

The Wrong Side Of The Bullet

Hey man! Don't you see!
You're on the wrong side of the bullet!

But isn't it the question - which the wrong side of the bullet is?
You maybe say: That's an easy question!
Think about it! Three possibilities!
And don't try to be too smart - all sides are wrong!
Yeah, you're a clever guy!

Try it again!
Which side - and this time think, ponder on your answer
And realize that each possibility its specific problematic nature has!

Each - believe me!

MoschMosch

Sitting "MoschMosch" looking at the "Theaterschiff" and the "Neckar"
L.A. so far away, so strange, so absurd
S.F. next up, maybe - L.A. at least
So different worlds, are they so different?
Africa, Asia, Near East, India.....
People passing by, so many lives
I could sit here for an eternity
Looking at

And my days are numbered, like everybody's days are numbered
Will I again - not so decisive it seems to be
Who knows - days are numbered

Juliette Lewis's Small Tits

I once wrote a short story wherein Juliette Lewis's small tits are playing a major role. I sent it, and others, to a major German publisher - the German publisher if you consider American literature, especially from the 40's till say the 70's.

I got no response but it was the first time I tried it - at a time with no Internet, no webpage, no YouTube and so on!

I still have the story in my head! Should I write it again? Juliette Lewis - most of all I like and liked her facial expressions.....

Do you believe me?

A Refugee Killed My Neighbors Daughter

A refugee killed my neighbors daughter
She was so young and innocent
He rapes her, and after that this awful deed

He Killed Her!

Everybody was shocked about this deed
Everybody wants to see the refugee dead
Why he comes into our land
Why he not stayed at his land
Why he not was send back before

Why?

Everybody felt the parents grief
With the mother, who lost her only child
With the father, who lost his little sex toy

Why?

Muslim Girls

Two Muslim girls with hijab - beautiful faces!
Throw away this confinement, restriction!
Show your beautiful hair, your beautiful shape
And if there are some men, who not can control themselves

Emasculate them, blindfold them, blind them, gouge their eyes out!

Don't accept that their desires restrict you!

Free yourselves!

Bandoneon

The bandoneon cuts into my soul
Such a fascinating instrument - C.C, A.P., not only

Her voice so melancholic, don't understand Spanish
No matter, have problems to control my emotions, control my tears
The double "A", have to listen to you soon again

5:00 pm - soon dinner - Asian buffet with a lot of seafood

8:00 pm - Jazz Club - first time this year!

And the man beside me still reads the "Spiegel"

And now - sounds like Hanne Hukkelberg, but this song is unknown to me
Like it! Some hours ago I listened to *"Lust For Life"* for the first time - video
Honestly? I have my problems therewith - but was the same with *"High By The Beach"*
And then *"Honeymoon"* such a smashing album!
And the song *"Honeymoon"*, and the video, I loved instantly!

So similar:

"Honeymoon" - *"Love"*

"Lust For Life" - *"High By The Beach"*

Song and video!

Let's see - oh Lizzy, today I got my dark blue letter back - "Not Deliverable As Addressed"!

Don't tell me it was because I named you "Elizabeth W. Grant" and not "Lana del Rey"!
I will keep it, and next time in L.A. I will deliver it personally - or maybe in Paris "Lollapalooza"

And now I will enjoy the rest of James Brown!

Let's Ride!

Let's Ride! - Lou Reed and Lizzy!

Ah, now I feel it!!!!
I've a million poems in me!!!!
I've a million stories in me!!!!

Let's Ride!
To The Hollow Sky!

< Iggy Pop, not Lou Reed! See later >

By The Mountain's Foot

I'm standing by the mountain's foot
A muddy small mountain
Covered with dead bodies
Killed, slaughtered, raped

I'm looking at them
I've a weapon in my hand
Or is it a camera

The Two Sids

You killed her
And then you killed yourself

You hadst everything - I'm dreaming of
Crazy Diamond

Which of the two Sids I could be, I should be, I would be able to be.....what a silly question!

I nearly killed you
Should I kill me now nearly?

Three Old Guys

Listened three old guys - just now!
Man, they were old!
Dave Liebman, Steve Swallow, Adam Nussbaum!

Fuck!
They had power, what an incredible awesome drive!
Compared to them I'm a youngster!

Fuck!
I'm so powerless, so tired, so frustrated!
Compared to them I'm a dotard!

FUCK!
I HAVE TO CHANGE MY LIFE!

Dream On

I will see you this special morning
I will hear you then also
I will feel you - what an illusion
No, no, no, no

Sing with me
Sing with my tears
Sing with me
Sing with my fears
Sing with me

This morning I miss you so much
This morning I think I should leave
This morning without you
No, no, no, no

Sing with me
Sing with my tears
Sing with me
Sing with my fears
Sing with me

Till that day I'll die

Dream on
Dream on
Dream on
Dream on
Dream on

joe dimaggio

you really loved her!

Breaking The Habit

*So I'm breaking the habit
I'm breaking the habit tonight
(Linkin Park, Breaking The Habit)*

I've broken the habit tonight!

Waiting To Be Found

I'm waiting to be found
Found by you
I'm dreaming to be found
Found by you
I'm hoping to be found
Found by you

I don't know what should become of me
If you not will find me
I don't know how I should bear this life
If you not will find me
I don't know how I will end
If you not will find me

Are you out there
Where are you
How can I catch your attention
Please find me

I need you so much

Scream Out Loud

I scream out loud

All my fears
All my hopes
All my wishes
All my desires
All my aspirations
All my obsessions
All that conquers my mind

Nobody hears it
Nobody reacts
Nobody

But that's not the worst at all
'Cause it gives me the freedom to do all this
But at a certain point it's the worst
'Cause you not scream out loud

To be heard by nobody

Cruel World

What do you expect?
What do you expect from life?
What do you expect from your life?

Fame and fortune?
Nah!
Pomp and Circumstance?
Nah!

Your hand
Softly touching my skin
Your breath
Softly touching my skin
Your eyes
Softly touching my skin
Your mind
Softly touching my skin

Is this wished too much?

I fear, I fear so much
I wish, I wish so little
I hope, I hope so much
I wish, I wish so little

Is there anybody out there
Just to hear me
Just to say me that I'm good
Just to say me that I'm fine
Just to say me that I'm not alone

Is there anybody?

I Am A Passenger

*I am a passenger
And I ride and I ride*

Yeah, that's right!
I'll ride till the very end - and honestly?
I'm more and more excited about what The End will be!

*So let's ride and ride and ride and ride
(Iggy Pop, The Passenger)*

Impeachment

I hope that this happy day
Is not so far away!
(Mai 16th, 2017)

The Big Sleep

I slept like Rip, woke up and realized that something had changed - everything had changed! Till today I not know why but it was obvious - everything had changed! And as I walked out, it hit me like Hearn - this was a completely different world! Till today I ask myself every day - every hour! - whether I'm still sleeping, dreaming, was woke up in a kind of parallel universe, or.....this should be real - The Humanoids? Could it be, should it be, should I believe that.....come on, who would believe this! On the other hand, it looked all real, it felt real, everything says: It's real! When I now close my eyes to fall asleep - all the time I become anxious about that I will open my eyes again and.....it's awful! And then, waking up again, opening my eyes again, all the time - should it.....real, reality - Cole! At least, I've seen the ocean, the Pacific Ocean, The Endless Ocean - sad Cole!

To Be An Author

I'm an author now - he asked himself, constantly, doubtfully. But then, then everything changed! What would it mean: To be an author - what would it mean? Not so long ago he would have answered: You have published a book - but today? What would it mean: To have published a book - what would it mean? The people in your country would be able to buy it, to read it - that's all! Today: The world is your stage! Today everybody in the whole world is able to read your writing! OK, language is still a problem - automatic translation is still not good enough, but..... When you would be an author when would you have published a book then there is only one solution left today: "Sometimes you have to"!

Sometimes You Have To

I know, this is a joke, saying this - but.....
I trust you - even more a joke!
But what else still remains to me - I dream about you, I dream about to trust you....

Kingfisher

The splashing flashing to the water - Pink

Red - White - Blue

Sparkling - Iridescent

The Small River

Swallowing the living fish

You are the most beautiful! -
Well, also the bee-eater is very beautiful!

The Hoax President

What a fucking shit is this?

I would be ashamed would I have elected him!
I would be ashamed would I be a conservative!
I would be ashamed would I be an American!

This is so unbelievable - is this nation so sick!
Should I be proud to be an (West-) European?
We fucked Hofer, Wilders and Le Pen!
The AfD will not have the ghost of a chance!

Should I stop to dream about:
Living in the USA
Living in California
Living at the ocean
Becoming an American

How sick is this nation?

Lost

I lost you, it was an accident
Somebody thought you're useless now
And threw you away

I wanted to keep you
Not useless for me
Still memory of her and the videos
But now you're gone

Only the videos are left
Have to watch them now, to see you
But in my memory you still exist - "Peter"

Did I Found You Now

Sitting "MoschMosch" I'm asking myself:
Did I found you now?

Was a strange working day -
Sorry, but I had a lot of fun!

But now I'm sure that I found,
The calm, the mood to do it!

The last days more and more -
Clearer and clearer it became!

Now I'm an author and "Hoax News" will be my work
And the end of all is obvious now!

In some months I will be in the big city again
The end is so obvious now!

(May 21st, 2017)

Midst Of Lamb Tenderloin

Hartmans - Gorillaz - Rioja
Dark now

Will spend the night writing, especially "Hoax News"
Last night broken off midst "Lamb Tenderloin"
Got tired - made to many mistakes

Will continue later
Now I'm an author
Know now, more or less, in which way "Hoax News" will develop
I know the end now!
Peter's end!
But till then I have to write many pages
Maybe his end will change?

I smile and nip at my wine -
Don't know this song
Don't know the artist
But like it!

Nirvana

Nirvana now - Yeah, yeah, yeah
This sip is to you - Kurt
Will I see you one day?
Just plain dumb when that thing with Courtney.....

I like it
I miss you
I love you
I killed you

(Nirvana; Lithium)

Finally

Finally I'm happy?
Finally, I'm happy!
Finally!

Tequila Sunrise

Next time I should drink
Tequila Sunrise

Falco

Yeah, also you were in a hurry!
Next sip is to you!

Red Hot Chili Peppers

What a music selection!

Sometimes I feel
The city of angels
Lonely
Companion

Will see you in Paris - Lollapalooza

I don't ever want to feel
Take me to the place

The city of angels
Is there anybody out there?
I would give my life away

Drive Back Home

When I will drive back home
I will pass the prostitutes - waiting along the road
Some are very pretty - Some look very old
All are very young - All (?) from Eastern Europe

What a life - To "please" men
Better than to work in an ordinary job?
Better then to live an ordinary life?
Don't think so!

Should I stop one day to ask whether I can kiss their bare feet?
Easy to write about it!

Come on! Not Iggy now!
The Passenger!
Hollow Sky!
La la la la la la la la!

I have to pay and leave,
The work is waiting!

Eddie

Oh Eddie, how old you will become?
What do you think?
Not so many left now - or!

Chris

It's a pity only
That people as you
Have to go

Whereas assholes like
Fucking president
Harass the world

R.I.P.

Black Hole Sun

Won't you come
And wash away my tears?

Still around three weeks

My Sweet Loved President

Hey, hey - does Melania not likes it when you grab her pussy
Maybe a real man is needed therefor - not a bigmouth dumbass like you

But now you fightin' IS - wow, you're such a tough man, leader of the world
As long as people stick to assholes like you, this will stay a fuckin' world!

Ziegenficker

A German satirist has named Erdogan at his TV show a "Ziegenficker", a goat-fucker
Nothing happened to him - he's still on the air!

I never would name Erdogan like this!
He's an elected president, very religious and brave!

Consider he would have done this with the world's best president,
Maybe he would name him "chicken-fucker"!

I guess he would dispatch the cavalry to get him -
No German should be allowed to name world's best president a "chicken-fucker"!

It's a shame, what some fucking guys think they can allow themselves!

Dreaming Of You

I'm dreaming of you

Feeling your breath
Touching my skin
Hearing your breath
Touching my ear
Contemplating your breath
Touching my mind

I love you so much
You unknown but
You are out there
I am sure about that

I'm dreaming of you

Feeling your breath
Touching my skin
Hearing your breath
Touching my ear
Contemplating your breath
Touching my mind

Where I can find you
Please tell me
Where I can be with you
Please tell me

I'm dreaming of you

Feeling your breath
Touching my skin
Hearing your breath
Touching my ear
Contemplating your breath
Touching my mind

For you I would die
For only one day with you
For you I would die
For only one night with you

I'm dreaming of you

Feeling your breath
Touching my skin
Hearing your breath
Touching my ear
Contemplating your breath
Touching my mind

I dream my dream
You dream your dream
We dream our dream
Together

I'm dreaming of you

Feeling your breath
Touching my skin
Hearing your breath
Touching my ear
Contemplating your breath
Touching my mind

Tequila Sunrise

Should we smile
My first
Tequila Sunrise

Unfortunately not
Santa Monica Beach or
Venice Beach or
Long Beach or
Well, Hartmans in Heilbronn! - but

The night I will spend with
Ashley Kelly and
Ox Tongue and
Peter's image of women

Tequila Sunrise - not bad!

Ashley Kelly

At the beginning, when I was your guest
I didn't know, in which way all will develop
And I have to confess:
The last two parts even surprised me!

I know the end now, and in some ways the next parts
But apart from this I'm not sure what will happen with us
I only know what will not happen!

Oh Ashley Kelly, sorry for the end
But more and more you become important for me
Oh Ashley Kelly, sorry for the end
But more and more you become my partner in crime

Will I Be Famous

Will I be famous, will I be.....
Sitting here with my Tequila Sunrise
Honestly, I'm not sure

What would be would I be famous
The people around me would look at me
So sitting here with my Tequila Sunrise, notebook and pen
Writing down this
And nobody looks at me

I had this topic, not long ago
At this moment this is cool but
At a certain point
Would this be, to be honest, devastating!

Chris Cornell

Hey, I wasn't a Soundgarden fan
Sure, I know some songs
Hey, I definitely was no Audioslave fan
I know only a few songs

But why, why I cannot get you out of my head
Have watched your last concert at YouTube this morning
Have not to work today
Why I cannot....

10:00 pm

10:00 pm - my second Tequila Sunrise
After this one I will drive home
Passing by the prostitutes
Will spend the night with Ashley
And some pastis - I will become an alcoholic now?
And some tea - sounds better now!
Till 4:00 or 5:00 am I guess
Then I will go to bed - not able to, to sleep
But my shift tomorrow starts 4:00 pm
So no problems

Tequila Sunrise - really not bad!

Hollywood Sign

I said once, that the Hollywood sign is fucking boring
And during I stayed in L.A., I was absolutely not interested in

This morning I've watched the "Lust For Life" video for the first time on YouTube
And have read a comment about a girl who jumped off the sign

Now I see the sign differently - also now knowing who lives in the middle of the "H"
Next time in L.A. I will.....nah, the real sign is still boring!
Her name was Polly – or?

Santa Monica Beach

01:30 pm at Santa Monica Beach now - or?
Also daylight saving time in California - or?
Have read it in the L.A. Times - or?

Oh, Santa Monica Beach - what would I do there now?
Oh, it's easy to dream this way - as tourist!
Not that easy if you would live there and you would have to work to earn money for living!

Oh, Santa Monica Beach - you became my synonym
Funnily, you're not even a part of L.A.
But when I write "L.A.", this normally means L.A. County, even (partly) Orange County
Not L.A. City!
Interesting to see this differences today

11:00 pm

11:00 pm - Tequila Sunrise is empty
Have to leave - my night work is waiting
I'm really curious what will happen with Ashley and Peter
I really don't know!
But I think this time - and the next parts -
It will be not that hard for Ashley!

I feel with her - and I'm not that sure at the moment
What I should think about Peter!

Longings

A German critic criticized
Elizabeth's music in the way that
It only serves longings

But
What
Apart
From
Our
Longings
We
Have?

Cosmopolitan

Two artists next table
Talking about art, their art
Talking about my tattoos
Talking about other art
Talking about politics
Should I talk with them about my art?

Reality

Sitting here with my Cosmopolitan, the second
Thinking how would it be, in L.A.
In this sick country, unreal democracy
Hurrying through the city, looking at the homeless
How fucking their lives!
Dreaming their dreams
As I dream my dreams
While sitting here with my Cosmopolitan

Margarita

This one's to you, Mr. Sheen!
Do I envy you?
Definitely not! Not at TV, not in real life!
OK, the ocean view is wonderful, therefore I envy you!
It's funny the all the time when a women enters the house she says:
Oh, what a wonderful house!
Apart the view it's a small cottage with simple furniture!
No, I don't live in a villa!
And I also know the prices in Malibu, specially at this beach!
But! Such a house in Germany - OK, without the view!
Nobody would say:
Oh, what a wonderful house!
Because it would be a normal, simple house!
This one's to you, Mr. Sheen!

Tattoos

Thanks for my new tattoos, Mr. Rodriguez!
Now to wear, your and my handwriting on my skin, for the rest of my life
I like it! - Thanks for the idea!
And I have to confess
I like your handwriting
But I'm surprised how beautiful mine is:

lavender - sunshine
sometimes you have to

Allison

"Year Of The Rabbit" confuses me
Very, very country
A bit like the early "The Pierces"
But more pure - more your pure style?
One song sounds like "The Pierces"
But like it - different, for me surprising
Would like to see you live
Maybe one time - CU!

Sitting Here

Young girl delivers advertising papers with her mother
You look nice - need the extra money?
Sitting here with my Margarita

Would like to invite you both - just so!
Would be strange - or?
Old Man! - What a stupid idea!

Bloody Mary

Mmmh, a bit more spice, a bit more hot?
But the Club Sandwich tastes really good - miss the chips!
Balmy summer's night!
Would like to be, Santa Monica Beach
To see the setting sun and maybe the green light
Funny dreamin'

Mojito

Very, very nice!
Like the mint - still a balmy summer's night!
Instead of "Sharkey's Deluxe" now "Hartmans"
Still thinking about L.A.
Next time San Francisco for sure!
And L.A.?

L.A. - City Of Illusions
S.F. - City Of ?

Is it interesting that I can buy without a problem my L.A. tees in Heilbronn
But that it's a real problem if you would come up with the idea to buy a S.F. tee?

City Of Broken Dreams!

Where I Would Like

Where I would like to live?
Heilbronn - Los Angeles?
Los Angeles, such a difficult city!

Downtown West - as a European?
Crenshaw - as a European?
Yeah, Santa Monica - a small condo \$ 300.000 at least!
Does all this makes sense?

San Francisco
So many say definitely the more beautiful city!
San Francisco
So many say the coolest town on earth!
San Francisco
So many say the city you should live in!

I have to have a look!
I have to have to create my own opinion!
I have to have to stay there!

Jeff Koons

Banal, trivial shit!
Would I be an artist like
Schwitters
I would puke!

My Dear Fucking President!

You're an asshole, you're an idiot, you're the cliché of the stupid American!
Unbelievable what an amount of shit this country produces!
And the most fucking point is to kick you out from the office
Would make things not better!

Fascistic Bannon - subsequent generations will love you - asshole!
And maybe even worse - Mr. Vice President!
Fundamentalistic misanthrope - you're not better than a Muslim fanatic!
And fuck! You're smart in contrast to DD!

I would like to aviate again
To San Francisco and sure also to Los Angeles
But more and more I lose interest in
To honor this sick country therewith!

Yes! I would honor this country therewith!
The old German
With this dark past
Now proud to be European
Yes! I would honor this country therewith!

(June 03rd, 2017)

Subsequent Generations

Oh fuck, they will hate us
For all the shit that we've done!

London - Manchester - London

They never will win
Simply 'cause
Terrorists have won never before

The only result
A lot of death and suffer
'Cause they are only murderers without scruple

It's a natural need
To live free
Oppose fundamentalists of all color!

IS

You're idiots! Why?

Well, not only to me! The Brits are annoying - stupid Brexit!
But now, London - Manchester - London
I was rarely, so very near to them
No thoughts about the Brexit now

Prior to WW II France and Germany were archenemies
After Hitler we became closest friends
Europe lay in ruins
Today it's a strong economic power

IS dumbasses! - Learning from Mr. "Herrenmensch" Hitler:
Nothing, nothing stayed - only condemnation and shame
Nothing, nothing will stay from you - only condemnation and shame
Yes, I'm sure that till then you will kill many more

Why always such fundamaltalistic assholes try to rule the world
No, the crusades weren't better
'Cause it doesn't matters if Muslim or Christian or whatever
Fundamentalistic assholes are always assholes

So, the same old story again
The assholes kill, cause ineffable grief
First they achieve success, then they will be destroyed
And nothing will stay

Does it needs again and again a proof how insane we humans are?

Situation Absurd

What a situation absurd
Sitting here
Hartmans
9:37 pm
Whiskey Sour
June 13th
What a situation absurd

Situation Absurd

I've lost myself
In a mere possibility
Feel all feelings
At heartbeat's beat

Scared of all the noises
Scared of all my desires
Scared of all the voices
Scared of all my mistakes

I feel naked
Seeing myself
No illusions left
'Bout myself

Scared of all the noises
Scared of all my desires
Scared of all the voices
Scared of all my mistakes

I feel helpless
Seeing myself
No doubts left
'Bout myself

Scared of all the noises
Scared of all my desires
Scared of all the voices
Scared of all my mistakes

I've found myself
In a mere possibility
Feel all feelings
At the endless eternity

Scared of all the noises
Scared of all my desires
Scared of all the voices
Scared of all my mistakes

Jim

No more hesitation
No more mire
Either I nail it till the end of the year
Or that's it - final decision

I'm sick of myself
I tired of myself
All the thoughts about what might could be
All the thoughts about thoughts about thoughts

Hundreds of pages must be filled
Skin must be colored
Beauty must be created
Stories must be told

Why so much fear of the final step
All the time no part of the human world
Why so much insecure about yourself
All the time no part of the human world

Try to - Try now

Humans

Oh, we're insane!
No doubt left!
Or, should there be hope?
Wherefrom it should come?

I've no idea!
See no point to fix!
Only senselessness!
Disappointment about the wasted possibilities and lives!

What should be our aim?
Economic wealth and growth?
What should be our sense?
More and more of all?

It would be possible that civilizations exist
On other planets orbiting old suns
Billions of years old
What would such a civilization look like?

A thrilling and disturbing question!

Beth

Really, I can't be someone else?
Since around two years and a half I try
Still a half year's left
Then the final reckoning will come

January 2018 - My last try
February 2018 - Again Los Angeles and also San Francisco

Who I will be then?
How I will look then?
What I will have created till then?
Does I will have found somebody else?

Oh Beth
I've written that you're the mother
Who takes me in her arms
And wipes away my tears
Oh Beth
Wild, white horses
Will I follow?

The Edge

I stand in front of the edge
Have to do the final step

The time of dreams is over
The time of hopes is over
The time of imagoes is over
The naked reality forges ahead

I stand in front of the edge
Have to do the final step

Aim Achieved

I've worked hard
To reach a point
Where no turning back
Would be possible

Aim achieved
I fear
But it's good
No longer my old life was possible

It's liberating
Nothing counts anymore
Now it's done
I feel free

Former “Beautiful World” - Added June 23rd, 2017

The Small Inconspicuous Flower

You need to look carefully to see this flower, but you will get an enormous reward! It's a tiny filigree flower with delicate petals, wonderfully colored, wonderfully molded and if you knee down, very close, you can smell a wonderful scent. But most people pass by without seeing the tiny flower - some tread down the flower without even notice the beauty at all. Do not look at the mighty trees only - they are impressive for sure! - but take your time to look around to see all this things you would miss....

I am sure, that the small inconspicuous flower will be delighted, when someone will notice also her.....

The Stars

The first ocean I discovered was the ocean above us, the ocean you can see at night, when there are no clouds, it's the real endless ocean.....

Tiny white lights spangled on black velvet, unreachable, gorgeous, fascinating, alluring.....

The Hunter and his dogs, as a very young boy, and today - today I observe them to trace their light, sometimes bright, sometimes faint, sometimes not really much happens for years, then suddenly.....

They are billions of years old, and even if mine are stars at the end of their development they will shine still for a few billion years.....

Billions of years, nobody is able to conceive such a timespan, billions of lightyears, nobody is able to conceive such a distance.....

So I am sitting at night watching my stars, estimate their brightness, enjoying it.....

Ten years constantly observed, how many years will be added till my light curves will end.....

Not important, I feel honored that for a unbelievable short moment I was able to see them, the band of light spanning the black, the patch of light And and Ori, and oh, North America in Cyg, the Pelican and the tiny wisps of light at the very place, and so so much more.....

Are we alone? So fascinating this period! The first super-earth atmosphere detected - how long it will last till we will found the twin, the twin of our planet and then - we are not alone, everything else would be absolutely strange.....lonely old man

Stars

The black velvety, the black endlessness
And the sparkling shine of the indeterminable small lights
Nothing affected me more
Not as a young boy
Not as an old man – Nowadays

*And as we lie beneath the stars
We realize how small we are
(Nickelback; If Everyone Cared)*

The Cry Of A Newborn

With his first deep breath a newborn inhales the whole world
With his first cry a newborn exhales all of the mother's shelter

From now on, for the rest of his life, it's inextricably interweaved with this world

You get one thing therefor that you lose another
What a barter!

The Woman's Face

I wanna sit opposite you
Looking at your face
All time
All women
Would you allow it?
Should I ask you?
That would be strange!

Would you allow me that I sit at your table as well
In order to look at your face!

Wow, that would be as crazy as to walk through the whole city
With a huge bouquet of flowers
To present "her" the bouquet in the parent's restaurant
In front of all the guests!

Considered that way.....

The Children's Eyes

Look into the children's eyes
The whole world is outspread therein
All the possibilities that the future could enable
All the paths that could be pursued and explored
But.....

Only one future will emerge
Only one path will be the walked
Only one life will be the lived
So many options will be bygone
But.....

Look into the children's eyes
Also you once had this eyes
But your future now present and soon past is
But your way nearly walked and soon is
But your life nearly lived and soon is

But.....soon no "but" will be left.....

Last Breath

The last breath of a dying man
My last breath as a dying man
I hope I will die fully conscious

I already said it before
I will cry and beg for
Only one second more

Swim out as long as I can

End former "Beautiful World"

Special People

Looking at all those special people
All talking so much
All knowing everything and better

Sitting here with my Whiskey Sour
Talking nothing
Knowing nothing
My burger is coming

Live A Good Life

What does it means
To live a good life
To live a positive life
To be part of society
To be grounded in society

To have a job, to be productive
To marry, to have one or more children
To join a society, to be active in your community
To meet friends in the evening, to talk with them
Would it be this

I'm sitting here, writing this
Not wanna talk smart
Not wanna talk about how smart I'm
Not wanna talk about how stupid all the others
Not wanna talk

Later I'll write about my demon
Last part of the dinner
Then the house and Santa Monica Mountains
Then the conversations at Hoax News
How will it be, will it develop - don't know, really don't know

Talk, Talk, Talk

All this senseless talking around me
Sorry, small talk - social arrangement
Sorry, together with friends - social ritual
All this senseless talking around me

Talk, Talk, talk
Talk, Talk, talk
Talk, Talk, talk
Talk, Talk, talk

Blah, Blah, blah
Blah, Blah, blah
Blah, Blah, blah
Blah, Blah, blah

Ronaldo is an asshole
Messi is much better
Andrea Berg is ugly without makeup
Helene Fischer at least laughs

Good to know now
What would I do without knowing this
Sometimes I write about Mr. Fucking President
Ronaldo, Messi, Andrea Berg, Helene Fischer - Mr. Fucking President

Importances

What would be, should be, is important
Definitely not the shit that hits my ear
Think about whether I should drink faster
Shouldn't I drink more, too much, much too much
Thus I no longer would be able to hear

But I have to finish the dinner
Excited about what will come next, how everything will develop
And tomorrow Santa Monica Pier - Hardboiled
And I have to typewrite today's writing
So I should empty the glass, pay and pass by the prostitutes waiting on the street

Men's Talk

Six men around a table - what a show
Who has the biggest cock
Who's the biggest stud
What a boring and ridiculous sight

Playing their men's rituals
Does women act as silly as they
Have written about a women's table
That I would like to join

That this would be impossible
'Cause the table then no longer a women's table would be
With me "man" at
So it's probably better that I sit here alone

Alone with my masculine pink Cosmopolitan
In its masculine Martini glass
Nip at it very masculine
And enjoy the balmy summer night

Old Fashioned

Old Fashioned - July 13th, 2017 - 10.45 pm - one month later
Will be finish "Hardboiled" and "RaDaDa, DaDa - Ra"
Tonight and tomorrow - Now I'm an author finally
Now I feel like one!

"Hoax News" makes some trouble because the text, how it developed
"Dinner with the Hoax" is ready and
"The Very End" is evident but
"Visiting the Hoax" - difficult!
"Becoming Hoax" - does this makes still sense?
"Inside Hoax" - sure, as satire cool, but now?
Okay, still at least several months
No reason to hurry up

I look totally happy forward to "The Man In The Park" and "Crenshaw Blues"
The Basic ideas are clear, but the elaboration....
Oh, I have a million ideas

"The World Of Love And Happiness" - so many headings there that wait to write something thereto
I can not longer think that my writing only stupid nonsense is
But,....but bestow the time till next year to yourself
Enjoy it, feel it, experience it!

Thursday, January 29th, 2018, Tribal Cafe, Los Angeles - so it's planned
When they don't like it?
Another place, then another city - San Francisco
When they don't like it?

The Endless Ocean?
The Golden Gate Bridge?
Three years, so much changed now, so much happened
Others have needed many years longer
So many other stories, poems I could write
But be honest, still
At a certain point it would make no longer a sense
I'm 52 years of age now - in a few years.....
Yeah, I feel like eighteen, but how long this will last
Feel like, but my body
Whatever, three years would be not long enough
How beautiful it would be, would they like it
How beautiful it would be, would I get a positive response

I've not forgotten you - Kitsch!

No Horses

Strange Little Birds - What an impact!
But
No Horses!
No words! - It's a shock!

Yesterday - First day
Heard so often since then
Tell me, that this reflects your new album
The last one not that long ago

No Horses
Joanna, Silvia?
Drown in a whirl
Lost my control
Excited
At this time, next week
I will see Elizabeth
And the Red Hot Chili Peppers
I have to see you - Garbage!
So proud to wear it
"never trust anyone"

When I read the comments at YouTube
Let me dream, how has this to be
To see, so many, around the world
Not that your "old" music
But what you composed and written now
What a stupid old man I'm

It's such a beautiful horse
It's such a vulnerable horse
It's such a beautiful horse
It's such a wonderful metaphor

Have heard "No Horses" before I left
To sit here to think about
How to continue with "Hoax News"
How to start with "The Man In The Park"
The idea behind "The Chinese Girl"

[illegible]

A Man And A Tank

Sometimes
One man
With one deed
Can embarrass the world

Don't let them
Kill them

Imagine Your Personal Paradise

How would it be? - Mine?

Mine would be empty - okay, plants and animals and the animals not would kill each other and please don't ask now, what the lion eats! Strange, that sounds somewhat familiar - maybe I should stop this? Strange, how strong some images sometimes are.....

Horses

They killed the horses
Don't wait as long

They'll build the barricades

Don't Let The Horses Kill Themselves

No, I haven't to say that I wasn't the biggest Linkin Park fan
Have I to say that I hear three albums in my car currently
The latest "The Unthanks"
The debut "Nostalgia"
Metora

You get a lot of bad press in Germany - sell-out, sell-off
Cool, now you've done it
Are your lyrics now more profound
Are the critics now satisfied
Ready now to write the nice things

I only write about it
How will it be, the weekend in Paris
Listen to her and the RHCP
Will they honor you

I've become so numb

Lollapalooza Paris

Heilbronn - Hauptbahnhof - Main Railroad Station

Sitting Heilbronn, Main Railroad Station
Waiting for my train to Stuttgart
Everything has changed
Listening Elizabeth while driving from Bad Friedrichshall to Heilbronn
Sings a lot about change

I've the feeling now it has happen
Not written the last days
I wait what will happen in Paris
I'll not write on Monday
But then I think I'll continue

I've the feeling then, then it will begin
I've a new part for the Hardboiled-series in mind
"My Sweet Little Sixteen"
I've the feeling that then it will be a frenzy
I'll fill hundreds of pages

Arrived

Just arrived at the festival
Something to eat - Creole kitchen
Something to drink - thé à la menthe
Have to wait some hours till....
But already music everywhere
On the different stages

More and more people
Little Tour Eiffel in front of me
Many sights, many languages
Like the mood, as Faye said
He likes to be among people
Yeah, the thing about talking.....

So I drink my tea
Something sweet is still waiting
But then, then it's time to start with the music
Have I said that this is the Old Man's first festival - funny enough
Hiromi, Morcheeba - today Elizabeth and RHCP
Soon Tori - let's see, who's next....

First Thoughts

Back at Gare De L'Est - 0.15 am, still six hours till my departure
Time for some thoughts:

- Many impressive performances

- Sure the RHCP fantastic

- Elizabeth's performance was something very special

I mean this, hers was totally different to all others (I have seen)

I have to write something about

- Now it happened, and I found no better picture as this - all-in!

I mean with this, that I'm convinced now that I hold a full house with aces and tens in my hand - my writing!

If life holds a straight flush - then it should be!

Means: I have to continue writing, as much and as concentrated as possible. And then I have to read in Los Angeles and San Francisco. If I fail - Cincinnati Kid!

Maybe I should also write about this.

- All was very easy!

The café I sit - Chez Aldo - has opened till 4.00 am - the remaining two hours I can wait at the station or I walk around somewhat. Café au lait (it rains a lot now and I'm wet and it's cold) and soup de poisson to start with. Later maybe a club sandwich and a Tequila Sunrise.

- Not long ago it was unthinkable that I would have done this - now it's nearly something normal

- I simply have too many thoughts / impressions in my head now - I have to arrange them first

- My soup is served

Tribal Cafe

I think about, that my reading at Tribal Cafe will be a success
And then?

Then I would look back!

The beginning

"Dark Heart" in German finished

The translations and the videos

"In California" and "L.A. Poetry"

And then "The Day, When Nobody Died"

With its now so complex structure

And what all will still come

Then I would look back!

Hiromi Uehara

Morcheeba

RHCP

Elizabeth

Tori Amos

And maybe I can add another name to the list till January

Then I would look back!

My lost of weight - not bad now, maybe perfect till January
More and more tattoos - nothing definitively is planed till January
More and more I change - externally, just now also internally - still more till January?

And what if they don't like it?
Nothing stupid at least - at least, I think so

Restroom Gare De L'Est

As I arrived I used the restroom at Gare de l'Est
A young African woman cleaned the man's area
She was young, beautiful and looked not very happy

I asked myself whether this was because this was the man's area or because of this work as such
I asked myself if she's satisfied with her life as such, what dreams she has and suchlike
Often I ask myself this questions while looking at other people

I hope she's happy or at least that she'll become happy
That at least some of her dreams will come true
I wish this from the bottom of my heart

Tears

Many had cried during Elizabeth's performance and even more thereafter
Also I had tears in my eyes
Would it be able that I - Kitsch
Would it be possible that somebody would have tears in his / her eyes after my reading
I've tears in my eyes right now, still sitting in the café - Tequila Sunrise
Can somebody explain me why the "red" is above (definitely no Grenadine, strawberry?)
And the orange juice under it - Tequila Flipside?
At least tequila is in it.....

Arrived!

11.30 am - arrived at home, computer screen functions no more
Have to buy a new one, two hours in bed, shower
Dinner at a new Vietnamese restaurant in Heilbronn - very, very delicious
Now 21.20 pm, Hartmans - café au lait

Have listen to "Lust For Life" after I came back
Later driven around to listen to the complete album
Now I'm stuck!
It's a wonderful album - yeah, the story behind
But can not longer write like former
So I will listen to the songs the next days again and again
While driving.... - fuck! Lovin' it!
Is America.....

