

**The Art, Of Being Not Affected By
2019**

Now It Counts

Today a nice evening at the jazz club
Maybe an Old Fashioned thereafter
And tomorrow I will start with the new writing
Not sure with which story

Whatever, I've the feeling that the stories have a high potential
If they will not become good, it will be my inability
It's on me to develop their potential
One year time to do so

So far I'm satisfied with my writing
But it would be without a meaning to continue so
Time to move on
I'm looking forward to tomorrow

But today a last day contemplating
A last time to envy the artists onstage
Tomorrow I have to be an artist myself
I'm looking forward to tomorrow

But now I will end
Will have a long shower
Will dress up nicely
The red-golden watch and the garnet ring
The Saami Crafts bracelet with the red Swarovski stones

Later I will sleep and dream
And tomorrow the dreaming is over
Nice plans, but why not
Sometimes dreams come true
Well, sometimes not

Skye

Sitting Old Fashioned at the bar
Overcrowded today
A birthday celebration
Continental Sour, fantastic taste

The man behind the bar
Although he has a lot to do
He do it fully concentrated
Passion maybe the right word is

Mocheeba as music
"Fear and Love"
So much this song means to me
Impressing the work of the barman is

Life In The Bar

Thursday, jazz club day
Sit in the bar Old Fashioned
Have not to work tomorrow
Therefore no hurry to drive home

00:30am, not sat often in a bar the last months
But I love this nighttime
Sure, the working time I have now is better
Much better to plan open stage and more

Have to see that I can have this more regularly again
This long evenings and nights in a bar
Will begin with "The American Dream" tomorrow
Much of tonight will be included in the beginning

My second Continental Sour
Peter - the private detective - will drink this cocktail tomorrow
It's fascinating to watch the barman doing
But I know that this is very hard work

Collateral

Sometimes sacrifices have to be made
Why I should be interested in them
Who has to suffer from the shutdown
The others are responsible for it

A nice, clean and easy world
One could name this ruthless
One could name this person a swine
Who's interested in the soldier's death

A war has to be won
A war against this people who revolt
Who wanna have also a part of this world
Who doubt in God's given order

Yeah, this is a war
And they fight it with all means
They are not willing to share
Why they should, they deserved everything through their hard work!

Some Decisions

I think about the development of the stories, and see the following:

"The American Dream" - this Peter will reflect about the day-to-day politics. Day-to-day politics will be a part of the story in various ways. But also cases, but without a political dimension - that would be too much, overacted.

"The Happy Clown" - day-to-day politics is the basis for this Peter, he's a stand-up comedian! But I will not write comedy programs, his work as a stand-up comedian, and therefore day-to-day politics, will be the basis, the ground on which the story will be build up, his rise as the new comedy star. So far the theory.

The other two stories?

Peter as president is more or less obvious. I will go step by step. But I have to pass the present at a certain moment, to jump into the future. The aim is to finish the story at the end of 2019 - but in the story it will be 2020 then, the inauguration of Peter as 46. POTUS. But I think this will be a dynamic and automatic process. But as long as possible I will consider the developments in the US.

The women? I have no overall idea about this story. I mean with this, in which style I should write this story. I have various ideas, but they all lead more or less to a patchwork story. But this satisfies me not at all. Sure, one could start a story, a frame story, but I feel this as artificial. I think my problem is, that this will be my first story without a "Peter".

So far, so good. I think "The American Dream" will develop relatively fast. "The Happy Clown" also. "Beg Your Pardon!" is a kind of no-brainer. The only problem is that the development in the US is very unpredictable at the moment. It would be strange for me to write a story in which a jerk is in office, when he's no longer there. But we will see. "To Be A Women....." - I have to find some answers before I begin with this story in a serious way. But I have some time, no need to hurry. All in all I look forward to the next months, I'm excited!

New Year's Day

No good days the last two weeks
Some problems with my stomach
Tired and often headache
But it goes better and better now

I concentrated on "The American Dream" to develop the story
Now the other stories waiting
Still no distinct idea about "To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly"
But something develops

A new year, new writing - let's see.....

An Error In Reasoning

"The American Dream" - the younger daughter of the McAllisters? I've written that this case happened two years ago. In the meantime, during this two years, the younger sister lived in various foster families, on the street, had problems with the justice.....and the older sister was nine years old? That would mean that this girl was no older than eight years then, and now not older than ten years - this will not function!

Therefore I have to change this. I will write now that the McAllister case happened ten years ago. Say, that the younger sister was seven years old. That would mean that she's seventeen today - that functions!

Also the "rookie" investigator makes more sense now.

Strange Evening

First I thought about writing something
And maybe, if not too tired, a cocktail in Heilbronn?
But then the weather became better and better
Did some writing, corrected a mistake - wow, a starry night!

At this time the weather in Germany is very often bad
Not that much possibilities to observe my stars then
Therefore I stopped writing and observed my stars
You have to set priorities!

Tomorrow jazz club day - time to think about "To Be A Woman....."
The weekend I have not to work
Time to write as much as possible
New vigor, time for writing

Routines

I have to develop some routines
One of it will be: No writing at Thursdays
This day will be for thinking about the development of the stories
And for jazz, wine and maybe later a cocktail

Should I write something, like today
I will not type it, like I did it previously, after the concert, I will type it the next day
Six days writing and one day free, seems to be a good idea and rhythm
Okay, the travels, season break in the jazz club from February on.....

The routines cannot be not really strict
Sometimes my work week has four days, sometimes seven days
But also only when we have no holidays like in December
But nevertheless I need (again) more routines

At the beginning ("My Dark Heart - Itinerary") I worked
Then I came home, shower, headphones and then writing
I have to return to this in another way
Coming home, shower, newspapers and then writing

A tribute to Ray Charles today
A glass of wine and cheese ordered
I've a good feeling concerning the writing of this year
And now? I've an idea for "To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly"

Black Coffee

Black coffee and a gun on the table
What else you need
To despair of this world
Be happy and smile

The world becomes better
Yeah! Poland, Hungary, Brazil and the USA?
Yeah! I'm blind, I cannot see
The world becomes better, but still a mess

And then, see how fragile all this improvements are
A few demagogues are enough: Austria and Italy?
They cannot accept others - kill all the gays
Yeah! The world becomes better

So I sit with my black coffee, but have to confess
As a German without a gun on the table
And again I fear it's better so
Yeah, the world becomes better, but not good

The Hare and the Hedgehog

Obsession

Do you have to develop an obsession
This question is there, right in front
Do you have to cease everything else
This question is there, right in front

As if there wouldn't be some questions
One have not to answer
'Cause the answer is predetermined
At the end everything is more than banal

The only real question that arises then
Is the question about your will to be obsessed
Therefore, answer this question
And at the end everything will be more than banal

Especially when you're filled with obsessions
Nicely suppressed, don't be striking
Then the question will be more
Give them free rein or not

It's your decision, you're at the crossroads
A bit too late, to die with twenty-seven
Would fifty-seven also okay
Well, it would be only thirty years too late

In a sick world, the healthy person is be sick
Therefore it's relaxing, to be sick
Be like the others, let them admire you
Be the Holy Grail in a debauched world

Oh yeah, can you hear the people yelling
Join in the yelling, and decide for your scapegoat
Hey, come on! One you will find!
Left or right, man or woman, gay or straight, black or white, poor or rich

And the little obsessions, what does we do with them
The obsession to kill, the obsession to dominate
Well, not all obsessions should be let free
Let me be your fuehrer - believe me, I would like it

Or maybe not, bored about the triviality of a fuehrer's doing
And thoughts fly in the air, wafting around, losing all the ground
Yeah, should develop, greet, my obsession(s)
Don't be shy, you will love it

In a world like this, what would be "adequate"
In a way this is a very silly question
Oh yeah, our civilized rules and regulations
Don't kill.....your own flesh and blood - only the others

So? What does we have learned today?
To hell with this world!
Well, that's a kind of nonsensical sentence
To hell with the hell - nah, that makes no sense! Or, maybe.....

So again - what does we have learned today?
I have to die with fifty-seven - "Don't Fear The Reaper"?
Well, still three years or so time till then - in which month I will die?
Sorry Blue Öyster Cult, but I hate this thought!

Crossroads - (Cream)

I went down to the crossroads and no, I not fell down on my knees
I went down to the crossroads and could not decide
The tragedy of a life
But what the hell - it's only mine

So I stand there and look and see
And day after day passes by
Older and older I get
See so many cars driving by, in any direction they drive

But I cannot decide
Knowing what I would long for
Knowing that now a stupid old man stands at the crossroads
Looking at all the cars, driving by

Fourth Song

Your fourth song - what an album this will be? - "Norman Fucking Rockwell"
First "Mariners Apartment Complex"
Then "Venice Bitch"
Then "How To Disappear"
And now "hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have - but i have it"

I drown in your voice - as always
This beautiful simplicity, the beauty of your voice
The lyrics killing me - Sylvia Plath
The next time when I have the possibility to, I have to see you onstage again

And yet, you've still hope
After the confusion
Have written about it recently
Would be nice would you be right

I'm fascinated about your lyrics
More than ever
What will your poetry offer
Will I be ever able to write in such a manner? - Don't think so.....

Singing I can't, playing an instrument neither
All I have are words
After some fucking weeks I feel like reborn
And your new song is so wonderful - as the other three - as all the others

The last two weeks were interesting
Did I found my passion obsession now
Didn't knew Norman Rockwell before
I'm a lousy bitch, but at least a bitch at all

Such a moment, I would like to fade away
I would like to drown in drugs
But this would destroy me
How much more wonderful to drown in your music

Should I talk about the videos now - flashback, but that's banal to say
Everything's so Lizzy, the melodies, the lyrics, the mood - you know how much I loved her
Lizzy's Dead I've written
Maybe too early?

No, the past is the past
Water not flows upstream
No Dorian Gray
Only ridiculous tears while hearing your music

Thanks for your such wonderful music, Lizzy

Progress

I make progress with my stories.

"The American Dream" is - till a possible end - in my head now. "Possible", because even the "solving" of the Brewster case not would have to mean, that the story is finished therewith. But I think enough stuff to be written is outlined now.

"Beg your Pardon!....." - still the problem about Mr. President's future, the fucking wall, the shutdown and more. Also it would be good to know, who will candidate for the democrats. Elizabeth Warren is no surprise so far. Some more names would be good. Then there's another problem. How detailed should be the story. The way to the presidency is long and complex. It's the same problem which I had with "Utopian Dreaming". But this time I would have several months for the writing - let's see.....

"The Happy Clown". Peter will become famous - and then? I'm not sure whereto this story should lead. But I like the beginning.

"To Be A Woman.....". Still the most uncertainty with this story. Changed some things, but still not sure if this is the best way.

Well, the year still has some weeks - no reason for hurrying the things up. I will concentrate on the first two stories now, the second two I will slow down a bit. So far I'm satisfied, the things starting to rolling.

A Tale About Wolves

There was a time, a time long ago, when, in the long and strong winter months, humans and wolves shared an onerous time. Food was rare for them, both of them, at this time and the wolves, who normally stayed away from the human settlements, came nearer and nearer towards them. And the humans, normally not interested in an encounter with the wolves, saw them more and more as a danger and as rivals. So it came that, as longer and as stronger winter became, humans and wolves clashed, more and more in a bloody way.

"Grandmother, tell us a tale before we have to go to bed!"

"Yes, a tale about the wolves!"

"I cannot tell you a tale about wolves at this time - you would find no sleep then. And some of you are just too young for a tale about wolves."

"Come on, we will behave good then and go to bed and sleep well."

"Your mother will rant me."

"Come on, please. The wolves are there, yesterday one of them was seen near the limit of our settlement - at daytime! And who knows, maybe a wolf sneaks around our house just right now!"

"Stop doing this! See how the youngest are frightened now. Don't fear. Your father, and all the other fathers, are out there to protect us all. No wolf is allowed to threaten us."

"But last month the father of....."

".....stop it! Okay, I tell you a tale about wolves and a little girl. The story goes like this....."

A long time ago, a very long time ago, the strongest and longest winter happened - even the oldest knew no story about a winter that had been longer and stronger. Many humans, and many wolves, died in this winter - many starved to death, many killed each other. It was a merciless winter, so much suffering.....

It was very difficult to find something to eat, the summer's stock was exhausted long ago. Everybody tried to find something, everybody was ready to take more and more risks to find something to eat.

One day a young girl walked along a path in the snow, no longer she could see the settlement. It was crazy to do so, but she had eaten nothing for days, and so her whole family. She hoped to find something, maybe a dead animal, starved to death, an animal, that would give her and her family a moment of hope to survive this long and strong winter.

As I said, it was crazy what she did, but sitting at home and waiting till death would come? It was late in the evening, the sun already moved towards the horizon, the light in the wood became less and lesser, as she heard a whimpering. She looked carefully, and finally she could see a wolf, lying in the snow, not that far away from her. She scared witless, but only for a moment. Then she realized that the wolf was badly wounded - she could not spot, whether it was because of a fight with another animal, or because of an encounter with a human, but she realized that the wolf suffered much and that the wolf was all alone.

She left the path and drew closer to the wolf, very carefully. She saw that it would give no hope for the wolf anymore, too severe were the injuries of the wolf. The wolf raised the head a little bit as she came closer, eye in eye they stood together now. And she saw the fear in the wolf's eyes - I will die, you only can hasten it. The wolf had settled one's affairs.

She knelt down, took the head of the wolf and laid the head in her lap. She stroked the wolf's fur and the wolf was ready to die, as she raised her head and realized that she was surrounded by wolves. In some distance, but all around her - a trap? She looked in the eyes of the wolf again - no, this eyes not lied.

Suddenly two wolves came nearer, slowly, carefully, till they stood side by side of the injured wolf. They laid down, side by side of the injured wolf, to comfort and warm the dying wolf. And not long and the wolf closed his eyes forever. The young girl asked herself what to do now. She raised the head of the dead wolf carefully, laid the head in the snow, and stood up. A huge wolf, the hugest of the wolves who surrounded her came slowly nearer. For a moment fear was her reaction again, but then, suddenly, a feeling of calmness and comfort raised in her. The other two wolves raised and the huge wolf grabbed the dead wolf with its teeth and lifted the dead body easily up. The huge wolf did it, like a mother was used to carry her puppies - such tenderly and carefully. Now all the other wolves came nearer, slowly and carefully. It was a strange view, the huge wolf led a procession of wolves, the others followed him. The young girl stood still, to wait till the wolves would have disappeared, knowing that she would maybe not find the way back to the settlement. No sun anymore, the wood was very dark now, but then.....

The procession came to a halt and some of the wolves looked back to her, invited her to follow them. She hesitated, but the uncertain way back to the settlement? She decided to follow the wolves - what else she should do? It took a while, then suddenly they stood in front of the entrance to a cave. A wolf, even more huge than the one who carried the dead wolf, lay in front of the entrance. Obviously he protected the entrance, and obviously he was a very old wolf. The wolf who carried the dead body and he, greeted each other by sniffing at each other. Then the old wolf stepped aside and the other wolf carried the dead body into the cave.

It took a while and the wolf came back - now something strange happened. The two huge wolves flanked the entrance to the cave, the others formed a semicircle in front of the entrance. Then they started to howl and the young girl became frightened again, viewing this bizarre sight. It took a moment till she realized the impressive dimension of what she saw - the crying wolves, they mourned about their dead companion.....

Then they suddenly stopped, and the two huge wolves sniffed again at each other - a short conversation. The old wolf laid himself in front of the entrance again, to protect the entrance, to protect the final resting place of the wolves. The other wolves started sniffing each other, to share the grief about their loss. The young girl thought that it would be better to let them alone - she stepped back slowly. But then the wolves looked at her and the huge wolf came to her, sniffed at her. And she? She stroked his fur.

More and more of the wolves came to her, sniffed at her, and she stroked their fur. It took a while till all the wolves had sniffed at her, till she had stroked all of the wolves. But then she thought about her home, that it was very cold now, and that she had no idea where she was - which way would lead

her back to the settlement? It was, as the wolves could read her thoughts. Two of them, were it the two who had lain down beside the dying wolf, slowly started to walk away, looking back at her. She understood and followed her guides, looking back from time to time at the other wolves, till she no longer could see even their glowing eyes. And what should I say? It took not long and they reached a path and she realized that from there on it was only a very short way back to the settlement. The wolves, her guides, stopped - from now on she had to walk alone.....

"Well.....it's said, that from this time on the humans and the wolves lived in peace and mutual respect with each other - but now you all have to go to bed very fast, it was a very long story!"

"But if there was a time, when wolves and humans lived together in peace and mutual respect, why no longer today?"

"Well, this is only a tale, a legend maybe."

"But I know that a legend has a true core - I've heard from that!"

"Maybe.....that it would be possible, that humans and wolves could live together in peace and mutual respect?"

"And why they don't do it then?"

"There was a time, when I was a little girl....."

Tap Dancing

Well, the first time that I've seen tap dance live on stage

Wow, what a feeling for the rhythm, what a dynamic

Okay, also the four other artists are fantastic

Well, mostly old - very old - music, but what a drive

The 20s, 30s and 40s - the old jazz clubs

More and more this time fascinates me

Was a kind of focus this season

Now nearly over

The program for the next season is displayed

Scandinavia seems to be a kind of focus this time

Will miss at least two concerts the next season

Will be in London, "The Unthanks" in Bristol

Wait for the next session

The first was sweeping

Have not to work tomorrow

Time to drink more than one cocktail this time?

Thanks to:

Olaf Schönborn; sax

Allen Blairman; drums

Rocky Knauer; bass

Kurt Albert; tap dance

Britain Is Fixed

Now I decided to stay at Britain from April 24th till May 8th, in London
May 1st I will be in Bristol for the "The Unthanks" concert
And at least one day in Dover
Now I can see what opportunities I have for open mic in London

June in Vienna?
Would be an interesting first half of this year
A good basis for a first résumé
Thought about the stories "The Happy Clown" and "To Be A Woman....."

Maybe I've a structure for "The Happy Clown Now" now, for the first part at least
Still unsure about "To Be A Woman....."
But still a lot of time
No reason to hurry and to become inpatient

So two weeks in Britain
After the Brexit?
It's a shame what a fuss this parliament stages
Leave or stay! - It's just a home affairs' farce

What a stupid time
Globalization?
Well it functions not when we talk only about economy, like in the EU
You would have to talk about the people first!

Children Of War

Growing up in a world of war, to know that every day can be the last, to experience the everyday's loss of lives - friends, relatives, siblings, parents.....

I not try to imagine, to feel what they have to feel - insanity would be the answer. But would it maybe bearable, would it be inevitable, death as such is inevitable. But war is stupidity, and this children pay the price.

I not close my eyes, I push it away, knowing what's inside of me. Yeah, the Garden of Eden, what a funny idea. The world as incarnation of hell, much more likely it seems.

What you would expect from a child, grown up in war? Yeah, nevertheless so many have to. And poverty, nothing to have to eat, no prospects for the future - also not that much better. Eat the rich - Rousseau? Generally reconsideration of our world?

Say, a child from Syria or Yemen commits a suicide attack - who's to blame? I know, the ones who have sent the child - it's nice when the world is an easy one!

Children of war, a sin against everything that could named humanity - but, come on, close your eyes and fade away.....

I'm flying to the moon again

Problems With My Writing

The situation in the US affects my writing more than I thought at first
The continuing shutdown, the uncertainty what will be the result of this conflict
It would make a severe difference whether the democrats will buckle or not
Whether the idiot in office will be the winner or the loser - the reaction of the GOP

"Beg Your Pardon!....." is most affected
In this situation it's difficult to write the part with the Kochs
Some more democratic candidates would be good
In this situation it's difficult to write the part with the democrats

"To Be A Woman,....." also difficult
Maybe I should finish the first part to start with "Krishna's Blog"
"The Happy Clown", Jimmy Fallon would be easier to write, would there be more clarity
"The American Dream" is less affected
Maybe I should concentrate on this story the next days

The teacher's strike in L.A. - Betsy
Very unclear situation in the US at the moment
Not as difficult as in the UK, but not that much away from it
But maybe I should use this confusion and uncertainty

Tomorrow is jazz club day
At the weekend I have some guests for a dinner
The Christmas gift for my parents, my sibling and my brother-in-law
The first month is soon over, I think it will be a good month

Headache

Try to understand, fail all the time
Maybe it's not to understand, but that would call everything into question
Yeah, the smile from a child, the grin of an adult
Pain fulfills the air, the coldest blue deep a warm safe harbor seems

The wish
That a tone would turn into sound would turn into infernal noise
Would suck up everything would destroy all senses would end up all
Why this fuck has to happen

Do not let them prohibit you to say fucking
An intelligent man said
Because then they prohibit you to say fucking government
Words, so powerless and yet.....

Broken thoughts, broken bodies, broken minds
I stand on a stage and people applaud
No, that would change nothing
Not for me

So different these days, the writing
The innocence of the beginning
One hundred pages now - will I really finishing something for the first time this time
Way over a thousand now - yeah, so many had to die

Peter and Alexandra, the endless highway and the setting sun
Pull the trigger, everything such meaningless
Crazy, but who's crazy and why
Suicide, do it! It's only a question how

Uprising - did one understood Bob Marley
I not, 1980 I was fifteen years old
Do I understand him today
No, today I'm a fucking old man

Headache, maybe I should be happy about it
Still headache, still pain, still disgusted
Crazy, hopefully I'm crazy
Say it to me: Man you're crazy!

White Rose

White Rose, Daisy, Lily of the Valley
White petals, green leaves
Aspirations, longings, sadness
Forgotten times, spooky images

Black Rose, Black Diamond, Black Swan
Blackness everywhere
Black Night Sky, Black Universe
The Black Deep Blue Sea

Red - what a boring color
Red wine, red lips - trivial
Red Garnet, Red Diamond
Strong metaphors and images

Colors like tones
Tones like colors
Black and White

White Milk in a Black Plate with a drop of Red Blood

Angel Without Wings

An angel without wings
Learned me to fly
An angel without wings
Taught me to dream

Behind your eyes I found a world
A new world of comfort and calm
Your smile offered me a sphere
A new sphere of beauty and tenderness

My teardrops are a metaphor of hope
Like the touch of an imaginary angel
Like the scent of a non-existing imagination
My teardrops are salty like the ocean

An angel without wings
Learned me to fly
An angel without wings
Taught me to dream

Beauty In Your Eyes

I see only beauty in your eyes
Eyes, deeper as the deepest sea
Eyes, endless like the endless universe
Only beauty I see in your eyes

I see them all times, while I close my eyes
All colors they have at the same time
Brighter as the full moon's light
All times I see them, while I close my eyes

And yet, all alone I sit here
Listening to the music
Enjoying my drink
Writing down this words

The British Insanity

I write mostly about the USA, I use the USA as an ideal setting for my stories. And Europe? A lot could be said about Europe at the moment, but Britain is topping everything. It's not the decision to leave the EU - nevertheless you could ask, if it was a clever idea, to let such an important question be decided with an ordinary majority. No, the real devastating point is, to see all this ruthless politicians whose only interest is, to satisfy their own cravings for power. The damage is not important, collateral, acceptable, the aim makes everything acceptable. I hope the EU will stay strong, I hope that this will show in the end, that this was at first a stupid idea, but everything after the decision was simply ludicrous and devastating. What I would wish? That the date of the exit will be postponed. But I fear that too much cravings for power will prevent this. Interesting two months.....

