many strong and real men could be seen
Frank Sinatra of course, and JFK or Nixon, to name only them
Oh, and some very beautiful women - as nice accessories

Marilyn Monroe was allowed to smile into the camera next to JFK
I was not aware that Sinatra was married with Mia Farrow
Never share the bed with a wise guys' moll - Bogart died too early
The only woman who seemed self-confident was the one Sinatra could not deal with - Janis Joplin

I not talk about Sinatra as an artist
Although I have to say that I see Sammy Davis Jr. as the more interesting artist
But he was simply a figure in this "men's club", not able to get off his high horse
And please do not start with a sentence like: But at that time.....

But should we talk about the so progressive JFK
Who not accepted Sammy Davis Jr.'s white bride
I have a feeling it was most because she was very beautiful
And such women belonged to men like him

It was a glamouring time, a very dishonest, phony and hypocritical time
Not only a fucking time as a poor person, not to talk about a "black" person
And why talks nobody about Latinos or Asians or other minorities
Yeah, it was a wonderful time with Elvis and Hollywood dramas for the white middle class

And today, say in Germany
Angela Merkel is our Chancellor, Ursula von der Leyen our Secretary of Defense - and?
Does this change anything? Why it should?
Assumed Hillary Clinton would be POTUS? And then?

But maybe it's only the problem, that you normally have only one or two quota women
Or figures like Kathleen Kraninger or Betsy DeVos, puppets for the strong men who pull the strings
Maybe it would be good to have many women in influential positions
In any case it's definitively a waste of input, knowledge, possibilities.....

It was a devastating documentation, I mean, it was sad to see this egoistic and power-mad men
Yeah, Nixon - but was JFK better in that sense, the Kennedy clan and the Bouvier clan
It's interesting to look at the US, everything is so "open-hearted"
In Germany all is more sugarcoated and subdued

Men rule the world, and it's a fucking world filled with hate and pain
I'm not sure what would happen when this world would be ruled by women
But more worse, it's hard to imagine
Maybe it would be worth an attempt

The world is better today than in former time, they say
One could ask why, what could be the reason, what has changed
I see in the cultural area two interesting aspects
Women became (more) influential and Church and State became (more) separated

But in the end I think a matriarchy is as stupid as a patriarchy
Together would be interesting, or better it would be interesting, would we end it
Because it became useless - The discussions about men and women
The discussions about nationality, skin color, religion.....and so many other things

I did it my way - maybe we should do it in our way.....?

Waiting

I'm sitting here and wait, wait that something will happen
Not knowing what, something, not important what
I think about death and that I will die
Most of my life already lived

I sit on a mountain, all alone, blindfold I see the world
It's a wonderful world I see, it's a wonderful lie
And I fear death, knowing that nothing will come
Especially no painful hell, only a black endless nothing

This should calm me down, and in a way it does
Suicide would be a solution, but in a way it would be fruitless
But filling page after page, not more fruitful seems
So I sit here and wait, knowing that nothing will happen

I feel exhausted, the world moves under my feet
I feel confused, have the feeling that something threatens me
I have filled so many pages the last month
I have the feeling that my writing developed, or maybe it worsens

I have the feeling, that I'm no longer interested in to become an author
Only interested in to fill page after page from now on
No longer interested to travel to the States, to California, L.A. or SF again
No longer interested in, that someone would read my writing, only to write in a pointless way

This would make sense, to write in a pointless way in a pointless world
But maybe that would make too much sense in a contradicting way
Like Dada - maybe I should read some of Kurt Schwitters's poems?

Anna Blume, / Du tropfes Tier,

The world is tumbling down, I feel it - Or is it me, tumbling down
Day after day no sign of hope, always the same frustrating occurrences
California burns - hey, the same as every year, the same deaths
Isn't it something wonderful, that humans are capable to learn from mistakes

In a way all looks like a joke, like a stupid movie, nobody can take serious
Like a slapstick movie, Harold Lloyd, but that would be inappropriate towards him
His movies have too much substance, meaning, not this world
Have I said, that I feel so exhausted this evening

I look in the mirror and see my eyes and a crucified angel
The birds, the rose, all the others, the "A"
Why, why
I don't feel desperate, only exhausted

I'm bleeding

It's puzzling seeing the bright red color
It's disturbing looking at it, why just now
Don't you know that I have plans
Don't you know that I need some more time

Only a coincidence, nothing grave, shall I only wait some time
Tomorrow we will see, but when the color's still there
Sometimes it's simply annoying, feel better and better the last days
Have to write so many, but I'm not really in the mood today

Life sucks, but I cannot complain, what should be the reason therefore
Maybe tomorrow everything is forgotten, maybe not
But whatever, it gives me a reason to see
That you should use your days, what a fantastic insight!

No really, it sucks, according the weather forecast this maybe is the end of an fantastic summer
What a nice metaphor, what a stupid writing
Honestly, I have to think about my future writing, unsure about my aim
I have to confront me more directly, more often, with the opinion of other people

In some weeks I will perform at some open stage events at Germany
I will translate some texts therefore, the three stories I'm writing at the moment
I will start to hand out my visiting cards, I will try it more locally for the moment
But I want that my stories are more developed when I do so

I'm bleeding, at the moment I see the things relatively positive
Some things develop relatively good, some not so good, but no catastrophes
The stories, I'm relatively satisfied with them, I have the feeling they developing well
But not know how I should continue, after I've finished them

How would it be, would it be a serious problem, not sure about it
On the one hand it would be liberating maybe, but in the end it would only crap
So I hope it's nothing serious, that it will disappear on its own
That I can continue with my writing and become a lucky and very old bastard

Lust For

I lust for the ocean
How much would I like it
Sitting at the beach now
Looking at the ocean now

But it will last months at least
Till I'm maybe able to see her again
To hear the wonderful sound of her waves
To smell her wonderful scent, to be with her

But I have the felling, that even when
It will be an eternity
It will be impossible to bear
The time that I sill have to wait

Maybe I should book a flight
Maybe I should book a motel
But I'm still unsure
As if there would be an alternative

L.A. a third time
What else should I do
And then back to Germany again
This all seems so without sense

Maybe I should be a bit more patient
But maybe I should be much more impatient
Sunset at Santa Monica Beach
Maybe some days in Wheeler Ridge

I have to do it!
Only to think about, that I would do it
A wonderful feeling floods through my body
Sure, I have to do it, dinner at Gus's

A bit colder now, but it was a fantastic summer so far
Sunshine nearly all the time
It was so wonderful, seeing the sun such often
How much more wonderful it would had been, the ocean also

And yet, as every year
Problems with water, problems with extreme heat
Hundreds of houses destroyed by the fires, many people died
Oh California, should I dream of you, give me a hint, give me a hint

Rhythm

A certain rhythm is in my mind, hammering its hard beat
I like it, the way it pushes me, gives me energy
I become nervous, impatient, wanna stand up to run
Run, only run, no matter whereto, only running, running

Faster and faster, not fast enough it can be – faster
It's like the shimmering summer heat at noon
My heart beats, but not beats fast enough
I'm smiling, come on, I'm old enough

I'm old enough to realize
That my old body has its limits
But my young mind has none
I'm old enough to realize this

Sometimes it's all so easy, no limits in sight
I should learn to enjoy this moments more
Should learn to use this moments for my favor
Be happy to be happy and smile

The stimulation of music, not the first time I realize
Come on honey, let's have a funny time
Let's do partying, the next cloudy day will come
So listen to the music and feel free inside

Mood Swings

See it, feel it, have everything I need
Have a fucking easy live
Hey, I'm a cool single, a cool old man
Fly to L.A. to die

Sit on the beach and the sun sets
Santa Monica, not the worst place in town
I see the green light and die
And the next day I ride

I ride the Metro Train till Hollywood
Laugh about the silly tourists
And the motherfuckers from the Church
I ride the Metro Train all the night

All the night I walk through Sid Row
It's a calm place full of life
No, not as easy as mine
I'm no hypocritical asshole, not to see

Not to see, what they have to suffer
That the society needs them to continue with its lie
Everybody can achieve everything, you only have hard to try
Oh Tom Waits, your voice inspires me

Inspires me to write, like many voices inspire me to write
Like the roughness in your voice and the softness in your lyrics
Can you help me to find
What for I not able to find

To find an answer to a question
Not found it in Malibu, sitting near the house, looking at the waves
Not found it in Westlake, walking around in the night, greeting the rats and smelling the waste
Maybe I should search for it inside of me

Inside of me, what should this mean
Only questions I can find, no answers will be there
Only indecision, all I experience only confusion creates
Confusion in my little fucking easy live

My little fucking easy life
Look at me and smile
I'm a cool old man typing words, here with my coffee and my laptop
Let's fly to L.A. to die

Oh, I Feel So Fantastic

Some simple notes played on a piano
Creating a flattering melody
What a wonderful world
I'm so happy, I could die

I would laugh in a sarcastic tone
Would I die tomorrow of a heart attack
Not in L.A., not drowning in the ocean
But unfortunately I would not be able to do it then anymore

But it would have some cynical potential
But not for me and that would suck
Therefore I not would like it, it would be shit
I'm not here to entertain others

I'm not sure why I'm here – what a silly question at all
But if you wish to be entertained, entertain yourself and let me alone with it
Or listen to one of this fantastic entertainers, like the asshole from NY
Have I said it, that I feel fantastic?

Kill Me!

Yeah, maybe better not, and come on, it would be my task to do it
Wouldn't like it, to die slowly, piece after piece
Would like it, to die like a real hero, eye to eye with death
I would laugh about the Reaper, that's for sure

I fear death, I hate the thought to be dead
But in the end I fear most to die slowly
Not to be able one day anymore
To decide about it by my own

As long as I know that it's in my hand
As long as that, I'm not that nervous about it
But in the moment I would realize, that it slips away from me
Then it would be time to become frightened

And it's an awful thought, to die while sleeping
To die unconscious, not to be aware about it
Not that it changes anything at the end
But this thought frightens me

I would like it, to be aware about it
Only for the reason, that my last thought would be
Okay, that was it now
That's the interesting facet in respect to the idea, to swim out

But despite that I have to realize
That my body gets more and more problems
It's interesting that my mind becomes more and more inspired
It's strange, and also a bit sarcastic and cynical

Because in the end the body decides, not the mind
And my body tells me that it come to an end
No necessarily tomorrow, but more and more and inevitable
The eternal mind, call it soul, what a wonderful illusion

But in the end only another of this nice illusions
Maybe everything is only an illusion
Immortality is an illusion
Everything dies, even the sun and the universe

Nevertheless, why not dreaming, as long as you're able to
Worse things one can do than dreaming dreams
Maybe it's the most valuable that I ever will have done in my life
Kill me, kill me slowly with this song and let me die the death I'm dreaming of

An old man sits at the beach and looks at the setting sun

Far Away

At the moment I've the feeling, that everything that's connected with the US
Connected with Los Angeles and San Francisco, so far away is
Funnily we have sunshine since many weeks now
Los Angeles weather, as said it in San Francisco, while I was there in February

But I miss the ocean, the cool ocean breeze, the waves, the palm trees
And I've the feeling that this sunny summer makes everything even more difficult
Normally we have more cloudy and rainy days than sunny days in summer
Oh, I miss Santa Monica Beach, Union Station, MacArthur Park – I miss so much

I think I have to work hard therefore to realize this dream
To live at the West Coast, and as I said it before maybe a bit more to the north
But I crave for it, to live at, or at least not that far from, the ocean
That would be crazy, would that become reality

Maybe I should look for a job, fuck it, this limited work permit
You never know what will happen, at least one year time for everything
But not at the moment, at the moment I have to finish my writing for this cycle
Till the end of the year I should be ready with it

I will perform at some open stage events in Germany in the meantime
I will try to get more attention
Maybe an article in a city magazine
But most of all I will see whether I will be able to find Patrons

If this would function here it also should function in the US
And if not, it's not excluded that it would function in the US anyway
Driving down the Interstate 5 or the Route 101 or the Route 99 why not the Route 66
Isn't it funny to have such childish dreams, even as an old man

I close my eyes and another world conquers my mind
It's a wonderful world, such a naive view of this horrible place
I slide deeper and deeper and wish that I would never find my way back
But unfortunately it's too easy to come back, open your eyes, not more you have to do

Why we can be happy only in our dreams
It's not that the world as such would not offer much
The Norwegians are the most happy people on this world
Norway is part of the European Community, maybe I should try to get a job there

But it's the same as with Canada, the old man loves the sun, the summer heat, too much nowadays
In my youth I hated hot days, always I sweat a lot, also because of to be unsure about everything
Not that I sweat no longer, but I enjoy the summer heat more and more
More and more I like it, this heat, this long days – it feels like this summer would never end

All Of A Sudden

All of a sudden, why does it turn
A melancholic moment leads you to a different world
In an infinite fraction of time nothing stays the same
Tiredness fulfills your mind, everything stops

Yesterday, but today is today and tomorrow today will be yesterday
And nothing you can do against it, only dying
The knowledge about yourself, how often I asked myself how a bird sees itself
How often I asked myself how I should see me

I spread out my wings and no borders, no limits anymore
I cross the universe in a timeless blink, to see its last moment
And I'm astonished about all this images in my mind
But they are there, captured, no way to let them fly

The old man in the mirror, that's not me
Me, that's this young man with his curly black hair
Insecure and nervous all the time
But full of energy, not knowing what to do therewith

I look at the clock, another day is over
Nothing useful done the whole day
One evening it will have been the last
No morning sun will wait anymore

I could manifest an empire, but what for
Human insignificance among billions of galaxies with billions of stars and planets
How ineffable sad it would be, would we be the only intelligent life in this universe
No words could describe the insanity of our behavior

Weaker and weaker, the spark, see how bright the distant lights shine
In some billion of years our Milky Way merges with Andromeda
In some billion years! - Who would be capable to understand?
All of a sudden and nothing stays the same

I touch the sun's surface, knowing, there's none as such
And shiver, because of the sun's cold, cold as a melancholic moment
But tomorrow, tomorrow will be bright again, the morning sun
Or the infinite coldness of the infinite black nothing

Sometimes everything is so strange, something happens, you not even realize
But it changes everything, all of a sudden, and you're only a passenger of your own life
I spread out my wings and fly, towards the night sky's velvety blackness
And among the stars I'm happy, wrapped in the warming universe's coldness

Exhaustion

I left work earlier today, I felt very exhausted
And after over eight hours of sleep it's somewhat better
Not sure what had happened, feel not sick in that sense
I was totally exhausted, head ache, aching legs and arms, the stomach

Now it feels better, but still tired
No impulse to eat something, maybe I should watch a bit TV
And then I will sleep again, again over eight or nine hours
And I think tomorrow it will be better again

I have the feeling I should structure my life more
In September the new jazz club season starts - Thursday evenings in the jazz club
The ice hockey season will start soon, I think also in September
At the moment I feel a bit disorientated

But it's okay in that sense that I feel it more and more that things change
Every week it feels different to write, I have the feeling that I find my writing
I think I should finish my current writing till the end of the year
The open stage events, I will try to get more attention

Then it would be a time to reflect, to see what has happened till then
Then it would be a time to decide how I shall continue with my writing
But now, at the moment, I simply need more sleep
Tomorrow I should continue with "Utopian Dreaming"

She Died

I thought about to continue with my writing, with "Utopian Dreaming"
A short look at my emails, Facebook - first a message from Barack Obama
I have "liked" his page, not that much he writes, but profound things
So I got the information that Aretha Franklin died today

Also others, politicians, musicians, artists.....honored her with words of condolence
I was not that much in her music, but another great artist died today
You realize how old you're now, so many died the last years
Artists you have known from your youth on, people who created so much

I'm not in the mood now to write, I've the feeling that it's not important
Whether I write something or not, I feel empty, even too empty to start now
Listening to her music, the songs I know, and the many songs I don't know
I think I will walk around a bit, try to get a clear mind again

Aretha Franklin, many will tell now how fantastic and important she was
Well, she's dead now
What would be more important to her?
That she will be never forgotten, or, that things would change in a significant way?

I cannot answer this question, as I said, I have not that much knowledge about this artist
And please say not, that she changed the world with her work
I not know that much about her, but I'm very sure about
That she was not happy with today's world

No Devil

This world contradicts the existence of a devil
There are so many ruthless and dumb people in it - the devil would have an easy game
The world is as it is as an result of the human behavior
We need no devil to create a hell

There's a silly old man who's sick of this world
Let's be happy and a narcissistic asshole
And the world will love you, will make you a star at social media
Not shallow enough can be the stuff, for shallow people

I not know how you should behave, to be a valuable member of society
Maybe it's not that important at the end
One day you're dead, one day this world will be no longer
On day everything will make sense at the end

The Moon

I look at the moon, nearly half moon, and try to clear up my mind
But not manage it, should I observe the moon later
I think about Ella Fitzgerald and Nina Simone
Not knowing what would be appropriate

I have problems to find halt, to find a fix point
Dissolve in nothing, I'm disturbed and puzzled
I've the feeling I should decide - living hardcore
Still drink nearly almost only tea at home

Proud like a god I should be - why not!
To sink deeper and deeper in the dark -
Soon I will decide!
Isn't it cool to write such lines!

I look at the moon, a dark wheat beer on my table
Listen to rock, hard rock and heavy metal music - Lemmy's Bad Friedrichshall
And get no clear mind, I should become a freak
Fuck this world, this world is shit, but

Aretha Franklin, what would you say to me?

Endless Summer

Can not remember that we had so many sunny summer days in a row
It's like in California this February, it's very wonderful
Not that hot now, the days became shorter, the nights colder
But always this wonderful sun rays, this wonderful warmth

I hate it to think about that winter will come
The cold, the bad weather, but maybe
Maybe the sunny weather will stay
Even when the days then again are very short

I've the feeling that everything can happen now
I've the feeling that nothing will happen
But I have the feeling that I will write for the rest of my life
I've the feeling that at the end it will be many thousands of pages

I think about the wonderful possibility to see the beauty of this world
The beauty of the universe, but is it that beautiful at all
At the end it's a very violent universe
But has this to mean that everything in it has to be violent

Maybe, but maybe not – I'm not one who can answer this question
Only annoyed about that humans are not able to act in a different way
I look at this human world, feeling that I not belong to it
Strange, this calms me down, shouldn't that anxious me

The sweet tiredness in the summer's warmth
The feeling that whatever will happen, at the end it not counts
In the end only nothing will stay, neither the summer sun's sunny rays
Let the time ticking away

An Old Man's Death

When it's over, should it be important that something stays
Not so much for yourself, I think, in the endless black nothing
And to be honest, I think, not for the world either
I see no real chance that the human behavior will change

Therefore, have some fun and enjoy your life
At least when you're one of the happy ones
Who not lives in a country where a war is or lives in poverty
Not suppressed by an ideology or a believe

I've the feeling that I still need some time
To see how my writing develops, whether I find my place or not
But I'm not sure if this all makes sense till then
Too much shit in this world

The mid-term election in the US will be interesting
The changes in the political landscape in Germany
Various conflicts and wars in the world
When I have to die? Will I stay more or less healthy?

This is a time in between, very unsure about the future
The writing, I enjoy it more and more, the development of the stories, the ideas I have
The open mic performances will be very important
Will I be successful in getting attention for my writing till the end of the year

Will I have some Patrons till then, will someone pay me for my writing
Well, not sure about it, but even when not
I have all opportunities to go on with my writing
Who knows to what I would be able in some years

Seen in this light there's only something I have to fear
That I lose my health, more than now, till now nothing really grave
Or that I die, that would be really fucking
That I can no longer travel to California would be also fucking

But I'm not sure whether I should travel to the US next February again
So much has changed, that that what I did the last two years there makes no sense anymore
Another city, another state, another country or another continent
Have no distinct idea at the moment

Oh, I would like it so much, to be seventy or something like that
This would be so fucking, to read all this then, thinking back to this time
And all what I would have written in the time between
When I would continue like the last years.....

So often I thought about dying, to swim out
But at the moment I would hate it, I would be annoyed
But really, it would be sad, not knowing to what I would had been able to
Waited too long, wasted too many years – yes, but.....

I have the feeling, I'm on the way to overcome all this
I have the feeling, I believe more and more in my writing
I have the feeling, I should continue and finish my this year's writing
To start then with something new

I've no idea what should it be, a real long novel maybe
But I like this writing, to keep it short, whereas the stories now become longer and longer
Maybe to write in cycles like the hard-boiled / L.A. noir stories
Or a collection of short stories about L.A. - or more collections about different cities

I think there will be enough that can be written
Not to forget poetry, or a form like this
Therefore it would be interesting not to die too soon
But there's still this problem with this fucking insane world, this fucking insane humans

It Will Rain Tomorrow

It will rain tomorrow, today it's very cloudy, but very muggy
It seems that summer comes to an end now, so early dark now again
But I have to accept it, cannot await it that the year ends
Then I will know more about me and my writing

Then it will be winter again, colder, but not like in my youth
More clothes on, not sitting outside like now
More hot beverage, less cold stuff
But some questions will be answered then

So I feel somewhat more relaxed and excited now
Doubts, maybe they are important in a way
But in another way they are nerving more and more
Will this change one day

Dream your little dream
While the days getting shorter
And the night falls faster and faster
And your time is running out

Blood In The Mouth

There's blood in my mouth, it tastes good
I like that it's there, it's a fine feeling
A confusing thought, but nicely to think about
Blood as a metaphor for life, see me bleeding

The smell of fresh and warm blood, also something confusing
How does a battlefield smelled in ancient time?
Confusing and wonderful walking through the dead bodies
But only an image, but for some it was real

The smell of burned flesh, not that nice
For some it's real to burn alive, ragged by a bomb much better
Slowly bleeding to death, the mouth full of blood
Dying with a nice taste in your mouth

Puzzling thoughts, but only for someone sitting at the beach
Not for someone, who's reality is war
Bite on your lips, and enjoy the taste
Sometimes it's a luxury problem only

You're There?

You're there – I'm looking for you
Not sure that I will find you
But still I've the feeling it could be
Sweet loneliness as a perfect lie

Listen to all this love songs
Not that much of them are songs of happiness
Well, Ms. Grant
Let's play the childish play

A tender touch
The kiss of the wind
Embraced by the clouds in a bright blue sky
Accompanied by the night sky's stars

I think I would write nice love poems
Makes not that much sense without being in love
But maybe I've still some time
Who knows, maybe I will become a famous writer of love poems one day

But till then I will not do so
Maybe the world loses something
And I?
Well, the old man still dreams his dreams

Ivory Tower

I live in an ivory tower with you – and I like it!
Who's still interested in this world
When the only valid world is our little tower?
It's not us against the world, because we are the world

It's nice to play with references
To which two songs I refer?
Ms. Grant of course!
With you I would jump from the H of the Hollywood sign!