TAZ !?!

Had a short look at L.A. Times - e-paper - and the TAZ - Are You Ill??????

Maybe I should say that the TAZ - Tageszeitung - is a German newspaper
I'm a subscriber since decades
On the front page, above its name "Tageszeitung"
They always announce something from the arts section - today?!?!
"Lust For Life" - the new album from Lana del Rey?!
Are you sick?!?

He, you're a intellectual, sophisticated, left orientated German newspaper
Have you ever mentioned her before?
Okay, maybe, can not remember - something like: Should we really believe that she's real?
And now?
Somewhat critic about her, but at the end - wow, you really said
That one can buy this album and like it?
TAZ, you surprised me that often now, and I hope you know that I love you, but this – wow!

By the way, I loved the "Helmut Kohl" front page.....

Becoming adult

Had my Dark Blue Letter with
But apart that I was very near but not at the barrier
And It would therefore very difficult to give you my letter
I had decided before that even if I would be able to do so
I will do not do it
I have to become adult now

I have to do it by my own
I will take my letter with
When I aviate again to California
And I will deliver it personally
But after, after January 30th
After I've read at Tribal Cafe

After.....

Lust For Life

So many could be said!

Three songs too political
Honeymoon - still an incredible masterpiece for me
Musically back till....Born to die?

So many could be said!

Would like to write poems about each song - but have to write different now!
Would like to write about the story behind - but there's so much now, I have to finish till January!
Would like to write.....maybe you simply know, how much I love your art....

Paris - Lollapalooza - Elizabeth

I have to stop this!

- A bit sad that no song from "Honeymoon"
- "Serial Killer" was cool
 - No "Yayo"
 - Wow, Cherry
 - Wow, accoustic
 - Wow, a capella
- "Off To The Races" was cool
- "Ultraviolence" was cool
- It was as if we would - no, we all sang together with you – such a wonderful mood
 -
 -
 -
 -
 -
 -
 -

Why it hurts so much to become adult.....

End of: Lollapalooza Paris

Scarborough Fair

Then she'll be.....

This Drives Me Crazy

In my head I'm eighteen
In the mirror I'm fifty-two

This really drives me crazy.....

Seasick Steve

I drove to Paris because of Elizabeth and the RHCP
I came back with you!

Your music was barnstorming
Two old men
Later you were at the festival area
Many around you - I looked at you
Thought I should look - back home - whether I can buy an album from you

Later at home I looked in the Internet - Wikipedia
Wow, I feel ashamed
You're old, but you're much older than I thought - 1941!
Your first album with sixty!
Two years later your breakthrough - with sixty-two!
In Great Britain you had several top ten hits since then!
You live in Norway with your Norwegian woman!

SHIT!

I'm fifty-two! - Fuss and yammer all the time!
Sixty - first book? Still seven and a half years time!
Sixty-two - breakthrough? Still nine and a half years time!
To life in America with.....
I'm a wiener!

Yo, Seasick Steve!
Next time I'll see you
I'll not look
I'll hug you
To say to you
"Thanks man, you've done a lot for me!"

Love You So Much Now

Love you so much now
So suddenly, unexpected
You're so beauty now

Should I try now
To find pictures, synonyms, metaphors
To describe what I feel now

Sitting at "primafila" now
Waiting for my ice cream and my café au lait
Oh, Old Man - maybe I should stop now

And eat my ice cream

Cherry

Once there was a huge Cherry Tree
In my parent's garden
I loved it to climb the Cherry Tree
And to eat the wonderful Cherries

Once I was young
In my parent's house
I loved it to climb the Cherry Tree
And to eat the wonderful Cherries

No longer there is a huge Cherry Tree
In my parent's garden
Not anymore I can climb the Cherry Tree
And eat the wonderful Cherries

No longer I am young
In my parent's house
Not anymore I can climb the Cherry Tree
And eat the wonderful Cherries

In such moments I dream
Of a wonderful Rose Garden
With its tender Unicorn
And its supernal Crimson Apple

In such moments I feel
I am young again
And pine away yearningly
In the aftermath of Rosemary and Thyme

The White Rose

I always loved white roses most
Even when they are a sign of grief
But they are of unbeatable beauty and elegance

If there would be someone
Every day I would offer a white rose
I know, red roses....but, but aren't they are a bit boring

The rose on my back
A white rose is
Closely entangled with my "A"

The Black Rose

A black rose something very special is
Like a black diamond - a contradiction
Like a black dress - attiring every woman
Like a black line and a black dot - ornamenting my skin

A black rose something very special is
Like the beauty of a gem
Like the beauty of a robe
Like the beauty of a tatt

A black rose something very special is
Like a gem
Like a robe
Like a tatt

A black rose something very special is
Like

Black Diamond

I've said that diamonds are boring
But I like colored stones like my garnet
And colored diamonds

The red are beautiful, a bit like my garnet
The yellow - well,.....
The other colors - well,...

Black Diamond

What a caprice of nature - nearly a cynic comment
To color a stone this way who's famous for its clarity
To color a stone this way who's famous for its reflections

Black - Dark Black

A black diamond I would buy myself without hesitation
Well, the money.....
But I think the stone would fit to me

Black flatters women always

Rival Sons

Today I gotten one of the two albums by you that I have ordered, for a start
Along with two albums by Seasick Steve, for a start

Only listen short to it while showering and dressing - so many impressions
Hollow Bones (fuck Pt.2!) and Tied Up you played in Paris

What should I say - Led Zeppelin? - so much blues
Hope I can see you again

What I learned from you?

I didn't know you before
Your performance was unbelievable
Because of it you have a new "fan", sold some albums, and maybe a new spectator

I have to show up, go onstage
I have to performance well
So I maybe will find my audience

Heavy Rain

Listening to the heavy rain
And the thunder not far away
Lying in my bed
Thinking about my future knowing I have to stop therewith

The lips of a child no longer talk
The heart of a lion - maybe
One part of me is dying
The other - maybe

Big fat drops hitting the roof
Remember a story I planned to write
Decades away
But today I do, today I write

New Orleans Blues

Echos

*And no-one sings me lullabies
And no-one makes me close my eyes
(Pink Floyd, Echos)*

Your hand softly touches my skin
Your voice caresses my ears
And I fell tenderly into my sleep

The echos of the day fulfill my sight
Images, I will never remember
Lost in an endless universe

But when I open my eyes again
You will be still there
With your soft and flattering presence

Why I can't tell you this?

Born That Way

Some are born to the endless night - Jim Morrison
And I?

I'm definitely not depressive - at least when I read definitions of depression
I can not find myself therein - a bit, but far not enough

I'm definitely not autistic - at least when I read definitions of autism
I can not find myself therein - a bit, but far not enough

Asperger's syndrome sound good - sounds good to create an artists legend

Absolute empathy - I'm not Will Graham (Hannibal)

Therefore?

Have heard that not all people reflect all the time about themselves
Have heard that not all people doubt all the time what they do
Have heard that some people think they know the absolute truth

Therefore, who I'm?

Some are born....

The Man From Galicia

Two men at the table next to mine
Another man with interesting tattoos greets
They start to talk

About the north of Spain
In summer it's nice there
All Spaniards spend their holidays there

But in winter it's cold
Whatever you wear, after a short time you're wet and freeze
What about Gore-Tex one asks

He laughs!
I come from a small village in Galicia
We haven't such things in my youth

It's nice to live in an open European community

Black Mustang

Yeah, white mustangs - so wonderful elegant
Yeah, Shirley's horse - so moving vulnerable
Yeah, Elizabeth's unicorn - so supernal white
But a Black Mustang?

I confess, tend more to black swans
Black Swans
My Black Beauty

I confess, not only black and white
Dapple gray - so beautiful
Bay - with their very own elegance

I confess, not only wild horses
Arab thoroughbreds - noble is only a word
Huge heavy horses - no horse fascinates me more

And Black Mustangs?

I close my eyes and see a group of black mustangs
Flying over the prairie
No longer their hooves touching the grass

Too kitschy?

I close my eyes and see a group of mustangs
Snorting - their breath, white mist
Wet shimmering - spanning the mighty muscles

Too banal?

I close my eyes and see a group of mustangs
The ground trembles, even though their hooves not touching
The air fulfilled, their sound

Too trivial?

I close my eyes and see a group of mustangs
And have the vision, they take me with
Like the black swans would do

Too stupid?

I close my eyes and see a group of mustangs
Carry me away to a place, only they know
Like the black swans carry me away into the air

Too silly?

I close my eyes and see a group of mustangs
Should I try now to imagine
To become a horse

Silvia? Joanna?
Shirley?

Kitschy, banal, trivial
Stupid, silly - whatever

Don't allow them, not you
We Germany killed so many
So many beautiful horses

Was It By Design Or By Desire

Strange days now
As so often now - Hartmans - Cosmopolitan first, now Whiskey Sour

Later, during the night, I will finish "The Man In The Park"
Have not to work tomorrow
Second "Hardboild" story finished then
One more and I can talk about a series

"Hoax News", still writing "Visiting Hoax"
"Ashley and Raven", but see the rest of the conversations now
Still unclear about "Becoming Hoax" and "Inside Hoax"
First ideas of "New Orleans Blues"
Basic idea of "Is This A Satire?" - Peter becomes president
I hope I will write it so hard and cynic as I have it in my mind

What now?

I've lost a lot of weight, fast now - ill, severe cold
Work is fucking now, but.....

I have this boundless wish, dream, now a desire - occupies, dominates me more and more
January 30th, 2018; Tribal Cafe

What an unbelievable moment it would be
When?/If? - the audience would enjoy my writing

I'm getting goosebumps thinking about
To sit later on the bed in my motel room, S. Westlake Ave.
With tears in my eyes, while thinking back of such moments
Maybe reading this lines
It would be an describable moment
And therefore so much the more this awful fear, the anxiety to fail

But then? - Suicide?

As I began writing "Dark Heart" I was a totally different person like I'm now
It needed a long time that the heavily overweight Peter was able to sit down at a table at Hartmanns
At the edge, after several times passing by, in the early afternoon, only a few customers
And to order a café au lait - then always café au lait, was the only thing I was able to
To order a coffee

Later also at the evening - then also sometimes a white wine, more and more often
Today I drove to Heilbronn, after I finished my early shift - shit with my cold!
A long and hot shower, now it's 10.30 pm - with my Whiskey Sour!

In the beginning with no tattoos, today with so much
Have written hundreds of pages since then, never thought this
"In California"/"L.A. Poetry" and "Hardboiled" finished
My webpage so complex now - never I could imagine that I would be able thereto
I cannot mention all!

If I continue with this speed only, I will have finished several future works till I will aviate again
I guess over one thousand pages! - Should I count?

All the videos - have to make the videos about my new tattoos but I burned myself
It looks not good with a burn, have to wait till it's healed!

Since a longer time now I would like to start with a video series – "Impressions".
I wanna show places about which I've written in "Dark Heart"
Bad Friedrichshall, Heilbronn, Ludwigsburg and Stuttgart at least
But I find no time and calm to do so!

I'm so astonished about myself! I'm impressed - even fascinated, but I fear so much!

I hope one day I will be able to tell Kitsch how important she is for me - I mean personally!
She showed me, that at least some persons should be affected by my writing, my reading, like she
Tribal Cafe?

What a crazy time! In around an hour I will finish "The Man In The Park"
I hope it will be good writing - with "Azusa" I'm not completely satisfied.
Was hard to be ill, to work and to write - rework?
No time, the next story "Crenshaw Blues" waits - and "Hoax News" also.....

So again: What to do, when I fail?

Till the next aviation to L.A. and S.F. around one thousand pages.....
Per year I should be able to write more or less one thousand pages more
'Cause now I have found my style, no translations
Maybe a few videos say around ten, able to concentrate on writing.....
Every February in L.A. and S.F. - good for inspiration.....
Then I give me five years.....

- around six thousand pages text
- somewhat over two hundred videos
- seven trips to L.A. and S.F.

I think I should postpone my suicide - February 14th, 2023
Hey, today it's Valentine's Day!

Out Of My Dreams And Into The Black

*They give you this
But you pay for that
(Neil Young; Hey Hey, My My)*

I dream about I could dream a dream where I dream all the time
An Endless Dream
I dream about I can dream a dream that I dream for the rest of my life
What a dream it would be

I dream about to become an artist
I dream about I would publish books
I dream about to be no longer alone
I dream about no longer to dream about

I would pay every price
Would they give me this
I would pay every price

Why?

'Cause I'm an old man
Nothing to lose anymore
'Cause I'm an old man
Life's slipping - unstoppable
'Cause I'm an old man
I only can win

So much the more I fear to get it not

'Cause I'm an old man
Everything I can lose now
'Cause I'm an old man
Life's slipping - unstoppable
'Cause I'm an old man
I can only lose

Or whatever

Somebody Pulled The Trigger!

Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
It was this awful fucking nigger!

Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
It was this awful fucking illegal border jumper!

Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
It was this awful fucking chinky eye!

Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
It was this awful fucking rich, white wannabe politician from N.Y.!

Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
And you stood in front!

As your child was raped!
As your child was drugged!
As your child's future was stolen!
As your child only lies were told!

Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
Somebody pulled the trigger!
As you stood in front!

Open your fucking eyes!
Use your fucking mind!
Open your fucking ears!
Use your own mind!

They told you, you're not intelligent enough!
They told you, you're not able to see all the connections in this world!
They told you, you need to be rich to be a country's leader!
They told you lies, lies, lies - only fucking lies!

Somebody lied to you!
Somebody lied to you!
Somebody lied to you!
Somebody lied to you!

Don't let them lie to you!
Be proud of your mind and imagination!

Press for education!
Press for liberty!
Press for facts!
Press for freedom!

You're not a piece of fucking unimportant shit!

You're a own person!
Be proud!

The Alien Hunter

It was a shock as we discovered it - there were aliens among us! The problem, they were absolutely alike us humans, I mean absolutely alike! You may ask now how we then discovered that there are aliens among us - well, that's a bit a wired story.....

At a special place, at a special time, for a special reason, special people did something special. It was a very special, very new kind of torture - very, very specially cruel. At the beginning nothing happened - okay, not with the tortured ones, but this is not my story. One day, they tortured a man and then, just like that, he transformed into his real alien shape. After some research, many more tortures, it was clear, that the aliens among us - normally not to distinguish from us normal humans - were no longer able to keep their human shape when tortured in this way!

Sure we had some problems now. First, all aliens were dead. Because the transformation starts only after a longer time of torture, the torture was developed to cause as much pain as possible - well, the "human" was as good as dead before the transformation began, and after, well, he was dead in fact, the alien was dead. We tried a lot to keep the alien alive, but we failed all the time. I not have to say, that we really tried everything, but you should keep in mind that we not knew, till the very end, whether we torture a real human this time or an alien. The human/alien-rate was 1000:1 - so we had to torture one thousand humans to find one alien - not an easy endeavor!

Then there were some moral problems. We had to torture so many, and the torture was so cruel, we had problems to find enough proper men for this job! This torturers were real specialists and highly paid, but nevertheless it was not easy to find enough who were able to fulfill the requirements.

Finally we had a discussion in that way that it seemed that the human/aliens not were aware themselves, that they are aliens in fact. But all this discussions yielded no real result because they where all totally theoretical - we needed to question one of this aliens very much in detail. Therefore we had to continue, and we have some progress already! The longest lifespan so far - two seconds! Not much in deed, but a beginning and progress. And because we have enough human resources - poor people, disabled people, unimportant races, nonconformist people and such more - can we continue with our such important work without limitations, till we raise the veil of this riddle - the biggest ever found!

The Muslim Girl

She walked down the street, shy, first day in America, clothed with her burka she was used to. She looked left and right, this new world, fascinating, strange, odd - but she was happy, happy to be here now, at the place she wished to be so much. Now she would have all possibilities, now she could do what she would like to do, not that, that other people tell her, she has to do. For the first time in her life she was happy.....

"What a fucking Muslim bitch is this?"

"Yeah, fucking Muslim bitch!"

"Hey, this is American, we don't like this shit that you wear!"

"Yeah, we like to see our girls!"

"I think she's ugly...."

"Definitely ugly!"

"Maybe its a man, a terrorist!"

"Also such bitches commit suicide attacks - you're not able to see the explosive under this shit!"

"I think we should have a look, better no risk!"

"We should look definitely!"

"Maybe she's not that ugly....."

"Yeah, maybe - never fucked a Muslim bitch!"

She was found in a backstreet later, she said nothing about what happened, never again she said anything.

A'shadiieyah's father were killed in the Iran-Iraq-war, her mother raised her alone. She was stoned after a neighbor had denounced her - he said that she has offended the Quran. Later it became obvious that he had pressed her to become his concubine, but she refused his offers. A'shadiieyah succeeded to come to the USA, after a long and daring escape. This was her first day.....

I'm On Drugs Now!

I feel so fucking strange!

I feel so fucking cool!

I feel so fucking free!

Sorry for my behavior at work -

But I cannot take this shit seriously anymore!

Fucking summer in Germany, as so often!

A few very hot days, and now since weeks cold and rainy!

I close my eyes and see the ocean - okay, very hot there, but better

Better than this shit here in Germany!

Summer Bummer, baby!

I would like to try every drug now!

From the softest to the hardest!

I wanna be high!

I wanna be sick!

I wanna be crazy!

Why? - I don't know why!

Yeah, that's a lie - lie to me!

Paris - Lana, RHCP, Steve and the Sons!

My writing since then!

I've started with the third hardboiled story!

Hoax News is drawing to an end - still some, but less than half!

Started to write short stories!

My first song text?

Five and a half month - still so much time to develop myself!

I feel me light, light as a feather - my head's spinning - my brain whirls!

I feel me as if I would burst into thousand pieces!

I feel me as if the whole world would crash into me!

I feel me as if I would be able to embrace the whole world!

I feel me as if I would hear all voices on earth!

I feel me as if I would be immortal - because I'm immortal now!

Yeah Kanye, you're God! - But fuck, I don't believe in God!

Yeah, I thirst for drugs and you know that I'm afraid of syringes?

But at this moment I would give me the shot!

Like I had my moment - one gun on the table - but no gun!

I close my eyes and see the ocean - I smell her!

I hear Her and the Little Girl and the Sea Cow and wish me to be there!

It would be so easy now!

I've asked what to do if I fail - Tribal Cafe - maybe this?

Like a druggie, like a baby, like a god - like an old stupid and ridiculous man?

But fuck I will die anyway, therefore?

I'm sick of it, I'm sick of it!

And still no gun and no drug - but maybe it's better so?

Because this night the old man not writes nonsense shit -

Because this night he has the mood to do it -

And this would be a pity!

All the pages he would write

All the stories he would write

All the poems he would write

Songs maybe even

And maybe after a long time a video?

If I would take only one time a drug I would drown in them!

I crave for it that much, that I get scared of myself!

I would be the ultimate junky - Burroughs!

I would be the infinite junky - Burroughs!

I only would not fuck underage boys in their asses, in Tangier - Burroughs!

But maybe that's unimportant - Burroughs!

Because you're the big author, and I only -

GOD!

You little fucker!

I have to confess, it's fun, cool, and liberating to write like this -
Should do it more often now 'cause.....
Nooo, laughing out loud!
I'm not God
I'm more

I'm an author now!

Nazis On The Street

Nazis on the street
Look at this crap
Nazis on the street
What a stupid bunch

Say it loud and clear
What shit they are shouting
Say it loud and clear
What haters they are

Don't accept them a second
'Cause they wanna destroy you
Their only aim is always
To kill you and your dreams

Say it loud and clear
What criminals they are
Say it loud and clear
What murderers they are

Nazis on the street
Look at them very carefully
Nazis at the street
Don't draw back
(August 17th, 2017)

Nazis In Da House

Hey, now everybody can see it
We've Nazis in da house
In da White House

Bannon is one of them - whoever doubted this!
Donald is also one of them - not only a swine!
But it feels like there are more of them.....

C'mon Ivanka defend daddy -
Hey, you've a Jewish husband -
Hey, you're converted to a Jew!

Nazis in da house
Hey, it's like Germany in the 20s -
But then, wow America!

Business leaders refuse him -
Is this true -
America, is there hope for you?

A lot of people on the streets -
Is this true -
America, is there hope for you?

Even May against Donald now -
Is this true -
America, is there hope for you?

Should it be possible, that in February
When I'll be in America again
No longer a Nazi is in da house

But there's still the problem
Mr. Vice President
Hey, I'm German - A German Nazi in da house

Isn't it strange, that today -
If you like to see an armed Nazi crowd on the street -
You shouldn't go to Germany!

America should be your aim -
All the best to you -
Miss America!
(August 17th, 2017)

Okay, Seriously Now!

Your president is unacceptable now!
I'm German - look at our history!
I hoped one time, that things have changed - and was mistaken!
Now it really seemed as if America has learned from history!

Throw him out of the Office - I know, Mr. Vice President!
Kick him into his nuts - he's a swine!
There's no difference between Breitbart, KKK, alt-right, white supremacy, neo-Nazis.....
And IS or Al-Qaeda! - They are all haters and murderers!

Yes, Clinton sucks!
But you think Nazis and racists would have celebrated and liked her?
Like they like Donald?
Fight for popular vote and a multi-party system!

Let us stand together - America, Europe - all
All who fight for a free world
A world without groups that think they own the truth
Fight for a pluralistic world where differences are accepted

I sit in Germany, Heilbronn, pedestrian area
Not have to work today, Old Fashioned, not totally original - or?
And hear different languages, see different nationalities, different beliefs for sure
And I enjoy it!

Have eaten a salad for lunch - Italian restaurant
Have eaten an Anatolian grill plate for dinner - Turkish restaurant
In between ice cream and a cappuccino - Italian ice cafe
Fuck, I like it! Like it, to spend my free day like this!

Not to march in a Nazi uniform!
Not to fight awful wars - to kill innocent people!
Not to hate Jews, gays, disabled, Sinte, Roma.....!
Not to be anxious, because two police officers pass by, like right now!

It's getting dark now
And I don't fear
Fear an immigrant will kill me
Fear that they will take over our nation

Next month we will elect our chancellor
I reckon that Merkel will win for the fourth time - like Kohl
I'm not a conservative, will not vote for her
But when, and it looks like, she will win

I will accept her
Because she stands for democracy and I stand for democracy
I will look at her politics critical
Because I stand for democracy and I would look at Schulz and his politics critical also

Acceptance, coalitions, compromises, supporting minorities, balance of interests.....
Are basis for democracy!
America should learn from the rest of the democratic world

And we? Can we learn something from the USA?
Oh yeah!
The two-term limitation for instance is a very smart idea!
(August 17th, 2017)

Homage to Barcelona

I sit here, balmy summer night, still Old Fashioned
All so quiet here, so relaxed, so relieved
Next table, smartphone, talk about
Terrorist attack in Barcelona - many dead people

Should I drink myself into oblivion now?
Should I kill myself now - despaired?
Should I become ignorant now?
Fuck the hell! - No!

They will not win
Like the German Nazis have not won
Like the American Nazis will not win
Like the democratic Allies have won

Wow, I'm optimistic now?
Believe me, I still know what I've written before!
But shit, I've only this life, like we all have only this life, like the victims in Barcelona
If I ever will kill me, then not because of this assholes!

They keep me alive!
(August 17th, 2017)

How Does It Feels?

Hey, you fundamentalist assholes!
How does it feels,
To know that at the end
You will be the losers?

No matter how many people you will kill
No matter what cruelties you will commit
No matter how misanthropic you will be
You will become part of the loser list like Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot.....

History will kill you!
(August 17th, 2017)

The City Of Angels

Why I feel so melancholic
It's getting bright
Have written the night
And listened to the Chili Peppers

Under The Bridge
Really a/the bridge in MacArthur Park
Would be so wonderful for me
Will cross next time, next February

Hope Paris was not the last time
The last time I had saw you
L.A. - lonely as I
As sick as I in any case

Maybe that's the reason why
Maybe that's why - I feel at the wrong place now
Maybe that's why - I crave for you
Maybe that's the reason why

"Dark Heart" comes to my mind
My tombstone - no city name
Let it be L.A.
Please!

Dream of Californication

Straight Outta Compton

The night tends to end
Have written "Ashley and Lara"
Have done some research
Compton - found N.W.A., started to listen and read
Please keep in mind

I'm a white middle class boring guy
I'm intellectual, not listen always to the same stuff
I've seen "The Bronx", and know them all
Ice Cube, Dr. Dre, 2Pac, Biggie - know the East-West-Coast battle
I know that rappers use "nigger" to reinterpret the word - Jay-Z and Oprah

Have seen "Boys N The Hood" and knew immediately "California Love" is cool
I'm not cool, never was, will be, but knew it all the time
Afro-Americans express themselves via rap
I'm no Afro-American, never was, will be, but knew all the time
How fucking it's to live in the US as one

So I sit here in Germany, think about my time in L.A.
A bit of Crenshaw, Inglewood, missed Compton
So I sit here in Germany listen to a YouTube mix
N.W.A. and related rap music, mostly for the first time
Compton, have seen the pictures in TV, Rodney King and nineteen ninety-two

Thought, fucking police - but yeah, this is the USA
Saw, the burning blocks - but yeah, this is the USA
What a shit, East Coast vs. West Coast - but yeah, this is the USA
First Tupac, what a shit - but yeah, this is the USA
Then Biggie, what a shit - but yeah, this is the USA

Saw burning houses, police, soldiers - today
See racists, Nazis, KKK - but yeah, this - what a fuck is this
Hey I'm German, USA today like Nazi Germany in HD and color
Hey I'm German, used to that we play the Nazis in Hollywood movies
Hey I'm German, we are the original Nazis, not you

And what's the big message now
That I have no big message
Sitting here in well-protected Germany
Sorry, also we have our gangsta rappers
The hard boys from Berlin

Straight Outta Compton
Next February, this time Compton
Would like to read there, read this
Would they laugh about me
Jesus! I would!

And now, after all, the big, big message
It's shit to sit here, listen to N.W.A. and the others
Next time in L.A. - Compton and then
Conscience tranquilized - maybe someone shoots me
Hey, I'm a fucking tourist from good old Germany

And now, after all, the final big, big message
It's shit to sit here, listen to N.W.A. and the others
So I stop it, no longer I listen to
My life so totally different is
I can give you no super clever advice

P.S.:

Sometimes I feel like an idiot, maybe because I'm one
Sometimes I feel helpless, I'm helpless
Sometimes I would like to meet people, like in Compton, to talk with them, to get to know them
Sometimes I'm sad, sitting here in my well-protected Germany
Sometimes I feel so totally empty, to be a white stupid asshole
Sometimes I ask myself why I'm still here - maybe I'm only a coward
Sometimes four officers doing shit and therefore fifty-three have to die
Sometimes I feel helpless, 'cause helpless I'm
And now I've written literature, or only banal shit
N.W.A. is not mine, but they have made art
Not for me, not for this white old guy, sitting in beautiful Germany

Bannon's Out Of House

Should we be happy now?
Why?
He's still a fascist, still tries to destroy the USA!
Why this interests me?
We live in one fucking world!

Bannon tries to destroy my world!
And I can not do much against, sitting in my Germany!
Will America resist?
The white rich America - depends on the profit!
Hope that there are enough others who resist!

Learn from Germany, listen to artists!
(August 21st, 2017)

Bannon's Out Of House

But there is still enough of this stuff in there!
Don't stop to be alert!
(August 21st, 2017)

Hedonism

I had always problems with this - felt, as if they would fuck their own people
Bitches and drugs every day, clubs and golden chains - should this be a solution
Fought they for better education, for free education
Fought they against racism and discrimination
Or did they fulfill all the white prejudices only

I know, I'm not the one who should make clever statements
I know, that's easy sitting on a comfortable chair and to be clever
I know, that when you have nothing to lose, you have nothing to lose
I know, that there were no signs, that it would give change
Gave it change at all - today, only cosmetics

Sorry, but at the end I think it was shit
Getting rich - Ferrari Testarossa - bling-bling
Should this be the dream, the aim for the young
Am I a shitty white smartass
Yes!

No Possibility (For Change)

No possibility for change
Like a loaded gun at your temple
Don't yammer, when someone pulls the trigger

Don't blame him, blame you
You're the stupid idiot
Shout for the national guard
Shout for justice
Justice for one who sees no future
You're really a fucking stupid idiot

You don't like it: *Fuck Tha Police - N.W.A.*
How about some possibilities
Possibilities without a gang
Possibilities without a gun
You're a clever guy, don't talk about the 90's
Today all so wonderful is

No possibility for change
Like a loaded gun at your temple
Don't yammer, when someone pulls the trigger

You Will Give Me An Advice? - Fuck You!

You will give me an advice
Fuck you
Should I give you an advice
Fuck me

Glorify the gang
Glorify the gun
Glorify the gangsta
Glorify the money
Glorify the drugs
Glorify the violence
Glorify the killing
Glorify whatever you want
It's only fucking stupid shit

Entertain them, by killing your neighbors
Entertain them, by killing gang members
Entertain them, by killing other niggers
Entertain them, by naming them bitches
Entertain them, by treating them as bitches
Entertain them, by selling drugs to your neighbors
Entertain them, by selling drugs to your own children
Entertain them, by all this stuff
It's only fucking stupid shit

You will give me an advice
Fuck you
Should I give you an advice
Fuck me

They love it, to send you to prison
They love it, to sentence you drastically
They love it, that you rap about bitches and pussies
They love it, that you rap about your Macs or Uzis
They love it, to see that you wanna be the better rich white
They love it, seeing you driving your Ferrari
They love it, that you rap about position and maintenance and beef
They love it, when you do this stuff
It's only fucking shit

They would hate it, would you demand free and good education
They would hate it, would you demand good jobs
They would hate it, would you demand investments in infrastructure
They would hate it, would you demand free and good healthcare
They would hate it, would you demand easy participation in elections
They would hate it, would you demand to be respected as Americans
They would hate it, would you demand that color has no longer a meaning
They would hate it, when you would demand all such things
It's no longer fucking shit

Should I give you an advice - I'm not more or less than you
Should I give you an advice - I only see it from outside
Should I give you an advice - I live a totally different life
Should I give you an advice - maybe we would be able to talk with each other

You're not more or less than I - would you give me an advice
You see it from inside - would you give me an advice
You live a totally different life - would you give me an advice
Maybe we would be able to talk with each other - would you give me an advice

Wild And Free

Wild and free
I wanna be
What a nice rhyme
What a nice thought

Three young girls playing in front of me
The image of the mustangs appears
A strong buffalo in the endless prairie
Two wonderful black swans above me in the sky

I wanna be wild and free
Wild at least
Free I will never be
Wild at least

I wanna be wild and free
Boring no longer
Wasting my life no longer
Boring no longer

I wanna be wild and free
Soaking up the city's noise
Wanna feel alive, young I wanna feel
Soaking up the city's noise

Will finish "Crenshaw Blues", the next two days
Feel sad about, what I've done with Kishana
Cried a lot
Feel sad about, what I will do, later this night, with her boyfriend
Will cry a lot

Will finish "Hoax News", next week
Now Sunday evening is
What a major step
Will begin with "Is This A Satire?" and "The Chinese Girl", next week
What a major step

I wanna be wild and free
Wild I'm more and more
More and more free in my writing
Wild I'm more and more

I wanna be wild and free
In my writing I'm free - I decide what happens
Sad, very sad the hardboiled-stories - "Is This A Satire?" will become wild, very wild
In my writing I'm free - I decide what happens

I wanna be wild and free
I'm wild and free - now
I'm wild and free - now
I'm wild and free - now

I feel so alive now, so thirsty of life
I've changed extremely the last days
I feel so alive now, so thirsty of the big cities
I've changed extremely the last days
I feel so alive now, so thirsty of writing

What will happen next month
Starting with the next writings
What will happen next month
At the end, I will see Tori Amos
What will happen next month

I'm wild now
I'm free now
I'm young now
I'm author now

I crave for the big cities
I crave for the stage
I crave for the audience
I crave for the applause

I'm wild and free
And maybe
Fucking crazy
You really like your girls insane

Sit In The Nothing

I sit in the nothing
And feel free
I sit in the nothing
And feel alive
I sit in the nothing
And feel happy

A lightness fulfills the air
A inaudible sound fulfills the air
Ah, it's so wonderful
Yes, there's so much pain in this world
Yes, I've not forgotten
Yes, not surrender - James Brown, black and proud, in the ear

The funky rhythm - oh, would this be my heartbeat
The funky rhythm - oh, would this be my world
The funky rhythm - oh, would this be my thinking
The funky rhythm - oh, would this be my life
White-bread laughingstock
I feel free!

The Big Cities

What will happen in the big cities?
No longer important!

Think only - my head bursts with ideas
Here in well-protected Germany, in the small city
What would happen in L.A. or S.F.
I have to look for a job

The timing still uncertain is - but months time
Only a visa for twelve or fifteen months
A year in one of this cities
My brain whirls, only to think about it

I've a million stories/poems in my mind
I've written not long ago
In this cities - billions!
Looking down Golden Gate - what a thought!

S.F. more beautiful is - everybody who knows both cities, says this
L.A. sick as I - I'm sure about
Duboce Triangle, Market Street I will stay
Oh, I can't wait - still five months, eight this year old now

Santa Monica Beach, the Ferris Wheel - tears in my eyes
I thirst for the big cities
There I have to live
There I have to die

There I have to dream about to be an author

No Longer A Part

I'm no longer a part of this world
Why I should
I'm no longer a part of this world
For what reason I should
I'm no longer a part of this world
I live in my own world now

Yeah, sure this is naive
But at least not pathetic
Yeah, sure this is naive
But at least it's honest
Yeah, sure this is naive
But at least - lie to me, tell me sweet little lies - lie to me

I sit here, listen to the now so jazzy music
Drink my drinks, alone
Feel light and excited, what will happen this night
What texts will come out of my mind
I'm a little bit drunken - after one and a half drinks, was a strange working day
Need a coffee, and tea for the night

I feel so light

Ah, Crenshaw

Not finished yet, observed variable stars
But tonight, August 30th, I will - promised
But no matter, even Hoax news will be finished this week
Wow, a new "part" will start then

Have started with plans, to read not only at open mics
Why not in public areas
Not, to get a donation, would also not be allowed
But to see a direct response from the people on the street - (spontaneously) in cafes

Elderberries?

Dreamin' A Lot

Dreamin' a lot - everyday - what will happen in S.F. and L.A.
Still five months - a hundred and fifty days
A hundred and fifty dreams about what will happen
And please remember - I can imagine everything

Strange, I fear less and less that it will be a disaster
More and more I'm sure that it will be at least a moderate success
And who knows, maybe.....
Dreams are so cool, and reality

Still five months, then I will see

It Will Come To An End

This night I've started to finish "Hoax News"
Have written "Becoming Hoax" and the first part of "The Very End"
Only the farewell letter, the suicide letter is missing now
Then "Hoax News" is finished

But not this night, it will be something very special
Will do it tomorrow night, to write
Peter's last words
Wow, "his"

During work it comes to my mind
The title: "It Will Come To An End"
Took a paper and a pen and wrote it down immediately
And thought about this strange feeling, that carried me away

I became melancholic and sad, 'cause
It will come to an end
This life, my life - like every life will come to an end
So many names preoccupy my mind, looking at my "A"

Suicide, will write a suicide note now
Peter's
And suddenly I feel sad, Peter's dead body at Santa Monica Beach
Poor Peter, your life is over now

No longer you will see the people at the pier
No longer the Ferris Wheel at night
No longer the setting sun and the green light
No longer the dream, to meet her one day

This would be a pity, so sad with tears in the eyes
While working and now
But still I'm alive, still I can dream
And tomorrow

I will write Peter's suicide note

Peter's Dead Now

Peter's dead now - okay, he died yesterday
But a minute ago I finished his suicide letter
And I think it's a nice one
As always have written what comes into my mind

Many allusions and references in there
Wow, and the Little Girl at the end
Like in "Dark Heart" - always the same
As Peter, hardboiled stories, said: Too much death around me.