February

Tomorrow will be the 1.
The 1. of February
Not excited to aviate again
Not excited to see the endless ocean again

Valentine's Day - the last two years in the USA
Super Bowl in February, but at home in Germany
Melancholic thoughts, not to see the USA - what will it pay
End of February I will start with my "tour" in Stuttgart

But I should be relaxed
Without any doubt it will be in 2020 possible to me
To aviate again, to stay in the US again
Well, health could be a reason for not being there, but apart from that

Tomorrow I will start with my serious preparations for Stuttgart
The beginning of "The Happy Clown" and the poem "The Beauty Of The World" I will read
In my view two interesting texts
I look forward to the reaction of the audience

It's a strange feeling
Thinking about, that this year could change everything
At least it's my most serious try so far
At least will this year answer some questions

Lean back and enjoy the next months
You can only win, nice thought
Will have a talk at the Rosenau, before I go on stage
It would be important to get some support, contact to the art scene in Stuttgart

So far the situation is good, a good starting point
Still not sure how good my hand is
But think about "The Cincinnati Kid"
Sometimes you have to go all-in, sometimes the chance is simply too good

New Development

Thought about "The Happy Clown" and "To Be A Woman....."
The story arcs become clearer and clearer
I think I have some good ideas
Would be not bad, to get a fundamental idea about the plots

I divide "The Happy Clown" in three parts now
The first part will be a bit chaotic, because I had no distinct idea so far
The second part will cover the tour through the USA
During this tour he will become a nation wide and international star
The third part will cover the life as a star

"To Be A Woman....." - I made a stupid mistake
So far I thought I write the diary till a certain point
Then I will start with the blog, then with the next part.....
The classic way, to write a story chapter after chapter

But why should Kishana stopping to write her diary when she begins with her blog?
Why should Kishana stopping to write her blog when she becomes politically active?
The result - also this story will have three parts
And from a certain point on I will write this three parts parallel

Because from a certain point on Kishiana will be politically active
But she still will write her blog, and of course her diary
Should I be skilled enough, then this construction should be very fascinating
Maybe a bit strange for the reader, but maybe also interesting

From a certain point on
The reader has to read the three chapters parallel
Yeah, I think that's interesting writing for me
Would be cool, would it be interesting to read it for the reader

I'm In Love With You

I'm in love with you
In your black, brown, red and blond hair
So long and short, straight and curled
But so soft in any way

I'm in love with you
In your dark, blue and green eyes
In your slim and curvy body
But so fascinating in any way

I'm in love with you
And I could continue in an endless way
But would this make sense
As long as you're only a creation of my imagination

Whenever I'm alone - with you?
Well, alone - yes
Well, with you - no
Would like it, to feel young again

Strange Moods

A strange world engirds me
Sometimes it feels like
That this world takes my breath away
Not like you would do it

Sometimes I feel paralyzed
It's even hard to breath
Not to talk about to think
Not to talk about to live

It's winter and the hunter is there
His dogs by his side
Would like it, that when I have to die that the endless ocean would be involved
Would like it, that when I have to die that the hunter and his dogs would look at me

Feel very close to the beautiful queen
Her words so comforting
What she did so unforgivable and senseless
But still she's my only friend, the Little Girl

All flows, the time flows, breath after breath
In a far future there's no hunter anymore, neither his dogs
In a near future I will be not anymore
A universe appears, a universe disappears

Strange moods - or are this the right moods
Is it not more thus, that the "normal" moods are strange moods in the end
Cole, you asked the question and you got a devastating answer
Should I ask this question also

Strange moods - black and blue
Black as the night sky
Blue as the deep ocean
Strange moods - you need something that keeps you alive

State Of The Union

A president narrates lies and half-truths, easy to unmask them. A miracle healer promises that he can heal everything, easy to show that he only cheats desperate people, that their money is his only interest. Enough examples!

The question about the truth, the question about what you believe, what your convictions are, on what basis. Yes, you cannot disprove the "brain in a vat" (Putnam) and strictly seen is Descartes unable to prove anything. But in the end this is no prove for anything, especially not for a conspiracy theory.

A president lies and lies and lies, and the people applaud him - a strange situation. A miracle healer asserts that he has spectacular successes - but he not proves you anything. People believe such persons - strange.

What could be, should there be a moment when everything turns - enough stories and movies. Could it be that you see the world totally wrong - the lizards are here! Sure, rationalism or empirism and so on - this State Of The Union was a mere expression of hubris and arrogance, an endless row of manipulations and lies.

In such a world there can't be a common basis for a living together, but maybe that's not the aim of such people - definitively that's no aim of such people. So what should you do? Kishana?

We Screw It Up

Not for the first time I have the feeling that this story, the story of human kind, will end in a disaster. Even in "Utopian Dreaming", even in an Utopia, I could not imagine, that this today's humans could smarten up. Climate disaster, wars.....even in "Utopian Dreaming" this was the forward projection of our time. It's undeniable that the climate changes, and it's undeniable that we could do something to influence this change in a positive way. But we do nothing, everything we do is like the famous drop in the bucket. We could do so much more, but that would mean to change. I'm 53 now, climate has changed significantly during this years. Say, I will live an additional twenty years, the climate then? The polar regions, Greenland, Iceland, glaciers? Later generations will hate us, I have written this already - but at the moment this feeling is very incisive.....

Progress

Progress - things developing
The first part of "The Happy Clown" is finished
Now I can begin with the second part
The beginning of his tour, February 26th

Tomorrow I will "finish" the first part of "To Be A Woman....."
Then I will write the first and second part parallel
The first entry in her blog will be about the Grammys
Progress - things developing

Progress - things developing
"The American Dream" deepens
Very interesting writing the next weeks
Not sure how "dark" it will become

"I Beg Your Pardon!....."
Have to read more about some special political procedures in the States
Interesting developments - a bipartisan agreement? The jerk's reaction?
Progress - things developing

In better condition now, as some weeks ago
But still often very tired
In exactly two weeks I will be in Stuttgart
Peter's tour starts – February 26th

Men's Talk About Women

Four big stallions talking about women
Is it funny? Is it sad?
At least entertaining
Four pimps? Four petty criminals?

Now they have a problem
Who pays what, how much
Wow, that's pretty uncool
Hey, no big note on the table?

What a bitchery, what drama queens they are
Hope this aren't the hard guys of Heilbronn
Or maybe?
No Heilbronn, I stand up for you!

They Got Him?

1.7 from 5.7 billion dollar?
Wow, that's a fucking good deal!
For the democrats!
Yeah, two thousand miles of wall!

Your radical and racist friends will love it!
Hey fucking president, you're the loser!
No new shutdown? No national emergency?
Oh, Fox and Friends will love it!

I hope that the democrats learn now
That you're nothing more than a bigmouth
You're a fucking bad deal-maker
A bit resistance and you buckle?

Really, I'm interested in the reactions!

Opens Up

A fucking world opens up
A senseless life closes down
Hey, it's all for the big show
Let's pretend, let's do as it would might be

Who would be interested in
Who you really are
And to be honest
Why should someone be interested in

It's all for the show
Alicia Keys plays two pianos at the same time!
Oh man, have you ever saw artists like
Hiromi or Tori Amos, for instance?

It's all for the show
Pretend and if needed lie
The people will like it
They will award you generously

Are You Ready?

Are you ready to die
Sure, tell me when and how
How dramatic this all is
Yeah, as said: *Out with a bang!*

Tell me, how you wanna top
58 killed and 422 (851) wounded
Ah, let me do it
I'm a master of death from Germany

You're macabre
My dear, this world is macabre
I'm a soft and gentle man
You're beautiful

Would you hold me tight
Nothing what I would enjoy more
Nothing what would give me more satisfaction
Then let's celebrate the final downfall

Lullaby

Sing me a lullaby, to the little baby boy
Let him fall asleep, let him dream innocent dreams
Not will remember them
Lost they will be forever

Sing me a lullaby, to the old tired man
Let him fall asleep, let him dream innocent dreams
Not will remember them
Lost they will be forever

Sing me a lullaby, at my grave
Let him fall asleep, let him dream the endless dream
Never will be told
Lost forever

El Chapo

His cruelties – writing a story that describes them in detail?
The cruelties of the Germans in WWII?
Why not? Why one should?
Close your eyes and enjoy the show!

A theater: Today a torturing and raping special!
Well, the Romans?
How many would enjoy such a show today?
My guess? Every show would be sold out!

Enjoy your life - no, you're no bad guy
You feel sorry for all this dying all around you in the world
You nearly had a sleepless night
Terrible, very terrible what happens in this world

The Thief tells the Fool
"Hey, it's not your fault!"
And the Fool feels relieved:
"Thank you, for your warm words! You're a real friend!"

Change

Change, more and more
Tensed, more and more
All or nothing?
My brain whirls, no clear thought anymore

Sitting, seeing the people
It's like watching a movie
Unreal, this people are the reality?
But if, what then I'm?

I drift in time
Time flows around me
But I'm in a shell
The shell protects me

Dropped out of time
Dropped out of the world
Dropped out of life
Changes are my new reality

No two weeks, my body shivers
And yet, I long for the stage
In a dozen of days at this time it begins
Welcome to the show.....

Crucial Test

Now it's the time
The time for a crucial test
Will the democrats act cool
So far they acted very clever

And the GOP?
Even to call them "GOP", seems like pure sarcasm
Okay, there are some moderates
But this bunch around McConnell

Should the democrats aim for an impeachment?
Violating the law
The Supreme Court's decision would be interesting
Kavanaugh?

Wow, the developments are very dynamic
Have some problems now to follow it with my writing
Next week I have to spend some time for "Beg Your Pardon!....."
Kishana's blog?

Have worked eight days in a row now
Today and tomorrow I have not to work
But then another seven days
And then Stuttgart, five free days

An exciting time at the moment
Hope that I will say this also at the end of the month
The texts are good I've chosen - two, not more
Well, very much happens at the moment

Emergency

Things happen, happen most of the time when unexpected
Yeah, that's a part of life
What a smart anecdote
Turn around and die

So what? Looking ahead of my future time?
Written much about suicide
And will hate it to die
What a smart anecdote

Sittin' In A Bar

The world outside, a different place inside
People talkin', the sounds behind the bar
Ice makes a sound, shaken or stirred
Liquor gets outpoured from bottles

The taste of Whiskey, housemade sugar syrup
Three different bitters, peel of orange, ice
A universe in a tumbler
A fuckin' world outside

Skye sings her song
Melancholy fulfills the room
But only for me
Knowin' what's outside

Is this world outside worth it, to fight for
Is this world outside worth it, to die for
The drink in the heavy glass is definitively worth it, to die for
The dimmed light, could sit here for an eternity

Yesterday at this time
Tomorrow at this time
Next week at this time
No week left

Still not knowin', what I should hope for
Still not knowin', what I should wish for
The arrogance to be able to think about it
What shall I do with my life

Seconds and minutes are tickin' away
Again a day nearly away, death comes nearer
Dyin' while drinkin' a nice cocktail
Well, this men's joke is about fuckin', not drinkin'

Sittin' here forever, the taste of the bitters
How long it would need, to taste all the different liquor here
Not to talk about all the possible cocktails one could made from them
Would an eternity be long enough?

Dyin' now would be nice
More, it would be fuckin'
Even not tried all Old Fashioned variants on the bar menu
Not to talk about all the other drinks

Why we think, that we would know everything
Okay, maybe how the universe functions
But something related to the humans
Karl Lagerfeld died - so many died today

I Would Wish

I would wish
That for everybody it would be possible to see the wonders of the universe through a telescope

I would wish
That for everybody it would be possible to taste a fine cocktail (alcoholic or not)

I would wish
That for everybody it would be possible to eat a very fine meal to experience the wonders of food

I would wish
That for everybody it would be possible to see all the wonders of this world

I would wish

In the moment you have such thoughts
How devastating this world is immediately
Are such wishes too much wished
Or should they be a matter of course

A Step Further Concerning Routines

Work days - working and writing
Free days - (mostly) in Heilbronn, writing
Every Wednesday - working, writing and bar
Every Tuesday - working and jazz club

More and more I find a (new) rhythm for writing
From next week on, open stage will be a topic
Soon I will stay in England
Now this year finally starts

So much has happened the last years
Especially the last two
And now?
The "innocence" from the beginning is gone

What would be possible, say during the next five years
Apart from the question about my Patreon page
I fear it will depend (also) on the developments
In the USA (especially), Europe and Germany

Sometimes I feel very tired now
Sometimes I feel very young now
Yesterday was a very bad day
But one day, sooner or later, it will happen

Well, would anybody be able to see how this all will end
But that's (really) a part of life
Try it or let it
You've the choice

Feel relaxed now
After the stress yesterday
And the doughy work day today
Well, don't say that alcohol not helps

The Big Band Sound

I wasn't that much a fan of the (white) big bands
You know, Benny Goodman or Glenn Miller or so
But after some interesting concerts recently
This concert enthused me with the big band sound finally and totally

Fantastic musicians - old and young
Playing together - playing breathtaking soli
The 30s? The large dance halls? The clubs?
Close your eyes and enjoy!

Thanks to the "**Jazzfactory Orchestra**"

Trumpets: Nemanja Jovanovic, Ralf Hesse, Sebastian Stempel, Christian Meyers
Trombones: Mark Godfroid, Edgar Schmid, Eberhard Budziat
Saxophones: Klaus Graf, Andy Francke, Hubert Winter, A. Maile, Christoph Beck
Rhythm section: Martin Schrack, Thomas Stabenow, Dominik Raab

Who Killed The Chauffeur?

"So you wanna hire me, Mr.?"

"Yeah....."

"Mr.?"

"Wade, Roger Wade."

"What's your concern?"

"Well, somebody killed my chauffeur. Unfortunately the police was not able to solve the case."

"And you think I would be able to do so?"

"You're a man of reputation. I think - yes, I think you could be able to solve this case."

"So, your chauffeur. Can you give me some information?"

"He was my chauffeur for a very long time now, very loyal and discreet. Two months ago somebody shot him while he waited to fetch me. It's a strange situation, because there's no hint why this has happened."

"Maybe somebody warned you with this murder?"

"Ten minutes later they could have warned me directly - no, obviously he was the aim. But as I said, he was always loyal and discreet. His murderer has to atone for this deed."

"And the police found no evidence, no hint?"

"No, absolutely nothing!"

"I'm not cheep, but I think for someone with a chauffeur, this will be no problem."

"Ten Madisons when you solve the case, nothing when you fail."

"Is this a kind of a game?"

"No."

"Shall I inform you about the progress I make?"

"No. You call me when you know the answer, otherwise this was our last conversation. When you call me I will come again, you tell me the name and I will pay you."

"Can it be that I'm not the only one whom you make this offer?"

"Believe me, you're the only one who's needed - I wait for your call."

"Mr. Wade, it's me, Mr. Maurer."

"I knew that you will call me. So, you know the name now?"

"Yes. I know now, who killed your chauffeur."

"You're in your office, Mr. Maurer, Mr. Peter Maurer?"

"Yes, I'm in my office."

"Till later then."

"Here is your money. Ten Madisons as promised."

"I not told you the name so far?"

"But you will, and I'm convinced that you will name the right name."

"That's interesting! That would imply that you would know the name also. Otherwise it would be a bit difficult to say whether my name is the right name or not - or?"

"The police has no imagination, contrary to you. How long you needed?"

"Well, it was easy to find out that your name is not Wade but Chandler. It was possible to me to read the police files - connections. The timing, the reason why you where there - everything! Everything allows only one solution."

"Well done. It's time to say goodbye now."

"You really think that I let your go?"

"Yes. Or do you wish a bit small talk?"

"At least I would like to ask....."
".....don't muck up the story now!"
"But....."
".....no "but"! Isn't this the most boring part of every story?"
"I not let you go with this! Why the hell you killed your chauffeur! Your so loyal and discreet chauffeur!"
"Now you disappoint me!"
"Why!"
"We're the same - oh, more or less. Your tries are not that bad, maybe you will be able to develop further on."
"Why!"
"Look in the mirror! Because I can do it! Don't tell me, that you not like it to do it!"
"This not answers the question about the "why"."
"Sorry, it was a mistake. Don't tell me that you make no mistakes. Your way to handle it, provokes mistakes. And don't tell me, that you not like it to play God!"
"Did you liked it? I thought always that you not liked it. All this dying around you, all this senseless absurdities."
"You're God, you could do it differently. It's your decision."
"Yeah, if it would be that easy. A girl is missing - shall she live or die? Who would be able to answer this question?"
"Life?"
"Then she has to die."
"You see, now you know why my chauffeur had to die. The roses are red, red of blood, to die for."
"Would you allow me a question?"
"Yes."
"Under the shower, as you failed....."
"Don't expect an answer....."

Two Peter On Tour

Tomorrow the tours will begin
Peter's tour and Peter's tour
Well, not sure which Peter I would like to be
What would be your choice

The one will become a star
The other?
For one it will become a disaster
For the other?

You say: That's an easy choice!
Really?
Don't forget the possible combinations
Funny – or?

What would be my choice?
It's funny that you're asking.....

Successful

Am I successful so far?

Still the number of daily visits on my web page is constant
Still I have no Patrons - apart from my brother-in-law
Is this a success or not?
The next three months will tell me more

I sit in a café drinking a café au lait
No, my life is not bad, not devastating
In many ways it's fucking easy
Surrounded by a fucking world

Yeah, would like it
Hundreds or thousands would read my writing every day
I would earn enough money to do nothing else then writing
But maybe that's only arrogant thinking

The Only One

I would like it, to be the only human on earth
It would be so easy then
No, no paradise
Nature is a cruel thing

But nothing outranks the humans in this matter
Therefore, without humans
The world would be a less cruel world
And the black female jaguar mangles me

To die for
For what you would die
For people and country
For eternity

A book in a shelf
I touch it gently
My name is on the book's back
I would die for

Stuttgart Calling

No, no apocalypse
At least I hope so
London Calling
In some months

Feel relaxed now
Good preparation
Not really
Too much hustle the last two weeks

But I do it not for the first time now
Well, the beginning of "The Happy Clown" is not easy to read
At least when I start too fast
But I hope I will find a good mood

And then
Next month Asperg
And the month thereafter Waiblingen
And then

London Calling
At least a very interesting concert, "The Unthanks" in Bristol
At least one day in Dover again
The black swans in St. James' Park

But now as a first step Stuttgart
Still in the morning
No need to hurry
Let's see what will happen

Real Illusions

We try to escape in illusions
We all, all of us
We create legends and narrations
We all, all of us

I've never had a chance
I've worked hard for my wealth
Nobody sees my creative brilliancy
Everybody loves my art

Sitting in "rote kapelle" again
As the last time
Try to create my legend, my narration
I've worked hard for it, hopefully someone realizes my creative brilliance

Melancholic music in 50s style
A very sunny day, wearing a short-sleeved shirt
Should I eat an ice cream
Why not, still time till to step on the stage

Like It!

Like it, to sit here, waiting to walk the rest of the way
To the Rosenau for open stage
Let my thoughts free rein
Feels like it would be something normal for me, to be on stage

All nervousness seems to be far away
Calmness and relaxation
Still music in 50s fashion
Piano and a woman's voice

Outside the Fire Lake and the fancy church
Many people walking by
Many women in fashion I like
Everything seems so unrealistic peaceful

Drowning in a dream
Never wake up again
The tones of the piano for an eternity
The woman's voice for comforting you

Yeah, running down a dream - Mr. Petty
What should I expect more than the given
Where is the boy, not dares to enter a shop or a café
Yeah, change is a powerful thing on the wing of a song - Ms. Grant

Chance Thrown Away

No, I was not good
Talked to much about me
Read too fast
Wrong structure

Had an important conversation with Michael Drauz thereafter
His critique was very good, his tips are very good - the fucking point
Doubted about his points myself
Nevertheless I did it wrong

In three weeks the next chance - Asperg
Have changed the structure of my reading
Most, the structure and length, about what I'm telling about me
And than - read slower! You have the time!

This was the first act in this year
Not the beginning will be the measure
The good thing - I know what I do wrong, I'm aware of
I need more practice!

New Ideas

My idea for this year is, to write only four stories, but to work on them the whole year. But more and more I see a problem in it, that I include the American day-to-day politics. "Beg Your Pardon!....." - the timeline of the story expands till the inauguration of the next POTUS in January 2021. The plan is, to finish the writing in December 2019. "The Happy Clown" - Peter's tour will end in February 2020. But I plan a third part? "To Be A Woman....." - not that much affected, but I would have to finish the story - as the others in December 2019 (maybe January 2020). In February 2020 the primaries and caucuses of the democrats just will begin! Sure, I could write other stories, but since some days I ponder about to change my plans.

Say, I would continue therewith, to write this four stories till January 2021?

"Beg Your Pardon!....." - for this story it would be fascinating. I could accompany the whole American presidential campaign, from the beginning just now, till the very end in Washington. I could try to dive into this so complex and long-winded process. Whatever would happen, I could react - a fascinating thought for me.

"The Happy Clown" - part two, Peter's tour, will end in February 2020. This part would include the official debates of the democrats. The third part would include the primaries and the caucuses of the democrats (and the conservatives?), and the presidential campaign. Again, whatever will happen, I can react to it. Interesting possibilities for part three!

"To Be A Woman....." - I would have more time for Kishana's "development". She's not allowed to drive, that means that she's fifteen or younger. Fifteen, she would be seventeen at election day, not allowed to vote. That would offer interesting possibilities.

"The American Dream" - what I have planned so far, is easy to write till the end of the year. But why not continuing with new cases, new developments.....many possibilities I would have, even to start with a new crime story in 2020.

I said, that 2019 will be the first year, of trying seriously, to become a professional writer. It was obvious that it would be joke to say: 2019 I will become a professional writer, because such things need a bit more time. Maybe I can say now: 2019 / 2020 I will try to become a professional writer.

I'm not sure about this, but the more I think about it, the more I have the feeling that this could become a very fascinating writing. At least a total different writing than in the last two years. All stories would become very long and complex then - but why not. I would have time, to write about Peter, his stays in the different cities during his tour. Not to talk about the third part. I could expand Kishana's world - her relation to Ken, her parents, Ms. Nolan and so on. I could wait to begin with the third part till next year - interesting opportunities. As said, a lot of interesting possibilities pop up! But it would be very different to my former writing. Still have "The Art,.....", everything possible there. I think I will do it.....

Decision

I've decided now, that I will do it that way.

"Beg Your Pardon!....." - I will write this story in real time. This means I plan to end with it in January 2021. Therewith I can react to all developments and I'm able to integrate them into the story. The difference to the reality will be that Peter will become the democratic nominee - and in the end POTUS. Well, let's see what story reality will write.

"The Happy Clown" - Peters tour will end February 2020, and therewith part II. This is the time when the official debates of the democrats will end and the primaries and the caucuses will begin. This is an interesting timing. Part III, Peter as a big comedy star, will cover the primaries and caucuses till the inauguration. Therefore also this story and the writing at it will end in January 2021. It will be interesting how much the real developments will affect the third part.

"To Be A Woman....." - an interesting timing would be, to begin with the third part in February 2020. In February 2020 all stories so far would enter a new stage then.

