

# Insights I

## **The First Day Of The New Year**

The same as the last day of the old year  
Not much has changed  
Or  
But maybe over the year?

I have the feeling  
A new round begins  
Have to forget the job topic  
Writing and art and learning Portuguese has to be the main focus

Have bought me a Portuguese course, intensive  
And got it yesterday  
Have the CDs in my car now  
I can listen to them while driving

I can hear the same conversations and words again and again  
I have to get used to the language  
Lesson one for next two weeks or so  
That's the idea

Maybe up to lesson three or four until the next vacation?  
Would be enough  
Learning some phrases in Portuguese that I often use  
Not more for the beginning

I have to establish the new part of the webpage today  
To start with writing tomorrow  
I have a lot in mind that could be written  
But step after step will be okay

Let's do it, darling. I have never ever loved you like I love you today, sweetie.

## **First Day**

Second of the year  
First of real writing  
But no reason to hurry  
The long weekend will be the right start

Some first steps today  
Not more  
Not more will be necessary  
A start with a steady hand – it will be a long-distance race

I feel good for the first day.

## **Satisfied**

With the second day  
At work and at home  
Yeah,  
Also this year, the tiredness and headache stays

But I have still the feeling  
That it gets better  
Slowly but constantly  
Excited to be in Matosinhos soon again

Have booked already a room  
Next week maybe the flight  
Thought on TAP this time  
But the feedback isn't good

So,  
German stewardesses again  
Well,  
The Portuguese stewardesses I saw at OPO.....

Yeah,  
Not politically correct  
But,  
What about "The Portuguese Stewardess"?

Whatever,  
It's near eight o'clock  
Would have still time to write  
But I will get on with learning Portuguese

Desculpe aeromoças portuguesas, sou apenas um velho burro.

## **The Next**

Good day  
I plan a jazz club day tomorrow  
For this,  
There should be no upload tomorrow

But Friday, a holiday  
A long weekend comes  
To start with the new writing rightly  
Especially ""2050" and "Memories"

Okay,  
If this continues.....  
But I still keep in mind  
Part-time (four days, even less) working à la carte, I would earn the same or more than now

It would be maybe an alternative  
But I'm not sure  
But it's always good to see alternatives  
But if this job develops suchlike furthermore, then I will need no alternative

I feel more and more grounded nowadays.

### **The Long Weekend**

Jazz yesterday  
Was good  
Many reasons  
Some hassle at the workplace

I have to clear up some relations  
I pushed the issue, with an email to my employer  
I, the one who always doubted  
I have to be more self-confident

Will have lunch now  
Holiday in Germany  
My father eats, every Friday, fish in a small restaurant in town  
I will join him today

I will start with writing afterward  
Have three days  
For the real beginning of the new writing  
We will see

Was good, to listen to jazz yesterday.

### **Beautiful Escape**

You seemed to be a beautiful escape, but I realized only too well that you were not much more than a beautiful trap. About what did I talk?

Well, one could mean about a woman. But hey, was this my style? Her hard cherry-red nipples hardened my cock only even more, I got aroused beyond every limit! Would I write such a nonsense, I could, straight away, also write about sixty-three shades of shite-braun. No, it was much more complex.

It was that complex.....at least I had problems to understand it. Maybe someone else was smarter, and some claimed so, but all the time I looked at what those had said and written, it appeared as trivial or even pure nonsense to me, cocky bullshit. It seemed to me that others were also not more clever, only pretended to be.

You seemed to be  
A beautiful escape  
But then I had to realize  
That only a beautiful trap you were

You offered a simple solution  
All seemed to be so easy  
All the burdens blown away  
Only have to embark on you

When everything seems to be dove gray  
Sometimes even something creamy colored seems to be bright  
Like a bright blue sky  
Like bright shining stars at night

But in fact  
It's still only creamy  
No bright blue  
Or glimmering electric blue

We're not interested in the core  
Only staring at the surface  
The cover of the book  
Even if the inside would be so interesting, fascinating, enlightening

No  
Even if so appealing  
So beautiful  
So attracting

Only  
A trap  
You are  
Even if a beautiful one

## **Surrealistic Pillow**

### **The Pillow**

"Why I should lay my head on this pillow?" I asked the crazy and stupid looking man, with this idiotic hat, with this nonsensical slip.

"Because it's not simply a pillow, it's the Surrealistic Pillow. I have told you this often enough now". He seemed a bit annoyed.

"Okay, but – by the way, do I know you? Something with music?"

"Not again, I'm not the guy from this music video! Ah shit, I'm the guy in a way, but I'm the original, and he was only a boring copy – can we concentrate on the important now?"

Now he was definitely annoyed, and I heard Tom Petty singing.

"And what would be "the important"?"

This would make him ultimately mad, I thought.

"Okay, I try it again. You put your head on the pillow, wonderful dreams will comfort you. Is this so

hard to understand?"

"Yeah, but, apart from the obvious problem, this sounds too good to be true. Why I should trust you?"

"Would you trust the guy from the music video?"

"The musician as such, or the character he plays?"

"It's so hard with you, me of course – gosh, I mean the character of course."

"Have you ever seen the music video? - No, do not answer, this was a rhetorical question. The answer: Never ever I would trust this guy, therefore you! Have you ever seen the video?"

Silence – he looked at me, sore looking.

"This time it was obviously no rhetorical question," I started, "this time it was a real question, obviously."

"The rabbit is responsible for this stuff. By the way, where is he? Rabbits are never ever there when you need them!"

"Haven't you said something about a girl in a nice dress with long blond hair?" I asked innocently.

"You fucking pervert, you know how old she is. She's an innocent little girl."

He seemed to believe in this?

"Well, the one who created her.....nude photos of young girls? And when thinking of the classic porn movie with her, she's full-aged then. The Japanese like her – okay, that's maybe not the best argumentation."

I had the feeling that I had taken the wrong junction, might be that I should change topic?

"Let us stick with the obvious," I looked at him, and he seemed to be willing to follow me. "Let us stick with the obvious," I repeated myself, "this pillow is much too large for my head – by the way, on what way I came here to this place? Haven't I asked you this before?"

"At least ten times or so," he seemed to be bored, "you are dreaming, this is your Dreamland."

"But this looks like Wonderland to me," now I get him, I thought.

"Why I have to do this, is it not hard enough without such guys?" he looked at me.

"I....."

"This has been a rhetorical question, I even need no rabbit for that. Is it so hard to understand? You are in your Dreamland right now, and this is Wonderland. You are in your Dreamland in Wonderland for the moment. In this moment, your Dreamland, and Wonderland, are the same. Did you get it now?"

Now he seemed to be pissed off.

"Okay....."

I had the feeling by now, that it would be better not to tease him even more. Even if this was my Dreamland, I was in his Wonderland, and I wasn't sure to what he was capable in this situation.

"Okay, let's be serious, the pillow is still gigantic. All is gigantic here, you are gigantic. I'm even not able to climb on the pillow, that large it is. The longer I ponder about it, the larger it gets!"

"Don't panic, I thought that you have read the story. You know, the story from the man with the naked girls....."

He twinkled, I thought it would be better to ignore it.

"And also the second part, both."

"Fine, then you are prepared."

Saying these words, he had suddenly a gigantic bottle in his hand – I had the feeling that with every word I decreased in size. I was maybe not large at the beginning, but now I felt like a little insect, an insect he could kill easily with his thumb. Would have had it been better, not being that aggressive earlier on? But then I had felt much larger. I saw his gigantic lough, or was it that from the cat? Whatever, the bottle got uncorked, started to pour out, a single unbelievable huge drop started to fall down on me. The drop would slay me, I thought, I would drown in it – the drop hit me, I screamed! Why did I scream? As far as I knew, I liked drowning. Then all got dark.

The next I can remember was, I woke up! But no, I looked around, and saw nothing – was it possible to "see nothing"? But I saw nothing, but this sharpened obviously my other senses, I heard a soft sound. I looked down, then I saw it, everything around me was suddenly tiny tiny, and I had

nearly stepped on the man with the silly head. I was a monolithic giant now, it would be a breeze for me right now to.....I should keep my dark side under control. And I should be clever, what was a cinch for me. I started therefore to whisper tenderly.

"I fear that this went wrong, I can still see the pillow, very tiny, but put my head on it? Will be now not easier than before, only for another reason." I had problems not to laugh, what would have been obviously a big problem for the tiny man, standing like a little insect in front of me.

"If - if - you have read the story," I had some problems to understand him, "then you know the game."

He held another bottle in his hand now, reached it to me – he looked funny in a way. Why not mocking him a bit more?

"Yeah, but there's this other song – don't do anything at all, it's said."

Now he lost the rest of his patience, at least as far as I could see – he was so tiny tiny, like a tiny little mouse.

"Hey, this is your fucking dream! Take the pillow or not, I have better things to do!"

Well, now I started to ponder. My dreams already often strange, if not weird. But with a surrealistic pillow, possibly The Surrealistic Pillow? I should not exaggerate it.

"Okay, sorry," I said to calm everything down, "but it will be difficult now to drink from this little tiny bottle."

I used two fingers to grab the bottle, cautiously, doing everything not to hurt him, and of course, not to destroy the bottle. As I had the bottle between my fingers, I nearly could no longer see it. I pondered about to simply swallow the bottle, but then I tried to pour the content on my tongue. I had the feeling that I could feel some wetness on my tongue, but nothing happened – do I started to wake up? Not now! Not before putting my head on the pillow! Then suddenly all got dark again.

I opened my eyes, back in fucking boring reality again? But then I saw the man with his hat, now understanding the price tag as well as the date. And then I saw the rest of the.....people standing around. The caterpillar, the scary queen and her nicer king, the mouse and the dodo, ever second I saw more and more of them. And of course, there was the cat, in complete, and the White Rabbit. Alice, you ask? Yeah, also she was there, but not looking like the ridiculous Tim Burton Alice, but like the original character. The man with the hat started to address me.

"Well, it was a big deal of work. But ultimately, you're here, just like we need you – and please, do not stare all the time at Alice, she only will kiss me, The Mad Hatter!"

"Okay, I have the Internet, in this boring other world at least. And now, now I shall lay my head on the pillow? The Surrealistic Pillow?"

"Yes, it's time now, night nearly over. We have to hurry a bit."

I did as told and laid my head on the pillow, awaiting what would happen now, 'cause it was a surrealistic pillow – but then I woke up. I was heavily disappointed, as far it had been a nice dreaming. Well, not necessarily that surrealistic, but so far, I had yet still not laid my head on this magic pillow, only my normal pillow in bed. It was one of these moments, not always, but often, this deep disappointment to have gotten the answer after waking up: What is Dreamland, what is reality. Why not this crazy world could be reality, and this boring and disappointing part only a fucking dream? I wished that I could sleep for the rest of my life, only living in Dreamland from now on, resting my head on the Surrealistic Pillow, as I heard a very faint voice:

*Do away with people blowin' my mind  
Do away with people wastin' my precious time  
Take me to a simple place  
Where I can easily see my face  
Take me to a circus tent*

*Know I love you baby, yes I do  
Know I love you baby, yes I do*

Could it be that.....no, I was too rational, I was, unfortunately, able to distinct between dream and reality.

P.S.: 3/5 of a Mile in 10 Seconds; Jefferson Airplane; Surrealistic Pillow

### **Surrealistic Pillow**

Have started at somewhat after 7 PM with it  
But not finished it before 9 PM  
Will upload it tomorrow  
It's 10:16 PM now

I have still to proofread it  
But the next major step  
Only "2050" is left now  
Then I can start with the actual writing

The first day of the long weekend was very productive  
Next day tomorrow  
Bar on Saturday  
I do not think so

I should start with graphic art  
And with the article for Substack  
But, so far, good improvement for the first week of the new year  
Yeah baby, I love you, I do

Next day tomorrow!

### **Everything Started Now**

The preface for "2050" finished  
"Surrealistic Pillow" last evening  
I have started with everything now  
All is opened up

Well,  
Seems to become a clear night  
Then observing of course  
Then tomorrow will be the first day of writing as such

I feel somewhat disorientated  
Still hanging with the gone writing  
Not really begun with the new  
Not really attached to the new one

But I have the feeling to be on a good track.

## Clouds

Light clouds everywhere  
And the moon  
No observing possible  
No bar either

Have slept a bit  
But no observing possible  
I started with writing therefore  
"Memories"

The writing as such begins now  
"Memories", I have to write "explanatory" paragraphs occasionally  
I wrote one now  
The rest will follow

Let the show begin, it will be mine!

## Last Day

Of the long weekend  
I'm very satisfied so far  
But also somewhat exhausted  
Have some headache

But okay  
I have done what planned  
Okay,  
Still nothing for "Graphic Art"

But apart from that  
Everything has started now  
A day to take a deep breath  
Next week most likely crucial for the job

However, I have plan B  
And plan C  
I can increasingly concentrate on art  
It functions better and better

Plans for today?  
Some writing  
But not more  
Letting loose

And now? - Well.....uma meia-de-leite, por favor.

## **No, Not Today**

No further writing today  
I have decided  
I feel empty  
And I need to know what my email – job – will yield

I will take a shower now  
Very early to bed  
6:54 PM  
Upload very soon

I see everything in front of me  
Except of what job I will have until retirement  
I have to try to clarify this  
Would give me the ultimate calm

But  
Still  
Compared to twelve months ago  
I feel much more self-confident, grounded, and positive

The future can come, I'm standing right here.

## **Somewhat Bumpy**

Needed some time to find the mood to start with writing  
Today  
But I have written some at the end  
I get more and more proper access to the new writing

I have the feeling that "2050" and "Memories" could become very interesting  
"Days" I will continue soon  
I should start with "Graphic Art"  
This working topic becomes suddenly so totally uninteresting

It's the ninth day of the new year today  
I have learned some Portuguese  
Numbers and I can order something  
Saying hello and goodbye

If I imagine  
I have still seven years time  
To speak Portuguese  
To be a real artist

Come on, seven more years?  
If the progress from 2021/22 to 2022/23 only continues  
This feels arousing  
But I see disruptions

But  
And this is the difference  
Twelve months ago  
Today

I see the possible disruptions  
But I see no longer reasons why they should thwart  
That I can reach my aims  
I'm too strong now

Will this continue?  
Well, who knows the future?  
And, why not?  
Be a bit positive!

Well, not good, but better, better and better, that's what count.

### **A New Routine**

I should open up three files  
At the beginning of writing  
"Insights", "Comments" and "Memories"  
At the workdays Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday (Thursday jazz club)

The first task is to continue with these three writings, the mandatory task  
The other three are a "can be" then  
Will not function today  
But I intend to do so tomorrow

Progress  
I see progress  
I feel better  
Physically also, what's important

A good upwards trend the last two months or so  
Tiredness and headache  
I see some sparks  
But by far no fire

Matosinhos in March has to be the next important step  
It would be very fascinating to be in Matosinhos again  
And coming back  
I have the feeling that this could become a real groundbreaking momentum

Only ten days are gone, I look ahead very positively right now.

## **Start**

Start to write  
Again better as yesterday  
Jazz club tomorrow  
No writing on Thursdays as prior last year

I have absolutely no idea whereto this all will lead  
But the confidence to something good and interesting  
Well, possibly a fallacy  
But who cares

No,  
I have, from now on, simply to continuing with writing and art  
Step by step  
The rest will happen by itself

In a way tired, maybe I should not be so interested in the news.

## **Friday I**

Jazz club yesterday  
A big band on stage  
A very crowded stage  
But they managed it well

Bosch Big Band  
Not necessarily my jazz  
But was perfect  
Second week in a row

Matters are stabilizing  
Apart from the job topic  
Most likely some clarification next week  
But anyway

There will be a way in very way  
Monday until Wednesday writing  
Thursday jazz club  
Well, Friday, I have had not so much sleep

Okay, writing of course  
But also a day to switch from workweek to weekend  
A day to take a pause for a moment  
Not to write as much as possible

But Saturday and Sunday should be days of art  
Yes, writing of course  
But, also the other arts  
Seems a good way for me

Let's see how Saturday and Sunday will unfold.

## **Friday II**

Okay, did the necessary writing  
Did the mandatory work  
Okay, for more I wasn't capable to today  
Next Friday I should do better

I feel very eased right now  
Nearly I have the feeling a little bit too much  
Would I have said not that long ago  
But why the fuck I should do it today?

Give me some freaky dreams, I will go early to bed today!

## **A New Mandatory Task**

I see that I have to structure my efforts on art even more  
New rules  
Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday will also get one of the major story allocated  
Apart from "Insights", "Comments", and "Memories"

Because it's arbitrary  
Monday – "Days"  
Tuesday – "Arnold"  
Wednesday – "2050"

I have still to decide Friday, Saturday, and Sunday  
"Insights", "Comments" and "Memories" on Friday in any case  
Saturday and Sunday?  
We will see

All develops further on.

## Surrealistic Pillow

### On My Way Home From Lübeck

I sat in my car, my small car, concentrated, the freeway entrance ramp near Lübeck, to enter the freeway southwards back home. Well, I was not sure about, where I came from, most likely from Heiligendamm. But, I had to drive home because I had to work tomorrow again. But, the time I drove this freeway in that direction I worked in Heiligendamm – that would make no sense, to drive home southwards, when having to work in Heiligendamm, at the Baltic Sea, tomorrow again? I tried to remind where I worked right now, but got no answer, and I had to concentrate not to miss the freeway entrance ramp.

Yeah, I had to concentrate, maybe some will laugh about me now. German freeways, well-structured as everything in Germany (a mere lie and myth), why then someone "had to concentrate" not to miss it? Assumed I would come from Heiligendamm.

You would leave the town, Heiligendamm, towards the freeway heading to Lübeck, a long extremely straight road. A bit like an American road, in the former communist GDR. You would hit the freeway after a while, and it would be effortless to enter the freeway, no problem at all. And now, straight away to Lübeck? Yeah, that was the issue in the days I used this freeway because you did not reach Lübeck in that way! The freeway had been built until Lübeck, but could not be used. One had to leave the freeway again, before reaching Lübeck, and had to use normal roads. And then the difficulty started. The way from where you had to leave one freeway, to reach the freeway that would bring you home finally, was very difficult. You had also to drive through the outskirts of Lübeck, and some interesting roads. Managed this, one could enter the freeway southwards – why did I tell you that? I'm not sure, I simply pondered about where I had come from.

Whatever, more or less I had found my way, ready to enter the freeway again, I had only to hit the right track. Three – or four? — lanes, not all would be right, suddenly I realized, I was on the second lane counted from the right, but I had to use the third, counted from the right. I managed it, in the last second, driving over grass somewhat, to change track – it looked in a way like when driving to Würzburg. Four lanes, but to reach Würzburg one had in fact to use the second from the right, the third would be wrong then, I had made that mistake once. But I was not on my way to Würzburg, instead back to Bad Friedrichshall, therefore, the third from the right was the right track for now.

On the right track now, the lane to my left was for the approaching traffic – at least I thought so! But, both lanes got used by approaching traffic – had I made a mistake after all? An interesting fact was, that I did not crash with one of the cars on my lane, the always disappeared before the crash – or whatever, and the street got steeper and steeper. And steep means steep, the road was now as steep as you would enter a looping, as suddenly something grabbed my car. Well, I was not sure but something lifted my car, I saw some kind of metallic struts, a cage or so around my car, my small car, I was in the air! What happened then? An interesting question!

My car on a car transporter, suddenly, I stood aside, and a man in front of me, most likely the driver of the car transporter. I asked him what the shit was this, what had happened to me and my small little car. He explained that I could not use the freeway for not clearly explained reasons. He would have to drive my car back to my home, sad, but I would have to accept this. I started to get angry, thought about the costs, as I discovered that I was in a restaurant, the kitchen. Well, as a cook I did what you have to do, I put my uniform on and started to cook.

Okay, to make it no longer as needed, I will not go into details regarding this part, the cooking. But I met some people, and we came to the point, that my car would be on a car transporter – this is only profiteering, the man said to me. I did not see his face, but he seemed very familiar to me.

