

It's Too Late

Just in the moment
When present becomes past
Then it's too late

Me At The Bar

"It's too late....."

I looked at the guy next to me, sitting at the bar. Sure, sure I had to ask him....

"What, what's to late?"

"Everything, everything....."

"I fear, I have to disagree....."

He looked at me, as I would destroy his little world.....

"Wow, wow - an expert for life questions....."

He took a deep gulp - Old Fashioned, no bad choice.....

Whiskey Sour - I sipped a bit.....

"What this concerns, definitely not....."

"Well, sounded a little like this....."

"I only think, it's not true....."

I sipped again.....

"You're drinking like a girlie and....."

He dried the rest of the glass in one go and ordered a new one..., I sipped again....

"It's only....."

He looked at me as his new Old Fashioned arrived, and his facial expression was not to interpret - I should hurry up to tell him, what my wisdom of life will be - his next drink waited for him.....

"My Metro train this morning, the train arrived exactly as prophesied, but was fucking overcrowded....."

"At this time they are always overcrowded....."

He took his Old Fashioned, toasted to me and the wonderful world, and we both took a deep gulp.....

It's Too Late

"It's too late, Peter....."

"Don't say this - please, don't say this....."

"You know that it's true, we both know it....."

"I don't know it! I never will know it!"

"Don't make things not more complicated, as they are - come on.....Peter!"

"I cannot accept it! How should I be able to accept this?"

"Because it's like it is - things are like they are, and you know this, even when you try not to accept it....."

"But how I should be able to accept it? To accept it would mean to give up everything! To decline, to vanish, to become nothing again - how this should be possible?"

"It has to....."

"To accept this would mean to bury my dream, finally and forever!"

"But at least you dreamt your dream, for a time you were a real Dreamer, for a time everything had been possible, everything!"

"But now, in the end - nothing! That's not bearable!"

"Not nothing - dummkopf! You've got your memories and your aviations, and you saw her....."

"That's true, I've seen her, that's true....."

"And you can still dream on, come on! Dream on....."

"Yeah, what a future prospect! Dream on, dream on.....maybe I should write a song, never sung, never heard by anybody!"

"But you would have written it....."

"Yeeeah, that would make sense!"

"Not to do it? But that would make sense - or!"

"Maybe nothing makes sense....."

"And your dream.....? Your dream didn't made sense?"

"Dreams that not come true are useless!"

"But even if! Should there a possibility that they come true - you have to dream them first! You're really a little dummkopf....."

"And now? Should I continue therewith, to dream a dream, even when I know that this dream will not come true?"

"Yes - quite simple, yes.....little dummkopf....."

It's Too Late

It's too late now, to turning back
Now it would be unbelievably ridiculous
Now I would make a fool out of me
Much more, as if I will make a fool out of me

Three years it lasted, wow, three years I'm writing now
I'm full of fear now, to confront me with this audience
But what shall I do
It's too late now, to turning back

Everything points to, that they not like it
Seven weeks, I'm totally down
Seven weeks, how shall I handle this
What if they would like it - maybe I fear this most

I have the feeling my life tumbles down
But at the end, I will fly back
Does this would make sense
Nothing makes sense anymore

Apart from.....the music which pains my ears
A dream from time to time
In your own world from time to time
Seven weeks, but I know that all of you will help me

It's too late, no turning back
I'm so happy, I'm so sad
This is the most beautiful time in my life
It's too late, no turning back

Changes

While I started with "It's Too Late" I thought
I would write about the topic that something is too late to do
In the sense that you missed something
But now I start therewith to write in a very different way

Too late in the sense: Too late to step back
Only forward is now possible
Only ahead
Wow, it feels good!

Yeah, I know, December 11th
It will not last till departure day
Maybe tomorrow I will be down again
But fuck, today I feel well!

Top Of The Mountain

"You think we should do it?"

"Sure, we should."

"Still time to decide in a different way."

"No, whereto this should lead? We still can talk about, we still can think about alternatives, as if there still would be an alternative. It's like a mountaineer, before he will try to climb a mountain the next day, a tough route, maybe he will fail, maybe he will succeed and will reach the summit, will experience a unique feeling - and yes, he would have the opportunity to leave, to try it not. Or, does he would have this possibility?"