I not mean Ms. Grant, hope she will not do it
This referred to the first stanza
But why we should do so, happy in our ivory tower
Happy with us together

Look at me, I'm still dreaming
Should there still be hope, a reason for hope
Why not, laying alone in bed at night
Dreaming a childish dream about you

Closed Eyes

When I close my eyes, I see you
When there's no sound, I hear you
When there's nothing, I feel you
Should I smell your scent?
What's about the taste?

I feel pain, the pain not knowing you
I would wish knowing you
I would give everything knowing you
I'm an old man, not knowing you

Should I lay me down, to close my eyes
To spend some time with you, while dreaming
To forget the loneliness, while dreaming
Sad about, to have to open the eyes again the next morning

I can be with you, during the night, during the sleep
But I would wish to be with you during the day
Not only enjoying the dark of the night with you
But also enjoying the daytime's sun rays

Maybe one day, maybe never
Maybe I'm only blind, too blind to see
Maybe it's the way it has to be
Maybe, but maybe not

So long it has lasted, till I've written the first word
How long it will last, till I will be with you
Should I believe in the happy ending
Cannot even write a story with one

So I sit there, thinking about you
Only an illusion you seem to be
But never thought I would create something
But maybe this also is only meaningless stuff, like the dream about you

Chaos In My Mind

Images and thoughts, an endless stream, whirling around
In the night, endless dreams conquer my mind
Waking up I'm astonished about their impressing impact
While I forget them, but the astonishment stays

I'm not sure what happens just now
I ponder over the clothes I should wear, jazz club or open stage
Have bought me brown leather shoes, looking sharp
Saturday a brown cloth pants thereto?

Not sure about what else - my L.A. tee?
Maybe a fashion faux pas, maybe very stylish
At least three of my rings, the garnet of course, the heart-shaped one and one of the amber rings
The red-golden watch and the Saami Craft with pearls, or the one with the red Swarovski stones

Why I think about such things now?
Use since last year a perfume, when going to the jazz club
YSL Black Opium - a real men's perfume
But I like this scent very much, extremely addictive - fitting name

And my mind?
I've the feeling I should sleep for days, dream for days
Trying to resolve the mess in my mind
Or maybe it's only not enough mess, that's in my mind

Wonderful

A wonderful scent fulfills the air
It makes me drowsy, it's like a narcotic, it's wonderful
It soaks me up, offers me another reality, let me be someone else
The sweetness, actualized in a pink wonderland

Oh fuck, sometimes I would wish
But would it be it would fuck me off
Sweet dreams and annoying reality
Should I buy me pink leather shoes

Tralala, not the one from the movie, the one from the book
Why I have to think about her, her life was no pink wonderland
Maybe I should write the whole night long
Maybe I should better sleep and dream

Sweet Scent

A Tamil girl, raped and then killed, filmed with a cell phone
She's naked and she's not the only dead body on the street
A sweet scent fulfills the air, you can hear the men's laughing
Yeah, it's funny, funny, let's be funny

My head aches, too much images, too much noise
The Icelandic landscape, breathtaking beautiful, thought all the time, I should travel there once
Since decades, but never did, maybe it would do me good
Elves and suchlike everywhere, do not believe in elves

What should one say about this world, such a sweet scent
I should use drugs, but this would be the end
I should sleep, dreams are nice to you
My dreams are nice to me, Dreamland, Emilie

Strange

It's strange how much my mood changes from day to day at the moment
But I've the feeling that the overall direction is very good
I look forward to the open stage events
I think about it that I should express myself with a special outfit

I think about that I should change my outfit in total
Not for the first time, but I've the feeling that's the time now
I look back at the beginning of my writing, it was a fantastic time
But now I've the feeling that the three stories I'm writing now are the last ones

The last ones written in this mood, I've to change many things
I think about poetry, have to do it in a different way
I've the feeling that at the end of the year it all will find an end
An end to start with something new, not necessarily totally, but in a different way

I've head ache, too much in it at the moment
In one way I feel tired, in another way I feel stimulated
It's like I would use various kinds of drugs, but I use none
Not sure what will be the result of all this

Sometimes I have the impulse to stop writing
Why not simply living your life
Jazz club at Thursdays, sometimes a cocktail
Why thinking about this fucking world

And then there's someone, with tears in her eyes
While reading my texts, a gift to the world
Sometimes a smile is enough, sometimes a comment
Thanks Kitsch, Ms. Hanthekin

Why Do We Do The Things We Do

Rationality vs. feelings makes no sense
But why are feelings sometimes that powerful that we do the things we do
A sixteen year old jumps from a bridge - that makes absolutely no sense
But nevertheless this person did it

But without feelings it would be a somber life
I look in the mirror, feelings, not with nor without
Irrationality, why do we do the things we do
Shouldn't we be able to reflect about

"Utopian Dreaming" - I've the problem to imagine how this should function there
Talked about sexuality, should it be really thinkable that in such a future it could be
That we would respect another person, simply would respect this person
In theory everything is thinkable, but it would be too easy

It would be too easy to write things like: Today all are totally happy, the world became a paradise.
But this world can never become a paradise, because this universe is no paradise
But therefore this world has not to degenerate into a hell
But at least for me it's difficult to see a solution

The Healthy Public Feeling / Healthy Popular Sentiment "Das gesunde Volksempfinden" Is There Again

Hooray, we're again at the beginning, it's the 20s again
The man on the streets and his "feelings" are again more important than constitutionality
Hey, it's okay now again, as an afraid citizen, to stand beside somebody who shows the Hitler salute
No, that not means automatically that you're a fascist

I mean this as I say it! No, this afraid citizens are not necessarily fascists!
This afraid citizens are the ones, who made the rise of Adolf Hitler possible, in the 20s
So fuck, learn something from your history
Or accept that you are worse than every fascist!

Who stands beside a fascist.....well, the dogs and the fleas.....
It's as simple as that, it's simply disgusting!
And as a German it's simply beyond every excuse!
So don't yammer when someone calls you a fascist!

Wow, there was a time I thought - that's not true that the have elected this disgusting motherfucker
Wow, today I think - it's the 20s again?
We will see, what will happen at the next elections
But today as in the 20s, there was also another truth - the failure of the democratic parties!

Wild Strawberries

She came to me and said:
Do you know this wonderful wild strawberries at the edge of the woods?
And I replied:
Yes, in my youth, with my parents, they are wonderful.

Give me your hand and I lead you to such a wonderful place
But I'm an old man now, I fear it's too late now
It's never too late, and inside the woods there are places with even more berries
But I'm an old man now, I fear it's too late now

She took my hand and led me to some wonderful places
And I enjoyed the voyage very much
And even when it's only a stupid dream
It was wonderful to dream it

You ever had eaten this small wild strawberries?
You can find them at the woods at sunny places.
It's so long ago now that I've eaten them
Too long, I nearly have forgotten how they taste, but only nearly

The Taste

The taste of a raspberry fresh from the garden
The taste of a blackberry fresh from the garden
The taste of a cherry fresh from the garden
Did the people realize, what they miss, when the don't know this tastes

We know food from around the world now, and that's no mistake as such
We can offer many food for everyone now, and that's no mistake as such
We know the kitchens from many cultures now, and that's definitively no mistake as such
But why this has to mean automatically, that the original kitchen and this food is old fashioned now

We have to "pimp" everything now in a useless manner
Leaf gold, no one can taste it, it has no taste
Truffle, many can not taste truffle
But this is not important, important is that this makes it expensive, makes it exclusive

Food is taste and scent, at least for me
Apart from that that I have to eat to live
When a normal champignon tastes better for you than a truffle
Hey, I know very interesting and tasteful recipes with champignons

Yes, and I like also porcini / cepe or morels very much
The taste and texture of black chenterelles is fantastic
Have you ever smelled the scent of a vanilla bean
It's like a drug to me, food can be a drug

But it's always a question of taste and also scent, not a question that it's expensive

Dreamland

I dream every night various dreams. I wake up one till three times a night, and then the awakening in the morning. Every time there's a period of awakening. In this time it's more or less obvious to me that I dream, sometimes I reflect about my dreaming. But when I'm fully awakened, I forget the dreams more and more. I not try to write them down, I not try to practice the skill to keep my dreams in mind. I like this period of awakening, the often weird dreams, and then the period of forgetting them, more and more. What stays are the impressions, and sometimes, at very special dreams, there are pictures or occurrences who will stay.

Some days ago I had a very strange dream, a very chaotic dream. But in the end all made sense and it was interesting to be astonished about the "story-line" of the dream. I thought about, still not totally awakened, whether I should write a story with such a weird story-line. I thought that it maybe would become something like "The Sot-Weed Factor" by John Barth. But I came to the point that I like it more when a story is "straight", not more words as needed, not more protagonists as needed. And "The Sot-Weed Factor" is definitively different. But my next thought was, maybe in the way as Terry Gilliam makes movies?

As I was awakened I thought, this time I should make some notes about the dream. I knew, that I had written ninety-nine pages of "Live Your Life" now, why not a page one hundred with something about this dream? Something about the dream? I was at a place to cook there. I stood in front of two escalators, both run upwards. But because this was my purpose, to drive upwards, was this no problem. But then I used a wooden staircase that appeared suddenly beside the escalators. The staircase looked somewhat like Kurt Schwitters' "Merzbau" - "nested", "interlaced". I ran the staircase upwards, suddenly I was in a hurry. Upstairs stood Shirley Manson in front of a screen, I was there to cook for her. Then I saw Nastassia Kinsky, I shouted for her, she was my sibling, she was too late and she was there to help me. Then she heard me, stopped and I ran to her. As I stood in front of her she was taller than I, in fact she's much smaller - I thought about that. But more confusing was that she looked totally different now. But I found no person who looks alike the face I saw now - then I was fully awakened.

But all this makes sense, and this is what surprises me every time. Okay, it's a mishmash, but understandable. As an example, I will see Garbage for the first time live at the 17th this month in Cologne. I like the mishmash that my brain creates out of the things I've just in my mind. And maybe it's no stupid idea to write a story in this fashion.....

Emilie Simon - "Dreamland"; at the moment I listen to Emilie Simon's music in my car, on my way to work and back - dreamland, there's no more beautiful land on this world.....

Dreamer

When there will be something of me that will stay in this world
Then my dreams
Nothing is more real, nothing has more meaning, nothing is more important
Then my dreams

Sleeping in the night and dreaming
The most creative and most significant time of the day
Would I be able to write as I dream
I would create the most wonderful writing that will ever be created

Listen To The Hearing

Listen to the Brett Kavanaugh's Senate confirmation hearing the whole day now
It's late evening now in Germany
I have no clear head to continue the writing at the moment and stop it therefore finally now
Then I can concentrate on the argumentation more

I've the feeling that this is a very interesting moment in history
It's disgusting to see the hypocritical conservatives
No, I don't think that the democrats are holy people, but this is simply a farce
I think the USA are ultimately at a crossroads now

And with the USA the rest of the world, in many aspects
This decision will have a tremendous impact
Compared with this Germany still is a safe harbor, a solid and stable harbor
With all what happened here in the last years, months, days

And then in November?
Yeah, I've no good feeling.....

Zombie Obedience - 51

Well, even when you're a conservative, freedom of conscience?
Well, even when you're a democrat, freedom of conscience?

Let's talk about supreme judges, shall they represent the cross-section of society?
Aristotle said: Extreme positions can not be used to establish general rules like laws.
Wow, that was over two thousand years ago!

But maybe the reality is more: Who has the money has the power and decides about rules and law.

It's very disappointing that radicals - from left and right! - determine the discussions
Or is it again, that radical opinions are socially acceptable? That they become mainstream?
In Germany and the US there are developments who are frightening
It's strange for me, living in such a rich country who protects their citizens that much

But that's the point, it's no matter about logic and rationalism
But how you should argue then against it?
Maybe you only come to the solution, that it's a funny stupidity to write an utopia today
Maybe you should write something about the human stupidity.....

The Big Failure

Should it be possible, that the democrats are not able to prevent Kavanaugh
To delay the process till after the mid-term election?
Wow, you can learn a lot from the conservatives!
If they not laugh about you, then I will do it!

It's strange, this hearing is a disaster
Is this all what democrats are able to?
Wow, you can learn a lot from the conservatives!
If they not laugh about you, I will do it!

The fail of the established politics, the same shit in Germany, still less dramatic
"Mein Führer" is laughing in his grave, and his bunch with him
The White House will tremble because of laughing, and the far-right will celebrate
Wow, maybe this world is such a shitty world because the left wing is simply inept in everything

Would You

Would you love me, would you know me
Would it be the right question whether someone would be able to love me at all
Would I be able to love someone, what would love mean
Would would mean nothing, would I be bolder

Sometimes I long for, not being alone anymore
Sometimes I bother about, whether it would function
Sometimes I think, it's good the way it is
More and more often I think, this all is nonsense

I'm old nowadays, but not too old for that
I'm old nowadays, too old for some things
I'm old nowadays, but not too old for that
More and more often I think, why I should be too old for anything

I would like to see me, say in five or ten years
I would like to see me, no longer alone
I would like to see me, still writing
More and more often I think, it's only on me to let this happen

Calm Days

Three days till the Garbage concert in Cologne
Four weeks till the open mic event in Waiblingen
Five weeks till the open mic event in Stuttgart
Oh, the ice hockey season starts next week at Sunday

It's Thursday, Thursday a synonym for jazz
Jazz club Cave 61 in the Altes Theater in Sontheim
A few weeks and the next step is done
I'm excited, but I fear, but I have to do it

This time is a timeless time, I'm not able to make plans for after it
Cannot think about a next travel to California or the US
Cannot think about how I shall continue with my writing
This time is a timeless time, it's obvious that it will be a break

Soon it will be four years, how many will follow
As much as will be able for me to do
I'm blessed therewith to live a safe life
Maybe I will still have some years to continuing

Silent Mood

Subdued jazz music in the background
The voices of the other guests, more and more come
Still half an hour till the concert will begin
The first concert this season

There's a world and there's me
But there's no connection between me and the world
But why then I'm affected by this world
Well, should I think about this mystery

I take a deep breath, smell my perfume - YSL
I look at my red-golden ring, the sparkling blood red garnet
I look at the bracelet, silver threads and leather
I take a deep breath, while sitting alone at my table for two

The last months since I came back from the US again
Where puzzling and difficult
Health problems and more, much better now, at least at the moment
At the moment I look forward in a relaxed way

Today the season begins, will give me a rhythm
Thursday till Thursday my week will go
Some ice hockey and rugby in between
But jazz will be the beating of my life

The Artistic Impression

When I will regret anything in my life
Then, not to have begun early enough
To allow me to be capable to develop as an artist
However, it's too late now for this inspiration

When I see, or in this case listen to, such fantastic artists
It sucks even more that I will never get the clue
What would I had been able to do, would I have begun early enough
Maybe I should stop thinking about that

Maybe I simply should enjoy the second session of the evening?

Aimlessly

Aimlessly I'm stumbling around
Like I would be drunken
But that's not the case
No, that's not the case

Worthlessly this world feels to me
Like a trillion Mark note in the year nineteen twenty three in Germany
Is this the case
Tell me, is this the case

Meaninglessly everything appears to me
A sudden feeling of liberty
But that's not true
No, that's not true

A sweet undertow whispers
Would you like to come with me
Oh yeah, how much I would like to answer
Take me away, my sweet undertow, take me away

A Renaissance madrigal flatters my ears
A Follies of Spain bestows me sweet dreams
Well my beautiful lady, lead me
I'm a pretty awful dancer

Would this world consists of music only
What a wonderful world this would be
I would like to live in it
But that's only an old men's tomfoolery

Come on, spin around endlessly
Forget all around you
Only the sweet notes are to realize
Only the blithe melody

But even the most mellifluous melody
Will come to an end at some time
How awful this makes it
Listening to this lovely sound

Drowning in music, drowning in water
Forget everything that's around
For this certain moment, for this certain endlessness
Forget everything that burdens your heart and mind

But how this should be possible
Come on, give the singers, the string players a chance
And maybe, who knows, maybe
Their doing will never find an end

Hundreds of years gone by
And yet, this sounds so familiar
Moves me in this remarkable way
This is not my world, their world was it either

Nothing I will miss when it's over
But my heart breaks in an awful way
Have I to realize, that one day I will never hear this again
And tears run down my cheeks and bedew the typing hands

Why it causes such a pain
Listening to such a gorgeous melody
The knowing about, what's besides this shelter
The knowing about, what's behind the mask

I try to befuddle my mind
But my heart is too strong
But at least for some moments
Their efforts bestow me a certain stability

But I'm a ropedancer who can't dance
Will there be a safety net when I fall
Aimlessly I'm stumbling around
Drunken by music

Drowning in music, drowning in water
Music as an endless ocean
In one endless ocean I have to drown

Cologne

In Cologne today, still some time till the Garbage concert
An easy trip apart from the necessary tailgater
The common idiot:
Headlight flashers, extreme tailgating, overtaking on the left side(!), extreme dangerous outbraking

Wow, the Germans and their freeways
If the Americans would be such fanatics with guns as the Germans with their freeways
We would have every day a carnage in the US
But maybe freeways are a better fetish than guns

But now I sit in a cafe near the Altes E-Werk and look forward to the concert
I'm thirsty and somewhat hungry – fantastic weather today
As I passed the Altes E-Werk the sound check was on its way
But I not stopped, not long and I will see them onstage

Walked around a bit and not to be rude, but
At least that part of Cologne you would not call a beauty
It reminds me to Heilbronn, also no real beauty
But still a city I like it to be

And now I wait for my salad, maybe I will walk around later a bit more
I past a twenty-three (!) hours cafe, closed from 4am till 5am
I will have a coffee and something sweet there, after my salad
And maybe I will go there again after the concert

What should I await from the concert
Not sure, but I'm curious about whether I will be this time able to give vent to my emotions
Have some problems with this
But well, Garbage is Garbage and who knows

It's very different today compared with the last times
Traveling to see one of the musicians whose music I used for my writing
I'm not excited in that way, but I'm very happy that today is today
I hope they will play all the music I've listen to that much

And "No Horses" of course

Garbage

Well, I sit here, shortly after the concert, it's 11:30pm, in the first service area at the freeway
My head is full of impressions, café au lait
I'm a bit disappointed that you played nothing from Strange Little Birds
Yeah, I know what concert it was, but.....

But the encore was the killer for me
Maybe I should say first that the concert as such was a killer
But the encore, this three songs were extraordinary, simply awesome
They unleash strange feelings in me

The Trick Is To Keep Breathing
Well, my tattoos
Well, the story that Shirley told before the song, from the man and her aunt who committed suicide
Well, my writing about suicide

No Horses
Well, would you not had played this song, this would had been a shame
I had tears in my eyes, sang with you
Hand up in the air, devil horns

Cherry Lips
Well, Beautiful Garbage
Well, Dream Wife
Well, still a fucking dynamic and young band

Two hours of power, it was fucking awesome
I will write a lot about it, the next days
At least it will leave it's marks in my writing
It has to

It has shown me that I have to give my best next month
When I will stand on the stage
When I will read in Waiblingen and Stuttgart
I have to see it as a performance with me as performer

When I wish to be accepted as an artist
I have to act like an artist
Is that meant with, loosing your innocence as an artist
Is that meant with, that you sell yourself as an artist

Not sure about it, but what would be the alternative
The Garbage concert was fantastic, but why
Because they performed professional
On the stage and before, while practicing for example

Wow, what a fantastic experience!

Dream Wife

Still sitting at the service area, now with a sparkling water
Have to drink something before I drive back, nearly midnight now
Dream Wife, the supporting act?
I think they have a new fan

They were fantastic, very surprising, from London
Okay, the Brits annoy a lot at the moment with their shitty Brexit
But I've the feeling that I maybe should think about London as next aim
But forgetting Los Angeles and San Francisco?

Three women and.....well how old is the drummer?
He looked like a sixteen-year-old boy to me
No, he was a very good drummer, only the contrast to the three women
Ah, there was a song about gender

Left and right a, maybe I make a fool out of me now, two riot girls? - Very British?
Guitar and bass, both fantastic
A lot of punk, but also funk (second song?), ska, the guitar
The guitar was awesome, and you know how much I love the bass

And what a contrast the singer
Blond, red lips, make up, sports bra, belly free, should I say cute?
She reminded me instantly to the young Gwen Stefani, the trousers?
And I thought about whether she will leave the band one day to become a famous pop singer?

She not looked very British
The two other women very much
Sometimes her voice reminded me to Björk
I hate this fucking comparisons

She played with her look in the song texts - well, Dream Wife
I not understood all words, but enough
Should they be able to preserve this, this would be very interesting
I definitively wanna see this band again onstage

I thought about that they had showed me, what I have to do
Not the first time that I have this thought – Hard Bop Fantasies
But they showed it me very clearly
I have to write harder

I have to take up position
I have to speak things out in a clearer way
I have to write about other, more, topics
I have to become more political

This band will be in my mind for a longer time
I hope I will find information about them in the Internet
But I think this should be no problem nowadays
Garbage was a killer, Dream Wife a fantastic discovery!

Second Stop

I'm still on my way home, a second stop shortly after 2am, café au lait
Still a lot of puzzling feelings, not sure about what has happened
I think it will be interesting how I will feel when I stand up
After getting home, trying to sleep

Dream Wife are still in my mind
Garbage was in that sense no surprise
Even if this was the first time I have saw them live
But for instance live concerts at YouTube

But Dream Wife came unexpected
Directly behind me stood a woman who sang their songs with them
Obviously she knew the band already
And after they had finished their performance, she went away

I not say that she left the concert
But obviously Dream Wife was her major reason to come
Cool for them, I think
At least it would be cool for me when someone would come especially for me

Yeah, this fucking dreams
I have to try my best
And when it will not function
I have to reflect about it why

And now?
On the radio listeners can call
The question?
What makes a man to a man, and a woman to a woman

Wow, maybe they should listen to songs by Garbage and Dream Wife
There's a body and there's somebody
Hey, you're as naive as I!
I'm only still not sure whether I can see me as an artist – all who were onstage, without any doubt!

And now I will drink off my café au lait
Will drive home
And then, I have to become a fucking artist
Or a fucking bitch, to stick with Dream Wife

The Next Day

Awakened, it's 9:30am, and now?
Apart from the tailgater and his fucking dangerous maneuvers
It was a fucking awesome day
But now I should have a shower and then I will drive to Heilbronn

Not sure with what story I should continue
Maybe it's better to continue with reflections
After the shower I will see what I will find out about Dream Wife
A short search before I start to drive to Heilbronn

Well, I feel somehow differed, compared to yesterday
Maybe it's only because it was a very long day and a short night
Maybe.....

Dream Wife

I had a short look at the Internet
The drummer is no original band member
The singer is born in Iceland
No problem to order their debut album, should get it during the week

They tour a lot, build up a fan base, you call this
A bit more difficult when you are writing
But don't start with excuses now
This would be fucking disrespectful towards artist like they are

I look forward to get the album
Then I should have a look about tour dates
Maybe next year a vacation in Great Britain
Maybe it would be possible to find a possibility to connect this with a The Unthanks concert?