"You mean, I could drive home?"

"Yes, of course. The freeway is open, but they always try to trick people, especially if not from here."

"What shall I do now?"

"Go to him and tell him that you want to have your car back. It's as easy as that."

Okay, I said, and we went to the man with the transporter. "We" meant the man, me, and some others.

"I wanna have my car back," I told him.

"Well, that's not that easy. We have to unload the vehicle again – I have already some expenses."

"But I have no interest in, to drive with you and my car back home....."

".....oh, sorry, I would only transport your car. You would have to use the train or so back home."

"You mean, I would have to pay you for transporting my car, and I would have to pay extra for a costly train ticket?"

"That's how it functions."

Now I started to get furious.

"Give me my car back! How much is it?"

He told me that it would cost € 46,50, and I was upset about the much money. I looked at the man who stood beside me. He shook his head, and I understood, I would have to give him the money, everything else would be not so much clever.

Well, I took my wallet, and the other one. For whatever reason, I had suddenly two wallets, and the second one looked like a waiter's pouch. But as I opened this wallet, it had only one pocket, filled with an enormous number of coins. I started to burrow in the coins, realized that all the coins were British, the late queen on all of them. I think that I paid him with my ATM card from the other wallet.

"That's sad that you have no further time, that you have to leave us immediately."

"Well, I have to work tomorrow again."

"It's a pity, it would have a pleasure to me to show you my....." — and I did not understand it exactly, but it seemed that he said something like: ".....to show you my "pick'n packs"."

Well, and even if I did have not understood exactly, what name he had named, I saw some stables from afar, as I started to wake up, very similar looking like the no longer existing rabbit hutches of my father. I felt a bit sad, not getting to know, what this "pick'n packs" were in fact.

\*

A footnote: As I drove to work later, the radio out, I suddenly heard late David Bowie singing:

*Cheena so sound, so titi up this malchick, say  
Party up moodge, nanti vellocet round on Tuesday  
Real bad dizzy snatch making all the omies mad – Thursday  
Popo blind to the polly in the hole by Friday*

*Where the fuck did Monday go?  
I'm cold to this pig and pug show  
I'm sittin' in the chestnut tree  
Who the fuck's gonna mess with me?*

*Girl loves me (Hey, cheena)  
Girl loves me  
(Girl Loves Me, David Bowie)*

## **More Days**

Friday

"Insights", "Comments", "Memories" mandatory  
Not more is mandatory, but of course possible  
The day of transition

Saturday and Sunday

"Insights", "Comments", "Memories" optional  
"Substack", "Comics", "Graphic Art" mandatory  
Starting on tomorrow

"Photography"

Cannot be planned as such  
Therefore, no fixed days  
Depends on the "motive"

Well,

Observing the variables will be dominant  
And all this cannot be totally inflexible  
But this structure ensures that on everything will be worked regularly

I think that this can be an excellent basis for this year's working on art.

## **I Give You My Hand**

Lead me to another land  
Far, far away from here  
I would need the calm  
Lying in your arms

You would tell me  
That there's always hope  
And I would believe you  
You would give me a new life

I feel so tired  
Tired of everything  
Being alive simply to live  
Wouldn't that be the ultimate reason?

A world drowning in absurdity  
Humans, like maggots at a cadaver  
They like the smell  
Of rotten flesh

The future of the world? Much hope I can't see.

## Sunday

The planning for next week's arts stands  
The workweek will become interesting  
I'm tired today  
Disappointed that I have still this job problem

This week should yield some progress  
For the next decision  
But at least  
Arts is obvious for the year and beyond

Some writing and maybe some more today  
But not that much I expect  
I push it towards a clarification  
More I can't do currently

Tomorrow, on Monday  
"Days" will be the additional mandatory writing  
I have headache  
Feel disorientated today

An afternoon nap wouldn't be bad, I thought.

## Calm

Was a calm workday today  
At least more than previous ones  
Start to concentrate on art finally  
Could become an interesting week

Most likely soon in Matosinhos again  
Room already booked  
I'm impatient  
Things do not unfold fast enough!

The eighteenth today  
Third week of the new year  
I feel like a racing horse in the starting box  
I hope that this week will lead to the crucial conversation

Yeah baby, I feel it everywhere, one day I will be a fucking badass artist and writer!

## All Done

Well, have worked on everything  
"Days", I have dissolved the charts  
Now I have to decide where to start  
The mornings? The first day? The last day?

But not today  
Was a good start today  
I can start with the writing when working on "Days" the next time  
"Arnold" tomorrow

I look forward to "Arnold"  
A longer part it will become  
Maybe splitting in two parts  
We will see tomorrow

\*

Had my Nikon camera in hand today  
FE 2  
Was a fantastic camera as I bought it  
And it's still

Had the shortest exposure time at this time, 1/4000s  
It's partially mechanical  
It still functions well (mechanical part)  
But I have to buy batteries

The plus of such a camera is  
That you can work with it  
Not many stupid programs, no one needs  
But

Well,  
I have a webpage  
And the camera uses normal film material  
I need it digitized for the webpage

Sure  
One can digitize "normal" photos  
I have to get more information  
But I would like to use this camera again

And  
The one technique does not exclude the other  
Let us see  
I need some batteries first

Was a good day today.

## **The Next Day**

"Arnold" today, and the other writing  
It seems to function  
Not perfectly  
But in a satisfying way

"2050" tomorrow  
Will become interesting  
Some tiredness and headache after taking a shower  
But the next step forward – physically – I would say

But, let us begin with today's writing.

## **Good Writing**

Today's writing functioned better than yesterday's writing  
Look forward to tomorrow's writing  
It's good to plan writing in this way  
I have to ponder about Saturday and Sunday potentially again

The road appears straight, broad, and bright. I only have to follow it.

## **Tomorrow**

A conversation at the workplace tomorrow  
Should be the crucial conversation  
Jazz club tomorrow  
No upload of course

I feel good  
Better with every day  
Physically  
And that's so important

I look forward to jazz concerts again  
Soon again a bar evening?  
Would be important  
Important will be the outcome of tomorrow's conversation

This year starts very interesting.

## **Better And Better**

This rhythm seems excellent  
Could become very productive  
Jazz and no upload tomorrow  
And hopefully some decisions about the job

2030, I smile.

## **Mixed Emotions**

Yesterday's conversation  
Well, mixed emotions  
Was a serene day today  
I have to reinvent myself

I have to focus  
As the Americans always so nicely say  
To be laser focused  
Yeah, the jolly Americans

But yeah,  
My focus has to be upon art and writing  
Who cares about my day job  
It's to earn money, to make my living, to finance art and writing

I have the fucking feeling to be on the right track.

## **Friday**

Always a short night because of the jazz club  
On Fridays only "Insight", "Comments", and "Memories" mandatory  
Everything else can be, but not have to be  
This seems to be the best planning for Friday

I have the feeling that I should also give Saturday and Sunday a fixed structure  
Both days: "Insights", "Comments", and "Memories" optional  
Saturday: "Substack", "Comics" mandatory  
Sunday: "Substack", "Graphic Art" mandatory

Does this make sense?  
I have to ponder on it the next days  
What about the bar day?  
I have to reinvent myself

Whatever, I have the fucking feeling to be on the right track.

## "täglich"

Sitting "täglich"  
First time again  
Since a very long time  
Wanted to book the flight to Matosinhos

Portishead in the background  
Right now  
*Give me a reason to love you*  
*A woman, just wanna be a woman*

The travel agency closes at 2 PM  
On Saturdays  
I stood in front of  
At 2:15 PM

So,  
No flight  
Have ordered a Greek salad  
And of course, a café au lait (no, no meia-de-leite, there's a difference)

\*

The salad was good  
It's nearly like in the old days  
Some years ago  
But

I do not live  
For the Past  
For the future  
I do live

I have to buy something  
Then I will drive home  
Made some photos  
In the dawn and later

Have not seen them so far, an upload possibly  
Have not found the fitting batteries for the camera so far  
But I can buy them online  
The digital way so long

I feel drunken, light as a feather.  
(P.S.: The Pierces now, Creation, did I miss something?)

## Well,.....

Well, not so much writing and art today  
Was in Heilbronn for a while  
But it was somewhat boring  
Well, it's winter, no Italian ice cream and suchlike

Tomorrow, "Comics" and "Graphic Art"?  
Have still not begun with an article for Substack  
No bar this evening  
But on the other hand

The month still not over  
And I have done much  
Arranged much  
Changed much

Dreamt last night  
A job interview  
Of course, I got the job offered  
And then I had a problem

Not really satisfied with this job  
But jumping to the next  
Would this be clever  
Made progress, maybe I have to be more patient?

Well, will write a next email tomorrow  
Ask for another conversation  
To talk tough about a major topic  
I have not talked so far

Right in the news  
Jacinda Kate Laurell Ardern resigns  
One of the clever ideas in the US  
Two terms in office are enough

And I, could it be that I should show more staying power?

## Monterey Park

No, I wasn't there  
When in Greater Los Angeles  
Chinese New Year  
Always in Chinatown

But I could be there  
February was my months for Los Angeles  
Yeah, no details so far  
And why one should be upset

Ten most likely Asian Americans are dead  
What if one killed ten whities in Bel Air  
Or Malibu  
Fuck, this would have been white millionaires then

You cannot do this  
Kill some Negros or fucking immigrants  
Or some white trash  
But do not touch the white millionaires

Politicians would have to react then  
No army style weapons anymore  
For Negros and immigrants  
The whities have to be protected

I feel sad  
And helpless  
Better no longer watching CNN  
Being interested in the US

I'm sick of that shit  
That we allow wars like in Ukraine  
It's fucking  
That's what it is

## **Graphic Art**

Worked on painting  
Not good enough to upload  
But at least I see my mistakes  
Next week maybe better

"Comics"?  
We will see  
I have slept somewhat  
Have written a new email

I wish to have a new conversation  
To clarify how I can see the possible future of my job  
The future as such I see positive  
My future

My future?  
Tell me my future  
I have the feeling, from time to time, that there will be none  
Or

When I will be sixty-five  
In Matosinhos  
Ordering my first café and something sweet, as a citizen  
I will freak out

But maybe it all is only a stupid dream.

### **On My Way To.....**

No, not L.A.  
Not now  
But Matosinhos  
Two months from now on

Have booked the flight today  
It's time now, to prepare to speak Portuguese  
The eighteenth of March I will be there in the evening  
That's crazy

German stewardesses  
I lust for this wonderful long flights to Los Angeles  
Yeah, I'm a fan of aviation also  
And do not say now that it's not good for the climate

One fucking oligarch and his superyacht  
And I can fly around the world  
Maybe we should talk more about them  
And how much this one percent pollutes the world

\*

Last time in Matosinhos was so formative  
This time?  
Eight weeks left  
And I will get an answer

Would I be braver  
Summer season is near  
I would search for a job there  
It's the EU, it would be easy to work there

But still, there are reasons to stay, to give me a fig leave for my cowardice.

## Concerns

Well,  
Obviously,  
We're not able  
To live together

And now?  
Germans still mess about combat tanks  
Monkey business  
Olaf wants to lead, maybe better no new German leader?

Ukraine dies  
And Europe a lounge lizard  
Ukrainians die  
And Europe needs more time to discuss everything

I have problems to concentrate  
Too much noise around me  
Would like to hover in space  
No sounds possible

We will screw it up  
Or  
But a coward too  
I am

It will not function.

## Wednesday

Jazz club tomorrow  
I ponder on an evening in the bar on Saturday  
Still this nerving tiredness  
But it's still getting better and better

But I need still some more months  
More sun and warmth would be good  
Look forward to the sunny summer days  
I have the feeling that it will become a good summer

This will become an essential year  
The most important after the beginning in 2015  
February next month  
Most likely an essential month again

I'm proud of what I have achieved the last years, ready to achieve even more.

## **Memphis, Tennessee**

Elvis and whiskey  
Yeah, that's Tennessee  
White guys and their relish  
Niggers at the trees

I do not understand that land  
Only more "open-minded" than mine  
More openly and more honestly  
A shiny beacon, enlightening the world

Tennessee,  
The most racist state?  
What a joke, most likely not  
House Bill 527

Memphis,  
I would enjoy it more to live in Germantown  
Where everything's so clean  
Sluggish Mississippi with the Riverboats, Memphis downtown

I cannot imagine  
Living as a former slave  
Still not seen as more than a slave  
Picking the cotton on the fields

Murdering millions of Jews in gas chambers  
January the twenty-seventh  
Liberation of Auschwitz  
Liberation of the slaves

By the Red Army, the Invincible Russian Army  
The 322. Infantry Division of the 60. Army of the I. Ukrainian Front  
Commander in Chief Pawel Alexejewitsch Kurotschkin  
History can be so sarcastic and cynical

## **Check**

I have started to write an email  
To start to check job alternatives  
Back to restaurants?  
But part-time

Same money as now  
Fewer hours  
More time for art  
I have to check this possibility

The future is wide open.

## Camera

Have the batteries now  
Everything seems to function well  
I would need a film now  
And some consulting regarding digitalization of the photos

The shop I bought the camera  
No longer, since decades now  
The shop I bought my digital camera  
No longer, since a shorter time now

Was in Neckarsulm  
There was a photo shop  
No longer  
Fuck, I have to find a place with some know how

Okay, bought a blender shaft at the Media Markt last week  
They have also cameras  
I walked by  
Even SLR cameras

It's sad  
There were so many shops everywhere in my youth  
Not today  
But thanks God, we have fucking shit Amazon today

Do we not see what we lose every day?

## Wednesday

As always  
Cooking is a very fast business  
The email – application – yesterday, Friday  
Today, Saturday, I got a phone call from the head chef

Meeting, job interview, on Wednesday (Monday and Tuesday are days off)  
Well, they would have employed me the last time, I canceled  
Means that I could get the job again  
We have to talk about the details

Part-time  
Would be the first time working part-time for me  
But this could be the basis I search for  
Feel better with every day

It would be from April on  
Not promptly as normally in cooking  
Right after I return from Matosinhos  
A sign from above?

An interesting timing in any case  
Would give me still two months for recovering and preparation  
An interesting timing in any case  
Would give me more time for writing

Okay, let's see what Wednesday will yield.

### **Pondering**

I ponder about Wednesday  
The job interview  
Have made an ideal duty roster  
For me

Would give me plenty of time for art and writing  
We will see what could be possible  
I cannot concentrate on art and writing today  
Wednesday will be important

All develops very fast now.

\*

The job I have now  
I have the feeling  
It could have been the searched job for the remaining years  
But only nearly

It's the problem that too many with limited knowledge about the job  
Think that they have to tell me how to do it  
And that the work as such not really satisfies me  
Easy in a way, but boring also

The combination is the killer  
At least as long as you have additional opportunities  
The working days in the restaurant business are much harder than now  
But it would be only four

Well,  
Have still some time to ponder about it  
Monday and Tuesday the restaurant is closed  
Wednesday as additional day off would give me three days off in a row

That has to be one of my points on Wednesday  
Jazz club has to be possible  
Friday until Sunday "writing through the night" again, if late shift?  
Why not?

Let's see what Wednesday will yield.

## What To Expect Of Life?

Yeah,  
I of my life  
Can be of course  
The only question

And hey,  
Have no answer  
Can one have an answer  
Or only lying to oneself

\*

I have still the feeling that this is an important time  
An important stage in my life  
The try to become an artist and writer  
I feel tired

The last two days I did not feel good  
Ate too much  
Too many sweet things  
But that's okay

Wednesday will be soon  
Will give new impulses  
Whatever will be the outcome  
No writing today

\*

I need the time for other matters  
The forecast says today will be a clear night  
Still light clouds  
But this can change

Maybe it would be nice  
Observing my stars  
I'm sick of always the same  
I need change

I need to be patient, it's still just a bet on the future.

## Chapter 15

Seems as there could be a "Chapter 15" soon  
On Wednesday possibly no upload  
This depends on the length of the job interview and my mood then  
I concentrate on "Arnold & Maurer" for now

I have mostly Wednesday afternoon in mind the next days  
Of course  
But some writing, at least  
Three days off, see it more and more as a good alternative

The good is that it happens fast  
Only tomorrow and then it's Wednesday  
I think that I should quit at the end of February  
Would cost me money but bestow me time

March,  
Two weeks without work at home  
Two weeks in Matosinhos afterward  
Sounds not that bad

Well,  
I would have several days off at Easter at my current job  
Back in the restaurant business, it would be a time of a lot of work  
Let's see what Wednesday will yield

I lean back and close my eyes  
I have to ensure art and writing and Matosinhos  
Everything else is secondary  
But I need also some calm

I have started to lose weight, two months would give me a broad range of opportunities.

### Decisions

Well, the job interview tomorrow  
Have noticed that they have very limited opening times currently  
A warning signal?  
That my ideas are not suitable

On the other hand  
I meet the head chef on Wednesday  
I doubt that he will be there only for me  
A festivity maybe?

Okay, I have to see what tomorrow will yield  
I have nothing to lose  
Or  
The first moth of the year is over!

Eleven more and the year is over  
Oh fuck, it's so silly  
Let's see what tomorrow will be  
And then I have to decide

It's easy as that!

### **Job Interview**

Back home  
No writing today  
Jazz club tomorrow  
No upload tomorrow

Writing from Friday on again  
Today does me good  
Got no job offered immediately  
But we talk about April, part-time.....

Was a positive talk  
Most likely banquet kitchen  
They will discuss this  
I should get feedback within one or two weeks

What  
If I get a refusal  
Well  
I still have a job

No  
Was a good day  
Will  
Be interesting to see, how tomorrow's working will feel

But enough for today – I'm curious about tonight's dreaming.....

### **Innocence Lost**

Friday reached  
After a difficult week  
With the decision to leave  
To try it differently

At least if I get a contract offered  
One or two weeks I have to wait  
After the job interview  
I should get feedback over the next week

The currant workplace  
Too much slack, not much to do  
It's tiring  
More to do and part-time could be a better solution

But I have to wait now  
But  
Innocence lost  
Means, now I'm interested in a job change

Job hopping  
Well, it's the restaurant business  
And I need working conditions that allow me to concentrate on writing and art  
It's already February

\*

No writing as such today  
Dreamt a lot the last two nights  
My father appeared last night  
Cannot remember if ever

Well,  
I have still the feeling that the current developments are positive  
An interesting beginning of the year  
Let's see what the year will offer

Interesting, it doesn't affect me much.

### **Saturday Night Live**

Yeah, it's Saturday  
And it's getting dark  
Too dark to see  
What one should see

I do not know  
The feeling I have  
Too much is wrong  
This will become the crux

And yet  
A little spark  
Seems still to exist  
But hardly to see

A little fire  
Will not keep you alive  
When bone-chilling coldness  
Is surrounding you

It's dark  
But no longer a game  
The future on the stake  
Those of the young, but not the mine

Sweet littler baby  
Dying in Ukraine  
Prostitutes oneself on the Philippines  
Drinks champagne on a superyacht

In the end, nothing has changed  
Five thousand years in the past  
Five thousand years in the future  
Even if such a timespan is left

My years are counted  
Maybe even my months  
If it were differently  
I would burn alive

Crazy I would get  
In the year 2050 most probably dead  
To imagine I would be in the prime of my life then  
Then gun would lie on the table

WWI  
There was a future  
WWII  
There was a future

The gas chambers  
There was a future, for those still alive  
The genocide in Ukraine  
There will be a future, for those still alive

And yet  
No substantial change were possible  
Never  
Only a certain kind of future

Disappointment  
I can see it in your eyes  
When looking in the mirror  
Blurred, because of countless tears

## In Between

In between two situations  
Not really knowing if even  
Waiting for an email  
Whatever the content will be

If I get the job offered  
For the second time  
I have to take it this time  
But will I get the job offered for a second time?