"The American Dream" - this story functions differently. I have to see how the plot develops, but I don't think it's necessary to expand this story till January 2021. I can finish this story whenever I feel it that it would be appropriate. I can benign with a new crime story, or whatever I think would be the best.

"The Art,....." - there will be a time, when this part will come to an end. The same as above. I can begin at anytime with a new part for poems, short stories and suchlike.

I think this is a good decision!

stars night sky
no longer
still stay

ocean sky open
limited
both blue

pain human's reality
 inanity
pain caused humans

death human's fear
 insanity
death caused humans

music
rhythm
life

literature
syntax
life

International Women's Day

Have I to writing something about it?
I hope I have not!
Even when I have to confess
That I have still no golden thread

Yeah, I still have my problems with
"To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly"
But it's not because of the "woman"
It's because of the new form of writing for me

International Women's Day
Sad that we still need one
That we need one in countries like Germany or the USA
Yeah, we are such progressive countries!

Delirious Wishes

A small house and a garden
A cat and a dog
A butterfly is flying around
A rainbow after a summer's rain

Laughter is echoing through the night

A longing dies in darkness
A heart breaks under the pressure
A bright star at the night sky died a million years ago
An old man fades away

Laughter is echoing through the night

Delirious wishes
Can you find me
Never you will find me
Delirious wishes

Laughter is echoing through the night

A moment of craziness grasps me
A moment of asking why not
A moment of pain in a with pain fulfilled world
A moment of absolute meaninglessness

Laughter is echoing through the night

A small house and a garden
A cat and a dog
A butterfly is flying around
A rainbow after a summer's rain

Ambiguity

The ambiguity of life
The not knowing what should
The uncertainty of the right
Look into the Garden and see

The red roses are blooming
And all the animals are tame
Only beauty fulfills the air
But only without the knowledge

Why has knowledge to mean to fail
Bite in the apple and swallow
You never will regret it
Lost in ambiguity

Born to
Who's crazy enough to give an answer
Too many, much too many
Don't you feel the ambiguity

A sun shines since four billion years
A sun will still shine for four billion years
Isn't it ironic
What a joke

Laniakae, our cosmic home
We opened the door into the Rose Garden
Is it too much to see
To be not more as a small grain of sand in this enormous flow - our galaxy

Is this the reason for the ambiguity
Is this the reason to damn knowledge
Because the knowledge not tells you, that you're the chosen
Because the knowledge tells you, that nothing will endure

Don't blame me
I've no answers
I'm only amazed at
Our place in the universe, and our unwillingness to be amazed at it

Well, in a thousand years, what new insights would be possible in this time
Yeah, but why, we know everything today
We're so clever
Ask, ask whatever you wanna ask

I bet with you
There will be someone who knows the answer
Absolutely and cast-iron
Is this really the way it has to go

Let me write a book
A poem maybe
To change the world - why
Look at the roses so red and all the animals so tame.....

Uncertainties

Yeah, tell me that I'm right
Yeah, tell me that the things I'm doing are good
I would know that it would be a lie
But come on, let us dream a bit

See the foaming waves who are hitting against the rocks
See the heavy clouds who are hurrying across the sky
Feel the wet on your skin
Feel the air on your skin

Begin to live, but what would this mean
Not give a shit about this world anymore
Raise your voice, but what would this mean
Give a fucking shit about this world from now on

Not able to stay under water
Not able to stay in the air
Sitting around and dream
Not able to understand the human world

Asperg

Tomorrow I will read in Asperg
Have changed the structure of my reading compared to Stuttgart
Thought about the critique of Michael Drauz
I hope I will do it better tomorrow

Only a few words about me and my writing at the beginning
Then the same part of "The Happy Clown" as in Stuttgart
A somewhat longer part about me and my writing
And then a new text, "The British Insanity"

Again a few words about me and my writing
Then the same poem as in Stuttgart as closure, "The Beauty Of The World"
I hope I will do it good
Look at the people when you talk about yourself and your writing - I will try it!

All in all had Stuttgart a positive effect
Again more readers, but still no Patron
I have to be patient, I have to continue
I have to think about in which way I can find a larger audience

House of Commons

19:45, short before the voting
I would feel ashamed to be a member of the House of Commons
Why we have to talk about
Why more and more people are annoyed about politicians and their behavior

Why more and more radicals are finding a sympathetic ear
This is a puppet theater
Let us see what will happen during the next hours
I've no good feeling!

Oh Mary

Sometimes I'm speechless
Sometimes I don't understand
Maybe I'm too limited
But maybe it's because it's simply mindless

Asperg

Sitting "Glasperlenspiel" in Asperg
Looks very cozy
Very early arrived
Left work a bit earlier, no need to hurry

How will it be
Feel relaxed, better concept this time
Will not do it perfect
But I see me as writer, not as performer

Still the question stays
In which way I can get more audience
But maybe that's no question for now
But a question for the next weeks

In four weeks open stage in Waiblingen
One result is obvious:
I can win over readers, and they stay
But to talk about "professional writing" I would need Patrons

But it's March, still the beginning
I feel tensed
Yes, people are interested in my writing
But.....

Alone

At the moment I feel alone
As said, very early in Asperg
But it's my first time here
And better to have some time, than to be in a hurry

But it's strange
Sitting here at the table
A black tea
Writing this

Wouldn't it be nice, would somebody else sit at table
Would there be someone I could talk with
Yeah, it would be
Maybe I should walk around a bit, through the narrow streets of Asperg

Talking Jack

Maybe I should have a conversation with Jack?
Jack is a very smart person!
I think he could give me some good advises
I think it would be clever to listen to him

Be thankful that all this is possible to you
I enjoy it more and more
I'm more and more curious about what will happen in the next years
Yeah, I should enjoy it!

Back Home

Just arrived back at home
Typed the above
My reading?
Good and bad.

Good?
The new structure is much better
Interacted much better with the audience
Looking forward to Waiblingen to improve this

Bad?
Got a dry mouth, tea backstage!
Not thought that I would need the tea onstage
From now on, all the times something to drink onstage

Bad?
Two or three people talk loud
Even the other audience was annoyed
Was irritating together with the dry mouth

Good?
I did it
Again learned something
Need more practice, but I'm getting better

Professional

I think, no doubt, I have to become (more) professional
It's a bit sad, would change much
Hoped for changes, fear about changes
Changed a lot during the last years

"To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly"
Was it a mistake, to write a story without Peter
I'm Peter, I'm not Kishana
Think about to stop this story

Thursday, jazz club day
Special concert today
I have to decide
What way I wanna go

Feeling Empty

I feel empty, sitting here, "Altes Theater"
No idea about my writing
But today is my "free" day
But tomorrow, what shall I write

We will see, not have to think about it today
Yesterday "Glasperlenspiel"
Today I look at the stage
Not being on it

Although that my performing is still not that good
Although that this ten minutes are too short for a reading
Nevertheless I like it to be onstage
Nevertheless I like it to read my writing

I have to open up more possibilities for me to read (for a longer time)
But more in the region of Heilbronn
Would make it easier for me
Has to be a project for the next weeks and months

Dilettantish Asshole

First session is over
And I feel like a dilettantish asshole
Most probably because
I'm one

Streams Quartet:

Nguyên Lê – electric guitar, electronics

Illya Amar – vibraphone

Chris Jennings – acoustic bass

John Hartfield – drums, percussion

Twilight

Still a lot of uncertainties
Will need some days to think things over
The next two days I have not to work
Three work days and then two more free days

I have to continue with writing this days
But this evening I find no clear thought
I think I should go to sleep early
A weekend full of writing waits

Changes

Some changes:
Stopped with "To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly"
Begun with "To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly II"
Changed some on my Patreon page

After the last two open stage performances
Much more readers than I hoped for
Still no Patron
Success or failure

A lot of writing waits for me now
Nearly two years, till January 2021
Soon in England, still no Brexit
Will see The Unthanks - look forward to

No three months this year is old
And already interesting developments
I have to make the next steps
Whatever it pays

Cold

 Fetched a cold
Not good yesterday, a bit better today
Hope it will be better tomorrow again
 Decided not to work today

 Slept very long, the medicine works
 Will write a bit now
 All stories up to date - more or less
 Except "The Happy Clown"

 Have to concentrate on this story a few days
But not today, today a bit writing that's easier to me
 Outside it rains, no nice day
 But the last days were very sunny
 And I fetched a cold

Better Today

 Better today
 But still a bit tired
 See that I have to plan "To Be A Woman.....II"
The beginning I have, but I have to plan it like "The American Dream"

 "The American Dream" still is easy to write
 "Beg Your Pardon!....." only two parts and I'm up to date (today?)
 "The Happy Clown" still my biggest "construction site"
But I think this will be fixed till the end of the week, have not to work at the weekend

 I look forward for the upcoming
 In a month I will travel to England
 Will be interesting, still in the EU?
 In two weeks the next reading

 But now I have to write
 I have to write much the next days
 A bit disappointed about the last days
Well, still it's the beginning of the year and not the end

A Day Of Planning

"The Happy Clown" has to be planned further on
That I can concentrate on continuing writing the story from Friday till Sunday
Tomorrow I have to think about "To Be A Woman.....II"
I need a framework to write this story

If I can achieve this
Then the writing of the next months should be relatively easy
But now I have to start with
"The Happy Clown"

The British Disaster - Nigel Farage?

Well, maybe I should locate my stories no longer in the USA? In the USA, everything is much more unvarnished than in Europe or especially Germany. Their president? But hey, what about the Brits? Well, not for the first time I think about the Brexit, and the last days were unbelievable, can this be still become more silly? But what was the beginning of all?
Saw a documentation about Nigel Farage, his money sources, about the Russians and more in TV yesterday. Is this the source of evil?
I think this is too easy, not to say hypocritical - Nigel Farage? When I see how Theresa May and Jeremy Corbyn are acting today, and acted in the past? When they talk about that Farage used social media and campaigns - unbelievable, how evil. Only Mr. Farage can use social media and run a campaign? Well, still, we Germans elected Hitler, the Americans their fucking president, and the Brits voted for the Brexit - who's to blame for all that?
Still no big Stones fan, but still some songs are very cool:

*I shouted out
Who killed the Kennedys?
When after all
It was you and me
(Sympathy for the Devil)*

It Functions?

I've the feeling that it functions
"The Happy Clown" is up to date now
"Beg Your Pardon!....." is the writing for Wednesday
Thursday thinking about "To Be A Woman.....II"

Tomorrow "The American Dream"
Have to think about the two weeks in England
In two weeks the next open mic
I've the feeling that it functions

Better?

Tuesday next week reading in Waiblingen
Wednesday in two weeks aviation for London
Wednesday in three weeks concert "The Unthanks"
Wednesday in four weeks back in Germany

Four interesting weeks are waiting
I hope that I can use them
So far I still satisfied
Still no Patron, but much more readers

Wrote a part of "The American Dream" just right now
Maybe I will continue with "The Happy Clown" somewhat
Tomorrow the next meeting "Beg Your Pardon!....."
I have not to hurry with "To Be A Women.....II"

The fourth month of the first year
The first year that I try to become a professional writer
Too early for everything
New ideas about the second half of the year

Waiblingen

Tomorrow Waiblingen
Expectations?
None, the third of the first three open stage performances this year
Next week England

Have ideas about a second part of "The American Dream"
Different topic(s) - "Dystopian Nightmare"
Will begin with "To Be A Woman.....II" after England
Maybe also with "Dystopian Nightmare"

Feel tired today
My workplace will be run by a new company soon
Not the best timing for me at the moment
Many uncertainties for the future

But first Waiblingen
Then England
And then the future
And then the writing

Waiblingen

Sitting Waiblingen, sound check already done
Café au lait, waiting for my salad
Expectations?
Don't know

Headache all the day, stressful day today
Think about how long I should continue with open stage
Till the end of the year at least
But I have to try to have solo performances, readings

Not easy, especially if you're not making music
But this hurdle I have to take
But now the reading of today
Then London, the rest will follow

More Radical?

Not for the first time
I'm thinking about to write in a more radical way
"To Be A Woman.....II" should be different, but not radical in that sense
"Dystopian Dreaming" should be radical writing in that sense

But radical?
Which author I should name?
In a world of lies and extreme violence?
Violence not only physically, directly

Writing about the greed of the world
The American greed as a symbol for the world
I should think about for whom I'm writing
For me

For me
And that should have consequences
I should not think too much about readers or even Patrons
As in the beginning, during "My Dark Heart - Itinerary"

Rethink

After London I've to rethink my efforts
Still sitting and waiting
Apart from my headache a strange mood tonight
Could this be routine

I think not that I will perform well
Maybe better as the last time
But one could do it better
Nevertheless I feel relaxed

I fear that I will read too fast - as always
I fear that my modulation of the voice will be no good
But still, I'm a writer and no reader
Many people already here, still nearly an hour till the beginning

A Philosophical Negation

The real world as negation of philosophical ideas
Kant - theoretically good, but the real behavior of humans
Climate change - the abyss is clearly visible, lemming behavior
Philosophical ideas are cool, unfortunately they not function

Fundamentalism, ideologies, nationalism
Things like these function very well, are very attractive
Like a cream tart, like a marshmallow
Compelling, but little nutritiously

Wouldn't It Be Better?

Wouldn't it be better to write
Instead of sitting here
Wouldn't it be better to dream
Instead of waiting here

I would like to write twenty-four hours a day
Well, observing my variable stars from time to time
Well, jazz club at Thursdays during the season
Well, Wednesday evening in the bar

But writing without readers - even when you're writing for yourself
But in which way letting people knowing that you're writing
Promoting yourself, you have to
Well, sitting here and waiting

After London

Wednesday

Writing from 6pm till 9pm, then bar

Thursday

No writing, jazz club during the season (till end of June)

Writing from 6pm till 10pm, if it's no season

Work days

Writing from 6pm till 10pm

Free days

Writing from 11am till at least 6pm, uploading at 10pm

Geg'n Britannien

„Geg'n Britannien“, sagte der Käpt'n, „geht's, geg'n Britannien!“
Wir hissten die Segel, befeuerten die Maschine, warfen die Motoren an
Der Wind trug uns, Kohlen wurden geschippt, es stank nach Diesel
Geg'n Britannien, wohl dem der wieder wiederkommt!

Unter und über Wasser, immer geg'n Britannien
Nur eine kleine Insel, wir vom großen Kontinent
Sie fürchten uns und unsere Krieger
Verstecken sich vor Angst auf ihrem Eilande

Doch wir kommen zu Euch, wir haben keine Angst
Keine Angst uns mit Euch zu messen
Keine Angst Euch gegenüber zu stehen
Keine Angst haben wir, deshalb sind wir schon fast da

Die letzten Wellen noch, dann betreten wir den Sand
Keiner von Euch lässt sich blicken
Warum auch, uns könnt ihr eh nicht die Stirne bieten
Wir sind gekommen um Euch zu besiegen

Und so war es ein Leichtes, kaum einer von uns fiel
Wir besiegten sie schnell, schnell ergaben sie sich ihrem Schicksal
Und tatsächlich, man glaubt es fast kaum
Wurde der Brite einer von uns

Seitdem ist der Brite Europäer zuerst
Und die Queen die Königin von uns allen
Warmes Bier und fragwürdige Pies
Na ja, wir haben die Briten halt lieb

London Calling

Looking forward to London Zoo
Last time with eighteen
Looking forward to Dover Castle
Last time with eighteen

Looking forward to "The Unthanks"
For the first time
Looking forward to open stage in London
For the first time (in London)

Looking forward to the black swans in St. James' Park
Last time with eighteen
Looking forward to the River Thames
Last time with eighteen

Thursday

Sitting at the inner yard of "Altes Theater"
Rosé wine, thinking about next Thursday
Then in London, maybe open stage
On stage last Tuesday in Waiblingen?

Look forward to England
Would I like it more, to be in Los Angeles or in San Francisco
Yes - should I say, of course
But maybe I will like it more than expected

The motivation is the concert of "The Unthanks"
And maybe some open stage
Hyde Park, St. James' Park, London Zoo
Dover, and Bristol for the first time

Sad that a small majority caused the Brexit
Will I talk about it, with the people there
Say, I would see a good opportunity to work, to live there
Sad, as a member of the EU it would be no problem

So it's no opportunity any longer
Sad, so near and yet so far
Vienna, Strasbourg, and Stockholm I've planned
I long for the endless ocean

London Jazz

Have not looked after jazz clubs in London so far
Would be a shame, to stay in London and not at least one or two jazz club evenings
But I stay very central
Therefore this should be no problem

Will begin with "Travelin' Around" next week
My first travel this year, hope not the last
Feel very, very different compared to the beginning of the year
New and different clothes on, should buy some in London

I think about my aims, "my" audience
Would make sense, would they know "my" music
Would make sense, would they know "my" literature
I've the feeling that it would be good, would they be younger

The open stage audience is surprising for me
Sure, most of them are there to laugh, to be entertained
But nearly all are around my age
Only a few under thirty - very few, if any, under twenty

I would be interested to read in front of students
Young politically interested people
Young people at all
Have to think this over

Summer's Again

Well, not really, but a wonderful evening today
It's getting somewhat cold now, but nevertheless
The days are much longer now, the wonderful sun
Well, as star observer I like long nights, but.....

Long nights, writing through the nights
I miss this somewhat
And yet, I'm happy that it's warm again
That the sun shines, the sun's rays

Less and lesser problems with my stomach
But I gained weight again
Till the end of the year I hope that I've lost it again, and hopefully some more
A lot of plans in my head now

Soon the concert will begin
Two - presumably - very hard work days
Then it's done
But now Finnish jazz

Finlandia

First session is over - fantastic!
Not for the first time I ask myself
Would be Finland my country
Jazz, tango and one of the highest suicide rates in the world

But it's the same as with Canada
Interesting to work, interesting to live, interesting landscape, interesting people
But so cold, especially during the long winters - very short summers
I love the sun so much now

But maybe Helsinki instead of Stockholm?
Let's see, often I have Scandinavia in my mind
But Finland - this far north?
And well, not really an endless ocean there

Aki Rissanen Trio:

Aki Rissanen – piano
Teppo Mäkynen – drums
Antti Lötjönen - bass

After London

After London I have to change things
Things alter, my writing alters
Everything alters
I alter

After London

I look forward - really
Feel relieved
"The Happy Clown" and "Beg Your Pardon!....."
Two years of writing! So much potential in them, still at the beginning!

See the second part of "The American Dream" in front of me
Well, other stories?
"To Be A Woman.....II" - no hurry, take your time, develop your idea
"Dystopian Dreaming" - it should be extreme, the first paragraph is in my head

Have still no expectations - London? Dover?
Strange, very different as the last two years - Los Angeles and San Francisco
Maybe an emotional thing
Maybe not the worst thing

Travelin' Around

Travelin' Around will begin tomorrow
Tomorrow at this time - hopefully - I will be in my hotel room in London
Ready for a first walk
Interesting restaurant and a bar not that far away

And the next morning?
St. James's Park of course
Through Hyde Park
And Green Park passing the Buckingham Palace

My father's birthday dinner now
Some hours later - some TV?
Early stand up, shower and train to Stuttgart airport
Still no expectations.....

Waking Up

Back from London
This morning
Just now
Half asleep

I walked over the bridge, here at home
Over the river, the Kocher
Suddenly the bridge changed
Everything changed

I heard waves
I saw water in front of me
Till the horizon
Smelled a salty breeze

I thought:
Wow, I even not saw the ocean
Only the Channel
With France on the other side

Do I miss the ocean that much
Written about Lake Ontario the last days
Looking out of the window I see no water
I decided it would be better to stand up

I will not do much today
I think that will be better
Jazz club in the evening
Tomorrow we will see

Rainy Day

Since I'm back in Germany it's raining
I had not that much rain during the two complete weeks in England
Maybe I should go back
Have written two small parts for "The Happy Clown"

"Canada" is finished therewith
Now back to the States
A new region waits
New York waits

Maybe it will become difficult
The takeover of my work place from another company
But not that much because of the new company, but because of the old company
I hope this will become not too complicated

Was for a short visit at my work place
To talk about the latest developments
Somebody is ill
Maybe my roster will change - maybe no free weekend

How fucking the thought to have Patrons
How fucking the thought to earn enough by writing
In one way I ask myself why continuing with writing - this world is a shitty world
On the other hand - not the most stupid thing one can do

I'm exhausted
Would like to continue with writing
"The American Dream", "Beg Your Pardon!....."
"To Be A Woman,.....II" and "Dystopian Dreaming"!

Think about a story with Peter, the private detective
On holiday in London
But maybe this would be too kitschy
But some places would be cool settings (for a climax)

Kew Gardens - the Palm House and the Temperature House!
Little Venice in Paddington!
The "pair" of "java u" (both) and the chain "Le Pain Quotidien"!
The London Marathon, the parks (Regent's), the River Thames (tides).....!

3pm now
Think it's enough for today
Jazz club day today
Tomorrow working and seeing what will be the next days
Tomorrow I should write at least a part for "The Happy Clown" and "Beg Your Pardon!....."

No Good Mood

Had no good mood for writing
But then I decided to begin with the new
Also to write till 10pm and then to upload
Gives me a bit more time

Have not to work the next two days
Time for as much writing as possible
Now I have really a lot of stories to write
Let's see what happens

Problems

Have some problems I have to confess
After my return from England, last Wednesday
But not that much as the two previous years
After my returns from California

Therefore I think I should be a bit patient
It should be better in some days
Till then I have to try to concentrate
Writing has to be my aim

Europe

Well, next Sunday at this time we know more - about what does we know more then? Europe's future? Because my forecasts are mostly dead wrong - "times have changed, at least I hope so" - another forecast.

Yes, the nationalists and populists will achieve a good result - say twenty-five percent. Well, seventy-five percent non-nationalists and non-populists - sounds not that bad, or? But then the election of the European Commission President? My problem?

Isn't it possible that democratic parties work together? Austria? The FPÖ should be dead now, stone-dead! But only if other parties - ÖVP, SPÖ, GRÜNE - would work together. Not necessarily in a coalition, but as the basis of a democratic Austria. Europe?

Europe without a vision is dead, because Europe was a vision. Angela Merkel is one of the gravediggers of Europe at the moment, not Victor Orbán. Europe has to be more than an economic and military union - Germany in, say, 1850? Europe today?

Soon I will start therewith to write a very dark dystopia, can be seen as a kind of back story of "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl". Still would like it more, would "Utopian Dreaming" be the future of mankind, but.....

No Jazz Today

Have seen, luckily by chance, that today's jazz concert is canceled
Wow, that's really a pity
Would had been a very special concert
And I looked forward to

Klezmer and piano
Two musicians, very "modern", improvisatory
Not sure how much I would had "loved" it
But something that you hear not every week in any case

Canceled cause of health reasons
Hopefully nothing severe
My best wishes, maybe at another time
Next season?

David Krakauer - clarinet and vocals
Kathleen Tagg – piano

New Plans

No jazz today?
No bar yesterday?
Have observed my variable stars last night
You have to set priorities

And today?
No jazz?
Bar?
Till then?

I think I should use the time for some writing
Have not to work today
The next two, three weeks some uncertainties
The new employer, the transition

A lot of writing waits
"Beg Your Pardon!....." especially
"The American Dream" will come to an end
The new stories still at the beginning, but.....

The next one, two, three months will be very interesting
In many cases
Will I be able to develop
Hope so!