"He would have it, sure he would have this opportunity, but I understand you. Maybe others would accept his decision, he would ask himself his whole remaining life what would had been, would he had tried it. No question, this would be no life anymore. Compared with this, even a fail would be insignificant."

"And when he not would come back?"

"Then at least, his life, and his death, would had had a meaning. He would had tried it, not much more you can do."

"Then everything is said?"

"Yes, everything....."

A Sudden Sense Of Liberty

You stand at the line
Soon you will cross it
Only a single step
Then you will know it

Whatever will be
On the other side of the line
This step you have to do
Then you will feel free

No nativity, no kitsch
Maybe the other side will be a nightmare
Maybe this step will be the beginning of the end
But the end waits also on this side

Maybe on the other side
You will find the land behind the rainbow
Even when you know, it not exists
But your dreams will lead you to this place

Walk on by and feel free
Fulfill your dreams
Or kill them, let them go
Never touching the line

You stand at the line
Soon you will cross it
Only a single step
Then you will know it

It's Too Late - 2018

Nice, what I've written
At the end of the last year
But now it's January
And more, the question arises now:
It's too early?

But then the question would be:
Too early for what?
On the other hand, my impression is unambiguous:
It's not too early - nor
It's too late

It's the right time
Then the question is:
The right time for what?
The right time, to be no longer passive - or
The right time, no longer to do half-baked things

You wanna know what people think about your writing
Go to the people
You wanna have a definite reaction
Go to the people
But direct, no longer on detours

It's too late
Yeah, for many things it's definitely too late now
Or, Old Man?
But maybe, maybe not for all things
Or, Old Man?

A Sudden Sense Of Liberty

No longer in front of the line
With a huge step across
Wow, what a feeling
But now, now, I really fear
That's maybe too late

Would I believe in a god
I would beg every day:
Please give me at least a bit more time
One or two years maybe
Five would be wonderful

Would I believe in the devil
I would beg every day:
Please give me at least a bit more time
One, two - five would be cool
My soul, should I have one, is yours

I wouldn't beg for fame
And definitely not for a fortune
Only for some more time, time to write
And maybe someone would love my writing
Maybe someone would love me

It's Never Too Late

Some say: It's never too late
To find the one, your mate
What a nice thought, would like to believe it
Maybe one day.....

I dream about some, but of this most
But even if it would be true
That it's never too late
No necessity it would express

Maybe yes, maybe no
And at the end, I will be all alone
Or maybe I would have a reason
To buy some black and white roses

For a moment I thought about
That Alexandra and Peter should become a couple
But then I thought, this would be too kitschy
And Alexandra committed suicide

On the other side
Even Marlowe was a married man at the end
And Man Ray was older than I, when he and Juliet Browner tied the knot
Therefore, take your time, don't hurry too much and don't panic

Okay, should I die the next time
Then it's too late
On the other side
No longer a problem for me.....

It's Too Late Now

It's too late now
To think about
That it's too late

Now the things will come, as they come
And I have to deal with them, as they come
Not that I say, I have to accept them, as they come
And definitely, I not have to love them, as they come

Sure, I fear that, I will not love them, as they come
But I know, that then, I will not accept them, as they come
And I hope, I will be strong enough, to deal with them, as they come
Because, that's a banal clue, the things will come, as they come

Yeah, that's the wise wisdom
It's simply too late now, to....

It's The Time Now

It's the time now to begin with something new
How about a new life
I will quit my job before I will leave
Not in order to work in the USA
I fear I will never live in the USA
But to be sure
Whatever will happen
The after will be different

Marilyn and the life and the dime and the gamble
You cannot quote suchlike and then be the coward
Yeah, the new Bukowski!
Maybe not a new Bukowski, but maybe a new Peter
The hardboiled Peter would be cool, on his way to Sausalito.....

As said, I fear my Sausalito will be in Germany
But why not in Canada - still a bit cold
But anyway, after the last agonizing days
Today I'm relaxed, because I will finish "The Day, When Nobody Died" this night.....

Too late for too late now
Now it's the ultimate time
I feel good tonight, I hope it will stay
Goodbye too late
Welcome whatever