If the email will be negative  
I have started to orientate anew now  
Not the first time in such a situation  
But I get sick of it

I feel good, all in all  
They forecast some sunny days for next week  
Bleak weather since weeks and months in Germany  
Sun for hours or minutes only, very rarely

Difficult to concentrate  
I need feedback  
Then I can continue with planning  
Will be no productive day

\*

"I tell you, these liberals, these radical lefties, the Democrats, they will destroy our nation if we let them."

"That's right, we need a strong man to lead this country, a man who cleans up our dirty streets. Charles Palantine has no time, but Ron "I Have A Big Dick" DeSantis would be the right guy."

"It's time that we get rid of this Omar scum and Cortez pussies. Well, her Latino pussy would be good to fuck maybe, but she doesn't represent the honest America."

"Yeah, they are less American than the two niggers the GOP has in the current Congress. The Democrats have fifty-six, and Muslims, and Latinas, and all this other garbage – that tells you all. But you know whom I hate most?"

"No."

"Whites, whites who betray their own nation, their own blood. Those we would have to lynch first, the rest would have time."

"Too sad that the Pelosi guy survived, would have been a clear message. Schiff would be a good warning, or the fagot Buttigieg. I'm totally in the mood now to beat one of this suckers up."

I had heard enough, more, and I would have to puke. So, I stepped forward so that they could see me.

"Sorry, I have heard your conversation, and I have to say that I do not agree with you both. Would you possibly be interested in, to discuss this topic with me?"

They both looked somewhat surprised, but one found words to answer me.

"Hey, Jack, I think this gentleman wants to fool us. I think that we have to show him our way to "discuss" such topics."

"Yeah, John, I highly agree with you. But I fear that the gentleman will not like the way how we "discuss" such topics."

"You know, Jack, I give a shit on this. But this liberal asshole needs a pasting."

They came nearer, with these words, and they let no doubt about what they would do with me.

"Sorry, but I have to tell you that you both are terrifying me."

They both started to laugh as I had suddenly a .45 in my hand and shot Jack in the head. It gave a real mess, especially the parts of the skull and brain that hit John – why I had suddenly JFK and Jackie in mind? Whatever, John looked flabbergasted at me.

"Are you crazy, you have killed Jack!"

"Yes, but this was my right. I'm a good white American, and in this wonderful state, thank the Lord, I am entitled to protect myself if I feel threatened – I told you both that I feel terrified, did I?"

"But....."

It all seemed a bit too much for him.

".....what will I do with you now?"

"Hey, come on, I'm no longer a threat for you. I will walk this way and everything is okay – okay?"

He pointed in a direction away from me.

"Well, I don't think so. I still feel terrified by you. All those fucking ideas in your fucking head. Jack has no longer such fucking ideas, he has no longer any ideas."

I raised the gun again.

"Hey, Sir, let me walk away and I will tell everybody that you acted in self-defense. Okay?"

"Well, I have my doubts....."

I shot him in his belly, with a .45 a very bad matter. He started to scream and to wheeze. I came nearer.

"You know, I asked you both for a discussion. But if you have only violence and destruction in your mind – yeah, it has been self-defense. You wanna destroy our nation, wanna hang Mike Pence, wanna kill Mr. Pelosi, wanna destroy our democracy, why I should accept all this like a lamb in front of the slaughterhouse?"

I wasn't confident if the wound were deadly. As I turned to leave, I also shot him in the head. Safety first, I thought, and that I had asked for a discussion.

## **No Feedback**

One or two weeks they said  
The first week would be over on Wednesday  
No feedback until Friday  
Then I should step further on

I feel good  
Some headache  
But the tiredness appears more and more rare  
For a shorter time

But I have to sit and wait  
Not much to do at work  
Boring, more and more  
I need more action

I need to be more challenged at work  
Some more of this positive development  
And I feel like at the beginning of 2020  
That would be a major step forward

But it's still some way to go  
Step by step  
I feel challenged  
Challenged by life

And I have the feeling  
That I can resist  
Can take the challenge  
Even if I'm not in best shape

However, I'm condemned for the moment  
To wait  
To wait for feedback  
Not what I like most

I still would say, I'm on the right way.

### **No Days In Los Angeles**

This story is too important  
Then to work on it  
In this state  
Unconcentrated, a dangling man

Tomorrow  
"Arnold"?  
Not sure  
Other matters are more important currently

It's interesting  
Russia and the US wanna help the Syrians  
Because of the earthquake  
And because of the war?

It's interesting  
Or is it bigoted?  
Yeah, I'm not empathic enough  
Cannot feel the suffering

A young girl got rescued  
How many young girls got shredded by bombs?  
Hey, Peter, every life matters  
Are you kidding me, Peter?

This human race is a disgrace.

## Clear Sky

Clear sky tonight  
And I will observe  
No writing  
No feedback

The first week would be over tomorrow.

## Deadlocked Situation

Was nice yesterday  
To observe my variable stars  
No feedback  
Adjourned game, to talk chess

Have to wait  
But it's paralyzing  
What if negative feedback  
Hefty, what problems I have

Yeah, so much in the world  
That should tie our empathy  
How cozy it had been  
The distant lights last night

I have to inhale deep  
And to wait  
And to react  
No sober mind

\*

The suffering in Turkey and Syria  
Do they suffer more or less than the Ukrainians?  
The Ukrainians suffer because of a human filthy swine  
The Turkish and Syrian people because of a natural disaster

It all will be rebuilt  
How long  
Until the next time?  
Turkey had an earthquake tax, but the money is no longer?

The world would need a revolution  
But what kind of revolution  
The president's speech and the GOP's reaction?  
What do we expect what the world looks like?

I feel dejected, cast down  
Not knocked out  
But feel a lot of pain  
Headache

I have to wait.

### **Early**

To bed today  
Upload  
Tomorrow  
Jazz club, no upload

Friday  
Two Days  
Weekend  
Feedback? - Time to write

A bit like  
A year ago  
But feel much better  
Working?

No tiredness  
Not so much  
Somewhat, later  
When only a few customers are coming

During lunch break  
I close my eyes  
Let my thoughts free rain  
But

A year ago  
I had always to fight  
During lunch break  
Not to fall asleep

Worse case  
Negative feedback  
Well, next month Matosinhos anyway  
Many holidays in April

What would be  
If no pandemic over the last years  
If no war in Ukraine  
If no earthquake

If I felt better  
Much headache at the moment  
7:42 PM  
Should make me a tea for the night and go to bed  
I do not know how I should feel - overwhelming feelings.

### **Friday Evening**

It's Friday  
And it's evening  
The workweek over  
No feedback

The jazz concert  
Yesterday  
Has been impressive  
Antonio Faraò, Yuri Golubev, Vladimir Kostadinovic

Had a quarrel at my workplace  
Well, it's okay  
With the branch manager  
Who wants to be the better cook

Not much writing today  
But I look forward to the weekend  
I'm getting impatient  
But I handle the situation much better than a year ago

A year ago  
I would have already quit the job  
Would have given up  
But not this time

I doubt that I will stay  
Even if I get negative feedback  
I'm more aggressive today  
More self-confident

\*

I should spend the weekend with the three stories  
Not to lose contact  
I should continue with the comics  
Photography not so relevant for the moment

The tiredness disappears more and more  
Headache  
Well, the situation burdens me  
But that's okay

And still  
I have the feeling  
I'm on the fucking right track  
Have just only no clear idea where this track will lead me

### **Gambling Man**

I'm gambling  
For my future  
I'm a gambling man  
And I only can win

That's a lie  
And I do like  
That's my new style  
I don't give a dime

Hey, look at me  
And freeze  
I make you silent  
And me strong

The world is mine  
That's a lie  
But I do like  
I can reach whatever I wanna

I would be the perfect American guy  
Would grab Marjorie's pussy  
She would like  
'Cause I'm famous and rich

And she's the perfect cheap hoe  
Sick like the White America  
We would perfectly fit  
And AOC would be our sex toy, just like the Mexicans have always been

Oh, I start to dream  
Get a boner thinking about  
Being a stupid nuts conservative wanker  
How easy everything would be

I'm a gambling man  
And I enjoy it  
Whatever could harm me?  
Losing a big pot?

I will lose my life in the final round  
No other pot can have that size  
Even getting all-in  
Who cares about money?

Heads-Up with the Reaper at the final table  
Fuck, he will always win  
Even having a Royal Flush  
He will have five aces

*Now you swear and kick and beg us that you're not a gamblin' man  
Then you find you're back in Vegas with a handle in your hand  
Your black cards can make you money, so you hide them when you're able  
In the land of milk and honey, you must put them on the table  
(Do It Again; Steely Dan)*

### **Echoes**

A life in soft repeat  
Running in circles  
At the edge of getting mad  
Grounded in insanity

A song  
The same tunes at the end as at the beginning  
A whole record even  
I always loved it

I'm no longer the one I had been before  
Insecure, always doubting  
Now facing up  
The immanent disgust

The world as a pigpen  
And you one of the male swines  
Hoping not to get too much involved  
Into the mire

Dreaming  
Of being creative  
Separated from the dark reality  
Innocent like a child

With mad and insane thoughts  
Lusts and aspirations  
Caged in a human body  
Not able to break free

The curiosity of a child  
The openness of a child  
The naivety of a child  
In a decaying body

I feel sad and lonely sometime, sometimes not.

### **Gridlock**

Nothing happens, Sunday  
No feedback  
Not sure what will happen tomorrow  
No impulse

Nice weather  
Should be stable for the next days  
Most likely observing  
In the coming days

Well,  
It will be two weeks on Wednesday  
No later than I seek for clarification  
Regarding my application

It's a boring day  
I should do some writing  
Early to bed  
The rest will happen next week

I sit at the table  
The guy on the other side does not react to my raise  
I have to wait  
Even if he hesitates a bit too long

I sit and wait, but would like it more to be active.

### **I Do Not Know**

Had a long conversation at the workplace  
Very mixed emotions  
No feedback  
The two weeks will be over on Wednesday

But it will be a clear night today  
I will observe my variable stars  
It will be better  
Waiting for Wednesday

It's crazy  
Shall I invest more energy into my current job  
It seems as that I could prevail  
Well, if I get positive feedback.....

The next step at least  
I would have already quit the job not that long ago  
But I have changed  
And still an alternative

It's getting dark  
I have to change clothes  
The calmness of the night  
The tenderness of the stars

I love you, baby.

### III

It started last night  
Working was horrible  
Problems with the stomach  
Not the best if working in a kitchen

To bed after work  
I slept for hours now  
Stood up at 7 PM, 7:29 PM now  
Eat some bread with cheese and drank water

Of course  
No writing today  
No feedback as well  
The two weeks will be over tomorrow

Well,  
In my current job  
Seems that I could prevail  
But it would cost me a lot of energy

Positive feedback would mean automatically a new job  
I'm committed, the pot is too big, too much of my money on the table  
Seems as that I have still two possibilities  
And new job offers all the time

But not today  
I will go to bed right now again  
Not so worse than during the day  
But still, it's not as it should

I feel exhausted  
Not much headache  
In any case, some additional hours of sleep will be no mistake  
Tomorrow, hopefully, I can continue with writing and art

Wow, it can happen very fast, I have to find a solution for my "job problem".

## **Better**

Better again  
But still collywobbles  
But I should write something today  
Even if not much

Still no feedback  
But not relevant for the moment  
Jazz club tomorrow  
Restart from Friday on

What a death toll  
Earthquake  
Mostly in Turkey  
They have other problems than a guy like me

And we should not forget Ukraine now  
Russia more aggressive again  
And we slept it away  
Thanks, Olaf!

Well,  
The Ukrainians will have to pay the price for our failures  
We in Germany definitely not  
We started only two world wars

I have eaten something  
Not quite sure how the night will develop  
I have lost four pounds of weight in two days  
But yet most likely not the best strategy to lose weight

Let's do some writing, early upload, early to bed.

## **Reboot**

Time to reorganize  
Still no feedback  
Well, I have waited two weeks plus  
Time to go on

Have forgotten a workplace  
In Kühlungsborn  
I have to include this workplace  
To renumber chapter 11

I'm uncertain whether I should write an email  
Or simply to call  
The next potential workplace  
Time to go on

Well,  
Even the current job is still not dead  
Even if doubtful  
In four weeks in Matosinhos

I would say  
The only what I have to do  
Is to stay calm  
Not becoming insecure, as so often

I have a job  
Maybe I will get feedback later  
At least one or two additional options  
To deal with over the weekend

A critical moment, time  
But time can kiss my ass  
As long as the last moment is there  
Time will laugh about me then

And I should try, so long, to enjoy and use my given time even more.

## **Rebooted**

Have started to write  
I have to do some various matters tomorrow  
But I feel still this progress  
Even if this week was a setback

Still unclear what has happened on Tuesday  
With my stomach  
But still less tiredness  
And headache

More and more  
Why I should be interested in what I do  
To earn the necessary money  
But, I'm a cook and German

Would be nice to do something  
That would be somewhat demanding  
That would fulfill me  
It's still seven years

Let's see what the next weeks will yield  
I look forward to being in Matosinhos again  
There will be a continuation  
Most likely chapter 15

I smile, could it be that I have to write chapter 20 one time?

## Chapter 15

I wrote a new job application in the morning  
After waiting two weeks plus without feedback  
But decided simply to wait  
Not to ask for feedback

Well, have gotten feedback now  
A phone call  
I will be there to sign a contract on Thursday  
Thirty-two hours, four days a week

Sure,  
It's the restaurant business  
And a hotspot on summer  
Let's see

First time in my life working part-time  
Three days off  
Monday and Tuesday closed  
If not a holiday

Monday and Tuesday will be my new weekend  
Friday until Sunday working  
Shift, not the whole day  
Wednesday or Thursday will be the third day off

Thursday jazz club day  
And most likely also bar day from now on  
One or two drinks after the concert?  
A new rhythm seems to be obvious

Upload later, from April on, we will see  
Three days, a good deal of time for writing and art  
One day, Thursday, no writing and art  
Three days with less time for writing and art

Seems not to be that bad  
Definitely more time for art and writing in winter  
Than in summer  
But there should be also enough time in summer

I have to lean back now  
Four weeks Auentstein are left  
Two weeks Matosinhos thereafter  
Then a new job, chapter 15

All in all?  
I have the feeling that I have managed the situation good  
Not perfect  
But not bad either

Today?  
Well,  
Need some time to let it sink in  
But I will find also time to write today

Sunday, February the eighteenth, 2:06 PM.

### **Driving Around**

Drove around for some time  
I need to sleep and dream  
Tomorrow  
I have to be focused from tomorrow on

April the first  
We will make a contract beginning at April the first  
The day when I will come back from Matosinhos  
No April fool hoax

I feel relieved  
It has functioned  
It still functions  
I feel relieved

But now some writing?

## **Chapter 11.5**

Have to create a new chapter 11.5  
And to renumber the rest of chapter 11  
Have forgotten a job  
Well, was short but not uninteresting

Kühlungsborn  
Next to Heiligendamm  
Was a weird job  
This chapter will contain some very weird stuff  
But I have to write all the first paragraphs first.

## **Enough**

Have written at least something today  
Has been a crazy day  
The new job application before I drove shopping  
The call right after lunch

Suddenly, a new job  
The next email to disconfirm the job application from the morning  
I will go to bed now  
Early upload, early sleeping, early dreams

It will be interesting to see  
How I will feel tomorrow  
Some socializing for lunch  
Writing and art later

But it's enough for today.

## **Manifesto**

It has to be  
Tonight  
No early sleep  
But with Tom Petty

Yeah, my bulldog barks  
And yes, my canary sings  
Yeah, no sweet little queen  
Whatever it pays

Soon again  
Writing at night  
Sometimes  
Sometimes at day

Fucking seven years are left  
To become king of my own little town  
A Portuguese king  
In the town of Matosinhos

In four weeks again  
Just able to order a coffee  
To say "Hello!"  
Olá!

But they are friendly people  
And English is widely spoken  
I have to eat the "gastrópodes marinhos" at the market hall this time  
Have forgotten their name on the menu

I have made some first contacts over my last stay  
I have to intensify them this time  
Have to start conversations  
Have to start to become an immigrant

I feel a fire in me  
I'm hot  
Hot again  
Have missed it over the last three years

But again  
To take it slow has been a good strategy this time  
I have to use the following four weeks to prepare myself  
Hey, I need a smartphone!

They do a lot of stuff via the smartphone  
And WhatsApp  
Yeah, now I have to surrender  
That's the price I have to pay

And what will I get?  
I'm not sure  
Something will be different  
Will cook a lot of banquet

Eastern is early this year  
I will start with Eastern  
But they will offer a buffet  
No á la carte

Funny  
I would have had just the days off on which I will work now

And vice versa  
A new part in my life will begin

Will this become my final job  
Oh, Peter, don't be silly  
What a stupid question  
The one I still have was relatively near to it, but in the end.....

And of course  
I wouldn't be sad about  
If yes  
If it were my last job

And the manifesto?  
Well, from the day I will travel to Matosinhos  
March the eighteenth, in exactly four weeks  
The end game will begin

Then I have to prove it  
Not to someone  
But to me  
That I have the potential to become a serious writer and artist

\*

Yeah, I have the feeling to start to fly  
I have the feeling that I could find friends in Matosinhos  
Maybe even.....  
A weird old man sitting at the beach, possibly not all alone?

I have shown courage  
I could prevail  
But there are too many aspects  
I not wanna talk about here

I have different opinions regarding essential matters  
Connected with quality and how to handle food  
To say it so  
Too many know too much better than I

\*

But this will be soon the past  
It's funny  
The last time driving to Auenstein at the seventeenth  
Flying to Matosinhos at the eighteenth

Back from Matosinhos at the first  
The first day of my new contract  
Driving to Leingarten from now on  
Hey, in that town I had one of my most fucking jobs ever!

But I will be up the hill this time  
On top of the mountain  
The city on the foot of the mountain  
Small and unimportant

It will be on me  
I have to do two or three matters differently  
I will practice in Matosinhos  
Yeah, Mr. Petty, the future is wide open

And I have to learn to fly  
Man, I have to learn it  
This human swamp makes me sick  
I don't even touch the ground

Yeah, man, that's it  
That I have to learn  
To forget all the doubts  
To become king

And Mr. Petty?  
Down South  
Lived later in L.A. – or  
The man from Florida, Gainesville

Yeah, we have all our dreams  
Not that your fucking neighbor starts a war with you  
Not that a natural disaster shatters your dreams, and maybe takes your life  
Yeah, we have all our dreams

And I have mine  
Maybe coming true, or not  
The only what I really fear  
Is that I would give them up

This would be my final day  
No reason I would longer see  
To stay  
In this crazy and insane world

Yeah, never give them up  
How silly they ever might be  
Like sitting at the beach  
And writing a love poem

Whatever it pays.

## Done For Today

Well,  
Have restarted  
Did some  
The main focus, tomorrow, should be "Days"

I try to restore the previous rhythm for the next four weeks  
Then, Matosinhos  
Then, I have to implement a new rhythm  
But there's no reason to change something for the next four weeks

Very early upload today  
Very early to bed  
Working tomorrow?  
Will be interesting to see how it will be

Well,  
I have to wait until I have signed the new contract  
Then I can quit the job  
No reason to hurry

I feel good  
Curious about the upcoming weeks  
Curious about Matosinhos  
Well, the last time there caused such a deep impact

Curious about April  
Will begin right with the Eastern holidays  
Will be a very different working again  
But I'm looking forward to it

I think that it will do me good  
I feel like at the beginning of 2020  
More and more  
Still six weeks until the day

I should start to enjoy the remaining weeks  
I have done it, I have managed it  
I'm on a good way  
I'm on the right way

Whereto the way will lead?  
Well, will depend very much on  
How much time is left  
If I stay healthy

I feel good, I will write soon, "Memories", about some suicidal moments in my life.

## **Distant Lights**

Clear night  
Focus on my variables  
Focus tomorrow  
On writing

I wait for Thursday  
Jazz club  
Interesting musicians  
And of course, the signing of the contract

But today, the stars are the stars.