But is this not only honest?
All those who drown in the Mediterranean Sea, every day?
Drown - they would be able to answer me the question
Whether drowning is a nice death or not!

But maybe I will find it out, one day
Peter's dead now, and "Hoax News" finished
Another part died
Another part will begin

More will drown in the Mediterranean Sea
Some more, who died a senseless death
Some more, Peter can look at
Some more, to form the endless ocean

A Sudden Sense Of

A sudden sense of - of what?

I feel it - everything so different now
Nothing as before, everything changes
A vortex captured me, whirls me around
No clear thought anymore, only chaos
And I like it, fuck I like it
And I fear it, fuck I fear it
It's so arousing
It's so terrifying
I look at the keys, at the keyboard
The letters and numbers become more and more indistinct
Have to concentrate more and more to see them
It's like in the park and with the gun in the hand
Everything melts away, whirls around – now, I should not have the idea to close my eyes!
Sitting here in good old Germany, no gun in the drawer, no ocean near by
Only stagnation and frustration, only a tired and old man

Straight Into Disaster

Straight into disaster - I feel it!
Should I believe in
In this American dream
I'm no American, never will be

Your fucking president disgusts me!
Your greed for money disgusts me!
Your arrogance towards the world disgusts me!
Your attitude, do not care for others, disgusts me the most!

I'm sick for - Los Angeles
I long for - Santa Monica Beach
I pine after - San Francisco
I yearn for - the Golden Gate Bridge

So extremely hot the last days - read the L.A. Times every day
We had again a rainy summer - as so often
Miss the palm trees - and the tacos at 3rd, Gus's
I feel sick, more and more

Still five months, and I will be again
Where I dream to live
Where I dream to be
Where I dream to die
It will become a disaster, I feel it more and more

Would Like To

Would like to commit suicide now
Such a fucking night tonight
"Hoax News" and "Crenshaw Blues" finished last night
Today morning shift - will start with "Is This A Satire?" and "The Chinese Girl" afterwards
But at the moment I would like to commit suicide
But still no gun, no ocean

It would make no sense now
It would be stupid now
Sitting here in the middle of the night with pen and paper
Like my handwriting more and more
It will end in a disaster, written at last
Sure it will, fucking reality, wonderful dreams

Will go to bed again, no sleep again
Will go to work again, pointless again
Will try to bear the time again, till aviation again
Will try to fill more and more pages again
Will see all more and more senseless
Will see more and more the dark end

How would it be, to read this lines again
How would it be, to find response
How would it be, the ocean's water all around me

The clock at the wall ticks aloud
I like the ticking - tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.....
Unstoppable till the end - what will it be

Drowning In The Sea

Drowning in the sea
Is all I wanna do
Death in the sea
Is all I wanna be

I dreamt about a peaceful place
Where people are kind and free
I dreamt about a merciful place
Where people are helpful and equal

We tried to cross the sea
In a small boat overcrowded
The rough sea, the rough waves
Not only the women and children cried

Drowning in the sea
Is all I wanna do
Death in the sea
Is all I wanna be

Keep Me Alive

My expectations, hopes, dreams, tension, fears.....
Los Angeles and San Francisco
They keep me alive
Tired and unsure

Like the beginning of "The Chinese Girl"
Like also this part
"Is This A Satire?" - not sure
Unnecessary? - Everybody knows he's an idiot!

Should I use my time for more important stories?
"New Orleans Blues" - have a vague idea about
But others are still totally unclear
More parts hardboiled series make no sense

Should I write a story about someone who dreams
Who dreams about to become an artist, an author
And then?
No, would be stupid, yes, even more - have to wait till February

Should I start with "Satire" once again, a different structure
Keep the so far written as "Satire 1", maybe will continue
Whatever I will do, it's good what I do now
To reflect about my writing, I'm an author now

But still, I fear, I'm anxious about
I fear I will be unable to bear it
Los Angeles and San Francisco
They keep me alive

Off To The Races

Listened to the song
This morning in my car
While driving to work

Sounds so different now
Compared to "Dark Heart"
Even compared to Paris

Everything is so different now
More and more I lose control
Will write to L.A. Library tomorrow

Again something that could change everything
Could - always "could"
Too much "could" could kill you

Too much "could" will kill you

Born To Die

Born to die - we all have to die, but in the meantime, between birth and death? What would be a meaningful life, a fulfilled life? As sometimes, I have the problem, that I see so many possibilities, so many possible answers and I can not decide for one. It's like my problem with instruments, learn an instrument, so many, so many wonderful instruments - on what basis I should decide me for one of them? There's this traditional family image. Yeah, a wife, children....a nice thought. But there's also this image from living a free live. It's impossible to learn all instruments, it's impossible to live all lives - what a privilege to be able to have this thoughts. So many humans are not able to decide, have no chance to decide, have no chance, to learn at least one instrument.

To Be Alive

*Every time I close my eyes
It's like a dark paradise
(Lana Del Rey; Dark Paradise)*

To be alive - the overall important questions: Why? Wherefore?.....and so on.
To be alive - the overall stupid questions: Why? Wherefore?.....and so on.

Life will end, the only thing that definitely stands firm, at your birth. Everything else – no one knows it. To be alive - more and more it seems, according to our growing knowledge about the universe, that life is nothing special in the universe, more, that live is a sheer consequence of the existing universe. Life would be then nothing special, at least not more than stars, planets, nebulae and so on. For me a thrilling thought! It would link life, my life, directly to all the objects I can see at the night sky. My life would be a part of the majestic Swan. This is not meant esoteric or pseudo-

religious. This is not meant in the way that my life, life as such, would get therewith a special, a higher, meaning, or a meaning generally. As Robert Coover has written (UBA): *It's just what it is* - that's all what you have to say to this topic.

Strange, right now I have the feeling, that I was never in my life so much in harmony with my life, and the world around me. Never in my life I felt more alive as in this moment. *Dark Paradise - But I wish I was dead.....*

Money Like Mud

Yes, Mr. Geißler - enough for all, there would be enough for all in this world. Your life's journey is very interesting - and now, in Heaven?

Has he changed anything, was he inconsequent, at the end of his life? Shit a lot of money in this world - what would I do, would I sell millions of books, movie rights and suchlike? What would I do, would I be a millionaire - I mean, L.A. is fucking expensive, therefore say at least ten till twenty million? I would buy Elizabeth's house in Malibu - she needs it no longer. Two cool "Jags" - I mean E-Types - and of course a Ami 4. I would buy me "miro" and would put on the menu: "With farce from calf filled calamari on roasted Mediterranean vegetables with three sauces" (orange reduction, paprika sauce and mint pesto) - learned in the Schweizer Stuben, Wertheim. I would be nerved by the poor and even more by the homeless. I would be an asshole.....

And then? Then I would sit on the balcony - alone - okay, you know this story! So what would I do, Heiner? Very simple, it's stupid to write about it! It would be only interesting if it would happen - then it would be interesting to see what I would do, in reality, not on the paper!

Sometimes I wish, that something after life exists.
Sometimes I wish, that something like a paradise exists.
Today is such a day.

Heinrichjosef Georg Geißler
(March 3rd, 1930 - September 12th, 2017)
(written: September 14th)

Only One Time

Only one time, so many things
So many things, only one time

I will not start now, to list all
All what I dream about, hope, pine after
That should happen at least one time
Too long would be the list

Sometimes I've written about
About the uppermost subjects
The subject with the women
The subject with the audience

I've the feeling now, neither will happen
But even if not, I can not complain
Till February my writing will have developed even more
The webpage so expanded now

Never, really never I thought that it would be possible that something like this would happen.
"Dark Heart", was so happy to finish it, at least one thing - but now.
February, wow, what ever will happen then, I start to be proud about the last, then, three years.

After February next year:
Don't know - but considering what happened this year, after February.

After February this year:
March - have typewritten, written and uploaded what's now: "L.A. Poetry"; "In L.A." and "After L.A.". My problems to be in Germany again. Problems with the stomach.
April - Treatment, all good again. Hey, free healthcare in Germany! Now "The Day" started, still a bit sluggish, but better and better.
May - not much development, all more sluggish
June - all gathered speed, many ideas, texts.....
July - faster and faster, "Hardboiled" exploded, and then Paris; what a month!

My second Whiskey Sour arrives - Hartmans, September 14th

After February 2018:
Depends on what happens in Los Angeles and San Francisco. But when I see me before and after February 2017! Everything seems possible then!

And the subject with the women?
Well, that's a problem
Would anybody love me - me old man
Would I be able to love a woman
Be warned, without any questions, I'm no good lover!

- no black motorcycle
- no mustang, tiger, daddy
- no shades of cool
- no ultraviolence
- no fucking crazy
- I stop! We know what I mean
- Oh Lizzy, no freak.....

But maybe someone would like to sit together with the old man - next to me
Santa Monica Beach, to see the sunset
Gus's Drive In - a salad or a sandwich
A cup of tea and some music
Well, stuff like this

The future is wide open - I totally agree with you Tom Petty
But the problem is, that this obviously not means that the future is necessarily bright
And will provide you, what you hoped for!
Like you sing it - liked your music all the time Mr. Petty

And now, should I hope that at least one time
An audience will applaud me
A woman will love me
An audience will love me
A woman will - sometimes it not functions!

What Does Life Means

I've the feeling, I should drink a bit too much, tonight
But have to write "Monday" - "The Chinese Girl", later
And have to typewrite what I've written, while stay at Hartmanns
But honestly, I would like to drink and drink and drink, till I'm drunken

The only problem is, that after one and a half hour
And one and a half Whiskey Sour, I'm in fact a bit drunken
What mean, one or two more, maybe fast drunk, and I would be totally drunken
No good business for the bartender

So I will finish my Whiskey Sour slowly - 10.30 pm
Maybe a Cosmopolitan later - 11.00 pm
Driving home to start writing - 00.00 am

Should I continue writing till then
Or should I only looking at the other guests
Should I think about "New Orleans Blues"
Or should I dwell on my thoughts

What was the headline?
"What Does Life Means"
Topic missed!

At least good music - a mix of Klezmer and....have no idea
But cool and
I think I should drink a bit too much, tonight

Lost In The Night

I'm lost in the night
I'm lost in my self
I'm lost in my dreams
I lost the reality

I'm free

Whatever the future will be
No "ordinary" life it can be
Will have no "family life"
Will have no nice house, security

I'm free

I lust for Angel's City and "Frisco"
Will be at the beach and midst the bridge
Will feel it, can do it easily now
So sick this cities, so sick this country

I'm free

My imagination runs wild
See no limits anymore
Will jump off the Hollywood Sign
Will drown in the San Francisco Bay

I'm free

I have to live in one of this cities
Nothing else would make sense anymore
Fucking health care, fucking crime rate
I have to die in one of this cities

I'm free

Only two and a half weeks in L.A.
Inspiration for hundreds of pages
Inspiration for many stories and poems
Four weeks in Los Angeles and San Francisco - what a rush

I'm free

To live there - I shudder, only to think about it
No "nice" cities, no secure life
But I'm an alien here - Heilbronn, Hartmanns
How much more meaningful to be an alien there

I'm free

I wish to lose myself, to elapse
Walking on the endless roads, endless beaches
And palm trees swaying in the wind
Like the willows bow at the river

I'm free
I'm free
I'm free

Cosmopolitan

What a nice little thing!

Like your delicate glass
Like your delicate pink color
Like your delicate sourness
Like your delicate sweetness

Sure, like it! I'm a masculine man!
And come on! Had two Whiskey Sours before!

Okay, to be honest, looking at the glass in front of me
I imagine a beautiful, a women's hand would touch it
Would look so much the more graceful
Like it looks when I touch it

Oh Cosmopolitan, how would it be
Would you be not alone, another at your side
Two beautiful Cosmopolitans on the table
Should I order one more?

Ella, elle l'a

So less, I know from you
So less, I know your music
So small I feel, hearing your songs
So banal I see my writing, compared to you

But maybe it still is true
Better amateurish attempts
Than wasting my life completely
Fading away without anything

You died 1996 - would have thought much earlier
In Bel Air - not the worst place in this city to die
Long time diabetes, both lower legs amputated and blind - no place a good place to die like this
Inglewood Park Cemetery, so near and such so far

They say, you were no beauty
Well, who to name
Billie Holiday, Nina Simone, Dianah Washington - who knows
And oh, Sarah Vaughan

1996 - when did you gave your last concert in Europe
Would it had been possible to me to see you onstage
Miles Davis, Mannheim - was able to go, not went
Astor Piazzola, Stuttgart - was able to go, not went

So many things, I forfeited - my own fault
Not to blame others, only myself
Ella - I've listen to her, onstage, live
Wow, what an idiot I was - wasted

In a week I will listen to Tori Amos, Munich
Will she ever knew what I've written
Treat me like a dog, hands around my neck
Not important, important only, that I've written it

Sometimes I'm devastated, my life
Her life - success, but.....
Was she alone - it seems so
The world loves her, but....

We only see the artists, their successes
We only see their oeuvre, the wonderful
We not see the human, their innermost
We not see their fears, the awful

It looks so easy, Bel Air
So many records, so many, many songs
You have to pay a price, they say
I would pay any price - what a joke

The young girl and her dream to become a dancer
The Old Man and his dream to become a musician
The grand old lady who became one of the greatest singer of all time
The Old Man who has to learn to stay as a dilettante

Ella - what should I write about you?
How high the moon?
Is your version of "Summertime", with your so true comments, the best?
Janis Joplin - I dissolve in her voice and the electric guitar, Frankfurt 1969

I feel so small and unimportant
I feel so ridiculous and trivial
How high the moon?
384 400km in average - so stupid

How honored, how gifted I am
To live in such a place, at such a time
I bow as deep as I can
And lose myself in awful desires

- 1.) "Ella, elle l'a" is a song by the French singer France Gall
- 2.) This writing was a reaction to a concert I saw a few hours before. "Talking Ella" (Tribute to Ella Fitzgerald), Cave 61 in Heilbronn. I cried a lot and it was indifferent to me whether someone saw it or not.
- 3.) Cast: Maria Kaulbarsch vocals and moderation, Nicloas Hering piano, Bastian Weining contrabass (I still love this instrument deeply) and Max Jentzen drums.
- 4.) Thanks to all of you for the wonderful evening and to keep her music alive. Jazz always was live music for me. A CD - yes, but.....better, much better live performances as a video, say at YouTube. But most to see the artists onstage - or, if they no longer, at least someone who keeps the memory. Thanks for this wonderful and inspiring evening and experience.
- 5.) Thanks to the jazz club and the people who make such evenings possible - thanks!

All That Jazz

The artistic act - The contemplation of art

Why contemplating art? What should be one's answer?
A million answers would be possible!

Why creating art? What should be one's answer?
A million answers would be possible!

Why I contemplate art? Wow, what should I answer?

Why I try to create art? Good question!

Art - in all its variation - was my whole life an anchor for me. And all the time I wished to be able to create something that's such - sorry, but I can not find a word that fits....

Note: "All That Jazz" is a movie by Bob Fosse. I saw this movie as a very young man and was extremely fascinated - the artistic act.....

People Around

People around me, talking, friends
Workmates maybe, same association, sports club
A lot of talking, fragments of sentences
Sometimes it seems to me, as that the only meaning of this rituals is
To show the other persons and most oneself
How important you are, how meaningful

How much of this talking would be necessary
Yes, I know, social contacts and suchlike
But would it maybe more important to talk
About more severe topics
Yes, I know, social contacts and suchlike
I'm a party pooper - I know

You look for somebody, to spend your life together
But what should this mean - that most relations fail
I know, I'm not part of this, but should I be sad
Not to talk more or less meaningless talkings
Not to swear eternal faithfulness, to break up then
Not to define myself in such a way

All the people around me are in groups or pairs
All the people around me talking
All the people around me - I not
I sit and write
I sit and listen to the music
I sit and talk nothing

Should I be sad about - about what?
Not to talk meaningless things
Not to be a part of this ritualized behavior
I never was part of this and never will be
Should I - should I be happy
Wow, I really think I'm happy now!

Happy And Sad

This week I will finish "The Chinese Girl"
I change from day to day
I see it very clear now
I would be able to become a fucking good author

But

But I'm still at the beginning of my writing
But I would need still some years
Shit, I'm fifty-two now, not twenty-two
But nevertheless, I relax more and more

'Cause

Looking at, what I've done the last years
Never, never I thought I would be able to do
Now waiting and writing till next time Los Angeles and this time also San Francisco
Then again to be in Los Angeles and this time also in San Francisco

Wow

I'm so excited to be again in the big city
Again Westlake, MacArthur, Downtown West, Gus's.....
Again Santa Monica Pier and Beach, L.A. Zoo.....
Again Crenshaw, Elysian Park, Chinatown....

And

Have to see Echo Park this time
Have to see Compton this time
Will I see Van Nuys this time
And the channels in Venice, Hermosa Beach

And

Only to think about it, to be in the middle of the Golden Gate
And all, what should I name
The Mission, The Castro, Haight-Asbury.....
Market Street, Lombard Street and why not the Wharf

Will

I have the strength to continue
Step by step, stone by stone
I have the strength to continue
Page after page, work after work

A bit I have the feeling now - yes
But only a bit

It Would Be Wonderful

All alone in this strange and puzzling world
Sometimes, only sometimes, but most of the time I feel so
All alone in this awful and scary world
Sometimes, only sometimes, but most of the time I feel so

It would be wonderful
To be with you
You know, that I mean you
Wonderful it would be

Would I be on an isle in an endless ocean
All alone
I would be happy and free
Not knowing, how this world would be

But my isle is not in an endless ocean
All alone
I'm not happy and free
Knowing, how this world is

It would be wonderful
To be with you
You know, that I mean you
Wonderful it would be

If all human life would suddenly disappear
And only nature would remain
A cruel and awful place this would be
'Cause nature cruel and awful is - don't be naive

It would be wonderful
To be with you
You know, that I mean you
Wonderful it would be

But human life, humans, not more than animals
Tender, also a swan can be
But symphonies, paintings, poetry....
Are we really only a bit more smarter animals
How disappointing this would be

It would be wonderful
To be with you
You know, that I mean you
Wonderful it would be

I dream about, to be tender to you, like a swan
I dream about, to forget this world, while being with you
I dream about, to love you, without any idea, what this word means
I dream about, to write love poems only, only for you

It would be wonderful
To be with you
You know, that I mean you
Wonderful it would be

So Much Beauty

So much beauty in this world - you cannot imagine
Landscapes of mere beauty
Artworks of mere beauty
A tender smile - so beautiful, beyond all measure

You can drown in beauty
You can vanish in beauty
You can lose yourself in beauty
You can become drunken of beauty

Women such beautiful
Wherever I look, I see a beautiful woman
Yes, that's a bit silly, and I'm a bit drunken
But only a bit, and come on, women are simply wonderful

I become sad, thinking about all this beauty in this world
Sad about them, who are not able to see
Sad about them, who are not allowed to see
Sad about them, who are not in the position to see

Can you imagine a world, a world of beauty
It's naive, ridiculous and stupid
The sunset at Santa Monica Beach - so beautiful
The sunset in Skid Row - so devastating

Maybe I should try to write an utopia
I hardly will be able to, only a dystopia I can see

Limelight

Sure, I would love it, would I stand in the limelight
Sure, I would love it, would the audience applaud
Sure, I would love it, would my writing be published
Sure, I would love it, would I become a famous author

And this is what shows me that I develop
Because I crave for it, more and more
It's my aim more and more, occupies my mind more and more
But I think this has to be so, it's a must, a necessity

"Dreamin' about heroin" - yeah, aviation, travel, ride - call it as you like
"A war in my mind" - yeah, doubts, fears, anxieties - call it as you like
Sitting here with my pen and paper - with a cocktail on the table
The alternatives?

Sitting at home, looking fucking boring TV shit?
Talking stupid, meaningless, senseless talks?
Sleeping?
I'm more and more drunken from writing!

Sorry, Cecily
Sorry, Kishana
Sorry, Minh
It had to be - the Old Man loves you all

Quotes:
Lana del Rey; "Heroin" and "Get Free"

The Endless Dream

I dream the endless dream
To be touched by your touch
Ah, Old Man, too early for a love poem
Makes no sense without love!

I would love it, to be in love
I mean, really in love - but what would this mean
So old now, never a crazy love
Would you like it, to be with me

Wow, L.A. Zoo, watching the condors
Wow, Gus's, soup of the day
Wow, Broadway, a mocha
Wow, Santa Monica Beach, sunset

Would you like it to see Germany, Heilbronn
Wonderful Italian ice cream
Nice places for a cocktail
Relaxed dinner in a restaurant

Yeah, I've written it before - I crave for
To be famous and maybe even rich
To fall in love and to be no longer alone
And if I would had to decide - I would decide for love

Honestly

Funky

Yeah, funky music
Stretch; "Why Did You Do it"
Would I be only one time this cool
Would I be only one time as free

"man, it's him, me and you"
"one, two"
Oh, it's so funky and cool music
And Edwyn Collins not less!

"I've never known a girl like you before"
Yeah, I lust for, to say this
Yeah, I should do something stupid
Next time in Los Angeles and also San Francisco

Would I write suchlike cool poetry?
You would be my only one
You would be my black swan
You would be my gorgeous bird

You I would offer black roses every day
You I would offer black diamonds every day
You I would offer my black thoughts every day
You I would offer my black heart every day

You I would present my self
You I would present the world
You I would present the stars
You I would present the universe

A gentle touch would be enough

To Be A Whore

Driving home, same street than always, same whores at the street as always
Have written so much shit about you
Kissing your bare feet
Standing in the cold and waiting for the fucking men

Suck his cock, let him fuck you
What a shit life - does you become rich
Not, I fear
What a fucking life

Pissed Off

I'm pissed off
Have written about the AfD
Like the French, the Austrians, the Dutch did it
Again, I'm a fantastic politics prophet!
I'm that much pissed off!

Oh, the CDU / SPD coalition was stupid and disappointing
Oh, Merkel, sorry, your campaign was shit
Oh, Schulz, your reaction was good
Oh, Göhring-Eckardt, your statements give hope
Oh, Lindner, don't like the FDP, but we will see
Is there hope?

Sitting here in a bar, a real (classical) bar, Manhattan
Ask for an Old Fashioned - unknown
Why one cannot get an Old Fashioned in this city

Would like to get drunken - late shift tomorrow, so no problem
Why the people elect always such big mouths
Why one elects such a party with such racist and nationalistic statements - fuck, this is Germany!
And East Germans, you get billions for the "Aufbau Ost" - I get sick!

I'm so disappointed, so sad
We live in a nation with
A fantastic health care
A fantastic social system
Free education on a very good basis
A fantastic apprenticeship system
And so much more
Yes, there are poor people, unemployed
But even they have not to sleep in cars or on the street

Show a bit of gratefulness
To live in peace
To live in this country
To live in Europe

Ah, come on, when there's a nation that should be a bit more modest
Then Germany after '45
Built on millions of dead, killed, slaughtered people
Built on concentration camps and crematories

I'm only disappointed
Should I be hopeful
Oh, Merkel, your talking was so..... - fuck
Oh, the idiot from Bavaria - the same shit as always
And the others - should there be hope

Schulz, You're A Sozi?

Wow, Schulz, nearly as good as Schröder
Should this mean that we will see in the future the old SPD
You know, against the Enabling Act but architect of the "Versöhnungspolitik" - Willy Brandt
An inspiring party with a vision for the future
A vision for Europe
Yeah, with a vision for the future

The Inside On The Outside

Yes, people fear, but - come on, have you ever seen L.A.?

The city is full of garbage, on every street
The city is full of homeless, at every place
The city is full of failed, in every neighborhood
The city is full of lost souls, at every corner

But

I felt so alive in this city
I feel so dead in this city

I sit in an elegant bar - for the first time here
Hey, okay, I'm a single, but I'm only a fucking worker, no millionaire
Sure, cannot spend so much for a drink every day, but
Syria, Skid Row....what should I name
They will never have the slightest opportunity to

Sit in such a bar
And drink a Manhattan

The Inside In The Outside

I think it's true, the more someone has, the more he fears that he lose it, the more he's frightened....

We Germans have so much now, more than the average American - without any doubt!

Yes, we have problems, but can a German become bankrupt because he's ill - no!
Only an example!

Fuck, the world would had been every right after WW II
To hate us, to destroy this nation - but.....

We should be.....
Yeah, we should be.....

Fuck!

The Inside And The Outside

How arrogant is it, to sit here
Earn money with hard work - cook is no easy job
As said, I'm a single - therefore no kids, okay, a bit arrogant

To say it clear, it's not that easy to save the money to stay four weeks in America
But in the end I'm able - as a cook - to be four weeks in California - I'm able to afford it
And yes, I cannot spend a fortune in L.A. and S.F., but I have enough for every day

Yeah, that's Germany - no paradise, you can be desperate in this country also, but

I'm only disappointed

I'm Disappointed

Why you're playing a tango now
Not the music that's good for, to make me happy
Mentioned Astor Piazzolla yesterday
"AA"
What a wonderful music - Ella

I become so tired now
I like to fall asleep and never awake again
To leave all this
To fade away
Will I be able to read my handwritten words later

Now a funky song like yesterday
I wish to disappear
I wish to lose myself in drugs
Should I become an alcoholic
At least not in a bar like this
Too expensive!

The Big City

I wish me so much, to be in the big city again
And San Francisco
Oh, I wish, that this bar would be there

Still disappointed - or?
Yes, still disappointed!

11.30 pm - no time to drive home
Planned to finish "The Chinese Girl" this night
No chance, will typewrite, will I be able to read

If I would have a gun in my back pack
I would do it now
What a graceful leaving
Headshot in an elegant bar with a half glass Manhattan on the table

Would be cool – or?

Have To Change Now

Felt it during the last weeks - have to be consequent now
Listened to Elizabeth when she sings about heroin, the change that comes and to get free
Now I have no other chance anymore - now I have to be consequent

Or

To get fat again
To get – no, I cannot go back again
Forward or nothing
Forward

Should I order an Alexander later
Would be my first

Alexander

I've ordered an Alexander now - brown of course, or would be white better?
Have asked - open till 3.00 am
That's bad, in my mood - it's 11.45 pm now!
My third cocktail now - too much too fast!

Barfly comes into my mind - Bukowski
Who should be able to read this handwritten stuff later?
But the Alexander tastes fucking good - much too much good!

And "Radio Monte Carlo" as music - yeah, that's Heilbronn!
Monte Carlo, should I start now, to write about Elizabeth's music?
I mean - Monte Carlo!

Picture

Consider, I would become famous
Consider, I would sell millions of books
Consider, I would become rich

Would they hang up my picture - like Hemingway - and say:
In our bar he drank his first Manhattan and his first Alexander

Should I mention the name of the bar?

"Caipirinha"

Angela

Oh, I really feel that I get drunken now - should I drive home?
Yes, the Alexander tastes fucking good!
Yes, Angela again for four years "Kanzlerin"!
Sixteen years then - like Helmut!
Sixteen years Helmut - so fucking!
Sixteen years Angela - so fucking!
Can we learn something from the Americans?

Two terms - learn it, Germany!
Eight years are enough!
I'm drunken now?

I'm A Fucking Author Now!

How much I've changed!

No longer that fat guy, laying on the couch, looking all that TV shit!
No longer that fat guy, a lot of plans and nothing in the end!
Now sitting in a nice bar and writing texts like this!
When I will be able to read this later, it will be a miracle!

00.05 am

Alexander half empty, I'm drunken, at least more than usually at Hartmans!
Would it be better to take a taxi?
Or a large and hot coffee?

Come on, still three hours left to get a clear brain again!

What Does Life Means?

How much ugly it is, to sit here and to become more and more drunken
From Manhattans and an Alexander?

While people starving, become killed in senseless wars, drown in the Mediterranean Sea
Become raped, tortured - and I sit here and become drunken more and more?

It's beautiful to sit here, like it - feel better now, no longer that much drunken anymore -
A second Alexander - or better a coffee instead?

00.30 am

A hot coffee

Good God! "A hot coffee" - that's what the words above mean.....

Couple At The Bar

The couple at the bar
She's not bad-looking - a bit boring
Yeah guy, what do you think
You will fuck her tonight
It's 00.45 am now

It's Sunday night - you both have to work later
The bar at least gets more and more empty
And to be exact: It's "Radio Monte Carlo 2"

Hey, the couple at the bar
Leaves the bar right now
00.50 - maybe

Wish you both a fucking good night
While my café au lait arrives

Café Au Lait

Does good now, only I and another man in the bar now

01.15 am

I think it's enough for today
Have to typewrite the writing later
What a strange day, evening, night

Have worked - early shift
Have elected - not Angela
Was disappointed, very disappointed
Have drunk three cocktails
Have drunk a café au lait
Will drive home, whores
Should eat something
Will prepare a tea
Will typewrite my writing - at least what I can read

Wow, never thought that suchlike could happen!

Kneel Down

I kneel down sometimes
With one knee
While working
When I clean something
That's difficult to reach

So far, I never thought about it
But now, it feels like
A statement, a protest
Like I would show solidarity
It feels good

What an asshole you have to be
To talk as much shit as he
Free speech only for bumlicker
Or at least you should be white
I wanna see hard tackles, zip your lips!

Again, bigmouth failed with his filthy plan
Again, at least a few republicans showed that they have a backbone
A backbone, like the ones who kneel
Or raise their fist
Like the two, so many years before

It would be something pleasant
To see, that so many raise their voice
If we would live in the 30's or 40's
If we would live in the 50's or 60's
But not in the new millennium

I feel a weight that drags me down
See no change, only a bit cosmetics
A fascist a venerable is
A slave a modern gladiator
Yeah, give him some millions and kill his brain

How happy I'm
To be a white and on top a man
Not much better it could be
Yeah, a bit more money
And a nice little bitch

I kneel down sometimes
With one knee
While working
But I don't raise my fist
No, I don't raise my fist

Four Hundred Dollars

Should I write something about
That a ticket for LDR first to fifth row
Costs four hundred dollars - regularly, not black market

No, she has to comment this
At least I'm not able to spend this
Well, my place by the ordinary is
Back row, where it's cheaper is

Getting Old

You're getting old now
Every day I see it
Every day a bit more
Not so much time left now

Not so much time left now
To say what I should say
What I'm unable to say
At least in this way

At least in that way
In that I'm able to do it
Should I write a story
Or should I wait till it's too late

Tori Amos

Yesterday, Munich, what an impressive show. Not bought "Native Invader" before, not listened to any song before, not listened to your music for a long time. My idea was to drive to Munich and listen to you - only to see what will happen - I'm totally impressed!

Your appearance onstage, alone, surrounded by the piano and the keyboards - the pictures in the background and the light show, but most.....

What I've learned while listening to you was passion and to do it - you were in your own world while playing, at least it looked so, like Joanna Newsom.

I prepare myself for my readings in Los Angeles and San Francisco - I should try to concentrate on my reading, not to the audience. And in the end you're unable to see the audience onstage, due to the spotlights. Forget the audience, perform, do your best, what happens will happen. Show passion, show feelings, not think about how it looks - try to be yourself.

My writing is mine - remember what was said about her, I think in Germany it was extreme - Elizabeth? She's a difficult person, a Kate Bush clone, she's aggressive, the way she sits and plays the piano, her lyrics strange and not understandable, her clothes - and so much more.

Whatever, it was very impressive - so different; Morcheeba, Seasick Steve, Rival Sons, RHCP, Elizabeth. The Unthanks in Manchester, December? I think this would be too much, December I have to start with the final preparation for California.

Thank you, Tori Amos. It was wonderful, impressive - your playing and singing, your voice - a teaching evening. I really, really hope this was not the last time! I would love it to see you again, one time.....

Thank you Ms. Amos!

Tori Amos

Your show was so different - compared to Elizabeth in Paris.

Okay, one time the Philharmonie in Munich, one time an open air festival in Paris.

But then I have the feeling it was not so different at all.

Two female singers, two singers not really mainstream.

Two female singers, two extraordinary voices.

Two female singers, both with their musical universe.

Two female singers, but then so different.

You alone onstage:

Your play is absolute perfect - or?

When you switch from the piano to the keyboards during a song, often several times, not easy - or?

Your singing is absolutely perfect - or?

You master all notes perfectly, to sing such songs is not easy - or?

Elizabeth with her band and the dancers onstage:

She feels unconfident sometimes, you see it.

She hits the wrong note sometimes, even I can hear it.

She cries sometimes onstage.

She smiles like a Cheshire cat (Honigkuchenpferd) sometimes.

And well, her guitar playing is not the best – Yayo!

But then, both times it was wonderful - Paris and Munich. So different and in the same moment so alike. Two wonderful artists - two women, what will Elizabeth sing on her sixteenth album?

And Tori Amos? The quarrels with her record company? Me And A Gun? You're immortal now - I envy you, does I envy you for your life? This would be disgusting to say this - I sit on your back - we've different roles in this play - I should begin therewith to play mine!

The Fucking Life

What should we do with our lives?

On the basis, that you can ask you this question!

Should I drink as much and eat as much as I can? To become an alcoholic and an extremely fat guy, till the day I die? But come on, I like food and I like this wonderful cocktails! Or should I continue to slim and keep my cocktail consumption under control?

Should I try to fuck as much women as possible and to drive a fucking fast car?

Should I try to become rich or famous or both - mass-murderers become famous, and sometimes also rich!

Should I start to believe - but in which of all this gods?

Should I tell everybody that I'm the most clever, that I know all the answers, that I'm the one, whom to follow?

California, Los Angeles, would be a good place therefor!

I become a guru!
Solves my problem with women!
Would make me rich!
Every night I fuck another bitch!
Every day I drive another car!
And from time to time you kill someone for me!

I knew it all the time
California is my state
And L.A. is my lady
And I've the largest dick!

Take Five

Take five, give six
Does this makes sense
Or I'm a bit too drunken
Café au lait is ordered

Things make sense or not
Sometimes it's better they make not
Sometimes it's better to act senseless
Fuck, what does sense means

I'm tired of
Being meaningful
I should be
More senseless

I see it more and more
I have to read
In Skid Row
At Santa Monica Beach

Can not await it
To be there again
Can not await it
To be in San Francisco

And when it ends
Ends in a disaster
Committing suicide
Always a possibility is

But because always
There's no reason to rush
You can be relaxed
And see what happens

Lust For Life
Yeah, I'm a bit drunken
Café au lait helps a lot
I feel it more and more

Lust For Life!

Lust For Life

Should I feel sad now
Wow, an all time jazz classic
"Summertime" - wow, it's Ella, or?
Yeah, it's Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong!
Three cocktails and now café au lait

Summertime - and livin' is easy
So fucking easy
Stop this shit - how beautiful their singing
And the cotton's high

Four months, still four months
Four months, now you have to show, what to you're able to - headshot
Four months, show it, your a sucker
Four months, I lust for life
Four months, I lust for the cities
Four months, I lust for reading there

Four months
I lust for "My Sweet Little Sixteen"
I lust for "New Orleans Blues"
I lust for to lust for
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life
I lust for life

I lust for

Las Vegas

Should I name a city in America that illustrates the American illness
Then I would name Las Vegas - today more than yesterday.

What should one say? That the weapons manufacturers' equities rises - happy capitalism? That Mr. Asshole President talks about compassion? Yeah, Robbie, the Mandalay Bay Hotel! CSI - a lot of work for you and your team, Gil! Should we talk about gun laws - how senseless! Should we talk about the last years? The next years? The new record? Can I place a bet, when will someone break this new record? I'm sick about this shit!

Yesterday I've written: Lust For Life!

Today? Should I better fly to Toronto? A bit cold in February, but friendly people and no gun shit - hey, they even have health care! No asshole as president, no Nazis in office, no money-grubbing family members in the wing - sounds like a cold paradise.....