I feel fucking good, sitting here in Heilbronn – täglich
Tired, but satisfied
Now I have to keep this feeling
To get more professional, especially with my thinking

Prince on the radio – Raspberry Beret
Well, his music will stay forever?
Well, "forever" is a very strong word
But whatever will happen, he has reached a lot of people

And Shirley's words, about the song that means that much for so many
And my writing about their music and what that music means for me
Some say that every person needs guidance – maybe
But,

Dissolve

In a way everything is prepared now
A large amount of writing
The Patreon page
The dates for open mic

I could start now to promote my writing
No longer being the strange old man with his laptop
Sitting in cafes and bars
Typing for hours

And Amy Winehouse sings Rehab – thanks for that
I cannot believe that I could have success with my writing
How would it be, would the people know what I'm writing
Sitting in cafes and bars for hours

Soon I will see the reactions in Waiblingen and Stuttgart
A very different situation than in Los Angeles and San Francisco
There was no audience, only the others who will perform also
A bit different situation in San Francisco – Bird & Beckett

But in Waiblingen and especially in Stuttgart
There will be an (large) audience
They have payed money to see the show, a show
But I'm no show act and my aim is not to entertain

But maybe that is not necessarily a disadvantage
Should it function there, this would be supporting
Would I gain at least a few patrons, this would be fantastic
But I'm no performer, Ms Grant

I'm no natural performer, you said once in an interview,
But my fans know this
I liked your performance in Paris very much
Well, yesterday was very different – Shirley Manson performs a bit different on the stage.....

But maybe that is the clue, to find my way, my audience
Four years of writing come to an end soon
Now I have to begin to step out
Here in Germany, here where I live

Four years to come to this point
How many years I have to give me now
To come closer to my dream
At least some, everything else would be stupid

Close your eyes, take a deep breath and step out.....

Dream Wife

Had a look at your web page – tour dates
November in Stuttgart?
Well, see you again in November, ticket is bought
I fear I will be the old guy.....

But who knows, maybe I will learn there, to let it go
And I will know your song texts till then
Isn't it strange in which way sometimes things come together?
Haven't I written something about, being a bitch, in Dark Heart?

The Angry Generation

This young generation is a narcissistic generation
No angry or beaten generation
The strange thing about it?
This young generation would had every reason to be an angry generation

The old generation, the people around my age are on their way to destroy everything
And that not mean, that they begin a fucking war for fucking reasons
They are on the way to destroy the planet, the essentials of our living together
They sow mistrust to gain money and power, they destroy everything

And Alicia Keys sings Fallin' on the radio
Everything's falling – Garbage
Why the fuck the young accept this
Maybe we should think about that a head of state not needs a minimum age?

Maybe we should think about a maximum age
Forget this old guys (at least they are mostly guys)
They are wise – oh well, greedy would describe it better
No, old can mean life experience, but you need the inspiring youth

I'm old, maybe I will have a few more decades
But the young?
They have a whole life in front of them
They are the future, somebody like me is very near the past

My problem, when in fifty or some more years
The climate will have change
The sea level has risen
Millions of refugees will search for a basis for a living?

Hey, I'm dead then, but the young?
Why they are not on the street?
The theory of the lemmings?
Maybe we all aren't bitches, but assholes

Overcome

The young generation has to overcome the old one
But now they draw back behind, behind what the old have achieved
Young French and German people destroyed the toll bars at the borders after WW II
Also, and especially, in the heads

But now everywhere in Europe more and more borders are there again
Especially in the heads
And the young does marching with them
It's sobering and a pity

Fear and mistrust
Why one can manipulate people that easy
Well, the flower power generation
Only naive idiots, the students on the street '68

In some parts of the world we can live a very free life today
Still a problem with distribution of wealth and more
But you can vote, there's a free press and more
But it seems that the people not esteem this

Sure, there are always people who are interested in to destroy this
But why they can become a majority
Why the majority is willing to follow them
They will be the loser in the end – as all the time in history

It seems a little bit like people are masochists
They like it to be fooled
Looking outside the window
Will this world have a future

No, also this period will come to an end
But that's not the problem and the question
This is the historic normality
The question is what will come afterwards

An utopia or a dystopia
Well, that's a somewhat cool question
But what I hope is, because I'm sure about that we're not the only intelligent life in the universe
That at another place they do it a bit better and more clever than we do it

That would be a real downer
The thought that this universe contains intelligent life at many places
And all this civilizations act in the same insane way like we do it
That would negate everything, you could believe in

Ms. Grant

Now the second new song is released
Wow, again a totally new sound
Or better back to a very old sound
Or whatever else

I still love the Honeymoon album very much
But back to more Ultraviolence
Hey, I've the tattoo
Give it to me

So much music at the moment
I've listened Dream Wife at YouTube
And many other musicians who were new to me
Then I saw your new video

I love the length
I always loved long titles
A new album next year
Maybe a new tour

This year I decided against Berlin
But next year maybe I should do it again
You would be the first then who I saw twice
Ah, Dream Wife I will see again in November

The two videos, old fashioned and beautiful as Lizzy's
But as I've written, Lizzy's dead
And you sung, the queen of New York is dead
I'm convinced about that the new album will surprise me again totally

Ms. Grant

Deserve

We not deserve it, to have a future
Hey, what shit is this with Maaßen?
SPD you're such sissies!
It's becoming more and more fucking with this coalition

It's a shame, but this SPD deserves it to become a less than five percent party
Should we have the hope that Die Grünen (Green Party) will become the "new SPD"
Well, it's unbelievable what happens in Berlin at such a moment
When we would need politicians with ideas and backbone

Horst Seehofer and his bunch
I'm definitively therefore, that Bavaria should become independent
We need people who unite, not fuckers who divide
It's devastating, don't blame the Americans for Donald Duck, we're not better

Thursday

Thursday, jazz club day
Sitting in the beer garden of the Altes Theater
Very early there today
The band sits at the next table to drink and eat something

They talk about music, about other musicians they played with
Will be a bit different evening today than at Monday -
Garbage and Dream Wife - but also fantastic music - well, music
Music, so much wonderful music in this world

As that often recently
I've the feeling, to be dropped out of time
That I not be a part of this world any longer
That I watch a stupid movie

But soon I will get my dish
Will enjoy it
Then fantastic jazz music as always
Why such a place can't be the world as such

Time Shift

It would be interesting would it be possible to manipulate the time
But in the end it would be without any sense - I've written about it
Would someone kill Adolf Hitler, someone would kill the one who would kill Adolf Hitler
What a confusing world this would be

On the other hand, it would be a very interesting world
I think, not more confusing than this world
And of course, not more stupid and insane
But, it would be nice to observe such a world

Time fades away, it's confusing and calming
At the moment I like it getting older
Even when this means that the end comes nearer and nearer
But why I shall complain? - It would be fucking, to complain!

I sit here, fantastic late summer evening
Have eaten something very delicious
Drink a nice wine
And look forward to the concert

I still have Garbage and Dream Wife in my ear
Was not my first club concert - Morcheeba
But this time it was so much the more intense
Should I learn it to show my feelings

Dream Wife in November
Not sure, but I think it will become a very special evening
And it's after the open mic events
Will I be happy or sad?

I think I should drink an espresso
After the good meal that I had
The tradition is a café au lait at the beginning of the second session
But maybe I should become more flexible and spontaneous

Calmness

The sound of water, the scent of flowers
Sitting alone at my table - should I enjoy it
No, why I should - enjoyed it all my life
But now, as an old man, I hate it more and more

And yet, I fear I'm a boring old man
The image of the black motorcycle
Sitting in Heilbronn Sontheim, not in L.A. on my way to Nevada
Yeah, I'm a boring old man

And yet, my second concert this week, the third band
Very different music, very different places
Maybe two sport events at the weekend - rugby and ice hockey
Maybe I learn it, in my old age

Rainbow

There's no sun anymore
It hasn't rained
But there's a rainbow at the sky
At least I see one

Somewhere over the rainbow - well, the bluebirds, Bowie?
All our dreams, longings, feelings
Close your eyes and dream and forget this world
See this wonderful rainbow there, arching over the world

I feel like a drunken man, but I'm definitely not drunken
I feel weightless like a feather, but I'm sill overweight
I feel like there's no time anymore, but I'm getting older and older
I feel like the people will like my writing, but.....

Somewhere over the rainbow - yeah, maybe I will learn it indeed, to fly, the old man
Maybe I should simply enjoy this evening
But that's gone
From now on no excuses anymore

Strong Reality

I sit here, soon the concert will begin
While others suffer, starve and die
And yet, I will enjoy the evening and the concert
Should I feel guilty, should I hate myself

Many things I'm not able to understand
Why I'm sitting here, enjoying my wine, while knowing it
Knowing what happens in this world at so much other places
Sometimes I ask myself, why I just not do it - committing suicide

But then, all this wonderful art, this wonderful melodies
Should I be ashamed about, to be that much selfishly
But the two new songs by Ms. Grant are so interesting
Would like to know it, how the new album will be

And yet, I feel disgusting, the Pinot Noir is wonderful
Would I die tonight it would be a mess
I have to solve this contradiction
Why can I understand always everything

In The Mood

A very interesting week so far and yet in a fucking mood yesterday
Well, know more or less why, but don't know in the end how to avoid it
Should I try to avoid it? Why I should try so?
Maybe I should try to concentrate more on my writing

Bought a new outfit, some writing now and rugby later
Strange days, strange feelings, but still I feel to be on the right way
Romy Schneider's birthday, watched some "The Swimming Pool" yesterday
Yes, she was a very beautiful woman, but is it that?

One day.....one day what?
I've not the slightest idea how the story will continue and develop
That's what makes life such interesting
Who believes in this shit? The ones who can afford such ideas I guess!

Hagen Rether

Saw him in TV - 3sat, cultural TV
It was very, very intelligent what he said
But was it impactful
The audience applauded a lot

The audience applauded him, while hearing what they knew already
They are the good ones, the ones on the right side
Well, I mean on the left side and therefore on the right side.....fuck, the correct side
But does this change anything

I never understood this correlation
Political satire - left-wing - and the audience, also left-wing of course
I mean, will there be somebody in the audience who will get a revelation
Nooooo, it's wrong to elect the AfD, now I will elect the Green Party

Yes, without any doubts, it's absolutely important that artists like Hagen Rether go onstage
But this audience?
A school class would be cool
In a pedestrian area, especially in so-called problem districts, would be cool

I liked the sentence:
We're not more clever than the Americans, we only have no weapons (no exact quote)
Also his remarks about racism and fascism were very good
And about culture - will this change our culture?

Does the RAF has changed our country in a good way?
Does the '68 movement changed our country in a good way?
Does the APO changed our country in a good way?
It's a good question.

The Green Party as a political party has changed our country in a good way - no doubt!
The Green Party is a result of the above mentioned
But the Green Party acts without violence and inside the parliament
Isn't it interesting that in dictatorships artists are every time among the first victims

Conclusion?
I saw as a youngster - secretly - TV late in the night
Puzzling and disturbing movies and: "Notizen aus der Provinz"
Dieter Hildebrandt (and in my memory also very present Werner Schneyder)

How much this influenced my?
No answer possible!
But I think it would be different without such impressions
Dieter Hüscher I should mention, Georg Schramm and so many others.....

Music

Music flows through my mind
Music surrounds me
Music takes me away
Music floods my mind

Who said that the reality is the reality
When music can show you a much deeper reality
When music offers you a much deeper reality
When you realize that the only reality your dreams are

Would it be possible to me, I would listen to music twenty-four hours a day
But then I have to accept, someone would have to play this wonderful music for me
But then I have to see, someone would have to write and compose this wonderful music for me
Would it be possible to me, to give back a little, or even to do it a little as well

Music is a drug, that's without any doubt a reality
Music is a drug, that opens your mind and helps you to survive
And yet, sometimes she breaks your heart, sometimes her beauty kills you
But all the time she's your faithful companion, never she will let you alone

Under The Bridge

Ms. Ford

Still Ms. Ford speaks, is questioned, what should one think about it? Ms. Ford looks very convincing - the democrats? Well, I'm not that much sure about this. I feel uncomfortable with the democrats. I hope I have not to say that what this wannabe fucking president says simply fucking shit is! That the conservatives still try to stick with Kavanaugh is at least doubtful. But the democrats? I've the feeling that because they are not capable to stop Kavanaugh they use her now, at the point that they have to realize that they are not able to stop him, to stop him with her story, the things that happened to her. That's a shame that the democrats acted like this? I think they have to give some answers.

First round Mr. Kavanaugh? Unfortunately I have to went to sleep soon, have to work tomorrow. Wow, who would not believe him? Very interesting is for me the question who tells the truth - maybe both of them? "Rashomon" comes me to mind, there's no thruth, no final truth, or maybe there are many truths?

What I don't understand that he not accepts the FBI investigation. This is his only weak point. Why? The democrats look like school boys and school girls, the conservatives roast them. Why no FBI?

I will see tomorrow how this all developed. It's confusing to see the democrats and it's confusing to see Mr. Kavanaugh. It's confusing to see how this politics functions - is someone astonished that people feel repelled by politics?

Dazed And Confused

Well, does only I have the feeling that this world runs out of order, or.....? The shit with Seehofer in Germany, more and more racism, fundamentalistic behavior, even fascism in whole Europe, Erdogan in Turkey. A fucking president in the White House - where all this dudes come from? In my youth there was the thinking that we come closer and closer together - today separatism and nationalism - WHY?

Should I believe Ms. Ford in any case - no! Should I disbelieve Mr. Kavanaugh in any case - of course not! Okay, his drama was a bit too much for me. He with all this girls from catholic schools, together in church every Sunday.....okay, a bit too much Hollywood for my taste. But does this means that he's a liar - no, no, no! But this is a democracy - or? Separation of powers, with one branch, the judiciary - let them do their job.

Yes, from the point of view of the conservatives the democrats acted in an unfair way. And I think as well, that it's hard to explain why they not brought up this topic earlier. Was their idea that they can stop Kavanaugh without to mention it? Ms. Ford's testimony has a lot of weight for me because her timeline started 2012 (if I'm not wrong now). But is there a possibility that she has a false memory? Of course! But she agreed in an investigation, suggested how one could start it, to narrow the time-frame for instance. The non-existing will for an investigation, at the conservatives and Mr. Kavanaugh, is for me the decisive factor. One week would still mean, way before the mid-term elections! The conservatives should have have no fears regarding an investigation, Mr. Kavanaugh either.

Why are the conservatives in such a hurry, Mr. Kavanaugh either. What would happen when he's confirmed and the evidence would show later that he's guilty? Again, I'm not happy about the way the democrats acted - too many questions! But after such an accusation? How should one be able to vote for him? You have to set up an investigation!

And if the result would be that Ms. Ford's testimony was wrong? She said, that she's absolutely sure that he was the man who forced her - one hundred percent she said. This would be her end, and the end of the democrats! And when the question from the last paragraph comes to pass? This would his end, and the end of the conservatives. And that's the problem with all this developments!

Always to the extreme, no moderation anymore, your - political - enemy has to be destroyed - this will destroy democracy! But maybe some will not be unhappy about it - there was a time in Germany.....in difficult and unsure times the people long for a strong leader. If democracy seems to be incapable to solve the problems - well, there're alternatives and Mr. fucking president will have attained his aim.

Dazed And Confused - maybe I should hear some music.....

N.B. Just have saw that it seems that there's a chance now, that there will be an investigation. Should this give hope.....?

Mr. Kavanaugh

After sleeping over it, I cannot imagine that he's innocent. But still I've a problem with the behavior of the democrats. The only thing I can think of to defend Mr. Kavanaugh in the moment is, that he maybe was too drunken to remember. But apart from that, this does not makes it better. I'm not sure about his way of defense. Too often you have seen men, and especially conservative men, who defended themselves in such a way, only that at the end it was clear that they were guilty. And for me too much tears, too much daddy, too much catholic schoolgirls, too much, simply too much. Why he was not aggressive in a way, that it should be proofed what's behind her story? He feels innocent? Then step forward, I've my problems therewith to believe that he's innocent. At least it was no good move to continue with this process further on, another nominee should be named. Sure, a lot of political play on both sides. I hope that some background stories will come out into the open later on, stories from both sides. I see this not as a good time for politics, politics is the looser of this story – and some are very happy about this. It would be good to see a bipartisan movement after the mid-term elections to rescue this country. Maybe the election itself will be a statement. Why I write this? Said it yesterday, it affects my live. Isn't it interesting that the development in the US maybe has more impact to my live then the question whether Ms. Merkel will be still chancellor next year? I try to express this in "Utopian Dreaming". We have to work together, the world should be not be measured by the wealthy and there life, but by the poor, by the people who suffer, who have to experience war, have to experience suppression because they are women or gay or have a different believe or none. But we are that much away from that, that it's hardly to believe that one day this could be reality. Especially when you see that we not move on in Europe, instead we step back, more and more back to nationalism. Mr. Kavanaugh? Is he in the end only a fucking liar? At least he acts very doubtful when he presents letters as proof that proof nothing in the end and such things. No, I cannot believe him – it's a shame when this nomination will continue, and the man in office becomes more happy every day.....

Name Me A King

Tell me the truth

And you can name me a hero, a king and a god

Tell me a lie

And I will name you a hero, a king and a god

Is truth a constant in space?

Have I studied philosophy, epistemology?

Should we talk about psychology?

Does a human action represents an absolute truth?

Well, did I stand up this morning at 7am CEST?

Do I drink tea at the moment or an Old Fashion?

Is the TV running, a British crime series, while writing?

Tell me the truth, or lie to me!

Is it a question whether the conservatives act hypocritically or not?

Fuck, they are a spawn of hypocrisy!

To every question I asked above, there's a distinct answer.

Have you heard this disgusting hypocrites during the hearings?

Truth is no question of relativity, truth is no myth or fairy tale.
Sure, sometimes it's difficult to find out what the truth is,
But the truth itself is no matter of negotiation.
And the problem to find the truth?

If it's important to find the truth - Henrik Ibsen, The Wild Duck
Then everything should be done to make this possible.
If there're tendencies or more to undermine this,
Then you not have to think very long, about the question of truth.

The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle

The king is gone,
But he's not forgotten

Farce

Republicans think that Kavanaugh should be elected
Even when he did it?
Come on, what an unbelievable shit -
Is this society in fact such depraved now?

I mean, we talk about the supreme court?
You thought by now, this all is hard to top?
If this man will be elected -
Should we think about whether the democrats goofed it or not?

Why they not reacted instantly?
One day before the election?
This stage play reminds me of
What I've read about German history

The 27. February 1933
The Reichstag fire, and what happened thereafter
Will there be also in the US a discussion about
Whether the communists or the fascists set the fire on

Till today nobody can say it conclusively
A lot of circumstantial evidence suggests that it were the fascists
Who's the fire starter this time?
Who's the "Biedermann" this time?

Lindsey Graham

The face of the disgusting conservative?
At least it seems that he's not very interested in the truth
It seems that he's very interested in to create facts
It's seems that he knows that he's the only one who knows

Or is it more profane?
Is he only money-hungry and power-mad
At least he's not interested in to listen to a woman
Wouldn't he the one who cries loudest when Kavanaugh would be a democrat

But I deeply agree with him, and his honest conservative colleagues
This is an ugly smear
Do they look in the mirror in the morning
Ah, I've forgotten, they are the good one with God on their side

I went to church every Sunday and I only knew girls from christian schools
I'm an cardinal and I like it to molest young boys
What a fucking way of defense is this!
Why is it not possible to open a civil and public investigation against him?

Yes, the conservatives have interests
And of course
Yes, the democrats have interests
Is somebody interested in the truth?

Plurality, this bunch of (old) men on conservative side during the hearings
Such cowards that they not dare to ask Ms. Ford a single question?
This has to change very much
Should I be happy about Ms. Merkel now

At least I'm not unhappy that she's a woman
I'm unhappy about her party
Should there be a future, when we no longer talk about such uninteresting questions
Honestly, I not have this feeling at the moment, on the contrary

Should we start again to talk about such topoi like
Whether a woman can be a politician
Because we all know – once every month.....
I can remember a president, women and blood.....?

It's a shame to see this all again today
It's devastating
I hope that the next weeks and months will spend some hope
And Lindsey Graham is a perfect illustration for all, what goes wrong at the moment

Lindsey Graham – II

He's one of them, you know every time, "whereto the rabbit runs"
Is he lying in bed at night, masturbating while seeing himself as the next president
As the next dictator who will follow the man who established the dictatorship
Or is he not that demanding, and it's enough for him, to be a fellow traveler

Whatever, such men show me in which way '33 was possible
This were the men who enabled all what happened
This men were the men who knew nothing, after it was over
Praise the Lord, don't miss the Sunday service, and know that you have the truth on your side!

Sometimes I wish, there would be a devil – Dante; "The Divine Comedy"

Parallel Worlds

Does parallel worlds exist? In the way science fictions offers you? Of course, sure! In one world something is "A" that is "B" in the other world. An example. In one world Mr. Kavanaugh is innocent, in another world he is guilty. An interesting point is, that this two worlds can exist side by side. They not eliminate each other like anti-matter and matter does, when they touch each other. You could imagine that at one point this two worlds would interact and that they would convert into one world, where Mr. Kavanaugh is either innocent or guilty. Schrodinger's cat comes me to mind. You open the box and the cat is either dead or alive. The interesting fact with our two worlds is, that you can open the box, but the cat is still alive and dead, at the same time. Also interesting is, that there seems to be no instrument to eliminate one of the two worlds. You could imagine that Mr. Kavanaugh confesses that he's guilty – the world of innocence would collapse? No, not at all! And to be fair, what would happen when there would be very grave evidence, not to say proofs, that he's innocent?

Do you remember songs that told you things like: We are the world (Michael Jackson; US For Africa)? Or: Well tonight thank God it's them instead of you (Band Aid)? How about this stupidity: It's Christmas, Christmas, Christmas everywhere (Paul Anka)? Well, Muslims, Jews, Buddhists, Hindustanis, Shintoists,.....just nonsense! Much better is it to say: And we have just one world / But we live in different ones (Dire Straits). Yes, there's one physical world spinning around the sun. But this physical world contains a large number of individual, mental, worlds – around seven billion at the moment if I'm not wrong. On one hand this is very good so, not to say that this is very important, that this is one of the key elements of human success. But sometimes the question arises, whether there shouldn't be a sort of basic truth for everyone, like that there's one physical world that spins around the sun. But now the problems begin! We even not agree about the shape of the world. Yes, you can say that the flat earthers are dumbasses, but that not changes anything about the fact, that they are there. One could think, that everybody that looks only one second at all the evidence therefore, that earth is not flat, would have no other chance, then to agree with this. But nevertheless some don't do so! What kind of proof would change their mind? To see earth while orbiting it on a space station? Honestly? I'm not sure about that!