Alternative

So, no jazz tonight
Therefore sitting in the bar
New Old Fashioned variant
Very fruity, nice taste of orange

Think about "Dystopian Dreaming"
Soon I should begin with the (first?) main part
Have an vague idea as always
But not sure about, how I should set the first words

The beginning determines not everything
But in any case a lot
Thought about a nesting of different stories
Difficult for the readers?

Still two parts of "Dissect Yourself" to write
And nobody says that I have to begin with "The Fulfillment Of Humankind" immediately thereafter
Writing becomes more and more to a....."taken-for-grantedness" (?)
Like it!

European Dreams in Bremen

6:44 p.m., the first projections
Europe - congratulations "Bündnis90/Die Grünen"
Europe - congratulations voters, 90% solid democrats
Bremen - one time visionary politicians?

Bremen, why not red-red-green?
It's time to realize this variation
Simply because it's possible
And to see what will happen

France? Italy?
So far - Netherlands - the right-wing fails
Would be fantastic if this would continue
Bovine nationalists we have enough already

Reinvent Myself

I have to reinvent myself
I'm on the way to it?
Sometimes I would say: Yes!
Sometimes I would say; No!

I feel better, but not good
London was good, but not very good
It could have been better
I could have been better

First half of this year is over
No bad time
No very good time
I develop, but not enough

France?

Still no good numbers
Le Pen the winner?
Ah, France
No longer savoir-vivre?

Whatever
The European parliament will have all opportunities
To shape a better, more democratic Europe
For an Europe that moves closer together

It's now on you Europe
Are younger voters more smart than the old voters?
It seems so
It seems so that they have realized that it's their future!

AKK

Hollow words
A lot of hot air
That's the statements why the young ones love you so much
The SPD? Well, maybe Bündnis90/Die Grüne are the new SPD?

First Summary

00:30 p.m., should go to bed
In six hours I have to stand up
Well, France - but 23%?
Well, Italy is Italy

Summary
Should the EU fail
Then not because of the anti-EU parties
It can fail only if the democratic parties screw it up

Angry

I'm angry about me!
Wasted time!
Have to do better!
Otherwise it's meaningless!

The "New York" part has to be better
Have to be more concentrated
To much other things in my head
Would be writing in the night better?

Writing through the night, was always good
But this rhythm gives me more opportunities
Night or day, this can be no excuse
I'm angry about me!

Kurz

Strange days
Germany, France, Italy - okay
But.....Austria
Well Austria, what a show

The SPÖ looks like the idiot
The ÖVP is simply charming
The FPÖ are the goodie two shoes
Austria, you're really sexy today

Does

Does I've found a better writing rhythm now?
Maybe?
We will see the next days
Need more flexibility
Maybe I've found it now

Have begun with "The Fulfillment Of Humankind" now
Feel better now
Drowning in water
Drowning in dreams
Drowning in drugs

Drowning in words

Heavy Horses

Heavy Horses are in my mind
This so wonderful creatures
Wonderful, breathtaking - much more than any thoroughbred
Heavy Horses are in my mind

I hear them, feel their breath
I see them, feel their heat
I envy them for their strength
I envy them for their steadiness

Heavy Horses are in my mind
Would wish to be one of them
Would wish to run with them through the landscapes
Heavy Horses are in my mind

Father's Day

It's Father's Day - well, Mr. Cohen
Not interested in Manhattan
Maybe Berlin?
It's Father's Day and who's wounded?

Have some problems, after work at home
Blood circulation? Need often some hours, to recover
But then it's good - otherwise I feel (often) (very) good at the moment
Not sure about my constitution at the moment

It's Father's Day today
And I'm no father
I'm even no husband or partner
It's Father's Day today

Changes

London, Bristol and Dover were important to me
Sitting here, inner courtyard Altes Theater in a wonderful old armchair
And writing this
In previous times I would have died, only thinking about doing it

But still I've my problems therewith
To think about to be a writer, earning money with writing
Have some problems with my body
I need some more time for my mind

Soon the second half of the year begins
All in all I'm very optimistic at the moment
Soon I will be a year older
Not that it would interests me much

Eight o'clock - soon the concert begins
Time to walk to my table
Time to enjoy another concert
Here in the Altes Theater

Contrasts

In a moment of uncertainty
Not knowing what you should wish
Not knowing what you should do
In a moment of uncertainty

Please tell me, how will it be
My body, will I read in front of "my" audience, how many readers, even Partons?
Maybe I will be old, ill and sick or even dead?
Please tell me, how it will be

In a moment of uncertainty
One can do very stupid things
One can do wonderful things
In a moment of uncertainty

Being The Judge

Being the judge, is the easy part
Being the one who has to decide, not that much
Give birth or not, as an example
Sometimes it's not the worst, to be the man

It's easy to announce the verdict
About the damnability of the world
About the damnability of the weak
It's easy to play the White Knight

I feel the tangency at my shoulder
But I've not the courage to look
Maybe it would be an elegant women's hand
Maybe the skeletonized hand of death

So I will die as a coward
As coward I lived my live
Never saw the women's hand
Feared too much the death

It Could Be So Easy

The takeover of the kitchen in which I work at the moment
By another company
Could be so easy
Could

At the moment everything is doubtful
Not that I say that it's a disaster
But at the moment it not looks good
At the moment everything is doubtful

Maybe at Friday we know more
Much more to work, but more staff?
It was not perfect, the last year
But it has functioned very well at the end

Now again an uncertainty
At a moment where I definitively not need it
Hopefully I know more at Friday
It's simply annoying!

Time To Inhale

I suck up the air
A day to calm down
A day to write
A day to unwind

But tomorrow again
But next week should bring clarity
At least so much
That decisions can be made

Feel good today
Have written much
At least more than the last days
Also some other things are developing good

Whatever, it will go on
Enough possibilities
At least I think so
I have to use the time better, the time I still have

One Day

One day I will be no longer
And I'm sad about it
Sad about, to have no longer all this wonderful sensory impressions
But in a way also relieved

Be honest, in the end we all know
After death there will be nothing anymore
Yes, you can hope or dream
But nothing will await us

Said it often enough
Would sign the devil everything
Everything I would sell him
But unfortunately there's no devil, 'cause there's no god / God either

So I sit here and wait
Till the day comes
And I'm fucked up should it be soon
I think I should have another tea

Stupid Timing

Chaos at work - not happy with the new company so far
Everything worse now, naivety or purpose
Misestimation or system
Next week I should know more

Whatever, everything will go on
Only that I have to spend energy on it is annoying
Today is my birthday
Never was interested in birthdays

Fuckin' Mood

I'm in a fuckin' mood
Few things are keeping me alive
The beauty of the stars
The music I'm listening to since hours

But so many things cut me down
A few things on the one side
So many on the other
It's difficult so to keep the balance

I look out off the window
You know the view also - more or less
I see the flowers, the blue sky, the sun's light
I see dying, suffering and hear the screams

So much beauty in this world
Would be enough for everyone
I'm nothing than a naive asshole
Not lived happy, but maybe died

Never was a part of this world
Fascinated as a child by the world of arts
But raised in a world of none
But at least found the stars

As an old man now with helpless tries
Soon I will die, but "mpr" will stay forever
Isn't that relieving
Close the book and give up

Only one time more I wanna see the sun's drowning in the ocean
Santa Monica Beach, my 13th beach
Under all this others people I can be alone
Alone as my whole live

Never was I able talk about my feelings
Never was I able to express my feelings
Why somebody burns oneself
Should I understand this person - with open eyes

I hate syringes, but in this moment it would be okay
In this moment it would be interesting to be an American
Would I see the endless ocean, looking out of the window
But you know what one can see there

I would like to drown
You suffocate while drowning
I should know it
But have no memories

I would like it, wafting in the endless space - Dark Star
I would like it, a cold hand would touch my shoulder
I would like it, a cold voice would tell me: Only an hour left.....
I would like it, dissolving

I would like it, to change
But that's only a lie
Hate it enough to be a human
But to be a part of this fuckin' world?

I run down a path
In a wonderful woodland
It's one of this bewitched forests
Bewitched like I

I feel my power shrinking
I feel my lust for live disappearing
Only the stars and the music
More and more it's difficult to keep the balance

Decisions have to be made
My whole live I was indecisive
I see me fading
Never shined in my live

The second half of this year
Shall I try it? All in, like the Cincinnati Kid?
He lost everything - does he?
And what would I have to lose?

A pathetic live
Enough money I would have for a last long trip to L.A.
As I said it long ago:
One day I will buy me a ticket to L.A. - one-way, no return

But be honest with yourself
You will die alone, looking out of the window
No last supper at Gus's
Only a fuckin' boring death

The innocence is over
Two weeks
Six months
The innocence is over

The time is tickin' away
The day is drawing to an end
I hate it to close the eyes now
But more I hate the thought to open them again

Sing Me A Lullaby

Sing me a lullaby, sing me into sleep
Never let me wake up again
Do me that favor

See that junkie in the street
So much I can understand him
So much I can understand that he wastes his live
Wasted mine also

Everything seems wasted
A world of wasted possibilities
"Utopian Dreaming" - what a wonderful world this would be
A world of science and arts

Couldn't imagine that this could happen in a near future
Only after the near-complete annihilation of the human kind
And even then it was not clear
Whether this stage would last forever or not

Sing me a lullaby, sing me into sleep
Never let me wake up again
Do me that favor

Way Too Write

A lot to write this days
Especially for "Beg Your Pardon!....."
Till the first of the debates at 26th / 27th
Then I can slow down with this story somewhat

The story will have a new rhythm then
Not totally sure about it
Thought about the story, planed
Also about "The Happy Clown"

"The American Dream" comes to an end soon
For the next part "That's No Reason To Give Up" a vague idea
Have written a lot the last months – or?
Good writing? I think much better than before!

Give me a bit more time
Cold hand on the shoulder
Sometimes it's hard, sometimes it's fucking
But in the end, give me a bit more time

Today is Thursday
No writing, not more than this - jazz club day
Next Thursday the last concert for this season
Then I have some weeks time to write more at Thursdays

On my roster I would have three free days
Saturday till Monday - three days of writing
But at the moment nothing functions
Therefore I guess that I will not get them

Nevertheless, in the next weeks
I will finish my first story, another one will change its characteristic much
A new region is waiting, the three new stories I should force somewhat
Have written much in the last months

But, to what end?
Would someone could answer me this question
I would be happy and sad at the same time
Whatever the answer would be

Have missed much in my life - my fault
Not finished it is
Funny Old Man
Never the cold hand will turn into a warm one

What I've become
Don't ask
Neither do I
None of us would be happy with the answer

Look At Me

Look at me, do you know how does I feel?
Is this a pathetic question?
We all have our problems
Do we?

Looking in all the other faces it seems
That all are happy and glad
The young beautiful woman I saw many years ago crying in the pedestrian area of Strasbourg
I not addressed her, I hadn't the guts to do so at this time

And today? Would I address her today?
An old man addressing a young beautiful woman
Maybe that's one of our problems
That this automatically would look strange

Look at me, do you know how does I feel?
Even I'm not sure about it
Changes very often and rapidly
Tell me that I'm fine

I Hate

I hate stories and movies with
Stupid and predictable happy endings
This is not the reality
But why then I'm hoping for an happy ending for my story

I'm

I'm the harbinger of death
I've written
In a poem which I like very much and think that it's a good poem
But only in this poem I'm the harbinger

In reality I'm waiting for the harbinger
For the beautiful queen on her white horse
For her companions on their black mustangs
I will have a lousy and banal death

Not My Way

Saw an interview with a young poetess and musician from London
Looked interesting
A (shooting?) star, with powerful words, poems and music
Now working together with a producer legend

I started to read the interview
Soon I stopped with it
Why
Not my way!

She talked about, that to be creative as an artist would be a spiritual practice per se
That you would have access to something divine, that would speak to you
That you would go to another, sublime, place by creating art
I stopped reading the interview

Sorry, and that's why I not name her
But for me this is pathetic shit!
She demands of love and more empathy, less consumption and ignorance
Very fine, like the German idealism - on the paper everything works very well, but in reality.....?

I still like Bukowski - don't try!
When he talks about, how he feels in the morning after a boozed up night
When Burroughs talks about, how it feels to wake up with only one thought in mind
Sorry, but this is life, this is the reality, no nice idealistic - quixotic - remarks

Give the people what they want - The Kings
Why?
Well,.....
Hey, let us be a bit phony!

But I'm None

I see everything in front of me
But when I try to begin
Everything dissolves
Like if you would start to think about the entity of time

I've the feeling that the problems is
That I'm no woman, I'm a man
And I think it's useless to write something
That's not directly connected with me

But I've the feeling it would make no sense to start with "III" now
Maybe the challenge is it, to find a solution for this dilemma
It would not be my first fragment
But this time it would be (very) different

"Dystopian Dreaming" starts to develop now
"Cozy Days In London" is obviously a no-brainer
Maybe a stupid idea
Maybe I should write "To Be A Man Means To Be - yeah, what?"

Boring! Why I should write such a boring story
Still I could write a conventional novel
The story about a woman who blah blah blah..... - boring!
Maybe simply a stupid idea

Two-Year-Old Drowned

A two-year-old girl drowned in a large river
I think I was five or six as I nearly drowned in a small river
I have no memories of the drowning as such
Does the little girl has memories about it now

And the father who drowned also
And the mother and the other children who not drowned
Every day in the Mediterranean sea
We Europeans have not to look at the US / Mexican border

How much is a life worth
Depends on, or?
At least some lives are very cheap
Some lives are unimportant

Some say, that drowning is a nice death
Not sure about it
Sure about, that such a death
One more wasted life

Last Concert

Today it's the last concert
The last jazz concert of this season
No jazz club till September
Think about what will be, in September

No, I meant not the "big policy"
I ponder about my life
Will I have a new job
Seems so at the moment

From next week on I will try to be consequent
Will write the "Altes Theater" because of my writing
I have to do the next step
I have to see if I can find an own audience

In the beginning of July I will perform in Stuttgart again, Rosenau open stage
I think this will be my last open stage (at least in Germany)
I need more time, not this ten minutes hecticness
But this would be a large step

I hope that I can find with my activities
People who know people who know people who know people
I think it's obvious that I need contact to - yeah, what?
Strange, in San Francisco, even in Los Angeles, I would know it

Whatever, during the next half a year I have to progress
Fucking that I have to invest power and time in a - possible - new job
But at the moment it's simply fucking
But on the other hand, why I shouldn't be relaxed

Why?

Well, soon I will be a famous writer
I will earn a lot of money
Will move to Los Angeles
And will die with a cup of tee in my hand while looking at the endless ocean

Flamenco

Yeah, last jazz club of the season
Flamenco – surprised?
One of this nice aspects here
Fantastic jazz, but not only

And it's a very substantial evening
Fantastic musicians and a fantastic danseuse
I like the rhythmic, it's an infectious music
Think about if I also could do so - in an amateurish way of course

In this season we had tap dance also
Both, the working with the feet
Should enjoy it more often
And both was possible, very personal and political statements

Music and dance, wonderful ways of expression

!DUENDE NOW!:

Gerd Putscheff – violin, viola, piano
Juanin de Ildefonso Garcia – flute
Jokob Fritz – trombone
Frank Ihle – guitar
Willi Kappich – tablas, cajon, drums
Corinna Han – dance

Music

Have read an interview with Stewart Copeland just now - taz
Stupid idea, sitting here to start with today's writing - but I have to agree
Neither a classical composer nor a poet ever sets the impulse
To start to move your hips

Music (and dance) is simply something special
In all cultures and at all times
From the beginning on
I dream about to be musician

But the only thing what I can do
Is to write
Knowing that it's not the same as making music
But it's the only thing I can do

Fucking Hot

It's fucking hot today
Have worked till 4pm - nice free day!
Now at "täglich" again
Have written the next day "The Happy Clown"

I'm completely soaked
I've the feeling that I had not sweated that much while working
At a kitchen!
But I like it in that way, that's nicer than freezing

Okay, it would be cooler at home
There I could have a shower for refreshment
I hope that it will be, to have a internet access at home tomorrow again
Would make the things much easier

I have to confess that I have no more power today
To write more
Have to wait an hour, have to do something online
Then uploading the writing
Then back home again

So far only a very few visitors on my webpage today
Yesterday much more
Okay, too hot for reading
That's okay ;)

Fucking Policy

What happens in the Mediterranean Sea is shameful -
Let them drown, is this better as that what happens at the Mexican border?
Don't think so!
Easy to point with the finger at the ugly Americans!

Some say that during the Middle Ages a life was worth nothing
And today?
Save the king's life, all others are less important
Fuck the king, let him die!

Twilight Zone, the movie
One episode was about a person - not totally sure at the moment
A Nazi who woke up and had to realize that he's a Jew now?
Something like that

This I would wish some of our "big" political leaders

Online Again

Wow, it has really functioned - as promised!
I'm online again and can continue with writing in the "old" fashion
Think not that much today
But from tomorrow on - many stories are waiting!

During the week I have to write my letter to "Altes Theater"
My roster says, that I have not to work on Thursday and Friday
Would give me some room to write
Let us see what will happen

The weekend I have to work
At Sunday from the morning till the evening
Double shift, no time to write
Maybe a short poem?

I lose weight again
Twelve pounds last month
This time I will bring it to an end
At the end of the year I hope to have normal weight again – after many decades

And now, writing is waiting
Hey, I'm writing already
Therefore.....?
"The Happy Clown" - another chapter will end now.....

Death

Have written about death right now - "The American Dream"
Thought, how would it be to die right now
Next Tuesday again open stage Rosenau
Have now finally decided to read "Drowning Oneself"

Death from the very beginning till the very end
No nice text
Will be difficult to read
Difficult to listen to?

But this is a next step
Maybe my last open stage
Altes Theater
And in this moment I will die?

Not the best timing
But some then can say
A shame, maybe he would had been able to write a real big novel in some years
Cool, I never had had to prove it!

But it would be disappointing for me
Maybe I will be able to - only to see the possibility
Just started with an expanded program - variable stars
Would make only sense if I continue with it - at least - for the next five till ten years

So, let me travel again
To Los Angeles and San Francisco maybe
In February 2021
To a hopefully more happy USA

Hey!

Hey, what shall I say!
Good mood today!
Unnecessary problems with the job at the moment
But I have to fix this

Next week the reading
Look forward to it, even when it will be stressful
Have to work, but enough time to drive to Stuttgart
Like it more and more that I will read "Drowning Oneself"

I'm loosing more weight than planned
Maybe I can observe my stars tonight
Have bought very interesting items for my collection
Forget the fucking job!

The second half of the year has begun now
Give yourself some time now
The job is the least important thing at the moment
To have one, okay - but the rest?

Maybe I will be - very - happy at the end of they year
Maybe I will be - very - sad at the end of the year
But I see progress
This is a very important year for me!

Still

Still no real idea about "To Be A Woman....."
But don't hurry, you have all the time
And enough other stories to write
But I not wanna give up the idea!

Stanisław Lem

Is it possible that we live in such a world
The Futurological Congress
Drugged
Not seeing the reality, all is only an illusion

We all live in different worlds
But which is the real one
Difficult to answer question
As long as you're a part of this world

Stand apart, not belonging to
Maybe a possibility
But definitively no guaranty
Your only chance?

The thing-in-itself - hello, Mr. Kant
The rose which is a rose
The absolutely truth
A jellyfish galaxy destroyed during billions of years

Isn't it the most probable
That we know nothing in the end
That our knowing about the universe and everything in it is only very fragmentary
Not much different thereto, just like as the first human asked the question about this lights at the sky

Would like it to jump in time
A thousand years maybe
I hope they only would laugh about us
Said it before, I fear that they will hate us for what we're doing today

Pondering

Sitting in the bar - Old Fashioned - clouds at the sky
For the first time since weeks now
Drinking a House Old Fashioned
Pondering about "To Be A Woman....."

Not interested in to write "III"
Some parts of "I" and "II" I like very much
Others not that much - the structure of "I"
Would like to combine "I" and "II"

More first-person narrator?
More surreal?
Shall I rewrite the texts?
Can I bring both parts together?

Maybe I should try it tomorrow
But I should save the so far writing
Maybe it will be interesting for me in the future to keep this stage
Thought about if I will continue with the writing of "The Travel" for instance

Writing has become very interesting
Not to say: Exciting!
Already now the stories have become long and complex
For some it's not even half-time!

Does I'm on a good way?
I've the feeling: Yes!
After two or three fucking weeks
I feel back again

Tomorrow I will get everything underway
To start with the search for a new job
One job application I've already made
The next I will make tomorrow

This fucking world is mine!
The universe is mine!
The Endless Ocean is mine!
I'm nothing, but why this should be of any importance?

Mezcal

First time - forget Tequila
Will definitely not get a every day cocktail for me
But from time to time
Have to try the other cocktails with Mezcal

This one at least is heavy
Mezcal, beetroot schnaps, lime juice, agave syrup
You have to try new things - have to read about it
I'm in a mood now to try new things

Next Try

Have pondered about "To Be A Woman....."
Have I found a solution now
At least a much better structure
I will continue with it

Never had that much problems with a text
Sure, I stopped with "The Travel" for instance
But more because it would had needed much more time to write it
In fact I think about to continue with writing on it next year

But with "To Be A Woman....." I have real trouble
But I have to try to handle it
Was at the job center this morning
Now I'm officially looking for a new job

Tomorrow

Tomorrow Rosenau, open stage
Will read "Drowning Oneself"
Have to read this
Will be strange

Today only some writing
Have to prepare for tomorrow
Should try to relax somewhat
Concentrate on tomorrow

Then I have to contact Altes Theater this week as well
Several job applications I've made
The feedback so far, the common today
Due to the selection procedure we ask you for patience

But I have not to hurry
Can wait and see what's developing
Funny, in a way I'm not hat much annoyed about this situation now
In a way it's okay, I have to continue to change

To handle this situation would be good
Tomorrow on stage
During the week writing Altes Theater
Finding a new job

Finished

Finished my performance
Much better this time
Much slower I've read this time
I've read "Drowning Oneself"!

Apart from "RaDaDa, DaDa"
My most intimate writing
Would like to ask the audience
How it was, listening to such a text!

I performed between
A stand-up comedian - a professional one who tried new things
And a musician playing rock and roll
This is no senseful surrounding for my writing

But I'm very satisfied
First, I did it
Secondly, I did it better than ever
And finally, I have nothing to lose, only to win

Let's Laugh

Christian fundamentalists in the White House are destroying this world
European "leaders" are incapable to handle crises
Like the refugee crisis or climate change
But, come on, let's laugh!

I feel good, sitting in the patio - Rosenau
Will go in again, the second half has begun - I performed in the first one
I will drive home later - proud
I change, I develop, at the moment I'm in a fucking good mood!

Do only one thing, then everything will be good
Never ever write something for the audience / the readers
Always write for your own
Eternity will be yours!

Wunnenstein

Sitting Wunnenstein - rest stop at the freeway
I have the impulse to sit here for a café au lait
Till I will drive the short remaining part till home
To enjoy the moment

I have to try everything to get the opportunity
For an individual reading
I mean, sitting in front of an audience
Telling them some of your most intimate emotions

It's one thing to do this ten minutes long
But say an hour or more?
At least once I would like it, to do it
Hey, I'm the one who, as a youngster, feared to enter even a normal shop or a cafe

Please, give some more time
Whom I'm asking?
I myself I'm not sure whom I'm asking
But whomever, please, give me some more time

Feel Excited

Fuck, I feel so excited!
Have no idea about what the audience thinks
About my performance
But fuck, why should this be my problem?