To be honest? I don't understand you Americans - is it so difficult? Or you really think, that things can't be better in another country than they are in America? That maybe, maybe another country makes something better? Or you're really only a bunch of arrogant assholes - like some say? So far I thought this is shit, but sometimes.....

Sorry, but I'm devastated. What now, wanna arm festival visitors? This is such a shit - I'm empty and listen to Garbage

*Here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
It's falling down and
All around me falling*

Born To Be Killed

Yeah Elizabeth, that would be a song title!

But honestly - I'm really tired about this shit! "Drowning Oneself" - Sandy Hook at the end, nothing changed! And this time - many words and no deeds as always? If this would happen in Germany - nobody ever would come to the idea that something like this could happen in Germany, but if, whole Germany would be on the street and policy would react - would have to react! Oh sorry, you arm teachers and train them by the NRA!

And now? I'm really dubious about my thoughts, my dreams to live in this country - after the election I was shocked, one day, then it was obvious that I have to travel, now more than before! But now it's the second day - I even have my problems to start with "My Sweet Little Sixteen" and "New Orleans Blues" - all appears so senseless now.....

Okay, California is not Nevada, should this help? Should I travel to Boston? To Providence, Peter's city of birth? I don't know? Today ice-hockey in Heilbronn - Facebook, the Ice Bears played fantastic and won, couldn't go - as Peter, the Peter in the hardboiled stories sometimes says: Too much death around me.....

Committing Suicide

Now I wanna become famous
To die then after

Now I have the feeling
It would be disgusting
To commit suicide

Now I have the feeling
I would spit in their faces therewith
Of them who died yesterday

Also Tom Petty died
Hope, before this shit happened
Or, that no one told him therefrom

Would be sad when he would had left
With this in the end
R.I.P.

R.I.P.

Is this the message to all the dead in Las Vegas
How they should, when this can happen again every day?

No, now I never will commit suicide
Someone has stolen their lives
It would be a shame, would I steal mine

Whatever will happen, I have to accept it
Whatever will happen, I have to bear it
And if I would have success?

Even if not, I have to be grateful
Every day given to me, I have to be grateful
But if, yeah, what then?

I think I should be
Is this a coincident, that this is page 100
"The World Of Love And Happiness"?

Who knows, I know nothing
I'm a human, but what does this means
How does it feels, to fire hundreds of shots at defenseless people

What a dishonest question
Should I close my eyes, to be at the Mandalay Bay Hotel
Or in Auschwitz, a white "Übermensch", or an IS fighter who kills for the true faith

I feel empty and alone
And the page is filled, page 100
No answers, not even questions, only the inability to understand this world, the world of the humans

Quiet Wild Palms

The world changed in one day

Still not able to begin with the writing of the stories
I had planned to stay in the US - right now, September 18th till October 8th
In Los Angeles and San Francisco and maybe a short trip to Las Vegas
Wow, Las Vegas

How would it be, to be in the US, right now
In Los Angeles or San Francisco, in California
In Las Vegas, in Nevada - *It only takes two hours to Nevada*, Elizabeth

Come from a jazz concert - Cave 61, Thursday
Wonderful female jazz singer - Julia Ehniger
Caipirinha now, Manhattan, not able to drive home

Not eaten - two pears, one peach - Elizabeth's peaches
At a gas station a coffee and a small packet of gummy bears, the good ones
At the jazz club, better at the "Altes Theater", two Spätburgunder and an Espresso
Now a Manhattan - bad idea with an empty stomach, or a pretty good one, or Petty?

Have not to work tomorrow - so no problem
And Las Vegas?
A big, big problem - not for you Elizabeth: *He doesn't mind I have a Las Vegas past*
Fuck the NRA, fuck the gun fetishists, fuck the conservatives
(not all? also some democrats on the list?)
I think I should drink everything today - next?
Gin Tonic - a classic, and then
Alexander - too good, and then
No and then, this will kill me

This will kill me, what a nice phrase!
Fifty-nine times, so far!
Have written that I now never will commit suicide
Not said that I will not become an alcoholic
Sweet, sweet alcohol - was it cool, Elizabeth?

Have no idea what I should do
Have problems to work, to live
As the Little Girl said ("The Chinese Girl"):
because everything is senseless

fifty-nine times

Bartender

Sittin' at the bar, the bartender works in front of me
Since a longer time now I think about
Would I be able to start again
No longer cook would be my choice
To work behind a bar it would be

Interesting people, old men who writing things
With pen and paper
The world of cocktails, more and more interesting
To work through the night
Like it, to be awake at night
To see the sunset, to see the sunrise
Then to go to bed

Bartender at the Mandalay Bay Hotel
Did Robbie Williams drunk a cocktail before - Sunshine
Did "he" drunk a cocktail before - at least six hundred hits
How many shots you fired? I guess two thousand, or is this too much?
Fucking cool firepower
God bless the NRA

Quiet Wild Palms

How to bear this fucking life
To see your president makes me sick
Angela? - No real politics at all.....
Sanders? Schulz? - Would they have visions?

Why we behave all this time so stupid
Why we can accept the drowning in the Mediterranean Sea
Why we can accept Skid Row
Why we can accept Las Vegas
Fuck, you can accept your fucking president
Fuck, we can accept the attempts to destroy Europe

First Gin Tonic - a special Gin? - hell, have no idea! - no, no special
And?
Gin - junipers - like the taste of junipers
Normally as junipers-cream-sauce (Wachholdersahnesauce) to game dishes
But?
Also as Gin not bad - Gimlet?
Gin is cool, like the taste - Mandalay Bay?
Gin Tonic, Mandalay Bay at the bar and then the big killing
You were a fucking coward

I shit on your grave!

The Fucking Coward

Isn't it interesting, that all this mass murderers
Kill themselves
Only fucking cowards!
If they would be "men" - hey, they are all men, where are the women?
What does this tells us?
If they would be "real men", they would stand for their deeds!

I piss on your grave!

Be a man! Face your deeds! You're a fucking coward!
Like Hitler and his pack!
It's easy to kill millions and send millions into death, but then.....
Nuremberg Trials? Look at this fuckers and their excuses!
None has the backbone to say how arousing it was to send millions into the gas chambers!
Fucking cowards!

Gin Tonic - fucking good!
Lot of alcohol today - okay, during a time span of four and a half hour now

Mandalay Bay - Gin Tonic - Death

The In-Box In The Out-Box

What atrocities one should enumerate
In this way I've written - "Dark Heart"
Yeah, Las Vegas would be a good one!

How would it be - as an American
To sit in a bar - Los Angeles, San Francisco or why not Las Vegas
Open my back pack and grab my gun
To shoot myself - headshot
Or, how about to shoot, to kill as many in the bar as possible?
The fuck is, in America this would be possible!
In Germany? Nearly impossible for me!

I dream the American dream
To become an American
To live in Los Angeles or maybe also San Francisco
To become an author
To find an audience
To find a partner in spirit
Yeah, the American dream

American dreams came true somehow - Elizabeth

Mirror Ball

Mirror ball, mirror ball, tell me all - Mr. Young!

All that croaking - like in a spaghetti western
Dirty, ugly, nasty - real, reality
Like the young man - Altman
Why I not start to drink faster?
Plan to drink a café au lait - after my next Gin Tonic

Why?

Why I not kill my brain?
Have said I will not kill me - but my brain?
00.30 am, Thursday, wow, a lot of people in the bar - not thought
03.00 am, still two and a half hours left
How long has the bar opened, in the Mandalay Bay?
Stupid question - or?
24/7 - or?
24/7 - time to die!

Country Music

Would I go to a concert - country music
Would I stay in the US, say Las Vegas - maybe
It's not my music - but like Petty for instance, so why not

How was it, was the dying, as it began
As you were not able to find shelter
As people died aside you, or get wounded

How was it, as your beloved died in your arms
Close your eyes, idiot, and feel it
Or kill your brain with alcohol - why not Gin

Does anybody notices that tears running down my cheeks
Fuck, I'm not interested in

Gin is a fucking cool stuff!

1.00 am

Time is ticking down, my time
I feel so fucking empty, without hope
I wanna sleep forever, close my eyes forever

*I'd follow you down down down
Deeper and deeper
Harder and harder
Darker and darker
Elizabeth*

Should I listen to the "Wildecker Herzbuben"
Come on, now you're drunken!

Oh, Elizabeth
I never will become famous
I never will become an author
But come on, sitting in this bar
Among all this cool people
At the bar an outstanding beautiful women
Not alone - sure, this is no Hollywood movie
But

Better than....listen to county music and get killed – or?

Have I

Have I changed - Elizabeth?
Sure, after 01.00 am now, sitting in this cool bar
Many cool people - okay, I'm not cool
The music is cool - my drink?
At least a classic drink
The bar gets a bit empty now - wow, I'm still here.....

I'm still not hungry, so long awake now
Have not eaten that much - a bit fruit and the gummy bears
Should eat something later
Oh fuck, what a fucking easy live!
Will I be able to read this writing later
Not will type it later
Will drink more - still time left
Should eat something later
And then I should sleep

It's 04.00 am in Las Vegas now - or?
Too early for a drink?

Empty

Now the bar gets empty - still people but lesser
While sitting with my café au lait
Empty as I feel empty - now I start to write stupid things.....

However, I'm tired, not because I should sleep
But because of this world, the human world, and I have no idea how to handle it
Yeah, Elizabeth: "*13 Beaches*"
Would like to talk with you
Do you think I will find a partner?
Again I have the feeling that this will end in a disaster
Should I be optimistic?
Why?

I think no Alexander today - would not fit!
Still have the nice taste of juniper on my tongue.....
The café au lait does good

No, definitely no Alexander any more
Oh fuck, the good cocktails like you more and more
Okay, as far as I have this stuff not at home, no danger, but
Should I write something 'bout tea now

Yeah, like it very much to drink tea
Could I drink a tea here in this bar? I think so, or?

Tea at the bar in the Mandalay Bay Hotel?
Better than a cocktail - at least when you plan a massacre.....

Surreal

How real, how surreal is an act like the one in Las Vegas?

Surreal for me - at least with open eyes
Real for all those who were there

It's nearly 2.00 am now, enough for today
Worked - early shift
Showered, shaved, dressed
Jazz concert
Bar
Should eat something
No Alexander

Fuck!
I wanna become an author!
Fuck!
I wanna live in the US!

Not always - American dreams come true.....

Six Hundred

Only a number, yet still, so much more

Tomorrow I will start, have to start with the stories
Should I include Las Vegas into "My Sweet Little Sixteen"?
I think so, should write about it, would match the end

Yesterday Caipirinha, today Hartmanns - Whiskey Sour
Today my free day, thus far all okay
But have my problems with all
Shit, no fitting line by Elizabeth in mind

Life goes on, what a shit
Headshot - if you're able
Tell me, your writing is fuckin' cool shit
Tell me, you're the new Bukowski

Whiskey Sour - down in one - why not
Should I buy a bottle at the gas station
Should I drink it later
No god idea - early shift tomorrow

So we see, I'm no new Bukowski
He would have done it
And my writing?
No four months and I know it

Now it's obvious that I have to read for instance
At the soup kitchen and MacArthur Park
Crenshaw and Compton
And of course Santa Monica, at the beach and the pedestrian area

This period approaches its end
Only one more hardboiled story to write
The other stories, we will see what will happen
"The World Of Love And Happiness" over one hundred pages now

Till my next aviation I will have written
Over one thousand pages
Several stories
"The World Of Love And Happiness" already my most comprehensive part

Without any doubt I will have done all I can
Sure there will even some more development during the last months
And now, now I have also a fitting line by Elizabeth
Or maybe better two

*I'm in love with a dying man
I have done everything I can*

Would you join me

Would you join me, come on, I'm alone
Hey, maybe I'm not the best choice, but definitely not the worst
Hey, I can cook, do the laundry and clean the house
Yeah, I'm definitely not the greatest lover, but my mousse au chocolate is legendary

If you wish, I will have a tattoo with your name
Everyone can see it - Elizabeth would be cool
But also Ella or Billie, Joanna, Shirley or Skye, Catherine or Allison,
Rachel or Becky would be cool, not to talk about Emilie or Nina, and Beth of course,
And why not Adele on with absolute pleasure Hiromi - you see, a huge selection
Hey, I can be a really funny guy - at least as long as I not think about this world, the human world

Wouldn't it be cool in a bar, drinking cocktails
In the jazz club - I'm a member - with a glass of wine
In an Italian ice cafe, some ice cream and a espresso
I would show you the stars, and our planets

Would you like it, to drink a cup of tea with me
Would you like it, to drive in my Citroen - no Ami 6 - with me
Would you like it, to go to Paris, Lollapalooza, with me
Would you like it, to become my soulmate, to spend you life with me

I would like it to do it - whatever your name is

Storm

The storm comes, not in the eye we'll stay
This storm has no eye, no safe zone, only destruction

A horrible president, inflated stock markets and so much more
But most of all, insane people - too much

So much lines in my head - dead horses, the cold, the apocalypse
Hey Shirley and the others from Garbage, you have no good influence on me

Or maybe you only express my feelings
Maybe better than I'm able to

Three young women at a table - all in black only
One very beautiful - goth style with fishnet stockings

To be a goth, a solution or only nice clothing and boots and posing
Hey, Marilyn Manson comes into my mind – grinning

The Lost Souls

Okay, souls not really exist, but it's a good image
Lost Souls
At least not in the religious sense, as immortal entities
Lost Souls
As a description of an interior state of emotions and feelings
Lost Souls

See the lost souls of this world
Hear them crying
They search for a place to be

I search for a place to be
Not knowing where I should search
Hopeless to find

I think I've the blues - or?
Would like to be in Crenshaw now
There some soul food would do me good now

To end up in the "El Pollo Loco"
Opposite Leimert Park

Define

Who defines a society, a nation, a population?

The crackerjacks
The rich
The intelligent
The intellectual
The elite
The political class
...

The poor
The failed
The uneducated
The unemployed
The homeless
The doubtful
...

All citizens?

In Germany every citizen can elect automatically,
He gets automatically an invitation for every election
In the US a system excludes many from the opportunity to elect

Who says that the US are a democracy?

Weasels Ripped My Flesh

Well Frank, you allow me to name you Frank
Wow, Sergio Leone and Henry Fonda - you should not mention his name
And his nice wife will sue you - Zappanale
But for him I think it would be okay - or Frank?

So, this fucking weasels hurt me
I hate weasels - kill all weasels
Fucking difficult in Germany
In the US I would fuck them with my super power fire rifle

I would like it, to kill this fucking weasels
Hey, they started the war!
Only when the last weasel is dead, we will be able to live in peace and harmony
Okay, this fucking gophers, but.....

But then, when the last fucking gopher is dead.....

Well, Ice Bears

First match I saw this season
Two days ago, away, you win with a ten goal lead

You're the killer of the league
Four times champions in row
Okay, last season only runner up
But today.....

I never saw, never heard about
You played that bad - even the 2:6 was a flattering result!

Bought me an Ice Bear's cup after the play
Will use it as my tea cup now
Will use it for the next monthly picture
And in fourteen days I will be able to see you again

Go Ice Bears!

Crown

I wear a crown on my head
No, no crown made of thorns
No, no crown made of gold
No, no crown made of gems
I wear a crown on my head
A crown made of

I fade away - never burned
I feel it more and more
My thoughts darker and darker - never unburdened
I feel it more and more
Tired, so tired - should kill myself with drugs or jumping off of bridges
I feel it more and more

Would I ever have success - whatever this would mean
So strange, even scary, it would be
Thus far, even Santa Monica Beach
Thus far, the thought they would applaud
Thus far, the thought that someone could and would love me
Yeah, this would be strange, surreal it would be - and I don't believe in it

Will I ever have success - whatever this will mean
I will know that life is unfair
'Cause it would be unfair
It would be unfair that I
It would be fair to fade away
That nobody would remember me

Give me a wish - only one
You know what it would be
They say: Life is unfair!

A Surrealistic Dream

The world lives in peace and harmony
Yeah, sure, with assholes like Donald
And folk that supports him

I see this pink room, the secret garden, and I wanna to live therein
I wanna be the eight-year-old girl - a little girl
I would refuse to know this world - only my room and the garden

Stand up and fight against them
Don't let them do and have an easy win
Fight, resist - become a hero

I lose myself in alcohol and drugs
I lose myself in a Prince guitar solo
I lose myself in the Endless Ocean

What do you think?
I dream a surrealistic dream
To write something meaningful - little stupid dreamer

Plurality

I sit here, Hartmans, Sunday evening, Cosmopolitan
On my right they play chess and speak - I think it's Spanish
On my left they drink and eat and speak - Serbian or Croatian?
As music a French chanson

How wonderful the world can be
Hey, some speak German also
Order a Gin Tonic, not so much cucumber please
Suddenly its getting crowded - 9.45 pm

Why we cannot live simply together
Will I see a true American next time in California
All this different voices and languages in my head
Now - not sure, a classic jazz singer, sounds like the 30's or 40's

Okay, that's Nina Simone now - have tears in my eyes
Listened a lot to Prince the last days
What wonderful artist they were
What an embarrassing dilettante I'm

But even then, at least a dilettante
Wow, what a piano solo - this man knew European classic music without any doubt
Nina Simone - how much I envy you
How ridiculous this is!

I envy you for what!
To be an Afro-American woman at this time?
All your skills, wonderful recordings - you worked hard for it
How much had Prince to work for all his skills.....

Yeah, it always looks so easy
Yeah, it's always so easy to envy
Why I'm a fifty-three-year old men - feeling like an eighteen-year-old boy
Time moves away - and I wasted mine!

Now I have to pay the price
More and more I get the feeling
That I could be a real fucking good author
I only would need more time

Said it before:
It's my own fault!
I have to blame myself!
Ashamed about myself!

Story

Should I write a story, a story about a man who wasted his life?
I write it already - since two and a half years now

The only question is, what will be the end
Happy or sad, satisfying or devastating
Who knows? - Not I.....and I'm the author, the author of my life

South American music now - Spanish language
And a new and large group - English speaking
What a fine place!
Would like to stay forever

Would like to stay forever, to drink one drink after the other
Till I'm no longer
Till I fade away
Next week I will write the "Seven Grand" chapter

The "Seven Grand" - look forward to be there
Old Fashioned - in any case!
Sour - in any case!
Manhattan - in any case!
Bartender's choice or special - in any case!

If I would live in Los Angeles, I would miss this place
Hartmans
Would be "Seven Grand" my place - Downtown?
I'm no business man, no decision maker
Should I look for a bar Downtown West

There's one "bar" corner Lucas Avenue and 3rd Street
I always walked by at night and looked in
Never gone into
With many Latinos inside - men and women

Thought I should not - as a tourist
But next time I will
Will be an alien - should I sit there with pen and paper
Should I order a cocktail or better a beer

I think that will be not important
Now I feel that they would accept me
Now I feel this would be my place
Still fifteen weeks.....

Yes, I wasted my life, but maybe only so far
Maybe I'm able to get back my dignity
At least till a certain degree
And the topic about my sibling, not to be able to talk with my parents

Still dream about it - a literary monument
But what should I write?
I know now, to kill myself is no solution
But what should I write?

And then my problem - my problem today - to be alone
My whole life I enjoyed it - now I hate it
I would try to write you the most beautiful love poem ever written
Already know the title:
"There's Only Beauty In Your Eyes"

Paolo Conte

Oh, how long I've not listened to you - It's Wonderful
Yes, it's wonderful, everything is wonderful
I'm in such a mood - everything is wonderful
Yes, everything - now, I would shoot a bullet in my head
Would I have a gun in my back pack
But, hey, this is Germany, not fucking America
Not can buy me a gun at every fucking corner - none at all
Fuck!
It's wonderful - It's wonderful - It's wonderful
Yes, Mr. Conte, yes
You're right!

And Now?

Have to finish as many stories as possible till February
Next time Los Angeles and this time also San Francisco
Spend my free days, the evenings and nights, in bars to write texts for
"The World Of love And Happiness"

And then California
Wow, never thought
Wow, why I don't own a gun
Hey, Big Spender

Should I empty my glass
And drive home?
Well, early shift tomorrow
Some Prince tonight?
I should sleep!

Hey, Big Spender
Why I'm no artist.....
Will you spend some time with me?

Part Of The Winners

A career as cook, to become a head chef
Apart of that, I already was, not now
Is it this?
Born to become a part of society

A useful part of course, productive, successful
A part of the winners
But I not chose this country, my family background
To name only this
How would it be

To be able to decide what nationality you have
What gender
What family background
To grow up in an artistic family for instance

Would it be possible that we all would be equal?
But what would this mean?

Some men feel attracted to women
Some to men
Some to older partners
Some to younger partners
The same for women

Is there a natural law or principle
Men only with women around their own age
If we look at the animal's world, the answer is distinct
Everything goes - also, to intensify the issue a bit, an old animal with a cub
And now?

Have asked the question already before
Aren't we more than animals
Well, seeing the way we handle our conflicts and different opinions - our wars
We're worse!
And now?

And now, now this is only one example about society
And already this single example produces one problem after the other
The human world, so unbelievable complicated

Back to the roots, back to the basics?
What roots
What basics
Who decides - who decides for whom?

I would like to live in California
Los Angeles or maybe in San Francisco
At the ocean in any case
But this is not so easy
Even if I would had a job and an income
'Cause unfortunately I'm born in Germany

Yes, I see, that it's a threat for every society
Would it be allowed to come easily
Consider, the Americans would realize how beautiful and easy the living is
In Europe and also in Germany
Wow, millions of Americans would come to Europe
What a horrible thought!

Obviously we need structures to organize the life
Say a government
Say an urban community
Say companies
And so on
Or do we disagree
And then?

Back to stone age? Unfortunately the mammoths are extincted!

Would there be a solution without capitalism, without rich and poor?
My problem? The DDR was shit and I'm happy to be born in the BRD!
Also, to name one, Venezuela makes me not happy
And don't start with Russia and Lenin or whom else.....

The big fish eats the smaller fish - but we are no fishes!
I'm tired and disappointed

How easy it would be
To be a white supremacist
To know that this Latinos and Niggers have all the guilt
Or I would had lived in Germany after '33
To know that this Jews have all the guilt
Or to be a fundamentalist believer
To know that the others, not to talk about the atheists, have all the guilt

All would be so easy!
Or to be member of an esoteric cult, say Sunset Boulevard
To know to be a chosen one
To stand above all the others
Oh, all could be so easy!

How about a carnage?
To top the fifty-eight - so near to sixty!
My name will never be forgotten!
Who's interested in the murdered?
My name will be unforgotten!

Less and less I understand this world and this life
It could be such a gift
Last night I observed my stars
Today I write this text
Tomorrow I will die

It could be so wonderful to live
It could be such a wonderful life
I close my eyes and try
Not to see the pictures, not to hear the squalls
Try to disappear

Let's Write History

Let's write history
Let's develop the society
Let's grow the economy
Let's be winners

I stand on a mountain
And look at the endless scenery
I stand at a beach
And look at an endless ocean
I stand on a mountain
And look at the endless universe

To be human
To explore this world and universe
To create art
"You Will Find A Cherry Tree Under The Sea"
I should write an utopia
A fiction about how wonderful the humans could - or can? - be.....

Alien In Hometown

I love it more and more to be an alien
Here, in my town of birth, here, in this bar
Look at the people, how they behave, their rituals
And enjoying my Alexander - white this time

Much more nice it would be
To be in Los Angeles or San Francisco
In California, in the US
To live in a Latino community
To live in an Afro-American community
To live in an Asian-American community

I would like to be a Dreamer
Who dreams his American dream
And no longer it would be important
If the dream would become real
Every day I could go swimming
Every day my dream could become true

To Die

I was very depressed the whole day
But now I'm relaxed, again I feel
No, no fire, but a glow
Have to type a lot of pages now
"The World Of Love And Happiness"
Have decided to concentrate for the rest of the month on
"My Sweet Little Sixteen"
To finish this story and therewith the Hardboiled series so far
This would mean, that I have the remaining three months till my next aviation
For the other stories

Wow, fuck, feel good
Yeah, Elizabeth: *I know if I go, I'll.....*
Hell no, not before Los Angeles and San Francisco
Maybe in Los Angeles, but this is a different story.....

What A Fuck

What a fuck, Pharell, 'Cause I'm happy
Would it be that difficult, to care for others
Would it be that difficult, to accept different ways of living
Would it be that difficult, to share the wealth of this world

No, it wouldn't!
But not with such motherfuckers!
No, they aren't sexy motherfuckers!
They are crappy motherfuckers!

What do you think? - Hey, be honest!
It's obvious today that it would be possible
Civilizations on other planets could exist that are billions of years old
Wow, the homo sapiens exists since around 300,000 years in his earliest forms

Is there someone who would be able to imagine, that
The humans race would be able to exist a billion years
Knowing how we treat each other
Knowing how we treat this planet
I don't think so - or?

What unbelievable possibilities we would have
So sad, sad how we behave
Will write a story
"The Last Day Of Earth"
Think should be a short story for
"The World Of Love And Happiness"

Damn!

Damn, what a fucking world this is!
Some die 'cause of no food
Others could not swallow fast enough
Some have absolutely nothing
Others much to much
Damn, what a fucking world this is!

And even then, shouldn't you love this world
And even then, isn't it hard to leave this world
And even then, wasn't it your only life

Yeah, should I think about all the cruelties
Done by the IS
Done by the "Americans"
Done by the Germans
Done by countless countries, regimes, ideologies, religions.....

Dive into this world and forget everything
Delve into, deep and deeper, be a lovely creeper
Oh, I feel so fucking young
To be a king, even without a queen - Tom Petty
This little world is mine tonight - Elizabeth
Ah, I'm the world
And fuck, I'm not drunken!
No, on the contrary!
So suddenly the feeling:
Never I was more awake before!
Like I would awake just now
For how long?

Till the next time, I feel depressed again
Till the next time, I feel so fucking alone
Till the next time, I fear to fail as author and artist
Till the next time, I think about suicide
Till the next time, I look at this world

Who knows - not now, not now
Maybe tomorrow, but Tonight's The Night
Mr. Young!

Alexander

White you're not bad.....
But come on!
Brown you're much better!
Is this racist? - Wow, now I'm a bit drunken!

And when you wish to kill your brain
I think is this cocktail cool
The sweetness, the brandy, the cream -
What a fucking delicious combination!

And the brown better than the white -
The White not bad, but
The Brown!

Alexander,
One should write a story about you
If Peter (Hardboiled) should get "his" drink
Then definitely this one!

01.20 am

01.20 am - what's the time in
Say, Syria - not that different
They die there right now?
Say, California - 4.20 pm
Yeah, and there?

Close my eyes and be there
Close my eyes and smell the tacos
Oh fuck, what should I write?

Three and a half months
The day will come, again LAX
Again Tom Bradly
Again FlyAway
Again Central Station
Again taxi
Again Downtown West, Westlake, MacArthur Park
Again alive!

Salt N Pepa

Should I confess, that I sometimes have the feeling, that I would wish, that I would be
A nigger in Compton or maybe Crenshaw today
Yeah, I know this is fucking shit -
Old Man white-bread!
But that's how I feel
Sometimes

Yeah, I'm still the white guy who can't keep the rhythm
But let me dream, come on!
Yeah, I'm a bit drunken now
And honestly, to think I would live
In Crenshaw, Compton or Downtown West
And they would not laugh about me
Would mean so much to me

Yeah, the flow, the rhythm
Yeah, the play with words
Fuck, I envy you, that's it!

Push it!
Real good!

Till The End

02.00 am, the last café au lait for today
Soon I will drive home, a lot to type
I feel so.....have no idea how I should describe it
My mood changes so often, so much now
Sometimes I feel like an idiot
Sometimes I feel like an artist
It kills me, to be here
Not to be in California
Also you, fuck Prince, it's nice to hear you just right now
Waterfalls - Dark Heart - Elizabeth - Boarding School
Ah, all this references in my head - my mind explodes
I swear, I will listen to you again, the whole night
While typing waterfalls.....

N.B.: I heard a remix in the bar and thought this is a Prince song in the original. But now I see my mistake - "TLC" - but will not change the text!

Cream

Like I said: "Sing this song in the mirror when you go home tonight, please....."

Thanks.....

N.B.: Said by Prince during his last concert.....

The Black Velvety

Listen to the black velvety
To the mellifluous sound
Floating through the air
Tenderly touching my ear

I dream to fade away
The afterglow of a gamma ray
Billions of light years away
A travel through time and space

Tired, me head so grave
My body dissolves, away
Never I was here, anyway
I'm happy, no longer to stay

All this bits in my head
Unburdened in any way
Lose myself, went away
Sleep into eternity

Prince shreds my mind with his guitar
Tom Petty, Southern Accent, Neil Young, Southern Man
Elizabeth offers me heroine
Tori Amos amazes me with her new songs

I dissolve in this world
Vanish, fall apart
And it's a wonderful feeling
How Bizzar, How Bizzar

Listen to the music
Drive with my Chevy alongside the ocean
And the palm trees swaying in the ocean breeze
And I die my final death

Lime pieces and ice
The smell of juniper
The vibrating bass
I'm dying a wonderful death

I lose the feeling for time
Time is senseless now
Time is meaningless now
The blackness of the night rules

The blackness of my heart equals the blackness of the night
No irritating daylight shows me the world
The blackness devours all
The blackness devours me

I feel the horn pierces my body
I feel the claws ripping my flesh
I feel the hand touching gently my skin
What an arousing feeling

You kiss my shoulder tenderly
I'm bound and tied
Awaiting your brutal torture
While you stroke my hair

You're a little masochistic tonight?
Better than sadistic?
A masochist needs a sadist.....
Should I be the sadist?

I'm tired today, I need sleep
I need sleep, I need to dream
I'm empty today, I need sleep
I need sleep, I need to dream

Dream your sweet little dream
Dream and dream on, dream all the time
Nothing more beautiful as your dreams
Nothing more irritating as your imagination

I know nothing and all, all at the same time
I feel nothing and all, all at the same time
I see nothing and all, all at the same time

I have the feeling I get it
Till the next time, I'm depressed again

The Last Day Of Earth

It's the last day of the earth, tomorrow it will all end
Today is today with no tomorrow
Tomorrow will be the end
Tomorrow will welcome the nothing

Today life has stopped, everybody waits
Waits for the end, for tomorrow
Everybody is relaxed, whatever will be
Tomorrow will be the end

Nothing will stay, no memories
All reminds will disappear
The human race has left the universe
As they never would had been there

All their empires, all their wars
So meaningless now
All their wealth, diamonds and gold
So meaningless now
All their prejudices, beliefs and faiths
So meaningless now

For one day, only one day
This day
The last day
All were the same

All shared all
All cared all
All respected all
All loved all

It would be a silly thought
Wouldn't that had been the last day
The last day of earth
But so

But so, it was reality
As reality ended and disappeared
At the last day of earth

Rain's Fallin'

Rain's fallin' outside - I become melancholic
Sittin' here, a little piece of Hamburg in Heilbronn - "Super Bude"
Will be hot next week in L.A.
Over one hundred degree

See the palm trees outside
Hear the ocean's waves
Sittin' on the rocks, next to Elizabeth's house
Enjoy Gus's and tacos at 3rd

Suddenly I feel so free
Have written nothing the last days
But tonight I will write "Seven Grand"
Have to type some poems - maybe next night

Hard time, listened a lot of music
Prince, Tom Petty, Emilie Simon, Chet Baker.....
Dream about to have success, to become famous
Dream, that an audience would love my writing

Fuck, how would it be
An audience in Los Angeles or San Francisco would applaud me
And then later, in the motel room, alone, sitting on the bed
Looking back at this time, reading this texts!

Disappointed?

As the Franklin expedition stranded in the Arctic ice
Eskimos saw them, but not helped them
In the first place they feared them, because they did absolutely absurd things
Maybe due to a lead poisoning
Than, they self struggled with the arctic nature, to stay alive under this circumstances
To feed a group of, obviously ill, people would had been very difficult
If not simply impossible, for them
Why I say this?

Should we blame the Eskimos?
They send this men into their inevitable death!
Should we blame the Eskimos?
Why I say this?

What's the point, I wanna make?
This was then - 1847/48 - in the Arctic
Not today, in our world

Today we would be able to help the Franklin expedition
Today we would be able to feed the world
Today we would be able to live in peace
Yeah, today we would be able

Tax cuts for the richest of the rich - that's a sarcastic joke republicans!
Hope that history will render its verdict on this tastelessness!
This is so fucking - yeah, how much billions do you need?
But it's not about the billions as such - or?
It's the political power that you can buy with them by buying politicians with them - or?

I ram my cock into the bitches ass and enjoy her screams
I'm an important wealthy fucker
I've worked hard for it - what a joke, they believe in this shit – do they?

Enjoying Myself

Different place now - not for the first time, but long ago
Fuck, enjoy it to be here
Sitting at the bar, cocktail drinking
Wow, I'm a bit different

Run after, chase after - I left it behind
And I feel good - at least at the moment
Ah, why this is not L.A.?
Ah, why this is not S.F.?
Ah, why this is October?
Ah, why this is not February?

You know, what would fuck me now?
To die!
Yeah, I know that I've written a lot about suicide
But, come on, not now - this would be simply fucking!

Bar

Is a bar a place where you can be yourself?
At least not in every bar - or?
At least in some bars - or?
At least in real bars - or?

Bars, Bukowski, Hardboiled detectives and their drinks - Mad Men
Would like to sit here forever - an eternity
All the different varieties of alcohol
All the different varieties of ingredients
All the different variations of the same drink
All the different glasses

It's a bit like "Summertime"
An endless row of versions
And you would like to hear them all
All at the same time
That would be cool
And yes, I'm a bit drunken
But only a bit

I Wanna Be King!

I wanna be king
Cause I live in my own world
At least I try so
But no queen

I would see a way
But I fear too much
Should leave all behind
To search for my queen

I would like to live
In a cold castle
High above a mountain
With my birds only

My swans as black as I
My beauty would be my queen
Would protect me
Protect me from me

We would getting old
All together
And we all would
Die, die at the same time

And the rose would wither
And the ocean disappear
And all the lines and dots no longer
Maybe the feather

Yeah, I wanna be king
I really wanna
My two sisters
But I can't

I will decay
And nothing will stay
Only one moment I wanna be
King, king in my own world

All this tears
All this pain
All this unused possibilities
All this fail

I would be a lousy king
No queen would love me
Would have to dungeon her
Otherwise she would run away

Yeah, I wanna be king
But alone
With my birds
High above in the sky

We would fly
No longer knowing limits
No longer being a part of this world
Down there

We would fly
We would dream beautiful dreams
We would forget everything
Would forget to be

We would fly
Through an endless eternity
Till we crash down
Till we die

Yeah, I wanna be king
What a lousy thought
I feel so tired
See no hope

The guitar pains my ears
The sisters flatter them
Rest in peace
Many creative years

We could do
I can not
But it's okay
As long I will be able to listen

I'm a king
While listen to you
In my own little realm
Till we die

Tom Petty: It's Good To Be King
The Pierces: Kings

All's Gone

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

My black swans cried
For a last time
My tears dropped to the ground
Finally in my own

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

Peace is now my friend
A mellifluous scent
A tenderness encompasses me
Harmonies flatter the air

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

I'm happy now
So indescribable happy
So indescribable sad
I'm sad now

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

Why all have to go
Why my dreams not last forever
Why I have eyes and ears
Why I'm not gone

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

I'm happy now
So indescribable happy
I'm happy now
What a sweet little lie

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

Why I'm not one of the brave ones
So long ago
I would had gone
So I will fade away in shame

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

Finally in my own
No, I'm not happy
I'm alone
But at least in my own

All's gone
Nothing stayed
I'm gone
No longer in this world

Strip Naked

Strip naked
And let me forget this world
Strip naked
And present me this world

Present me a world of love
Of harmony
Present me a world of relief
And sweet arousing pain

I'm your apprentice
I'm the supplicant
Let me do crazy things
Let me be crazy

It's funny to write this
Sitting at Eiscafe Gran Gelato
So cold now, nearly November
Enjoying my ice cream, jazz club later

Next two weeks no free day anymore
But tonight, jazz and then some drinks
Caipirinha till around 02.00 am, late shift tomorrow
Look forward to what I will write

Strip Naked

Gypsy jazz today - Brazilian jazz last week
Like my writing, the last days
"Seven Grand" and "Tacos 3rd"
Look forward to the very special chapters
"Colorado Street Bridge" and "Las Vegas"

Strip naked - enjoy your writing
Strip naked - enjoy this time
Strip naked - enjoy this night

Look in the mirror over the bar
And see me
Yeah, I see me
See me
Yeah, I see me

Strip naked - live your writing
Strip naked - live at this time
Strip naked - live this night

Yeah, I see me!