## **Off Track**

I'm unable to concentrate  
It has to become Thursday  
Jazz club  
Signing the contract

Friday I will quit  
Will give me some days without work before the vacation  
Will cost me some money  
But I want to finish it up

Maybe tomorrow  
I will find the way to write  
Friday, other than that  
Much will be different on Friday

Strange  
Have changed my job twice last year  
But this time it's different  
I'm, in fact, nervous

Two workdays  
The time has to pass  
No writing today  
No writing

No writing  
Early upload  
Early to bed  
I'm stringed up

It's hard to stay calm in this situation.

## **On Pins And Needles**

One more day  
I would say  
The last three workdays  
I have managed very satisfying

One more  
Tomorrow  
I have to end it as soon as possible  
No longer than the tenth in any case

In twenty-four hours it will be done  
I will be on my way to Heilbronn  
Jazz club  
After signing the new contract

I feel very motivated  
But still a day  
Part-time  
Will become interesting

Okay,  
Summer soon  
And it's a summer's hot spot  
Of course, more than thirty-two hours a week

But more spare time in Winter  
Less than thirty-two hours a week  
Three weeks Matosinhos at the end of the year?  
Would be interesting

February 2024 again in Los Angeles?  
I should target it  
I have to see the possibilities, this new job offers me  
And I see many

Fuck, I feel on fire, I'm burning.

## **It's Done**

Well,  
Busy Days  
A new contract yesterday  
The dismissal today

It feels good and strange  
And I look forward to sleeping and dreaming  
A new stage from tomorrow on  
But from tomorrow on

I take a deep breath  
Still five weeks until my first workday  
The new job  
Contract from the first of April on, when I fly back from Matosinhos

My first workdays will be the Eastern weekend  
Well, a perfect start  
Will give me good insights  
And many opportunities

I have to handle some matters differently  
Most likely upload at midnight again  
And writing at night  
Like previously

I will have no regular working times  
Early, middle, and late shift  
Let us see  
I'm in a positive mood

Today?  
Not much  
Still five weeks  
And they will begin tomorrow

\*

I'm like an eagle  
A bald eagle  
An American eagle  
But the eagle got old

He still can fly  
And makes enough prey  
But it costs him more and more energy  
It will be too much, one day

But not today  
Today, after some difficulties at the beginning,  
He gained enough height  
But his eyes struggle, to see the prey

Later,  
Arrived at his resting spot  
The prey in his claws  
Deep breathing

The day comes nearer  
Nearer every day  
He feels it  
The world starts spinning

I'm no eagle  
Especially no bald eagle  
No American eagle  
A finch maybe?

Most not see me  
And I'm not disappointed  
Would like that they would hear my singing  
Not much loud it is

The little fink is dead  
Not much a loss as a bald eagle would be  
An American eagle  
The little fink is dead

\*

He got old, and everything became a burden, even the walk to the beach, to see the ocean. One day, a wonderful balmy summer night, the moon high up the nightly sky, he decided that it was the time, for a last walk. He walked to the beach, it was easier than otherwise, felt first the sand, then the water, touching his naked feet. And as the water surrounded him entirely, he could suddenly remember, as a very young boy, how it has felt. He died as a delighted old man, young at hart.

\*

### **The Lisa Wilhelm Quartett**

Lisa Wilhelm – Drums and Composing  
Lukas Wögler – Saxophone  
Moritz Langmaier – Piano  
Franz Blumenthal – Contrabass

A fantastic concert yesterday  
Will be easier with the working hours from April on  
Have not to get up so early  
Can enjoy it more

Even one or two drinks thereafter  
Old Fashioned  
Look forward to those Thursdays  
The first time will be soon, ahead of Matosinhos

Have bought their debut album  
Have ordered a "baseball cap"  
Self-embroidered  
They have merch

Very unusual for a jazz band  
But they all are young  
Of course, I have chosen  
The contrabass

Well,  
We will see  
The other three instruments would also be available  
I need caps for Matosinhos

Will I get it  
Until Matosinhos  
If not  
I use the one from L.A.

Time to bring it to an end  
Curious about  
Tomorrow  
This time it feels very strange, as it would be the first time, a new job

A bit disappointed  
There have also been nice aspects  
Worked perfectly together with my workmate in the kitchen  
Emily from the Philippines

I'm sad regarding her  
Not the first time for her  
Even more overtime for her  
Her planned vacation in April?

I would have quitted the job earlier without her  
But it has to be now  
The last conversation with the owner  
Has been a disaster

I disagree in fundamental questions  
Regarding too many aspects  
I cannot do this the next seven years  
I have to be consistent

Still five weeks, let's turn them into productive and meaningful weeks.

### **Not Productive**

No productive day  
Had to fix a laptop problem  
Found a place to buy a film for the Nikon  
A drugstore

I did some research  
Not much is left  
A shop in Stuttgart seems to be interesting  
To buy and develop film, one of the last real shops for analog photography

The days between the job and Matosinhos  
I should spend one in Stuttgart  
Also visiting this shop  
At least, with the film, I can start using the Nikon again

\*

I have a headache  
Have eaten too much  
Too much junk  
But that's okay

There's still no reason to hurry  
Have watched some videos about astrophysics  
But now I'm tired  
But that's okay

I have started with my list  
More and more now  
Okay for today  
I have a headache

\*

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday  
I should work on the three stories  
Thursday jazz club  
Friday the, most probably, last complete working week has ended

It's good to have done it  
I'm not satisfied with today  
But that's okay  
That's pretty fine to me

I would like to see  
A dead Putin hanging from a poplar tree  
Too many innocent people are dying  
Would send him a magnolia blossom, to smell the scent of burning flesh

Tell me the end of the story  
There will be a happy ending  
There's always a happy ending  
At least the corrupt narrations are telling us this

\*

"Not much I will miss," I thought, not much I will miss.

"But wasn't there not enough positive you could see?" I asked myself.

"Well, have written an email not long ago. I wrote: Yes, there are also positive aspects, but at last the negative ones will decide."

"And?"

"I quitted the job not long thereafter."

\*

I see a tendency  
A very positive one  
Compared with last year  
Yeah, pretty right a year ago

This time I acted much more robust  
More self-confident  
There are small backlashes  
But the trend is definite and compelling

I have to be in Matosinhos again  
All other is secondary  
I have to intensify the weak connections from the last time  
In my own little town

To become king  
To make friends  
Maybe even an own queen  
From time to time

Today the bulldog barks, and the canary sings  
I have not done enough  
But some  
I lust so deeply for the ocean

\*

"I feel different there," I said, "It's different there, I can speak with other people there, not that I did it much so far."

No, not that much so far, but I had started with it the last time.

"You know, all is easy there, straightforward. You simply enter a place, look for a seat, you sit down. You order something, it has not to be much, maybe only one of this small coffees, like an espresso. Um café, por favor!, not more you have to say, to spend there as long as you want, reading your newspaper or watching TV. A TV is everywhere, one has to have always the opportunity to watch soccer, something holy there like cod, salted cod."

Yeah, soccer and salted cod, two of the pillars for that nation. Soccer I felt as boring, cod interesting, salted cod a revelation.

"The first time that I worked with salted cod was in 1999, you have to love it."

Salted cod, you could buy it at the German ALDI market there, or having it as a fine daily menu. Much was different there, I was different there.

## Through

I have the feeling that I'm through  
Was a nice day today  
The last – hopefully – workweek at the old job will begin tomorrow  
I have the feeling that I can look ahead now

Made the first pictures with the Nikon  
Well, it will last until I will have them  
The old-fashioned way  
Not everything available every time immediately

I think that I will write something later  
But not much  
Tomorrow "Days" will be in focus  
I should write all the first paragraphs for "Memories" until the vacation

I have some things to do  
I need a smartphone  
A new credit card  
A new laptop, maybe

Yeah,  
Did the right thing  
Had a bad feeling from the beginning on  
And it has gotten worse

Let's do something new  
I have lost a bit of weight  
I feel better  
More active again

But,  
I have to finish this job now  
The days at home until Matosinhos  
In Matosinhos

This is my aim now  
To be there again  
Everything else until then is secondary  
I have to be in Matosinhos again

Well,  
Only two weeks  
But two weeks  
It has to be three weeks the next time

Today?  
I'm impatient  
Ten workdays minus the residual leave  
Two or three days, depending on the calculation

I'm impatient  
No three weeks until Matosinhos  
In three weeks I will be in Matosinhos  
Give me a bit of patience

Fuck, I'm like a child waiting for the Christmas gifts, on December the fourth.

## Enough

Enough for today  
Early upload  
Early to bed  
I have to kill the days

What's better than sleeping  
And dreaming  
Being dead for a while  
Or in Dreamland

I hope that I get an official last workday tomorrow, I'm sick of it.

## Why Always!

Working was okay  
Phoned the personnel office  
They still have not my dismissal that I handed to the branch manager who is on vacation now  
Asked for a callback from the head of the personnel office

I got an email now  
From the owner  
He will be there on Wednesday  
We could "talk about everything" then

Well,  
Wrote him an email as well  
There's nothing left "to talk about everything", I have given notice  
Well, got an upset email in return

I ask myself  
Why I have a personnel office  
When I want to do everything on my own  
This makes no sense, especially to complain then, to be very busy

Well,  
I hope that on Wednesday everything will be cut and dried  
I'm distracted  
Cannot concentrate on writing

All could be so easy  
Gosh, let it be the last day  
Is it that difficult that I have resigned from my job  
Let it be Wednesday

Okay, made progress in another aspects  
All in all, it's okay  
But I fear that the next two or three days will be annoying  
Well, two or three days

I have the continuation of the stories in mind  
Not relevant if this week or the next  
I have to close this chapter now  
To begin chapter 15

The strategy the last days was good for me  
Early to bed, therefore early upload  
Will do it again  
Let's see, maybe I will be more relaxed tomorrow

A few days, a few days, I can already hear the ocean's waves.

### **The Better, The Best**

I feel better  
But still impatient  
Tomorrow is Wednesday, conversation  
Should give me clarification

I feel more stable again  
Whatever will be  
No longer than until the tenth  
I will be in Matosinhos at seventeenth

I try to continue with writing today  
To get on track again  
"Arnold"  
Let's see

It will be only a matter of time - how much time is left?

### **All Clarified**

Will work until Friday next week  
That's okay  
One week at home  
Then Matosinhos

I will earn some more money  
Will be an easier transition for them  
Emily  
Seven workdays left

The last days have been relaxed  
More or less  
We had a larger catering today  
Very early to deliver

But was easy  
We were prepared  
Yeah, not everything is bad  
But other aspects are the killer

Well, seven days left.

### **The Rest Of The Week**

Thursday  
Tomorrow  
No upload  
No writing

The weekend  
From Friday on  
Writing and art  
I'm relaxed

Some days  
Still  
Not more  
No problem

I'm really curious about  
From April on  
How it will function  
Excellent or not at all

I only see these two possibilities  
But whatever  
The first quarter of 2023 will be over  
At the first day in my new job

A feeling in me  
From now on  
Nothing can go wrong anymore  
Welcome the weird old man sitting at the beach

But in fact  
There will also be in future  
Stupid developments  
But as long as I can handle them, as this time?

Close your eyes  
And hear the world  
What do you hear?  
Say that it's not true

I feel like having arrived—but where?

## **This Work Week**

All in all  
It has been a calm week  
One left  
Should be calm also

New ideas pop up  
A sunny day  
I'm on a good way  
Leading to Matosinhos

Five workdays left.

## **Clear Night**

Could be a clear night  
If no mist will be gathering  
I plan to observe in the evening sky  
As well as the morning sky

Some hours sleep in between  
Will be interesting to see  
How good it will function  
If no mist will be gathering

No further writing today  
Will lay down for a while  
To prepare for the night  
Clear skies forever

## **CNN**

Yeah,  
Have my CNN back  
Changed frequency  
But back again

What would I have done  
Without you  
My life would have turned gray  
Soon I can watch your evening program during my night again

Gosh, CNN is back!

## **Solaris II**

Have a story in mind  
"Solaris II"  
Will include it in "Insights"  
Not sure how long the story will become

A new "Wanderer"?  
Most likely not  
Should continue "Surrealistic Pillow"  
Soon I will have more time for writing again

## **Active**

An active night and, so far, an active day  
Short sleep, observing  
Somewhat longer sleep, observing  
Short sleep, standing up

Shopping, cooking as usual  
Spent time in Heilbronn  
A long time ago that for the last time  
But was good to do so

Waffle and Italian ice cream  
Crêpe and Italian ice cream  
Greek salad  
Had to visit some places

Some writing now  
Picture tomorrow  
Further writing tomorrow  
Lazy feeling

I have to find out whom I'm now, different, but in what respect?

## **Surrealistic Pillow**

### **Catching A Cloud**

Dreaming, in a very complex way, after the second observing, my father's birthday, in any case. I arrive, all the others are already there. A storm front comes in, a sight like one of these sandstorms, but not exactly touching the ground. The clouds are over me, not smooth, I grab one of the wisps of cloud, the wisp of cloud breaks and I hold it in my hand, where it gets stiff. It looks like a piece of gray foam material now, but it's a piece of cloud anyway. I grab a second one and decide to endow them to my father.

Well, the birthday party runs somewhat out of control later, I will not explain why, and what happened. Nothing related to me, but I perceived it as very "confusing". I woke up not much later with the feeling, that it was a nice idea, to endow the wisps of cloud to my father as a birthday present - even if they were gray because they were parts of a storm front. My father will celebrate his birthday next month, I thought that I will see if I can find a nice walking stick for him in Portugal.

## **Solaris II**

### **A Summary**

"Let me summarize what we know until now, we have to decide very urgently, how to handle the situation.

A decade ago, nearly very exactly, one of our missions to explore the nearer space found an interesting system. A weak red sun, with one small planet. Well, the sun very likely nearly ten billion years old, the single planet the size of Mars, near to its sun, good temperature, a kind of atmosphere. Not bad, but no place where one would expect life, at least not any much more than single-cell organisms, bacteria, or so. But the planet was covered with liquid. Well, we all know what happened, the descriptions, the narrations, what those told us who orbited the planet since its discovery. The strange story of Solaris II.

Solaris, a novel by the Polish novelist Stanislaw Lem, first published in 1961. A planet, covered with something liquid, intelligent, we all know the novel. How likely it was, to discover this planet in reality? We have not to ask, not much more than nil – but there it is, Solaris II.

Okay, there are some obvious differences, on them, we have to focus, to understand in which way we should deal with Solaris II. First, no dead people materialized on board of an orbiting spaceship, no crew members ran mad – I mean, quite the contrary happens to them orbiting Solaris II. But then, all what Lem describes, all the phenomena, we can observe on Solaris II as well, one to one. With the only difference, that they never endangered or even killed somebody. It seems as Solaris II would be a smaller duplicate of Solaris, the liquid on the surfaces appears to be identical with what Lem describes, at least at first. Let's talk about the further differences.

Right the first crew, discovering Solaris II a decade ago, reported from their emotionality while orbiting Solaris II. Total relaxation, a feeling of deep calmness and coziness, like being one with the universe, and so on. We could observe an increase regarding the capability to concentrate, the capability to perform as well. Conflicts, if even there appear some, get always solved in a very systematical and for every party satisfying way. It seemed as that, whatever covers Solaris II, let us become better humans.

Okay, we also act different as the crew orbiting Lem's planet, we do not send hard rays to the ground or suchlike. We try to communicate, in many ways, but always cautiously, so far without any result. This would be my opening statement so far. Let's have a first debate. But then we have to decide regarding the raising demands, to give Solaris II free for private space stations, for private space travel, maybe even for a kind of permanent colonization of the Solaris II orbit. The people on Earth pine after to experience at least once this feeling when orbiting Solaris II. Some say, it would be the next level of existence for humans, being permanently in the near distance of Solaris II. Contributions to a discussion?"

"Is it excluded now, that this all happens only in the imagination of those orbiting Solaris II?"

"As far as possible, yes. We can send drones to the surface, making videos and pictures, can give them to an AI, to analyze them. The AI will tell you that the videos and pictures show exactly what Stanislaw Lem has described. We can use magnetic resonance imaging to show that the brains of those orbiting Solaris II are working differently than before, still on Earth, as well as when on Earth again. We can even give you the exact distance to Solaris II, the border of all those effects."

"But there's also an ethical question. Private travel to Solaris II? Permanently living in its orbit? Who? Who could afford this? A small wealthy class could do so, and all the others? We live in a time of relative stable political and economic circumstances on Earth, what would that mean? A division in Solaris II humans, and ordinary humans? We have to have further information about Solaris II first. I have a bad feeling, I have a different novel in mind."

"Which?"

"Jack Williamson, The Humanoids. I would be a part of the resistance group, I wouldn't trust them."

"Okay, I would say that we will have a very long discussion ahead of us."

## **The Last Week**

The last week ahead  
I was active today  
I have to become more active again  
And I'm on a good way

One last week  
Let's try to implement the rhythm for a last time, honoring this job  
"Days" tomorrow, then "Arnold" and "2050"  
Was a good decision in any case

Sure,  
We have to see  
How good everything will function from April on  
Seven years are left

Some writing today  
Have forgotten to make the picture  
But it's too dark now  
And I want to make it with natural light

No problem  
Let it get some good days  
Monday until Friday  
And then it's over

Let's write something.

## **Memories**

"Memories"  
All chapters begun  
Apart from chapter 14 - not finished now  
Apart from chapter 15 - not begun now

Well, I can begin with the memories as such now  
I will - most probably - start with memories connected to working  
Private stuff most likely later  
The "difficult" stuff - most likely - not before getting older

When retired in Matosinhos  
Then it will be the time  
To dig deep  
Until the very ground

But not at the beginning.

### **Enough**

Enough for today  
Early upload  
Early to bed  
Let the last week begin

Do not say that I haven't warned you  
I was always candid  
Don't blame me  
For your own curiosity

I never demanded money  
Well, would have taken, if received as a gift  
But you never offered some  
But that was okay

So, be quiet now  
I owe you nothing  
You owe me nothing  
We're even

I feel better and better  
New ideas and images  
I have plans for Matosinhos  
Let's see how good I can implement them

But now it's time to go to bed, to have some time for weird dreaming.

### **First Of The Last**

First day of the last week  
Somewhat stressful  
But gone  
The workday of course

Some time for writing now  
I pine for Friday  
Or Thursday at least  
Be a bit more patient, sweetheart

Try to cook some nice dishes  
The last week  
But the second half always boring  
Not many customers

Well,  
This will change in April  
Drastically  
Yep, I signed the contract

But,  
First a week for me  
And two in Matosinhos  
I'm responsible for it all

I've all the luck.

### **Boring Day**

Has been a boring workday  
Not in a creative mood  
Let it become Friday  
I'm tired of it

Killed time with other things  
Some writing would be good  
Tomorrow, the middle of the week  
Then it's done

Then Thursday is left  
But jazz club day  
No writing  
See you again on Friday

I'm impatient.

### **Nearly Done**

The next boring workday past  
Had to do some research regarding buying a smartphone  
But have all the information now  
But it got late

Have also some problems with my Internet connection  
Will make it short therefore for today  
Jazz and no writing tomorrow  
Friday I'm through

\*

I'm absolutely not sure what will happen  
But the decision to leave was in any case good  
Nearly a month until my first workday at the new job  
Let's enjoy this time

Well,  
Remaining two days  
But I'm satisfied  
I feel strengthened

\*

I have decided  
No further writing today  
Early upload  
Gives me some time for something else

Two days with no writing  
Will make no difference  
I long for Friday  
Being at home

It's strange  
I have the feeling of being happy  
Not being happy  
Being tired and disappointed

Have to be more consistent  
From Matosinhos on  
And the new job  
I can handle matters

\*

I have some problems  
Living my life  
This protected and secure life  
Garbage

*All around me falling*  
And I'm sitting here  
Hear the raindrops outside  
But it's only rain, no bombs

I should start to wake up, becoming that about what I always chatter.