I'm not interested in, that they are happy now
That they say: What a wonderful evening!
How wonderful is suicide?
How wonderful are dead pupils?

One day I will die
And should I be aware of it
Then my last thought should be
At least you've tried it, at least you were no jumping-jack!

Horses

Horses - never had much a relation to horses, although I always thought that they were beautiful creatures. In literature, paintings, movies, in art they were often present. As a metaphor or as such. Misfits comes me to mind - why Misfits? Garbage, Joanna Newsom, Sylvia Plath - horses! Would I like it, to be a horse? A black mustang maybe? What a surreal thought, looking in the mirror! A falling star maybe - hey, you've a wish for free now!

Would You Believe This?

Would you believe it
Would I tell you
That just in the moment that I filed "Horses"
Just as I started to think about, with which writing I should continue
Sitting in "täglich" the radio plays
Lil Nas X - Old Town Road

*Yeah, I'm gonna take my horse to the old town road
I'm gonna ride 'til I can't no more*

Would you believe this?

The Next Step

Just sent my email to Altes Theater
The next step!
No longer I'm covering my writing
Show your colors!

The ad in the L.A. Times?
Nothing happened!
The Dark Blue Letter?
Nothing happened!

And now?
Maybe, maybe not
The important point is
I made it!

Compression

Now it will become somewhat stressful, as feared
Tomorrow a job interview
The day after tomorrow a job interview
Try to continue with "The Happy Clown" at least

After three weeks nothing
The new company is suddenly in a hurry
Someone will come tomorrow to offer me a new contract
But that's okay, an offer is always okay

Maybe I have not too much effort
To close the case "new job"
Have to concentrate on my writing
This is the important part of my life now!

First Day

This morning I got an offer for a contract extension from my current employer
Later the job interview, they offer me the job
A very good salary, looks very interesting - too good?
Tomorrow the next job interview - the next offer?

I think that it will be possible to fix the problem very fast
Not longer than till the end of the month
What shall I do
Can I refuse the today's offer?

I have to think about it
I have no head for writing now
Maybe tomorrow again
Maybe I try "The Happy Clown?"

By the way, who's the clown?

Second Day

Second job interview, second possibility
The job offer yesterday, got an email
Can sign the contract next week at Thursday
Again executive chef, all looks very good

But I'm tired now
Have written two short parts
Enough for today
Tomorrow I can concentrate on writing again

The weekend I have not to work
Sunday celebrating my siblings birthday
But enough time for writing anyway
The next day in Chicago is a special day for me

Interesting writing waits
Parts, I not wanna be tired
Should have some sleep tonight
Tomorrow will be a new day

Life Is Strange

Life is strange
Sitting in the bar, Old Fashioned, drinking a sour made with gin
Campari, orange juice, lemon juice and sugar syrup - egg white of course
Pondering about the job offer from Wednesday

It's more than an offer - at Thursday, in a week - I can sign the contract
If this job will be no bummer.....
Life can be strange
If this would function, this would be a strange solution of the last weeks' crisis

Would be a good salary
The next travel to the states would be no problem
Cooking only for a smaller group of people
Would be very interesting

All too good?
Yes, of course!
But, give it a chance, everything else would be a stupidity
In Sontheim, very near to Altes Theater, very near to the jazz club!

Chicago

Have written the day without a show in Chicago before driving to Heilbronn

"The Happy Clown" - July 16th
No zoo or botanical garden this time
I've the feeling that Peter is changing

Look forward to the next cities
Look forward to the central region of the USA the Great Plains
To the South
I think that the story is developing

Writing is the most important thing now
Have to work for some more years
Maybe there will be a time, when I can be focused on writing only
Thousands of pages are waiting to be written!

Saturday Morning

Saturday, and still in the morning
Had to do something, but now in Heilbronn, "täglich"
Today's writing waits
Does I have a clear mind again?

Next Thursday I can sign a new contract
Then I have a month - notice period - till I will start with the new job
Enough time to prepare myself
In the end not that much should change

I will start and end work an hour earlier, but that's no big deal
Not only cook anymore, but executive chef again
But that should be no big deal in the end either
On the other hand the terms of the contract are very good

I have to sign this contract
Would be stupid to reject such an offer
I hope that it will not develop into a disaster
Not interested in, to look for a new job soon again

Thursday 12 noon

Thursday 12 noon is the new date for signing the contract
Sure, I have to do it
This offer is too good, too interesting
It would be stupid to continue with this job, not with this circumstances

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday working
Thursday signing - new job
Friday dismissal of the old job
And then?

I have a whole month then to prepare for the new job
A job highly potential
And if not
Not the first time a time for a new job!

Signed

Have signed my new labor contract just an hour ago
From tomorrow on I can concentrate on writing again
From September 1st on I will have an new employer
Let's see what will happen

Uncertainties

It's Thursday evening, still summer break jazz club, celebrating my new contract
Sitting "Old Fashioned", hottest day of this year so far
I'm the only customer!
In former days I would have died in such a situation

Ordered a cocktail, not included in the bar menu, too classic, standard
Well, I ordered "The Cocktail"
A Dry Martini
And fuck, it's a very tasty cocktail!

At the moment I've a lot of readers
Not all days the same number of course
But the weaker days now are the formerly better days
Rosenau?

I've read a very difficult text
Difficult for the listeners also
"Drowning Oneself"
Is this the way, reading such texts?

Will be interesting to see
Whether the number of readers will be constant
Thought that this would be my last open stage
Shall I continue with it?

Another question is
Could I win over much more readers
Even Patrons maybe
With single readings, with a whole program?

Sounds like a logic conclusion
Always thought about that "Drowning Oneself" had to be the last text in a program
Now the question about a new job is answered
I have to try to answer this question now

I've a lot of residual leave
Nearly three weeks
Maybe I can take it, at least some of it
That time I have to invest then, to find possibilities for single readings

*Everything is fine now
Let's sleep in the dark's day
All our minds made up now
All our beds are made*

Yes Ms. Grant, this is the way I feel now
Sitting alone in the bar
But it's still Thursday
Maybe it's simply too early, was a fucking hot day today and still it is

Have spoken with the owners
Yesterday it was similar at this time
But then they closed not before 02:30am
Maybe the same today?

I will sit here a bit longer
Enjoying my Dry Martini
Thinking about my future
Hey, one day, one day I'll be a fucking famous writer!

Problems?

Problems with my dismissal,
With my residual leave?
Come on, let it end the easy way
Have to clarify it tomorrow

Four weeks, why I have at the moment the feeling
That this could become four fucking weeks
Four weeks - hey, I've terminated the job already
Also this four weeks will go by

Had headache most of the day, still have
8:44pm, still time for writing
Two stories I should continue with
But I think it's enough for now

At the moment, the last weeks
Hopefully not the next four weeks
Felt like a leaden time
September till December, still four months, enough time for writing

And for two stories this means not more than half-time!
I will earn much more money again
To travel to the USA will be no problem - 2020?, still not sure
Maybe two shorter - two week - trips to Boston, Baltimore or Pittsburgh and Chicago

Oh, should not forget New Orleans
And some European aims
Think about Finland, again Sweden maybe
Four weeks, to hell with them!

No Good Time For Writing

Also today no clarification of the next weeks
Maybe tomorrow - I hope so!
At the moment no good time for writing
At the moment I cannot concentrate on writing

The weekend I have not to work?
At the moment everything is fucking in this context
Four weeks - the debates?
The next two days I should work on the next debates?

I should try to stay patient
Still I have many readers?
Four fucking weeks and then.....?
Always things are developing in a strange way, but maybe that's okay

Maybe.....

Dreams

We all have our little dreams
I dream about my little house at the ocean
I dream about to have all the time for writing
We all have our little dreams

The strange point is that my dreams can come true
And my little dreams definitively can come true
In a some years I'm retired
Who knows, maybe I'm still alive and quick-witted

Everything can come true
Everything can come reality
Everything can become a disaster
Everything is not written till now

Should I every sit in my house, looking at the ocean, writing
Then there are many moments on which I can look back
This seems to be one of them
Then I can say:

Hey, yes, this was one of this moments when everything seemed to went wrong

Still No Clarity

A number from the personnel office - definitively wrong, residual leave
Maybe we can get clarity tomorrow
Would be good to have a definite aim
Need some days to recovery before I start with the new job

At the moment I wake up with headache
In the moment I go to bed with headache
I'm the fourth from seven who has dismissed his job
But nobody seems to be too much interested in

Nobody from the management
No longer my problem
Never had such an situation
Four weeks, hopefully much shorter

Finally

Finally we get it!
Residual leave as I said it right from the beginning!
Why I have to teach the personnel office how to calculate the residual leave?
Forget it, now it's done!

My last working day will be the 11th
From 12th till 31st I will have vacation
Nearly three weeks!
This days I have to - HAVE TO - use!

The weekend I have not to work
The next week - Monday till Sunday, seven days - I have to work
But then I have a long period to think about things
A long time to write a lot

Better Now?

The debates are over
Need long to watch them, press, media, late night and more
Have written "Beg Your Pardon!....." today
Now I can continue easily with "Campaigning"

Have decided not to continue with "The Happy Clown" today
A relaxed evening would do me good - bar?
Tomorrow I have to work, but Saturday and Sunday not
Enough time to continue with "The Happy Clown" tomorrow

And at the weekend I have to look after the other stories
Then seven more work days in a row
And then nearly three weeks vacation
Better now?

Not really, still headache, still exhausted
Hope that the next week will be a fast week
Every day at the moment is a fucking day
Insufficient manning level just yet

I wish them the best
But I cannot see that this will have a future
Maybe I'm wrong, hopefully I'm wrong
But I fear.....

Good Writing?

Better today, I think today's writing is good
The Miners won their last game
But they will relegate
Next season I have to be in the stadium as often as possible

Tomorrow as today
And I will be up to date with all the stories again
Then another seven work days
Maybe they will be not as fucking as I fear

Shortly after 7pm and I'm ready with today's writing
Still time to do something
Still some clouds at the sky, but maybe
Would be cool, would it be possible to observe my variable stars tonight

Better now?
Today yes!
Tomorrow yes!
In a week and a day - YES!

El Paso

Stop this fucking shit - please!
How sick is this nation?
How long you wanna be fooled by bought politicians?
Stop this fucking shit – please!

Dayton

No words I have anymore.....

Last Day

Tomorrow the last work day in Oedheim
The last six days were hard
At least I managed it to keep things rolling
"The Happy Clown" and "Beg Your Pardon!....." are up to date

I think I should sleep long
Tomorrow after work and at Monday
I feel as I would running on empty
Better I should say: I'm running on empty!

Tuesday at 11am I've a meeting at my new working place
To meet some people, I'm still not knowing
Monday evening in the bar - one or two cocktails?
From Wednesday on I've to start with working

The last months I've lost weight constantly
The last three or four weeks I've gained weight again
Too stressful, no time thinking about to slim
But no problem, I will continue with it from next week on again

I have to search for opportunities to perform
Altes Theater?
Not that I have to find possibilities in the next weeks
But it's a good time to invest some time therefor

Next month Amanda Palmer in Stuttgart
I think I should become a Patron of her
She's the most successful artist on Patreon and she lead me to the page
I follow her on Facebook and she mentioned the page from time to time

I have bought tickets for Ms. Grant in Cologne, March 2020
Well, still some months till then
A second time "The Unthanks" would be cool
I've still eight days vacation this year at the new company

Well, all in all it looks not that bad for the rest of the year
Tomorrow working
Then long sleeping and recovering
Then a new stage begins

Monday

Now it's done, sitting in Heilbronn in front of a bakery, 8:47am
Café au lait and a pretzel with butter, cloudy sky
A very long hot shower
Now I feel how exhausted I am

But I also feel relieved
I've a long time now to recover
I've a long time now to do important things
I've a long time now for writing

Tomorrow the next meeting at my new work place
Not bad to stay in contact with it
Still everything appears very good
Be positive, the job seems to have a lot of potential

Today I try to write as much as possible
At least "The Happy Clown" and "Beg Your Pardon!....."
"The American Dream" would be good, I should finish the story within this month
And then there are the other stories

At the moment that much happens in the US
Difficult to follow all developments
But also in Europe - Italy at the moment, not to talk about the Brexit
Internationally - Iran, Hong Kong, Venezuela and more

I sit here and think about a world as I described it in "Utopian Dreaming"
A world in which the people would work together
No money and efforts for fucking things like wars
How fantastic such a world could develop

But so I sit in front of the bakery - Wonder Bakery in China Town, L.A.?
Have read my German newspaper online, L.A. Times later
Have looked at the newest polls - some are very strange, but is there a tendency?
But now I will finish my café au lait, still time till 11am, when "täglich" opens

Maybe an espresso at Gelatone?
Walking around a bit?
My circulation is definitively not the best at the moment
But I have a lot of time now.....

Bad Luck

"täglich" is closed this week - bad luck!
Have to change my plans somewhat
Back at the bakery - Härtner
Good WiFi and sockets - peppermint tea

So I can start to write now
Still very tired
I've the feeling that this will not become a very long day
But now I have to visit Des Moines

Tuesday

Two and a half hours meeting at my new work place
But it was very good
But I'm still very tired
Sitting in the bakery again - Härdtner

From tomorrow on I can concentrate on writing
And the other things I should do now
Today some writing, but not that much
The standard, but that's okay

For the rest of the week I should lay the focus on the other stories
But who knows what all will happen in the USA and the rest of the world
At the end I'm fucking tired
"The Happy Clown" is waiting

Still Tired

I'm still tired, but feel better now
Not sleep much at the moment
I stand up very early
Need long to find sleep at night

Monday September 2nd will be my first work day
Therefore more than two weeks are still left for recovering
Have written something, have to proofread it later
But now I'm up to date with all the stories again

Will upload the today's writing earlier today
Will spend a longer time in the bar this evening
Have not to get up early tomorrow
Tomorrow is Friday, a weekend with intensive writing awaits me!

Still Thursday

Still Thursday, Heilbronn "Old Fashioned"
Feel better and better
I think no later than next week I will be okay again
Italicus Silver Fizz this time - Gin, no Whiskey

Cloudy, colder than last week
Sweater, sitting outside, pedestrian area
People are walking by
A nice chilling time

9:40pm, many time for cocktails
If too many I can let my car stand
Not need it tomorrow, have not to work
Can fetch it tomorrow, I will be in Heilbronn again

Now I'm really starting to relax
Have slept two and a half hours in the afternoon
Next week Stuttgart, Würzburg maybe
Should the new job function and.....- never had that much visitors / readers as in the last month

Happy About

Happy About
That I named me a long time ago
A fucking lucky bastard
Blackstar

Sitting here with my cocktail, balmy night
At least when wearing a sweater
Have the feeling, now I could die
Have the feeling, time stands still

And yet, this is obviously an illusion only
Two men at the next table - a gay couple?
Had a short conversation about cocktails
Does I become more eased at the end?

It seems as everything would develop very interesting now
Fuck, should this ever function
To be a (semi) professional writer
I would freak out then!

Hey, not in this fucking way
It would be simply crazy
Amanda Palmer next month in Stuttgart
I'm now a Patron of her!

Strange thoughts and strange feelings
An ad in the L.A. Times
The Dark Blue Letter
And nothing happened at all! - Will this time be different?

First Time

One of the men addressed me
Asked what I'm writing
Normally I say not much thereto
And also this time I was not sure about it

But in the end I handed him my business card
First time that I did this
To hand the card to someone personally
Not just to take away, open stages

But I have to do this more often
They can visit my webpage now with their smartphones
Another "Dark Blue Letter"?
At the moment I have the feeling that things are developing faster and faster

Okay, I have to become more active
But still I like it not, to talk about me
But I have to do so
Otherwise nothing of the last years would make sense!

New One

"The Beetroot" now
Gin, Noilly Prat, beetroot brandy, lemon juice, maple syrup, bitters
Very, very good
With this cocktail you could easily become drunken

What a fucking feeling now
What a fucking world outside
Now sitting inside - 10:40pm
A bar as a little universe for its own

Lean back, close your eyes and drown in this fucking fine cocktail
Listen to the slow rhythm, slow breathing, slow heart beating
Seconds becoming hours, drowsiness conquers your mind
I know that I would like every kind of drugs, that I would hopelessly drown in them

Dissolving

I'm dissolving!

Would somebody asking me right now
Will you ever become a known writer
Will you ever earn money with your writing
I would answer without any hesitation:

YES! - OF COURSE! - WHY YOU'RE ASKING!

First Week

The first week is nearly over
Much better the mind
But still problems with my condition
My circulation

In the morning it's difficult
Sometimes it's very good
But then I have problems again
Headache again, like now

Should I go to the doctor next week
If it not gets better
Still two more weeks
Not sure about it

Will have a reading at October the 24th
In Heilbronn "K2acht" - okay, again only ten minutes
But it's no open stage
It's a "offene Lesebühne" - something like an open mic spoken words
It's new to me that this exists in Heilbronn

There behind is a group of six authors
They call themselves "Heilbronner Schreibtischtäter" - desk criminals of Heilbronn
This looks very interesting to me
I look forward to this event - very much!

Again open stage in Stuttgart, Rosenau
I think in November
Still a very good resonance
The last days every day more than thirty visitors / readers

I never had this before
Not long ago I was totally happy about a day with twenty
At the end of the day I will be over nine hundred for the last thirty days
Only four are still missing

Over a thousand till the end of the year
Contact to other authors
A long reading
A Patron

Everything seems to develop very interesting
Be optimistic
I've just begun to look for more opportunities
And such a finding right at the beginning!

Greta's Sailing Trip

Just a show?
Of course!
And it's interesting how much those are yelling
Who always follow the liars and show-makers?

How was it, sitting for the first time in front of the parliament in Stockholm?
Shut up and be thankful that she did it!
The show must go on - is this her decision?
We're seeking for sensational and dramatic news!

But hey, in Germany we're such progressive
Thanks to our progressive politicians!
A now sixteen-year-old woman embarrasses you all
Sure, therefore she has to pay!

Better Now

Feel much better today
Since yesterday evening
Have written "Beg Your Pardon!....."
Now sitting at the Neckar, Sontheim

Coffee, I will be at my new work place later
To speak a bit with the people
To get a better feeling for the new job
Which I take serious

"The Happy Clown" later
"Dystopian Dreaming" since a longer time not
Will be a longer part, the next part
Yeah, feel better now!

Sometimes

Sometimes I'm stumbling
Sometimes I'm falling
Sometimes I'm doubting
Sometimes I'm longing for the end

Sometimes the world is so beautiful
Sometimes everything is so light
Sometimes the brightness blinds
Sometimes the darkness shines

In one moment it will end
A salvation and endless fear
In one moment it will end
The last word will be written then

Not Satisfied

Still not satisfied with "To Be A Women....."
But I think I should write Day One till Day Four fast now
Not trying to draw a picture
More flashlights

After Day One till Day Four I should continue with writing
In whatever way
Still have this vague idea in head
But I think now finally, that a classic story as such would be insufficient

Sunday

One more week
Feel much better now
Look forwards to the last week
Vacation

New rhythm then
First work day at second of September
Next jazz club season starts at fifth of September
Wednesday my bar day then again, forth of September?

But first another week with writing
But first another week to recover finally
Feel good at the moment
Norman Fucking Rockwell will be released next week!

Necessities

Tear me down, will I ever have success as writer
I'm not sure how I should see this then
Sure I hope for, I try
But maybe it would make no sense at all

Does anything makes sense?
Or does nothing makes sense?
Today was a fucking day
Today nothing made sense!

Still this day is lasting for some hours
Will find no sleep anyway
Tomorrow will be another day
More fucking as today is hardly possible

Maybe I should watch some British crime
Inspector Barnaby
At least I should stop trying writing more
Not a productive day

Still No Woman

"Day One" is finished
Only "Day Four" is missing now
Not that much motivated, to be honest
Have to finish this "story" up to that point

Still no woman
Still I quarrel with "To Be A Woman....."
I have to finish "Day Four"
And then we will see

Maybe I can find a meaningful continuation
Maybe not
Another fragment?
But I refuse to give up!

Berlin – Compton - Berlin?

I'm listening to a Berlin radio station, at the place I'm sitting at the moment - German rap music? The lyrics are hardly to undercut in stupidity - oh, sorry, that's the hard life in the jungle of Berlin! In L.A. nearly 50.000 homeless people are "living" - really, in Berlin 30.000! They have to live in makeshift shelters - ah, sorry, makeshift shelters? It's not to offend this people, but you know, what "homeless" in the States means? My problem with this German rap is, that they are pretending something and the listeners are stupid enough to follow them! Some name Heilbronn "Heilbronx" - can somebody please show me were the "Bronx" of Heilbronn is? This is stupid shit! Hey, we still have a social security system in Germany?

N.W.A. - Compton in the 80s and 90s. Was in Compton in 2018 - hey, I survived, even as a white European tourist - I saw black people, Latinos even! "Fuk Da Police" and "Straight Outta Compton" you can see as statements, because they were statements - but this German kindergarten shit? I think I should listen to some 80s and 90s rap later.....

Not because it's "my" music, they made this music not for me, but to see that also rap had it's moments of credibility.

Good Mood

Well, nearly 12 midnight
Sitting "Old Fashioned"
With my third "Old Fashioned" variant
Normally I drink one, maybe two

It's Wednesday, still have not to work
Thought about "To B A Woman....."
I think I've made good progress
And about some other things

Next week I have to work again
Yesterday nearly a fucking disaster
But in the end it resulted in something positive
At the moment everything seems to function

Many thoughts in my mind
Still I'm satisfied with this year so far
I've the feeling that I have to be in Los Angeles again
February 2021? Earlier?

So much I would like to see
About so many cities, counties, states and regions I've written now
Many still will follow
Will I ever see them?

It's a night I've the feeling
I could drink till dawn
But I think it would be better to leave now
Yes, also alcohol could be a nice drug

The Meaning Of Art

Without any doubt
N.W.A. is worth a thousand time
Andy Warhol

Stupid People

The worst about this is
That they are too stupid
To realize
That they are stupid

The Incompetence Of The Self-Confident People

According to scientific research
There are two different kinds of self-confident people
First: Capable people
Second: Incapable people

Problem?

Capable people tend thereto to doubt a lot - see artists
The more incapable, the more self-confident often - narcissistic behavior
As artist maybe okay, but in politics and economy?

We have not to talk about an extreme example in the White House – Great Britain
The problem is, that many people bring "self-confidence" not into question
They think, that a self-confident person is per se a capable person, especially a narcissistic one
Maybe this would be a topic worth to discuss more in media?

Oh, next Sunday we have elections in Germany.....

Fields

The fields are covered with purple haze
Never had the pleasure to listen to you
Senselessness in a senseless world
Sometime I wish me there would be a paradise, it would be yours

Next Step

"Day Four" more or less finished now
"Elizabeth's Dreaming" I will write after I got and heard "Norman Fucking Rockwell"
Have to decide what to do with the "Kishana" part
And then?

So far I like the idea of "The Rescue Of The World"
But I have to read the S.C.U.M. Manifesto very carefully now
Have to think about it
But I've the feeling that this could become a very "funny" part and writing!