Strip Naked

The USA as a metaphor of this world
Okay, maybe only the "first", the "western" world
Rich and poor, different ethnics, different cultures
L.A. - Chicago - N.Y.
How tasteless can you become, being a republican
All this black and white thinking
I can't understand

I can't understand
Why we humans are such stupid animals
Wonderful it could be
To love this world
So, more like a hell
Like a hell

Should I enjoy my Martini
Should I enjoy this jazz
Enjoyed the jazz a short time ago, was totally over the moon
Enjoy my Martini, like the green olive

The IS is militarily defeated
Have written long ago that this will happen
Not 'cause I'm a prophet
'Cause it's all the time the same story

Also the idiot from N.Y. will be history one time
But like the IS, the pain will stay
All the harm, that was done
All the insane

No, no plazas with dead bodies, bodies hacked to death
Their killing more "sophisticated" is
They kill with laws and presidential degrees
They kill with hate

Why the Americans accept this fucking health care system
Why the Americans accept all this carnage - little children
Why the Americans accept to be treated like slaves by their rich, pious masters
Why we Germans accepted the Holocaust

Seventeen percent in Germany elected the AfD -
Eighty-three percent not!
Is there still hope?
Would like to live in the States -
In California to be straight

The greed for power
The worst of all greed?
Watch a porn movie where a woman is treated like a piece of shit
Should I like it?
She will tell me at the end
That it was a fantastic experience for her
Well, if this is it, this is the case, then.....

Let us treat the world like a piece of shit
Let us treat the people like a piece of shit
Yeah, like a piece of shit
'Cause they are nothing more like a piece of shit
Yeah, like a piece of shit

Have I mentioned in my writing so far
That I'm an Aryan?
Should I travel to KKK land?
They would love me!
No blood of minor value in my veins -
Yeah, I'm an Aryan!

Dream of, to have African blood in my veins
Dream of, to have Indigenous blood in my veins
Dream of, to have Asian blood in my veins
Would like it, to be no Aryan!
To be a chimera.....

Would like it, to have all the blood of this world in my veins
Would like it, to live in every country of this world
Would like it, that all cultures of this world would be mine
Would like it, would all the languages of this world be my native tongue
Yeah, I would love it!
Yeah,.....

The alcohol softly touches my mind
Pinot Noir while listening to jazz
Now Martini
And wonderful soul music
Cradles me into sleep

Have written in reaction to Las Vegas
That I will not commit suicide
'Cause it would be despicable now
But maybe I should kill my brain with drinks
At least it would be a death full of wonderful tastes
Still not knowing, whether drowning is a nice death or not

Or should I stand up and raise my fist like this black man did
Or should I stand up and kneel down like this black man did
I should start to run away
Yeah, maybe they shoot me from behind
But I not will wait in the row
At least I tried

So many died
Civil rights activists
Resistance fighters
Peaceful protesting students
So many more

Only because of
Their gender
Their "race"
Their believes
So much reasons more

I would spit in all their faces
Would I kill myself - committing suicide
Would I kill myself - alcohol, drugs
Fucking cool funk and soul music tonight
Fucking good Martini.....

Shit, I'm still the old white-bread
Unable to keep even the most simple rhythms
But I'm!
I'm still alive!
I'm alive!
I feel like newborn!
I'm newborn!

Okay, also a French chanson is okay -
Especially a classic like Gilbert Bécaud, "Nathalie"
Yeah, Gilbert Bécaud - will listen to you and your fellows, while typing later this night

Strip Naked

Strip naked and worship the dollar
Fuck, I'm rich!
It has to be right
It has to be good
It has to be true
'Cause I'm fucking rich!

Whatever I say
Whatever I do
It's right and true
'Cause I'm rich
Yeah, I'm rich
You poor nothing, I'm rich!

You're nothing
You're voice not counts
You're deeds are wrong
You're convictions are shit
You're a poor nothing
You should be rich!

You're poor
Move your ass, but you're uneducated
Reckon, you're black or a Latino
Or another kind of worthless fellow
Yes, you're a Latino and black
You worthless fellow!

I'm white and rich and God loves me
Look at the paradise - Adam and Eve
Look how beautiful white they are
Like the lamb, the doves and the unicorn
All is white, all is good
That's the truth!

I like the black mustangs
The black swans
The black rose
The black diamonds
Does black unicorns exist?
Yeah, in my dark heart!

Strip Naked

It's funny to sit here, seeing the people, especially the men, especially the at the men's table, in which ways they have to show that they are something special. Who's the alpha leader, the alpha male, the leader - so ridiculous! I sit here - chilled - with my Alexander, this time white - is this politically correct, after my writing before? Who's interested in - I not, therefore I continue.....

I sit here - chilled - with my Alexander, this time white, and enjoy the show - it's really cool and funny - the Alexander is fucking good tonight - although he's white!

It's definitely not the alcohol - too little so far - but I feel a bit drunken. The music before, the music now and all this funny acting - wow, that's a movie! I close my eyes and hear the voices - that's bar life!

Strip naked - this evening and night, what I do, and the Alexander - white - is - wrongly? - made with Brandy and not with Gin, like the last time - miss the Gin a bit.....

All this senseless things, like where you're born or not - life is strange, but it's life and it's your life - yeah, Jaques Brell, just now: Amsterdam.....

*Ils boivent à la santé
Des putains d'Amsterdam
De Hambourg ou d'ailleurs*

and at least I see it so, your only life. Enjoy it, says the white man while fucking the Thai or Philipian child - enjoy it, my lovely! Fucking good my white Alexander with Brandy.....

Strip naked - that's your life, mine!
Strip naked - enjoy also the white!
Strip naked - I will hate it to die!
Strip naked - think was the last time here!
Strip naked - a more sophisticated bar?
Strip naked - a classic hotel bar?
Strip naked - I love my life!
Strip naked - I would like to kiss the whole world!
Strip naked - Don't know, but it's definitely not the alcohol - the Gypsy jazz?
Strip naked - whatever it is, love it!
Strip naked - love it, fuck, I love it!

Strip naked!
Yeah, strip naked!

Strip Naked

I feel so good - why this is not L.A.
Then I would go to Downtown West and Westlake
If I would not be here
3rd Street, or one of the other food trucks
Or barbecue at Westlake Station
Oh fuck, I miss it
Okay, the Italian ice cream before.....

A "Döner Teller"
Or at home a salad with eggs - sunny-side up!
Still overweight - okay, still three months time
Three months - yeah, three months
Only ninety days!
Santa Monica and Downtown West
And this time also Van Nuys and Compton
And not to forget
San Fran!

Fuck, I feel so fucking good!

Eve's Story

You wanna know Eve's story? Well, there was a time as everything was in harmony. Eve and a man lived, together with all kinds of animals, in a wonderful garden. Harmony, only harmony! Okay, some are so arrogant to ask what animals like lions or tiger had eaten - but harmony, only harmony! And with this the story ends - would end, if there would not had been a certain incident. As said, all was harmony - but there was a snake, not so harmonic - is this a contradiction? Whatever, the snake talked with Eve, with the woman! The snake showed her a tree, a tree with very special fruits, the tree of knowledge - knowledge? The snake was bad - knowledge is bad? The snake seduced Eve - seduced? To what? To become a knowing being? He.....I sit here, Whiskey Sour, and write this - why I'm able to write this? Let's recapitulate.....

There was this garden and nothing happened - okay, harmony, all harmony.....and then? Then, the snake, the apple, Eve - and then? Then everything began - everything! With her bite, in this moment, she got knowledge, the history of the humans began - she's the starting point of everything! She bestowed me life, she bestowed me knowledge - without her action I would not sit here, enjoying my Whiskey Sour, the egg white a bit too much beaten for my taste, writing this text! Eve was the beginning!

Eve, we should worship her - she gave us knowledge, she gave us our mind, the possibility to reflect, to make a decision - she's the fountain of life, the origin of humankind! If I would be able thereto, I would compose hymns for her - so, only modest words. Oh Eve, no surprise that you're a woman, the most beautiful things were gifted to the humans and the world by women, the most important ones - a bit too melodramatic?

But, what should this mean, too melodramatic? Eve, he and some animals in a garden - that would be the universe! Eve is like the big bang - with her, everything we see began, still more, we self began with her! I have no idea how I should express my gratefulness - that she did it! For him everything was okay - he was steady, she was dynamic! Everything we see is dynamic, the whole universe is dynamic - sure, everything started with her dynamic - hey, she's Aquinas's "premium mobile"!

Oh Eve, if it would needed a prove that women are above the men, then you would be the prove! He would still walk around in his garden - that it would be! Ah, is there something with this harmony? Yeah, this world not really this harmonic - Eve's fault? She gave us knowledge - is it her fault when we not use this gift? She gave us everything we would need - the rest is our own shit! And this harmony thing?

Harmony - sometimes music fascinates because it's disharmonious! Maybe the problem is only, that "harmony" is a human conceptuality - no law of nature? Who decides what music is harmonic, which disharmonious? One should, in any case, not confuse symmetry with harmony - or? An absolute symmetric face is beautiful, but in the same moment often boring - at least to me! The ocean - whom I love so much - as a ideal surface, boring! With rough waves - dynamic - so fascinating! I never would swim out at a day with no waves, with rough waves it would be thrilling! To fight against the waves, to get devoured by them! And Eve?

Not blame her, blame yourself - it's only easy going, to blame her, to be phony! Quite the contrary! She did everything, she gave everything - it's a shame what we do with her gift, in which way we waste it, in which way we pervert it - it's awful!

Talking Hartmans

What an evening!

First Ice Bears - fantastic win in the last third
For thereafter planned Hartmans
To write a story: "Eve's Story"
After written the text so far as above
One of the barmen, not laboring
Asked, if he can add
Asked, what I always write
He was "a bit" drunken

What should I say
We talked for hours
Okay, mostly he
Never thought, that a drunken
Would be able to say such meaningful things
It would be not appropriate to write what he said
To talk about another person
But it was very interesting for me

Hesitated, was not sure
He would be the first stranger
But then gave him a paper
With the webpage's URL
He put it in his jacket pocket
And now?

Will he find the paper tomorrow
Sober again
Will he visit my webpage
Will he read my texts
Some he should like
According to what he said
Some I think not
Oscar Wild was his favorite author

Will have a closer look, at one of the next days
Oscar Wild - not much I know
Aphorisms, pages full of quotations
Hate this - should read his books
De Profundis he recommended

Would like it, when he would read something I've written
Would like it, when he would write a entry for the guest book
Whatever it would be

Kiss Me

Kiss me badly
Kiss me madly
Kiss me deadly
Let me be your slave

Wow, Old Man
Time for a woman in your life -
Alexandra?
Fear, she would be too much for the Old Man!

Not 'cause I know the end of the story
At least if I not change it
Can not change it
'Cause of the planned beginning of "Wear Some Flowers In Your Hair"

I'm just emotionally undone
To refer to Beth Gibbons and to quote her
But I have the feeling more and more
Maybe?

Maybe one day I will be able to
The conversation with the "barkeeper" was very inspiring
Have to change more
Thank you, L.

Style

Style, to hide behind
Style, to express your own personality
Style, to be a poser
I've no style

Would I like it, to have a own personal style
But what would this mean
To look like....whomever
To look like? - Personal style?

Should I dress black, 'cause of my dark heart
I'm no goth, emo and definitely no Django
Should I dress colorful and shrill, 'cause very deep in me a colorful place is
Like my colorful bolero jacket

In L.A. I was surprised
The Americans?
Nearly all were dressed so boring
Especially the youth

In Los Angeles or San Francisco I think
I would find my style
Crazy, colorful and in a certain way flamboyant
To show this fucking world the finger

Fuck off world!

Here in Heilbronn, Germany
I've no ideas
Okay, still overweight
But apart from this - I've no idea

Dandyism

Cool? Like hedonism?
Shit, I think!
This functions only due to suppressing others!
I hate this!

Oscar Wilde - never interested in
Like Bukowski, Chandler's characters
Like it, to sit Gus's - Miro looks boring
I'm no autistic, not gay, no tranny - only a fucking boring Old Man

Sometimes I would like to be
Would wish it
Only boredom I discover
Anything else would be only a disgusting show

Style

I own a nice fountain pen - should I use it
Use it to write my texts while sitting in a cafe or bar
Should this change anything
Instead of the black "Stabilo", I normally use

Would I write different words with it
Like my handwriting more and more
Like it how the words appear on the paper
It's not Selah Sue - Iggy Azalea?

Still two and a half hours till the concert begins
Cave 61 - blues from the Deep South
Superbude - last time GelatOne this year before
The variant with pineapple is definitely too sweet for me

Look forward to the evening
Some wine, café au lait
And blues from the Deep South
I'm tensed!

Would I write different words with a different writing utensil
I think it's not a that stupid thought
At least it would have more style
Style - at least would the world be not worse with a bit more style

But, and that's not unimportant
Style - only the best, only the most expensive.....
That's snobbishness, that's fucking bad style
But, who has style

Diva - Mariah Cary style? - That would be a joke!
Maria Callas - does she had style
At least she was a real diva - no American cartoon
Sure the Callas had style! I'm no idiot!

I think I should wear my rings more often
At least at the jazz club, maybe Hartmans.....
Style - for me: Lets this, fucking boring, world look a bit more interesting!
George Cloony style? Steven McQueen - yeah, what a question! Daniel Craig style?

Style

Does the "Superbude" has style?
At least it's very different - it has style!
My "pour over" coffee - it has style!
The man behind the bar - he has style!

Why?
Because he's different - okay, he's from Hamburg, not from the south, Baden-Württemberg, like I
A bit relaxed coolness in Heilbronn?!?
Wow, the coffee is really good! Also the toffee-vodka-liqueur together with peppermint-liqueur!

And not to forget the three girls - next table
Yeah, that's an American accent.....
The students do Heilbronn really good
A bit like a "Weltstadt" feeling
A bit like Hamburg

Style

I think style means to decide for yourself
To be a goth because you think it's cool, means you're a poser
To think you have style because you drive a Porsche or a Ferrari means you're a joke
Yeah, you maybe have money - but style

I see an Afro-American girl in a bus
Assumed, it was her decision to wear what she wears
Yeah, then she has definitely style
Maybe too much for some, but definitely style

I think it's like with my writing
I know, in a few years, I would be a fucking good author
I know, in a few years, I would have a fucking good - own - style
Unfortunately, in a few years!

Bad luck! Your own fault! To start with forty-nine!

Boo Boo

No words
Only humbleness
And gratefulness
Thanks!

Boo Boo Davis
John Gerritse
Jan Mittendrop

Three hours!

Beautiful Woman

Have written a lot in the last time
About women and skirts, that I like it so much
But yeah, also a woman wearing trousers can be very, very beautiful
Okay because she's a woman, she can wear anything in the end and.....

And, maybe I should say
That she not wore jeans or something like that
At Germany we call them
"Marlene Dietrich Hosen"

And thereto unbelievable blues music
What an evening!

Mother

Mother! Mother!
Give me the strength
To destroy this world
To end up all this bigotry
All this suffering and all this pain
To erase all human artifacts
To redeem the universe
So that it can appear as it was thought

Mother! Mother!
The mistake has to be amended
Now, as that one was done
I will try my best to do so
And will fail miserably
Only an inept human I am
Only a man
Give me the strength

Mother! Mother!
I have no strength
Only able to destroy me
Only able to end up my life
Such disappointing I am
Unable to erase the guilt
Unable to redeem not even something
Such disappointing I am

Mother! Mother!
So old now, full of disbelief
Full of dark thoughts in a dark mind
Dark blood runs through my veins
Impelled by a dark heart
To what beauty would had been able
Only ridiculous ridiculousness
I have no strength

Mother! Mother!
The world so beautiful now!
See the gorgeous rainbow over the sky
Hear the mellifluous voices of the birds
Smell the tantalizing scents of the flowers
Taste the arousing flavors of the fruits
Feel the sensuous touch of the unicorn
Ecce homo! - Realize the beauty of the endless black nothing

täglich

Free day, not to work
Sitting "täglich", today no salad - steak
New Turkish cafe before, coffee and a caramel cake
Thursday - jazz club later? - in a strange mood today
Boo Boo Davis last week still in my head
Listened to Ella and Billie in the car the last week
Too early for new live jazz - no place in my head
But it would be a very interesting line up
First part of "Santa Monica Beach" written yesterday
Today not able to continue - Peter will kiss Alexandra
Sorry, that I will kill you, but it has to be

Only some days and I will send a mail to "Tribal Cafe"
Again one of this - "this could change your life" - moments
Whatever will happen, now it's obvious
I have to read in the soup kitchen, on the streets in Skid Row
I have to read at Santa Monica Beach, Santa Monica Pier
I have to read in the pedestrian area, Metro Center 7th, Union Station
I have to read in Crenshaw, Inglewood, Compton
I have to read at MacArthur Park, Downtown West
I have to read in front of Wonder Bakery, Chinatown
I have to read!
I have to read in San Francisco.....
I have to read!

Runnin' Down A Dream

Be a Dreamer - don't let them steal your dreams
You've every right to be a Dreamer
Dream on, dream on, dream on
What an innocent time, this old rock days

I dream the dream to be an artist
And as every child knows
There's no border between the so called real world and the world of dreams
In the childish imagination they are the same

Sometimes it's horrible
But sometimes it's pure poetry and magic
Sometimes it drives you into madness
But sometimes it's the only thing that keeps you alive

Only the thought it could happen
Tomorrow, in a week, maybe in February, in some years
An audience would applaud me
A hand would softly stroke my hair

Runnin' down a dream
Have a vision, die a million deaths
Some will fail, some will win
May you fail, may you win
Remember those who failed, so many
Enjoy those who won, so few
Runnin' down a dream
Remember me, when I've failed

Runnin' Down A Dream
I enjoyed your music all the time
You were a king, you had your own town
Runnin' Down A Dream

Closed Eyes

I close my eyes and levitate, see L.A. from above
The mountains and the sea, the beaches and the trees
So quiet she lies down there, like a sleeping child
Here above you not hear all that cries

I saunter through the zoo, the animals and the plants
A beautiful bridge over Los Angeles River
Strange! What all, the Americans call a river?
A concrete thing with some water in

Yeah, killing me softly, with this dream
Lauryn Hill
Sure, I have to live in this city
At least a year with a working visa
All other would be a joke

Or San Francisco? Will see, when I was there.....
Killing me softly, "täglich" - black coffee and her music
"El Pollo Loco" - iced mocha and a combo
And this? Motown obviously - not knowing the song, the singer?

Should I go to the Cave now?
Still not sure - so tired, found no sleep the last days
I think I will stay here
Drink some more coffee and dream

Did I Disappoint You

Well, I had no love, and I gave none, and I fear it's too late now - or maybe.....
My only one life, so far now, nearer to the end, than to the birth
But more and more I calm down, maybe it's true
That when your getting old and older, when death comes near and nearer
Then, then the pain ceases more and more, death looks more and more like a long-awaited friend
Man in Black - you're voice is unbelievable, but you know, I'm no believer....

I look at this world and I'm shattered
About this disgraceful animals
Wallowing in their own feces and blood
Celebrating their own perversion
Loving endlessly themselves
I look at this world and I love it

I point the gun at your temple
And pull the trigger
And be God, by taking your useless life
And after I have done it a million times
And after I have become a wealthy animal
Then I'm a accepted member, allowed to join the mire

Ah, I would be such a fine swine
Weinstein, idiot from New York - give me a billion and I show you
What true perversion and recklessness is
Hey, my ancestors sent millions into the gas chambers
Fucked innocent girls before they killed them
What you say? You would like, but society not lets you live out your dreams?

Fuck this society, he Mr. Bannon has a dream
Real religious men know that you should fuck fourteen-year-old girls
Hey, you're rich and God's on your side - sounds kinda like ISIS
No, you not execute heretics on public places - always this fucking society
Come on, you would like to do it, I know it, it's in my blood, I'm a German animal
How many "Indians" you've killed? Not so few, if I'm not wrong - oh, sorry, diseases!

Yeah, this could be such a nice world
Why the people always believe such bigmouths
Don't say that they are idiots!
That's politically incorrect - the conservatives suckers think we not have to be correct
Hey, I start to love them!
I would be such a perfect reckless conservative, a pity, I never can become POTUS

And at the end? We all are reckless animals - really we all?
I hear it! Not I! Sure, not you, but all the others!
Did I disappoint you?
Yes, since decades, deeply, very deeply!
So many stood up, fought, payed their price, died
Not I, not I - that's so disappointing!

But still I see no hope - should I lie?
I see no true tenderness, no true love, no truth - not among this animals, not there
Maybe there's truth between two swans, when they entwine their gracile necks
Maybe their one would be able to find, unconditional love, unconditional truth
That would be the same - or? Sorry, I'm no expert in this!
I'm only a lonely old man, with aching ears, no, no jazz, the dream to be king

If I would see hope - how happy I would die!
Only a little bit - the universe would bestow us with billions, YES!, billions of years
Even the slightest progress would lead automatically, only a question of time, to an ideal world!
Isn't this a thrilling thought! Only a very, very tiny progress would be enough
And one day, even when it would be a day far away, peace and harmony would permeate the world
Even with the tiniest progress you can imagine - what a thought!

But I don't see it! I don't see it!
I only see this idiotic animals - all we could have, all - ALL!
Oh, my my - Oh, hell yes
I would like to put on that party dress - Elizabeth's red one?
I would like to lose myself in heroin - or any other drug
Would this song never end - Mary Jane!

Yes, I'm disappointed - and I kill my ears
I should sleep, have to get up early - can not stop listening to
Scour my mind, but sorry, how often I danced with Mary Jane now?
But also the king helped not, the dream - oh fuck, Man in Black
I'm disappointed, but relax, still no American, still no gun in the drawer
Wow, how would it be, to sit here, typing this, the gun at the temple, a last dance - and then

Really, do you think you would pull the trigger?
I'm not sure, but.....it would be cool!
Should I say that I eat all the time, sitting at the computer, dried dates and figs?
But how much soever I scour, I find no hint therefore, to be hopeful
Only disgustingness I find - yeah, what the hell was this with the gun - fuck, yeah....
Is this the moment, when the bulldog barks and the canary sings?

And then the bulldog gets wings - the canary has wings already
Does I understand you? Should I understand you? Maybe it would be better not to understand you!
Whatever it pays - should I understand this - would the world swing?
Would I be king, I would destroy this world, nothing less worth would follow
But I'm no king, I should destroy myself? Would this change something?
I like dried dates and figs very much, winter comes, winter comes

Oh fuck, is there hope now? Nope, can find none! Strange, how much I enjoy the dates and the figs!
Should I continue? Should I try it, again and again? As said before, you will die anyway, so.....
The guitar pains my ears - hey, I'm still alive! I'm in a fucking mood! Mood indigo?
My Funny Valentine - Ella, Chet - your trumpet lets me cry - fuck, I'm still alive!
Maybe I will feel it only one time - Almost Blue, almost.....
Maybe then this live wasn't senseless and I would see hope....

I'm Getting Old Now

But no one is to blame
In fact, I like it more and more
Three wonderful years come to an end
Soon it's February
This Time: Californian Poetry
Comes spontaneously in my mind
Why not!

More the question is
March and then
Oh, hell yes! Use them!
The years still remaining
The first thousand pages soon
No world literature, but
Thank you, Kitsch

Do I lie?

You think I lie?
Well, would this matter?
Lies, when good, are called fiction
Fiction always better than reality
The funny point is
Who would be able
At the end
To decide
Where fiction starts and ends
What's a lie and what not
Reality - who needs this crappy thing?

Imagine Goebbels

Berlin, Sportpalast, Goebbels, screaming:
"Wollt ihr den totalen Krieg!"
And only one tiny voice of a little girl would answer:

no

Levitate

I levitate in time and space
No longer on the ground
Have killed so many the last months
To cross the bridge
To be born again

I levitate in time and space
No longer in this world
Have dreamt an endless number of dreams
To reach the point
No turning back anymore

I levitate in time and space
No longer existing
Have wasted my live
To find the way
To find mine

Relieved

I feel relieved, feel so light
Said: "Goodby"
Ah, I close my eyes and stand on the bridge
The ocean breeze cools me down
I'm so tired, wish to close my eyes
To open them again - Twin Peaks, my motel room

Market Street, step outside
Gays, lesbians, artists, Latinos..... - what a neighborhood!
Let me fly, let me aviate
The bay - Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Rafael....why not
Angel Island - angels everywhere
Wanna die there!

No! Fuck, not yet!
What an absurd thought!
As an old, very, very old man!
Yeah, then! Then I would like to die here.....
Californian Dreams - Californian Hopes
Or should I think about Boston - the New England States?

No Part

Okay, never felt like a part
Of this human world
Of this human society
But now.....

I look at the people, like they behave
No, I not laugh about them
No, I not judge on them
But I see their rituals and realize:

That's not me!

I wish to sit together with Shirley to drink a Dirty Martini - would be my first!
Hope you see it! - That's a metaphor!
I dream so fucking much, to drown into the world of art
Yeah fuck, also this is only a metaphor, not more!

Adele sings with her gorgeous voice - Turning Tables
Are you happy in L.A.? - Would be nice
To stand behind you at the checkout - H&M
Fuck, they sell only women's clothes

I enjoy the sourness of my Gimlet
The nice taste of juniper
And Adele sings thereto
Yeah, what a wonderful world

So, it's a decision now? This life is not mine?
Sure, everything else would be a joke!
Then I could delete all my files
Then I could become fat again
Then I could destroy all my tats
Then I could throw away all my rings and bracelets
However much I would waste my life
Sitting among them - to play their rituals

Crime Of The Century

"Are you sure that they did it?"
"Yeah! Who, when not they?"
"Fuck, and now?"
"We have to be cool, no stupid action!"
"Okay, but we can not wait and wait - it will become a disaster!"
"That's true, timing! Timing will be the key!"
"What will be your plan?"
"Simple! Get in, and kick them out!"
"They will not....."
".....I not said, that we ask them to leave! I said: We will kick them out!"
"Okay, I'm your man!"
"Sure, I knew that you will stand to your nation - now we need every true patriot!"
"Do you think we will be enough?"
"In such a moment this is the wrong question! We will see, now we will see who's a fellow traveler, a bootlicker, a opportunist - or true American!"
"And if....."
"Then this country not deserves it another way - then this country will be destroyed by itself!"
"Then, let's do it! We have to get rid of this bunch that has occupied Washington and the Wall Street - our nation!"
"Yeah, what an irony! Not communists or fundamentalist Muslims are on the way to destroy our nation - we self, Americans, people who call themselves Americans are on the way to destroy our nation - fuck!"

They stood up, marched on the streets, raised their voices, voted!..... - they changed the nation.....

- Supertramp: "Crime Of The Century"; album and song

Judgment Day

"The court has decided today....."

"And....."

"Guilty, guilty on all counts!"

"Should we have hope?"

"At least...."

"Yeah, okay....."

The jerk from New York - crime against humanity

The dangerous vice president - crime against humanity

The Breitbart agitators - crime against humanity

The special one - crime against humanity

The lobbyists without scruple - crime against humanity

Too much to name all..... - crime against humanity

- Ah, come on! Let the Old Man dream, with its Gimlet - and the Man in Black sings just in this moment:

*You can stand me up at the gates of hell
But I won't back down
No, I'll stand my ground
Won't be turned around
And I'll keep this world from draggin' me down
Gonna stand my ground
And I won't back down
(Jeff Lynne / Tom Petty)*

- One could really mean, that I would be able to see hope in this world.....well,...

Résumé

A résumé before I drive home?

Yesterday I finished the hardboiled series

Tomorrow (11.30 pm now) I will start with the remaining five stories

I will write Tribal Cafe

Tribal Cafe

So, my résumé - ask me again

In some days, one or two weeks

- Would I die for you, your music? -

No, I wouldn't! - Wow, I feel so relieved, so delighted!

Come on, let this American Dream come true - at least "somehow", Elizabeth!

Emil Mangelsdorff

A real old man, sitting, with a saxophone
An older man at the piano
A middle-aged man behind the drums
A young man at the contrabass
What a line up!

You had a lot of trouble
To manage them
The three little steps to enter the stage
Only with the help of others
Supported by your crutches

You played jazz during Nazi era
Went to jail therefor
You're a legend in Germany
Longer pauses with solos from the other musicians
You listened always carefully, and enjoyed their playing

Your red wine - the same color as mine
You enjoyed the wine - maybe the same as mine
I enjoyed your playing - many tears, like now
I was fascinated - would you do me a favor?
Please, celebrate your centenary onstage!

Why not men like you rule the world
One should hand the world to the creatives
A moment like this, someone plays such wonderful jazz
At least in such moments I'm able to bear this world
At least in such moments I see a reason to stay in this world

Mr. Mangelsdorff, you ashame me!
How old are you now?
Yes, one can see, that you need your pauses -
Maybe an expert would say, that you in your younger years.....
Would I only know that I get as old as you.....

Mr. Mangelsdorff, you ashame the world!
Showing, how wonderful a human being can be -
To what wonderful things we would be able to!
I see a man on a hill, a bleak landscape, Afghanistan maybe
He begins to play and sings - why we not listen to him....

Why?

Nina Simone

Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan

They were sublime

You know how much I worship them

But

Nina Simone

She's sublime among the sublime

Her play and her singing - not that kind of high voice, I like so much

Alexandra's voice comes to my mind

Similarities?

Wrong skin color - not Beethoven

But how amazing was your answer

I cannot imagine how hard your life was

How you had to feel everyday, knowing what (some, many) people thought about you

Not allowed to do things because you had the wrong color

You were such an impressive artist

Your piano play, I'm no musician, but it sounds amazing

You really were a strong woman, a strong person

I feel honored that I can listen to your music

Even when it was not mine, not for me you played it

But it's wonderful to listen to - everything, I wish to hear

But also some sadness appears

'Cause jazz, blues, music like this

Always live music for me is.....

Nina Simone, never you will be forgotten

Maybe that's the fee the world pays you

But how sad is it, how disappointing

That your songs still are not unnecessary

Especially not today, and not only in the States

How beautifully it would be to say:

Yes, that's Nina Simone

But her songs today, only in an historic context.....

Would Like To Know It

Would like to know it, how this period of human history will end -
Another big war? A war about resources?
Awful famines in many parts of the world due to the climate change?
Millions of people, who try to reach a part of the world, where they could survive?
The end of "the markets"?
The end of.....whatever - (The Doors!) - only claustrophobic scenarios come to my mind!
But whatever - this period will come to an end, and I think more likely fast, than slow!
Maybe, I even will have the "luck" to experience it!
I think, it will be a big bang, and because we humans have only one solution, also a big war -
Happy future!

Soon I Will Leave

Okay, that's definitely a bit too much drama, because nobody knows it!
Assumed, I would complete a century - obviously I mean in a good mental shape!
Soon, I will finish my first thousand pages!
One hundred and fifty videos!
Who knows?
Ten thousand pages?
Hundreds of videos?

I think a lot about such things in the last time, in a strange mood at the moment -
No response from Tribal Cafe since some days now.....
But, on the other hand - how would it be to be famous?
I sit in a crowded "Alex" in Heilbronn, 10.10 pm, Friday, Gimlet, Ceasar's Salad.....
And nobody notices me!
Maybe a look at my tats, sometimes a questioning look, what does this old man does - writing?
But that's all!

If this would be the price, no longer to be able to do this -
When I would have success with my writing, when people would recognize me?
Well, then, sorry, no interest!
See the guy, with his coat on - hey, this place is heated! Cold it's outside!
He eats his burger with his chick, with his sweatpants on - the one with the strips.....
Should he know me, my writing - is it arrogant to say, that this isn't important for me?

Yes, your Gimlets are fucking good, but your Cosmopolitan is way too sweet!
Would be a sad moment -
Would it be no longer possible for me, to sit at such a place, writing this.....

Disgusting USA?

Are the United States of America disgusting? No, not at such, but.....

You allow the KKK and alt-right to propagate their hate - disgusting!
You allow that people die because they cannot afford treatment - disgusting!
You not care for those who fought for you - disgusting!
You think to make money is everything - disgusting!
You think that a rich person has to be a smart person per se – disgusting! (ridiculous)
You think that a poor person is a lazy person, all is his own fault - disgusting!
You think you're always the best and greatest - disgusting! (ridiculous)
You're not interested in the rest of the world - disgusting!
And so on, and so on, so on, so on.....

Should I think about, to live in Canada or to stay in Germany, both are no paradises....

But, the above sentences, would they make sense, if you would replace USA with Canada or Germany? Don't think so! Seen from this angle.....

The USA Today

The USA today - looks a bit like a mixture, of Germany ~140 years ago and Germany ~85 years ago. Capitalism without limits and Nazis on the streets - the problem? In the White House an awful mixture of shameless capitalists and ruthless Nazis - what a bunch! Especially problematic, both wanna destroy the free America - the problem for me? If you would only destroy your own nation - okay, do it! But Germany teaches a lesson!

It was this awful connection between capitalism - the industrial leaders - and the Nazis, that destroyed a democratic Germany - the Weimar Republic! With very happy capitalists, because their profits achieved undreamed-of heights - tax cuts? And Germany? Well, Germany became great - very, very much! What a shit, what a shit because Hitler's election was a legal, democratic election! Yes, the people elected him, after a so far never seen campaign, a lot of talk big, a lot of German flags and nice marches with torches.....reminds me a bit of.....

Well, a nation grounded on money and guns? Does I've forgotten God? Okay, believe in God, but money and guns? Is a wealthy person automatically a smart person? Maybe only ruthless, maybe he only stops at nothing, maybe he only violates the laws - you have no examples in mind, really! Why people can believe only one second in this Fox News shit - as an example? You can be a conservative, why not - but this shit? All this leads me always to one point:

People are idiots!

Oh, you can't name someone an idiot – really? All the ones who elected Hitler - oh yes, we Germans became seduced! Who believes in this shitty fairy tale - apart from us Germans? Hey, he wrote a book - "Mein Kampf"! He - and even more his spokesmen - spoke it out frankly, before the election, what they think about democracy, about the Jews and so on - seduced, that's only a cheap and bitter joke! Mr. Fucking President seduced me - what a shit! Yeah, Mr. Bannon seduced me - what a shit! Yeah, the KKK seduced me - what a shit! Name them money-mad assholes when they are money-mad assholes! Name them racists when they are racists! Name them ruthless when they are ruthless! And when they rule the world - well, my appreciation for the humans cannot become much worse..... - and, you know how the German history.....

Assume, I Would Be God

Assume, I would be God - I would think:

Shit, I did something wrong! Totally wrong! What have I done? Was I drunken or what? Okay, everybody can make a mistake - sometimes it's more the question how you deal with a mistake - therefore, solutions please!

My solution would be - in the garbage can with this fucking world and start again! This time a bit more concentrated and:

Learn from your stupid mistakes!

Nina Nigga

"Look at this arrogant nigger bitch! Sits there and acts as if this would be okay!"

"That's Nina Simone....."