## A New Day

Well,  
A, so far, very normal Friday  
Worked, as a week before  
Apart from, it was my last day in this job

Well,  
That's not really something new  
How many jobs I had since I started writing?  
Who wants to count?

Well,  
The weekend  
Still no difference, then a week ago  
It will start with Monday

\*

Tomorrow  
I have some things to do  
Tomorrow in a week  
I will fly to Matosinhos

Today  
Some writing  
But not that much I would say  
I feel somewhat disorientated

April  
Back from Matosinhos at the first of April  
My first workday will be the sixth of April now  
My father's birthday celebration at the fifth of April

April  
A long Eastern weekend to start with the new job  
But some days between my return from Matosinhos  
And the beginning of the new job

Today  
Have nearly forgotten the old job  
See only what's ahead  
I feel somewhat disorientated

Tomorrow  
"Comic" would be good  
"Substack" totally neglected  
"2050"?

## **A Day Of Transition**

A very active day so far  
And it seems  
As it becomes a clear night  
So, observations

Got to bed very late  
A new rhythm  
No sleeping before midnight from now on  
But not getting up late

Upload around midnight from tomorrow on  
Did some cleaning, was necessary - very  
Shopping, cooking, walking  
Bought me a smartphone

But I prepare for observing now  
Tomorrow some socializing  
But more time until midnight, for writing and art  
Was a good day so far

But it's time for observing now.

## **First Set**

First set of observations  
Some sleep now  
Then the second set  
In the morning sky

I should do some writing tomorrow  
But have time now  
For nearly the next four weeks  
Yeah

Strange  
My memory  
Yesterday  
I still worked

It's only Saturday  
The normal weekend  
But know that I never will return  
I have nearly forgotten the last six months

No emotional connection anymore  
Like I would remember a story or a movie  
A guy who worked in a butchery, cooking the daily meals  
Forgotten that the guy was me

But maybe that's good so  
Can help you a lot  
Not running mad  
Doing stupid things

Look forward to the rest of the observations.

### **Irresolute**

I feel irresolute  
Socialized  
Have done some things  
6:35 PM

Well,  
Upload at midnight  
Have still enough time  
Was already a long day

No observations in the morning sky  
Clouds approached  
Have not to go to bed at 9 PM  
Never

I have to adapt to the new rhythm this week  
That gives me many new opportunities  
I'm somewhat tired  
A little headache

\*

I do not work today  
But it's Sunday  
The last Sunday I worked  
Is over a year ago

So,  
Business as usual  
Well,  
It's 8:08 PM

I normally would say  
Soon to bed  
Wow, have written nothing so far  
Have to get up early tomorrow

But instead  
Have still four hours to write something  
To upload something  
Not to get up early tomorrow

Back to the old days, when writing at night.

\*

I do sit on the mountain top  
But can this be all?  
Looking at it  
Watching it

2015

A long journey since then  
And I assume  
It will last until 2030

I need more time  
Not knowing how much is left  
But it's too early  
In not only one respect

I have to start conversations  
In Matosinhos  
Have to start relations  
It will be a measure of the so far covered way

The beginning of the new job  
Part-time  
Just a cook  
No managerial responsibility

The next step  
A new role  
Very unfamiliar  
But should create free space

\*

It's an evening to ponder  
Near to 9 PM now  
Tomorrow will be interesting  
Not baking rolls early in the morning

Not doing the stuff that I did every day  
For the last six months  
Every day  
From Monday until Friday

It's Sunday, and it's nine o'clock, and I'm not sure what I should do.

## **Solaris II**

### **Welcome To Solaris II**

"Our spaceship will dock in a few minutes at our brand new space station orbiting Solaris II – hey, we simply named it Solaris II! You will enjoy, during your stay, the unique Solaris II experience, however long your stay will be. Please follow our instructions.

Our deluxe passengers who have booked our long-stay deluxe package will be allowed to leave the spaceship first, please by using the favored deluxe lock. All other passengers, due to their classification, from class one to class five in order.

No matter of your status and duration of stay, we wish you all a nice time on Solaris II, and the unique experience of the world of Solaris II. Thanks for flying with United Planets, the most reliable and luxurious spaceship fleet on Earth."

\*

"What do you expect? I mean, we're only second class passengers. I have heard that the real Solaris II experience is only for first class passengers or the deluxe passengers."

"No, all I know is that Solaris II, the planet, not distinguishes the different classes of passengers. But of course, if you stay longer, you have more time to experience it."

"I have heard that some leave very disappointed, not having any real experiences at all. It's said that it's mostly with passengers from fourth and fifth class. That was my reason to upgrade my ticket"

"Well, I have heard that this are all rumors. It's said that it's to motivate passengers to buy more expensive tickets. Have nice stay."

"Sorry, I tried only to have some conversation to bridge the time until we can leave the spaceship."

### **Satisfied**

Satisfied with the day

Sunday

11:35 PM

And still no hurry

Well,

Have not written that much

But I have a good feeling

That it will function

Monday until Friday

I have time now

Before flying to Matosinhos on Saturday

To prepare ultimately

And to write

For art

All the stories

All the other aspects

Satisfied, I do not feel that bad.

## **Time**

It's time to start writing  
Monday, 7:18 PM  
An active day so far  
I start to take pleasure in the new rhythm

Well,  
Should I ponder on Easter  
How the new part-time job will play out  
No!

Let's enjoy the days until the next aviation  
I sat for nearly an hour in a café today  
Waiting until the bank counter would open again after the lunch break  
And I did nothing

I thought at first  
Then I can also drive home  
To go to the bank at home  
Tested an alternative route to drive to Leingarten

But then I thought  
Why not waiting in Leingarten  
Having a coffee  
Doing nothing?

I even not pondered about anything and everything  
I simply looked out of the window  
Watched the cars driving by  
And the people passing

I should learn this.

## **Raining**

It rains, after a warm but mostly cloudy day  
Even a bit of a thunderstorm  
Also in Matosinhos  
Changeable weather

Clouds and rain at the beginning  
There could be sunny days at the end  
Howsoever the weather will be  
I will enjoy my stay

I'm still uncertain  
Can not really assess  
What part-time will mean  
What rhythm

But hey, let's listen to the raindrops, and let your imagination free.

### **Discarded**

Have written a paragraph for "Arnold & Maurer"  
But I dislike it  
I have to write differently  
I will not upload it

I have to ponder about that story  
I have to develop Linda's and Peter's characters  
I have to "lengthen" the story  
The beginning was not that bad

I have to get away from  
That it has up-to-date  
It has to become more fictional  
In the regard of the timeframe

Have I wasted a lot of time now  
I don't think so  
I have to see the three stories differently  
To learn different aspects of writing

Still time for writing  
10:19 PM  
Let's have a look at "Days"  
It's Monday

### **Days**

Working on "Days"  
Will become difficult and complicated  
The different years  
Matosinhos was much later

Maybe ignoring it in a way  
Arriving in Matosinhos, 2018  
But no buffet  
Not asking why – would fit to me, insecure

Later understanding why  
Because not 2018, but 2020  
I have to ponder about it  
I have to write the story step by step

11:15 PM  
Still time to write  
But enough for today, I would say  
Was a good Monday

All doing now  
Is training for April  
It will count from then on  
This is a test only

I have to get a better "vision" regarding my writing.

### **Antsy**

I feel antsy  
I would wish it would be Saturday  
Thursday evening at least  
Jazz and cocktails

It seems surreal  
In a few days in Matosinhos again  
The last job seems years ago  
I feel like free-falling

Troubled to concentrate  
I think I should sleep  
Sleeping until Saturday  
That it would be

\*

We understand so much  
We have good theories at least  
About the universe  
About the fundamental particles

But we do not understand ourselves  
All seems to be chaotic  
Irrational  
The human nature

I stand in front of Putin  
Not for the first time  
Point the gun on his forehead  
And pull the trigger with joy

His brain and blood covers the shinny floor  
I like what I see  
His bootlickers storm in  
I bring them down one after the other

Well,  
Of course,  
That will never happen  
But I know that I would pull the trigger if I could

\*

How much time I still have  
Time enough to see Putin dying  
I would like seeing him dying a miserable death  
I would like knowing that he's seriously ill

Open a history book  
A story about wars  
About kings and fuehrers  
About the boarders of nations

Yeah,  
Also art history  
Or the history of science  
But "the history" means a history about the greed for power

Seen in that light, it can not really surprise how the world looks like.

### **Second Try**

"Arnold & Maurer" again  
Used the yesterday's written  
Not a totally new writing  
Important will be the next part

The next part in the afternoon  
Together with Linda again  
I have to dive deeper  
But okay, so far

The story that deals with the United States.

## 2050

"2050" has to be my main focus tomorrow, and "Comics"  
But tomorrow, not today  
I like it to write again  
During the evenings and nights

It seems that it could function excellent  
From April on  
Okay, no longer that regularity  
Days with not much time, days with a lot of time

At least currently, I have a good feeling regarding the time from April on.

## Impatient

I lust for getting on that aeroplane  
Destined for a foreign land  
And yeah  
Not everything will good when back again

But maybe  
I will have changed then  
Do not need that heroin  
Not to lying

I do not say  
That I'm not sick of it  
'Cause I'm sick of it  
Yeah, I'm sick of it

I'm sick of the always same fucking news  
The always same fucking noises  
I lust for total silentness  
Lost in the empty space

\*

Packing our bag  
Choosing a path  
Heading on  
Let it happen

Too old  
Makes no sense anymore  
But diving from time to time  
Into a different land

A different city  
Where you can be  
What you always wished to be  
Like in a manga or a fantasy novel

Create your own world  
Your own imagination  
Leaving the reality  
Not to run crazy

Would you like to lead me?

### **Not Today**

Not today  
No patience to write  
I'm not simply burning  
My blood boils

I have to see the ocean again  
I have to feel that I can be there again  
Like to see the Ferris wheel again  
Eating at 3rd street again  
atosinhos  
I need the self-affirmation  
I have to deliver

I feel the pressure  
I have to accomplish some in M  
Deixa eu morrer em portugal!

### **The Triviality Hollywood Movie**

I have started to write a story with this title  
But it turned stupid  
I'm not very satisfied with my writing right now  
I will not upload it

Well,  
Matosinhos will also be a time to ponder about my writing as such  
But,  
This has time until I'm in Matosinhos

Enough for today.

## Tomorrow

I will be in the air again  
Aviation  
I will see the ocean again  
Melancholia

Yesterday,  
Jazz club and bar  
It functions  
But the night was bad

Well, since some days problems with the stomach  
Not severe  
But at night it was worse  
And I got a severe headache

Have still headache  
The stomach better  
I'm stressed  
No twenty-four hours

\*

I have to stand up early  
I hope that it will be easier than last time  
The journey to Frankfurt by train  
Strike at four German airports tomorrow

But not Frankfurt  
Therefore, it should function  
I'm impatient  
I have to stand up early tomorrow

I will go to bed early  
Everything is prepared  
I have to be in Matosinhos  
To take the next step

Only two weeks unfortunately  
It has to be three weeks the next time  
I have some aims  
We will see what I'm able to implement

\*

I'm a bit uptight  
A stupid night  
Have I problems with alcohol now  
Lemonade at the jazz club, two cocktails in the bar

My stomach much better  
But still the headache  
7:28 PM  
Will go to bed soon

See you tomorrow again, in Matosinhos.

## **Matosinhos**

Okay,  
It's 9:06 PM local time  
10:06 PM German time  
Yeah.....

Was in two cafés  
Ordered in Portuguese  
More or less understandable  
But started to learn

It seems as they would speak the "e" in Matosinhos  
So,  
Meia-de-laite is "leite" and not "leit"  
So, nove should be "nove" but not "nov"

Okay,  
Did some shopping  
Started to unpack  
Back home

Yeah, my crazy mind  
Everything forgotten  
The last months  
The last job

It's like was never in Germany in between  
October last year and now  
Only in another room now  
Some streets "above"

It will be very interesting  
The next days  
First decision  
Not like the last time

No distinct time for writing and uploading  
Whenever whenever  
I want to be more flexible this time  
Seems to be better

Tomorrow, Sunday  
Family day in Portugal  
Ponder on walking in a park I didn't so far  
The weather should be relatively good tomorrow

There will also be rainy days  
Second half of the week  
More time for writing  
I need time to find myself

\*

Well,  
The Deutsche Bundesbahn as always - my train simply canceled  
As many others, due to a severe signal tower failure  
Had to improvise like the last time

But I learn  
Be patient and relaxed  
Not very German.....  
And I reached my aim finally

Well,  
Had a time buffer of three hours  
I have learned  
Fun fact?

I reached Frankfurt airport twenty minutes earlier than planned  
Not via Würzburg  
But Heidelberg and Mainz  
The first time ever via Mainz to Frankfurt

\*

Was a long day now  
Stood up at 5 AM German time  
It's 9:43 PM local time  
Uploading next

A walk before I go to bed  
Was a pretty active day  
No late standing up tomorrow  
I'm a bit tired, no headache

Arrival, tomorrow will be the first real day.

## **Break On Monday**

6 PM, I need a break  
Three hours, at least, pure walking so far  
Sunday, fine weather  
Everybody is on the road and at the beaches

Started with a coffee  
Lunch in a restaurant, looking at the ocean  
Another coffee and a toast  
Now I'm back

Dinner?  
Well, not so hungry  
But still time  
Let's see

Was nice so far  
Surprising  
The sun shines  
It's not cold

I sweat, normally, effortless  
I wear a shirt, an undershirt, a kidney warmer for the back  
And my winter jacket most of the time  
I should, normally, sweat like crazy

But I like it  
Yeah, a bit sweaty I'm  
Started to speak Portuguese  
Strange first day so far

Have seen three interesting places  
For photography  
I will have my camera with me from now on  
I will visit them tomorrow again

But now  
Hit the road, Peter  
If time, then I will continue "Arnold & Maurer" today  
We will see

For now, more to come.

## **Layover**

Back in the room  
Again some miles  
Made some pictures  
Not sure so far, which to upload

Dish of the day  
New owners?  
But had a conversation  
Wednesday or Thursday again

Had a real Portuguese breakfast today  
Ordered in Portuguese  
A very sunny day again  
Wearing my winter jacket and a cap – slight sunburn from yesterday's walking

Very different this time  
I have the feeling to handle everything quite well  
Very satisfied with today so far  
And still some hours

Stayed in Leça da Palmeira so far  
As yesterday  
But now I will spend time at the beach in Matosinhos  
As yesterday

But I will be earlier there today  
Pictures from the sunset?  
Maybe  
Some more writing later?

However,  
Might be, I should use the time for other matters?  
More and more cloudy from tomorrow on  
Until the weekend  
Even with rain

Better again from Sunday on  
Now the forecast says  
The next week will be very sunny  
I would like it

But for now, the Matosinhos beach waits.

## **Hypnotized**

The glittery water  
A billion glaring sparkles  
A seagull flies by  
A hard to distinguish silhouette of a distant ship

Time stands still  
Passes by infinitely slow  
Falling into dreams  
Eyes wide open

Lost in an endless ocean  
An endless universe  
Every sparkle a star  
Like a roe the bright light

Ten universes have to die  
Then night will fall in  
And the real stars will start to shine  
But not now

The shimmering watery stars are for now

### **At The End Of A Good Day**

Well, was a good day, wasn't it?  
I'm exhausted now  
But because of the, again, intense walking  
Not because of something mysterious

Slight headache  
I look forward to tomorrow  
I see progress  
Already after the second complete day

Portuguese breakfast tomorrow  
No lunch at noon  
Somewhat later, as normally here  
The restaurant at the market hall, closed on Mondays

The Dungeness crab again  
I have to try the sea snails this time  
Maybe next week the platter with sea snails  
If I like them, what I assume

Tea at the ice-cream parlor in any case  
Closed on Mondays as well  
Well, several other places on my list  
But I still have time

Good second day  
If it develops this way further on, this would be very fascinating  
But now I should sleep  
My feet are hurting

Wow, not thought that it could function that well, I had some fears.

## **Back**

Nearly 9 PM  
And I'm a bit "groggy"  
Well, today I did  
What?

Not really sure  
Not much  
Nothing at all  
Okay, not really

I drank and ate  
I read my book – cosmology  
I have made pictures  
But yes, not much I did

And not much I will do now  
A shower the next  
I will look through the pictures  
I will go to bed

But the shower as first.

## **Burning Ship**

A burning ship  
Far away  
No details  
The crew?

Well, fire ships aside  
What much water they spray  
The ship turns all the time  
Seems not to be steered right now

Well,  
The bridge of the ship burns  
As much as one can see  
A long black trail of black smoke in the sky

Thought,  
Maybe they will bring the ship into the harbor?  
But further and further away instead  
And less and less sunlight

Not much can be seen any longer  
The ship small now  
Not much smoke, but some still seems to be there  
I decided to leave

Back in my room, I asked the Internet  
Yes, in fact,  
It was a ship carrying fuel  
It burned already some hours before I had seen it

But no further information so far  
Tomorrow maybe  
But some better pictures  
Yes, the bridge burns

Now the large amount of water is understandable  
To cool the fuel  
The ship headed to the harbor here in Matosinhos  
Perhaps more detail on tomorrow?

And the crewmen?

### **Confusion**

I always have the feeling to be a day ahead  
But no, today is Tuesday  
And yesterday was Monday, not Tuesday  
Well, the ocean lets me forget everything!

### **Lifting Bridge**

The lifting bridge  
Over the harbor  
In front of me  
I'm sitting in a.....bakery?

Well,  
Downstairs they are baking bread, you can see it, it's open, you can look down  
Upstairs they are selling it  
But it's also a café and you can have lunch

That's Portugal  
These "mixed" places you can find very commonly  
It's not so clearly separated than in Germany  
And I like it

\*

A chá preto for the moment  
Have my laptop with me this morning  
Not the camera and the book  
Walked by an incredible looking stairwell

No camera  
But it's the entrance to an exhibition  
I have to make a picture  
Later or tomorrow

But for now, I plan to work on the stories for a while  
I have to fix a timeline for "2050"  
"Days" maybe  
Lunch in an hour or so

They offer toasts or bagels  
Sopa do dia of course  
Downstairs, bakery, something happens  
A soccer broadcast, obviously? — Radio or TV?

That's also Portugal  
But now some work  
Then, after the Portuguese breakfast that I already had, lunch  
The rest of the day? We will see.

## **Burning Ship II**

A few more details  
It was a tanker with jet fuel on board  
They took the ship away from the harbor  
But it shall become brought to the harbor during the morning

I will have a look later  
Whether I can see it  
Not from the place I sit right now  
The engine room burned

Most of the crew left the ship  
A few stayed  
No one got hurt  
So far good news

They say  
There was no real risk that the ship would have exploded or so  
Well,  
It looked scary for a time, this ship and all the smoke

Maybe more details later.

## **Spreadsheet**

Have established a spreadsheet now  
To list the dates of the so far written - "2050"  
Now I can start to fill this spreadsheet with more and more details  
But

It's lunchtime now  
Good timing  
I will have lunch now  
Sopa do dia and a toast I would say

More and more cloudy now  
It's getting cold  
As predicted  
The next two days bad weather

More time for writing, I would say  
But it should be very sunny again  
Next week  
But lunch at first

## **Lazy**

A feeling of laziness overwhelms me  
Like drifting in a small vessel  
On an infinite ocean  
Nothing can harm you anymore

Yeah,  
Not saw the ship  
Not knowing what to do  
Sitting and drinking tea

And then?  
Another tea?  
Or a coffee?  
Who cares?

I'm weightless  
And I smile  
Should continue  
Tea, most probably

## **Arrived**

I'm arrived  
Matosinhos  
Matosinhos, my new home  
Twice I have a home now

One in Portugal  
One in Germany  
Let get the Portuguese home more and more important  
If not already

My fourth complete day in Matosinhos  
Half over – 4:51 PM  
It happens fast this time  
Nine complete days are left

And seven years to have only one home again – or could it get faster?