Kishana

Eliminated Kishana
Will not add something, thought about it to shorten it, to rewrite it
One can read it in the "fragments"
Therefore no need to have it twice

Norman Fucking Rockwell

Received it today
Wow, again very, very different
Yes, back - Lizzy
But much more

As always I will need some time
Have to hear it more often than once only
But it's very, very calming - the sounds
And the words, the contexts?

Maybe I should mention that the videos are very fantastic once again
Fucking It I love You / The Greatest
Near to Tropico
And you know what Tropico means to me

Thanks again, thank you very much Ms. Grant!

The Woman Who Bestows Dreams

You're the woman who bestows dreams
And I'm very grateful therefore
But not wanna talk about "Fucking Norman Rockwell" now
It's simply too early now

Only listened to the album once till now
Yeah, some singles
Yeah, the impressive videos
But yet again, the album is so different again

Have to listen to it the next days again and again
So calming it is in the first moment
Look at my "ultraviolence" tatt
Look at my "lavender sunshine" tatt

Would like to write about "Norman Fucking Rockwell" like I did it in the beginning
But this time is long gone
Well, only a few years
And yet, so much happened

At the end only the usual I can do
Therefore

Thank you, thank you very much for the new dreams, Ms. Grant!

Driving

Drove around, listened to the lady, listened to her wonderful voice
The instrumentalization is wonderful, gives her voice the space that it needs
Honeymoon for instance
The sun set while driving, now it starts to darken

Sit with my coffee near the freeway
Look at the trucks, hearing a soft voice singing
The blue sky, will observe my stars later
Have saw now, that she just has announced the next album within a year

You're crazy, at the release day of this album
Give me a chance to drown in this
Not thinking about a next one
Yeah, you're crazy

Driving Home

Will drive home now, listen again
The calming music, the soft voice
The next days will be beautiful days
Whatever will happen

It will be beautiful to listen to
Laying in your arms
Next time in L.A.
Not so fast I fear

Maybe one day
At least I will see you in March
Like the last time in Paris
Maybe one day

Norman Fucking Rockwell

Fucking!

The American Dream

"The American Dream" is finished now
The by far longest and most complex of the hard-boiled stories so far
Will wait somewhat before I will begin with the next one
"That's No Reason To Give Up"

Satisfied with the story?
Is this the right question?
Another step
Step by step - the stairway could be endless

Should I ask now whereto the stairway leads
Definitively not to heaven
But I think to hell neither
Maybe to an endless dream

Lullaby

Does someone ever will sing me a lullaby
Can not remind me that ever someone did it
Would you

Does someone ever will hold me in his arms
Can not remind me that ever someone did it
Would you

Does someone ever will close me my eyes
Can not remind me that ever someone did
Would you

The Big Philosophical Question

The humans are good by nature
The humans are not able to live together in peace
No one can provide a final answer

The next mass shooting
The next fucking statement by the fucking president
Hail Donald Duck!
Was "Heil Hitler!" not enough?

Why some asshole white men is allowed
To hold a nation as hostage
To hold a world as hostage
Yes, think about black Nazi-leaders in Africa!

Shall there be hope?
Today elections in Germany - AfD?
A sixteen-year-old woman in New York?
An old man sitting with its coffee?

I cannot answer the question
I have my doubts
I close my eyes and hear the waves

Sometimes

Sometimes I feel weak, powerless
Sometimes the question why
Sometimes the question why not
Not long ago that I wrote this shit for the last time

How beautiful not to live in the States
In Germany where we are not so insane
God not send a hurricane to us
To punish this chimera

It's all so easy
You only have to create you own little fucking world
Everything makes sense then
And you're the chosen one

I've lost my job, let's kill as many as possible
San Francisco, UPS
I'm no one at school, let's kill as many as possible
Columbine, High School

It's again Monday, the shooting was yesterday
Last time, Monday four weeks ago, I thought about
Some British crime
Inspector Barnaby

Sometimes you try to find something trivial
To bear the incomprehensible
Why not some murders in the British countryside
Why not some unarmed British police inspectors

Better as to think about toddlers
Better as to think about all the wounded
Better as to think about all the dead
Better as to think about that again nothing will happen

New Job

Today my first work day, new job
So far, so good
I think I have to change my rhythm again
Would give me more possibilities

I start working earlier
Earlier I finish working
This week, Thursday, jazz club season starts
Bar day and I should start with swimming again

No writing at Thursdays again – working, swimming and jazz club
Friday till Wednesday writing, but uploading earlier again, 9pm local time
Wednesday bar day
Most of the time free days at the weekend - longer writing

Tomorrow and the day after tomorrow some writing - no good time at the moment
Thursday no writing
The next period will begin next Friday, weekend no working
Enough for today!

Second Work Day

Not bad today
The new rhythm seems to have good potential
Let us see the next days
Too much in my mind now, to concentrate much on writing

Look forward to the weekend
Look forward to the next week
Tomorrow bar day after writing
Thursday jazz club's new season celebration, maybe no swimming

Everything is fine now
In the eye we'll stay
Should I write these lines in italics?
Let the ocean wash it away

Third Work Day

Still it seems, that this is a fucking cool workplace
Feel better and better
Okay, there's one uncertainty
But even if this would become bad, this would be no real problem at all

That's what lets me feel - I overlook something?
Be relaxed - later a drink in the bar
Tomorrow no writing, but season opening celebration at the jazz club
Third day, and I have the feeling that this new rhythm is a very good rhythm for writing

Have finished "Day Four" now
I think I will continue with "To Be A Woman....." at the weekend
I think I will begin with "That's No Reason To Give Up" at the weekend
I think I will continue with "Dystopian Dreaming" at the weekend

I think I should write (again) more poetry and short stories

Down By The River

Down by the river
So many secrets are hiding in its bed
Nearly I could see them
But I cannot remember

Down by the river
When you're listening to the hypnotic whispering of the water
When you're understanding the tales and melodies
Then you're knowing your fate

Down by the river
Once I could hear it
Once I saw my fate
But lost it

Down by the river
Looking at the water that will finally merge with all of the other water
Looking at the water endlessly till the horizon
Then I'm knowing my fate

Monster Under The Bed

Never feared as a kid the monster under the bed
Never feared as a kid the monster in the cupboard
Never feared as a kid the monster knocking at the window
All this monsters were outside, not inside

Always feared the monster inside
Always feared the monster hidden
Always feared the monster lurking
This monster is the real threat

But there's this monster under water
You feel it, standing at the water
Nevertheless it makes you curious, what's under the water
You wanna get to know it, standing at the water

Dive in, dive deep, feel the arousing feeling
The monster inside merges with the monster under water
The symphony reaches its climax
When the transformation has ended, the eternity is yours

The River Looks At You

Look at the river's water
And see the monster inside
The monster that looks at you
Like the monster in the looking-glass

Not like a zombie, like the monster in a B-movie
Even when it feels so
The beautiful monsters are the brutal monsters
The ugly monsters are the sad monsters

I'm a beautiful monster, feeling sad inside
I would like it, to be the monster in the river
Pale and bloated
I would drift till the ocean, like I would go home again

Gin

Gin cocktail
Nothing with Whiskey today
Not always the same
Feel good!

The last days were good
Even when I've not written that much
Less than I theoretically could have
Will drive home soon

Should this development continue, it would be fucking cool
To good to be true?
Fuck, let it happen!
I've the feeling I should fly to the USA next year

In February 2021 I will be in Los Angeles - and San Francisco maybe - in any case again
Why not in summer next year the New England States
Boston maybe
Or Chicago at the lake

I calmed down much the last days
Enjoy my second cocktail
Gin, grapefruit juice, lemon juice, rosemary and more
Fucking good as Rockwell

Let this function
And next year I'll become famous
And if not I give a damn shit on it
Many died on the Bahamas, many on a ship, and I'm still alive

Standing

Standing by the water, the storm arises, I feel free
Dark clouds and heavy rain, strongest winds
I like it, wet bone-deep
An aria bestowed by nature

Nature can wipe us out within a second
All of the human's forces, technical devices, are meaningless
Nature not needs us
How calming, like a dinosaur in a museum

Yep!

There was only this one little dark cloud at the horizon
And well, there it is
Well, no disaster at all, but unnecessary
No weekend for writing, have to work

It could be that easy, everything else is very positive
Have headache, but also no problem at all
I'm somewhat annoyed
Would have liked it, to have two whole days for writing

Two days "The Happy Clown" today at least
Some poetry from the bar I've typed already
The other stories?
Today was stupid because I was not prepared for this in the end

Tomorrow will be better
As said, at the end not that a problem
But still unnecessary
"The Happy Clown" waits!

Weekend Done

At home, everything functioned
My seventh work day in a row
Three of them as the only cook
In the first week

But the problem is that I cannot see
Whether I can have a day without work the next week
I've slept somewhat, now I will write
Not much I fear, but at least some

"The Happy Clown" of course to stay in touch
The other stories?
The second half of the month will be better
And for next month I can write a work schedule with two cooks and regular days being off

Therefore next week will be stupid
But then it will be possible to give everything more sense
And I will have more time for writing then
It got late, not started with writing till now, let us begin

Roses

Roses in the rain, your wetted face I see
See the drops running down your cheeks
See your indescribably wonderful smile
Looking at the roses in the rain

Roses in the rain, my wetted face I feel
Feel the drops, salty, running down my cheeks
Feel my stony face
Looking at the roses in the rain

Ninth

Ninth day in a row
No day without work before next Monday
Fourteen days then
Cool beginning!

Today hours of meetings and introductions
Administration
But the problem seems to be solved
The second half of the month should be better

After the final solving of the problem
The next month seems to be much better
Everything still seems to be very good
I'm tired and have headache

Too much talking today
Too much listening today
But in the end I'm satisfied with the course
Too much thoughts in my mind

The other people I'm working with are very good colleagues
Apart from the difficulties because of the problem
Everything is very cool
Enough to look forward, to look forward with a very good feeling

Sitting

Sitting in Heilbronn
Have worked a half day today only
And tomorrow I will not work at all
Tomorrow is Thursday

I think I will go swimming
Very relaxed
And later it's jazz club day
Writing?

Maybe I will write something tomorrow
But it's Thursday, therefore no uploading
But today I can write
Clear blue sky - the impact of hurricane Dorian in Germany!

Today no bar day
"Weindorf" (fair, festival) in Heilbronn this week
The bar is closed for some days
But a good possibility to observe my stars tonight

Feel very relaxed at the moment
Some headache, but physically I feel good
Still the developments are very positive
Let's see!

No Chance

Had no chance to write something yesterday
For a longer time now the first day when I've written nothing
Except for jazz club days
A bit sad I'm

Wednesday concert Amanda Palmer in Stuttgart
I think I will write something, but no uploading
Thursday jazz club day
But I have not to work, maybe uploading the writing from Wednesday

Friday till Sunday I have not to work either
Then I should have time for writing
Especially the other stories
Lust for continuing them

Still everything looks pretty good
Look forward to Amanda Palmer
Two concerts this week
Let's get it on!

Amanda Fucking Palmer

Wow, tomorrow in Stuttgart
Have to work, but try to leave early
Sure, no problem to be in Stuttgart for the show
But you will do something in the city before – as always

Not sure I will get it
Maybe it will be announced early enough
Would be cool to see you face to face
Okay, I sit in fourth row

Strange, it feels very different

Morcheeba in Stuttgart
Tori Amos in Munich
Elizabeth in Paris
Garbage in Cologne
The Unthanks in Bristol

Now, you in Stuttgart
In March Elizabeth again, again Cologne
Maybe the Unthanks again
Artists like Selah Sue are still missing

But tomorrow you, Ms. Palmer
Will become a very special day without any doubts
The next day the next (jazz) concert
Thursday till Sunday I have not to work

I have to write a lot, this long weekend
I lust for it
The problem at work seems to be fixed
From next month on it should become much more easy

Still everything seems to be very cool

19:37

Sitting in the auditorium
Strange day so far
Photo session with Amanda Palmer
Now sitting and waiting - Kate Bush is singing

Nothing written so far
Have to write something tomorrow about this day
Thought about to give her my card - webpage, Patreon page
Didn't do it

A good day so far
Feel very good, sitting in in front of the stage
Second row
Writing this

Next month, in nearly exactly one month
I will meet some authors in Heilbronn
Should I try that Amanda Palmer would read my writing
Or should I do it "my own way"

Think a lot about this at the moment
Would people who are sitting here in the audience
Like my writing
Had the idea to read in in the pedestrian area of Stuttgart

And Heilbronn?
Well, I developed much this year
Well, still four months
I have to think about a strategy to promote me and my writing!

Over

Over the show is
Three hours - no intermission
Well, still Theaterhaus
Hardly I can say something

Was different, talked a lot about herself
More as I thought
She talked more as she sang - or?
Very inspiring hours

Will drive home soon
No clear thoughts
Have to ponder about this day
What all happened, the last hours

If you can, you must
The most important words for me?
Not gave her my card - webpage, Patreon page
Have to write her an e-mail

Have the feeling that
Each of this concerts
Every time it puzzles me more and more
The Unthanks in Bristol, the last time

Ms. Grant in March
Tomorrow jazz club
Everything gets odder and odder
Happily I have not to work the next four days

Four days to think things over
At the moment I'm crashed
Have to close my eyes, have to dream
Tomorrow, opening my eyes, will all be different then?

Total Overload

Back home again
Will need some days to work up all what has happened
Was it right not to address her?
Have no idea at the moment about what I should think of it

Next day

Slept three and a half hours, no dreams
Now sitting in a bakery in Heilbronn - Härdtner
Have typewritten my yesterday's writing
And now?

Looking at the card at the table
King of Diamonds
Have I missed something
What was the idea of selecting a card

At the moment I still have no idea about nothing
In the evening jazz club
Preferably I would lay in my bed
Totally dark, no such world outside

But I have to confront me
I have to sit the next hours in Heilbronn writing
Pondering, trying to collect my thoughts
I will not look after, if there's any response to my post

Wonderful morning this morning
The next days will be nice days they said
Maybe I can observe my stars tomorrow
Maybe even after the jazz club

I will empty my coffee now
Walk around a bit
Too early for "täglich", still closed
Maybe an espresso at "Gelatone"

I think I should write till 5pm
Still six and a half hours left
With breaks of course
Only "The Art, Of Being Not Affected By"

Home at around 6pm
I will upload this writing then
Then preparing for the jazz club
Then I have to continue with writing of every of the stories the next days

Maybe one or two days "The Happy Clown"
But I will not upload them
Today only the pondering
Well baby, let's get it on!

Gelatone

Sitting Gelatone now
Never tried it so far, but also WiFi there
So I think I will sit for somewhat longer here
Started with a cappuccino

Wear the same clothes as yesterday - nearly!
Have the feeling that I never will wear anything else again
Nonsense, sure I will
But it's the feeling

I'm tired, exhausted, my legs are aching
Walked a lot yesterday
But in the same moment I feel doped
Like I would write a million pages today, like I would never stop writing anymore

täglich

Now sitting "täglich"
The public WiFi at "Gelatone" was not stable
Not saw that they have own WiFi
Not asked - "täglich" is just around the corner

"täglich" has very good WiFi and sockets
Next problem, have forgotten to charge the battery
"Gelatone" has no sockets
So I'm here now
And now I should try to write something about last night's show

The Show

The show - wow, she sounded very much like Tori Amos
Second half of the show, especially one song, felt like in Munich
It was no coincident - Cornflake Girl - or?
A second grand piano on the stage with Tori Amos?

What was important for me
Not that much the songs - have the albums
But your narrating, you're a very good narrator
Topics

Obviously not abortion for me
Never was confronted with this topic - and not only not because I'm a man
There were some major sentences for me
I could identify, I have written about it

Most of all
That I not wanna entertain someone
That I'm not interested in laughter - only in the hurting one
That I'm not interested in, that the audience feels / readers feel comfort and cozy

Tori Amos in Munich
Sure, she not sang "Me and a Gun", but she's still no pop-puppet
The Unthanks in Bristol
They not sang "Give Away Your Heart" - I've fucking tears in my eyes, only by writing the title

"Mackpie" hit me most in Bristol
Should I write about Elizabeth now
Think that not much of the audience yesterday sticks with her music
But for me her music is still the sweetest drug of all

And Amanda?
Talking about being an artist?
Is it presumptuous to say
That I had not only once the feeling that she's talking about me
But maybe it's only the wish that she would talk about me
That her words would fitting to me
But then I have this feeling that I still will need much time till this will maybe so
But then I have this feeling that this time will never come - and it's a fucking feeling!

Still I'm alone here
Later many will come for lunch
So, no problems at the moment
To wipe away my fucking tears

1:24pm

Have finished the day in Jacksonville - "The Happy Clown"
Will upload it tomorrow
Tomorrow I will write Orlando and the day without a show
The day after tomorrow the two days in Miami
Then I will be up to date again

Still have problems with yesterday
The memories are like I would remember a movie or a novel
Unreal in a way
Hope I will see her again

Would I act differently
Yes, of course!
Nevertheless it was a good day
At least the baby didn't die!

Back Home

I've decided to drive home, 3:14pm now
I'm very tired and jazz club night
I would not enjoy the concert
Therefore I try to sleep somewhat

I think I should upload everything written so far
"The Art, Of Not Being Affected By"
The rest will follow tomorrow
Yeah, let's see what will happen

7pm

The bell of the church nearby is ringing just right now
Have ordered, sitting Altes Theater now
Have slept for some time
Now waiting for the concert

Four cellos today - no classic jazz concert today
Not that much tired now, but still exhausted - mind
Have ordered a salad and no alcohol - hot chocolate
My handwriting is very different now - why?

Look forward to tomorrow - should find some sleep
Have to have the aim now to find Patrons in the next months
Possibilities for long readings as well
I think I have to be more.....aggressive?

Still an hour till the concert starts
Will I ever be on this stage, reading?
At the moment - for some reasons - I've to say: No!
But I've also the feeling that this will not matter

I have to find my place
I'm sure there should be a place for me
I have to search more intensive
I have to become louder!

Relaxed

A sudden feeling of relaxation
Have ate a very tasty salad
Drank my hot chocolate
Look forward to the concert

Still half an hour
Time for a short sleep?
I'm in a strange mood
Everything seems to be fine now

I could embrace the world
This fucking disgusting world
Well, Ms. Palmer, I still have this problem
This thought - really everyone?

Maybe it's only because I'm only
An old weak white man
Maybe it's only because I'm no
Strong woman

One of this women, I sometimes see on a stage

Obligation

Yes, I would had to address you yesterday
It would had been my obligation to do so
An artist like you - standing next to you
At the moment it feels, like I would have insulted you

Well, you're no fucking arrogant pop-puppet
You're none of this stupid pop-divas
You're Amanda Fucking Palmer!
Sorry, behaved like a fool!

I think it's this fucking male thing
Women are much more open
I even not talked much with the others
Even when they addressed me

The young woman from Sweden
Hey, I'm attracted by Sweden - I'm collecting Swedish post-historic letters!
Why not started a conversation with her
As she addressed me?

I have to become more open
At least towards people like I met yesterday
But come on, it was nevertheless a progress
I was at the photo shooting, not at all my life this would had been a matter of course

PPFM

I hesitate to write it down
Peter Paul Fucking Maurer
But maybe this has to be the next step
Be more self-confident!

Maybe one could it say also in this way
Time to take a stance
Tomorrow is Friday
I will be in Heilbronn

I'm a fucking artist
Maybe not the best
But art is no competition, art is not measurable
Amanda's words were good to hear

I'm a cook
I'm a bookseller
I did my whole life "ordinary" things
Dreamt about to make art

Now, at the end of my life it's time
To start therewith to make something beyond the ordinary
I have to write a million pages
Some of them I've written just right now, while waiting till the concert begins

Intermission

First part is over
On purpose I'm not saying "session"
Very different today
But that's the nice thing about the jazz club in Heilbronn

Four cellos, so far it was a chamber music concert
Because all musicians are from Russia
Mostly from Russian composers
One of them - Sergio Drapkin - lives in Heilbronn

Very beautiful so far
In the second part jazz and tango will be the topic
Look forward, very much
Thought about

My whole life I was only one time in a classical concert
Berlin - Philharmonie
And it was an invitation, many years ago
Thanks Werner Braune for this wonderful impressions

Back Home Again

Wow, what a second half!
Jazz, tango and more!
Astor Piazzolla - had the opportunity to see him live in Stuttgart
As well as Miles Davis in Mannheim

Both many years ago
Was this insecure young man and not dared to do it
All this fucking moments in life
Later, when you're old and looking back!

Rastelli Cello Quartett:

Kira Kraftzoff
Kirill Timofeev
Mikhail Degtjareff
Sergio Drabkin

Friday

9:20am

Sitting in the Bakery – Hårdtner again, but different store

No concert today

Relaxed writing - and it's Friday today

Will concentrate on "The Happy Clown"

To get up to date

Then we will see

Let's get it on, old man!

4:19pm

Three more days "The Happy Clown" are finished now

Good, I'm up to date now!

The next two days I can look at the other stories

I have to plan the next leg of the tour!

Did something today for some hours

Long time ago the last time

Gulf War

Looking and writing is maybe not enough.....

Saturday

Miami is past now

Wrote a short part for "Beg Your Pardon!....."