The problem is, that human coexistence is not possible, when you not agree on, at least, some basic topics. For instance you should find an agreement about, whether you wanna live in a democracy or not. If you think so, you have to bare the consequences. Another point where you should find an agreement? There is no absolute truth! And yes, you have to bare the consequences therefrom then! Is Mr. Kavanaugh innocent or guilty? Say, he would confess? Would he be the first, who would confesses a crime, that he did not? There's no absolute truth – the shape of earth?

Culture means, apart from others, to develop a system of coexistence. Democracy, a free society, science and art, to be allowed to be an individual and more, started a successful new storyline in human history. Everything fantastic? - Of course not, this is only the saying of jerks and pretenders! But look at the alternatives? The extreme right, also in Germany, becomes more and more powerful again. What does fascism gave us? A free society? A flourishing society? A developing society? Do I see me in a brown uniform as a "Hitlerjunge"? And later? But a world exists that tells you, that the years 1933 till 1945 were a fantastic time for Germany. That we should go back to this times, only to do it better this time. Better? To finish the elimination of the Jews and people who think differently? To win the war this time – yeah, that would a very good goal!

Is Mr. Kavanaugh innocent or guilt now? I cannot answer this question! But it's not my task to do this. I've decided to live in a democracy, I've decided that there're institutions whose task is to decide such questions. But that would mean, that there're serious, and very important public, investigations. And should there be enough evidence, a trial. And to say it frankly, the behavior of some conservatives not fits into this picture, the picture of an open society, a democratic society.

Bird's Hard Breath

I hear the bird's hard breath
And I've the feeling that actually it's mine
I see the bird's flight in the sky
And I know it's not mine

Bound on earth, gravity pulls me down
The lightness of a child's mind
Is long gone and never will come back
The bird's wing is broken now

A fear conquers my mind
A birds flies away when it's endangered
But I'm bound and gagged
The endless sky will not be mine

And yet still, a little spark seems to have remained
But endangered every single moment
To be blown out, to create the final endless blackness
The endless blackness of the nightly sky, the endless blackness of the ocean's ground

Kavanaugh

Showdown - what is the fucking aim of the conservatives
The anti-democratic narcissist, who calls himself president
Whatever will happen now, it will damage the senate, the supreme court.....
Wow, all anti-democrats look at the US to learn, how it has to be done

And all democrats look at the US in fear
1933, 1933, 1933, 1933, 1933, 1933, 1933, 1933
Why this number tortures my brain
It's only a number, not more

I see only one chance now
Forget Kavanaugh for a moment
The democrats will win the mid-term elections
And a bipartisan movement forms thereafter

Educated women - the polls?
Maybe it would be the solution after all
Real education for all
And hand the important things to women

I'm afraid, I'm afraid of Saturday
Many things will become destroyed at this day
And a man in Washington will be very happy, whatever will happen
I'm afraid of Saturday

50 - 48

Apart that I'm a bit puzzled about 51 - 49
I don't know how I should feel
I feel empty
I cannot understand it

I feel sad
What has somebody to do that he is unelectable
Should you hope for history
I don't know, I'm stunned and speechless

Bitter Time

Such a bitter time, such a time of decision
Fear that this is the beginning of a sinister development
Maybe.....it could be the beginning of my life as author
Even when I think it will not happen

The development in the US is devastating
Not so much as such that Kavanaugh is confirmed
This is awful enough
But the way it happened foreshadows nothing good

Only a convincing victory of the democrats in November
Could be a convincing signal
That there's still hope that the Americans not repeat history
But after this disaster, with this president who crave for turmoil.....

And I?
In nine days I will read in Waiblingen, a week later in Stuttgart
I will try to find an audience, to win over some patrons
This could be the beginning - but for what and why?

At the moment I've the feeling the best would be
The people would laugh about me
And I would fade away, silently, never wasting any thought about this insane world again
I've the feeling that would be the best

After work I wasted the whole day today in doing fucking shit
Now this day comes to an end
And I ask myself whether I should accept the invitation from yesterday or not
A bit time traveling, but to what time one should travel?

I feel empty, everything is prepared
Have written so much now, all stories have developed very interesting
All three of them will come to their climax now
The parts I will read are translated and prepared

Everything could be good now, should read the texts, to prepare myself
But I can do only fucking stupid shit
I would hate it, when the audience would like my writing
But this world would become more and more devastating

In my youth there were thoughts about a united Europe
Like the United States - what a fuck are they united?
They are as much united as the European Community
This society will have no future

And yet, we act like idiots because we fear about our prosperity
Why we aren't able to learn that Pied Pipers.....
We would had everything, could live in a free and democratic world
But it seems to me that the humans are not made therefor

Maybe I feel better tomorrow, maybe not
In nine days I will read and my career as author will begin
Yeah, and then I will change the world with my writing
And till then I will write some fairy tales

It's good to be king, comes me to mind
Yeah, Mr. Petty - Southern Accent - on which travel are you now.....?

To Be A Woman

I think about, "Brett" Kavanaugh's first name would be Bridget or Betty
"She" would had had no chance to become confirmed
Not as a republican woman, not to talk about, as a democratic woman
And maybe that's the worst thing about this all

I think about, "Christine" Blasey Ford's first name would be Christian or Charlie
Everybody would had listened to "him", would had taken "him" seriously
As a democratic man, much the more as a conservative man
And maybe that's the worst thing about this all

Gender not counts, what a funny fairy tale
Would hope that all female candidates would win
The democratic candidates, but even the conservative candidates
Especially for the conservatives it would be good to have more women in their ranks

This farce has shown everything what's (still) wrong today
And as so often the sentence is not wrong
It's not that much better in Germany than in the US
Here all is a bit more covert, that's all

I'm no fan of Ms. Merkel, never elected her
But it's simply annoying, that's often important that she's a women
I don't like her style of politics, but that's no matter of gender
But maybe it is, in the way, that you have not the feeling that she's a puffed-up rooster

But it's also a question about wealth, the wealthy against the poor
Also this can be seen very unvarnished in the US, a bit more undercover in Germany
Does they cannot see that this development cannot continue forever?
Does greed makes blind - it seems so, how you should explain this in another way?

Well, "Utopian Dreaming", it's a utopia, nothing more
I cannot see that there's a possibility therefor, that the humans will become reflecting people
That they learn to think into the future, to think about longer developments
But this is obviously too much wished

Tuesday

Tuesday, next week at this time I will be in Waiblingen - open stage
Open stage - in the US open mic - is a bit different in Germany than in the US
In the US only the other people are there with you, who will also perform
In Germany you have an audience, an audience that have paid something to see or hear you!

I think Waiblingen is a bit smaller than Stuttgart
In Stuttgart I will read in two weeks
There you have, guessed, around one hundred listeners
Have a look for you own: Rosenau; Stuttgart; open stage

So you get a direct feedback from an audience, an audience that has paid to see you
But you can try to build up your audience, people who are interested in your art
Very different to the open mic performances in Los Angeles and San Francisco this February
And my expectations, my hopes

I would see it as a very positive sign, would it be possible for me to win over three till five patrons
With both performances – no patron would be disappointing
Even one or two would show that it would make sense to continue with this
Not to talk about to start with other activities

I will not continue with the stories at the moment
The next week I have to concentrate on Waiblingen
It will be no problem to finish all three stories till the end of the year
Still no plans for a next travel - California? USA? Where else?

Red, white, blue in the sky - the iridescent colors of the kingfisher
At the moment it's really a very strange time
At least I feel better than the last days
Thursday jazz club, Friday ice hokey?, Saturday rugby or basketball?

I know that I have to see it as something bestowed to me
Nevertheless it's difficult to bear the tension
A lot could happen, nothing to loose, the worst thing would be, that nothing happens
In that sense it's a win-win situation - nevertheless, there's this fear

Not the first time that I ask myself
Say in ten years, you would have success, whatever this would mean at the end
Looking back at this time, this moment? That would be strange.....
So far not that much has happened, on the other side

So much has happened the last four years, so much more as I ever could have expected!

Altes Theater

Sitting and looking at the stage while waiting till the concert begins
Feel relaxed now, tomorrow I have to work, then two days, the weekend, free
The Monday, and then Tuesday I will performing in Waiblingen on a stage
And I begin to look forward to that day

Today I feel much more stable then the last days
I've the feeling that this day and the day a week later will change a lot
Not in the way that I will become famous now
But in a way that a new period will begin therewith

I sit here, and there's a world, but separated of me
Feel that so often in this days
Would wish to read this again, as a very old man
While hearing the mellifluous sound in the background

Times Floats By

Time floats by, and I'm watching it
While I've the feeling, like I would be able to enjoying it
But I fear, that's only the wonderful atmosphere of the Altes Theater
The jazz music in the background till the concert will begin

A vibraphone on the stage
Will be my first concert with a vibraphone
Look forward to, all concerts here are interesting
Will I be able to preserving this mood

Look at me, I destroy a world and in the same time I create one
Would I be able to, I would destroy this one
Would I be able to, I would walk through the nightly big city's streets
Look at me, the childish fantasies of an old man

And yet, shouldn't I be happy, still having such fantasies
Fantasies about a gentle touch, the smell of another perfume
Would you laugh about me, would I laugh about you
Sitting here and waiting, while a child in India, Thailand.....is waiting for the next "customer"

I see the devil, he's frightened, he has seen the human world and the human deeds
God's creation, made in the image of God
Would this be my creation, I would be shocked
Wipe them out, wipe them out, this would be my thinking

And now I will enjoy the concert
And soon I will perform onstage myself
And soon I will die
And about that I will be disappointed - not knowing how the human race will end.....

What A Wonderful Music

Is it only the mood I'm in - what a wonderful music!
A fantastic combination - trumpet, drums, a very unique bass and the vibraphone
A piece, originally recorded by the bandleader with Chet Baker - Why Shouldn't You Cry
Why I should cover up my tears

I'm moved deeply by the music
I feel relieved and calm
But I fear because of tomorrow
Maybe the delight will stay

And even if not - what a wonderful night
And even if not - this wonderful music was bestowed to me
I feel happy and free, a world no longer exists
Only a universe of notes, like a universe of stars

The stars form galaxies, the notes melodies
And all the wonders of the universe, the one of the stars as well as the one of the notes
Both should stimulate you to question yourself
But maybe only such a childish old man's foolishness

Cordial thanks to:

Wolfgang Lackerschmid – vibraphone
Ryan Carniaux – trumpet
Stefan Rademacher – bass
Guido May – drums

Game Day

A bit cold in the ice rink - outside it's still warm, much to warm for October
Ice Bears Heilbronn vs. EHC Freiburg
Last match, first of the season, an away match, lost by penalty shootout
Well, today, the first home match of the season.....

A hot coffee and the expectation of a spectacular match - well, it's ice hockey!
I was tired after working, seventh day in a row, slept a bit
Now it's better and the cold is also refreshing
During the day I thought about that this human world makes no sense

The Ice Bears' song: Hey, wir wollen die Eisbären sehen.....
Soon the match will begin, the powerful game
And around the world many will die a senseless death during that time
I would like it to like the match, wouldn't that be so

The first twenty minutes are over, a good night
Fast and somewhat dominant Ice Bears
But only 1:0, still an open game
But the first third is often not the Ice Bears' strongest third

Thought long about it, whether I should go or not
But now I'm happy that I came
Ice hockey, always a fascinating, 'cause fast, game
Feel good tonight

Let's see what the second twenty minutes will offer
Without doubt powerful Ice Bears, but
Also Freiburg had their scenes and some very good chances
We will see, the better team should win, that's the most important thing

Well, 4:0 - sound better than it was
The Ice Bears had some problems therewith to use their chances
And Freiburg had again some very good chances of their own
But should you criticize your team - 4:0?

But it's ice hockey, the match isn't yet over
On the other hand, the last twenty minutes are very often the twenty minutes of the Ice Bears
Therefore.....but don't cheer to early.....
Some heavy metal music while the ice gets prepared - good mood tonight

Should I think about this world now
Fuck, not now, drinking my hot coffee
The next two days I haven't to work
Soon I'll know it, and I'll like it

But now the last twenty minutes
So far an exciting match
And also the last twenty minutes will be exciting
And maybe the night sky will allow me to observe my variable stars later

Sometimes the world can appear so wonderful
But only sometimes - strange, why not always
Wouldn't it be not much more relaxing it would be always
Should I think about living in Canada.....?

Final result: 5:0
Shutout victory in the first home match
And next Friday, the next home match
A very special game.....

The Beautiful Universe

Have done some astronomy the last nights
Fantastic weather at the moment in Germany, many clear nights
My variable stars, some star clusters and nebulae
All looks so wonderfully beautiful, but is it so?

M1 for example, the crab nebula, a supernova remnant
A very violent event that affected a larger area around the former star
Not talking about objects like a quasar for example
No, the universe is no place of calmness and peace

But what should this mean, what should be the consequence from that
That earth, because a part of this universe, cannot be a place of calmness and peace
This would be an evidence of incapacity for the humans, but therefore not necessarily wrong
At least when we humans have not the imagination to imagine it differently

The calmness and peace while observing the stars at night
Well, sometimes it can be somewhat stressful
But normally it's very relaxing
The night sky always fascinated me from the time on I can remember

I not wanna start with, how huge the universe is, how small we in comparison
But without any doubt, it would be no mistake would more people think about it
But another naive wish, while I look forward till it will be night again
To make some wonderful observations, to enjoy the beauty of the universe

Part Of

Observing the stars at night, I've this deep feeling to be a part of this universe
Looking at the people around me, I've this deep feeling not to be a part of this human world
I see me standing on world far-away, looking at a different sun and feeling at home
No, this is not my world, I've nothing in common with them – I ate a Mars candy bar yesterday

I would like it to be younger, much younger
I would looking for a break, starting working in the US or Canada or something else
But maybe I will be able to do it a bit better the rest of my life
At least the last years were much better than the years before

Sunday today, a much to warm October day
Sitting outside, only with a t-shirt on
Drinking my coffee, looking at the bright blue sky and the red of the setting sun
What a wonderful world this could be – how disappointing the reality is

Tomorrow

Tomorrow will be the 16., tomorrow I will read in Waiblingen
I see it as a premiere, a final rehearsal for Stuttgart
For everything that will not function, I will have a further week till Stuttgart to improve it
But sure, I hope it will function as good as possible

Soon I will have a week holiday - from Saturday on
For the next reading I will have more time, it will be less stressful
I will have time to continue with the stories
Time to reflect about, what has happened at Waiblingen and Stuttgart, or just not

I'm excited, nearly four years, a long way, so much has happened in this time
I think I should give me at least one year for this new period
Would be interesting to see what I'm capable to do during this time
Whatever, in twenty-four hours I will be waiting to enter the stage, if I still not have done it

Could this be the beginning of something new?
The ad, the dark blue letter, the readings in Los Angeles and San Francisco and more
Nothing has happened so far, but often I had the feeling that it was good so
That it would be too early that something would happen

But now I've the feeling, that it would be no longer too early
Not, that it has to happen now, but it would be no longer too early
But maybe it would be also okay to finish the stories first and to begin then with something new
Whatever, there's an obvious development, and a lot of change

I'm relaxed at the moment, really look forward to tomorrow
There's this tension, but obviously that's okay
I'm fifty-three years old now, what still should I expect from life today
What should I expect from my future

Life is strange, had so many possibilities in my life
And now? Now I have a new, very exciting possibility
And I've created this possibility, since nearly four years I'm working on it
Four years I've invested, would be stupid not to be willing to invest at least a few more years.....

Fidels Fritz

Sitting in Fidels Fritz in Waiblingen
Soundcheck is over for me, will read at a table, an arm chair and a microphone
Waiting for my salad, thought about, maybe I should write something

As expected is this location smaller than the Rosenau in Stuttgart
But that has not to be a disadvantage, definitively not today
I guess there're chairs for around fifty or sixty people
We will see how much will come

But now I eat my salad and drink my currant spritzer
Again a wonderful day today, a lot of sunshine the whole day
Now it starts to become colder, but that's okay
So far, everything is fine.....

A Moment Of No Time

In a moment of no time, with my café au lait
Think about, isn't it strange, why people wanna be onstage
Sure, there're many different motivations, people are different
But all of them wanna do something, present something

It would be naive, would you describe the world of art as a paradise
That would be silly, enough stories to destroy this fantasy
On the other hand, it's nice to sit here while others do their soundcheck
A mixed program obviously - a woman will dance flamenco

Would I be at home I would write something
The TV would run, Dr. Who - it's Tuesday
The first time I see the episodes with this doctor
So I will miss this episodes of today, and next week the next two while being in Stuttgart

I do not record them, not my favorite doctor, at least so far
Liked the episodes with Amelia Pond very much
I will watch the newer ones when they will get rerun
Today I've my own travel and adventure

It feels very different today, compared with Los Angeles and San Francisco
Hey, I did it in Los Angeles and San Francisco in a foreign language
Then it should be an easy thing to do it in Waiblingen in my mother tongue
But unfortunately it's not that easy in the end

On the other side, I'm sitting here and wait
No sweating, no panic - there was a time.....
No, it will be not that easy to do it, but I will do it
And that's what I've learned, what I will read later

Don't try, someone said, let it happen, don't think about it, do it!
Yeah, Mr. Bukowski!

And Now, What's To Say?

Was the opener for the show - and now, what's to say? What's the résumé, halftime of the show?
Well, was very calm onstage, but read a bit too fast
The stage is not heightened, therefore only the first two or three rows could see me in my arm chair
Nevertheless, I'm satisfied so far

Sure, the comedy always get the most applause
The audience likes it to become entertained
But that's not my goal, to entertain somebody
Therefore.....did it much better than afore

Do I expect to gain a patron with this performance
No, not really, but that's not a problem
Next week in Stuttgart, and then I've time to reflect about all this
Now I've the feeling I just should enjoy the moment

A good beginning - a place for further interest
Not sure, Tübingen is also a possibility
Should I think about, that an audience with more undergraduates is better for me
Well, next week in Stuttgart I will get the next impression

Home Again

A résumé? I'm very satisfied!
Some people took my business card, I had displayed them
Okay, no one addressed me
Let's see what happens during the week

Stuttgart, I'm very in suspense about it
I'm not sure whether this is the best way to win over patrons
But definitively it's a very good way to gain self-confidence
And definitively I should continue with it

So, so far nothing special happened
But I feel much more comfortable as before
Maybe I should read only L.A. noir?
Enough time the next days to think about that

Now I should sleep, should dream
The typing I can do tomorrow.....

Wednesday

Wednesday, have typed my yesterday's writing
Feel not that good today, slept a bit, headache and my stomach
But it was a very good day yesterday and today I have nothing to do
Tomorrow, Tuesday, jazz club day

Friday, the last work day and then I week vacation
I can concentrate on Stuttgart
Can continue with the three stories
But today, I should slow down a bit

Nevertheless, I look forward to the next weeks and months
I have to open up more, search for a direct contact
I'm tired now, even after the shower
Some hours of sleep

But I've the feeling that this will become a very good weekend
That this will become a very good week
Wouldn't I be that tired, wouldn't be this headache and the stomach
I've the feeling, I would be euphoric.....

Plans

Today jazz club
Tomorrow last working day before a week vacation
Tomorrow deciding what texts I will read in Stuttgart
The weekend continuing with the three stories
Monday preparing for the open stage in Stuttgart
Tuesday spending the day in Stuttgart, open stage in the evening
So far my plans for the next days

My neck hurts since some days, some headache therefore
But my résumé about Waiblingen is still very good
It was an important day and a good performance so far
I hope I will be capable to do it somewhat better in Stuttgart
And then it would make sense to do it on a regular basis
Not only because to win over patrons
But also to become more security regarding my writing

I have to think about my next steps
To intensify my efforts to reach people directly
To get people interested in my writing
And then, and only then, I can see how much my writing is interesting for other people
Whether it's possible for me to find an audience
Whether it's possible for me to earn money with my writing
Whether it's possible for me to become a professional writer
Now a new chapter has begun.....

The Arts

Oh, can you see my stars - nearly the same lineup than last week
Apart that today no trumpet but vocals
But today a total different style of music
And that's what's art about!

For me it's interesting
Tuesday I was onstage
Thursday, today, I see this - professional - musicians onstage
Next Tuesday I will be onstage again
Next Thursday I will see - professional - musicians onstage again

I think this should be the future
It would be fantastic would this be the future
Only one thing would top this future
Being onstage as a professional writer

Dizzy Risch: vibraphone
Karoline Höfler: bass
Bill Elgart: drums
Lauren Newton: vocals

Seven Days

The seven days - from next Saturday till the following Friday
I have to get things moving, showing to what I'm capable to

Not in the sense that I have to achieve anything in particular
But in the sense that this should be seven days full of writing and working for my writing

My stomach seems to be okay again, the stiff neck should be no severe problem
No, I see no reasons who could foil this

Only I, and I mean I in my mind, could be a reason for a failure
But that's the thrilling point, my mind seems to be my best friend at the moment

Whitman

Last week, Chet Baker
This week, Walt Whitman
Saw a documentary about Hieronymus Bosch - The Garden of Earthly Delights
One music was: Gods & Monsters; Lana Del Rey

Jump and Body Electric
Sometimes everything comes together
Sometimes everything fits together
Sometimes everything makes sense
Sometimes it seems that it's the right time
Sometimes.....

Friday

Have seen that I missed the ice hockey match today
Totally forgotten
Have decided what I will read in Stuttgart
Not absolutely sure about

The climax and the poem from "The Chinese Girl"
L.A. noir from last year, already read in Los Angeles and San Francisco
A somewhat longer part from "The Lady At The Ranch"
L.A. noir from this year, already read in Waiblingen

I think about whether I should stop writing things like these
This diary aspect, this personal reflections
At the moment I feel empty, somewhat insecure
Should have a long sleep and many dreams

Sad about that I've forgotten the ice hockey match
Have translated the parts from "The Chinese Girl"
Difficult because they are full of images and unusual phrases
Especially the poem, will have to continue working on it tomorrow

Time goes by and my time runs out
How surreal it would be, would become even a small part of my dream(s) reality
It would be like flying with the black swans in the sky
But still have no wings, and I'm definitely no king, Mr. Petty

No, no king.....

Dreams

Had a weird dream some days ago
A pedestrian area, don't ask me why I know it, but it was in Canada
The people were very nice - maybe that was the reason
I walked around with a extremely long hose, wetting the ground - don't ask my why

There were some other strange aspects, but I not wanna talk about them
But I waked up with a deep feeling that I should spend my next vacation in Canada
Moreover, I was sure about, that it would make a lot of sense to find a job there
As I said, a very weird dream

Tomorrow I will read in Stuttgart, have signed in for Tübingen in November
Maybe it's still possible to read in Asperg in January, not sure about it at the moment
More visitors on my web-page after Waiblingen, so far so good
Let's see, whether they will stay and maybe one of them will become a patron

So far it has functioned, it has functioned, there's a resonance
Now it's up to the writing, my writing, whether the writing can create a constant interest
But the beginning is done, and it was good - this path I have to follow
And then I have to add step by step further on - yeah, this thing with the future, with Mr. Petty.....