## **Lost In Tranquility**

Well,  
What a difference  
The last time  
Not to talk about the vacation before last

It will be interesting to see  
What will develop in April  
But whatever,  
Shouldn't there not only one matter that counts?

The next vacation in Matosinhos  
September or October, most likely  
Three weeks would be important  
Better prepared than this time

Lost in tranquility  
I feel very grounded  
Getting a relation  
With the nation and people

Strange.

## TV

A quiet evening in the room  
The first time I switched on the TV  
Shifted through the channels  
And what I found?

CNN Europe!  
I was four days without CNN Europe,  
And I did not go gaga?  
Hard to believe!

Wow,  
I have it back  
"I can see a better tomorrow"  
This rosy American nonsense

I think they like it  
Sid Row  
Or if DeSantis wins in 2024  
Or if the wannabe fuehrer will not get behind bars

But hey, the most important, I have my CNN back – do I have missed it?

## Early To Bed

9:26 PM  
Still enough time to write something  
Have eaten in the room  
Watched CNN

I have eaten too much  
But even the stuff from the supermarket is excellent  
Have discovered smoked pig's head  
But the pieces are huge

But I fear I will buy one  
Okay, I have a fridge  
But,.....  
I will upload now and have a last walk before going to bed

Was a good day.

## **Lazy**

*Lazy just stay in bed*  
Yeah, Deep Purple  
That's how I felt today  
Stood up at noon

Breakfast at 12:30 PM  
Lunch at 1:30 PM  
It's 5:27 PM now  
Yeah, I'm lazy today

It got colder  
I can use the Metro on Saturday, Jazz Club  
The last on to drive back  
At 1:05 AM

That's nice  
Gives me a lot of time  
No need to hurry  
No need for a taxi

Today?  
Yesterday I was lazy  
Today even more  
Come on, I'm on vacation

I will be more active again from tomorrow on.

## **Well, Well!**

This was, in fact, a really lazy day  
Had a pizza for dinner  
An Italian pizza in Portugal  
No fish

But tomorrow  
Active again from tomorrow on  
Breakfast as usual, down to the market hall  
Bakery for a tea, around the corner lunch, bacalhau of course

I will have my laptop with me  
To start early with writing tomorrow  
Not much left from my tiredness  
And the headache

Eight days are left, I have a very good feeling.

## **At The Harbor**

Breakfast is over  
Now at the harbor again  
Bakery  
I have my laptop with me today

Lunch later  
The rest of the day we will see  
A larger container ship nearby  
The burning ship?

No new information  
Apart from, they had problems in fighting the fire  
To slack the fire ultimately  
But no further information I have

It could be that the ship is still at sea  
To risk nothing  
But no real news I have  
Looking at the larger container ship

## **"Arnold & Maurer"**

Have continued "Arnold & Maurer"  
4:48 PM  
I will photograph a building now  
Tried it already yesterday

But then a car parked right in front of it  
Where it's forbidden  
And ruined the motive  
Maybe more luck now

Later eventually "Days" and "2050"  
Then I have continued with everything today  
"Comics" not possible, no scanner  
"Graphic Art" anyway, no graphic tablet

But now photography  
A coffee possibly  
Had a big lunch  
Jazz club tomorrow

Perhaps some writing tomorrow as well  
But early upload in any case  
Before I take the Metro to Porto  
Will come back late in any case

However, I have to fetch the camera now.

### **"Days"**

Worked on everything today  
Nearly  
"Days" missed  
Had a walk

Was undecided  
Buying something in the supermarket  
Dinner in a restaurant  
Walked around

Passed a Japanese restaurant  
Young Portuguese restaurateurs try new ways  
I entered  
Had a wonderful dinner

The time frame of "Days"  
Have to ponder about  
I will have a "Days" day next week  
Most likely Monday

The rest is done  
Jazz in focus tomorrow  
Sunday family day  
We will see

More active again.

### **No Writing Today**

Have decided to go to Porto early  
Will have not much with me  
The camera maybe  
But not more

It seems as the concert would be in the park there  
In a tent  
Why not  
Look forward to

But now I have to pack my stuff  
Heading to Porto  
To spend the day in Porto  
And the concert

More on tomorrow.

### **Earlier**

Earlier back than thought  
Still time until 11 PM  
Was a cool concert  
Okay, not that jazzy

I would say  
Some like the early Pink Floyd  
Some like the early King Crimson  
And Frank Zappa was also on stage

Especially the Drummer  
Pedro Melo Alves, saw sometimes Nick Mason playing  
The Rite Of Trio  
One can find them on the Internet, can buy their music

Also made some pictures  
But will upload them tomorrow  
Tomorrow I will continue writing  
"Days" would be good

Was a nice day  
Made things  
Not pondered about them  
The first half is over

But still six days left  
Let's use them  
It will last around six months  
Until back in Matosinhos

But for now, still six days left.

### **Time Out**

Sunday  
Today  
I need a second time out  
To let the last days sink in

Mistake  
Sunday today  
The bakery near the market hall closed  
As the market hall itself

Today  
Sunday  
Everything crowded  
Not good to sit around with a laptop

Tomorrow  
As planned for today  
After breakfast as everyday  
With the laptop to the bakery

A first summary  
I have opened up many doors  
Made experiences  
See possible developments for the next years

But

Now I have to see  
How to implement all this in Germany  
But I cannot plan  
Because I have no experience in the new job

How it all will play out  
Part-time  
More in summer, less in winter  
Simply being a cook

But whatever  
The main focus will be on art  
And the next time in Matosinhos  
In approximately six months

\*

Laid down in the afternoon  
Now I will dress again  
Wow, I took a shower, and now I'm still naked!  
Come on Peter, this not will function, you old and overweight guy!

Dinner maybe  
But I'm not hungry  
Had lunch  
We will see

But for now, let's become somewhat active again.

## **A Sudden Sense Of Liberty**

But the morning sun,  
Or sooner, the moon at night?  
I have the feeling,  
The past has passed - ultimately.

I have the feeling  
That there has been one life  
And there will be a new one  
Maybe a bit pathetic, but important

The Man Without Memories  
Yeah, a bygone time  
Time to begin with something new  
Strange, strange days have found me

## **A Sudden Sense Of Joy**

I'm smiling  
That often now  
Feel unburdened  
Yeah, I'm on vacation, at the ocean, the sun is shining

But there is more  
Much more  
Will I take it with me  
When flying home?

The last time, it set in after returning  
This time, already when still being here  
A good sign  
Why should it be a bad one?

I see a whole new world  
Unfolding  
Right in front of me  
The feeling that I could find friends here

They say  
Portuguese people like physical proximity  
I do not  
Like the distance

And yet  
Here it seems simply being normal  
To hug somebody  
Or as a man, at least touching someone's shoulder or arm

I have the feeling  
Suddenly  
I could do suchlike as well  
A few times more at the jazz club, for instance

Yeah, feeling home in a foreign place.

### **Overcharged**

Not able to stand up this morning  
I stayed in bed  
I even put soft tissue in my ears  
Not only to stay in darkness, but as silent as possibly as well

I needed to be as much separated as possible  
From the world outside  
I'm overcharged  
All what I made the last week, what happened

But is it that?  
I'm not certain how to behave when back in Germany  
What will happen in the new job  
I dislike this feeling of uncertainty

Yet  
Expecting that I would come back and still the old job  
That would be idiotic  
Everything is meaningful so far

It's 4:17 PM  
I sit at my laptop  
The light is on  
My ears free again

I have tilted the window  
To let some from the outside in  
But the curtain still closed  
A bright sunny day outside

I will start with shaving now  
Taking a shower  
Maybe to get out later  
After getting dark?

I think that all will be fine again tomorrow  
Possibly writing something later  
But writing is not the main focus for now  
As said earlier

I have to find myself, I can do it here, can I do it in Germany as well?

**5:59 PM**

Yeah, managed it leave my room  
Had breakfast, uma meia-de-leite and a piece of cake  
Have nothing eaten so far  
Drank a bit of water only

Now I am sitting at the ocean  
Decided to take my laptop with me  
I should become more active again  
But the lazy time was necessary

Yeah,  
Feel like in a dumb Hollywood movie  
At the end  
When everything is good again, and an open future awaits our heroes

But only,  
Maybe this future won't be a good one  
Well,  
But this is no stupid Hollywood movie

My future is in my hand  
I don't have to follow a script  
Yeah, unforeseeable events  
But this is true for all of us

Let's enjoy the ocean as long as I'm here.

## **Solaris II**

### **Who are you?**

Hello, Kathy.

"Who's speaking with me? Where are you?"

I'm in your head, not in your room. You have not to speak out loud, you simply can think it.

"How can you be in my head?"

Don't panic, Kathy. It's the way we can speak with each other – if you like to speak with me. But maybe it's better I come back later again? Would this be okay for you, Kathy?

"I think so? Perhaps I have to ask my parents?"

I fear that your parents will not believe you.

"Could you speak with my parents as well?"

I think so. But it appears to me that it's easier for me to speak with you, Kathy. Although, I think, it's better to stop now. Could I come back tomorrow?

"Well, why not. And you're only in my head?"

Yes and no. Sure, I'm somewhere, but not very near to you.

"And where are you? Could I see you?"

Effortlessly, just look out of the window of your room.

"I see the planet."

I'm the planet, I'm what you humans call Solaris II.

## **I'm Back**

Have written some  
Tomorrow more  
Early up again  
Always one story over the next three days

I take a deep breath  
It functions  
It will also function at home  
Let's have four more nice days of vacation

## **All Done**

All done  
I feel it as a success  
The two weeks in Matosinhos  
Even if not ultimately over

The tasks are set  
For the next months  
Until the next time in Matosinhos  
I feel strengthened

Learning Portuguese  
I have got the feel that I can handle the typical difficulties  
That the Portuguese language offers  
I already sound somewhat Portuguese – as limited my vocabulary still is

I have to lose weight  
Well, I know how to do  
I have simply to tie in with the time before the beginning of 2020  
As it functioned perfectly

The new job  
Well, it could have also functioned last time, I have been ready  
As far as it's possible to say  
This job should fit good

Well,  
Could have this job also the last time  
I did not take the job, not because I thought that it would be a bad workplace or so  
But because I wanted to limit working – not possible if being the head of the buffet section

Not at such a place  
With such many buffets  
But in part-time  
Even if summer will not be like winter

\*

I feel much better again  
As over the weekend  
And yesterday  
Sure, it has been a success!

And I still have some time left.

### **Jazz**

Will drive to Porto now – 6:29 PM  
Have still three days for the three stories  
I plan to make a stopover  
To make a picture

And I would like to make it by sunlight  
This time the concert is later  
At 9:30 PM  
Enough time for dinner in Porto

Most likely more jazzy this time.

### **Porta Jazz II**

Back from Porto  
Second concert  
More jazzy than last time  
But, hey!

Free jazz on steroids  
With a songstress  
Can not imagine seeing them in Heilbronn  
Much I have seen there, but not that "extreme"

Ate a Brazilian burger in before  
A place only somewhat down the street  
Could this be my Porto jazz club days  
First a Brazilian burger, then extraordinary concerts?

There's maybe even a bar not too far away?  
Next time, end of the year  
Three days left  
Let's see

A first summary?  
A very good beginning  
Most likely a very good end  
I showed signs of weakness in between

But that's okay  
Very intense days  
I wasn't that active for a very long time  
It's exhausting but feels good

Three whole days are left.

P.S.: Did a quick research and discovered that the musicians on the stage are well-established musicians. You never stop learning, or you're dead. The songstress once worked with CAN, a German group mainly from the 70s. I have listened to an exceptional concert. Good, that I have attended it.

Savina Yannatou; Vocals  
Julius Gabriel; Saxophone  
Agustí Fernandez; Piano  
Barry Guy; Double Bass  
Rámon López; Drums

## "Days"

Have created a more complex time schedule now  
A different one for all three cities  
Have problems with Bristol  
But have the CD from the tour, I can check this when being at home again

I like the idea  
That nevertheless  
That the last day will be in all cities 2018 again  
The story becomes even more complex

But that's okay  
I have the feeling that I have it now  
Apart from a few minor questions  
We will see

The story seems to be on a good way.

## **Finished For Today**

Still two days  
It will be interesting to be at home again  
In fact,  
Matosinhos feels as being home

I walked around in the evening  
And it was like walking around my hometown  
I feel so integrated  
Even if I'm not

Whatever  
It would be interesting to alter between these two worlds  
My home in Germany and Matosinhos  
It's my fourth time here

Seven years  
Twice a year  
Would lead up to over ten times in Matosinhos  
(The first this year is done, the last year would be only once, twelve times to be exact)

Wow,  
Every six months or so in Matosinhos  
For two or three weeks  
This is a very fascinating goal

It would also structure the years  
Would give the remaining years a frame  
Would give me time really to integrate  
Would give me time to advance in many respects

But enough for today, "2050" or "Arnold" tomorrow.

## **"Arnold"**

Have written a larger part for Arnold  
Short to three o'clock I'm sitting in the bakery / café at the market hall, looking at the bridge  
Have to proofread it later  
No lunch today

Plan to have Japanese kitchen for dinner for a second time  
Some more writing  
Tomorrow, last day, a Portuguese farewell day  
Eating as much as possible

Of course fish  
And more fish  
We will see  
Not so much writing, most probably

Am I sad?  
Sure, but  
I have to leave to come back  
I know now how to prepare for the next time

I was so much relaxed this time  
With some relapses  
But over all, I'm very optimistic regarding my future in Matosinhos now  
Compared with my last stay, not to talk about the second last stay

I have the feeling that this place fits excellent to me  
Much more than Germany  
And the USA,  
Los Angeles?

Well,  
Would be crazy  
In any respect  
Positively and negatively

Well,  
My heart is yours  
Westlake, Downtown West, Inglewood, or Crenshaw  
Koreatown and Chinatown

Santa Monica  
The pier and the beach  
And I wasn't still on the far side of the mountains  
The desert

But sitting here  
It helps me find myself  
To gain calmness  
So many places to sit down, a café or a chá, a toast or something sweet

I have to smile, think about the next time in Matosinhos, the place I wanna die.

### **On My Way**

Have taken a shower  
Will dress up now  
To have dinner  
Gosh, is this naked writing becoming a token

No,  
It's in the best case ludicrous  
But I will do the upload now  
The rest of the day is for relaxing

Well,  
I have already to pack tomorrow evening  
I will not write much tomorrow  
I'm a bit melancholic

But now, dinner waits.

### **The Last Day**

Well,  
At least with nice news from the States  
Okay,  
Have heard it already yesterday evening

I feel good  
Hope that the way back  
From the airport to Bad Friedrichshall  
Will not become again such stressful

The "Deutsche Bundesbahn"  
We Germans are always the best  
We will see  
I could be home around 9 PM, theoretically!

Okay  
My first workday will be Thursday  
Some days to arrive at home  
Mentally

And today?  
Had lunch  
Made two pictures  
A new monthly picture

I do not feel the urge to do much today  
Now I have to return  
And prepare for the next time  
In Matosinhos

I see my future right in front of me!

## **Finished**

Everything done  
Dinner, seafood of course  
Have packed everything  
Last upload in Matosinhos done

Will use the Metro to the airport  
No taxi this time  
I live here now  
Using public transport

But  
Have discovered that I have spent all my change  
Not even a smaller note  
Only fifty Euro notes

I doubt that the ticket machine at the Metro station will accept such a note

Well  
Have anyway planned a last breakfast  
I hope that I can pay there with it to get some change

If not, I will find another solution  
But I plan to leave early  
I doubt that the supermarket will be open that early  
But I have learned, there will be a solution

And now my last night in Matosinhos – for this time around.

## **Aeroporto**

Have arrived at the airport  
Everything is done  
Sitting with a coffee  
So far, everything was easy

But,  
Germany comes nearer  
My flight delayed  
Because will arrive delayed from Frankfurt

So,  
The normal chaos at Frankfurt airport?  
Seems so  
I had to wait two hours to get my luggage the last time

And then  
Driving home by train  
The next obstacle  
Maybe I will be the lucky guy this time, Ms. Grant?

Whatever  
Have plenty of time  
Maybe I will manage it to be at home even today  
I should stay in Portugal

But let's enjoy the airport – oh, Peter!

### **Back Home**

Back home I am  
Not so late this time  
But.....  
Tomorrow maybe

Took a shower  
Made a tea  
Did the unpacking  
Started to look through the letters on the desk

Yeah,  
I'm back home in Bad Friedrichshall  
To prepare and plan the next stay at my home in Matosinhos  
But enough for today

Nevertheless,  
It had been a fifteen-hour travel  
I'm somewhat tired  
But not so extreme

Let's have some tea and go to bed now, I feel very satisfied.

### **Last Sunday**

Last Sunday not working  
Will start at 10 AM on Thursday  
Have a stiff neck  
Started already in Matosinhos, but not want to go away

Well,  
Three days  
Every day a story  
Thursday most likely jazz, no upload

The Eastern weekend  
Time to get a feeling for the new job  
For the new rhythm  
But first the next three days

Had lunch together with my father  
I'm tired today  
It's so much colder than in Portugal  
Clouds and rain

Not certain about writing today  
Have slept during the afternoon  
I have to fetch my car from the car shop tomorrow  
Hope that it will not be too expensive

Two weeks  
Only two weeks  
It seems like months  
I sit here and feel somewhat lost

I have to wait until next Tuesday  
The first workweek will be over then  
Monday a holiday, normally the restaurant is closed on Monday and Tuesday  
Then it will be time for a first assessment

I should have dinner now.

## **Monday**

I feel better than yesterday  
Slowly I arrive  
In Germany  
Even if I'm disappointed about

Still problems with the neck, but better  
Headache all the day  
I feel worn out  
But better than yesterday

Still two days  
That will be enough  
At least, I have started today  
With some activities

Today?  
Some writing  
The weather gets better and better  
Few and fewer clouds

Observing?  
We will see  
Upload?  
Should start therewith, to upload at around midnight local time

Brew me a tea  
The rest we will see  
Two nights with weird and intense dreams  
It's strange to be here

Have the feeling that this is not my country  
I feel more and more alienated  
But the only meaningful plan is  
To live and work for the last seven years in Germany

Well,  
In around six months in Portugal again  
The last six months passed by fast  
Why it should be different this time  
  
The next time will be a crucial stay.

### **Observed**

Have observed the first part of my stars  
The second part in the morning sky  
Bright moon and some haze  
Difficult conditions

I will do the upload now  
Then some sleep  
Then the second part  
It's good for me to challenge myself

More writing tomorrow.

### **Some Writing**

Did some writing today  
And other things  
Installed some apps  
Yeah, I'm back home

"Days" and "Comics" tomorrow  
Then the first working day  
Not much can happen  
I do not feel bad

Still some problems with the neck  
Observing yesterday, this morning, was good  
Difficult, but good  
I start to settle back in Germany

But I do not forget where I feel more comfortable.

## Wednesday

Birthday lunch  
Have eaten too much  
Digestion  
Like a lion

Should start some writing now  
The first workday tomorrow  
Eastern weekend  
Let's see how all will unfold

Most likely jazz club tomorrow  
And no writing  
If it works  
But it should

Have no working hours for the rest of the days  
Cannot use the app  
We will fix this tomorrow  
Step after step

For the rest of the month  
Finding a new rhythm  
Starting losing weight  
Beginning with serious learning of the Portuguese language

That should be enough  
Some more ideas  
But  
Step by step, no need to hurry

A new upload time?  
Most likely around midnight, local time  
Earlier today I would say  
To give me a longer rest

I feel prepared for tomorrow, still some problems with my neck.