"That's a nigger bitch!"

"She's a famous singer and also a pianist....."

"Fuck! Who's interested in what she's doing? She's a nigger and has no business here!"

"She will perform tomorrow in the concert hall....."

"What a shit is this! We need no nigger music in this town!"

"Many listen to this music nowadays....."

"Hey, Elvis and Jerry Lee maybe, but not this niggers! We need no niggers in our American music!"

"She's able to play even classic European music, I mean Beethoven and such music....."

"She's a nigger bitch! You can train a monkey to do feats! Don't tell me that you will go!"

"No, what do you think! I've only heard it! She's involved in the Civil Rights Movement...."

"What the hell! This arrogant bitch is a communist! I will kick her ass, never this niggers should have rights - they are monkeys, no normal people.....it's a shame that we have to bear this - in the concert hall you said?"

"Hey, make no nonsense....."

"No problem for you - or do you....."

"Hey, I'm no nigger sympathizer!"

"Then we will have no problems....."

Never It's Too Late

Well, maybe, if you jumped from the Golden Gate Bridge
The moment you think: Shit, was no good idea
But it's obvious then, that it's now too late
Except you survive the jump, heavy injured, but rescued by some creatures of the sea
Has functioned at least one time - wow, what a lucky bastard!

Strange story!
First you decide to jump
Then you regret it in the moment you did it
And then you will be one of the very few who survived the jump
Would this be the moment, when you start to pray?

Maybe the lesson from this is:
Don't do this shit!
At least not, when you not have a fucking good reason for it!
There's a story, about some Jewish girls, school girls:
They committed suicide, before the Germans could rape and kill them

Never it's too late
To begin something new
To begin to do what you like to do
At least when you live in this world
At least when you not jumped

Mother's Wonderful Christmas Cookies

As every year, she has begun therewith
To bake her wonderful Christmas cookies
The "Springerle" are already ready - leave them for some days, till they are short
And the special ones for me - so many!
Chocolate dough, marmalade in the middle and coated with chocolate - wow!
I weight as little, as not since decades now - hard days now
Okay, one or two a day - maybe three.....
Oh come on, I wanna look beautiful, next time in L.A.
And not to forget San Francisco

On the other hand, mother's cookies are the best!
Only some weeks, and even then a bit time left, to lose weight again
No perfect weight till my next aviation
But the wonderful taste of mother's gorgeous cookies
Have I mentioned the shortcrust cookies in three layers with marmalade in between
Or the unbelievable vanilla crescents
Or the tasty coconut cookies
Or.....stop it!
We all know what I will do now – or?

4.41 am, some cookies and some tea
And tomorrow I will weight definitely not more - and if?
Hey, I'm an old single man.....

Time To Life

There's a time to be born
There's a time to die

There's a time to laugh
There's a time to mourn

There's a time to cast away stones
There's a time to gather stone together
(Bible, Ecclesiastes 3)

There's a time to life!

Now it's time to cast away stones
Now it's time to begin new things

Now it's time to decide, whether
To do it consequently or not

Thrilling weeks now
Whereto they will lead

There's a time for everything
So no matter what will be

Now it's time for whatever will be
Now it's time to life
(December, 7th 2017)

Blood-Red

Looking from afar, this planet looks like a blue gem - yeah, a blue gem
But only if you not look really, when you only hear but not listen to
Because if, you see a blood-red gem - yes, a gem, a blood-red gem
Like my blood-red garnet

And if you set foot on this gem, this blood-red gem
You sink in a mixture of mire, feces and blood
Only one question arises, how someone is able to bear this
Even not a swine would wallow therein

Against all rumors, swines are neat animals
They build nests for their youngsters
They would refuse to wallow in such a cesspool
But the humans

But maybe not all, but definitely too much
Too much, who let them do
Too much, who let them rule
Too much....what should one say

This is a gem, a blood-red gem
Held in the hand of the ruthless
Held in the hand of the conscienceless
Held in the hand of the psychopaths and the narcissists

I look at my blood-red garnet, the red-golden setting
I like the beautiful color, the beautiful gem
I'm hopeless and sad
I'm disgusted from this worlds, from the humans
Humans like I

The Woman As Whore

"I'm very happy about your interest in our fellowship."

"I have to say, that I'm feel very honored, that the fellowship can imagine me as a member."

"Well, the proposal to admit you, came from one of our senior followers. He has talked with you?"

"He has told me some basic facts, but nothing specific. I think you will....."

"Sure, and sure, you never were here - whatever our decision will be."

"Of course!"

"Then, let us begin....."

"Women arouse us, their bodies arouse us, and they know this - but so far no problem. But in the way they arouse us, they have to make sure that we are able to satisfy this arousal. Some cultures think it's the right way to veil women, but we know what kind of cravings wait under the veil. The opposite is the right way! Women should present their bodies, show everybody how arousing they are - you understand this so far?"

"It sounds very interesting - you think that the female bodies, their arousing parts, apart that you can see every part of the woman's body as an arousing part, are the well of all evil?"

"Absolutely not! If you tend to this religious shit you're no possible follower!"

"I hate this religious shit, sometimes good to cover up your cravings."

"That sounds better - that's our point. Our goal is to establish a society, where the natural relationship between men and women achieves its peak of perfection! Women arousing men, men using women to satisfy their arousal. Not the women as such are the well of evil - the refusal of women to satisfy the aroused men, that's the well of evil!"

"I hope this goes hand in hand therewith that men are superior over women?"

"Of course!"

"And that we talk about the white race, white men?"

"Of course! A non white man is nothing more than a piece of cattle, a non white woman.....well, she is nothing, in the best sense of the word!"

"And when we talk about society, we not mean, that....well, every....."

".....please, look at me - do you really think that I'm talking about this lousy mob? We need them for the base jobs. Should I mow my lawn? I have to do better things....."

"Sounds very interesting. Age? I mean, women?"

"If a fourteen-year-old girl arouses you - fuck her! If she's younger - fuck her! That's her determination! Nevertheless, we have some rules....."

"Well, rules....."

"We have to have rules - we're no anarchists! A white woman of high rank has to be treated in a different way than a white woman of low degree - we not have to talk about a non white woman...."

"If this should mean, that a high ranked woman can refuse me - that would be very disappointing!"

"She would know, that a low ranked man would not be allowed to instruct her to satisfy him - for him the low ranked white women and the non white women are there. But she would be no high ranked woman, would she not know how she has to behave towards you."

"I understand. And I think, would I have some very special wishes, that therefore I should prefer low ranked white women or even non white women?"

"At least, if they are very special. Especially what non white women concerns, you have not to fear to have any limits - do whatever your heart tells you....."

"Very interesting, do you think it will be possible to establish this as a rule?"

"Rule for whom?"

"That's a good answer! Apart from that, as long as there's an opposition, that ordinary people think their opinion counts and such shit?"

"You know, how much of this nation I own - I know how much you own from this nation, and I also know how much our followers own from this nation.....it's not that wrong to say, that our fellowship owns this nation. And I hope your not too much surprised when I tell you that we're not in the Oval Office till now, but at least in the White House."

"Congress and senate okay, that was obvious, but the White House - congratulations! Some say you sympathize with the KKK and the alt-right?"

"Useful idiots - you not think, that this ever could be high ranked men? Let them kill some niggers, and why not some lefties - it's good when the ordinary people are frightened! Las Vegas, what a fantastic night! It will be easy at the end, believe me! This nation believes in money - we have it! This nation believes in God - we bought him! This nation yaws after a strong leader - we will establish him! We are the rich, we are the nation - and a woman is there to be fucked!"

Stittin' Otis

No two month, I will be there
No two month, I will it know
From one mood till the other
Within hours

He died fifty years ago, no thirty years old
Looking at the bay, only some days before
Always it feels like an irony of history
When people like him have to die in such a way

I know some of his songs
The Dock Of The Bay
I loved always very much, like
Ain't No Sunshine

No, not Otis Redding
But what I wanna say is
That I know so less
Even if I know some

Would I had died at his age
I feel so tired
The days pass by so slowly
Wasted time

It's time that I sit
On the dock, watching the ships
While The Unthanks come me to mind
The seagulls, the ones who laugh about me

Otis Redding, I would give you all me years that I maybe still have
That would be the most honorable what I did in my life
But unfortunately that's not how it functions
Respect

Marie Antoinette

I've written how disgusting and hypocritical the movie "Pretty Baby" for me is - "Marie Antoinette" by Sofia Coppola is not that much better for me. I think the movie is, positively seen, simply silly. I think such a movie shows the problems we have - an illusory world is shown, like a Hollywood star who walks solemnly on the red carpet, after hours long make up, and the media sells this as reality. But this is as far away from reality as Coppola's movie. And apart from that, I'm becoming bored because of such movies, who show, how difficult such a life was, such a life as a sovereign. And in a way like Sofia Coppola did it - it's garbage! I've said in "Dark Heart" what I think about her father's movies - maybe it's not enough, to be a good director, that your father was one.....

Only a word about "The Beguiled". Yes, I like the Don Siegel version much more, I like Clint Eastwood much more. The remake is simply vapid and bland. For me the movie functions not as a statement for women, as a movie from the women standpoint, because it's the same as above - maybe I should read the book.....

This World Falls Apart

I listen to Nina Simone - Greatest Hits - two hours time to think about this question. Does the world falls apart at the moment? So much shit in there, but was it better in previous times? I only mention WW I and WW II - apocalypse would be no wrong word, but - as Ms. Grant said it: "We just kept dancing".

We Germans started both wars. Okay, WW I was a bit different, but WW II! We murdered millions in concentration camps, we committed awful war crimes, to say it clear, we committed them systematically and as a mean of war, especially in East Europe. So, if the world would hate us, there would be enough reasons! But the world rates Germany very positively today, what a change! I not wanna talk about why this is so, important is, that it has happened - happened, like our (European) view on the USA has changed extremely, from the last president to this president.

Obviously things can change dramatically, in both directions obviously. Our future? I have the feeling, thinking about this time, that it's a situation like the Cuban Missile Crisis, severe like this crisis. It would be easily possible to create a situation where you trespass the point of no return, where you would come into a situation where you would have no other chance anymore then to trespass the point of no return - the beginning of WW I is a very good example for such a situation.

A situation, where it's no longer important, who at the end will do the last step - one of the leaders will do it. In this case the Germans had the biggest mouth - but also the French, British, Austrian.....no less. So, should I be pessimistic - nearly a cynical question, or? I never feel much hope, when I look at this human world - and now? Definitely not better! I fear that the USA will choke on their believe in money, and their ignorance towards the world as such. The problem is, that this would destroy this world - really? Well, the world of today definitely, but the world of today is already down for the count.

After nearly one hour now, I come to a point, I'm not able to understand. I'm unable to grasp that we cannot live our lives in a way, that would make sense. People starve to death, on a planet with enough food for everyone. People die senseless deaths, because some think that they own the absolute knowledge, and this gives them the right to kill others - unbelievable! And the worst thing is, that I have the feeling that it would be so easy - well, assuming that one thing is not true:

Humans are idiots!

If this is true, that humans are not more like animals, maybe even worse than animals, then everything is too late. Then you can lean backwards and wait, till the end will come - yours and that of the humans. But still there's one point, that the human intellect can form such wonderful and fascinating things in art and science. This shows, that the humans can be able to do creative things, not only destructive things. But one of the problems is, that one destructive thing can destroy hundreds of creative things - a jading situation.....

One of the things I can not understand - assumed that the humans, at least the majority of them, are no idiots - is, that they not see the history. I've written some months ago that the ISIS will be defeated. Not because I'm a prophet, but because it's always the same story - read what I've written

(some pages above!). Now the ISIS is defeated, assassinations will continue, but never there will be a caliphate! And everybody knows this! Why all this shit? What's left from Hitlers "Thousand-Year Reich"? Lenin, Stalin, Franco, Pol Pot, Ceausescu, Gadaffi, Hussein, Amin, Mugabe.....come me to mind - what's left? Only ineffable pain and suffering! Why we learn nothing therefrom - because we are idiots?

Does anybody believes that the US president is interested in workers, that he cares for their jobs? Sure, when he plays golf every weekend, on his own estates - the American people have to pay! He is disgusting, he lies all the time - is someone able to explain me, that I can see myself as a Christian, as someone who believes in the words of Jesus, and I'm not disgusted by this man? Well, and now? Nina Simone comes soon to an end.....

I fear, I not! Back to Ms. Grant? Back to WW I and WW II? One of the most heartbreaking thing someone said, was a statement of a holocaust survivor. He was asked if he not hates the Germans now, after the war. He said - No! He said, that he stood on a hill, in the warming sun, that he took a deep breath, that he was thankful! That he never thought, during the years in the concentration camp, that he ever will stand on such a hill again! No, no hate - only happiness and thankfulness! I know, I would had give up on life, desperation.....I feel ashamed.....

But, when this man not gave up on his life, with which justification I should give up my life? Yeah, this world looks not good, but.....but when Nina Simon sings again "I Put A Spell On You", imprisoned in a concentration camp?

And now? "Ain't Got No - I Got Life" - when this lyrics not fit! Yes, I still have my life - I've the feeling that the next weeks and months will become a very interesting time.....

Climate Change

Today the world meets in Paris to talk about the climate change - the world? Oh, only one nation is not represented by their government.....but at least some representatives from this country are there - hey, Arnie is there, everything will become good.....

Seriously? The whole world meets, and one country thinks, that it's more clever then the rest of the world - at least, not all in this country think this! It's disappointing again and again, that you're able to win elections simply by lying. But some are there, at least some.....

Election Day

Soon it's election day, soon we will see. If this election will be won by Roy Moor, then I think you have to fear - especially when the win should be a plain win. Hey, you name yourself Christians? I hope you have read the Sermon on the Mount? I think, would Jesus be here today, would he see what so called Christians do, he would muck out the temple again! This unholy combination of believe and racism, always, all time in history, this was the origin of suffering and pain. In that sense I hope, that this, the Christian, god would exist. Roy Moor would have his place in hell, deep down. Maybe all this moral crusaders should read Dante's Inferno - he knew, that should this hell exist, one would be able to find a lot of very interesting people there. Among others, emperors, kings, popes, cardinals and so on.....

But unfortunately I don't believe in a god. There's no hell waiting for Mr. Moor. No god will judge him - the human community has to do this. But what to do with somebody who thinks he, as a believer, stands above the laws? Sometimes I think it's maybe not the worst idea that the US split. Then the radical Christians can get their own state - would be interesting to see, how many people would like to live therein.....

Soon we will see - please, USA, show the world that not everything.....

Yeeeeees!!!!

Wow! By a hairsbreadth, but a win! Should this give hope? I think only when the democratic party is able to reform - please, no Hillary Clinton again! New faces, young faces and progressive faces - not the common establishment. The idiot from N.Y. disgraces himself again, Mr. "I love the KKK" Bannon also, all the extrem Christians and alt-right guys - there's a line of scrimmage, even for them, even in a conservative state like Alabama. And now? We will see, but it's definitively a moment that should give you hope.....

Californian Wildfires

Destroyed dreams in the state of dreams
Yeah, as long only the dreams are destroyed
Destroyed lives and families
So many died

The fire not distinguishes rich and poor
Wonderful vineyards and wasteland
In it's relentlessness
Is something righteous

This is stupid in a way
But also somehow reassuring
Should one talk about the "Why?"
Dryness and weather conditions

Every day in the newspaper
Pictures of the fire
Pictures of destruction
Pictures of desperate people

People who lost everything
And often not only materially
Friends, relatives, partners
Some of them say: We have to look forward.....

Every year the same
Wildfires, when it's dry
Floods, when it's wet
More then in previous days?

Every year the same
People die in such a way
As if not die enough in this city anyway
More then in previous days?

Or is this the natural part
The price one have to pay
To live here, in this state
Where your dreams can come true

And all know that one day
It will happen definitely
And not only some will die
Hundreds, thousands maybe more

The earth will demand her tribute
Here in the California state
Los Angeles and San Francisco then no longer the same
And some will say: We have to look forward.....

John Doe's Life

Life in all its facets - stupid beginning! Why? Because in this beginning there is an arrogance, the arrogance, that I set my life as the normal, as the given, life. But for many people (the majority?) life has no, at least not that much, facets. I'm able to reflect about, that California could change my life drastically. But many not have such a possibility, for instance, because they cannot afford such a travel. Not to talk about people who live under very poor conditions, as poor people, under war conditions and so much more. For them a beginning like "Life in all its facets" has to sound like a joke - a very bitter joke. I should find a more adequate beginning.

Life - what should this mean? I mean, would you really think, that the existence of someone in Africa, starving to death today, is not more than one side of a coin, whose other side is a person in New York or Los Angeles, despaired about, that his / her Lamborghini not starts? I don't think so!

Apart from the question, whether you would call this "life" in New York or Los Angeles a life, the "life" in Africa, the "life" to starve to death is definitely no life - at least not for me! Therefore I would see it as a disgusting behavior to call this "existence(?)" a life. To wait, till you're finally starved, is no life! To view this, it's harrowing how many humans have no real life, and how many have no life at all. And many see no perspective, no real, no good perspective for their lives, even when they live in the so-called Western world. Also they see no real facets in their lives.

So we have two problems. Facets, related to life as such, and facets, related to a single life. Both leads to one problem. Perspectives - you need them, related to the life as such, related to a single life. The more perspectives life - as such, as a single life - offers, the more you can speak about that it's a life. And this perspectives you also can call facets.

I have a lot of perspectives, my life has a lot of facets. Maybe they will become less with getting older, but there are at least some there. And most important, it still would be possible that my life changes dramatically - and sure, I mean this in a positive sense. And also for sure, most likely not much or even nothing will happen in California, but.....

*Down on the West Coast, I get this feeling
Like it all could happen, that's why I'm leaving
(Lana del Rey, West Coast)*

It's a matter of feeling, you have to have the feeling that things could change. Sure, there's a danger of self-deception, but the bigger problem is, when you get the feeling that nothing can happen. Nothing will change - this leaves two possibilities for one. First, you can finish your life (drugs, suicide....), or, because you have nothing to lose, accept no longer any rules, become a criminal, become radical, kill as many others as possible.....read the newspaper.

What the world would be, would everybody would have at least some perspectives, would life show at least some perspectives? We waste so much human creativity - it's like in the time (and still today) as it was common sense, that women are not able to think in a rational way, that they are emotional beings. No women (officially) in philosophy, science, politics.....so much wasted creative input! The world would have enough serious problems, to be happy about every creative mind, that would help to solve these problems. But looking at this world we see groups of people which are obviously very happy about the situation as it is.

There's a (correct) saying, that there are always winners. People starve to death - there are winners! Millions die in wars - there are winners! People have no perspective - there are winners! But this is no law of nature - this is caused by the humans self. And now? Should I start now to become a revolutionist?

Wow, I search for a revolution.....I see millions of dead people, millions of dead people killed by the revolutionists! But maybe that would be not the problem, but I see no country, no country in which I would like to live, that based on a revolution - no, sorry, definitely not in Cuba!

Let's try, in a first step: France? Short version: French Revolution, terror regime Robespierre, Napoleon and the again kings and emperors. Sure, finally the Third Republic, but not as a result of a revolution! You maybe can say: But all began with the French Revolution - I will say: The revolution as such led into a terror regime!

Next try, sure: USA? Boston Tea Party, American Revolutionary War.....? Well, I not see this in that sense as a revolution. Independence yes, therefore I think the expression "American War of Independence" is much better. It was a war, and a lot of background deals with economy. No revolution in that sense for me.

Last try: Germany? It's not my aim, to be offensive against the citizens of the DDR, but the term "friedliche Revolution" (peaceful revolution) irritated me from the beginning. The extreme government debt, the changes in Russia (Gorbatschow), the massive migration - I see this more as a collapse. The DDR collapsed, what shall not mean, that there were no people and groups, in the DDR, who acted very responsible. At the end, I also cannot see a revolution there.

A solution for that. I not say that I not see why it came to revolutions, say in France or Cuba. But I think this shows only the problem, when people have no perspective. Then all means are allowed: "The end justifies the means". I will not say that this is not true, it would be inappropriate! But it would be better, would such situations not occur - yes, very naive, yes, the winners from above.....

So, I fear I not become a revolutionist. But maybe someone who starts to be more consequent. The same as with art and writing - wasted decades are wasted, they never will come back. But maybe I will have at least some time to do it better now.....

Live A Fulfilled And Happy Life

Place yourself in a Starbucks - Sunday afternoon
Chai Tea Latte, Venti - Christmas fair outside
And enjoy your life!

Listen to the music, look at the people beside and passing by
Hey, it's Christmas time -
Enjoy your life!

I should be happy, but I'm sad
Should I stop looking at this world
I've a job, my income, free healthcare and more
I'm well protected by insurances, especially for retirement
No reason to be pessimistic, looks as good as possible
Considered, that you never know how your life will develop

Okay, we have some "German fears" - but, come on.....
The racists from the AfD, 13%, in Berlin
No new government since weeks
The debates about migration
Should this be a joke?

Every year the economy grows
Every year less and less unemployed
Yes, we have poor people, but poor in Germany
No MacArthur Park or Skid Row - unthinkable in Germany
Hey, our streets are clean, as everything else also

We love it stable, not too much change
Germany and the world around - okay, that's a bit unfair
But, to come to the point, what should you do
Look at this world, all this pain
Or ignore the world as much as possible, live your life

What all the time puzzles me, Germany after the war
We murdered millions, millions were killed on the battlefields
And yes, Americans sent us CARE packages
Even when you consider the Cold War, they cared
They helped the former Nazi land, they cared
Would it be that difficult today, to care for your own people

You have to look at this world, think about
Sitting here at Starbucks, this so wonderful place
The employees behind the counter earning minimum wage
The company does everything to pay no tax
But come on, you get soy milk and organic taste
I have to look at this world, feel the pain

All Of A Sudden

Everything changed - yeah, isn't it strange
Like sometimes it happens
Only by something marginal
That everything changes

Would we know what our actions all will cause
All this mere possibilities, in an uncountable number
It would be frightened, panic would be
Maybe it's still better not to know

But even now, I would like to know it
But this will not be
Would like to be able, only a glimpse, to see my future
But then it will be no longer true

Something I would do, would change my future
No longer it will be true
How much I would like it, to know
No longer it will be true

I fear to die, fear that it's soon
Only a stupid feeling - at least I hope
How would it be, to read this lines
As very old man, in my rocking chair

Would you ask me, wanna you become rich and famous
Five years I will give you, then you have to die
Or I give you twenty, and you will be poor and unknown
I would take the twenty, and I tell the truth

Twenty years, what all will be
New knowledge about the universe and the absolutely small
So much music to discover, listen to, enjoy
So much things I've not seen, I even do not know them

Twenty years, tears in my eyes, why you not tell
Tell me that it will happen, I see me as very old man
I feel that it grabs me, my body falls into pieces
A moldy smell fulfills the room, soon it will be

I feel alone, sadness conquers my mind
So much gone now, never will come back
My beautiful "A", even your grave no longer exists
Not long, and nothing will be there anymore

What's not true, the world will spin, even when you're gone
Should this be a solace, so black, as I see this world
A solace would be, to see a progress in this world
Well, what should I say

Maybe I should listen to music, feel so exhausted
Maybe I should go to bed, to be waken all the night
Maybe I should die, right now, for no reason
Why you not simply tell

The Democratic Failure

Hey, you democrats are the smart ones
Hey, you democrats are the ones with a social conscience
Hey, you democrats are the ones who care for the people
Really?

Then, maybe, how would it be
No longer play this game with the conservatives
Millionaire vs. Millionaire
And not see the White House longer as a cash machine - Hillary and Bill?

Should the Obamas be a good starting point?
Maybe also the US will come to the point
You not have to be a millionaire to be a good politician
You have to be a good politician to be a good politician

And what would be a good politician?
Well, maybe the question would be better
For whom he should be a good politician?
Because you will be not able to be good to everyone

For the people - well, cool answer
Maybe for the majority
Maybe for them who need help
Maybe

It's irritating to see all this people living on the street
It's irritating to see young people who are highly indebted after their study
It's irritating to see how rundown cities in this wealthy nation are
It's irritating to see.....

All good in Germany
No, not really
But compared
Isn't it strange?

Social - the devil is on its way, and the communism lurks behind the corner
Strange - all European countries emphasize the social element
Communism? - nope, not in France, Germany, Italy.....
Yes, in the former DDR - East Germany - if you like, but this is history!

So, what's to say?
Maybe it would be interesting for the democrats, to be a bit more "social"
Willy Brandt said once (1969): "We want to dare more democracy."
His first governmental policy statement, a thrilling moment in German history

And to be fair
What would I wish my country
After the last decades
A chancellor like Willy Brandt again - one with a vision.....

The Ultimate Change

Is it possible to wake up
Is it possible that you open your eyes
And everything has changed
You feel like you never felt before

A strange moment
A very special moment
The moment
The long awaited moment

The texts from the last days so different
Confused about it
Know not really, how I should continue
Should I stop all, start something totally different

But what, now, so short before, California
To sit here, at the desk, at the PC, typing these words
Never felt like this before, while writing something
Dr. Who in TV, now Jimmy Fallon, have problems, to get a clear head

Mother's Christmas cookies, not the best way to lose weight
But what the hell, what a strange mood
I'm dying for the moment when I will be onstage
And what the hell it interests me, how the audience will react

I will see Santa Monica Pier again - The Endless Ocean
For the first time the Golden Gate
And Randy Newman, what should one say
You and Joe Jackson, you both were my.....say, secret heroes.....

I'd always loved your sublime voice
Especially the slow songs, the Irish girls - Kathleen
Yeah, the New England States
The little cars, beep, beep, beep - The little voices, peep, peep, peep

But this time is long ago
But you both still perform, some things never change
What a beautiful lie
And surfing around YouTube, sorry that I've forgotten you - Elvis Costello!

We all know, that you're the only real King Elvis!
Yeah, so many fantastic singers, so many memories
But this time is long ago
Time to look forward, to welcome the future

And who knows - I know, that you all will accompany me
Fuck, I feel so happy - no, no cocktails, no drugs, simply a mood
I feel a - ah, come on, why not
Lust For Life.....

And should I say, that I still love the Unthank's version more - okay, Chet Baker....
But who would be so silly to mess with Angels
The two beautiful sisters - Allison and Catherine
Wow, it starts to become a name game.....

And I?
I love it, love it more and more
I enjoy it, enjoy it more and more
I'm crazy about it, crazy more and more

One more?
I know if I go, I'll die happy tonight
But now it's enough - Elizabeth!
Because I fear, I'll write nothing reasonable tonight - 4.24 am

But why should everything every time have a meaning
I have no meaning
Why I should have one
I'm no freaked out asshole president

It would be cool, would I be freaked out
Like Ken Russel - sorry for an additional name
But maybe I'm - for the first time in my life
It would be cool, to be nuts

Is it crazy at my age, to start writing and sitting on a stage
In a foreign language, in a foreign state
Maybe, but at least
I've done, and do, and will do, something that satisfies me

And one is for sure, said it not long ago
What I've written above is a pure lie
Because, if I would die tonight
I would be totally pissed off!
(December, 20th, 2017)

The Absolute Mendacity

Wow, hard to believe
Nothing was achieved, nothing
But now, with this, everything couldn't go fast enough
The circumstances were simply a joke

But this time it was a question of money
Money, to give those, who already have a hell of it
Companies who pay no taxes, millionaires more millions
More money to speculate with, to produce even more money without counter-value

The next crash will come, and then it's good to be too important, too big, too influential to fail
Others can foot the bill, the ones who are not important, not big, not influential
Who cares?
At least as long as.....

We all live a nice dream - really?
Some celebrate - why?
Because they know, that today, they have done something beautiful for the "ordinary" people -
do you believe in this shit?
Because they know, that for many this decision will have harsh consequences -
sounds a bit more realistic, or?

Germany in the twenties, always this parallels - Grosz, Ecce Homo!
Ruin your country, but let mine alone!
But this is impossible, not just since this days and the globalization
Around a hundred years ago, but okay, we will never learn from history

Hell, today it's so easy to gain information
Sweden is a communist country and destroyed by immigrants?
Hey, today your able to get information from so much sources
Use this Internet - you have it!

How about official information from the country itself, the Swedish government?
How about official information from the European Union?
Do you think Great Britain, who leaves the EU now, is a communist country?
No? - Then compare GB with Sweden, the governmental structure, the economic power and more...

You can do this, all alone - read The London Times, online, you can do this!
Do they describe Sweden as a communist country? No? Maybe The Times is hoax news!
Like the BBC, the French, the Italian, the German, the Portuguese.....newspapers and TV stations
Because, surprise! None of them sees Sweden as a communist country - strange, or?

"Lügenpresse" - mendacious press, or, as today, some like to say: lying press
Was one of Adolf Hitler's favorite terms - why all the time this déjà vus?
He, all the time, talked about, that he will help the working class
New jobs, a better live - the women worked in arms factories, the men died on the battlefields

And must one say, that the rich were getting richer - all this famous German names
Names and families, the business elite, they not died
Only the concentration camp internees, who had to work for them
But that was no problem, Germany became great again, after the humiliation from Versailles

Oh, we were so great - Das Großdeutsche Reich
Europe after '45 - a continent destroyed by war
Europe after '45 - a continent destroyed by the Nazi ideology
The Aryan race, the White race - yeah, déjà vu!

Yes, I fear, I fear, that we not learn from history
No, I talk not about this idiot from N.Y.
No, I talk not about this Breitbart fascists
I talk about the Democratic Party!

Where's your opposition? Wow, you won an election! And now?
Now, you will win the next midterm elections? And sure, the next presidency!
Well, the Weimar Republic - what a déjà vu!
Don't try it the same way again, we see the catastrophic result, please new names!

So much depends on this development - unimportant in contrast in which way
With which partner Angela Merkel will rule during her next term
No German member of the government will destroy Germany, Europe, the world again
Well, the United States.....

To destroy the free and democratic USA
Will end the recent epoch - 1945 till.....
And nothing good will follow
Fuck, what a déjà vu!

The last decades, we had understood
Only together we will be able to keep peace
But also in Europe this time seems over
Thank you Brits, for your fucking Brexit!

Yes, in such a world like today
It's good to separate oneself
Only alone you can manage all the challenges of our modern world
That's pure logic, 'cause we all know: What ever will happen, some will win

The rich, important and influential Germans previous to Hitler
Were the rich, important and influential Germans during Hitler
Were the rich, important and influential Germans after Hitler
Why this should be different in the United States?

Therefore, look ahead with zest - some will survive, and if not
Also the dinosaurs are no longer here, we mammals were the winners therefrom
So, should we vanish, some will be there, to be the new winners
Business as usual - let's celebrate!

Yves

You're no longer here
A bit sad, it was impossible to me to say goodbye
Your artworks will accompany me the rest of my life
And I hope you're well, and we will meet one day again

Thanks for all your advice,
Police Officer Yves!

Dreamer

What a fucking thing
To play with young people's lives
But that's cool, I'm the fantastic guy
I show them what they are

They wanna steal our wealth
We not said: You-all shall come!
Go back where you-all come from
To your third world place

We built this wonderful nation
With our bare hands, our pain
Why you-all don't do the same
At your home, what a shame

All will be good again
When you-all are away
Thanks to our new brave men
Our future is bright and safe again

Dreamers

Dream your little dreams at home
And don't destroy ours
You were not welcomed
Leave our wonderful land

You're not brave
Cowards you are
Like a cuckoo in our cozy nest
You try to kill us, you're the pest

You not man enough, to develop your own land
Therefore you try to suck us dry
But you will fail, united we stay
To protect our nation, OUR children will be safe

National Identity

Nations - more or less useless
Regions - more or less important
Peoples - more or less useless
Identity - more or less important

It's a question of definitions!

You have to keep your identity as a part of a community:
I live in Württemberg
I live in Baden-Württemberg
I live in southern Germany
I live in Germany
I would like to live in a united Europe
I would like to live in a united world
Would this mean, that I would be no longer a "Württemberger"?

Germany - there was a time, the question was:
With Austria or with Prussia (before 1870) - a war, with Prussia and without Austria
With Austria and Prussia was impossible - who should lead the new nation!
Later, Adolf Hitler - he "fetched Austria home into the Reich" (Nazi slang)
Now the "Grossdeutsches Reich" (Greater German Reich)
After WW II, two German nations (with an independent Austria):
BRD (democratic, West, NATO) - DDR (communistic, East, Warsaw Pact)
Today: Only the BRD still exists

Sometimes the Alsace was German, sometimes French - today it's French
The city Danzig (Gdansk), with a fascinating history
Was part of Prussia for some time (before 1870)
And later a part of the German Reich (Third Reich), today the city is Polish
Many other examples would be possible

What means "Deutschland" / "Germany"?
In what borders, who's a German?
Are my German speaking relatives in the Alsace French people?
Today for sure! But not at all time!
But for sure they and I are Europeans!
Maybe it's not that important whether they are German or French people
As long as we all are Europeans?

Borders are not fixed for all the time - BRD and DDR!
Maybe the USA will split
Maybe the USA will be united with Canada one day
Nations are artificial constructs (Africa!), not more, not less.....

I speak German, I live in Germany, I've the German nationality
Better and better I'm able to handle the English language
Maybe I will live in the US one day
Assume I would marry an American wife - hey, I'm a single man!
It would be possible then, maybe I will be an American then?
Nationalities are no fixed things!

For my whole life it takes effect:
I'm born in Heilbronn, raised in Baden-Württemberg
But not:
I live in Germany, I'm a German
Maybe on my tombstone you will read:
Died in the US, as an American
Or why not:
Canada, Canadian - Mexico, Mexican - XXX, XXX

We are, what we are
We are human beings, no matter where we're born, where we'll die
No matter how we call ourselves
We should have an identity, no so important which
We should tolerate those of the others
As long as they tolerate ours

Maybe you feel as a gay, maybe as an American
Maybe as an "Indian", maybe as a true man
Maybe as a Californian, maybe as an immigrant
Maybe as Angeleno, maybe as a sportsman

Maybe you're born in Mexico, Guatemala or Belize with Maya ancestors
Maybe you immigrated to the USA, California, Los Angeles
Maybe you married an American man, became an American citizen
Maybe you're a fantastic football player, a real man

I'm born in Germany.....

Lost In The Night

Should write a poetic poem like:

Lost in the night, not found you
Not found me, not searched you
Not searched me, not knew you
Not knew me.....and so on

But at the moment, I don't know anything at all
I'm not sure about, what should I do
Which way I should go, what thoughts I should think
What words should I write, what will be

I would like to write a love poem, but it would be a bit silly
To do so, while not in love
Not, that I would not be able to, it would be just stupid

I'm not in love - Oh, that's 10cc.....!
So, also this not functions - hey, no song enters my mind.....
How about: Bad Company - Bad Company?

I'm bad company in a bad company - no bad beginning, or?
If I'm not mistaken, I'm no native speaker, there's scope for somewhat interpretation
But maybe I'm good company - who would disagree?

'Cause, I would show you the moon and the stars
I would offer you the black rose on my skin
I would dive into an ocean with you, to discover a cherry tree
Full of taste, like the ones from the large one, in my parents' garden
The one who no longer is, except in my mind's pictures
Like so many things that are no longer, but who with their demise
Created the space for all what comes thereafter
For you, and for me, as we will do our creation soon
But this will be no painful, bitter moment
'Cause we will share this moment
In glory and harmony

Typing this alone in Germany, 5.31 am, sitting in front of my PC
What a glorious moment, so incredibly full of harmony
Have eaten three oranges and too much cookies
Not have lost weight, increased, who cares, alone anyway
Drink peppermint tea, no Whiskey Sour, Gimlet or Cosmopolitan
And feel happy and free - tomorrow is Christmas day
All over the world, we enjoy our Coca Cola, and our Christstollen

Well, maybe, it's only a lie
This thing with Christmas everywhere - would it be possible, that Michael Jackson has lied?
No way, black or white - he never lied!
I, for my part, lie all the time, and I like it
Therefore I'm so happy and free, wow, how wonderful, Micheal cared for the people in the favelas
I do not, living in my wonderful Germany - do you remember, FIFA World Cup in Brazil
Germany vs. Brazil - well, have I said, that I think soccer is a boring game
But as I said before, I only tell lies, I'm German, I love this game
All Germans love this game, as we all love your wonderful president
We're crazy about guns, and stay only in the Mandalay Bay
We love concerts with country music, why this chick in her nice boots and the cute white dress
Sits on the pavement and cries, her lipstick all over her body
Be happy and free, who knows what all awful could happen

Not that much good mood today, what shall I do
I'm confused and unsure, what shall I do
Maybe I should write a Christmas tale - that would be nice!
And it came to pass in those days
Okay, that's a plagiarism.....