Dreams, sometimes they are really very weird
But that not means that they make no sense
Maybe such dreams are the most important dreams we have
And sometimes they come true - somehow, Ms. Grant.....

Melancholy As A Remedy

As far as I can see, there is an interesting possibility the English language offers you
Melancholy and melancholia
Let's stick with melancholy
Why this is a remedy

What would be the alternative
The alternative, to be able to stay here in this world
Hey, well, to be a doer, to shape this world, to lead as a paragon
Or to become crazy about all this shit

But I have a problem with melancholy
Some see it as a self purpose
But I think this would be a misinterpretation
Melancholy is a deeply creative force - at least it should be one

A world fulfilled with melancholy would be a tender world
Maybe no world of fast economic progress, a world of empires, a world of leaders
But I've the feeling I would like it, to live in this world
In a world fulfilled with melancholy

And now, should we do a historical review about the term and idea "melancholy"
(or maybe "melancholia")
Should I try to define this term(s)
Should I look at paintings (Dürer) or listen to music (Queen of Sadness)
Or would this be nothing more than useless whim-wham (Fontane)

Whatever, sitting on the top of the mountain, looking at the stars
Isn't it sad, that this endless endlessness lies in front of us
And we are not even capable to overview this little small planet
Solitarily wandering through this universe

We're very disappointing creatures
Wasting all our opportunities
Yes
Melancholy(ia) Is A Remedy

Stuttgart

Yes, now I'm in Stuttgart, sitting in "rote kapelle"
Looking at the Fire Lake, thinking about the past
Have written about it in "My Dark Heart"
Sitting on the other side "Trollinger", eating "Maultaschen"

How different now, since then
And how different compared to the last time sitting here
Till it was time to walk to the "Rosenau" for my open stage performance
Only a short way from here

The gone time, "Trollinger", I was an totally unconfident person
The last time, "rote kapelle", the performance later was a total disaster
This time I feel very comfortable
The things have changed, very much

And so I enjoy my salad from romaine with fried wild mushrooms, fresh beetroot and parmigiano
And really, I'm looking forward to what will come
On the other side of the road the "Theater der Altstadt"
Also one of this cultural icons of Stuttgart

Tarta de Santiago

I was up for eating something sweet, decided for a Tarta de Santiago
A traditional almond cake from Santiago, Spain
Well, have written a lot about almond trees in the last time
Even when I think this will be no Californian almonds - but maybe, who knows?

It's a bit different as I thought
You not see the almonds as such, but you taste them
The cake is relatively thin, but very soft and fine
A very nice cake together with a coffee

Yeah, Stuttgart - lived here, did many things here
Think about, whether it would make sense to work in this area again
Stuttgart, Waiblingen, Asperg and Tübingen - the open stage aspect
At the moment I think I could become a part of the cultural life in Stuttgart

I had this feeling also in Los Angeles and San Francisco
The problem there is, that there it's a "closed circle"
Here, in Germany, it's open, with an audience for example
But not too fast Peter! Let's see how the next weeks will develop.....

Fire Lake

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band - bronze beauties

Looking at Fire Lake, the fountain, the swan (a white one), the ducks
The magnificent neo-Gothic church, the leaves of spring at the trees
The palm trees, no building really old
In this city, the "Altes Schloss", even the "Neues Schloss", older than L.A.!

Now it has become spring, not only a sweater, also a jacket I wear today
But even now not really cold for the season
Some rain should come tomorrow - the last rain?
Wow, nearly as in California - unfortunately also with the negative consequences

But now I sit inside, currant spritzer, and enjoy my time
Tuesday jazz club, Friday dinner with my sibling
Tomorrow? I have to typewrite me today's writing - "Utopian Dreaming"?
I will see how many will visit my web page after this reading

Yeah, should I start now to be sad about my wasted years.....?

Ice Cafe

Sitting in an Italian ice cafe now
A TV at the wall, a music show (Italian) with videos
Lana del Rey "Summertime Sadness"? - well, a mix
Like the original much more

The Colorado Street Bridge? No, not at the moment
But it's still a fantastic song and a good video
"Born To Die" - the next album? "Ultraviolence"?
Looking at my tattoo - ultraviolence.....maybe again lavender and sunshine - A.K.A.

Now Madonna - is anything real about her?
Did I do her wrong?
Liked Cindy Lauper much more
But that's only my taste

"I know if I go, I'll die happy tonight" - no, not tonight
Maybe soon, but not tonight
Even when I've the feel that way
But tonight I would be unhappy would I die

Whiskey Sour

Back again "rote kapelle"
Whiskey Sour
résumé
I'm tired and feel empty

I've the feeling that not that much people took my business card today
Well, as always music and funny things got the most applause
But the bell choir was really something very special, definitively the highlight
Well, will see the next days how much resonance I will get

Was nervous, read too fast, but no disaster than the last time
The first part, "The Chinese Girl", was difficult to read and difficult to listen to
But I did it, and it was no disaster
Lou Reed now - Walk On The Wild Side

Still no Lou Reed fan, but this song is wonderful now
The wild side - next time something from "Hard Bop Fantasies"?
Why not, I'm no entertainer, I can do everything
Funny people we have enough - yesterday, melancholy(ia)

Now Jimmy, now All Along The Watchtower
If this will go on, not my last Whiskey Sour
I'm really in the mood to drink too much
Yeah, maybe next time "Hard Bop Fantasies" - why not!

The Man Behind You

Look at the man behind you
I'm fucking proud of me
Yes, I will continue, but maybe
Maybe I will get no real response

But why this should bother me
I'm free, can write whatever I want in whatever way I like to do it
Man, come on! That's fucking cool!
And whatever this fucking future will bring, this has to stay

Next time Rosenau? Will ask how long I should wait
But without any doubt, there will be a next Rosenau
And a next Waiblingen, and a first Tübingen and a first Asperg
And I will stand in front of her again - yes, she will be my graveyard!

And Grace Slick sings about the White Rabbit
This is a fucking cool place, cooler than the bars in Heilbronn
Maybe I should really look for a job in Stuttgart
Or come here, from time to time - hey, it's 45 km from Heilbronn till Stuttgart

45 km? That's no 30 miles!
That's nothing in L.A., no real distance
Yes, this is a fucking cool place
Still Jefferson Airplane - Somebody To Love

I'm totally euphoric now, crazy?
That's the beginning of.....what?
Hell, why should I be interested in that!
One of the crew here - all men!? - looks like Jim Morrison?!

Okay, maybe I'm really crazy now
New music - modern stuff now - have no fucking idea what this is
Will empty my glass to drive back home
And then I'm really curious about how my mood will be tomorrow.....

Don't Ask Me Why!

Don't ask me anything!
`Cause I know nothing!
But that's no problem!
Enough assholes in this world who know everything!

This world, society, will not stay - I see no real chance for a bright future
But maybe this is not my problem
Dying soon
But it would be so wonderful to die in an optimistic mood

But I think this will remain a stupid dream
Pink Floyd - Comfortably Numb now? Really!
Wow, that's my favorite from this album
You do anything that I love you!

But now I will empty my Whiskey Sour finally
Obviously you will close soon - 00:45am
And I have to drive home
And I don't feel comfortably numb

I feel alive, more than ever!

Home Again

Home again - now I'm really tired
Funny, had a quick look at my pages
Two or three hours ago someone has watched the video
"I Have A Patreon Page Now"

Well, yes, I've one now
And you're welcomed to become one now
Wow, I fear I'm a bit stressed now
But I think I will find no sleep now

Should this become a Hollywood Happy Ending
Then I'll believe in the American Dream!
And if not?
Why I should bother about this shit just now?

Wednesday

I finished the with typewriting now - 3pm
I'm very tired, sitting "täglich", coffees and the today's lunch special
Käsespätzle mit Salat - cheese spaetzle (noodles) with salad
Really very good, but I'm very tired now

It will make no sense at all, to try to write something in addition today
I will have not that much time tomorrow, but that should be not such a problem
I've still no real idea about yesterday
It was good, but I feel very empty now

I think I need something sweet
First "Gelato", crêpe with plum jam and ice cream
Then "Primafilia", waffle with whipped cream and ice cream
If I not feel better after this!

No, seriously, that's enough for today
But that not means that the sweets are canceled
At least one of them.....
Fucking easy life.....

Cage

I cage you, I drive you crazy
Hey, I do it 'cause I can
I do it 'cause I'm insane, I'm ill
But don't be afraid, not more like this wonderful fucking earthly hell

Let your fantasy free, this boundless human fantasy
A tender smile and a tender kiss
The being in a rainbow garden
Dissolves while wafting through the eternity

Give me a moment and I'll explain
All this things I can't understand
'Cause I know everything you cannot know
Let us be happy in this puzzling, confusing damn

I moan, all that surrounds me crushes me
Causes me endless pain and craziness
And a voice as honey sweet whispers in my ear
You know, there's a place you could be free

The senselessness to ask about time before the universe's existence
The senselessness to ask about freedom after your existence
The freedom of time as an existence embedded in the universe's existence
A free spirit dissolving in an endless dream dreamt by a dreamt existence

Oh, this human mind can be such wonderful, such awfully wonderful

A Rose (a red one)

Offer me a rose, kill my thoughts
You will do me a real favor
Bestow me a dream, destroy my feelings
You will be my best friend

The lost of control as a desirable state
The illusion of reasons as reason for meaning
The reason for a photon to travel with the speed of light
The reason therefore that that's a lie

The lie as the highest possible state
Orderless order in a fancy moment of truth
Incoherent feelings and thoughts as a last try
The knowledge about the unaware as a moment of hope

The lose of control as a remedy for avoiding insanity
Is it that difficult to understand the necessity
Dying in order to live, living as a permanent state of being death
The cacophony of the meaningful everyday's information

"A" means "B" 'cause "B" is nonsense
"C" is the truth because "P" is no letter
Stability in an unstable structure of cause
René Magritte was a wonderful poet

Too late for today, but tomorrow is today
Betrayal and deception as measurement for honest acting
Disharmony as a measure for euphony
Who would contradict the last sentence?

See and understand the truth, how the things are
Aristotle, you silly fool
Dialectic and rhetoric as means to hide the truth
But who the fuck is interested in this foolish truth at the end?

Question

Can you answer me the question? - No!
Hey, I told you that much about me
Therefore it should be possible for you to answer me the question!
What, you not know the question?

That's a disappointment now!
You say that I'm unfair?
That I should voice the question?
You're a real clever person!

Would I be able to form the question into words
Would I be able to form the words of the question
What do you think?
Then I could give me the answer by myself!

How I should be able to answer my own questions?
How I should be able to understand what my questions are?
And it's no mistake that I use the plural now!
But you're even not able to answer me one question!

I could ask philosophers, but endless nice fantasies not help me!
I could ask scientists, but they explain me what a photon is!
I could ask an artist, but they have their own problems!
I could ask anybody, but why someone should help me?

You have to find your own answers -
Thanks for this clever talking!
I can understand black and white,
But I cannot decide!

In a thousand years, when I'm old and wise
Then I will find the answer to my question
And not even dream about it
That I would share the answer with you!

I will have the answer then, and only I
And when I lay to rest for a final time
And all the times before no longer of importance are
Then I will be the King, and two Black Swans my heraldic animals are!

Angels

Time flew by
And angels sang
Funny 'cause I don't believe in angels
But hear them sing

Isn't it a wonderful thought
To drown in drugs
Isn't the only question then
What your drug would be

But isn't it a foolish question
As if this would be of importance
Only of importance is
To drown and to hear the angels sing

The tiredness of a too long lasting existence
The wish to be an immortal god
The wish to be blind and deaf
The happiness to be a conscious being

The merry-go-round on Santa Monica Pier
Spins around in an endless circle
Why searching after a sense
In a senseless world

I could sit here
Waiting my whole time
Till my time would be over
Happy all the time

Why should I do something
What should be the sense therefrom
Fade away, to become nothing
Wouldn't that be a wonderful sense

Oh, come on, give me chance
This is only a fucking evening
What would you expect
Slayed by a sick world

Oh hell yes, I spin round incapable to dance
Incapable to let loose
Numb your mind
Why does he did it in his nice L.A. house?

State Of Mind

My state of mind, I'm not sure
A few days, I'm not sure
Will have some days without work again
Then I can concentrate on the stories

Why I'm so unsure about what I should do
The USA? California? The New England States?
I will finish the stories - and then?
Not sure about what I should do

I feel repelled by so many things
Not sure whereto I belong
Only sure about not thereto
Why I should solve the riddle

I've the feeling that I have to find a solution
No, not for the riddle, the riddle has no solution
But for the question what I will do with the rest of my life
Would be more easy would I know how much "the rest" will be

A strange thought, all this thinking, all this doubts
And maybe tomorrow it's over
Would be strange, would feel stupid
On the other hand maybe not even the half is over

So, what should I do?
I think I should think about it
But not too long, long enough thought now
Why this problems to decide

On one hand it's so obvious
On the other hand I'm so anxious
Fear is no good counselor
Why I should need a counselor?

So, do me a favor and do what has to be done
I will appreciate this very much, really very much
I close my eyes and fear to open them again
But I have to do it with all its consequences

Twenty-five is no number, no number like X is
Logic is no longer useful, logic has degenerated into nonsense
Decency is a mere joke now, decency - etiquette, strange time
I see a delicate ballerina caged in a monster

This days are leaden, they pull me down
They squeeze me on the ground
I don't like it
I would wish to be no monster

Fingers touching the keys, no words they can form
My state of mind puzzles me
What can I do to set me free
Who should answer this for me

There's A Time To

Yeah, let it be the time for
It will be the time
I'm sick of it
Let me dance with Mary Jane

Why I shall be the one
Oh, this American shit makes me sick
Oh, this European shit makes me sick
Oh, this shit all around me makes me sick

Oh hell yes, I will create something
Oh hell yes, I've created something
Fuck all that, I hate it to have to die
Fuck all that, I appreciate it to have lived

I'm a living dead, never felt attracted by zombie movies
I'm a living dead, cool, I'm over with this now
From now on there will be only the life as such
Till the endless eternity in this fucking boring Paradise

Hey Hey, My My - also a wonderful cause to dream - My My, Hey Hey
I hurt my self today, to see that I no longer feel anything
My sweetest friend - how much I appreciate this gifts bringing the oblivion
If I could start again - I would screw it up again

So why should I dream about that
So why should I have the illusion that the happy ending waits behind the rainbow
I would be the one who kills you with a smile, sneering, full of pride
Hey asshole president, you have very good ancestors, we're all are proud of you

Do you see the young girl, do you see the old man
Choose your side, hey, not that long and I'm retired
A nice house in Thailand and some young Thai bitches for my pervert wishes
Hey, I will be the wealthy guy then, it's not my fault that this bitches are poor

Well, closing my eyes, imagine everything I wish, welcome to reality
No, not welcome to my nightmare - how hypocritical would that be!
I only see the pictures, but
But ask the young girl, for her it's something different, no funny pictures

Self esteem by suppressing others - as a fucking president, as a Fascist
Is there a difference?

But that would be not the problem at all
The problem is that we all need this feelings

No, we're intellectuals, we're not that dumb as they are
Yeah, we're something better, we're the good
Welcome to the hellish paradise, or the paradisaic hell
Why should this makes a difference

I look at my fingers, how arduous it's for them to hit the keys
While the pictures in my head explode
Why I've this fucking feeling that everything slips away from me
Why I've this fucking feeling that everything makes sense now

Erstwhile I was an emperor, blood, nothing than blood
Call me Caesar, Genghis Kan, Hitler, Pol Pot, Stalin, Mao.....
It was a frenzy, Master of life and death
Der Tod ist ein Meister aus Deutschland

Don't be too negative, see the beauty in this world
Don't say that you not have saw all that beauty
The sparkling distant lights at the night sky, a triple rainbow after the rain
The empty eyes of the young girl afterwards

I apologize therefor, that I was too weak
I apologize therefor, that I bent
I apologize therefor, that I not stood up and fought
I apologize therefor, that I was one of them who knew nothing afterwards

I not look behind me, knowing that not the black swan will wait behind me
I see the huge black wings, but no wonderful white feathers
I see the small black head, but no tantalizing red beak
I not look behind me, knowing that the black raven will wait behind me

Blackness, apathy and insensitivity, like a million black diamonds
I wallow in my own images, metaphors, while looking at the black, dead sun
This day comes to its end, and tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and all the other days
I apologize nothing, why I should? This world screams straight in your mind:
Be gentle and honest, and this world will be yours.....

Yeah, be gentle and honest, and this hell will be yours.....

Fucking Days

The last days
Fucking days were
Shouldn't I be happy
Shouldn't I be glad

What the fuck
Tomorrow I will have time to write
Should continue with "Utopian Dreaming"
Then jazz club

Friday I have to work
And then I will have five days to write as much as possible
I feel a bit stressed, let's see what will happen tomorrow
But in the end I look forward to the interesting writing that waits

I feel relieved, stupid days
Will spend some hours at "täglich"
And then I hope I will write something interesting
Till some jazz will complete the day

Hollow

A hollow thought in an empty space
Wafting like my heavy heart's delight
An endless possibility of structures and combinations
But even then, the impossibility to express the feelings of a dark night

Would I be a believer I would pray
Would I be a hater I would kill
Would I be a human I would die
Would I be a poet I would write

A little spark at the night sky emitted by an event
Billions of years ago
Capable of destroying whole galaxies
What a wonderful little spark there at the night sky

Dive into Saturn's rings, travel with the comets
Leave your body, this world much too small is
Become one with the universe, feel the warmth of a billion suns
Forget the smallness of your unimportant existence, become again where you came from

It's hard to believe
That with all this knowledge that we have got today
With all this opportunities to communicate
We're still this scared little creatures

We could decide to explore the universe
Oh Jesus, we could do so much
What disappointing things we are
The smallest insect braver is

I really would like to know it, life in correlation to the universe as such
We're bestowed with the gift to be capable to recognize ourselves
We're bestowed with the gift to be capable to explore this universe, we're a part of
And what we do with all this wonderful gifts

It's heartbreaking, it tears my heart in a million parts
My tears could fill an ocean, the endless ocean I wish to drown in
All this feelings that conquer your mind, the endless pain they cause
And the overwhelming wish to flee, to escape, to a different place

Your breath fondles my neck, but I freeze under the bridge only
The beauty of the rose on my back, meaningless if not bestowed
Californication, as if his would be a solution, this numb nightmare
But at least comfortably numb, hearing the soft sound of the waves

If you would know the truth, would you share your knowledge with me
If I would know the truth, would I share my knowledge with you
Maybe we all know the truth, but act as if we wouldn't
Like they act in Hollywood, as if this would be a cool place to live there

Should this planet not be something like a mishap of the universe
Should this planet be the universe's standard for planets
This would be a downer! Then this would be a real fucking universe!
Well, city of angels, a last travel, a last time together with you, would you be able to love me?

The beauty of the world, this obvious undeniable beauty of this world
Why, why not everything is ugly and disgusting
'Cause there's no sense in it, no "deeper" sense
'Cause I'm too stupid to understand it

Why do I feel like I feel, why I've the thoughts I have
Yes, I feel you, standing behind me and waiting
Yes, I know that time has no meaning for you
And yet, I'm still sad about that I have to leave this world one day

I hold on tightly a little piece of wood, drifting on the endless ocean
It would be so easy.....
But even yet, tired of it, with stiff and painful hands, I'm not able to let loose
It would be so easy.....

And now? Can you answer me this question?
I know my thirteenth beach, so beautiful there it is
Filling pages, as if this would make any sense, any difference
It would be so easy.....

Never

Never they will know you, in fact, they are not interested in to get to know you
But hey, that's okay
The awful dream about, that this world would become your world, you would become a part of it
But hey, that never will

You thought, that Mr. Asshole President is not to top?
Wow, the Brazilians? Hey, as a German I become jealous!
This American jerk, okay, but, this Brazilian?
I've the feeling that old good Adolf was that nice uncle compared with him - grandpa Adolf?

Wonderful, more and more of this narcissistic lunatics
I nearly fall in love with Angela, now that her days are counted
Germany with it's past as the palladium of at least relative stable political circumstances
The AfD around 15%? Wow, 85% of the Germans not elect such right wing radicals!

We killed millions in the gas chambers, have committed awful war crimes - and now?
Germans still dream the dream of a united Europe, everything's okay - no, of course not!
But compared with other places? Germany the place, everyone dreams about to live there!
Crazy world! - Let me dance the tango, this is such a fucking crazy world!

Is it a problem? No, there's always a solution!
I'm looking at my thirteenth beach - and this is a metaphor
Because everywhere can be your thirteenth beach, every time
You only have to close your eyes and understand

I'm happy now? Of course I'm!
Why?
Because I got honored therewith to see this universe
That's why!

And whatever this fucking humans still will do
Maybe even much more cruel and stupid as in the past
At the end the insight will stand
This universe is so unbelievable large, so unbelievable large

With billions of galaxies
Each with millions and billions of stars
Each with millions and billions of planets
This one fucking shitty insane planet?

Who cares?

Hundred Dollar Bill

Let me fuck the hundred dollar bill
I would be a wonderful American
I would pray everyday to God
And would work hard

And one day my American Dream would come true
And I would be proud like Arnie, even more
I would serve my country in every way I could
And would hate this lazy Latinos and Blacks

I would talk with the Man from New York about our German ancestors
I would kiss his ass, and sure, I would be a proud republican
Oh, come on! Give me a chance!
Let me become one of this wonderful American people!

Clouds

Clouds drifting over the sky
Well, would like it more they weren't there
Would like it more that I could observe my distant lights
But then I have to confess, also they have their own beauty and fascination

Sometimes even annoying things can be beautiful
Nevertheless annoying they are
Nevertheless beautiful they are
Sometimes even beautiful things can be annoying

It seems that the wonderful weather of the summer is over now
We have our normal weather again
A lot of clouds, cold with rain
Not much sun was to see the last two weeks

But maybe.....enjoyed the observations a lot this summer
So often it was possible, without problems in a weekly rhythm
And now, again this weeks long, if not months long, gaps
Oh California, let me dream.....

Every Day At Least A Dead

Do I talk about Los Angeles? Chicago maybe?
Does this is of any importance?
The ugly face of the American Dream?
Necessary evil of the American Dream?

Let me fool you, you're a stupid lousy bastard in my opinion
You're a coward, not fighting for your rights
I'm the white rich one, beloved by God
You're hated by Him, therefor you're colored and poor

Adam and Eve were white, never heard about that they were of color
Where all this wrong creatures came from
Could you imagine that they are God's creation
They are so full of hate and the lust to kill, this devil's creations

Los Angeles, wasn't in Chicago so far
The "white" city, the boring necessity
Maybe my next American aim should be Chicago
But what I should do there?