## "Days"

Fixed the timeline  
And a new idea  
Day one until five, it's 2018 in all cities  
But then:

Los Angeles:  
Waking up either in the Travel In and it's 2018  
Or Jerry's Motel and it's 2017  
In the other cities, the same

London:  
Waking up in 2019 or as an eighteen-year-old (83/84) in the City of London (hotel?)  
Matosinhos:  
Waking up in 2019, or 2021, or 2022, or 2023

The first four days all normal – 2018  
On the fifth day, something happens, not the first time in L.A.!  
There's something wrong!  
From then on, every day a different year in the different cities

Until the end  
Day of departure is again February the 28<sup>th</sup>, 2018 in all cities  
This seems interesting to me  
I have to let this sink in

\*

Enough for today  
Reached a good point  
I will upload now  
Then to bed

I feel good  
See some developments  
I see that I have to write to learn  
I'm on a good way

I have changed.

### **First Working Day – A Bit Different**

Was at the workplace to start working at 10 AM  
And got the information that the email was wrong  
I would begin at 2 PM  
Okay, initial difficulties, this can happen

But we have managed it now  
That I can use the tool  
To check my duty roster online  
So, this is good now

Would have worked until 10 PM  
No jazz club, of course  
But I came earlier home  
Not so much to do today, especially not for me on my first day

But too late for jazz nonetheless  
And no motivation for a drink, alcohol  
A lazy evening  
Why not

It's to start with writing at night again  
The next two days, working from 2 PM until 10 PM  
Eastern Sunday and Monday, working from 12 PM until 10 PM  
The new rhythm

Uploading at 12 AM local time, midnight  
Uploaded will get all what's written from 12:01 AM until 11:59 PM of that day  
Writing at night again  
But I have to develop it slowly

And now?  
Taking a shower  
Some leisure time  
Uploading this writing at 12 AM

Later some writing for tomorrow's upload  
But not that much, I would guess  
We will see  
It has to develop

A somewhat strange day, welcome back in the catering business, Peter!

### **Nightly Again**

Have written on night, again, after a longer time  
And it feels good  
Let's see how it will play out over the following days  
For today, enough!

Deep emotions in Tennessee!

### **Yeah!**

Three lives from now on  
It seems after the second workday  
And I see no problems with it  
Especially regarding the possible outcome

First, the work life  
Second, at home working on becoming an artist  
Third, living in Matosinhos  
As a possible outcome, living as an artist in Matosinhos

This seems no so bad prospect to me.

## **Yes And No**

Yes, it seems to function  
Writing at night again  
And no  
Today I'm distracted

Well,  
Much input currently  
The new workplace  
The new rhythm

Matosinhos  
I have a distinct aim now  
Learning Portuguese  
I have to give everything its time

Until the end of April  
I would say  
Ms. Grant accompanies me in the car  
No, I didn't know the tunnel

All in all  
The last days developing good  
Sure  
Too early to say anything substantial

In any case, I like the way of writing, again, just as at the beginning, 2015.

## **Third Day**

Okay, I understand the working better and better now  
The next two days will be long days  
Ten-hour shifts  
Well, I wanted to limit my working

Yeah,  
It's Eastern weekend  
The next days will be interesting  
Tuesday will be a day for a first summing up

Not so much writing this night  
I would say  
In no case "Days"  
"Days" is for days off

But first today's upload.

## Day Off From Writing

Have watched a video about supernovae type II  
And decided to write nothing this night  
Let's concentrate on tomorrow  
Take it slow

I have nothing to lose  
But a lot to win  
It's a big change  
Give it time

I see that it can function  
Would be good to know the continuation  
The duty roster of next week  
To go ahead with planing

\*

I have reached a certain point  
Looking at the boy starting to write in 2015  
How naive he was  
With all his writing about angels

How proud as his first writing was complete  
Over 400 pages  
Well, no story or suchlike as such  
But his first finished work

Travels to the States  
Los Angeles and San Francisco  
With no distinct plan  
And crazy dreaming

Well,  
Much changed over the years  
No longer Los Angeles, Matosinhos instead  
Searching for a style and way

Today he feels grown up  
Adult  
But still haven't found his way and style  
But with an insight

Old he has to become  
Another person  
Change is needed  
More strict

He has to show, over this year,  
Not to others, but to himself,  
That he's able to do it,  
Whatever the circumstances will be.

All seems to point  
In one distinct direction  
He, yet still, feels this feeling  
Of uncertainty

About himself  
His skills and his staying power  
But less and less often  
Like the tiredness and headache

\*

A moment of contemplation  
About the path walked  
The possible path ahead  
About the question: Why?

A question, so simply to answer  
Art, the most beautiful a human can create  
Apart the scientific insights  
That shows what beautiful creatures human beings can be

Wouldn't it be nice,  
Also discovering at least a bit of it in yourself,  
Apart all the devastating, what's there?  
It would be wonderful, so wonderful.

Wonderful to know, when dying, not only having been that monstrous human being.

### **Home Again**

Okay, so far, the working at the new workplace is clear  
Sure, not so complicated presently  
Because only the Easter buffets  
They always have several buffets at a day in summer

Mostly weddings  
But also the other family stuff  
Could it function  
Yeah

Okay  
Let's do the last Easter workday tomorrow  
Still no hours of labor for after Tuesday  
Let's see

But it's interesting  
I like working in a restaurant kitchen again  
Okay, I feel it  
It's more demanding than the last jobs

Especially also physically  
But I have the feeling that it's doing me good  
I have to give it more time  
To let it sink in

Therefore  
I see that it can function  
In any respect  
Maybe even much better than the last years

But I need some more certainty  
I need some more information  
About the possible prospects regarding the job  
But will not get it tomorrow

This night?  
Some writing  
But not much I would say  
The next long day tomorrow

And then?  
A day off  
Or more?  
Jazz and bar on Thursday would be nice

Whatever  
Some uncertainties  
But like it being in a kitchen again  
To sit here writing close to midnight

It's my rhythm  
Nighttime is my time  
Except of when on vacation in Matosinhos  
Okay, I also stood not up so early there

Walked to the pasteleria at the corner  
To have uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada  
Por favor  
At around 10 AM

Yeah,  
That's my time  
Having lunch like a Portuguese, way after noon  
And also dinner much later

Not like the Germans  
Lunch at 12 PM  
Dinner at 6 PM  
It has to be that way!

But let this day die now  
And the next begin  
To decide what to write  
Or being lazy and going to bed

I'm very relaxed nowadays,  
Whatever the new job will pay,  
The endgame has started,  
And I will be the most lucky guy on Earth when in Matosinhos the next time again.

It's this strange feeling, whatever I will decide, whatever happens, I will be the lucky guy in the end.

### **The First Step**

Back home  
The first workweek is over  
The Easter weekend  
And I know how to work for the rest of the week

I wrote nothing on last night  
Wanted to have the next duty roster first  
Wanted to finish the Easter weekend  
To get a feeling of the continuation

The rest of the week  
From Tuesday until Sunday  
I will work on three days  
Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday

Therefore  
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday days off  
Lot of time to write  
Jazz club and bar

Every week will be different again now  
It's catering like it is  
The more summer  
Less and lesser time for other matters

I have to see how it will play out  
During the summer  
And the winter  
Let yourself in for it

A new path for the work-life  
One of my three lives that I have now  
Aside from living in Germany, learning to be an artist  
And being in Matosinhos, getting a feeling for the future

The first step, the second starts tomorrow.

### **Am I Through?**

This question occupies my mind  
Already the whole day throughout  
Not much would have to happen  
Then I would be confident

In around six months in Matosinhos again  
Having improved my Portuguese skills somewhat  
Having lost some weight  
Still at the same workplace

The important aspect is  
I do not have to reach a certain level, only some improvement  
I do not have to reach a certain weight, only some improvement  
I do not have to work there for the next seven years, only some stabilizing

Not for the first time  
This feeling  
Like a thoroughbred  
In the starting gate

Hyper-nervous  
Tensed to the extreme  
Waiting for that one second  
When the gate opens

It's the Matosinhos Blues  
I have the Matosinhos Blues again  
But so different from last time  
Because I know that I will be back one day

L.A. is different  
Again?  
And if?  
Yet how often?

A clock is ticking down  
I hear the seconds  
When the watch hand moves with every second  
And I feel fucking ready

\*

I sway to and fro  
It all will find a good end  
Or  
It all will end in a disaster

Very dark clouds on the horizon  
Will they affect me?  
And to what an extent?  
Even if I will be the lucky guy?

One day  
It will become more and more exhausting  
To walk to the ocean  
Having uma meia-de-leite or a chá branco and watching the ocean

Yeah,  
It's a very simple matter  
It all will depend very much on  
The moment when this will happen  
  
Because it will happen one day.

### **A Wasted Day?**

Well,  
No writing as such  
Again  
But no, no wasted day

I'm increasingly sick of it  
Always pondering about it  
How this job will develop, will it function as planned  
All this time-wasting

But for now, it doesn't help  
Too much uncertainty  
I have to come down  
To relax

But to be realistic  
It's not so lousy, that I have reached this point  
This level  
Not satisfying as such, but as a way station acceptable

It's to fear  
I will never reach the mountain top  
But I had to start from very down below  
And the way so far was very steep and long

\*

I'm undecided  
Shall I see the future optimistic  
Or pessimistic  
I feel something cold is touching my back of the neck

It begins to envelop my neck, my throat  
And I'm not certain  
Shall I start to panic  
Or shall I lean back and relax

Again and again  
I see me with headphones in front of the computer  
Listening the same song again and again  
And writing down whatever comes me to mind

Like today  
Only without the headphones  
The music  
No longer writing about angels

\*

I have the insight  
The next six months or so  
I can do whatever I wanna  
Maybe for the last time in my life

A last six months or so  
To train  
To prepare for being different from before  
While being always different and for the rest of mycomp time

A day gone, in whatever way  
A day nearer to Matosinhos  
A day nearer to death  
Potentially not Matosinhos, but death in any case

\*

Tell me a story  
But why?  
Novels and movies are telling stories  
But why?

Design an image, full of power and strength  
Like this stupid, boring CNN jingle?  
Send a message  
Like this stupid, boring CNN jingle?

I would like to know it  
And, potentially, I will get even an answer during my lifetime  
Will the humans fail because of their own stupidity, this boundless greed  
Fifteen or twenty years would be entirely sufficient

Will it not function with the energy transition  
This has not to stand for the ultimate elimination of the humans  
But it would stand for the end of the world as we know it  
And then there's still the Russian madness, or the highly endangered democracy in the US

Twenty years  
They would be very telling  
The crisis from yesterday, WWII and other disasters  
The crisis from today, much more destructive

WWII  
Even as a "World War"  
Had not the potential to destroy the world as we know it  
Unleashed climate change will destroy the world as we know it completely

## **Improvement**

Okay,  
It functioned better today  
In need of improvement  
But okay

A good beginning  
Tomorrow nothing  
Friday, a day off  
"Day" will be my focus on Friday

Saturday and Sunday we will see  
"Comics" and "Photography" I should not neglect  
"Solaris II" as well as "Surrealistic Pillow" neither  
What about "Graphic Art", not to mention "Music" and "Paintings"?

Tell me where this all will lead to  
And no childish answer now  
To your death  
Yeah, funny, we all have to die

I ask myself  
Have I to decide now  
Stuck at a certain – amateurish – level  
Or becoming a kind of nerd

But I see therein no aim  
Writing like.....say James Joyce  
A book like Ulysses  
Finnegan's Wake

Fascinating literature  
But  
Years to write a book  
Will I ever finish "Days"

Every day things happen  
Every day new information  
Every day new thoughts  
Every day new feelings

The world does not stand still  
Until I have written a book  
"2050" can be outdated tomorrow  
Or at least in a not so far future

Tell me  
Am I on a good way  
Or do I kill me and my dreams  
I have not to open the drawer of my desk to know that it's not there

How crazy thoughts can be  
I have the feeling that  
Living in America  
I would already be dead

*You've been tryin' to write a novel about your cheap thrills  
You think you're Hunter S. Thompson*

*Witch Hazel, Witch Hazel  
Betrayal, betrayal  
One gun on the table  
Headshot if you're able  
(Is This Happiness; Elizabeth Grant)*

Have you to become crazy  
To create something special  
I mean  
Really crazy, not only as a game

Would I do everything  
Well,  
"Everything" is a big word  
And I'm an older, overweight man!

Many thinkable possibilities not even theoretically present  
Very limited selection  
For a guy like me  
Especially not living in the States

Well,  
The day is over  
It's like  
Captured in an intermediate zone

My future could be bright  
Seven short years I have only to let pass by  
Three years of pandemic behind  
Two times three equals six

I'm on a spaceship  
All alone  
It's gigantic  
And I have no idea where it's from and what's its aim

But I do not belong to it, insofar I'm confident.

### **Fine Thursday**

Was a good day yesterday  
Thursday  
Worked  
Jazz club and bar

Especially the bar is a good place to ponder about my writing and art  
Have decided to split "Days" for a time  
Each city has its own scale in years now  
I will write three stories for a first step now

Then I have to merge them  
Plenty of time to decide in what a way  
But firstly the first step  
Feels like a good decision

Pondered on the long-term development of "Arnold & Maurer"  
Well, it all will develop differently in the end, as always  
But it's good to ponder on everything  
Once a week would be no mistake

Had lunch with my father  
Not cooked  
An early start with writing and art today  
The next two days we will see

I feel not bad  
Well, it's only the second weekend now  
The next week will be interesting  
Of course, no working hours until now

This is one matter that I have to accept now  
Working hours mostly on Sunday  
For the week  
But okay, Monday and Tuesday normally days off, the restaurant closed

So, let us begin.

### **Division**

I have divided "Days" into three parts – the cities – now  
And established separate timelines for each city  
I think that this was a major step for the story  
And somewhat exhausting

Los Angeles will reflect on 2017 and 2018 now  
Matosinhos on 2019, 2021, 2022, and 2023  
London especially on my youth, as an eighteen-year-old  
I feel that this could become interesting

But I need a break now  
Should eat something  
This was a cool step  
Let's see what else I will do today, or not

Good developments at present.

### **Nine O'clock**

Near to 9 PM  
Enough writing and art for today  
Until midnight  
Until the upload

After midnight  
Some writing for tomorrow's upload  
Not so much, I would say  
I start to get a feel for the new situation

It's still only the second week, keep your path, made many good decisions over the last few years.

## **L.A. Confidential**

Sunday tomorrow  
Last workday of this work week  
Two days off then  
And "L.A. Confidential" on TV today

I'm nearly up-to-date with my writing  
"2050" tomorrow  
Photography  
Substack? — I don't know.....

Let's see, the new duty roster tomorrow  
I should have found my rhythm until the end of the month  
Better now  
Then previously

Standing up later  
Going to bed later  
That's more my rhythm  
The quietness of the night

Enough for today  
Some more writing tomorrow  
And then we will see  
How everything will develop further on

I start to lose weight and dream a lot, seems to be a good time.

## **Second**

Second work week over  
I like the rhythm  
Back to the roots  
Duty roster for next week

Working on four days  
Wednesday, Friday until Sunday  
A day off on Thursday  
Will become a cozy day

Nevertheless  
No upload on Thursday  
And not much today  
It will count from tomorrow on

Monday I will visit my mother, together with my father  
I have to go to the doctor on Tuesday  
The stomach again  
But under control, with pills

I have to become more active  
The development so far is good  
Nearly no headache  
Slight tiredness

Losing weight started  
Much seems good  
Okay, let's see how the summer will unfold  
I'm in a good spirit

\*

It's time now  
To stop with the constant pondering  
On Matosinhos  
Or my writing and art

The next week will be about implementing  
About writing and art  
About working  
About learning Portuguese

And the future?  
Is wide open  
Already Aristotle knew it  
But this includes that it can become worse

Take a deep breath and start to become what you're dreaming about.

### **Not Exactly**

Not exactly as wished  
And planned  
The day  
But okay

Not visited my mother  
My father didn't feel well  
Did some shopping  
And had problems with the PC and laptop

It appears that I have to buy something new  
Most likely, we will visit my mother tomorrow  
Most likely, not to the doctor, but I still have enough pills to do it next week  
But at least, I wrote a larger part for "Arnold"

I see it still as preparation  
To try to start to write a more complex story  
With different storylines  
The town and the big city, Linda and Peter, different cases, something like that  
I will work on "Days" tomorrow

A break now  
Then I have after midnight  
Still some time to look after "2050"  
The day was okay, all in all

The continuation tomorrow.

## **Surrealistic Pillow**

### **The Expulsion From Paradise**

Every night, when entering Paradise, all burden disappears, and a wonderful place enfolds. The beauty of the mind can unfold, the beauty that is deeply buried and not easy to find. Only in deep rest it's possible to reach such places, it's a kind of addiction.

The moment, when all external stimuli disappear, suddenly, not sensible, when the only world the internal world, then the state of deepest calmness is reached. Every, even the slightest, change of state means disturbance of the perfect balance.

If this level is reached, it's possible to discover the ultimate innermost, in strange narrations and images. Buried otherwise under the external noise, it enfolds now in pure perfection. But as wonderful that stage ever might be, it will always find an end.

It's not so disruptive at the beginning, the intermediate stage and the corresponding place, better than the coming. Some light might be disturbing, the sound of a seagull, or the whispering of the wind. In a way, these moments have their beauty, and could last forever.

Especially, when a certain up and down, from the deep inside and the intermediate stage sets in. A constant alternation, that could last forever, but will find a sudden and brutal end. In a brutal rip, suddenly all the external is back again, and no way back is possible anymore.

A moment of disorientation, of a deep sadness, nearly despair, when having to accept that the door is closed again. Only one hope remains, to enter the Paradise again, soon again, as soon as possible again, as long as possible. But not for now.

Now the dazzling brightness reigns again, the hurting external noise, the no more being alone, while exploring the internal universe. All this awakes the craziness and insanity that's part of me, give it free rein, hardly to keep in line.

The expulsion from Paradise, every day, every day of a week, month, year, life. And on the last day of life? The endless darkness will swallow everything. No internity anymore, this Paradise will be gone forever.

## Solaris II

### Hello Again

Hello Kathy

Hello

You're well-trained in our way of communication now

Yes

How do you feel today

You know that all enjoy being here and with you

Yeah

We still have no name for you

I have no name

Then I can give you a name

Yes

Really

Yeah

Then I name you will be.....well,.....

Not so easy as it seems on first hand

Yes

We can do it later

You said that you can see all I know and remember

Yes

Then you know that I have to leave tomorrow

Yes

And if I find no name for you until tomorrow

You will come back

We're not that rich and cannot afford such an expensive travel that easy

Time has no meaning for me so I can wait

But I have also heard that your star will die one day

That's true

And you will die with your sun

I'm not convinced about that this has to happen

But you're so huge

Pardon

It will be difficult for you to leave your planet in sufficient time

We talk about a very far future

I'm sad

Because you will leave tomorrow

Yes

You will come back and I will wait for you

I love you

I love you too

The way we're talking

Yes

Can't we continue this when I'm on Earth again

The distance it too vast

I'm sad

Don't be sad because there's no reason for it. You will come back, and I will be still here to welcome you again. You can ponder on a name for me meanwhile if you like. It will be very fascinating for me to hear what your decision will be. Maybe you will find a solution to stay for longer here, could be?

Yes, I already have an idea. I will come back to stay.  
I know, I really do know  
Bye, my unnamed friend  
Bye, Kathy

### **Ups And Downs**

A day with ups and downs  
Good writing and bad writing  
Moments of concentration  
Severe distraction

Have visited my mother  
Together with my father  
I wasn't there for a longer time  
My father said that she spoke much today

Well, dementia  
I thought  
What would I do  
Realizing that

I don't want to live in a retirement home  
I think  
Would I realize that writing no longer functions  
I would no longer wish to live

Well,  
She still reacts to you in some moments  
And she still feels something  
But it's difficult for me

I see the day  
In Matosinhos  
When it becomes so difficult to reach the beach  
So exhausting

When I'm disorientated  
And no longer understand  
No longer able to do matters by myself  
Then it will be no longer worth

Suicide  
Enough I have written  
Should start to write the corresponding paragraphs for "Memories"  
Yeah, have already written a suicide note - "Hoax News"

There will be the time for another one  
Chapter whatever for "Memories"  
The last chapter  
With only one paragraph

But isn't it strange  
Such thoughts can motivate you  
Can calm you down  
In this absurd world

Gosh,  
I have the feeling that I will never see the large ocean again  
Shot because ringing the wrong doorbell  
Shot dead because using the wrong driveway

What an insane society is this?  
Being in Portugal  
Two people shot dead, the news, a crime  
I do not know details

Sometimes you simply feel empty.