I'm Dying

I'm dying while listening
While listening to your voices
The tones your instruments making
Only one time I would wish
Creating something roughly so wonderful
But I fear, I never will

But at least it's granted to me
To experience all this wonderful moments
Ah, I could listen to all the rest of my life
But unfortunately.....at least as often as possible
I would like to meet all of you, the living and the dead
To say thanks, thanks for this beautiful moments.....

But now I will stop writing, to concentrate again on what I'm hearing
I only had the feeling, I should write this down
Now I will lose myself again, in this wonderful and endless universe
Always such unexpected discoveries
I'm dying, but I hope that in my last second I will remember
What all of you had bestowed me, how privileged I was

A Christmas Tale

Jesus is born today
That's the believe of many
Especially in the so called Western world
Christians they call themselves
Jesus is their prophet, God's son

I always wonder:
How you're able to call yourself a Christian
Knowing what he has said
Sermon on the Mount
You know what's written there?

Look at all this people
Who call themselves Christians
Look at how they behave
Is this what Christ has said?
I don't think so

What comes to my mind:
Humility, meekness, charity, pure heart and more
Is this what you see in this world?
I see swanky and lying rulers
And their disgusting bunch

All this blah blah blah about Christian values
So disgusting hypocritical
Like the ones how act like this
Compared to so many, not call themselves Christians
But who act so much more as Christ has spoken on the Mount

You not have to name yourself a Christian
To act humanly, to show some tenderness
To share and care with others and for others
To realize that not always more is a meaningful aim
To realize that we're all the same

Only a bit compassion, sympathy, empathy - name it as you like
Would be enough, enough to change this world
Not to a paradise, but maybe to a place
You would become no longer insane
When your looking at

Would this be too much wished
In a world in which this wish could come true
No, this would be not wished too much
Quite the contrary, you have to demand it
Or you have to admit to yourself
What awful creatures we are

Maybe this would be bearable
Would we act in this awful way
Knowing that this our quiddity is
But to claim, that we humans human beings are
And then.....this is an awful joke.....

If Jesus would come to this world again
He would be repelled therefrom, what they have done with his words
But, maybe he should come again after all
But, not to die an awful death again
But, to live with us, as an inspiring example

And, when you should come back again
It would be not important as you would name yourself
Sometimes I've the feeling, we have some problems with names
Maybe this is our biggest problem in the end
But, that we would be able to address you, I would suggest

Human

A Merry Fairy Christmas Tale

It had snowed quite a lot and the whole world was covered with a white sugar coating. Everyone was happy, the children built snowmen, the grandmas had baked Christmas cookies, the moms and dads had decorated the Christmas trees. Now the parents and the grandmas sat inside the warm houses and looked at the children and their activities. It was an image of peace and harmony - and all their snowmen look so beautiful, each had its beauty. The moms and dads embraced each other and the grandmas remembered a long gone time. All were happy at this time, like every year, when the whole world was covered with this white blanket - like every year, not exactly like every year.

The blanket had some stains this year, only some little ones, it was not that difficult to ignore them, only a few, very little, red stains - blood-red stains. But as said, it was in fact not difficult at all, to ignore them, everybody could ignore them, everybody ignored them. Maybe not them who lived where the stains were, but nobody asked, everyone was happy. And the children built snowmen - maybe not the children where the stains were, but nobody asked, everyone was happy, and the parents embraced each other closely, maybe not the parents where the stains were, but nobody asked, everyone was happy. And the grandmas remembered, like the grandmas remembered where the stains were, but because nobody asked, it got nobody's attention, that in fact all grandmas in the whole world remembered this long gone time.

There was a time, a long gone time, when the grandmas had sat at the place where today the moms and dads sat, not alone. They embraced each other, and watched the children, together with their grandmas and grandpas, how they built snowmen. It was a time of peace and harmony, always when the whole world looked like an ice palace. And the ice was crystal clear, nothing was there, to disturb the purity, always when the children built snowmen, there was peace and harmony, always when the parents embraced each other, always when the grandmas and grandpas

It's Christmas Everywhere

Apart from the nonsense, that this would imply that all people on earth would believe that Jesus was the son of God, that all people on earth would be Christians, even when, this would be a disgusting joke!

I not have to mention anything, who not has now, immediately, a million pictures in mind, should better start to open his eyes and look at this world. Oh yes, there were so many soapy Christmas stories - my dog run away, but today, at Christmas Eve, after three years, he returned - a Christmas miracle! Oh yeah, and the whole world is happy now, and you have some hundred thousand likes - and yes, if this not shows, that there's a just God, a just God for them who believe in him - unhesitatingly.....

A man sits on a bench, he smells terribly, he stinks to be honest, sitting in his wetted pants, but hey, it's Christmas Eve, I donate him a dollar and feel good - it's Christmas everywhere....

Yes, the Good Samaritan - but this not means a dollar, that means real participation, a real interest to help, to care about, you have to share your coat in the way as St. Martin of Tours did it. It's nice, when a company who earns billions, donates some millions and not forgets to tell the whole world therefrom - only maybe that this millions are tax-deductible.....who's interested in the work, to stick with my example, of people in homeless shelters or soup kitchens? Yes, the Good Samaritan.....

Soon It's New Year's Day

Time to prepare your New Year's resolutions
I have none, I've only a few wishes
Okay, apart therefrom, that I wish that the whole world will live in peace and suchlike
I mean this normal stuff, I wish:

I wanna become a world famous author and I wanna become a multi multi multi millionaire
Sure, author is a bit a bad chosen, better would be a musician
Or, why not a ruthless business man, but we all have our dreams.....
Therefore, author!

Then, after becoming fucking rich, I need a nice wife
One for the representative part, with nice summer dresses, a bit younger than I
One for the...you know, with nice sexy short dresses and this stuff, much much younger than I
One for - hey, I said it often enough! Every women has its beauty - I wanna have them all!

Then some real estate, the usual
Beach house in Malibu, one larger in a canyon, Angelino Heights.....
Something in San Francisco, the New England States, the Deep South.....the usual

Then some cars, not the usual
Two E-Typs (more information see "Hoax News"), some classic Citroens (also "Hoax News")
A few classic European roadsters (see "My Sweet Little Sixteen")
And, it's America, therefore some American classics
No, no Pony, I like the 50's and 60's station wagons
Okay, a 60's Corvette (or two?)

Then I have to collect – no, I mean not my collection I still have
Hey, I'm fucking rich now!
I have to start to collect - you not have read my writing - or?
Red and black diamonds of course!

And I will have a private kitchen - 24/7 like Hugh
And 'cause I'm a cook my own, I have to tell him all the time that I would have done better
Always this problems with this funking staff.....

Because I enjoyed this long flights the last time very much
I need a long-haul aircraft for me personally
One or two times a month to another continent and back, that would be freaky

And because there's still some space on this page
Ah nonsense.....that's not what I wish
But I think I should write about it soon, I already know at which place and at which time
Till then - don't know
Freaky time, really a freaky time

European Simit Palast

First time for lunch here today
Yes, Turkish food, aside from Döner Kebab
What's no Turkish dish at all
Always something delicious is

The combination is cool
On one side fine dishes to eat
On the other side a bakery
With bread, cookies and cakes

Well, the cakes are colorful and very sweet
Interesting, the cookies are not that sweet but very delicious
The bread, to be honest, I like the German bread more
I think another large tea and a slice of the green cake.....

Time Moves In Three Ways

I entered the bar, nearly empty, and decided for a bar stool. Only one more guy at the bar, I let two stools empty between us. He had obviously a Whiskey Sour, I decided for a Gimlet and had a look at his watch - five past twelve, not really the exact time. I started to concentrate on my Gimlet.

"Another one, please"

I looked at him, still five past twelve. He moved his head a little bit, I did the same.

"Also another one?"

This time he moved his head a little bit in the direction of my nearly empty glass.

"Yeah, need another one - thanks for your invitation."

"You're welcome! I've time....."

"What this concerns.....maybe it's, because your watch has stopped?"

"Oh, no! That's not the reason....."

"So, you know that's not five past twelve?"

"It's, whatever you want....."

"Yeah, unfortunately not for all of us....."

We gotten our drinks and I raised my glass to him.

"To the generous donor!"

"To the one who spends his valuable time with me!"

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course!"

"Five past twelve - what do you think, am or pm?"

"That's a very good question! You surprise me! You possess a deeper knowledge about time?"

"Absolutely not! As we all, I have not the slightest idea about, what time is!"

"Don't fool me! It's obvious that you have, at least in some degree, a deeper knowledge about time!"

"Okay, Einstein, but only in the level of an interested amateur....."

"No, no, not Einstein! That's banal! You know more! Don't try to fool me!"

"Now I'm curious. Okay, not the relativity of time is our topic.....time travel?"

"Time travel? Again, don't try to fool me! Back and forward in time? Kindergarten! You see it - my watch!"

"Yes, I see your watch and I see that it's still five past twelve?"

"Only the ones who have the deeper knowledge can see this!"

"I fear I will disappoint you, but, I see that your watch not works AND I've no deeper knowledge about time!"

"You mean, you can see, that my watch shows constantly five past twelve, but you not know what this means?"

"Exactly!"

"Well, that's the first time that this happens - now I'm really disappointed.....so long I've waited for someone who's able to see my watch as it is, not ticking, stopped at five past twelve. I thought, that this person would have automatically the deeper knowledge about time - that's disappointing, that this was an illusion....."

"The bartender? Does he sees that the watch is ticking?"

"Sure! We not have to ask him - ah, you think I'm a drunken barfly?"

"This is not offensively meant, but...."

"It's okay - bartender, can you help us, please?"

"Sure, what kind of problem the gentlemen have?"

"About time. We're not sure what's the correct time. Can you please look at my watch and at his watch. Can you tell us what time my watch shows and whether the watch is ticking or not and then the same with his watch and then finally with your watch? Hope that sounds not too crazy...."

"I'm a bartender.....let's see. Your watch is ticking and it's 11.35 - his watch is ticking also and it's 11.35 also - my watch is ticking and it's 11.38. I think mine shows the correct time because it's a radio-controlled watch - a bit strange, that yours have exactly the same aberration....."

"Thanks! Interesting, or?"

He looked at me and to be honest, now I was a bit puzzled - was he a regular customer and they fooled me? But the bartender looked at his watch first.....

"What does you see, when you look at my watch?"

"Your watch is not ticking and it's five till twelve....."

"Now it starts to become really a bit strange - you see dead people?"

"That's no Hollywood kitsch! You're not dead, I'm not dead, and I'm not here to proclaim your imminent death - we're not totally congruent, that's all! Only very close - you really have no idea?"

"As I said...."

"You know that some say that time moves in both ways - that's obviously familiar to you?"

"Yes, for instance a singer I love very much - but I contradicted her....."

"Really? Why?"

"Because time moves only in one way - at least in this universe, at least for us humans?"

"Well.....you maybe felt that this forward-backward-thing is not enough?"

"I.....have no idea from about what you're talking.....sorry?"

"That's really strange! But you travel from time to time? I mean, with your mind.....?"

"Yeeees,....."

"You never traveled sideways? In time.....?"

"Sideways?"

"Yes, not forwards, not backwards – sideways!"

"Is it important, which side?"

"You know it! Only one who knows it, would ask such a question! On the other hand, he would know the answer! No, both sides are equal - you not know?"

"No, really - but on the other side, this makes a lot of sense to me.....I mean that both sides are equal...."

"Would it be possible, that you've forgotten, that you had this knowledge?"

"Maybe - suddenly all seems so logic to me: Time can move sideways....."

We ordered new drinks and started a long and fruitful conversation and now it's not five past twelve or five till twelve, it's four past four now - pm - and my café au lait tastes very good.....

Target

I enter a Target shop in Azusa
And exit it in Heilbronn
I enter a McDonald's in Paris
And I exit it in San Francisco
How boring.....

I enter Textilpflege Ludwig in Jagstfeld
And exit it in Jagstfeld
I enter Gus's Drive In in Los Angeles
And exit it in Los Angeles
How inspiring.....

Plurality and diversity does your mind good
Not everywhere all the same things
TV often so boring
Radio often plays always the same songs
There's so much in this world to be discovered

Why we stay not curious like children are
Why we're no longer open for new things
Why we're no longer able to change our opinions
Why we're no longer able to be happy about everything new
We should stay children, that would be better anyway.....

The White And The Black Rose

A white and a black rose contain all possible colors a rose can have
You have to look carefully, then you see all colors you can imagine

Colors are only a product of your brain
Electromagnetic waves
But that makes them not less beautiful, instead
If you open your mind, much more beautiful they are now

Black and White - we interpret so much into it
Yes, the human fantasy
Sometimes so beautiful, sometimes so awful
But all the time it happens in you brain

Reality - there are no colors in the reality, no Black, no White
Only your brain creates them
Would make things much better
But maybe that's too much wished, to wish you would listen to your brain

Responsibility

You not have to have done something by your own
That you're responsible for it
No, you not have done it by your own
But, you're done also nothing to prevent it

When people die because of your passivity
You're responsible for their deaths
Does you have to risk your life?
No, definitely not, but this counts only when your life is really threatened

In our "modern Western societies"
This should be not the normal case
You should have the possibility
When you're willing to help, to prevent

Not that much excuses possible
For your passivity
Oh, I've not known.....
Yeah, maybe, but that's definitely your fault!

We Not Have

We harm nobody, we live our lives in a good manner
Come on, we cannot heal the whole world
Yes, some live not such a nice life
But, we worked hard for our good lives

We cannot pay you more for your labor
You would be to expensive for us
Your goods no longer we wanna have
Not good for you that would be

We exploit your natural resources only for you
We do this only for you, to raise your GDP
You then are able to buy our quality products
The stuff we no longer need and want

This world is a global one now
We have to live with each other
To find fair arrangements
Please stay at home, we tell you, whom we want

We harm nobody, we live our lives in a good manner
Come on, we cannot heal the whole world
Yes, some live not such a nice life
But, we worked hard for our good lives

The Unicorn

Wow, you're a real unicorn - I never thought that I ever will see a real unicorn.
You not answer me, but believe me, I realize that you're in fact a unicorn - you're so gorgeous.
You still not believe me, that I can see your real beauty, your wonderful horn?
But why then, I not speak to you in the way, I would speak to you, would I believe you're only a horse?

The unicorn moved her head towards me, her eyes fixed mine.

You claim, that you can see my horn?

Yes.

It's very seldom the case that an adult human can see my horn, normally only children see it.

But this, what you said, implies that at least from time to time also an adult can see your horn.

Not from time to time - very, very seldom.

Is it true that unicorns are immortal? You're the first I see, the first with whom I talk.

Yes, we unicorns are immortal - immortal in the sense that we exist since something exists, and we will end to exist when nothing will exist anymore.

You were born? You grow old? Immortal?

We are unicorns, no male and no female, no young ones and no adult ones and no old ones - only unicorns.

And the legends, that unicorns were hunted, cause of their horns, cause of their magic abilities?

We're immortal, no human is able to kill us. There are things in this world, no human will ever be able to kill them. They were there long before him, and they will be there long after him.

Like the unicorns.

Like the unicorns.

But, I can see you - wouldn't I be able to harm you or even to kill you?

Then you wouldn't see me.

And if I would harm or kill the horse that I would see then?

You not would harm or kill me - I'm a unicorn, I'm immortal.

When I would leave and come back tomorrow, would I still see the unicorn?

That depends on you.

Is it possible that I stood in front of a unicorn before, but was not able to realize that it was a unicorn, but now I'm able to realize it?

This would be very strange. As I said, normally it's converse. Humans, as long as they are children, can see many of the hidden treasures of this world, of this universe. Later, when they grow older, they lose this ability more and more then. A few humans are able to shrine this ability, but only a few.

You're the first unicorn I really see - I never saw a fairy so far, will I see also fairies now?

Not necessarily - some see unicorns, some see fairies, some see both. You see, what you're willing to see.

Then I will leave you for today, and I will return tomorrow. It would be wonderful to see you again.

I'm sure about, that we will meet again tomorrow. Maybe then also a fairy will join us.....

A Fairy Tale

"Please, grandpa Peter!"

"Yes, tell us a story!"

"A fairy tail, a fairy tail!"

"Your tales are the best!"

"Pleeease!"

"Okay, let's see. I tell you fairy tale, but it will be a scary one! If you kids are not able to sleep tonight - it's not my fault! Okay?"

"Yees!"

"Then I will start, and the fairy tale begins....."

A long time ago there was a boy. He had to stay at a dark and cold place, no sun or no candle illuminated this somber place, nothing bestowed him at least a bit warmth. He sat there and waited, waited also this time, till it would be over again. He was sad and lonely, here alone, at this somber place.....

But this time something was different, in the corner of his eye he saw something, no, he felt something, there was something, but he was too anxious, to look carefully, to explore the dark. But more and more it became obvious - he was not alone! His eyes had more and more adapted the dark, definitely, there in the corner was something, huge, dark, a strange huge and dark silhouette!

He tried not to move, he tried not to breath, now he was even more frightened, as he was frightened before already. And as the silhouette began to move his heart nearly stands still. And then, suddenly, the silhouette began to speak.....

"Don't be afraid, I also have to stay here. It's so dark and cold here."

But the boy feared the dark silhouette! He tried to cover himself in the corner far from the silhouette. The thing looked frightening, it was a dragon, with a long neck!

"I've saw you always when you were here, but I never dared to address you. But today I fear so much - I'm a liar!"

"I'm also a liar, that's why I'm here."

"You're no liar, you only posses a wonderful imagination. You know, I have to be here all the time. Whenever you're here, it's nice for me, because then I'm no longer alone."

"What are you? You're a black dragon!"

"No, I'm a swan."

"Now you're a liar! I'm no fool! I've seen many swans, they are all pure white!"

"Not in their youth....."

"....stop liar! Again, I'm no fool! They are gray in their youth, not so awfully black like you!"

"You're an exact observer! That's true, but it's also true, that I'm an adult swan. I'm not that large as the swans that you know, but in fact I'm an adult swan. See, I look like a swan....."

"....go away! Don't come nearer - you look a bit like a swan, but you're black!"

"Normally I live on the other side of the earth - isn't it funny, that the people there know only black swans like me?"

"You mean, where you normally live, no white swans live there?"

"Yes! In this part of the world all swans are white, but in my part of the world all swans are black - strange or?"

"That's truly strange, and I have to confess that you really look like a swan. A bit smaller, more gracile, but apart from your color - everybody would think that you're a swan....."

"'Cause I'm!"

"Yeah, I think you're right. It's only your color that puzzled me."

"Should I show you something special?"

"Maybe?"

"Don't fear – look..."

The swan spread his large wings, and.....showed the boy his white feathers!

"That's a surprise! That's so awesome! The dark black feathers, the bright white feathers and your red beak - you're such a wonderful swan! Much more interesting than the ones who are only white!"

"Also the white swans are very beautiful - or?"

"Yes they are, but you're much more beautiful, you're.....sorry, but there's a story....."

"You mean the story, the one with the white and the black swan?"

"Yes, I've saw a bit of it in TV. I had forgotten it. I thought, this were no real swans.....the black swan was a bad swan....."

"Yes. Do you think I'm bad, bad because I'm black?"

"No, should you be bad, then because you're bad, not because you're black! And by the way, you're red and white also."

"But in the human imagination black always means bad."

"But the night sky is black and I love the night and the stars. It's always so calm in the night."

"Can I come a bit closer?"

"It would be wonderful for me!"

The black swan lay herself close beside the boy. With her long neck she embraced his neck and lay her head on his chest.

"I hear your heart beating."

Suddenly the boy felt sheltered, nothing would be able now, to harm him. The black swan bestowed him a wonderful warmth.....

".....therewith my tale comes to an end."

"Oooh, what happened then!"

"And the swan - why the swan was at this place! Which way she got in there?"

"Hey, it was a fairy tale....."

"Do you know the boy?"

"No, not any longer....."

The Black Swan

There's a Black Swan flying down the Milky Way
Towards the center of our galaxy
She's so wonderful, so sublime
Always when I see her
She bestows me a feeling of security

The Germans And Their Forests

I always loved it - trees, woods, forests, the twilight even at noon, the early nightfall, always chilly, even at the hottest day, never windy, even when a storm outside, shelter even from heavy rain.....the trees are your friends, they protect you, they cover you, they give you shelter, they love you.....

All the seasons something wonderful happens - spring, summer, autumn and winter, always something wonderful happens.....

Springtime, the trees wake up again, leaves in an uncountable variety, the birds in the air, their mellifluous sound, everywhere growth and thriving, a new time begins, forgotten the silentness, the white cover no longer, green now the color should be.....

The streamlet looks for its way, with all the bear's garlic by its side, the soft gurgle around the stones, the refreshment it will give, the exciting playground for the boy, the small creatures therein, the dragonflies and hey, can you see the salamander there in the moist moss.....

It's summer, the roes crossing the glade, the fawns near by their mothers, the birds now have a lot to do, so much life now everywhere - blackberries, raspberries and the so unbelievable tasteful wild strawberries, one can't get enough.....

Small flowers are to be discover, manifold mushrooms, gorgeous orchids, tempting and strange beauties, little stems on the ground with bright red berries, small plants with appealing black cherries, oh, so much wonderful there to be discovered and to be tried.....

And in autumn, when all the colors exploding, a rave of color like nature only can provide - green, yellow, red and brown in so many shades, when all the leaves are falling, the trees begin to sleep, when all the leaves turn into soil, new life they will enable.....

There's a scent, inhale it, your scent, soon it will be - all over the time, myriads of scents fulfill the air, always changing, always volatile, always there, always vanished away, never graspable, beguiling, how beautiful this place.....

And finally the winter, when snow bends the branches, when all the green turns white, when the leaves no longer, but the conifers still are as they were, when the silent place becomes mutely, then the fascination turns into something mystical.....

The mystical forest, everything can happen here. Awful things, cruel things, tender things, beautiful things - everything can be. Open your senses, see it, hear it, smell it, taste it, feel it - imagine it. The forest is everything you wanna that the forest is - Ursula K. Le Guin! It's yourself who decides, whether you see the inconspicuous flower at the wayside, or not - or whether you trample the inconspicuous flower, not noticing it.....

N.B.: Ursula K. Le Guin; The Word For World Is Forest

This novel has one of the most beautiful beginnings of all the novels I know. I felt so deeply connected with the protagonist. I totally understood him, among the trees, at the streamlet.....

All Those Children

The years of childhood, those innocent years, those blithe years, we all wanna have them back - those years with death and killing, with poverty and starve, abuse and rape, far away from a place, with peace, with security, with help - all alone, living in a slum, on the street, in a brothel - happy years of childhood.....

If a war would begin now, I would be an old man - how would it be, to be born in a war zone, to grow up in a war zone, no other experiences than war.....

If a new world depression would come now, I would be an old man - how would it be, to be born in awful poorness, to grow up in awful poorness, no other experiences than awful poorness.....

If somebody would commit acts of violence against me now, I would be an old man - how would it be, to be born in a depraved community, to grow up in a depraved community, no other experiences than depravity.....

Sometimes I say, that I can imagine everything. I only have to close my eyes. Really?

But in the end it's so awfully easy - you have to imagine only, that your childhood would had been harmed, that your childhood would had been destroyed, that your childhood would had been stolen, that you would had had no childhood at all.....

It's terribly easy - or?

Caroline's Pink Wonderland, my Rose Garden with the Supernal-White Unicorn, expressions of wishes and desires - how much endowed one is, when he can have such expressions? I shudder when I think about, that this is absolutely no matter of course, that this is a great privilege.....

So many children, and in particular girls, are not allowed to have a childhood. Not even then they are allowed, to have at least some years of lightheartedness, an awful thought. There's so much wealth in this world, in each country enough, it would be so easy.....

For me education is the key element, children should have a right to education. At least for some years they should have the right to learn how to read, how to calculate, how to use the Internet, that there's a world, a world of diversity and plurality.....and I know that I'm naive.....

There are enough interests in this world, that not everyone has the same chances, that there are enough uneducated, enough, which not get the idea, that their living is no natural law, that they have a right to a own life, especially the girls.....

General education for girls, more women in important positions, independent women, such elements, they would change this world! But as said, there are so many interests, who do everything to undermine this! Yin and Yang comes me in mind - would be nice to say now: We need more Yin in this world. Yin is associated with "female". Would sound very smart! But instead it shows the fundamental dilemma, because Yin is not only associated with "female", but also with "negative, passive, dark, soft, cold"! Yang with "male, positive, active, bright, hard, hot"! That is not smart, that is trite and disappointing! We should allow the children of this world to gain education, to become self-confident and self-determined, the world would change, the world would become a better world.....

You're Getting Old

You're getting old, I see it every day
I fear, not much longer you will stay
And I dream about to fly away
Sorry for that - Elizabeth: Soft decay?

How would it be, California, here to stay
To live there, to write there, to.....
And your last day
On this earth.....

You always was so dynamic, so spry
But now?
You always had new plans, no standstill
But now?

You gave me my life two times
What did I give you?
You tried to do the best with your life
What did I try?

"A" - I love it so, I'm proud of to wear it
"G" - I would hate it, I fear about to wear it
Should I stay, but I can't
When I have the option, I have to go

As "A" died I was away - military service
And now? Again away? - California, SF or LA?
But maybe, the audience will laugh about me
But maybe, I will come back, happy to be allowed to stay

New Year's Day - 2018, 1st
New Year's Day - 2019, 1st
Not knowing what will be, but
I have the deep feeling, all will be different, no longer the same

The Train

Formerly I used the train regularly - I made my driver license very late. Very often to Tauberbischofsheim, to Karlsruhe, but most of all to Stuttgart. Today I decided yet again for the train, sometimes it's just much more comfortable simply to sit down, listen to music, read a book or a magazine, or why not, only to look out of the window, view the landscape, the villages and cities you pass through, the people outside there. And that is what I do - I look at the world outside, the world that drifts by.....

I'm alone in my coach, it's early in the morning, still some hours till rush-hour, also on the streets not that many cars and people, I get tired and close my eyes a little bit.....

As I open them again, I had not been fallen asleep, I only had closed my eyes for a while - suddenly the landscape looks different, even when I'm not able to say why. I look at my watch, no hand moves, not even the one for the seconds. I'm a bit annoyed, not knowing now how long it will last till I would reach my aim. Because it's no short travel, it will be not soon anyway - but how long exactly? So far no conductor had controlled me, maybe I could ask him? But no one comes.....nobody comes and I look outside again. I look at the cars and suddenly I realize, that they all drive in one direction, on one side of the street, they drive opposite to me - I look more precise at the cars, but still, all cars drive away from that point, I head to.....

But soon there will be the next city, the next station, and in fact, soon the next city appears somewhat in a distance. And more and more cars on the street, away from that city, away from the point my aim should be.....

Another train is passing, a lot of people, so many, one sees me, he waves with his arms, his eyes, it looks like he would scream something while he vanishes with the train.....

The station, we not call to a halt - should we? Most of the station is totally empty, only one platform is totally overcrowded. People, a lot of people, people who fear - we leave the station, the city and suddenly the streets are empty.....

I open the window, look outside, the direction we drive, but I see nothing, nothing that looks dangerous or strange. Now, for the first time, I think about that I'm maybe not all alone - why I not looked before after other travelers or the train staff? So I do it now, I walk through the complete train, from the end till the beginning, from the beginning till the end, but, I find no one, no other travelers, no staff - I'm all alone in the train.....

The engineer? But there's no possibility for me to reach the engine, but I've the feeling, there would be nobody, nobody drives this train - nobody.....

I sit down and try to relax a bit. The streets are totally empty, the next city is totally empty, the next station is totally empty, the platforms are all empty.....only one time I see an old man sitting on the side of the street, he seems to wait, simply to wait, wait, till it will happen, whatever will happen.....

I'm not sure, but I have the feeling, that I'm in this train already for hours now, in my train, long ago we would have had to reach our destination, my destination, but the train continues to drive....

We enter a tunnel, all is dark now, no tunnel light and also the light in the train is very dim - almost only a glimmering. I wait till the tunnel comes to an end, maybe everything will be different on the other side. As I said, I'm used to use the train and not that seldom a tunnel changed everything. On

one side rain, on the other side the sun shines. On one side a lot of snow, on the other side none. On one side a city, on the other side a deep forest. On one side mountains, on the other side lowlands - so I wait till the tunnel will end, to see what will happen then, on the other side.....but no end comes, the tunnel not comes to an end.....

I wait, have absolutely no idea what I should do - I cannot leave the train, how should I manage this? But I'm all alone and definitely not on the way to the destination I wished to reach - destination? In a tunnel that not ends? Panic comes up - but I see no opportunity to act - what should I do.....

All had begun, after I had closed my eyes - no, I said it, I not have slept! I only had closed my eyes and gave vent to my thoughts - is this the solution? Should I do it again, and when I open my eyes then again, everything will be okay then again? Maybe this all is only a dream? But I'm too nervous, to let my thoughts flow - but I have to! I try to relax, as much as possible, I take some deep, very, very deep breaths and close my eyes.....

Dazed And Confused

At the moment I need neither Led Zeppelin nor weed (I've never smoked it)

But I'm totally dazed and confused

Have no idea what I should write - some real fucking shit?

At the moment.....monsters and women with big boobs

No, I'm no weird manga fan (never read manga)

But I'm totally dazed and confused

A story about another dimension, where I would be a women?

Or why not two?

One like a gracile ballerina, one like a mighty Amazon

I would be able to alter between them, whatever would be better for me at the moment

I would kill a lot of men and would love a lot of women - sounds cool!

I think I should write the story - a title?

No cool idea! Should I start to play WoW (what I never did)?

No way! No play, a real alternative dimension - no children's play!

A dimension where all your hidden monsters appear

In appearance of a gracile ballerina who would enjoy it absolutely to kill all this male bastards

Should I drop the Amazon? - Fuck, I should write this story.....

An old man who sits at his computer, would suddenly realize, that this all is not real

That in reality he's a gracile ballerina who lives in a bizarre world

A world full of monsters, her mission? To kill them, free this world from them!

Her lap dog would be a monstrous wolf (no werewolf!), and her pigeon a huge nightjar

In the course of the story, it would become obvious, that the monsters which the ballerina kills

In this world are called: Men

With her companions she would wander through her world
To kill as many monsters / men as possible!
And after a successful day she would look after a companion for the night, beautiful as she
Hey, I really should write this story!

I see her standing, covered with the blood of the recently killed monsters, exhausted, but satisfied
Because she would know, that her efforts enables all the other women, to live a more secure life
And all the other women would honor her therefore, we all know in which way.....

"Den" come me to mind (never have read one of the comics) – the stature of the men and women?
How boring! Have I said how my ballerina is dressed?
I mean, ballerina says nothing about her clothes – or?

"The Firebird", definitely, the starting point for my large tattoo, red would be good
Red from the monsters' blood, very nice idea!
And I know the title now! - "Tamara"

Because Tamara Platonowna Karsawina danced the title role in the premiere 1910
Oh yeah, I really think I should do it: "Tamara" - and I know the beginning!

I would start with a battle between Tamara and some monsters
The wolf and the nightjar would support her.....
Yeah, "Tamara"! With this story I should continue my writing!

Tamara

In A New World

"Thank you, Nightjar and Wolf. Your overview from above and your combat power helped me again a lot. I don't know, what I should do without you both. I discover more and more my new skills, more and more I'm able to control them, but this fight was the hardest so far. This monsters are not stupid. The first moment of surprise has gone, they communicate with each other, they know now that we're here, here in this foreign world."

"Your arm, you're bleeding."

"Only a flesh wound, thank you Wolf that you lick it. I think we all should take a bath in the small river there."

"That will freshen us. I've seen a small city from above, somewhat south from here. Maybe we should go there?"

"After the bath."

I took off my red dance dress, now even much redder, with all the blood from the now dead monsters, my white tights and my white ballet shoes, no longer pure white, and at last my headdress with the red feathers. I would clean all later after the bath.

"Does pretty good after the fight - do you think they waited for us?"

"I think they were as surprised as we were. No, but I think we need very soon better information about this world. Why ever we all are here, we cannot act properly without better knowledge. We need a map and better background information about this situation here."

"Maybe the citizens of the small city can help us, that I've seen."

"I hope so, but now we should rest a bit. I can dry my fur in the sun, Nightjar her feathers and Tamara her clothes. Should we talk about.....to be here - I mean, I'm no mighty wolf in my actual world. But now I'm here, now I'm, and I have to fight against this monsters. The same with you both, or?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"But we're not from the same actual world - or?"

"According what you said yesterday - no."

"Same with me."

"In my world I'm, what we call a Talerusu. I've seen nothing what I could compare with a Talerusu in this world - now I'm a mighty wolf! Talerusus are not mighty! You Nightjar?"

"Again the same with me. I call myself a Newadaran. Nothing in this world reminds me of a Newadaran! And to be honest, Newadarans cannot fly, neither they are as elegant as I'm as Nightjar."

"Why you say nothing, Tamara? Is it because your appearance is alike with the inhabitants of this world?"

"It puzzles me. There are wolfs in this world, but not that huge as you are, and they cannot speak. There are nightjars in this world, but not that huge, and they cannot speak. But I look like as the inhabitants of this world - that puzzles me."

"But in you actual world? Your appearance there? Is there something that would be comparable to it, in this world?"

"I'm not sure about it at the moment - I need more information.....we should head out to the city...."

"....not necessary any longer - they are here already."

In fact, not that far away stood a group of inhabitants and looked at us. It was obvious, that they were there for a longer time and that they had heard what we had said. It was not the first time, that we saw inhabitants of this world, but so far they had avoided it, to come in contact with us. This time it seemed to be different. One of the inhabitants, with somewhat different clothes on stepped forward and addressed us.

"Would you-all allow us, to invite you to our community?"

"It would be a honor for us."

"Why would it be a honor for you? You're the Sent! The time has begun now, to fight the ultimate fight against the monsters! With the help of you three - the Sent - now we have a chance to win this war - now we will win this war!"

The other inhabitants started to cheer. Nightjar, Wolf and I communicated with glimpses.

"Obviously you had awaited us, and we have some ideas why we are here in this world. We know, that we have to fight against this monsters - and obviously the monsters know that we are their enemies. But also obvious is, that we have not all the knowledge, that we should have. I think we have to talk."

"You not know the old legend?"

"No, maybe we have, while we traveled to this world, forgotten some of the knowledge that we had. But we know, that we have to fight against the monsters, without any doubt!"

After this words the inhabitants started to cheer again, Wolf had found the right words. I dressed up and we followed the inhabitants to their houses. The small city was as such very nice, the houses were very nice, it would had been a beautiful place to live, weren't there not been the mighty fortifications! Even this smaller city was highly protected - the monsters a severe danger.

They led us to a beautiful building in the middle of the city - their assembly hall. The inhabitant who had adressed us and we three sat together in a representative room. They had brought us various very good tasting foods and beverages. And now we should get the knowledge, about the old legend - why we were in this foreign world.....