Difficult to keep in step with all this developments

I fear that Monday and Tuesday will become hard days

But still it looks fine

Next month I should have enough time for a regular writing

At the end of next month I will meet authors in Heilbronn

Not sure how I should address Amanda Palmer

Look forward, the coming time

Again a strange year, developments

Everything leads towards February 2021

Again in Los Angeles

Sitting Santa Monica Beach again

Watching the setting sun

In what a mood I will be

Two aspects

Who will be president then, Brexit and its effects, climate discussion in Germany - politics
More readers, Patrons, longer readings, my development - my art
For what I should hope for
Many readers, Patrons, but still this president - Not more readers, no Patrons, but another president

The relaxing aspect
Time will move on
I have to do nothing
Well, I should not die

But if I can handle this
There will be a time
And it will be February 2021
And I will sit in the sand while watching the sun, drowning in the endless ocean

Down By The Riverside

Down by the riverside I stood
Dreamt my dreams
All alone
Down by the riverside I stood

Please my little river
Take me with you
Take me away
Please my little river

Down by the riverside I stood
Felt, that it would be the right thing to do
Felt, that it was the only logic decision
Down by the riverside I stood

Please my little river
Some time or other you will meet the large water
And I will be a part of you then
Please my little river

Down by the riverside I stood
And an angel sang me a song
What a nice way to leave
Down by the riverside I stood

Down By The Riverside

Do you see all the stones, laying silently in her bed
Dream would be one of them
Do you hear her soft whispering, the promises she makes
She would never lie to you

`Cause you're down by the riverside
It's on of this magical sites
Like the world behind the looking-glass
Like this place you only can see with closed eyes

You never were by the riverside
You have to, you have to leave, one day you have to
So often I was by the riverside now
Often, nearly every day

Do you see all the stones, laying silently in her bed
Dream would be one of them
Do you hear her soft whispering, the promises she makes
She would never lie to you

Down By The Riverside

Place one stone on top of the other
It's funny to play this play
And the river, she will protect you
She will be your guide

Oh, why it goes this way
Is this a play funny to play
And the river, she will protect you
She will be your guide

Don't refuse, don't fight
It will be funny, this new site
And the river, she will protect you
She will be your guide

But I'm anxious, I fight
Not feel that this is a funny play
And the river, she will protect you
She will be your guide

Maybe you're still too young to understand
Everything is more fun than this site there outside
And the river, she will protect you
She will be your guide

Now I'm old, standing down by the riverside
Now I understand her
Now I know that she has protected me all the time
Now I'm ready to follow her

Down By The Riverside

Be silent, this is a magical place
Lower your ear very near
To hear the enchanted
Your most private wishes you can hear then

Don't fear, nothing will happen
Nothing bad
Isn't it a lovely sound
Lower your ear, nearer

Don't scream
Enjoy the transition
Forget your heavy thoughts
Dive in, into the eternity

Isn't it beautiful
The lightness that surrounds you now
All heavy is gone
All is gone

Down By The Riverside

Don't swim against the current
Let the tide take you away
This beautiful drift
This relaxing streaming

Swim, feel the flow
Feel the soft force forward
Feel the soft force downwards
And one day, she will have become a freshet

Down By The Riverside

Down by the riverside there I'm
Where you wanna be alone
Where you have to be alone
Down by the riverside there I'm

My whole live I was by the riverside now
No longer I wanna be alone
Why I have to be alone
My whole live I was by the riverside now

'Cause it was your wish to be down by the riverside
A character like you wants to be alone
A character like you has to be alone
'Cause it was your wish to be down by the riverside

Never it was my wish to be down by the riverside
Never I want to be alone
Never someone has to be alone
Never it was my wish to be down by the riverside

Call it fate if you like, to be down by the riverside
Then it was your fate to be alone
Some have to be alone
Call it fate if you like, to be down by the riverside

Down by the riverside there I'm
Where you wanna be alone
Where you have to be alone
Down by the riverside there I'm

Down By The Riverside

Down by the riverside
You will stand there alone
I stand there alone
Down by the riverside

Down by the riverside
When all the fears are went away
When nothing counts anymore
Down by the riverside

Down by the riverside
Already my whole life I stand there
Hoping that the day would never come
Down by the riverside

Down by the riverside
Knowing that the day will come, relentless he is
Already my whole live I stand there
Down by the river

Down by the riverside
When nothing counts anymore
When all the fears are went away
Down by the riverside

Down by the riverside
I stand there alone
You will stand there alone
Down by the riverside

Down By The Riverside

Knowing, that you will welcome me joyfully in wedlock
Will I promise you, that I will be you a good bridegroom
Knowing, that I will be not capable to be adequate to you
Will I promise you, that I will be a obeisant bridegroom

You gave me something, impossible to balance out
You gave me the absolute gift - no diamonds, no gold, no blood will compensate it ever
You gave me the eternity, you gave me the infinity
You gave me the absolute life

And nothing can I offer you
A wasted life
A useless life
And nothing can I offer you

Down by the riverside
Looking at my reflection in the calm water
A wonderful bride I see, but it's not me
Down by the riverside

Never Ever

Never ever, hey don't try to fuck me!
Maybe I fuck myself, but you never ever will fuck me!
See you smiling - asshole, know that you have to wait only!
But not yet, fuck you!

Yeah, don't tell me that I have some problems with emotions!
Hey, I'm one of his fucking men!
Yeah, I'm one of this fucking old white men!
Hey, I don't think that this is funny in the end!

I feel like drunken - herbal tee at my side?
Headphones and loud music?
Still asking myself: Was it a coincident?
Whatever, it's a fucking trashing song!

Yeah, I still wait for the moment
And fuck, will ever someone say
He passed away peacefully
Man I can tell you, I will be pissed off totally!

If I'm not allowed
In this last moment
To hear all this million voices for a last blink
Man I can tell you, I will be totally pissed off!

Come and try to fetch me!
You're a fucking loser!
You not got me after birth!
You not got me in the river!

In Dover you failed!
How many car accidents I had - loser!
Not even a murderer I became!
Hey asshole, do you see my finger?

I will decide, you have nothing to say!
Sitting in the sand watching the setting sun, drowning in the endless ocean!
Nicely worded!
Who or what drowns - the sun or the watching person?

Oh you little asshole - use your fantasy!
Not who or what, maybe first and thereafter?
Would make no sense, first the person and then the sun - or?
Therefore!

Ah come on, let the old man writing down stupid things!
Not until February 2021 he will sit in the sand again!
Hey asshole, you know what this means!
You have to be a bit patient with me!

Nicely done!
Fuck you!
Are you sure that you're not drunken?
Fuck you! It's herbal tea!

Five Hours

Five hours of instructions today
Administrative procedures
Not the best basis for writing
But still the next month looks very good

It rains outside, dark already
Bar day today?
We will see
At least some writing today

Boris and the idiot
The next days will be very interesting days
Should history develop in a pleasant way
Would be good to see this two populists failing

Fuck ya!

A significant drop in readers
After the last part of "Dystopian Dreaming"
In relation to it?
If yes: Fuck ya!

As Amanda Palmer said (not literally)
After some time, after the show had begone:
All who not knew me and have discovered now, that this is no pleasant show
I have to tell you: This will not change!

I'm not here to entertain / gladden you
This is the moment were you might can leave.
And I thought:
Hey, I've written this already in my writing!

After the cruelties of the German gas chambers
After the cruelties of the Japanese concentration camps
After the cruelties of the Roman Empire
After the cruelties of the Medieval Age

After all the cruelties in history
What would you have to write, to top this?
Read Rosamunde Pilcher or watch the fucking filmings
If you have problems with this!

I have to write harder, more concentrated!
Look forward to next month
Everything looks good - too good?
Will meet authors at 24.

My greatest advantage is
That I have time!
Hey, I'm an old man
I earn enough money with my job

I have not to have success now
I have not to have success next year
Oh yes, one day I want to have success! Fuck, yes!
At least if I not die before

But still I have to find my style
Good progress compared with the last year
But I've the feeling, that I will need at least next year for further progress
A scenery for next year:

"To Be" and "Happy" will develop, new parts, will end in January 2021
"No Reason" a new hard-boiled story, a year writing, more complex, longer
"Dystopian" can not become hard enough!
Look into the gas chamber or a burning church - do you think that this would be a funny sight?
Close your fucking eyes!
"Woman" enters a new stage, have to be consequent also!
"Cozy" maybe the most cozy writing for the next months

So, baby, let's get it on!

Should

Should you say
That you're despaired sometimes
Should you pretend
That you're happy all the day

It's fucking easy
To ponder about this
Sitting in the bar
"The Polo Bar Old Fashioned" in front of you - Jack's Bar

It's not so funny if not
If you have to struggle therewith to make your living or having no rights
I have enough money, live in a democracy
Yeah, I'm not rich, but without any doubts I'm not poor, I have rights

Thought about it the last weeks
Stopping writing, enjoying my life - every year some weeks in the US or elsewhere?
Pretending that I would be happy
Living in a fucking easy world

Should I?
Nah!
Would be boring!
Let's write fucking writing!

No Writing Today

No writing today
From Monday on everything should function very well
I'm in no mood for writing
Next month I should have a lot of time and calmness for writing

Today I have too many thoughts in my mind
I have to step back one or two days
Then I will have more energy for the rest of the year
Still three months!

No writing today
"The Happy Clown" will be no problem
The first two weeks of the next month I should have five days without work
Enough time for a lot of writing

Today it will be a good night maybe
Maybe I will observe my stars
I have some headache
A quiet night would do me good

From Tomorrow On

From tomorrow on it counts
I would say
Two days to think things over
Things are changing very rapidly now

In the US as well as with me - well, in the UK
Have done important thing the last two days
I've the feeling that a new era begins now
Well, we will see what will happen

Have to work off "The Happy Clown" and "Beg Your Pardon!....."
The other stories as well
But hey, I've no Patrons
Therefore, no stress!

I feel good this evening, very good
Look forward to tomorrow's working and writing
Still too good to be true?
Hell yes, put on your (red) party dress - Mr. Petty, Ms. Grant!

Up To Date

Up to date again
From tomorrow on normal writing again
Three days without work the next days - Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Time for fucking writing!

Wednesday

Wednesday, bar day
The president held his press conference
As I left
Should I be interested in the shit he's talking

Not that much at least
To dispense with one or two good cocktails
This president deserves no respect
Only disdain

So I've ordered my first cocktail
Rum this time
Drank one very good one last week with rum - as second cocktail
Recommended by the bartender - Ms. Grant

"Mr. Pink" - sweeter than I thought, Ms. Pink
But not bad at all
I think my second one should one with basil - rum or whiskey
Would be an interesting contrast

Mad Man

To be honest
I hope that he runs crazy finally
That this farce will find an abrupt end
Wow, would have a huge impact

An impact for
"The Happy Clown" and "Beg Your Pardon!....."
But I have to take it as it comes
I only hope

That the radicals will not start with a war then
That the jerk is hold liable for his action
That everything comes to light
That his bootlickers will hold liable as well

Maybe all will end fast now
Hope only that it will allow
The American society to recover
To start

To start with a conversation
About racism, poverty, health care, education and more
Elizabeth Warren
Strange days - UK, Hungary, Hong Kong.....

Would not bet - on the outcome
Would I die tonight
Not happy, not sad
More doubting about the future

On Top

Sitting Heilbronn, Bar Moderno, an Italian pizzeria
Thursday, holiday, German Unification Day, have not to work today
Have written a new part "The Happy Clown", but will upload it tomorrow – jazz club day today!
Much better than the last ones!

Have bought me a ticket for Amanda Palmer in Portugal for November in the morning
Hey, I have to become more active
I still have two weeks holidays for this year
England would have been possible as well, but.....

In England I was at the beginning of the year
In Portugal I was never before
I cannot speak Portuguese
I will stay some days in Porto

The concert is in a smaller city near Porto
Porto is a city at the ocean
Okay, the small one, but.....
Hey, also this year I will stand at the ocean!

As said, I have to become more active
Should it be possible thrn I will hand her my business card this time
Fuck the hell, I need support!
Would be crazy would she become my first (real) Patron!

Whatever, it's not enough to write it
You have to do it
I'm back again, more than ever!
Yeah baby, let's get it on!

Started?

Have bought me a ticket for Amanda Palmer in Portugal, Braga
Yesterday I booked the flight - yes, I will fly, I love flying!
Today I have booked hotels in Porto and Braga
At least some more writing "Travelin' Around"

In two weeks I will meet with authors in Heilbronn
Better, I will join a reading organized by this authors
I have to cancel the open stage in Stuttgart
I will be in Portugal then

I have made a lot the last three days
Now three working days, then two days without work again
The next weekend I have to work
But I write more again, and that's good so!

Bad Decision

I've to make a bad decision
Another problem at work
Everything still very good at work
Except one new problem, after the other "only problem" is solved

Again a problem related to the staff
But this time it's fucking in a way
For some reasons we have one staff member too much now
One of the women have to go

I'm the head chief
I have to decide between two women
Which of the women have to go
A very nice decision!

Both of the women is working very well
One is still in her time of probation
The other woman's contract is running out
Both are working very well

I have to decide tomorrow
I not wanna hesitate too much
Whatever I will do
It's bad for one of the women

No real mind for writing at the moment
Maybe tomorrow it will be better again
Nearly 8pm now
Dr. Who?

Dr. Who is a woman now
Well, this is not the problem
But it's too much.....childish(?) again
Liked the last seasons more

To interfere in others life
Is not mine
But I have to make a decision

Looks like we got ourselves a Mexican stand off here boy - yeah, Mr. Williams

No Distinct Writing Today

Came back home and had to sleep
Stood up right now
Too late for some writing on the stories
But that should be no problem

The next two days I have not to work
Okay, tomorrow jazz club day
But I can write till I have to leave
Will upload it, before I will drive to the venue - around 7pm

I can concentrate on the Memphis-days at first
Then the other stories
On Friday writing, aunt's birthday, ice hockey?
But I will find time for writing in any case, maybe again early uploading

Have made a decision today
At Saturday I have to say her, that she will be given notice
I hope that she will react not too emotional
But how you shall react, when getting this information

Bar Days

When you're sitting in a bar, the glass in front of you, the water, the crackers, then you can forget the world outside. The candle on the small table, music in the background. All the bottles, juices, bitters - whiskeys, rums, gins and more.

What you can forget, for instance, are all the senseless dead - now again in Syria. Now again it's shown, how less a life counts - well, of course it depends on, about whose life we're talking. I would give my life, would it save one life there - my life is a not so important one. Writing meaningless words on a sheet of paper like now, sitting in a bar, enjoying a very good cocktail, listening to the music, eating the crackers, from time to time sipping at the water, that's what I do.

Sad, that also today we still have not learned, that the human life is the greatest gift of all, the knowing about yourself, the ability to gain insights. And why we cannot accept that every life is something unique, something that will never repeat? It's a sad thing.

I would like to empty my glass at one gulp. Ordering a new one and doing the same. Ordering the next one and doing the same again - I gained a lot of weight during the last weeks.

Everything is fine now, everything could be fine now - well, even "Dystopian Dreaming" described no paradise, couldn't be one. But at least we could make the world much better - the problem? We, the ones sitting in a bar, enjoying a fucking good cocktail, eating crackers and listening to the music, all such things, we would have to share - who wanna do such fucking crazy shit!?

Should I ever would have success as a writer, I fear, then I would have a very grave problem. Maybe it would be better, for the rest of my fucking easy life, sitting in a bar, looking at the tumbler in front of me, with the single large ice cube inside, the leave of basil at the rim, eating crackers, sipping water, listening to the music.....

To Be An Artist

I fear, it would be a very serious problem for me, would I be an artist, would I earn my living by writing. Amanda Palmer talked about it. I fear, that would kill me finally. Well, with zero income by writing, this is a very cool statement - I earn enough with my job. But sitting the whole day around, writing, not more, and this would be "my work"?

I think about the writer - Chandler. His dead body in the ocean's waves - a murder or a suicide? My dead body in the ocean's waves - you would have not to ask, or? Well, with the much younger and very beautiful wife? A fucking thought, to be an artist - to be Amanda Fucking Palmer.

Give me some more time and I would be able to fill at least ten thousand sides - and then? I would hope, that among this ten thousand sides one could find at least one substantial one - dream on, you old fucking man.....

No, I fear, it would be no good development to earn my money by writing. It would be cool to have some Patrons - or? It's cool to sit here, my second Old Fashioned variant this evening in front of me - feel much better now, as after work in the afternoon. It's cool to sit here with my fucking good cocktail, while people around the world are dying a senseless and awful death - maybe I should stop writing

Fucking Feeling

I have a fucking feeling - Amanda Palmer last month, the authors this month, Amanda Palmer next month again? I have a fucking feeling that the next months, the remaining months of this year, will bring the decision. I have changed extremely during the year - also the new job has its impact. Was a fucking good decision to look after a new job!

I see two possibilities:

- 1.) To take writing fucking serious and having the fucking will to becoming a fucking author!
- 2.) To stop writing and to become a fucking ignorant asshole!
- 3.) As a consequence of "2" - buying me a ticket to L.A. and bringing this shit to an end!

Well, in a way "3" could be also a consequence of "1", but in a very different way. In one way it would be a cowardly act, in the other way an act of dignity! In one case I would have to do it next year, in the other way I could wait and see - the sea cow would be with my then!

I'm a little happy bastard, I can decide - others have simply to die!

I Would Like It

I would like it
To touch your body
I would dream of
To touch your mind

Nothing would me more worth of!

The Stories

At the moment the stories
"The Happy Clown" and "Beg Your Pardon!....."
Keep me in suspense
But that's okay

"The Happy Clown" develops very interesting
The previous states and the upcoming
But in February 2020 this stage will be over
The rhythm of writing will change very much then - no longer daily

"Beg Your Pardon!....."
It's hard to follow all this developments in Washington, the States
But also this story will enter a new stage
It's only unclear when!

February 2020 at the least
The beginning of the caucuses and primaries
Earlier maybe?
Impeachment?

The writing at the moment is scheduled for a two years time span
Till February 2021
The next time in California, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco maybe
After the inauguration of the hopefully 46. POTUS at January 20th, 2021

Enough time for the other stories!
And then there are other things to do!
Next week the reading, other authors in Heilbronn!
Next month Portugal and Amanda Palmer again

Mixed emotions
The new job develops still very well, apart from the dismissal
I have my readers, again more the last two days
But still no Patrons - this would be the ultimate step

But of course also the most difficult one
No reason to give up at the moment
Still time till February 2021
Still I have to become more active in this direction

More or less relaxed at the moment
I have my days
But apart from them everything seems to be fine
I look forward to next week, next month!

In Your Arms

I would like it, to lie in your arms
Till the dawn begins
Comforted
Sheltered

First Game

My first ice hockey game this season today, Sunday
Not that much writing therefore today
Thought about the uploading time
It's stupid to put pressure on me

Friday games are from 8pm till around 10:30pm for instance
Thursdays I'm at the jazz club at 9pm - uploading time
At Wednesdays, bar day, I cannot leave before 9pm - uploading time
This is stupid!

I have to be more flexible
Uploading time from now on between 7pm and 10pm
Most of the days it will be still around 9pm
But especially at bar days, jazz club days, game days, it can change

Was a good game with a 7:2 win
I have to do more

I miss the weekly swimming

Writing is important to me, preferably daily, but I need more activities for compensation

Wednesday

It's Wednesday, "Hamden Martinez" today
Tomorrow the reading, open stage hosted by authors
I'm absolutely not prepared
Okay, have read the text "Drowning Oneself" in Stuttgart already

I'm not sure about what I shall expect
Cool would be to get information about possible venues for longer readings
But I fear that Heilbronn will offer not much
A (real) Patron and long readings are my two aims now

The year comes to an end now
I'm satisfied with the development of my writing so far
Also other developments - others not
At least I've the feeling that I did something meaningful the last years

Next month I will be in Porto
Frankfurt Airport, aviation, look forward to it
The small ocean, at least the small one
A harbor, Porto Airport, a country I was never be before

A very fantastic cocktail!

Thursday

Right back home from the reading
And?
It was very good, was good to talk with the people there
And?

Well, no audience
And I fear, as expected, that I fall out of the alignment
But someone asked
Your writing, in the way of the Beat Generation?

Wow, first time to hear something about my writing and Beat at the same time
He said, that he will have a look at my writing tomorrow - gave him my business card
And?

Maybe nothing, but it was good to talk with other authors

To say it straight, it was a fucking good evening
At the beginning I was nervous
I read the text way better in Stuttgart
But in the end I felt very comforting in this group

And now?
Not really sure
But I should do it again
I should try to get more contact with other authors

One problem I still have
As Amanda Palmer said
My show is not that you feel comfortable
Well, as I said it before: My writing is not that you feel comfortable

Yeah, it was a fucking good evening
Whatever will happen now
Amanda Palmer next month again - in exactly a month, November 24
Whatever will happen now

Friday

Still think that it was good yesterday evening, very good
Never talked that much about my writing
Still have some problems with it
But I was much more relaxed in the end as commonly

And yet, I had problems to be in time
Arrived sweating
Nevertheless I entered
And it was a very good decision

Still the question: And now?
Portugal and Amanda of course
And even if I write, and utilize my writing, in a very different way
I need more contact to other authors

A cool day
Found no sleep tonight
Tired now - ice hockey very late this evening, have to work tomorrow
Let's see, enough written for today, have to do some shopping, and then.....?

Journeys

A journey, as well as a blank sheet of paper
Starting without knowing the aim
But knowing that there will be an aim
Arrived, a formerly blank sheet of paper now filled with words

Journeys in reality or the mind
Not matters, both important
Both the power to change everything
To set in question everything

Sitting at a desk and wandering through the grassland
Many tears wetting the dry red canyon soil
Almond trees and cotton plants whirling the brain
No sense for time and space anymore

More than a year till the next aviation
Never ever it will be as before
Losing innocence - innocence lost
Change is a powerful thing!

Literally everything is set in question
This year's story heads for its climax - no delay possible anymore
Confused and puzzled, but relieved and relaxed
Good mood for writing at the moment - looking forward to the weekend!

Peter Handke

No talking about Peter Handke now - he interests me not. But my point is, always this stupid discussion about the artist and his oeuvre. If someone is an asshole, than he is still an asshole despite the art that she or he makes. And the art as such? I write a book about that you have to treat women as equal and I treat women like shit. Fantastic book!

I never understood, and will never understand, that some can see the work and the origination as separated. Yes, and now no discussions about, that you cannot know everything all the times about the originator. Yes, sometimes you even not know who's the originator at all. But the point is, if you know.

That's funny now, because we can talk about Ms. Grant (Lana del Rey) now. A fake? Don't know, but I don't think so. Have written that, if someone would prove me that she's a fake, that this would not influence the fact how much her music hits me. Inconsistent? Well, if someone could prove that she has voted for the asshole in office, that she's a money-hungry bitch, such things, things that would contradict all her art and statements, then it would be different.

A - for me - very problematic example? The Red Hot Chilly Peppers! Also they got accused in the course of #MeToo. Used two songs from them (Dark Heart), I like their music, saw them live in Paris. Still own their albums, not threw them away, not have listen them for a very long time. Would I buy me tickets for another concert of them? I don't think so!

So, should Peter Handke get the Nobel Price? Fuck no! For me this is a contradiction of everything this price stands for! I would give mine back!

Words are Words - Deeds are Deeds

Back to the topic above. I can write everything: That every woman is an angel, that women are good for fucking only, otherwise they are shit. Not that words can - important: Can! - have an impact, but deeds have always - important: Always! - an impact.

Would I be an asshole, would I write that women are only good for, to fuck them? Yes, of course, but that it would be! Wouldn't it be something different would I beat women - domestic abuse - and would I treat them like a piece of shit? And now the important question:

What is more important, what I'm writing or the way I'm behaving in the reality?

I hope, that I have not to discuss this question!

The consequence?

Peter Handke - his deeds are more important than his words!

Ms. Grant (Lana del Ray) - would she behave (live) in a way that would contradict her singing, then everything would set into question.

Only a remark:

I have discussed this right in the beginning (Dark Heart). This not means, that she has to jump from a bridge because she sings about it - things can happen in your mind! It's not important in what a relation she was to "K.", in reality or only in her thinking/dream, both would be a relation, both can lead to the same song!

A second remark:

It's a "bit" a difference, whether we're talking about that a person who sings about sadness and suicide or that someone supports and brownnoses a bloody dictator and mass murderer (and this not changes, should the "other side" have committed war crimes as well or not!).

Feel Better Now!

The last weeks I had problems with my stomach again
But it seems that I gain control over it again
The new work still seems to be very promising
Still some problems related to staff

But it's more about how we organize staff
I have not too little staff
It's more about how I shall work
Different and contradicting information I got

Next week - Thursday - I'm on a meeting for head chiefs
Definitively no writing
But I hope I get some answers
Soon I will be in Portugal

See my writing differently now
The encounter with other authors had its impact
Yes, my way to write and to utilize it is very different to the authors I met
But I got the feeling, that I'm on the right way!

Now my focus belongs to Portugal
My second encounter with Amanda Palmer
Let's see what happens this time
Tom Petty? - The future is wide open?

Traveling Ahead

Next week at Saturday I will pack my things
Sunday I will fly
Aviation again!
Again standing at a coast!

What will happen?
What has happened the last days, weeks?
"The Happy Clown" has changed - at least I think so
At the moment it's the most important thing for me to write this story

Enough time for the other stories
"Beg Your Pardon!....." will become interesting the next week
The public hearings!
I've the feeling that the Dems do a fucking good job!