Walking through the west side (south side)
What would I expect
Would I have to live there, nicely separated in my hoods, among "my own kind"
I would hate this fucking white tourist from Europe, maybe I would kill him

Not The Others

Why they kill each other and not the others
Apart from, that you should not kill anybody
But why the ones who have to live under the same fucking circumstances as you
Why not walking together over the river....well, maybe you find a better solution than to kill them

This gang thing, would I be a racist, I would like it
To see the crime rates in the US
I would be a bit disappointed about that they decline
What's better than Latinos and Niggers who kill themselves

What a shocking moment it would be
Would they stand together, would they fight together
But that's against the American Dream
Everyone struggles for himself - what a clever construction

Spin Around

I spin around with you in circles
You hold me tight, I fear I'm losing you
Should I open my eyes, why I should
So I spin around in circles with you

I try to keep the rhythm, but I fail in a miserable way
It's a pity, you really try your best
And yet, you still love me, why you do
Should I open my eyes now, why I should

I listen to your breath, I smell your scent
I'm overwhelmed, is this really true
But your smile gives me the answer, loving you
Should I open my eyes now?

Aren't they open all the time?

Strong Reality

A strong reality engirds me, sitting and dreaming
A wonderful mood, very different compared to the previous days
And yet, we will see, was good to continue with "Utopian Dreaming"
Will be good to continue with the other stories

All of a sudden, everything can change
Yeah, that's life, that's so stale and flat
Let's see, later in hell, who all will meet there again
Let's see, who then will have the most elaborate advice

But now I wait, maybe the clouds will disappear
Then I would observe my distant lights
And if not?
Well, then I will have a longer sleep.....

Por Una Cabeza

I'm in Stuttgart today, just arrived
I'm on my way to the Old State Gallery
The monthly photo for the web page
I hear music - Königstraße

Por una Cabeza? Carlos Cardel?
Such a wonderful music this morning in Stuttgart!
I sit down with tears in my eyes to write this words
What else should this day offer me.....

Longings

Why this longings not let you alone
In this gray and cold world
Spinning around at the sound of the tango
My tears wetting the dance floor
Yet only all alone

Your white dress so wonderful
As well as the white stockings
And your white dance shoes
You know, the t-strapped ones I like so much
What hurtful thoughts

And yet, what else should I do
See the horses running
And he died so young, such tragic
And what a dilettante I am compared to him
Older than him

But this wonderful melodies, all this wonderful music
And all this elegant women in their swinging dresses
And all this little stupid fantasies
And all this days running by lost forever
Spinning around in circles till the next day, till the last day

Why this can't be a movie
No, no fucking Hollywood movie
A tragic one, a real movie, where we all know, that at the end.....
But till then, till then the wonderful lady, in her white dress.....
Don't worry, Daryl will not die, neither Peter!

Nobody will die, nevermore and forever
For all the time we will spin around in circles
And the café violinist plays his wonderful melody
And now? By a head? Did he won, did he lose?
I've never read the lyrics, but come on, it's a tango - or

A tango like a life
At the end everything is of no relevance anymore
Only the beautiful lady in her white dress
And the t-straps of course
And the tears of an old man, wetting the dance floor, all alone

The Rise And Fall Of The United States Of America

"This is your proud to be an American Fox News anchor Faye Perino who's happy to have prayed to God this morning and to have kissed our most beloved and most fantastic today's president's ass the last night with a spectacular breaking news - in Chicago they stand at the river! But not only in Chicago, all over our wonderful by God beloved country the same! In Los Angeles and San Francisco, in New Orleans and New York, in Washington or Florida - they stand there. In rows, nearly like a wall! They only stand around, nothing they say! It's unbelievable, the public life collapses! It's.....we have footage now.....look at that! All this ungrateful creatures! We see you! We recognize you! Look at them! Niggers, Latinos, Asians.....all this colored stuff - even Indians! And then, poor people of nice white color? If this colored mob wouldn't be enough!

A statement from our unbelievable wise and smart president - I love to kiss his ass. Have you heard his wonderful words? Yes, this people stand against God and his will! And yes, we have to punish this mob with all consequences, God will lead us! This is a terrorist act against everything the United States of America stands for! This creatures think that they can force their will on the free people of our gorgeous nation! They are of color! They are poor! Who should be interested in their opinion? Our wonderful from everybody loved president was right! It's a privilege to be an American! We have to limit this privilege to them who are worthy of it! We have to limit the privilege to them who are willing to work in a constrictive way on the further development of our outstanding and unique society! Only them should be allowed to express their opinion, especially in elections! Who should be interested in what a poor, a nigger or even one of this primitives who lived here before thinks?

New information! What? Now they shout something? What they shout? We're sick of you? That's unbelievable! This fucking scum has the effrontery.....I mean, I pay my taxes.....we give them jobs! This uneducated and lazy fucking people should be grateful that we support and feed them - what would they do without our generosity? We bestow them some of our hard-earned money to allow them a life in a sophisticated way they have deserved not in the least! They should be grateful! What does they give us - good God, if I would like it that they would give me something! They annoy me! Or how does you fell when one of this colored or homeless creatures annoys you with its presence? Yesterday I was shopping and one of this creatures allowed itself to annoy me in my own quarter? It's enough that we feed them in their own quarters, but suchlike? And now this?

New footage? What! They start to march in our world? This is my world, not yours! Oh, our wonderful fascinating I love him sooooo much president speaks again to the free and honest people of our country - YES! Our answer will be hard, you ungrateful bastards! God hates you - and that's good so! We're the free and brave, we're this wonderful nation, called the United States of America....."

2018, November 5th

Hunt A Dream

Finally I could leave the room
What for a fucking night
The music - has this been yayo
Wow, the sex, all this supermodel girls
Okay, that was a lie, but one is still allowed to dream - or
But alcohol, a whole bunch of alcohol

I went through the rooms
All empty, empty I mean, absolutely nothing in them
Then I found him, slaughtered in a wretched way
Sorry my friend, lost you
As everything started, more and more came
All the guys and the girls - fuck, what a night was this
Amanda and Brian were there
I totally lost sight of you

I left the room, went down the endless corridor
The guy who stood in front of me, with a knife
I shellacked him, slaughtered him
Fuck off!, I said and pushed him to the side
Again he stood in front of me, hey, do you know who I'm
I knifed him, the knife which I picked up in the room
With eyes wide open he looked at me
Fuck, you asshole, you know who I'm
Fuck it!, I said, wanna move on
Since thirty years I slaughter people
Man, you will be the big shot now
Fuck off!, I said, and walked away

Midterm Elections

Well, the day after, still no final result
No surprise at all, a wave, a slide
Well, many decisions were very tight
Many young, progressive (female) democrat candidates won
And now

It will be interesting whether the democratic party will wake up now
Opposition, distinct statements and actions
Please, no Hillary anymore, no republican light
The next months will become very interesting
And the other America has shown that it's still alive

Bad Day

Thursday, jazz club day, and I sit at home
Sore throat, sore ears, blocked nose.....not cool
But saw the doctor and got medicine
€ 15.68 - had to pay one of the three completely - hey, universal health care
And it works, think this night will be much better than the last

It's one of this annoying moments
Okay, today I had not planned, to continue the writing of the stories - jazz club day
But at least something, and the jazz concert
But I've the feeling tomorrow it will be better again
Would like to continue with "Utopian Dreaming" and of course "The Lady At The Ranch"

Well, all of a sudden everything can be over
Not necessarily finally, but in a way that the writing would be no longer possible
Should appreciate it even more, that I have the possibility to do it
Tomorrow I will continue, and the weekend I have not to work
And now, some sleep will do me good

November the 9th

The German "Schickalstag"
The question arises, whose fate
But maybe it's simply a bit too much read into it
We Germans like it, to talk about "fate"

And the 6th?
Listen to "Struggle for Pleasure", Wim Mertens
Stourley Kracklite - Would like it, would I be a fanatic concerning my writing, as he one is
Can you create real art without being.....don't know, maybe only a stupid mystification

The myth - so many myths, so many lies and false assertions
Why we have to be the creation of a god
Is the story not fantastic enough
The story about your origin

Some of you, created inside of stars
Some, by colliding neutron stars
Some, maybe there since the first blink of the universe
A hydrogen atom, nearly fourteen billion years old

Who needs this meaningless mystifications, when the existing is such breathtaking
Every nation needs its myths, every person needs its myths
Can we not live without lying permanently
Aren't it enough, to dream your lonely dreams

The fate of a whole nation in the hand of one man
Of a man of course, not a woman
Give your life in my hand and I will lead you toward eternity
I should become a politician, at least speechwriter

I would have visions, about me and this wonderful nation
Suffer want no longer it will
I would uplift ourselves, no longer touching the ground
It would be like Philip Glass would compose music
I would open the heart of everyone
We would realize what's necessary and what not
I would live in intoxicating wealth
But you, my subjects, would be happy
And I would be sad

This all is a fucking awful play

Not Always The Same

Now the climax of "The Lady At The Ranch" is written
Till the writing of the last lines I wasn't sure
Whether Daryl would shoot or not
But then I got the feeling that she never would do such a stupid thing

She's a strong woman, he's a weak man
And why everything should be always the same
Especially because this not leads automatically into a kitschy Hollywood ending
Still some more pages to write - and I look forward to do so

Lisa Eckhart

Have watched footage about Lisa Eckhart for the last hours - Poetry slam, cabaret, interviews.....
Very interesting, not to say fascinating
Her outfits, her approach to work with words and the relation between Germany and Austria
But then I was somewhat disappointed

Poetry slam - okay, her beginning; cabaret - the punch line for a good laugh
Laughing - okay, she makes it hard for the audience, but in the end?
For some moments - interviews? - it seemed to me, that she would like it most would nobody laugh
But then I'd the feeling that that's not true

It's a bit like with Elizabeth Grant
I would like it, to talk with her - not sure about, whether this would be of meaning
It would be like with Elizabeth Grant
Only of meaning sitting on the balcony, all alone with her

But I never will sit on the balcony with Elizabeth Grant
Not together with others and definitively not all alone with her
The same with Lisa Eckhart, would wanna ask her some questions
Questions about me

I see it in two ways:
Either she's a big fake
Or she's not happy with what she's doing
Or I'm too stupid to understand it

In that moment, I would read on a stage and somebody would laugh
In that moment, I would upload something and I would get a comment
How funny this writing is, that it caused laughing
In that moment, I would stop with writing immediately!

This world is not for laughing, this world is to be ashamed
Cabaret and satire are in a way nothing more than a disgusting monstrosity
Maybe even more disgusting than Donald Duck and our good Adolf
No, Daryl not pulled the trigger, she was too strong therefor

Maybe she's a fake in a way, like Elizabeth Grant is a fake with her Gucci glasses
Maybe she's an unhappy person with a big dream (interviews?)
Maybe that's her way to deal with this fucking world
But definitively this can't be my way

Never ever I want to hear laughing, that's connected with my writing
The people should read it, to like it or to dislike it, not more, not less
My person is irrelevant, if the person has to be relevant, then the writing is not good enough
I liked the "poem" about Immanuel Kant very much, but have to listen to it two or three times more
(at least)

Die Dame Aus Österreich

Ja, Eure schwarz oder weiß bestrumpften Beine
Euer Busen unter dem leicht transparenten weißen Kleid
Muss aber sagen, dass die hässliche Abklebung Eurer Brüste bei Nuhr ein Fauxpas war
Ein Kommentator auf YouTube wünschte Euch als seine Domina

Nun, wenn er ein Deutscher war, sicherlich kein so unverständlicher Wusch
Ihr sagtet selbst: In zehn oder zwanzig Jahren.....
Keine Lust auf den CDU Vorsitz?
März und Spahn würden Eure Fesseln mit ungespielter Hingabe lecken

Und AKK? Sie wäre Eure erste Gespielin – sagt mir nicht, dass Männer Euer Gefallen finden
Und nicht, das dies alles nur meine Alt-Männer-Fantasie wäre
Es ist der tief gehegte Wunsch danach einen Sinn im Leben zu finden
Gerne würde ich Euer Harlekin sein

Unsere Länder endlich wiedervereint
Vergesst Preußen, der Doppeladler hell erstrahlt
Und Ungarn kann es nicht gar erwarten, wieder zu Euch zu gehören
Und all die anderen verlorenen Söhne und Töchter, all sie kehren wieder heim

Nett ist es, all diese blasphemischen Gedanken
Aus einem solch hübschen Mund
Schaut Euch diese hässlichen Neo-Faschisten an
Was für eine Fantasie, sie vor Euch kriechen zu sehen

Was für eine Gefahr es ist, das dies nur ein aufgesetztes Spiel
Wie einer der auf der Bühne sich abquält um den Shocker zu mimen
Aber Zuhause erst einmal die Kätzchen füttert und die Pantoffeln anzieht
Und dann um acht Uhr gesittet die Nachrichten anzusehen

Euer kleiner Traum den Ihr im Interview angedeutet
Nur wenige am Abend, ewiges Anstehen und schreckliches Bangen
Werde ich heute einer der Auserwählten sein
Das lässt mich hoffen, aber dann der Zweifel

Was kam den da so aus Österreich herüber
Arnold zählt nicht, ging nach California
DÖF?!?! - Verzeiht, dass ich.....
Naja, der Adolf? Der hat schon seine Fans gehabt.....

Der Falco? Fand ihn immer ziemlich lächerlich und banal
Ja, wir Deutschen und ihr wunderbaren Österreicher
Niemand wohl werden wir zusammenkommen
Obwohl es doch so ganz offensichtlich ist bestimmt!

Und die Moral aus der Geschichte?
Manches Mal ist's schwer zu entscheiden
Was den wahr ist oder nicht
Manches Mal ist's auch scheiß egal.....

Vienna Calling

Kommt mir doch so ´n schräger Gedanke
Sollt´ ich es in Wien versuchen
Als zurückhaltender Deutscher
Bei unsren österreichischen Brüdern und Schwestern

In Wien auf der Bühne, in Sachen Faschismus seid ihr uns wieder mal voraus
Tschuldigung, ist mir so rausgerutscht, ich liebe die Wiener Kaffeehäuser
Ja, ehrlich, schon immer liebte ich das Kaffeehaus
Und in Wien war ich auch schon – im Sacher und im Demel!

Habt ´ne morbide Ader sagt man, nun, mit der Regierung
Aber an den Friedhof kannst du auch in Deutschland denken
Totengräber haben wir wohl beide genug
Würd´ ´ne schöne Leich´ abgeben

Dann aber kommt es mir wieder in den Sinn
Dem Arnold sollt´ ich folgen
California is my destiny
Komm, wir beide mochten es doch schon immer etwas theatralisch

In Wien auf den Zentralfriedhof langsam verrotten
Was für ein schrecklicher Gedank´
Santa Monica Beach im Meer zu schwimmen
Das hat doch schon eine kleine Dekadenz

So wird´s wohl nichts mit den Kaffeehaus werden
Den ganzen Tag sitzen, trinken, debattieren
Als Hort der Intellektualität
Während umher die Welt im Chaos versinkt

Ganz hingeben, werd´ ich mich der amerikan´schen Banalität
Was haben die schon der Welt geschenkt
Der Deutsche und der Österreicher

Warum seh´ich jetzt zwei schwule Männer vor mir.....sollt´ ich darüber reflektieren

Nachtrag

Jetzt mal ehrlich! Muss ich jetzt über mich nachdenken?
Drängt sich mir doch jetzt die Frage auf:
Fickt Deutschland Österreich in den Arsch oder umgekehrt!?!
Bin etwas verblüfft über meine Bilder im Kopf?

Rational betrachtet, find´ ich Männer immer noch einfach langweilig
Warum sehe ich keine Frauen vor mir?
Mit Österreich würde es ja gehen – Maria Theresia und hey, Sissi!
Aber Deutschland.....? Nein, nicht Merkel! Aus Respekt, ganz ehrlich!

Malibu

The fire in Malibu - and the fires at other parts of California
It's hard to see this poor millionaires and billionaires struggle
How they have tears in their eyes, while their estates burn
At this place, where millions struggle for their every day's existence

Yes, it's sad that people die, especially such an awful death
But is this only the nature's fault
Or maybe also the human's fault
No, I'm not talking about climate change

I talk about, that the people spread out more and more
That they live today at places, where in former times nobody lived
Not because they would not had liked it to live there
But because this areas were in danger of fires all the times

The truth is never one-dimensional, but sorry, it not breaks my heart
To hear that the Kardashians have to leave their modest house
My heart breaks while closing my eyes to see the people who live on the street
My heart is with them, who have to fight against the fire

Heavy Clouds Scud Over The Evening Sky

So fast it's dark now, cold and wet
But to be fair, not that cold for November
Still have problems with my ear, the throat feels somewhat better now
But I like it to stand in the garden, looking at the fast and heavy clouds

It's really fascinating to look at them
And it's very much understandable
That this view for many inspiring was
I wait to see the threatening horsemen on their snorting steeds

Strange how much I like this weather during the last days
The beach, the ocean, the summer sun so far away
Even when I'm a bit worried about my ear
I like it to stand in the garden, feeling the cold wet air

Still no vacation plans for next year
Scandinavia?

Don't know, but in the first months I will perform some open stage
The time in between, between what was and what will come - what will come?

I look at the sky and envy the heavy impetuous clouds
I feel so sluggish and old
But the cold and moist air is refreshing, affords me new energy
And the young moon, Mars and the swan fly by

Well, I close my eyes and fly with them
Away, far away it should go
But nailed to this earth I am
What should I do and why - looking at the heavy clouds and cry

Californian Fires

It's devastating to see what happens in California
And it's even more devastating, to hear Mr. Asshole President's chatter
Still it's valid, many reasons are responsible for this catastrophe
And some of them are wrong developments in California

But when I look back, February this year in California - Los Angeles and San Francisco
The whole month one evening in Los Angeles a little bit of spray
Not one real raindrop, some clouds, but endless blue sky and sunny rays
Even in San Francisco, not saw any bit of fog - the Golden Gate sunlit all the days

A year before, some days with rain, even a storm with heavy rain
Climate change? It's mid November!
In my youth we had a lot of snow during the whole winter
Now it's much milder, much lesser rain - precipitations - than in my youth
In a way not that much different than in California

The most of my thoughts are with them, who have to suffer the consequences the most
The firefighters who have to endanger their lives
And no, it's not "their job", wrong developments, and they have to pay for it
But I fear that's also a part of the "American thinking"

Someone will do the "job", a soldier, a police officer, a firefighter.....
Why I should be concerned about it
As long as my house not burns, why should I be concerned
Maybe because we're all parts of this world, maybe because the price increases more and more

What all has to happen, how high the price has to increase
Till enough will accept that something has to change
But maybe the estates in the hills and valleys in Malibu or Hollywood
Are one of this mistakes

Maybe I'm only one of this envious persons

Devastating Days

Around forty dead people now, devastating
And yet still it's a fact
Maybe not every estate, nicely situated on a mountain's crest, makes sense
And wildfires are a part of the ecosystem in California, don't forget this

It's a bit like the fact
That everybody knows that
The next severe earthquake will happen
And the effects will be disastrous

But what makes things definitively not better
Is a jerk in the White House
Every election the same chatter about voter fraud
Sorry, but this shit becomes boring - and the reaction of the republicans speaks volumes

The problem with all this is
That it's a complex and multi-layered topic
No simple answers, in a world that believes in simple answers only
But come on, we would have to forsake beloved habits

I've said it before, hope that this will happen
That later generations will hate us, for our inability
Donald Duck is not the illness, he's a symptom only
This world is ill, would this world not be sick, many things would not happen

The inability to do something you know that you should do it
A real interesting phenomenon
Are we only freaks, monstrosities, creatures, capable of doing such wonderful things
It's like a wonderful butterfly, resting on a pile of dead bodies in Auschwitz

It's sad to see all this beauty all over in this world and above
Would we be primitive monsters, all would make sense
All this wonderful efforts, dragged through the mire
Can you blame somebody, not longer willing to accept this

I can understand this - looking at the beautiful stars outside
They not shine for us, they not need us, in order to shine
Laniakea, why we gained the knowledge to know you
Not able to live together, on this grain of sand

One day all galaxies will be one
Trillions and trillions of suns together
With trillions of planets
How disappointing our behavior is

We should be happy and proud
To what all we're capable to
But ashamed we have to be
Why so many are captured in their little world

What meaning it has, for the first time in human history
That we know today, where our home in this universe is
The travel our galaxy will make, billions and billions of years
And the human race - given away, I fear, everything's gone

We would have had so much possibilities.....

Fucking Illness

Still problems with my ear and throat
My limbs pain, my head
Have go to the doctor tomorrow again
Stupid, tomorrow is Thursday

Not only jazz club day - missed the concert last week cause of the illness
Also the Dream Wife Concert in Stuttgart is tomorrow
But loud music with ear problems?
Have to see what the doctor says

At the moment it makes no sense to continue with the stories
But that's not that much a problem, will finish them till the end of the year
But I can not concentrate enough to write the writing that has to be written now
Well, at the end of the month (and maybe at the beginning of December) I will have vacation again

Damn true, this year I had some health problems
Nothing severe, but too often something
I think I have to change some habits, especially the food
To less fruit the last months, much to much sweet things

Interesting, it's the same as with my job as cook
You can not work in a good way when you're ill
You can not write in a good way when you're ill
I have to do the best to protect my health

Nightingale

Hear the nightingale sing, famous for their sophisticated singing
It's the males who sing, the females listen to
Well, sometimes even the males can do wonderful things
At least when you're are a nightingale

But wouldn't it be wonderful
To hear them both, the males and the females
Singing together their sophisticated melodies
Nice thought in a metaphorical way

We look at nature, have pretty thoughts
But we're not able to draw consequences
It's really a very strange situation
So let us listen the nightingale, not important who sings the sophisticated melody

Sorry, Dream Wife

Sorry, but it would be no good idea to drive to Stuttgart to listen to you
More, it would be a stupid idea to drive home at night
It would be a stupid idea in this small hall, listen to your loud music
With my problems with the throat and specially the left ear

Maybe there will be a chance to see you later
Why not in Britain, why not in London
Will look later for a concert that would match
Maybe, as my first thought was, in connection with a "The Unthanks" concert

So I sit here and be disappointed, but I have to be patient
I have to try to get my health back the next week
Then I would have a period of one, maybe two, weeks of time
To realize as much as possible, to think about some points

So sorry, Dream Wife, would have been a very interesting evening
But I'm sure I will see you again - it's a matter of honor
And I really take delight in the idea, to see you in London
The black swans in St. James' Park Lake.....