"A long time ago, such long ago, that some doubt that this time ever was, we and the monsters lived peacefully together. But then something happened, something, no one speaks about, and the monsters began to hate us. Their hate became bigger and bigger till they began to kill us - a bloody war started. But no party was able to win the war. So the war became an endless war, a war till our time. But, there's a legend, and the legend narrates the following story. One of our kind will come, gorgeous, dressed in pure white and blood red. Accompanied by a mighty wolf and an elegant nightjar. They will lead us to the victory, so that we will be able to live in peace again. That's the legend!"

"We not know enough about this world, we need information. About the cities....."

".....do you allow me to interrupt you?"

"Sure."

"You three have no knowledge at all about our world?"

"I fear, yes."

That was a shock for the inhabitant. But Wolf found the right words again.

"Maybe we have lost the knowledge about your world, but we still know our task! We have had only a few encounters with the monsters so far, but they showed us enough! They tried to kill us, and we killed them! We are on your side!"

Now we obtained an first insight into our new world. This city was in fact rather a smaller city, some were much larger. And this world was large, very large. And all over this huge world this cruel war was fought. Every day a vast number of inhabitants died, every day, again and again. That had to come to an end!

"Wolf, Nightjar - I've a problem."

"Tell us...."

"My world, my actual world....."

"Yes....."

"My actual world is not so different from this world....."

"Maybe that's why you manifest like one of the inhabitants?"

"In my world there live inhabitants...."

"You mean, you look the same in your world like in this world - now, so much becomes obvious!"

"I not look the same in my world, that's my problem....."

"We also not!"

"In my world live inhabitants, we only name them different. In my world live monsters, we only name them different - that's my problem."

"In your world, there's also this awful war?"

"In a way, yes - and many other wars....."

"Then your world is even a more awful place than this world - why then you're here?"

"Maybe, because I wish to be here, maybe I dream about to be here - but that would be cynical, that would be a lie!"

"But you're here to fight this war, to win this war, you're the completion of a legend!"

"You're a Talerusu in your world, Wolf?"

"Yes."

"You're a Newadaran in your world, Nightjar?"

"Yes."

"I'm a Man in my world, and we name an inhabitant, Woman."

"Well, in your world there live inhabitants, you name them Womans. And you're a Man, therefore, in your world there also live Mans. And finally monsters. In your world, you're a Man, in this world, you're a Woman - I see no problem?"

"I was a Newadaran, now I'm a nightjar - Wolf was a Talerusu, now she's a wolf - you was a Man, now you're a Woman - I also see no problem?"

"We also name the monsters in a different way, in my actual world. We name them man - I'm a man, a monster, in my actual world....."

In the actual world, an old man sat at an old desk. He had his eyes closed and was no longer in his actual world. Now he was a gracile ballerina, dressed in white and red, killing all this awful monsters. Now he no longer was alone, a mighty wolf and an elegant nightjar spoke with him, helping him by killing the monsters. And in his boundless fantasy he saw many brutal carnage and nights full of tenderness, but he was too tired now, so he not continued, but he would.....

Somnium Orbis

We learned more and more about our new home - the inhabitants called their planet Somnium Orbis, and themselves the Pulchrae. The monsters were called the Deformes. We read the old legend and got a better understanding for the situation of the Pulchrae. They tried to live in peace and harmony, better, they lived in peace and harmony. The only disturbing factor were the Deformes. They tried to destroy all that, what the Pulchrae created on beauty and tenderness. And the reason for that was not obvious.....

It was said, that there was a time, when Pulchrae and Deformes lived in harmony. But then - nobody knew! The Deformes started to think that they were superior to the Pulchrae, that the Pulchrae had to do what they say - but why? The old legend knew no answer - maybe that was the reason why I was in this world now, to tell the Pulchrae why, to describe them my world, to speak as a Deformes, as a monster, as a man.....

I had Wolf and Nightjar bidden not to tell the Pulchrae that in my world also Pulchrae and Deformes live, that in my world I was a.....

In their world, Somnium Orbis, I had the shape of a Pulchrae - what I enjoyed much, to be beautiful and tender.....especially in the nights, which they spent together.....

But this wonderful status lasted not long - the monsters had killed four Pulchrae who were on there way back from the next city. An ambush, they had fought brave, but had no real chance against the superior numbers of the Deformes. But what harrowing was, to say, that the Deformes had killed them, was..... it was awful to see the dead bodies. Obviously, two Pulchrae had been killed during the fight. But that had the Deformes not detained from disgracing the dead bodies. The other two Pulchrae? I felt ashamed and decided never to go back to my world, never again I wanted to be one of this monsters, here in this world I would find my fulfillment, to kill as many of this monsters as possible, maybe to become a Pulchrae, but never again a Deformes.....

"You had found the bodies?"

"They present them always, they like it, when we find them, when we are always disgusted, not understanding, how is it possible, to do something like this."

"You fight against them, you're intelligent, why you're not able to win this war?"

"We have feelings, we have a conscience, we're no cold-blooded murderers - we're no good warriors...."

"Now I know why I'm here...."

"I don't understand you?"

"You know, that we three look different in our actual worlds.....let's say.... that I'm in my world a warrior....."

"You not try to say....."

".....I try to say, that there's a reason, why I'm here, in this shape, with the skills I have, the skills I

understand more and more, the skills I'm able to control more and more. You need someone who is able to think like a Deformes, but otherwise no Deformes is. I fear, I'm a Janus-faced character. I look like a Pulchrae, and I'm able to have the same feelings, like a Pulchrae. But.....sorry for that, I am also able, to have the same feelings like a Deformes - if you would call this "feelings"!"

"It has to be very horrible for you - this two sides?"

"Yes, but it has to be. I have to wipe out the Deformes!"

"We wanna defeat them, but not wipe them out....."

"It has to be - they never will let you live in peace and harmony!"

"You terrify me! This....."

".....and the four Pulchrae? And all the others who died today, and yesterday, and will tomorrow? Died! They raped and tortured them, and they enjoyed what they did - they are monsters! Believe me, I know, what I'm talking about....."

"What will you do now?"

"I know now, that I have to improve my skills and form a team with Nightjar and Wolf. Then we will do what must done."

"Do you really think, that this will be the only solution?"

"It's still time. We will see. The story will develop - automatically, not reflecting about, only writing, writing what comes to mind - but now it's time for a fight....."

"A fight?"

"Yes, I will try a new thing. Is there a place were we will definitely find Deformes?"

"Yes, in the forest south from here. We never go there."

"Then I will go to this forest, together with Wolf and Nightjar. It's time for a fight!"

Carnage

Nightjar came back from his second recon flight.

"It's interesting and very practical, this skill I've discovered - you both are sure that you're not able to do this?"

"Believe us, we tried it while you were away - nothing!"

"I think that we will discover more and more that we have various and different skills."

"The problem then is time. We would need time to discover all our skills, and then even more time to improve them - I don't think we will have this time."

"That's why I think we should fight tonight. I think the best way to discover to what we are able is to fight against the monsters - like Nightjar on his first recon flight."

"It was strange. I'm much larger than a normal nightjar. As I flew over the forest I thought it would be better to have the size of a normal nightjar, or even better even smaller. And suddenly, I became smaller and smaller till I thought: Okay, that's maybe enough! With this skill it was very easy to spy out the Deformes in the forest!"

"Okay, we know now where they are - and now, Tamara?"

"Nightjar said that a somewhat larger group is located near a small ditch not so far from our position. They should be our target."

"We will kill them?"

"They will try to kill us - yes, we will kill them."

"You not said them that you're a Deformes in your world - or?"

"Not directly, but I think they feel it - they are Pulchrae....."

"A battle plan?"

"No, we go there, and fight - that's all."

"Maybe it's because I'm a wolf now, but shouldn't we work together, like a pack?"

"I've a theory. I think we have many skills - impressive skills, but we are not aware about them, I have the feeling that there's a lot what's unaware for us at the moment. I'm not sure - have we forgotten all? Did we knew it before? When? Why we? What or who brought us here? How? So

many question! I think we will find answers while fighting."

"And the danger that we get killed?"

"We had some smaller fights so far. We had seen, that the Deformes are not the best fighters face to face. From ambush, in a superiority, yes, then they are heroes. But face to face.....and now. It's night, they will have problems to see us. Nightjar will be our eyes. No Deformes has a chance against you, Wolf. Your strength will be our fighting power."

"And you Tamara?"

"I think, like they think. I feel, like they feel. I hate, like they hate. I'm one of them - I'm the one, who's inside their heads. And I feel, that there's something in me. I fear it, but I have to find it - it will be awful, but it will be that, why I'm here."

"Then, let's begin! I will lead you both to the place where we will find the monsters - let's the carnage begin....."

Nightjar led us to a small forest glade near the ditch. Around fifteen Deformes had pitched their night camp there.

"You have no weapons on you, Tamara?"

"I don't think I will need some. I will enter the glade first and alone. You both give me backing."

"Alone? Without weapons?"

"I have to try something. If it not works, I will need your support."

"Okay. We will wait and see, what you will try."

I stepped somewhat forward, so that the Deformes could see me. It was a totally surprising for them, especially because I only stand there and did nothing. They formed a formation, their leader step a bit forwards, towards me. It was obvious that they not knew, what they should do - and I thought that it would be interesting to know, whether they had heard about us or not. Whether they knew that I was not alone.....but in the end this would be not important, in the end the result would be the same, they all would be dead!

I concentrated my mind on their leader, he felt it, felt it, that I took possession of his mind, that I took possession of him. I reached out my hand. In this way I could collect myself better. Suddenly he struggled therewith to breath - but he was no longer able to move his arms or anything else. Then I moved my arm somewhat - an elegant ballerina moved her arm in very elegant way.....the result was horrifying! His body became torn to shreds - in many small shreds! Wolf and Nightjar were appalled, I could hear them in my mind - but now the carnage began.....

I concentrated myself on the next Deformes and did the same with him, what I had done with his leader. Wolf entered the glade with mighty leaps and jumped on the next Deformes. Her teeth squashed the Deformes' head - the sound thereof was awful. Nightjar had sat, very small, on a branch. Now she started her attack. During her flight she became larger and larger, and as she reached her first Deformes, she was a tremendous bird of prey. With her claws she simply caught one of the Deformes, took him high in the air, and released him then - he yelled out loud, before his body became dashed in the trees.....we needed only a short time, then all Deformes were dead.....

"I'm not very proud of what we did."

"I agree with you Nightjar, and sorry about that, Tamara, but....."

"Do you think, that your way to kill them was more reasonable, Wolf? Or you Nightjar?"

"It was scary to see what you did. How easy you did it!"

"It wasn't easy, I'm completely exhausted!"

"How long you know that you're able to do this - only with Deformes?"

"I suddenly had the feeling, that I would be able doing this - I had to try it...."

"And now?"

"I've the feeling that this was only the beginning. Something tells me, that there's no reason, why I

should not be able to do this with more than one Deformes at the same time. And also that.....there is not reason.....why I should have to see them....."

"You know what you have said?"

"How many at the same time? At what distant?"

"I'm not sure, but why there should be a limit?"

"You mean you could kill all Deformes, at the same time, from one place?"

"As a theory? Yes! But look at me, I'm really exhausted. I would need a long training - I would need a long time - does one of you know, how long we will stay in this world?"

"No idea!"

"We not even know on which way we came here - no, no idea!"

Interlude?

Civitas Angeli, the largest city of Somnium Orbis, but not the capital city - Somnium Orbis had no capital city! The world of the Pulchrae was organized decentralized. For someone who was new in this world it looked a bit chaotic, but with the time one was able to see more and more the wonderful elegance behind this system. The key factor was, that no part of Somnium Orbis thought that it had to lead the other parts - equilibrium was the magic word, in the world of the Pulchrae simply a self-evidence.....

We were here, because in this huge city the Deformes would had no chance to attack us. The city was well protected and simply such huge, that the Deformes had no idea, where in this city we were. The Pulchrae had asked us for doing so. They feared that the Deformes maybe would be able to harm us or even to kill us - an ambush, their most beloved weapon, could also for us become a danger. After the occurrences in the forest we had still some more "encounters" with the Deformes - the result was always the same - or better, the "result" happened faster and faster, more and more easy it was, more and more efficient.....

In that sense it was obvious why I was in this world now - but Nightjar and Wolf? Nightjar - in her actual world she was not able to fly, nor was she able to change her size. The problem was, that her actual world was very different, compared to this world, or my actual world. She had problems to describe her world with the words she knew now - but she had lived in the water, her whole planet was covered by water, no land, so much was new for her. Dry land, the possibility to fly, to form words, even the concept of different sexes was new to her. But most of all, she said, that she would lost more and more the memory on what was before she arrived - I knew the old man still very well.....

Wolf was different, she not liked it to talk about what was before. And she became more and more depressed - I'm only a wolf, she said, okay, a very large and mighty one, but still only a wolf. She tried to discover something, a special force or at least a special ability - but nothing she found.....

I had a conversation with some Pulchrae.....

"It's said, that you probably would be able to kill all Deformes at once, from any place you want?"

"It seems so, but it would cost me a lot of effort. I would need to concentrate absolutely on this task - I have my problems therewith, to be honest. I would have to train, to perfect this skill....."

".....to perfect a holocaust, to kill all Deformes? This would be disgusting!"

"They kill us! Whereby - kill us? They rape and torture us whenever they get hold of one of us! They are fucking monsters!"

"But they are nearly on the same evolutionary stage as we are - we cannot erase them!"

"They never will let us live in peace and harmony!"

"The old legend says that we did - or?"

"If ever, than this is very, very long ago!"

"If we kill them all, never there will be a chance that things develop in a better direction!"

"Better direction? What a fuck is this? The have slaughtered twenty Pulchrae two days ago! Many of them children - they have raped and tortured the children also! Better direction? Bullshit!"

"Can I say something?"

"Sure. Sorry that you have to see us so, but this is a very emotional thing for us."

"I understand you, and I can comprehend the argumentation of all of you, but at the moment they are very theoretical. As I said, I have the feeling, that I would be able to, but I would have to train....."

".....you mean, you practice you skill, you improve your skill to concentrate yourself, to kill more and more Deformes at the same time, and we, we count then how much it were this time? That's so unbelievable disgusting....."

"I agree with you. Practice, not in this way. But please don't forget that I, and by the way also not Wolf and Nightjar, we not decided to come here. We were suddenly here, not knowing why - who "sent" us? Your society has to decide. I will do nothing what you not want. There are enough possibilities to train my ability to concentrate myself. When this society has found a decision, than we can see what we do. Shall I try it, I will try it. Shall I try it not, I will try it not. We will see what happened then - maybe then I will be in my actual world again. It would be.....I would be sad....."

"Really? Whatever our decision would be?"

"If your decision would be, that I should try it - if I would succeed, I don't think, that I would be longer in this world....."

"It would make you sad?"

"Yes, I like it to be here and.....I like it, to look in the mirror....."

How Far You Would Go

How far you would go
Would you know the absolute truth
And nobody would listen you
And nobody would follow you
And all would ignore you?

Would all means be justified?
I mean, you know the absolute truth!
And all the ignorant around you!
And all the who thwart the final stage!
And all who name you a liar and an insane!

Come on, it's only for the good!
I mean, they deserve it not better!
And some casualties you always have!
And not everyone is created for the highest!
And some things have to vanish!

But what a nice intellectual play
Because we all know of course
That nobody ever will own something like the absolute truth
It would be only a problem if some would believe in such a stupidity
But then, then we would have a real serious problem!

Decisions Had To Make

From now on the story was wide open.

It seemed a bit as Wolf would do something stupid. Maybe she would search for a final combat with the Deformes, alone, where she would die. Or maybe she would find her special skill, a skill away from war and killing, therefor much more valuable. Or.....

Nightjar by contrast, seemed very stable. It would no surprise, when she suddenly would play a much more substantial part in the story. Maybe even the most important part?

What would the Pulchrae decide? Arguments for various decisions might be found - no easy decision.....

And Tamara? She decided not to wait for the decision of the Pulchrae. They would hate her for this, they would have to hate her for this, but she had the feeling that only one decision would be logic. What else would make sense, what else would give her being in this world a sense? And it was obvious, that thereafter she would be no longer in this world, it wouldn't be possible that she would be longer in this world - a deep sadness grasped her.....

For a last time she looked at herself in the mirror, she was so beautiful now, so tender, so gracile - her dance dress so beautiful, the feathers in the hair.....but she felt that she had to do it. She sat down in a comfortable way, took some deep breaths, closed her eyes and started to concentrate.....a task had to be done.....

An Old Man

An old man looks at a picture - American soldiers, a bulldozer, and a pile of dead bodies in front of it, nearly only skin and bones.....

But the American soldiers are not to accuse, they freed the concentration camps only, the murderers were others. But they found so many dead bodies - what should they do? The crematoria? That would be disgusting! They had to react, epidemic plagues were a big danger. No time for a humane funeral, only time for mass graves.....

Somnium Orbis - how would this world look like, with all the shredded bodies of the Deformes? No beautiful sight anymore.....probably.....

Sometimes it looks like, as that every decision a bad decision is, but, what, when you have to make a decision.....

How would the old man decide, would he be a beautiful, tender and gracile ballerina? He's none, and he never will be - maybe not always the worst thing, not to be one - ballerinas were little girls in their girlhood.....

Right Or Wrong

Who's the wise guy, who decides what's right or wrong
Sure, everybody yells: I'm. I'm, I'm.....
The problem is, not everybody can be the wise guy
Somebody has to be the liar, so maybe the question is:
Who's the liar, the one who tries to fool the others
And suddenly nobody's voice is to hear anymore
What a surprise!

We all know what's right and wrong
The things we do
The things we think
The things we believe
In short: We're right, the others.....

And I? The wise guy or the liar?
If you allow me to choose - I would prefer the liar
Too much wise guys out there, much too much for my taste
Too little liars out there, much too little for my taste
I think more liars would do the world good
I offer me, I will do my best, to be a good liar
More liars for this world!

And at the end of the day
This world will suffocate
By all this good things
All this good people do
And I will write a story, don't blame

My Little House

I live in a little house
Live my little live
Dream my little dreams
But I'm satisfied

Somebody tells me
Now it's a new time
All the things will change
All the things will be new

But I live in my little house
I not wanna change
I was satisfied
Now I'm no longer

I try to refuse
Some tell me they will help
I believe them, they are on my side
They will help me, to get back my little live

And in the end
All is gone
Some tell me, that's how it's naturally
Always everything changes, that's the way

The only thing, about what I had asked the life for
Was to live my little life in my little house to dream my little dreams
Some said, everything must change - others, everything can last forever
Why I do feel like the fool now?

Changes

My body gets older and older
And I hate it!
Yes, I lost a lot of weight
Looks definitely better now!
Changes - we all wanna stay

Everything changes all the time - nothing stays
Yes, that's the stream of time
The whole universe alters all the time
How strange would it be, could we little humans
Enshrine something, away from time

Regardless from this, shouldn't we be honest
We all wanna, that things would stay
We all fear changes, we all fear death
We all would like to stay children, we all would like to stay unaware
But time is relentless, always only in one way it moves

Should we fear change now, I fear death
Yes, sometimes we crave for change
But very often we fear them
And the wise words at the end
Have none, or maybe?

Should we stay children, always interested in something new
Should we stay children, always fascinated about, that things can change
But as adult you have seen this world
Betray and lies, developments, not always good
The older you get, the more you fear

Stay a childish child - what a silly thought
When everything changes, this simply impossible is
I'm still a childish child, but maybe only a stupid old man
I would like to change everything, and nothing I will change in the end
I'm only a childish child, nobody listens to them

The Coal Miners Tragedy

Suppose you would live
In a town, decayed and down
A fucking bad paid job, if any
No perspective, only fears and cares
No one helps you really, no one cares about you

Then suddenly, somebody is there
He speaks to you, he gives voice to your problems
He says he will care, he will change everything
And you get hope, maybe not all is to late
What for naive idiots this coal miners are - or?

But maybe that story has an other end
And it's too easy to blame them
But maybe those are to blame, who not were interested in them
Those who only talk smart and intellectual, but not really were interested in change
Those who are interested only in their own clientele

Does you really have believed, that the idiot from N.Y.
Would be only one second interested in you
After you have given him your voices?
I don't contradict you, that she, she who names herself a democrat
Definitely not was interested in you - even before you voted!

But be honest coal miners, you live in a land
Where nobody cares for someone other
Why should someone care for you?
Calvinism is not the best counselor
Nor does a untamed capitalism is

As long as reputation, esteem, respect, kudos, prestige.....
Will be defined by your wealth only
Then coal miners, you've a problem
But maybe, there are other categories
Which should be more valid - who knows?

And in Germany, everything is wonderful?
No, but our former coal mining region - the "Ruhrgebiet"
Today no decayed and down area - what should I say
Wikipedia (US) look for "Ruhr" and read
Especially the sentence with the "welfare system safety net"

Maybe a politician should be capable for the job, not (necessarily) rich
Maybe money is not everything, also the living together counts
And the coal miners tragedy?
As long as nobody is (really) interested in them
Nobody is allowed to point it's finger at them

But you should point your finger at those, who talk all the time clever
But no (real) action follows, some nice "tries"
Should I be annoyed with the conservatives - why?
Should I be annoyed with the democrats - in any case!
The next presidential race will be very interesting - in any case.....

The Land Of The Free

A "nice motto", and yet not that wrong
You're definitely allowed to do much more things as an American inhabitant
Than you're allowed to do as a German inhabitant
But means this, that the Germans are less free?
And above all, who are "The Free"?

I mean, definitely not the so-called "Indians" were meant
And definitely not the "niggers"
And I think also not the "chinky eyes"
And definitely not the.....
Well, only the "brave" were meant.....

In the European philosophy a status with absolute freedom is named normally as – Anarchy!
Does the US is a capitalist anarchy?
Well, that's an interesting question.....
And Germany?
Definitely no anarchy! - We love stability....at least since WW II and the 3. Reich!

Why I'm attracted by the US?
Sounds not that positive what I've written - or?
But would be a bit of a joke, to say:
Hey, everything there is soooooo wonderful!
But why now I'm so attracted by?

First of all, I only know Los Angeles
And without any doubt this city is different - whatever this will mean
I was attracted by places like Westlake, Crenshaw and Skid Row
And I hated Hollywood and was bored by the Strip
Is this Los Angeles - maybe "THIS" is Los Angeles

I would like to live in Los Angeles or San Francisco
Would like it, to be able to travel, to discover this nation
I'm a bit confused, confused about me, confused about this land
So many crazy things there - positive and negative
But I'm more and more unsure, which is positive, which is negative

But obviously it's simply stupid, to sit here in Germany at my PC, typing
And reflecting about such things
Would I ever decide, that I should find an answer, than that's for sure
Only in the country itself, only be experiencing "The Land Of The Free"
Who knows, what at the end, I would appreciate, and what not....

Life's Strange

Life's strange, have the feeling now, everything could happen
And even when I think, that in the end, nothing will have happened
It's an interesting feeling, and it's even more a true one
For the first time in my life it appears so distinct

We need chances, opportunities - we need the feeling that things can change
We need this more than anything else, a lack of it, or even an absence
Would destroy everything what you maybe could name "a life"
For so many on this planet a sad reality

Sometimes life changes dramatically in a second, sometimes it's dead from the beginning
Sometimes you have a lot of opportunities, sometimes none will be allowed to you
It makes me sad, thinking about all this lives, no life is given them
I feel dizzy, closing my eyes and hearing this world - why we do accept this?

Should my life change within the next weeks, months, maybe years
I would not know how I should bear
On the edge I'm already now
But maybe there will be no change ever, this question will not arise

We all search for something, that's a must
But why we accept that some do this in such a relentless way
We all wanna, better need, confirmation and approval
But why we accept that some think that they are more than others

Some say, that humans need leadership, that they need leaders
Wow, as a German I think this is fucking shit
All humans are thinking beings, all have a own brain they can use
Wow, as an European, only one word: Enlightenment.....

I'm not so much with Immanuel Kant, but I can agree totally with his sentence
Well, sometimes I have my problems with "self-imposed", but.....
And there's still Robert Coover - *not a trial, not even a lesson*
Yes, *it's just what it is* - but this can be so much, can be, if it's allowed to be

And I?
I dreamt my whole life to be an artist - and wasted it
You wanna be an artist? - Be an artist!
"Self-imposed" - that's a cool motto for my live, and a true one

In no two hours I will be at the jazz club, trumpet and flugelhorn
Pieces, apart others, from Miles Davis and Chet Baker
I've tears in my eyes by now, just typing their names
What will happen later, I hope I will cry

Life's so strange, I hardly can bear
Nina Simone while driving, the Philips recordings
Still two and a half week, my head aches, I hardly find sleep
But how wonderful my life is, I always can imagine, that all could change

The sentence is:
Enlightenment is man's emergence from his self-imposed immaturity.
(Aufklärung ist der Ausgang des Menschen aus seiner selbst verschuldeten Unmündigkeit.)

What An Evening!

Stephan Zimmermann - trumpet, flugelhorn
Claus Löhr - trumpet, flugelhorn
Thilo Wagner - piano
Thomas Stabenow - contrabass
Gregor Beck - drums

What a concert!
Your idea was to present mostly unknown but fantastic pieces of music
Unbelievable, what gems you showed me
Listen to Charles Mingus at the moment - need more jazz
I need the bass, I need the brass
Have to think about the time where e.g. rock groups had a brass section
Only Chicago, that's enough - hey, they played real and without technical gadgets
Like Charles Mingus, like the musicians on the stage tonight!
How fucking good music can be!

Oh, at the moment I lose myself in the music of Charles Mingus
So long I've needed somewhat over an hour for this text
Never mind, every second was worth of - unbelievable what "music" can mean
I think I simply should stop writing here, only listening
Therefore, thanks to all of you, for this wonderful concert
Therefore, thanks to the active Cave 61 members, for there work and there passion
Yeah, six musicians, forty-five minutes live music, two tracks! - Fuck, that's music!
Town Hall 1964

Nice Evening

Was a nice evening yesterday
A light dinner, Weissherbst (vin gris) three glasses (!), but also two café au lait
And then the fantastic concert, really an evening full of emotions
So all alone.....

George Grosz

George Grosz, Die Stützen der Gesellschaft (The Pillars of Society), 1926

The famous painting of George Grosz
He presents them, no doubt whom he means
And today?
Who are the "pillars of society" today?

Definitely not (exactly) the same - I think
Definitely not (totally) the different - I think
Some (maybe) has changed - I think
Some (probably) hasn't changed - I think

Okay, it's a painting of a German artist
That describes the German society of the 20's
Well - The Roaring Twenties (!?) - it's good to be rich
But hasn't this picture an universal meaning?

Carlos Saura and his movie "Ana y los lobos" (Ana and the Wolves) comes me to mind
Not that different to George Grosz
America and the McCarthy era?
And today?

The pillars of society - or more the society's curse
Oh yes, without them no society can function
And no, no society will function without it's people
Without the people there will be no society

Well, maybe a "high society" on a sinking ship
A captain without a crew, a leader without.....without what?
A pillar carries the roof, then the roof would be the society
But the society is the basis, not the roof?

Who needs whom? Who carries whom?
I need a job, he needs a worker
How old is this play?
Are you sure, that you will kick out all this Latinos?

Then a worker would become more "valuable"
Maybe he would develop strange ideas then
When he discovers that you need him
That he's now are something "rare"

But don't worry, the pillars always know what's to do
They will navigate the ship always into a safe harbor
Well, maybe some of the crew will go overboard
But don't fear, the ship will be safe

Look at Germany, the pillars from the 20's
They made Hitler and the Third Reich possible
And millions had to die
But come on, today!

Germany is a strong economic power today
The pillars did a fantastic job - as always
So be grateful and honor them
And don't start to think blasphemous thoughts like
Had they been able to do this without my.....

Shithole

Wow, what should one say - leader of the free world
Wow, what should one say - moral authority and role model

Wow, I think this nation has really a principal problem
Hey, you all, the so-called Americans, are immigrants
And hey, you immigrated because at home it was such nice to live
What a fucking shit!

If I would be a so-called Indian or Native American
I had tears in my eyes
Or anger!
This asshole with his European ancestors calls himself an AMERICAN?

I really think the Americans should start a discussion about
What means it, to be an American
Especially when I think, that everyone who's born in America - even at vacation -
Automatically an American inhabitant is.....

America - always a bit strange in some ways
But today - the whole world laughs about this nation
But today - the whole world fears this nation
But today - the whole world disrespects this nation
But today - the whole world is annoyed from this nation

Yes, the president is not the nation
But, he represents the nation
In which way ever, he's the elected president
And not to forget, his party and his supporters are still in line with him
Haven't I read something about a Californian independence movement.....?

Shredded Dreams

Your dreams can end, fail, you can give them up
All this and more can happen with your dreams
But that's a part of life
Something different is, when someone destroys your dreams by purpose
Especially, when he obviously enjoys doing it

Is it fun to play with the life of others
Sure it is - hey Donald, you've also German ancestors
It's nice to show them, that you're the man
You're the maker, you're the decider

I think you're a wiener, you're a coward
Like (most) of this big (?) leaders were
I think you no longer get him up
Lousy pussy-grabber

But that's not the point
I'm interested in why this filthy pig, did what he did
In Las Vegas
No!

He destroyed families, he destroyed life
He took children from their parents and parents from their children
He tore apart lovers
Why should me interests why

With the victims I feel, only disdain for him
Only disdain for you, my thoughts to the people you hate
My hope
You will end like most of this bigmouth assholes

If ever the day will come, when they judge you
I will enjoy it, every minute, every minute, I will enjoy
But I fear that till this days, you will have done that much shit
So that irreparable damage was wrought

Like in Las Vegas
Even when this coward not would had killed himself
What he has done - it has happened - for all time
It's nice to play with other human's life.....

There was a time, when America was a dream
Especially for people who lived in Europe
This time is long ago, believe me
This time is dead now, believe me

Why should a Norwegian has the idea to immigrate to the US
If he not would had a very special reason
You know Norway - or
Donald definitively not!

Norway - I recommend the Wikipedia article
Tax, income, social system.....hey dumb-ass president
You have no fucking idea from what you're talking about!
Why should a Norwegian leave his land to live in the US?

But some still have this dream - there was a time, America was proud of that
But today, one more and more has the feeling the dream turns into a nightmare
Especially for all those who still try to dream
For all this young people - this nation would need them so much.....

And I, would I.....?
Well, I'm this old man who wasted his life
That's a different story
But to be honest

Especially if I would had children, I never would had come to the idea
That I might could live in the US
Okay, maybe if I would be fucking rich - fucking rich in the US means you get everything
But (unfortunately?) I'm not fucking rich

Come on, we have free school education and a fantastic apprenticeship system
We have free health care, I have five weeks paid vacation
I need only one job to spend my living
And no, Germany still is no paradise

But compared with the US it's the same like with Norway
Why should a German come to the idea to live in the US
When he not would have very special reasons for that
I dream to live at the ocean, the large one, the endless one

And yes, Australia, New Zealand.....who knows.....

New Dreams

At the moment I'm unsure, unsure about many things
I thought about my stay in the US, my writing, then after
Honestly, at the moment I don't think that I will live in the US
But I should continue with writing, but how
I would like to write more hardboiled stories, somewhat more detailed - San Francisco.....
But just right now, I got the feeling, thinking about the situation in the US
But also about the political situation in my country - please SPD, not again! -
That I should write an utopian novel - not a dystopian, an utopian novel!
And I found the title under the shower:
"Utopian Dreaming"

I thought about, that today, you can be connected with the whole world
That we would have the means to feed everybody and similar topics
I thought about how it would be, would we be smart
I mean, would we build spaceships instead of warships as an example
Or we would use the intellectual possibilities of all the people
The creative power of all the people
And so on.....

I think, I should do it the classic way
A person, the I-narrator, comes in this world - the way is not that important, only a vehicle
This world is foreign to him, and he discovers step by step this new world
Gives me the opportunity to develop this world step by step

Sure, I would have to set some basic foundations of this world / society
The rest, the details, I could develop while writing the novel
I think it would be interesting to do it, because I have a more distopian feel
When I look at this world
Yeah, no good end I can see, why not writing a good one.....

And just in the moment, I think, I have the new "motto" for the writing after my vacation
Aldous Huxley came me to mind, but not "Brave New World" instead:
"Brave New Life" - well, I smile and we will see
Precognition - but in which way? - Cynic or.....
Therefore I will establish a new part after California:
"Brave New Life" with (so far) the sub-parts:
"Hardboiled (story / stories)"
"Utopian Dreaming"

But firstly I will stop with "The Day, When Nobody Died" in the next days
Many parts will stay as a fragment, unfinished
But that's no problem, 'cause
Should I become a - profound (?) - author, then after the weeks in Los Angeles and San Francisco

"Californian Hopes And Dreams" will then be my companion
To California, in California, and after California
Yeah,.....after California.....

And, while reading what I've written, I thought, that it was nice to write "Tamara"
Maybe I should think about a story in a fantasy style
Because one thing would be sure after "Tamara"
My imagination would run wild.....

How You Can Express

How you can express your feelings and thoughts
With images, metaphors, worlds.....with them you try to express your feelings and thoughts
Should you be elegant or explicit - ah, I don't know.....
Maybe silent and lyric - ah, I don't know

Looking at this world - I don't know, sometimes I think
You should try to be as extreme as possible, but what would this mean
How extreme was Adolf Hitler and Eva Brown hand in hand
How extreme is fucking president playing golf with his friends

I think in the end, everything is, in a terrifying way, totally banal
But maybe I'm wrong, what does I know in the end
Sometimes I feel happy, sometimes sad
Sometimes I have the feeling I can, sometimes.....

The One Thousandth Page

Well, now it's done
Page one thousand
If I have counted correctly
And then there's the problem with "Dark Heart"

The German text is longer than the English text
An identical text is always (somewhat) shorter in English
Therefore, counted with the (shorter) English text
But at the end, this is not the point

The point is, as I started around February 15th in 2015
I thought that I maybe would be able to write some pages
Later - maybe a complete manuscript?
Then I wrote more and more - at the end over four hundred pages!

I was astonished then, but now?
It's not to talk about quality and quantity
It's about, that I did something I never thought to be possible
"Dark Heart", "Hoax News", "Hardboiled Series" and countless poems (if you like to call them so)

Only to name this - but then "Chapter 8" with "Honeymoon", "Blackstar" and "Divers".....
Wow, the webpage is so complex now - and I feel, like it would be only the beginning!
This part will end now - the next is already begun
And even what should come thereafter, is already planned - see above "New Dreams"!

I do not know what will be next month, and the months thereafter
But it makes me a bit proud - and don't forget the one hundred and fifty videos!
Yes, I would like it, to be an author, whatever this would or should mean
But at least I've done something now - at least this

Now I will finish this part also, and therewith the complete part "The Day, When Nobody Died"
I will write one final text subsequent to this text "No Guidance"
Then another seven month period with (nearly) daily writing comes to its end
The final preparation for my next aviation will begin

Again I've problems to stop, two hundred and fifteen pages so far!
The by far longest single part, by far!
What a strange feeling - I feel like nothing would be still able now
To harm me - yesterday I was so down.....

"No Guidance"!

"No Guidance"

There was a young boy, the first door he opened, to a fascinating, gorgeous and puzzling world
Was the TV late at night

Later music and books, paintings and more
He discovered the libraries, with all their possibilities
Movie theaters, galleries and so much more

But all the time he was alone, and it was difficult for him to understand this world
This world who fascinated him so much, who was so gorgeous, who puzzled him so much
He always felt, that there was so much more, but it was so difficult for him

Now there's an old man, again he opened a door, to a fascinating, gorgeous and puzzling world
Sometimes he thinks about, how would it had been, to grow up in a family

Where art would had been a topic - I envy Emilie Simon.....

How would it had been, to have teachers, to attend a school
Where art would had been a topic - would this not be the most important subject.....

How would it had been, when somebody would had taken him by the hand
To guide him through this fascinating, gorgeous and so puzzling world.....