February 2021
At the moment I've the feeling that everything would be possible
In Washington, the USA
In my life

At the moment I've the feeling, that I find my own style
At the moment I've the feeling, that one day I will be a fucking good author
At the moment I've the feeling, that this day is not that far away
At the moment I've the feeling, that everything develops too perfect

Yeah, I'm still a German
But one with a lot of dreams and hopes
One who knows that there's always a possibility and solution
For everything!

Only five work days
Porto and Braha are waiting
Amanda Palmer waits
Could it be that I'm happy at the moment?

Deputy

My deputy quit his job
Suddenly
Two days ago
He's in vacation just now

Suddenly it was doubtful, whether I can fly to Portugal or not
That would had been a disaster
Could get him on the phone today
He will be back at Friday, he will work for the rest of the month as planned

It would had been a shock would he had been ill or so
He had found a workplace nearer to his home, as head chef
I have to, and do, respect this
But in the first moment it was a shock

Have not slept that good the last days
Was not the only stressful moment the last days
But still this job has tremendous potential
And now I know that I will be in Portugal at Sunday

My head aches, it's unbelievable how many readers I have today
It's short after 7pm and I have more than double as much as normally
A coincident?
We will see

I like the writing of the last days
Look forward to the writing in Portugal
Tomorrow the public hearings will begin
I should try to get to bed early today, try to find some sleep

Hearings

Listen to the hearings
Very interesting
But I'm very tired today
Will not write today

Tomorrow no jazz club
Today no bar day
Soon I will have a lot of time to write
Will continue with writing tomorrow

I've a cold
Better today then yesterday
But I'm very tired today
Still my head aches

Two work days left
The last three weeks were very stressful
But soon I will fly again
I think tomorrow it will be better

Yesterday significantly more people visited my webpage
Over 50% more
Today it all appears normal
But it makes no sense to continue with "The Happy Clown" today and the hearing still runs
(8:45pm)

Aviation Again

Tomorrow at this time I will be in Porto - on aviation again
Still a fan of flying - Ms. Grant
Tomorrow I will stand at the small ocean
I really look forward

Will have a lot of time writing
But of course I should do some "sightseeing" also
And then there's the concert
Will meet Amanda Palmer again

I'm up to date with the two major stories now again
But should work on the other stories the next days as well
Maybe busy days are waiting
But "busy" in a very pleasant way!

Back Home Again

I'm back home again
Have see through my mail and such things
Now I will have a light dinner
And then some TV

Would be Thursday
But a bit late for jazz
A cocktail - not today
Tomorrow I have to write and to reconsider all the other stories

Let's see, I look forward to the upcoming!

First Day

First day at home again
Sitting "täglich"
Have problems with the people around me
It's 1:30pm – still lunch time

I don't know
One table with teachers - horrible
One table with businessmen - arrogant assholes
Yammering because they had problems to come with the car and find a parking space, downtown!

Yeah, it's Friday
Fucking Friday for Future demonstration
"Freie Fahrt für freie Bürger!"
Oh, we Germans are so smart and clever guys

Had to do some things in the morning
Had a tomato soup, fucking stomach
I will write something
But I think not that much

Tomorrow at work I have to see
Last work day for my deputy
Had a talk with a possible new deputy, at the last day before the vacation
Have to see what will happen next month

Next week I should have a bar day - Wednesday
Next week I should have a jazz day - Thursday
Next week I should visit the doctor - Tuesday, consultation-hour in the afternoon
No writing at Thursday?

The weekend and next week I will need for orientation
In have to bring some things into the move
Today I don't like it to sit here
In Portugal everything was much less keyed up

A third table, two older women with young girls
Looks like more teachers and some school girls
Everything is so loud here - I think about to leave!
It's nearly 2pm, normally the place should be more empty soon

It's interesting
The mood that I felt in Portugal
This mood I enjoyed very much
This mood that calmed me down

Could it be, that we Germans are the assholes of Europe
Sometimes I've this feeling
At the moment in an extreme way
Wow, the teachers are paying

Soon the businessmen will leave
They have their espressos
Let's see, but in such a surrounding I cannot write anymore!
Let's give the place a chance, when it's more empty soon

4:15pm

4:15pm - have written a day "The Happy Clown"
For some time it was more quite, but now again a table
Is it necessary that the whole restaurant can hear you
Yeah, they like their beer!

I will write nothing more today
I have to pay and to leave
Tomorrow I have to see what's the status at work
I should have a cozy evening at home

In the night I dreamt heavily
Woke up all two or three hours with a lot of pictures in mind
Remember a nice beautiful roadster
Was sad about while dreaming about, that I could not drive the car, because this was only dreaming

Two hours I lay in bed in the morning half asleep
With many pictures in the head
I think I will need some time to understand all
Yeah, I should have a cozy evening at home

Will Become No Good Week

Have forgotten that I have to go to the Christmas celebration for the head chefs on Tuesday
Near Nuremberg
Tuesday no writing
Maybe on Thursday

Problems with my stomach
Had to vomit
But better now
On Tuesday to the doctor early in the morning?

Today was very stressful
No good day for writing
A staff member ill again
It could become clear tonight

Maybe I should rest somewhat
And if possible I should observe my stars
And then early to bed
But I would have to write three days "The Happy Clown" tomorrow then

Let's see, I should rest somewhat!

No Writing

No writing today
Have observed my variable stars for three hours now
Was a good decision
Fell better now

Uploading my observations
Hot shower, was cold and wet
I hope I will sleep better tonight
Last night was horrible

I hope that I will find the mood to write tomorrow
"The Happy Clown"
Nothing happens in Washington at the moment
Therefore I have not to write something in this direction

Still too much in my mind
Portugal
Have to sort some things out
But it was an important travel

Much Better

Much better today
Was a good decision not to try to write something yesterday
Was a good decision to observe my variable stars - again cloudy today
Not very good, but much better

Had very intensive dreaming tonight
Was very good for me
But still I'm tired
Tomorrow it should be good again

Have written the first day "The Happy Clown" right now
Now a short break
I think that I should write another day
That should be enough for today

My stomach? Much better - at least at the moment
I've the feeling that I will be capable to implement Portugal
During the next days
During the next weeks

Strange, my motivation for Portugal was the concert
Now more and more Portugal as such is in my focus
Portugal as an example of possibilities
An interesting month begins today

Better Again

Better again - somewhat
Again very intensive dreams
Was extremely tired after work
Tried to sleep, had a long hot shower

Have finished the second day in Denver
Will write at least also the travel to Casper today
But maybe I will finish this part only after the uploading time
Tomorrow I will have to travel to a place near Nuremberg - Christmas celebration for the head chefs

I will drive early
Will have my notebook with me
Will write at least something
Will upload it before the celebration starts, at 4pm

Feel not that bad at the moment
The stomach much better, but I have to go to the doctor
But I can wait till Thursday, consulting-hours in the afternoon
Can go easily after work and in front of the jazz club – no writing at Thursday

At Wednesday I will drive back
I try to leave early, should be early at home again
Then I would have time for some writing
I will not work at the weekend, time for writing!

I think that I will recover till next week
Then I hope that I can concentrate for more hours writing again
But now I need a break again
Good that in Washington nothing happens at the moment!

First Stopover

Have my first stopover at the A6 to Nuremberg
Coffee and a snack
Will have a second one when I will leave the A6
Maybe a longer stopover then

Hey, I'm back in Germany again
They offer only a fucking "T-Hotspot" as WiFi
In Portugal every small café had fast and free WiFi
Thanks, high-tech Germany!

But I have plenty of time
The weather is relatively good, some sunshine
But even that I stood up later
I was very tired in the morning

Now, short before 11am, I feel better
I have more than four hours now, to reach my aim
Around an hour I would need nonstop
I have plenty of time, that's what I looked for

Second Stopover

Have left the freeway now – an "Autohof" my aim
Hey, an American dinner is there, why not!
You have WiFi? - No! - Oh well, thanks fucking Germany!
I've ordered a black tea and a Caesars Salad

I will not sit long here
Will drive the rest earlier as I thought – it 12:15pm now
But at the hotel I should have WiFi
I plan to upload the writing of yesterday evening (after 9pm) and now

It's really nice to be home in Germany again!

McDonald's

I sit in a McDonald's now
Large coffee with milk
Could remember that they offer free WiFi, even sockets
Still do not like their food

I'm still on the "Autohof" - truck stop
But now I have at least WiFi
I think I will upload my writing of yesterday evening and till now
Just to make sure!

Sure, at the hotel I should have WiFi, but.....
I still have plenty of time, it's short after 1pm now
Till the hotel around a mile
I should arrive not later than 3pm there

I'm still tired
I'm not totally sure why
Yesterday I had many readers, very well spread over the day
Also at (most of) the other days after Portugal

I hope that I will be able to get up early tomorrow
That I will be at home early
That I be in Heilbronn early
That I have time for writing

Tomorrow would be Wednesday - my bar day
I should do it
Even when I'm so tired all the time
Thursday I have to talk with the doctor

But now I will upload the so far written
Maybe I will upload something in the night again?
Maybe only tomorrow
Maybe I should sleep at the hotel for some time

At The Hotel

Arrived and checked in
It's short before 2 pm now
The shuttle will come at 3:45 pm
So I have enough time for a rest now

I will write nothing more before the celebration
But I will upload also this writing
That's so far for today
Have I said that such celebrations are not really mine!

Back From Celebration

I'm back in the hotel again
As I said, such events are not really mine
Especially with some problems with the stomach
But in the end it was okay

I had some conversations
I drank only water and tea and this was good
Ate salmon and chicken, rice, potatoes, vegetables and salad
At the moment my stomach hurts only a little bit

I have some salted crackers with me
It looks like that it could become a good night
I have no alarm clock with me, none in the room
Let's see when I will wake up

At the moment things are not looking that bad - still
I hope that I find a lot of time for writing tomorrow
And then I will have the next weekend for writing
I have to make some plans

Should I be happy, should I be sad?
I think at least more happy than sad
It's in my hand now
I decide upon the future of my writing!

McDonald's Again

Sitting McDonald's again
Have checked my emails and such things
Drove someone to the train station
Not interested in to have breakfast at the hotel

A coffee is enough at the moment
Breakfast is expensive at the hotel
Would not have to pay it, but.....
So I sit here again, it's nearly exactly 9 o'clock now

I will drive home now, should be done in around one and a half hour
Should be possible to be in Heilbronn by noon
Had some problems with my stomach in the night, but it's better now
I've the feeling that from today on my writing will change

Maybe not my style, and still I will make many mistakes
Still I have to work, still I have not time for reworking the texts
But my attitude, the feeling while and especially why I'm writing
No question anymore about, whether I'm an author or not!

From now on I'm an author
Maybe one who cannot live by his writing
But nevertheless an author
So let's do what authors do - Writing!

I'm A Fucking Artist Now!

Still sitting McDonald's
I think their food is fucking
But the coffee is okay
And neither the fucking diner, nor the fucking café here at the truck stop have WiFi!

Still sitting McDonald's
At another table three fucking important business men
At least they are acting as they would be fucking important
Why this fucking important business men like this fucking McDonald's breakfast shit?

You could have something in the café
I saw yesterday that the diner offers nice (American) breakfast
Hey, it's McDonald's! Can I have a Coke Zero!
I have to say, that I would prefer to sip a Cherry Cola Lime with someone at Delrey Beach, Miami!

And?
I would like it, to sit in London together with someone
Breakfast in a café
I think it would be very, very inspiring to talk with her
A lot she could teach me

But already she taught me a lot
I saw her only two times on a stage so far
But this were two very special evenings
Especially the last one

Tori Amos in Munich was also very impressing - a woman and a piano (and a synthesizer(?))
The next concert will be Ms. Grant in Cologne - okay. it's Ms. Grant
Then Agnes Opel in Munich - again a woman and a piano (and sometimes other musicians)
What I wanna say is, it will go on!

But I've the feeling that I have to become more independent
In the same moment as I have the felling that I have to be more open
More open to this artists as persons
I've the feeling that I'm on a good way!

Heilbronn

Heilbronn, noon, I'm sitting in a bakery - Mitterer
A drip brew and a bezel with butter
I will start with writing
Maybe not so long today, a somewhat earlier upload today

Wednesday - wasn't in the bar for a whole month
Illness and vacation
Should have a cocktail later
But it should not become too late

Tomorrow, Thursday, also for a whole month no jazz club
Feel still somewhat tired, but much better than the last days
In a way relieved
A beautiful day today, clear blue sky and the sun's rays

täglich

Just after 2 pm now
Have written the day in Casper - "The Happy Clown"
Now I sit in "täglich" - lunchtime is over
I'm the only customer at the moment - very quite!

I will not continue with "The Happy Clown"
I will go through the other stories now
Not sure how much I will write
Tomorrow I will write nothing

I have to prepare the weekend
From Friday to Sunday I will continue therewith to write all the stories
I have to see the status of the stories now, to think about them
Today in Washington some decisions will be made

I've the feeling that this will become a very interesting weekend
Let's see
I've the feeling that everything is prepared now
I only have to do it

Strange days
Portugal became such a strange journey
Like I would have crossed a desert with dry soil, barren, with small bushes and the iconic cactus
And then there were somebody.....

Wow

Wow, it's 3:45 pm now
I ran through all stories now
I have wrote some bridges, so I can continue easily at Friday
Or I have decided to continue with a new chapter

I'm satisfied with this result
I will drive home soon
I will have some time at home
Then I will upload the written early today

Early to the bar
One cocktail
Early back home
Early to bed

Long sleep
Intensive dreaming
Tomorrow working
Tomorrow jazz club

And then three days of fucking writing!

Working Sunday

Unfortunately I have to work tomorrow, on Sunday
So I have only today as a complete day for writing
Therefore I have to change my plans somewhat
But my workmate is ill

If the illness will be not that long
Then I will have my next free days on Thursday and Friday
So nothing really bad now
But I have to concentrate on "The Happy Clown" today

So, the other stories? I have to see in which way I can continue with them
Yesterday, after uploading, I have written another part of "To Be A Woman....."
So I have continued with this story as well
Let us see how much "The Happy Clown" I can write today

I feel much better now
Another free day tomorrow would have been good in that way
But my stomach feels much better now
And every day I feel fitter, less and less tired

I sit in the bakery - Mitterer
Coffee and a soup
Now I will eat something sweet
Then I will walk to "täglich", to start with today's writing

täglich

Have finished the first two days of the four day travel "The Happy Clown"
Enough for today, tomorrow I can write the two days in Yellowstone
This gives me also some time for the other stories
I feel comfort at the moment

The end of the year now
Two travels, two concerts
I feel very different now
Still no Patrons, but much has happened, especially in the last weeks

The next two concerts in March, both in Germany
In May the next travel
I really think I should travel to Matosinhos again
Maybe this time without stomach problems

In January the next open stage, I should talk more about my Patreon page
In March the next meeting with the authors in Heilbronn, next reading
I should try, to get in closer contact with them
Then still the readings as individual reader - still should be my major goal

Still everything looks not bad
Well, December is always stressful in my job
Especially without a deputy
Maybe I have found a new one

Still everything looks not bad
Soon it's January and I've the feeling that I'm prepared for a good and interesting next year
Still I have time to become "famous"
There will be a time, I will get the message that I have a Patron now

It will happen, sooner or later it will happen

Oops, I did it again

At Bristol I've preordered a CD by The Unthanks
I stood in front of the sisters, Niopha was also there
I dared not to tell them about my writing
Now I saw, that I should have gotten an email, that the CD is available now

Well, had no glasses with me - my handwriting?
But they said, that, if you have preordered the CD but got no email, than you should write them
This I have done now
Hey, and I told them from my writing

Will they read the email personally
Maybe
Will I get an reaction
Maybe

But I had the opportunity and I did it
That's the important thing
No hesitation anymore
Opportunities are there to grab them!

Nevertheless I needed some time therefore
And I'm still somewhat tired
It's nearly uploading time now
I will not finish "Yellowstone" today

Not satisfied with the today's writing
Was very slowly/arduous today
I will upload now what I have
Will read it tomorrow, if I not like it?

Will get a message tomorrow, how long my colleague will be ill
Well also no deputy at the moment
We will see
Today was no productive day!

Apart from the email maybe.....

I'm Dead

I'm dead
No deputy at the moment
The other cook is ill for at least till next Monday
I'm the only cook now

I've worked often enough for weeks without a free day - I'm a cook
But the problem is that I'm ill either
I'm extremely exhausted the last days
So I have to have a good strategy for the next days

Got an email from Lee
The Unthanks
Now I have upgraded to the CD with DVD
He also wrote me that he has forwarded the part about my writing

Rachel, Becky and Niopha will get the email now
In TV the next hearing - a thousand times the same argumentation, or?
Will I get a reaction

I did it, from now on no time anymore for restraint, but a critical time in this physical condition

I have to concentrate on "The Happy Clown" of course
Today I plan to finish Yellowstone Park
Tomorrow I can concentrate on Idaho Falls and Twin Falls
Not more, not less

I hope I can manage the next days
At least some writing should be possible
Of course no bar day - jazz club?
Would be the sixth week without a jazz concert

No Christmas celebration on Friday of course
I have to try to write for a shorter time
Maybe to upload earlier
To sleep as long as possible

At Least

At least I have finished Yellowstone
Not sure about the quality - have also headache now
But the advantage for tomorrow will be, that I know now what the next days will offer
I have to make the best out of it now

8:30 now
Still listening to the hearing while writing
But I will upload the writing now
And then I have to go to bed

I have a relatively good feeling about the next days
So much happened in the last weeks
I will manage this time
Tomorrow will be a new day

The Light At The End Of The Tunnel

Well, feel better now, still tired but no longer that exhausted
It seems that next week (Wednesday) a new deputy will set to work
I will have to work a lot of days in a row now
But it starts to look better now

Tomorrow will be an important day
The last days only a few readers
Who cares
Very important writing at the moment

Let's get it on, babe!

Four More Days

Four more days
Then my new deputy will be there and I will be no longer alone
But then I have to work him in
At least seven more work days without a break

I hope that the other cook will come back
Then I could have a free weekend
No, no this weekend, the next!
I've the feeling that it would be good to visit the doctor

But he would give me a sick note
I could refuse, but this would be a high risk for me
My problem is the combination of stomach problems, cough and to be exhausted
No time for recovery

Four fucking days with a lot of work are waiting
At least I continue somewhat with writing
Peter will return to Portland the same day
When Peter gets his new deputy

I've still no distinct idea about the "Christmas/New Year's Break"
"The Happy Clown"
Still daily writing?
Would make no real sense - or?

"Beg Your Pardon!....." I will continue next week after the voting
The Dems are such.....next week!
All in all it seems to be no total disaster
It's a time I have to manage

Uncertain

Uncertain about me
My physical condition
At least
But feel somewhat better at the moment

Decided that I would like it to write something different today
Maybe tomorrow "The Happy Clown" again
Listen to the Amanda Palmer live stream
As yesterday

The show begins - Cornflake Girl!

Two Days

Was very exhausted the whole day
Slept somewhat after working
Long hot shower
Somewhat better now

Still in the mood to work on the other stories
"The Happy Clown", the next four days travel has to be written
Maybe this would be better with a little more time
From Wednesday on

Two more days alone
Especially at Tuesday I have to cook a lavish menu
And Monday or Tuesday will be a meeting also
But from Wednesday on everything should be better

My new deputy will have his first work day at Wednesday
The other cook should be back again at Wednesday
Hey, everything will be fine again then
No free day before the weekend

I have to work him in
At the weekend the other cook would cook
Wow, two whole days for writing!
This would be fucking cool!

Done?

Tuesday, have slept some hours
Feel tired and empty
Will not write on a story today
From tomorrow on it should become more easy again

Tomorrow, Wednesday, some writing and a cocktail in the bar?
The day after tomorrow, Thursday, jazz club?
Friday writing
Saturday and Sunday a lot of writing

I will write "The Happy Clown" till the break at the weekend
Tomorrow the impeachment vote - "Beg Your Pardon!....."?
Sunday 3 pm ice hockey?
I look forward to the next days, especially next week

But today I should do other things
Early to bed again
Still satisfied?
Well, I think that I've managed this difficult time very well!

Better

Definitively better, Thursday
Yesterday no bar day
Today no jazz day
But some writing

Have slept after work
Shower
But I feel better now as in the previous days
Tomorrow I have to work, but the weekend not

Maybe a cocktail in the bar later
A long jazz concert would be still too much for today
Some writing and then I will decide
A weekend of writing waits

Friday

I'm exhausted and empty
Slept and I will go to bed soon again
Tomorrow and Sunday, days of writing
But today it makes no sense

All in all the last days were better
No longer the only cook at work
Well, next week the Christmas stress
But then it should become more relaxing again

"The Happy Clown" will enter a new stage now
The next debate, soon the second part - "Beg Your Pardon!....."
I think I should start to plan my next vacation
Portugal, Matoshinos in May again

Sitting Mitterer

Sitting in the bakery
Coffee
It's a longer time ago now, the last time
Later "täglich"

Two focal points this weekend
"The Happy Clown" the four days travel and the last show
"Beg Your Pardon!....." the debate yesterday
And then we will see

But I start with enjoying my hot coffee
A traditional drip coffee
I like this way more and more
Maybe later a soup

But now I will slowly starting with writing

It's Christmas Time Now

St. Stephan's Day today
Have not to work
Sit in a truck stop - Bad Rappenau
Has open today

Slept till after 11 am today – normally the alarm clock rings at 5 am
I need a lot of sleep to recover
Had a tomato soup and a rip eye steak
Not eat often a steak, but this one was fantastic

Have written the next part of "The Happy Clown"
It's just before 5 pm now
I will pay and drive home
Maybe I will write something at home in addition

All in all it's better now
Have a new deputy, the other cook is also back again
But still a few problems with staff
But nothing severe

Maybe the January will be more easy
I have many overtime hours now
Therefore I should have more days without working in January
Maybe it will work out

Next time Rosenau, open stage
I have plans in which way to proceed with the try to find places for single readings
I will start with it in January
It's dark outside, let's drive home

Last Two Days

Have not written much the last two days
Two days ago I was not in the mood
Had no real time for writing
Yesterday I did something, but still had some problems

But after a longer time now, we had a clear night yesterday
So I decided to observe my variable stars
Was nice and relaxing
And I have not to hurry with the stories

"The Happy Clown"
The 25th till the 30th I will write as one part
The 31st and the 1st I will write as single days
And then the next leg will start

"Beg Your Pardon!....."
Holiday season in Washington
The president needs time for golfing!
Not much happens, not much is to write

"That's No Reason To Give Up" and "Cozy Days In London"
Have reached interesting points
See the next development of the hard-boiled story now
I think it could develop into a very interesting story with an overlaid topic

The other two stories
No reason to hurry
Will see whether I will write today something more
Long ago that I wrote a short story or some poems

Next year I should have somewhat more time and calmness

Another Year Is Over Now

Now it Happened
New Year's Eve
A day as every day
Worked today, will work tomorrow

Have written a part "The Happy Clown"
It's 8:36 am now
Will go to bed now
I'm tired

Not in the mood to think this year over
This part is finished now
Tomorrow "Part 2" will begin
Tomorrow a new year begins

Happy New Year!