Too Long At Home

Have decided to go to the jazz club
Only a few minutes to drive, no longer interested in to sit at home
Much more easy to reach than Stuttgart
And I can sit here drinking a green tea to enjoy at least some music

Should it become too much for me it would be easy to drive home
Tomorrow I will try to spend the day in "täglich"
Maybe I can continue with the writing of "Utopian Dreaming"
The specialist for ENT meant that the GP (PCP) prescribed the antibiotics for a too short time

Now again the same treatment for a longer time
It helped as long as I took them, therefore I hope I will be well again during the next week
I'm a bit sick of it to waste my time with this shit, enough I would have to write
And then the question about, what's to write after this year's writing

But this is not the time to think about this

Sweet Soft Melody

It's strange, could be in Stuttgart now
Merlin, Dream Wife, name it post-punk
I'm sitting here in Heilbronn, Sontheim
Altes Theater, Joe Gallardo and Band, jazz

Both would be interesting, music is interesting
Even when Stuttgart would be, obviously, very different
Sad about that it makes no sense to drive to Stuttgart
But, without doubt, it's the better way

Yellow flowers on the tables, inconspicuous flowers
But nice to look at, still a light tinnitus
I was very tired, coming from the doctors - slept a lot
Maybe I should eat a soup, and see how long I can enjoy the music

Nationality

As long as we have national states, no meaningful future will be possible
But the opposite we see, in Europe and the USA
Therefore.....it's a bit disappointing to see all this - politicians without creative will
The "diesel scandal" speaks volumes

We're not able to "think big"
Not in that way, to gain as much money as possible
We should think big to solve the big problems we obviously have
But "pussyfooting around" is all we can

Would be a wonderful day
No longer the question would be important
Which nationality you have
Not excludes the question, from what region you are

Maybe we should become a bit more brave

A Stairway To Heaven

Yeah, would buy one, to the moon and far beyond
And again I'm disappointed, no devil exists
Would sell him my soul - yes, I know, I don't believe in
But maybe that would be the fun about it?

But not funny my wish
A stairway to heaven
A path to a place far away
Sometimes the inevitable is.....

Melancholy not always a relief is
Sometimes it's a threat
But why one should act the happy guy
What's happy about all this?

Plan a stay in GB, Liverpool and Leeds
Dream Wife and The Unthanks, maybe some open stage
Maybe London also - but plans nothing more than plans are
A universe crashes down

A Piece Of Cake

"Take this fucking gun out of my face!"

"John, this time you gone too far....."

"Because I demanded a piece from the cake?"

"Hey, you got your piece."

"Oh, come on Harry, we both know that we get nothing then crumbs."

"Maybe crumbs for you, enough for me."

"Sure, that's the reason why we are here and they celebrate with champagne, caviar and their underaged whores."

"Underaged whores? Them you can have around the corner."

"Yeah, and the champagne?"

"Cheep Whiskey, who needs more?"

"I....."

He was a jerk, we were good friends in former times, the time we were hungry young men. But he lost the vision we had at that time. He thought that it was all he could achieve, to be a gopher, to be a cheap killer.

I was a bit surprised that he not found the small .22 as he frisked me - bad luck for him.....

Drifting

A ship was drifting on the ocean
No one on board
But sometimes even the most hackneyed metaphor not helps anymore
You're simply clueless

Time and time again, look behind you, I can see nobody else
There's no distinct aim, there's no distinct world
Everything has unclear surfaces, words in a row without a meaningful sound
Darkness and silence results in something meaningful

I would wish to drift in the silent and dark space
In order to realize in the same moment
That the cosmos is by far not dark
Illuminated by trillions of trillions of suns

It can be very hot, on the moon for example
And by no means it's dark then
It's very bright then, extremely bright
Stupid, metaphors not make sense all the time

But you try to find a way
To express your uncertainty
The lack of a clear thought
Not to know what you should think

Why some know everything in an absolute way?
All my live I asked myself
Do they lie to me,
Or, do they lie to oneself?

Am I the fool, or they?
Should I do as if I would be a funny guy
Writing funny things
That the people have something to laugh

Should I write about Mr. Merz and his fucking arrogance
A bit stand-up comedy, a bit political cabaret
Be happy and glad
What the fuck should this?

A few days yet and I have a lot of time to write
Time to finish the three stories
Time to finish this years writing
Time to decide – if it would be that easy, simply to decide

The Doors? - Time to.....
L.A.? - Time to.....
Or only stupid metaphors?

Or maybe the solution - would it be that easy, without any alternative, stupid talking

Today is a wasted day, but maybe no meaningless day
Doubts, questioning oneself, not accepting simple answers
So many died the last days
In California, in Afghanistan - no simple answers.....

I Wished To Like To Know It

I wished to like to know it
How many planets in the universe are full of life
How wonderful it would be to die
To know that it would be many and many more

Life is possible - obviously
And the universe is vast - tremendously
It's consolatory, to have this thought
Not other it can be

Nevertheless, it would be wonderful to have certainty
To know that on other places it would be differently
Well, let's accept that this will not happen, not in my lifetime at least
But come on, try a smile and see the moon and the stars outside

I see a sunflower, painted in bright colors
Beautiful and sad, such strange things can happen
Go outside and forget all around you
Why is it that hard for me to do

One life, The Doors and the door into the rose garden
The singer with the mellifluous voice
Things change, nothing lasts
What a stupid and banal writing

Banality

Maybe the banality is the key
For the understanding of the uncertainty
Maybe I'm only an old and lonely man
Maybe I'm a genius, at least I can smile a bit now

Who should decide, we all know that rubbish can be successful
Success obviously no measure is
But the reverse also not functions
And also the history not always a trustworthy companion is

Who should decide, maybe only you
Maybe this makes more sense than all the alternatives
Who would be able to be such megalomaniac to answer this
Well, at least I smile in fact even a bit more now

Time To Run

From Saturday on I will have two weeks time to concentrate on my writing
Without any doubt I should be able to finish
"The Lady At The Ranch" and "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"
Maybe "Utopian Dreaming" not completely

I'm excited

I've the feeling that a period will end now
That the writing so far is the prearrangement for the upcoming
Even when I have not the slightest idea what the "upcoming" will be
But first of all I have to do the writing of the next weeks

Tomorrow, Thursday, jazz club day
A very special event is in store
The opening for a very special time
The opening for a very special next year

Maybe London and Dover - not Leeds and Liverpool
Back to the places the eighteen-year-old had saw
Dover castle, looking into the deep
London, the black swans, the zoo

Onstage in London, Stuttgart, Waiblingen, Asperg, Ludwigsburg - Stockholm?
The first half year is nearly fixed, the second envisaged
And again the feeling that I never thought such a thing could happen
February 2015 as I started with this voyage

But many things will change
Not in California again in February, not in whole 2019 I think
But it makes no sense to repeat the happened again
New frontiers waiting - live your little stupid American Dream

Since Waiblingen, and also somewhat after Stuttgart, more visiting my webpage
Very constantly so far - well, no new Patron so far, but that's no problem at the moment
Contacts developing, contacts to the arts scene
In fact and at the end more feedback than I thought after only two open stage performances

Okay, I have written that it would be cool to gain at least one new Patron
But, I've also written, that I have to be patient
Only thinking about,
How long one would need to read all the writing that I mentioned on the Patreon page.....

At the end of the year it's the time to draw up a summary.....

Time to run
Time to try to reach the sun
Time to hunt the stars
Time to try the impossible

How sad would be a life, only doing the possible
Doing something that's undoubtedly impossible would be the fulfillment of life
Too melodramatic?
Fuck the hell, isn't it enough that I permanently doubt on myself?

Time to run
Time to touch the sun
Time to bring down the stars
Time to let it happen

New Frontiers

In front of us, us humans, an endlessness spreads out
New frontiers would wait to become crossed
So much would be out there, so much to be discovered
Not to talk about the wonders still waiting to be discovered on our earth

But I have to be honest, I hesitate to cross my new frontiers
Even when I could win only, in the worst case nothing would happen
All our negative experiences paralyzing us
I have no solution for this problem

Would we start to approach, would we start getting to know each other
Slowly, step by step, but with a distinct aim
Well, but that would mean that we would have a common aim
That we would feel responsible for each other, that we would care for each other

But what we would get therefore, would be such enormous
Should I look into the mirror now
Why I should, knowing, what I would see
In all those days we have learned not enough

Dive deep, dive deep into it
You will be bestowed with endless pleasure
All your wishes will come true
And an endless life will be a certainness for you

In a fanciful way, such a writing makes a lot of fun
So much possibilities, so much words which one can arrange in an endless number of combinations
In so many ways one can express a certain circumstance
Every world can be created, the most wonderful paradise, the most awful hell

Dive deep, dive deep into it!

Jazz Club Day

Steve Coleman - Five Elements
No words - Just listen

N.B.:

Not for the first time, but very much, I ask myself, how would I have to write, would I write, like such musicians play!

A first, amateurish, try is "Hard Bop Fantasies". I have to think about it, ponder over it, and maybe the next try should have the title: "The American Dream"

Easy Virtue

Why is it so hard to say goodbye
To the unbeloved, the hated
Why there's this fear
To do the last step into the ballroom

Why should it be important what others think of you
Let them look at you, let them think what they have to think
Spin around and enjoy your doing
Dissolve in the loved and lusted

Enjoy the roses, whatever color they will have
And see the bright light, the black wall in front of you
You can't see the ones who are looking at you
And they think you can see them, what a fallacy

But why should you see them, all alone in the bright light
A moment created only for you, for your enjoyment only
Is it a kind of drug - what a silly and hypocritical question
It's the most arousing drug of all

Spin around and let them look at you
Be a bit melodramatic and arrogant and decadent
The will like it, as if this would be of importance for you
Win or loose, whatever, the thrill is the race

God! Would I be a believer I would prostrate before You and pray to You
So I wish that I could dissolve in a drug and never I would awake again
And maybe I will be able thereto, sometimes I've the feeling I could
But then, sometimes.....

But what when you have nothing more to loose
A few years, maybe a few more
The other people, the society
Oh my gosh! That would be the last that would interests me

Hey, a stunningly beautiful lady smiles at me
Never I will be her closer than in this moment
But this moment is timeless, this moment is endless
Endless till my mind disappears, till my dreams run dry

But till then this smile will allow me to live
Why the women are so beautiful, the men so boring
Why this world is dominated by the men, a women's world it should be
Smile and laugh about yourself, dance till the near end is there

This beauty simply heartbreaking is, the dream of a tender touch
But in your dreams.....in your dreams.....
Well, this is the time to live or to die
No, not Santa Monica Beach, no thirteenth beach

But obvious now, only one possible life now there is
Everything else would be to be dead, in the one way or other
Take it or leave it - take it, and spin around in endless circles
Why this fucking tears, fulfillment of a deep melancholy

Some have the feeling, to be born in a wrong time
I've the feeling, to be born in a wrong world
Or, better in a world that underwent an accident
It's too bad, looking in the mirror, I'm part of the accident

Oh, how beautiful this world could be, how tender and mellow
Maybe some day something will happen, maybe some day the mistake will be corrected
Strange, through what entwined routs your thoughts carry you sometimes
Give them free rein, them and your life - fuck, you've the privilege and the possibility to think so!

A wasted life, caused by the inability to be consequent
And the lack of a guide through this wonderful world of art
But the last cannot be an excuse
Only a sad moment

And now, the world of art lies in front of you now
Now it's on you, and only on you
Spin around and forget the world around
As if this would be possible

Let this night go by in endless dreams
Let this life go by in an endless dream
Would I die happy tonight?
With tears in my eyes and in a turmoil - deeply moved

I feel like a sixteen-year-old boy, in the body of an very old man
Let this wonderful thing continue, it would be interesting
The body more and more decays,
And the mind becomes younger and younger?

Spin around in endless circles, spin around till sweet melody is over.....

Screw It Up

We're on our way to screw it up
Not for the first time
What makes it absolutely not better
But this time in a devastating way

Economy, climate, society.....so many things go wrong
And I see no chance therefor that this could change
Why it should, history is an open book which we permanently ignore
Looking at the people who walk by outside

Developments in the USA, China, Europe.....
If this would be a movie, who would expect a happy ending
Except it would be a Hollywood movie - hypocritical in every way
Watch the downfall and ignore it - heartbreaking, because actually not necessary

Not now John - yeah, why not
We're really cowardly creatures
Look in the mirror and smile - or should I cry
Not now John - come on, why not

Old Days

Oh, see the old days
Where everything was well
Where everything was such intoxicating
Even the lies

But today? Well, today.....
Everything so banal and dove gray
Even the glamour debauched to a mere ridiculousness
And the lies

There was a time when the Queen of Saigon was real
Because everybody believed in
Today even a real queen no longer a queen is
Because we all believe to know the truth

Longings, reality their death
Longings, illusions their substrate
Dive into your desires and indulge in this sweet lies
One day will be the last one, and then it's to late

Oh, see this old days
And feel the arousing lust fulfilling your body
And realize the absurdity of your doing
And enjoy the absurdity of your doing

Because when one day the day will come
Then you can say
I danced the tango with the most beautiful women in the world
And it will be no lie

In the moment when you will close your eyes forever
All this images and feelings will be there
For a last intense moment
For a last tango with the most beautiful of them all

Golden Shoes

Your golden shoes, thereunder the white stockings
Your feet and the slantwise hem of your white dress
Would you allow me to kiss them
To admire you

The Venus in Furs and Nico's unfulfilled dream
Metaphors and inspirations, longings and Nico's dream
Would I kiss your shoes would they been offered to me
You really expect an answer

Maybe I would enjoy it to lick your white ankles
Maybe it's only an intellectual play
Maybe it's a serious metaphor and an expression of a deep feeling
Maybe only a lie to snatch attention

Whatever the truth is, the absurdity called "truth"
I would enjoy it from the bottom of my heart to kiss your golden shoes
I would enjoy it from the bottom of my heart to lick your white ankles
You only would have to offer them to me

The Beauty Of The World

The insufferableness of being, every day in this world
The torment caused by the human's doing
The agony caused by this daily absurdity
Finds only one stability, one relief

Imagine, there would be a world with only beauty in it
Like Tamara created it with her indescribable brutality
How wonderful such a world would be, created through such an inhuman act
Sad only that I would be no longer there, to enjoy this tender and mellow world

But I would pay the price, only to know, that now there would be a chance
That this world can have a bright and peaceful future
A strange feeling to know to be a part of the problem, but not of the solution
But maybe, maybe it makes no sense to think about it, it's as it is

So only I can look, look around to see the beauty of this world
And even when it breaks my heart, maybe that's the reason to be alive
Leastwise to have seen this moving beauty
Though not to be a part of it

Oh come on, it's painful to know
That everything could be such different
Could you imagine how it would be
Not in my boldest dreams I can imagine it

Dance the tango with me, and please, lead me
At the very beginning I asked Emilie Simon thereafter
I'm such helpless without guidance of all of you
And let this world become a womanly world

Sweet Little Queen

Let me take you away
Come with me
Be my sweet little queen
I'll be your mighty knight

I'll show you my world of horror
I'll show you my world of pain
Together we'll be histrionic
Together we'll be compelling

The world will be ours
'Cause outside we'll stay
Not interested in their fucking plays
You and I will fade

Some will say that I'm a pretender
But they only begrudgers are
You my sweet little queen will know it better
Bound in my cozy world

All the world's diamonds I'll bestow you
All gold and all the trumpery I can find
And we'll debauch all the day
All the day we'll debauch in the world's pain

I promise you an ecstatic time
My sweet little queen will be beloved by everyone
No one will be allowed to live not loving you
I promise you an ecstatic bloodstained time

Come with me
And be my sweet little queen
I'll offer you a nightingale in a wonderful cage
You can play with it every and all the day

You don't trust me
Let my heart break
What should I offer you more
Than to become my sweet little queen

I would offer you every heart in this world
Would it help
Individually and single-handedly I would rip them out of the bodies
Only to convince you

Don't act as this would repel you
In your eyes I see
How much you would like it
How much it would arouse you

Also you
My sweet little queen
Are susceptible for flatteries
I see your blushed cheeks

Not blushed with shame
Lewdness is the fitting word
Like the Lady of the Camellias, looking at the ground
And guess who I'm.....

Oh, my sweet little queen
No chance, no choice you'll have
Than to become my sweet little queen
And the world will decay

By my fancy lechery

Guess Who I am!

Guess who I am!
Don't try, you'll fail!
Nobody knows my name!
Nobody knows my aims!

Let me be your king
Let me be your dictator
Give me all the power, I lust for
And all your answers will be there

Don't be shy
You'll like it
Therefrom I'm absolutely sure
If not, well.....

The whole world would be a happy world
With only happy people in it
With only people in it loving me
The whole world would be a happy one

Come on, don't say that's disgusting
Would someone offer you to be king, to be dictator
Oh yes, I know, you would be an angel
Only the best in mind for all this wonderful people

Maybe you call me a monster
But I call you a liar
Choose what you'll like more
In the end, who's interested in your convictions

One day you'll find your final rest
Be proud of the frippery that you've build up
Empires not lasted, who was Caesar, who was Alexander the Great
My name will never been forgotten, my work will last forever

Be Lucky

Be lucky
No, I not will list the things now
Who would make me lucky
You would not understand them

Yeah, well, sure, global peace for sure
Is this a beauty pageant, all this sweet little girls.....
Who's interested in this fucking world
Be lucky,

Well, I will

Grounded

Grounded - What will you tell me with this?
Grounded - The human body maybe?
Grounded - Isn't it a perversion?
Grounded - Shouldn't the human mind not be free?

We create all the time cages to feel us free
Because an open sky would be too much demanding for us
We love it small and distinctly circumscribed
To dare liberty isn't ours

It's a bit sad, an endless ocean would await us
But find your solace therein, that we're not the only one
The endlessness not needs us, it only makes us an offer
Well, don't complain later that you not embraced the opportunity

Grounded - well, that so disappointing
Fly high, dive deep, but don't stick to the ground
We have wings, we have fins, why we don't use them
Maybe someone told us, we wouldn't be able to

All days this wasted lives, destroyed lives, obliterated lives
But we're used to
To crawl on the ground and feel free
In our little wonderful cages

Walk in circles, never you will reach a border
The world has no end, no edge, you will not fall down
You're secure, nothing can happen, nothing threatens you
Flying high you can crash, diving deep you can drown

Give the stranger a hand, maybe he will be your doom
Give the stranger a hand, maybe he will be your Redeemer
No one can ensure you what he will be
But you have to do it, if you wanna know

Bold and brave we like us to see
Pathetic cowards we are
We like to celebrate us
Ashamed we should be

Grounded - that's the watchword
A little girl pushes her doll carriage in the pedestrian area
Well, my little girl, you will have a bright future
Grounded - that's what you will be

And I, do I fly, do I dive
At least I hope to drown one day
The young boy's fate would find it's fulfillment
And an old man sits with the sea cow at the beach

Grounded - never understandable for me
Drowning, should this be my purpose in life
Drowning, so much interpretations are possible
Grounded - smile and die

Dying With Elegance

"You're a very beautiful woman."

"Forget it!"

"Well, I only thought you would tell it me before - why you will kill me?"

"You surprise me - really. I have to told you why?"

"Well, I cannot remember that we would know each other. Therefore there has to be an indirect connection between you and me. I simply would be interested in it."

"And when I would think that this would be of no importance for you, dead as you will be soon?"

"I fear, then I have to accept this. At least it will be a beautiful woman who has killed me."

"As to that, I will do my best that you will not enjoy it. I will do my best that you will damn me, and that my beauty will be your curse."

"Never ever, your beauty will sweeten every pain....."

Well, he changed his mind, after he had kneecaps, shot to pieces, and I lustfully stepped with my heels on his balls. Yes, beauty not always helps, sometimes it's a curse, sometimes a weapon. Oh, nearly I forgot, everything loses its allure at a certain point, even stepping on men's balls with sharp heels.....

Not Understood Beauty

"It's sad, the you men are such incapable to understand beauty!"

"I never doubted of your beauty! Haven't I said you a thousand times how much your beauty affects me? Haven't I bestowed you wonderful jewelry?"

"You bought me, but you never loved me."

"I loved you from the first time that I saw you!"

"You were dead keen on me! Your impetus was your wish to fuck me, that I should be your trophy. No one else should be allowed to touch me - that was your motivation!"

"Yes, I lusted for you! But is that a crime?"

"And the young girls, you fuck when you need something special?"

"They are whores? They are domestics, they are poor? Oh my dear, you will not compare yourself with them?"

"Do you think they are beautiful?"

"They are arousing, it's their nature to be arousing."

"And you lust for them as you lusted for me?"

"Stop comparing yourself with a whore or a poor bitch on the street! You're a lady of high degree!"

"And even then my function is the same as theirs?"

"I'm not able and willing to follow you!"

"You wanted me, you lusted for me, you got me - well, it was bit more complicated and expensive, but in the end it's the same as with the young girls."

"I think this is a bit too much for you. How many lovers you had?"

"You mean, how many young boys I payed therefore that they had sex with me? How many boys had only sex with me because they were poor, because they were compelled to do so? Well, I guess.....none?"

"I think we should end this conversation now! You have no idea about what your talking!"

"Why? Because I'm only a stupid, but very beautiful, woman? Or because you can see only possession and domination? Because your horizon is that limited? All this young girls you fucked - did one loved you, had one tender feelings while she served you?"

"I don't think that you understand this!"

"What? That sex is only domination and possession for you? You once kissed my golden shoes?"

"Yes, because I adored you....."

"Yes, and it would have been a wonderful gesture, would have been feelings involved. I mean something like tenderness - was there a moment of tenderness, only one moment, visiting you young girls? Don't answer, I know! They were poor whores - a fair deal.

You know, isn't it strange? Men tell us women all the time how beautiful we are, but they never dignify it. Oh, come on, such an pathetic sight you are now! Not with jewelry, not with money, not with your hypocritical attitude.

You never will understand why, seeing a beautiful flower at the wayside, it's much more appreciating the flower's beauty, not to cut the flower off, but to enjoy it, to let it grow, to let it wither."

L.A.

I sit in a bar in L.A.
No, obviously not
I look at my glass
Later Marilyn will sing

Ella, Billie and Eartha also
I eat cheese and drink wine
Sinatra? Well, why not - and I have to confess, several which I don't know
Maybe they will be the most interesting

Very crowded this week, as last week
Although it will be a very different evening tonight
But that's cool and I enjoy the crowd
London and maybe Vienna, open stage

<< Al Cat & the Roaring Tigers

Cotton Club

Well, to glorify a time
Well, not to be arrogant
I stick not that much with swing music
Also not with jumpin' jive - Joe Jackson

But it's nice to listen to this music
Listen to the singing
And a bit I've the romantic feeling
It would had been interesting at the Cotton Club

Isn't it interesting
That we still listen to that music
Played at this time in Harlem
By fantastic musicians under such conditions

Glorifying nothing - Chet Baker comes me to mind
Will ever be a time, when art and science
When to be creative in such a creative meaning
The humans favorite effort will be

What I should write about the human stupidity
Not written at least a thousand times
But what else should I do
Listening to swing music and jumpin' jive

New Orleans

The concert is over
And I have the deep feeling
My next American aim should be
New Orleans

Well, the stereotypes for the tourists
Wow, L.A. and San Francisco.....
But I've the feeling it would be interesting for my
Apart from Bourbon Street

But next year no USA
Will be important for me
And 2020 will be a very interesting year
To stay in the USA

Summertime

Summertime's gone
And I've the feelin'
Never the heat will come back
Wet 'n gray days all the time

Was that it
Or will it only be the beginning
Will I see the endless blue again
Or is summertime gone forever

In one moment I feel the cold's closing in
In another the heat of the youth conquers me
Torn between I feel
Although I would know what I would hope for

Maybe it's only a bad mood
Better you're not looking out of the window
But whereto should I look then
Maybe it's only a bad temper

No, don't be a weiner
Be a man
And fuck all that what happens
Torn apart

Should I cry, should I laugh
Should I sleep and dream
Should I write
Sometimes everything's so easy

I close my I eyes and look down
This is not my earth
This is a perverseness of mine
I normally have no nightmares while dreamin'

Should this mean, not dreamin'
Maybe I should dream
Maybe I do dreamin'
Maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe

And all of a sudden
Everything what is was
Everything what will be is
All of a sudden, nothing isn't anymore

Seeking

Who's seeking the night
I no longer
Since part of the day now
Nevertheless eager for the night

Does the writing is better now
Does the writing is worse now
Does the writing differs now
Writing at day now, no longer through the night

The night with its quietness
Public places with a crowd
Very different ideas of writing
Nevertheless, both functions

Deep down or high above
But not in the middle
The words come as they come
Only have to press the keys

A new year will begin soon
Different it will be
The words come as they come
Time to plan the upcoming

Swimming

I'm swimming in a sea
I like it to swim
I like the water around me
The lightness of being

But to my regret this will come to an end
Strange feelings and thoughts in an endless repetition
The effort to become invisible
Like the air of a light summer breeze

Thus they laugh about you
About you, not able to laugh
Insanity would be a relief
Drowning in a wonderful melody

I've more and more the feeling
Soon it will be over, and then
It's like to lose your children
Not for the first time, but this time it's much more difficult

Yes, you can say it will go on
But there's this feeling
This time it's the end of innocence
Nothing will stay

But come on, maybe a bright future waits
Maybe fame and immortality
Frippery and trumpery of no value
Hyped by human hubris

The old and tired goes to sleep
No longer he sticks to his dreams
Only an intoxicating melody touches him
Spends him moments of solace

New plans and ideas
But what for
Only to despair even more
About the what not happens

Stand up and fly
And hit the ground hard
Continue with your dilettantish tries
Close your eyes and dream

Tell me when this fucking life will be over
Give me the paper to sign, my non-existing soul is yours
Who propagandize that there's a devil
Not to talk about a god

It's funny and magic
Only we humans exist
All our doing based on lies
Even the most wonderful melody

Look, how much we try to please
How much we try to have success
It's nearly a bit touching
All this wasted efforts

We Germans spent so much effort therein
To create a realm lasting a thousand years
And we fail in such an heart-breaking way
Show a little bit of compassion

Look how the Brits, the Hungarians and others try to find their national identity again
An asshole makes America great again
Should somebody tell them
Also their realms will not last a thousand years

Maybe only a bit longer than ten years
Maybe even not that long
Who knows, I always loved Fontane
Sometimes everything appears so simple

Gosh, is it that difficult
We act like little children in a sandbox
It's hard to accept to be one of them
"The End Of Time"

Let's listen to the sweet melody
And be part of another world
Close your eyes
And feel an endless harmony

Till the melody is over

Non-Accepting

The sweet melody is over
But why accepting it
Start it again
Again and again and again and forever

The sweet melody is forever
No one is able to hinder you
The sweet melody will accompany you
Till it's.....till forever

Feelings

Feelings overwhelming me
Like a huge river they carry me away
Towards the endless sea
Like a little piece of wood

No resistance possible
Whirling around, up and down
No orientation anymore
And yet, what a wonderful feeling it is

I enjoy it more and more
Nearly unable to gasp for air
The consciousness disappears
It's a bit like drowning

And yet, the water is your gentle mother
Begirds you with tenderness and warmth
Ensures that you will reach your aim unharmed
Feelings overwhelming me

Picture

"Okay, relax and tell me about it."

"Sometime I see a picture. A Jewish man on his knees, he looks gaunt, scruffy. His clothes are dirty and shabby. He looks exhausted, abandoned. I stand behind him, in a shiny black uniform - the picture is black and white. I point a gun at the back of his head."

"And, what happens then?"

"Nothing, it's a photography....."

The Art Of Being Not Affected By

A new writing?
Ideas for next year pop up more and more
"New Years Day" maybe the overall topic
I think I have not to fear, that there will be nothing to write anymore

More thoughts about the literary form
But not about the "automatic writing"
Instead, I have to intensify this
I think I'm on a good way

But now I have to finish this years writing
Not easy this time, to finish it
Still some problems with my health
At work there will be some changes

But I feel better today
I look forward to next year
The Unthanks and London, maybe Dover, maybe Vienna, maybe Stockholm, maybe.....
Open stage in several countries?

Try to relax and to finish the writing for this year
A thrilling next year waits
Step out and do it
You only can win!

Point Dume

I stood and waited at the bus stop
I walked around there
The story with the Californian girl and the erotic book
Now I saw a map

I saw a map of Malibu
The parts affected by the fire
The bus stop, the area I walked around
The area the girl obviously lived

I have the impulse to fly to California again
To use the bus again
To drive there
But the bus stop will be no longer

I need some distance
2017 a sever wildfire, 2018 even more
And 2019?
I will be back in 2020

Say Goodbye

Now I've begun therewith
To say goodbye
It's a difficult goodbye
With a lot of uncertainties

And yet, I also feel eased
Because it has to be
No alternatives
Time is ticking away

Three and a half weeks
A new year begins
My best year ever
Or my biggest disappointment

I'm tensed up
But also excited
I have to continue the planning for next year
The fifth year of my writing

Four years now - February next year
Let me continue at least a few years more
So long I hesitated
Too long, obviously

All Ends Now

All ends now
"The Lady At The Ranch" is finished
"A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl" a last poems still is missing
"Utopian Dreaming" is a bit of a problem

"Utopian Dreaming"
At the beginning I thought about a outline in three parts
But - again - it developed in a different way
The Last part? No real idea I have about it at the moment

"The German Stewardess" will be very short
Analogous to "Wear Some Flowers In Your Hair" last year
I don't think that I will add something to
"Hard Bop Fantasies" and "Time Moves One Way" - "Life Your Life"?

Therefore, apart from some pages,
Everything is written now
Time to think about the upcoming writing
Why not some short stories till the end of the year

All Begins

Started therewith to develop the next year's writing
Interesting ideas coming up
Maybe not that much parts / stories
But working and writing a whole year on them?

This would give a lot of space for developments
The single parts could become more extensive
I think about three very different characters
Maybe all together would add up to one picture

I think this would be an interesting starting point
And then I could see what would happen
Definitively it would challenge me
And without any doubt, the next year has to be a year of challenges

Old Fashioned

No, not the drink
Although, an Old Fashioned stands in front of me
Jazz club day, to conclude the evening
A bar named "Old Fashioned"

Since a somewhat longer time the bar has opened in Heilbronn
But for the first time I'm in there
Several Old Fashioned variations they offer
First time - "House Old Fashioned" has to be the choice

Nice atmosphere, nice bar music
Even when the bar is well-attended
Only silent talking
As I said, a nice atmosphere

A very interesting selection of cocktails
Away from the normal
A very huge selection of Whiskeys, Gins, Brandies and far more
Should come more often

Portishead

Portishead as music?
"Glory Box"
You got me!

I just want to be a woman

House Old Fashioned

Very harmonious for me, very balanced
This combination of Whiskey, bitter, sweet and orange is simply wonderful
Should try the other variations
From time to time, thinking about my further writing

Just take a little look from our side when you can

AKK

Not that I agree to her fucking ideas about gay marriage and marriage as such
And other topics
But nevertheless
Congratulation, Ms. Kramp-Karrenbauer!

Well, the alternative would have been very devastating
Greetings to Mr. Schäuble!
As I said, I not agree to her opinions
But should this mean that the time of the old embittered men runs out.....

It Would Be Good To Be King

Well, do I create my own little town now
Did I become a creator
Worked the first day today after the vacation
For some reasons it was fucking in the end

Fuck, I should win in the lottery
Or jump thirteen years into the future
I would have enough to do as retired person
Writing the whole day

Hey, why not becoming rich and famous with my writing
My little house at the ocean
And a sweet little queen
Yeah, this place in mind.....

Should I dance with Mary Jane the next hours
Or kissing golden dance shoes
Should I walk out, rain and stormy weather
It's a fuckin' feelin' this time, this end of the year

The last years I knew - California waits
This year I know - nothing
And what's the most fucking
I would look silly in a (red) party dress

I would buy me a red cocktail dress
White opaque stockings and red t-strapped shoes
Oh, and I would like it, the dangling and sparkling jewelry
Sometimes I feel simply all fucked up, as boring man

Come on, tomorrow is another nice day
Fucking weather, no motivation for working
I will finish "Utopian Dreaming"
I will begin with "The German Stewardess" thereafter

On balance it looks not that bad
At least the second part of the day
I'm definitively sure that I've drunken no alcohol
No pills, no drugs, but I'm in a fuckin' good mood.....

Plans For A New Year

Now also "Utopian Dreaming" is finished
"The German Stewardess" will have only a few pages
The planning for the writing next year is done
Looks not that bad

A part for stories, poetry and as diary in the usual way
No travel to California, so this time no "interlude", no part like "Californian Hopes And Dreams"
This writing will end at December 31st
The planned writing will begin at January 1st

But I plan some traveling in Europe
For the writing during the travels I plan a separate part
And then four stories
Yeah, only four

The idea is, that together they will add up to one larger image
The idea is, that I will work all year long on any of them
The idea is, that they have no "simple" plot
The idea is, that they will be very different

For all four stories I have an idea
For all four stories I have a starting point
For all four stories I have key words
For all four stories I have a vague "story line"

With all parts I will begin in January
And the I will be curious about where this journeys will lead to
A must will be in any case to read every day,
In front of the writing, the "Tageszeitung" and the "L.A. Times"

I'm not sure about, whether I will be capable to implement my vague ideas
I'm sure about, that I should learn more English grammar
I'm not sure about, whether I can improve my writing as such
I'm sure about, that I will have a lot of fun writing them

Spit On This Little Bastard

"What?"

"You haven't saw him?"

"You mean this homeless bastard?"

"Yes."

"Sure I've saw him!"

"You spitted."

"I'm aware of this!"

"You spitted at him!"

"Sure I did!"

"Sure!"

"He's a homeless bastard?"

"Do you always spit on homeless people?"

"Not always, too much of them in the city."

"I'm a bit disgusted."

"I not thought that you're such a pussy."

"Pardon?"

"You're the most arrogant pussy in the whole office! - Hey, this is a compliment!"

"This is a compliment.....!"

"Sure, you've every reason to be arrogant! You're fucking hot, your paycheck is fucking huge - hey, you're the most adorable pussy in the whole office!"

"Well,.....and the homeless man?"

"Did it some months before for the first time - by accident. But I thought: Hey, this is cool! I mean, hey, he's a homeless! He stinks, he's lazy, he's poor, he spoils everything! The city, the street, the evening - everything!"

"And now you do it regularly?"

"From time to time - try it!"

"I don't know....."

"Look! The next of this bastards - spit at him!"

"Hey, he's awake....."

"Yeah, much better! And don't fear! Should he become aggressive, I will fuck him up! And I'm sure you have mace in your handbag....."

"Sure, but....."

"Hey, they cost our money - let's have some fun with them!"

"Okay, but only spitting - okay?"

"Okay....."

Better Now

Feel better now
The first days after the vacation
Felt very tired
Some problems with my stomach

But better today
Jazz club day
Hot chocolate and cheese
Pee Wee Ellis Quartet

Have not to work this weekend
I think I will finish "The German Stewardess"
Should I start with the new writing then
Maybe I should not stick to January 1st

But now I look forward to the concert
Very crowded already
Enjoying my beverage and eating
And soon the fantastic music

Empty Stage

The stage is still empty
The band has its dinner right now
In one and half an hour the concert will begin
Fantastic musicians will be onstage

As always it fascinates me
Musicians, onstage their whole life
Pee Wee Ellis together with James Brown
James Brown, have heard he was not always an easy boss

How does it feel, after such a career
At such an age, playing in Heilbronn
I think he and they will enjoy it
The audience will be very grateful without any doubt

I envy such artists, I say it without shyness
Knowing that it was not always an easy life
That it was a hard life, for many reasons
But nevertheless I envy them, a life onstage

Pathetic thoughts? Never risked anything!
Too often the easy way, too often running away
I hope I do it better now
Looking forward to the concert

Strasbourg

Thought about to read in Strasbourg, Alsace
Would be possible to read in German
My French is very rudimentary, cannot translate my texts, cannot read them in French
Always this hypocritical bastards

Killing in the name of a god
That's such pathetic
They are killers, lusting for blood - that's all!
Don't believe in their "higher aims"

Was in Strasbourg one time, long ago
Someone invited me to the observatory
Walked around in this area
Saw a young woman sitting there and crying

I had the impulse to ask her why she cries
I had the impulse to ask her whether I could help her
But not did it, was too inhibited
This time you not have to ask why they are crying

Melancholy

Melancholic music in my ear
The talking of the people, more and more
The place will be overcrowded later
Eating my cheese, now with a rosé wine

The trumpet and the grand piano
Together creating a blue mood
Could be Chet Baker - but I'm no expert
Smile and think that it's be someone else

I take a deep breath
I'm a bit confused, strange feelings coming up
The cheese is definitively good for my stomach
Well, the wine, the acidity of the wine

Again trumpet and grand piano
But now a very fast rhythm
Should I guess?
Better not, it would be embarrassing

Heavy Horses

Heavy horses in my mind
Hear their wild snorting
Hot blood, steaming in the cold and misty air
Their strength awe-inspiring, pure beauty

Always was more impressed by them
Than by their "noble" relatives
Some of this beautiful creatures are way taller than me
See their muscles

They are strong, very strong
Nevertheless, elegant they are, very elegant
Not the elegance of a delicate ballerina
Their very own elegance they have

And I love their elegance
Would I have a horse, then one of these
I would sit on it
Everywhere, everywhere without any limit it would carry me

It Could Be Everywhere

It could be everywhere, when I leave this place later
New York or L.A.
Chicago, why not New Orleans or Boston
Paris, Milan, Stockholm, Madrid or London

But not today
Old cars in the street
Ladies wearing dresses of a past time
No, not today

The first set is over
And it took me away
Not sure where I'm
But definitely not today

Dizzy Gillespie gave him an advice as youngster
The program is very different than I thought
But it's a lot of fun
Not only a fantastic musician, but also a fantastic entertainer

Back Home

Written off the previously written
The concert?
Maybe tomorrow
Too much impressions

Don't Believe In Coincidences

"I not did it!"

"But you not contradict the fact, that your brother's death, your older brother's death, is an advantage for you?"

"You're a bastard!"

"Cool down, let's talk about your alibi....."

"I've said that I haven't one!"

"Yes, you were hunting. Unfortunately alone and nobody saw you."

"It's an idea of hunting, that you're not seen!"

"Also not before and after?"

"Sorry, if I kill the next time someone then I will be more clever and I will arrange an alibi."

"Why it should be necessary now to kill again? You're the oldest brother now....."

"Yes, and I will inherit everything - if I spend not the rest of my life in prison. What raises another question."

"Your younger brother? Apart from that he has an alibi, this would be a very complicated and risky plan."

"But in contrast to him? I was never interested to become the owner of a farm - I had other life plans....."

"No reliable evidence, only hints. Sure, everything leads to the older brother? The younger brother? He has an alibi? Everything can be an accident? He's not the first who is found dead in the canyon."

"But he was a local. He knew how risky this area is."

"Nevertheless, accidents happen - I think this case is cold....."

"Don't try to fool me! You not tell me that both of your older brothers died by accidents in the canyon? Two years ago we not saw you as our prime suspect. You had an alibi - your mother gave you one. But your mother is dead now and your father is seriously ill - and what happens just in this moment? The next brother dies and now you will inherit the farm - oh, and this time you haven't an alibi! Sad that your mother is dead....."

"Your a fucking bastard! "

"Yes? Said who? A bloody multiple killer?"

"I have an alibi....."

"Wow, quite suddenly, overnight?"

"I not wanted to mention her."

"You're funny! Double homicide, but "I not wanted to mention her" - your mother from the next world?"

"No. It's true, I was always interested to become farmer, to own my own farm. But I had two older brothers....."

".....you had!"

"Can I tell my story?"

"I'm all ear!"

"It was obvious that I had to go a different way - no, not to become a killer. I looked for a woman with a farm, a woman I could marry to become a farmer with my own farm."

"And you found one?"

"Yes, and I was with her that day when he died."

"And she can testify this?"

"Yes."

"Can you answer me a question - maybe two?"

"I'm here to answer your questions - or?"

"Then it should be no problem. Well, before your brothers' deaths. Marrying her would have meant, that you would have been the poor part. Maybe you would have inherited a bit, but no farm, you would have been the poor partner - do I see this right?"

"Yes, absolutely! But this is no problem for us, no problem for me."

"Where is her farm?"

"On the other side of the mountain. You cannot join then, you cannot manage them both at the same time."

"Which is the larger farm?"

"Her farm is way larger then ours."

"But you could sell your farm. At least you would bring some money into the marriage then."

"As I said, her farm is much larger then ours. She's rich, no need for this money."

"We will check you alibi....."

"I can't get him!"

"But two dead older brothers? Both died under similar circumstances in the same canyon? And the youngest brother will get the farm now? Too much coincidences!"

"Yes, but everything he said fits. Okay, it's definite that he is ambiguous - but his story is proven. He tried to bewitch every woman with a farm in this area. And now he found her, now he reached his aim? Her farm is one of the largest in the whole area - jackpot! Even when he would have killed the first brother, why this murder now, in this situation? That would make no sense. I'm clueless....."

"We have to talk."

"Yes, I think so too - you can ask directly!"

"You've killed your two brothers?"

"No! I know that it looks stupid. And to be honest, I thought all the time that my older brother was a murderer. But now?"

"You can tell it me, should you be a murderer."

"You would chase me away like a dog!"

"You would have killed with an aim, you would have killed for me."

"And this would be okay for you?"

"Maybe I would like it, maybe I would understand it? Maybe I was interested in you because there was a possibility that you had committed the first murder. Maybe I was interested in to see what else you would be capable to?"

"I was with you when my second brother died."

"It was a very cold day and night - you came late, at least later as I told the police....."

"You're working together with the police? Maybe....."

".....maybe I'm a murderer too?"

"Whom should you have murdered?"

"Also my brother died a very strange death....."

"That's a sad story, everybody knows it. You both were children, he died as he picked an edelweiss for you."

"Well, there was a jealous girl, jealous of her brother. He would inherit a wonderful farm, because he was the boy - younger than her. They walked around and the girl saw an edelweiss, it would be very difficult and dangerous to pick it - but the girl begged a lot and the boy tried it. And what should I say, the boy got the edelweiss, proud he showed it. But also the way back was very dangerous, but it seemed that he would manage also this difficulty. But then the young girl started to throw stones after him, till he lost balance and he fell into the deep canyon. You're right, really a sad story."

"And I should believe this?"

"Well, who would I be, if this would not have happened?"

"You not would own this farm."

"I would own no farm at all. Yes, I would be the farmer's wife. Many tried to win my favor. Many tried to marry me."

"But?"

"I've waited for the right one. I've waited for someone who has the same heart than I. And I felt that you have it!"

"And when I have to confess that I killed none of my brothers? That it was maybe only a row of strange coincidences? Your story? You not killed your brother? Or....."

The End

*Hey hey hey the end is near
On a good day you can see the end from here
(Joanna Newsom; On A Good Day)*

Next week I will finish this year's writing
Next week I will begin with next year's writing
Sounds a bit stupid
Especially because I named the next year's writing: "New Year's Day"

Maybe I will change this
Maybe it doesn't matter
Maybe this is a kind of funny
Maybe this is pure nonsense

But I will start as soon as possible with the new writing
Nearly exactly ten months of writing then
Astonished about how much I've written during this time
Never have written that much in such a (relatively) short time

But that's a good sign
Faster and faster I can write
Really, millions of poems and stories still wait to be written
How fucking cool would it be to be able to write the whole day

But even in this way it's possible
Only I have no time to rework the texts
Every time I read an old text, what I do not often, but sometimes
I find mistakes, some of them are really embarrassing

But I do not correct them
That makes no sense in the end
Only a consequent rework would make a sense
Or none, simply writing on and on

The next year's writing will be a bit more difficult
Not sure about how "productive" I will be
But I think the starting points are very interesting
The rest has to come or just not

Snowfall this night
The world was white this morning
But as usually the snow will last for only one or two days
In my youth we had snow for many weeks, but that was a different time

I'm no longer attracted to the cold
I love the sun and the sun's rays
I love the warmth
I would love it

Emotions

Well, should I be disappointed or annoyed
About my emotions
All this longings
All this fears?

Well, soon I will get at least some answers
Maybe not all
But enough to decide
Whether this will have a future or not.

Please, dance with me!
But I can't dance.
Maybe you should try it?
But I've no feeling for the rhythm!

Maybe you would dance for me?
But does this would make sense without you?
I fear that the others would laugh about me.
Shall we dance all alone?

Well, emotion
So much they torture me
So much I need them
So much they burden me

Will I ever have the ability to handle them?
I fear: No!

Sitting and typing and listening to two fantastic musicians,
Such different and yet such wonderful interpretations both singing.

Yes, emotions!
I would give everything,
I would give my life immediately,
Only to get on time such minutes onstage!

And also this time no devil appears -
Fuck, I would sign you everything!
Only fucking tears, shall this be everything?
Well, at least some tears, maybe I should be grateful for them?

I spin around with closed eyes,
Yeah, no prison cell, no discrimination
And yet I'm unhappy, how pathetic I'm!
Come back and dance, dance, dance, dance

Maybe I should stop here,
Before this becomes ridiculous,
Before I start to wallow in self-pity too much,
Before I become dishonest!

How many thought that you're only a little nigger,
Not allowed, to marry such a beautiful white lady?
Yes, I mean you, you fucking president,
Mr. wonderful JFK!

I bow before you,
And without any doubt you deserved this moments onstage!
Compared with you and your life it would be a tastelessness,
Would I get only even one such a second on a stage.....

I've only some fucking tears for you.....

Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Sammy Davis Jr.
(Robbie Williams)

Last Entry

Now it's done, this period of writing is over, was an interesting time
Open mic in Los Angeles and San Francisco
The Patreon page
Open stage in Waiblingen and Stuttgart

The plans for next year
The four stories
Travels in Europe and open mic in different European cities
To see whether I will be able to earn money with my writing

Strange feeling this time, compared to last year
The restaurant at Point Dume, I'm written about, is burned down
Some places would be very different this year
But next year no Los Angeles, no San Francisco, no California, no USA

But my writing will be connected very much with the USA
Everything so obvious and unhidden there
But that not means that it's not the same somewhere else
Only not that obvious and more hidden

And now? I'm satisfied with my writing so far
But it has to change, I will try
Nothing more to say
Than to look ahead