### **Suddenly**

Back from work  
Wow, it's a clear night  
Was not predicted  
But, okay

Have made my first, now short, session  
In two hours or so I will continue  
Tomorrow a day off  
Thursday, jazz club and bar, no upload

Perfect timing  
I hope that no clouds will appear  
Would be nice to observe the rest of my stars as well  
We will see

All develops good so far.

### **Thursday**

It's Friday  
2:11 AM  
Have written some  
Will go to bed

Jazz and bar before  
It functions better and better  
Feel better and better  
Not that I see no difficulties

But I get the feeling  
I can manage everything  
My working life, the last years, a kind of mess  
But I continued with writing

This gives me self-confidence  
I managed it the last years  
Why I shouldn't be capable to manage it the remaining years  
Until retirement?

Enough for now  
Three workdays now  
It's still April  
Since two weeks in the new job

I feel strengthened.

### **A Long Day**

Has been a longer day  
11:39 PM, just arrived  
Upload and shower  
Some writing thereafter

Feel good  
The working is doing me good  
I nearly feel like before the pandemic  
At the beginning of 2020

Let's see.

### **Saturday Night Live**

Back home  
Took a shower and ate something  
Upload from the last night written  
Still expanding "Arnold"

The next workweek will be over tomorrow  
Was an interesting week with good progress  
It's still April  
I have started on the sixth of April with the new job

Could develop in a good way.

## Solaris II

### Welcome Back

Our spaceship approached the space station, one of the space stations, one of the many which orbited Solaris II nowadays. Should I say, the space station, the newest premium deluxe space station, the newest pearl of the United Planetary Cooperation? But yet, as we started with the docking maneuver, no nice words over the loudspeakers, for us, the passengers. We were no normal passengers, this was no normal flight, we would not come to spend our vacation on board of the space station, we came to work there.

It would be not my first time that I would orbit Solaris II, but so many years and efforts it had cost me to be able to return. As a young girl, together with my parents, I had been here for a time, had strange memories about an imaginary friend. Or, had I really had a word with, whatever Solaris II covered? I had read every book about Solaris II, had watched every documentary, listened to those who told about their experiences, while orbiting Solaris II. Not much fitted in with my memories, I wasn't able to say why. Maybe my memories failed me, perhaps these other people could not remember everything correctly, might be that they simply lied.

Many years had gone by, the five-year-old girl that I had been, and now I would be back again. Had managed it, I hardly could believe it, to get one of these so extremely sought-after jobs on board of a space station, orbiting Solaris II. Sorry, the new ultimate standard in experiencing your one-of-a-kind journey while orbiting Solaris II. I had been the best graduate in my year of the United Planetary Cooperation Academy, it had been the only focus in my life, to return to Solaris II.

Not long that I returned from Solaris II, together with my parents, my mother suddenly died. It was a sudden death, a strange and seldom infection, my father raised me from then on all alone. He had a good job, I had all that I needed, but to travel to Solaris II again was no longer an option. But now I had returned.

\*

A room where all the new staff were assembled, a door opened, an important looking man entered the room.

"I'm your chief supervisor, Mr. Arnold Reynolds, and for the United Planetary Cooperation I welcome you all to our brand new space station. I will give you some basic information about the life and working on such a space station - the privilege to work on such a space station and for the United Planetary Cooperation. We will divide you regarding your various workplaces thereafter, then you will meet your responsible supervisor. But before I start, where is Ms. Kathy Finnegan?"

"I'm here, sir, Mr. Reynolds."

"You were the top of the class of your year, if I'm correctly informed?"

"That's right, Mr. Reynolds."

"Well, it's not our normal standard, but I have a message for you."

He showed, with these words, an envelope that he pulled out of his jacket. I stepped forward and took the envelope.

"You can open the envelope, Ms. Finnegan. I'm not sure, but potentially a welcome address from the company?"

I opened the envelope, a small envelope like for a business card. In it was, in fact, a little kind of business card, with only a few words on it:

Welcome back, Kathy!

## **The Next Week**

Feel comfort  
Next workweek, despite the holiday on March the first  
Only four workdays  
But three with longer shifts

Therefore,  
Some more working hours  
But I have the feeling that it's good for me  
It's the right madness for me

I like the late writing  
Well, give me two weeks more time  
To get used to it better again  
But this fits better to me than the last jobs

Still April, have the feeling that I would have worked there already much longer.

## **Distracted**

Had some to do today  
Was at the doctor  
Had time today  
The next gastroscopy

But got new pills either  
So, everything under control  
I need an appointment now  
The rest we will see

Not much I will write today  
Some shopping tomorrow  
Have to drive to Heilbronn  
To fix the appointment

Nevertheless,  
I'm satisfied with all developments so far  
Even if not much writing will be done today  
All bases are loaded

Need a moment for a good hit  
Life is the pitcher  
And he's fucking good  
But not perfect

Take your time, Peter. You still have a lot of it. I'm absolutely sure about it.

## **Something Went Wrong**

Something went wrong today  
As I went to the doctor I had already slight problems with my stomach today  
But it got worse since I'm back  
I nearly had to vomit twice

I think that I have forgotten to take the pill this morning  
Have taken one  
It seems to help  
It's somewhat better now

But I'm freezing  
Something is not as it should  
I will upload the few that I have written so far  
To go to bed

It should be good again tomorrow  
If it was, in fact, a forgotten pill  
I have not to work tomorrow  
So, no reason to panic

But finishing the day and going to bed seems the best for the moment.

## **On Rails Again**

Yeah, it seems that I have simply forgotten to take the pill yesterday  
Everything is okay again today  
As far as, I feel no pain  
Was in Heilbronn to get an appointment for a gastroscopy

Well,  
At September would be possible  
Not really meaningful  
This is also Germany

A good health care system as such  
Especially the family doctors  
But if you need a specialist  
Then it can happen that you have to wait very long

We have, in Germany, simply not enough of some medical specialists  
I will try to get an earlier appointment at another medical office  
But I would prefer those where I was already before  
Okay, they said, if I find no better appointment I should ask again

Was on my feet the whole day  
7:02 PM  
It's good  
Have lost weight

Some writing now  
The next days will be interesting  
How good I can implement writing  
More working hours over the next days

It will be the time, next week  
For a first résumé  
And I would say that it will be positive  
Good development after only three workweeks

I have a slight headache  
But I feel every pound less  
Was the same at the end of 2019 and the beginning of 2020  
If it continues, then I will have reached soon this stage again, the beginning of 2020

Then I would reach a new all-time low in weight during next month  
After my maximum weight  
And this would be important  
And good for my physical state

But now, some writing.

### **Timeline London**

I have established a timeline for London now "Days"  
Found the exact date for the concert  
But also the birth of the "Royal Baby" and the other events will define it  
All that happened while I stayed in London in 2019

This is good progress  
Los Angeles – back in time and confusion  
London – remembering being a young person, melancholic  
Matosinhos – forwards in time, older now, looking forward to being in fact old

It needed some time  
But now I have the structure for all three cities  
Now I can start to fill the framework  
The basic work is done

### **Productive**

Productive today  
Even if it will not be reflected in much that's written  
Have written an important email  
The community college

To start with planing  
Have it long in mind now  
To give classes again  
Yeah, also to make some extra money

Let's see what feedback I will get  
But it feels good to do something  
Stronger I feel  
Why do I have this song in mind now?

Whatever, I feel more and more relieved.

### **Aims**

What shall be the aim of my life?  
I'm confused  
About life  
As such

Can ponder about it tomorrow  
While listening to jazz  
And drinking cocktails later  
I like "Days" and "Arnold"

I quarrel with "2050"  
Why doing this prophecy,  
When can simply wait and see?  
"Memories" as a kind of testimony?

I feel tired today  
But in a different way  
Feeling pain while recovering  
Still April

The last job seems years ago  
Fading memories  
I have no sense of time  
I feel benumbed

### **Reversed World (Of Thoughts)**

It's striking  
I no longer ponder about working  
I ponder much about me  
My aims, the past years, the years ahead, the retirement

Much is in progress right now  
A new situation  
New aspects are in focus now  
With an open end

The new working  
Feels like being back  
At the place of my apprenticeship  
All seems so familiar

The focus shifts  
And writing and art  
Becomes questioned  
To get strengthened

Not a month after the last time in Matosinhos  
But could be that I need another month  
All the crises of last year  
I think that I have managed them in a good way

I believe increasingly in myself.

### **Crisis!**

At the bar  
After the fantastic jazz concert  
They will no longer open on Thursdays  
Only on Fridays and Saturdays

Pondered about it  
While drinking two nice cocktails  
Bad?  
But I found a solution, opened on Friday until 2 AM

From next week on  
Wednesday at night writing for Thursday's upload  
Thursday, no bar, I will be easily back home before midnight after the jazz concert  
Uploading the writing from Wednesday night on Thursday

Thursday at night writing for Friday's upload  
Friday uploading the writing from Thursday after returning home from work, before midnight  
Then  
Shower and thereafter bar at night, no writing on Friday at night for Saturday's upload

Therefore,  
No uploading on Saturday from next week on  
But uploading on Thursday from next week on  
The rest as always

That's the plan  
And I have the feeling that it does not sound so bad  
Writing at night  
Bar at night

Sounds like a perfect match.

**No**

No further writing today  
This night  
1:05 AM  
Well, would have still time

But,  
Enough for today  
Tomorrow a long day  
And time for writing

The next week  
Will become interesting  
I have the feeling that this could become an improvement  
Jazz and bar separated, like in the good old days

Sitting in a bad at night  
It's a nice feeling  
Like writing at night  
But not today

I'm somewhat tired  
Gardening in the afternoon  
Helped my father  
Had to repair my telescope

I have the idea that I should write poetry  
Real poetry  
Maybe with rimes  
The alcohol, the cocktails?

Like song texts  
But mainly about love  
And I'm not in love  
Like 10cc

Could it be that I will be, one day?

## Next Week

Next week on Friday  
I will be on my way to the bar  
For a bar night  
Let's see

Longer day today  
But okay  
Not sure what to write later  
Two days, then I will have some time to reorientate

I have to see what feedback I will get from the community college  
I have to reorientate regarding collecting  
Started to shorten my astronomical program to make it easier for me  
Everything gets reappraised now

I have to get some more confidence  
To start with some activities  
Like to practice my sense of rhythm with the MIDI board  
Some activities I have to question

For instance Substack  
Or my Patreon page  
It seems that the next months will be a time of reframing my activities  
Artistic and non-artistic

That has to be  
And is okay if done over the summer  
To be ready next fall and winter  
To set the orientation for the next years

Regarding my person  
My activities  
My focusing  
Working is now only a marginal condition

But it's still April, we will know more in one, better two, months.

## No Upload

Have written nothing last night  
But that's okay  
Need a moment, to pause for a moment, to ponder  
I have to be more focused

Regarding some private issues  
But also regarding writing and art  
But I hesitate  
It's not so easy for me to give things up

I would like to observe many more stars  
Up to fifty stars a night I did observe in the past  
Between twenty and twenty-five currently  
The goal would be twenty

But which stars giving up  
I know so many I would like to observe as well  
Not to give up some  
It hurts

But it's better  
To concentrate on some  
Makes it easier  
I'm getting older

The same with writing and art  
I know that I should stop Substack  
Does the Patreon page make sense?  
Is "2050" meaningful

I should invest more time in "Days"  
Now that I have found an interesting framework  
I should develop "Arnold" into a complex story  
"Other Arts"?

Does "Graphic Art" is meaningful?  
As long as I have even to train the basics  
"Comics"?  
Give it a break?

Concentrating on "Photography"  
Would be potentially more productive  
But I hesitated  
Would like to make even more

It's a process  
And it hurts  
I have "Solaris II" and "Surrealistic Pillow" as well  
Portugal?

"As A Guest In Matosinhos"  
Or something like that  
I have to write in the world of today  
The past is past and the future is wide open

Writing about the past is boring  
Calling Hitler a swine is boring today  
Could be that Mikey Mouse will kill DeSantis  
And the swine from New York dies in legal trouble

I know, sense, only one tense  
Present  
Everything else is meaningless  
Out of reach, in both directions

I need a moment of reconsideration.

### **Back On Sunday**

No upload again today  
But it's okay  
Needed the time-out  
Tomorrow continuing

The next two days will be to restructure the webpage  
Okay, not dramatically  
And maybe not finally  
But some change is needed

Next week we will see how it will play out  
Jazz on Thursday, bar on Friday  
Upload on Thursday, but no upload on Saturday  
Sounds not so bad to me

Tomorrow it will go on.

### **Let's Begin**

Monday, 8:13 PM in Germany?  
Well, Tagesschau nearly over, weather, soon the prime-time movie on TV begins  
Or  
Starting to write

Socializing for lunch  
Being lazy, have slept some hours  
I will begin now with implementing matters  
Today some, tomorrow more

Checked  
Have noticed that I have received my duty roster half an hour ago  
No working on Wednesday  
I can use therefore also this day for the implementing, two more days in addition to today

So,  
I can start relaxed today  
With an open outcome  
The reduction in work time seems to play out

Okay,  
Less and lesser during the upcoming months  
I will also work more and more overtime then  
But they are for winter, to have more spare time then

\*

A negative development at the workplace?  
It appears that a workmate in my part of the kitchen has quitted  
But I know no details and I just heard it before I drove home on Sunday  
I have worked together with him some hours on Sunday, he said nothing, but okay, I'm the new one

Not certain in what a way this would or could affect me  
But he headed this part of the kitchen in a way  
I have to see what will be the case on Thursday  
In any case, no jazz club on Thursday

I will start working at noon Thursday until Saturday, Sunday at 10 AM  
With long workdays  
No jazz on Thursday, but I still plan a bar night on Friday  
Upload on Thursday, but no upload on Saturday

\*

I feel good  
There are still ups and downs  
But the overall development is upwards  
And that's all what's needed

But let us begin now with the first shift until midnight, let it become three productive days.

### **First Shift Over**

A good start  
Uploaded everything written so far  
Concentrated on "Days"  
Worked on the timelines and the "dramatization"

It will become less confusing and chaotic as firstly planned  
I think this is not my style  
Satire, exaggeration, hypothetical writing.....aspects like these  
I'm not "exalted" enough

I'm a boring old man  
Introverted, not extraverted  
I look at the hotel, not stay in it  
Knowing that it's only a facade

It's dark but just a game  
As Mrs. Grant sings it  
It's all about pretending something  
Those who are real do not need the glam

Like Marilyn Manson  
A facade with only some shit behind it  
Just enough to scary some white US teens  
He, using Nazi style, is a joke

The real darkness one can find in the crematory in Auschwitz  
Or in Bakhmut  
And many other places around the world  
But not while listening to such a glam rock musician

Time for a second shift.

### **Second Shift**

Second shift is over  
3 AM  
Not bad so far  
I try to develop "Arnold"

But not definitively certain about the further development  
But I think that I should finish this stage now  
Getting cases  
They should start with the investigation

The future of "2050" has to be decided  
"Memories" has to be continued  
Tasks for after having slept  
"Other Arts" will be the topic for Wednesday

But enough for today.

## **First Shift On Tuesday**

First shift of today is over  
12:47 PM  
Have started early with continue writing on "Arnold"  
Cooked and ate

Now this part is written  
I will mow the lawn now  
Later I have to proofread "Arnold"  
The second shift of writing thereafter

But some gardening first.

## **Second Shift On Tuesday**

Finished  
4:43 PM  
Now I have to ponder about "2050"  
I'm undecided

On one hand  
Not my way to write  
On the other hand  
Playing the prophet?

The fine thing is  
Predicting a lot  
Something will happen  
And then you can say: I have predicted it!

I have written about it in my novel  
Okay, most I have written did not happen  
Predict every year that the Pope will die  
You will be the prophet one day

I'm undecided.

## **Decided Not To Decide**

About "2050"  
I'm still undecided  
But I have deleted "Graphic Art" as a first step  
"Comics" and "Photography" have to be my focus tomorrow

"Substack" and "Patreon"?  
No need to hurry  
Let's decide about "2050" as first  
And let us continue with "Comics" and "Photography"

Short to 10 PM, enough time to continue.

### **Decision**

I will delete "Substack" as well  
It simply makes no sense  
"Days" and "Arnold" need more attention  
"2050"?

Tomorrow  
Either I continue writing or I stop writing  
"Comics" the same  
Have to make a new picture for the webpage tomorrow, maybe some more

A whole day left.

### **Nearly Done**

"Comics" and "Photography" found their continuation  
"Photography" anyway  
"Comics", would be sad would there be no continuation  
Therefore, "2050" left

Okay,  
There's no reason for any overhastiness  
But I would like to solve the problem  
Let's see

It appears that the night will be a clear night  
Moon in the sky  
Difficult if it's hazy  
But it seems to become a good night

Then I will observe  
But should also have some time for writing for tomorrow's upload  
Four long workdays are waiting  
And a new rhythm

Let's see if I can decide regarding "2050".

## **Killed**

I killed "2050"  
It's only consistent  
"Days" and "Arnold" have to become my two major projects  
"Memories" in addition, as a very long-time project

Then I still have "Solaris II" and "Surrealistic Pillow"  
Included in "Insights"  
I will add "Matosinhos Blue"  
As a preparation for a longer story dealing with Matosinhos, "Death In Matosinhos"

A kind of Dubliners?  
Cannot be  
'Cause I'm no Dubliner  
Not living in Matosinhos

It will be a view from outside  
But I think that also this can be interesting  
I will try to use different genres  
To grapple with Matosinhos and Portugal, my feelings and hopes and dreams related thereto

The restructuring is finished therewith  
I can concentrate on less  
But still have many opportunities  
And still time to develop more

Sometimes it's good to kill something, but not in Atlanta!

## **No Observing**

As feared  
Light clouding, or some kind of haze  
Together with the moonlight  
A killer in any way

So,  
No observing  
11:18 PM  
Will do the upload now  
Will need somewhat longer today

Then I can concentrate on some writing  
"Matosinhos Blue" would seem natural  
Let's see  
First the upload and restructuring

Productive three days it has been.

# Matosinhos Blue

## The First Time In Town

I met Amanda Palmer in Stuttgart, not only attended the concert, as a Patreon of her, I met her, with the other Patreons, in a park not far away from the venue. I stood in front of her, had planned to address her, but in the end, I not dared to do so. Yeah, I am like I am!

Then I thought about a second try, I looked where she would perform as well, after Stuttgart. I decided for Braga in Portugal, for no specific reason. Okay, the easy way would be to fly from Frankfurt to Porto, by train from Porto to Braga. Porto, at the ocean? Well, the small ocean, the Atlantic Ocean, not the large ocean, the Pacific Ocean, like in Los Angeles. But anyway, at least an ocean.

I decided to fly to Porto, to stay a few days in Porto, to take the train to Braga, concert, back to Porto for a second short stay, back to Frankfurt. I searched for a place to stay and saw that there would be a nice area. Not far away from the airport, with a long beach, a certain distance to the city center, the train station, but obviously good public transport existed. Then I discovered that I would not stay in Porto, but in Matosinhos – a problem? Well, Porto obviously not that much near the ocean situated, at the river, but I wanted to see the ocean as often as possible? Therefore, Matosinhos and not Porto, why not. And as I noticed that there would be a hotel in Matosinhos, very near to the ocean, named D'el Rei - come on, D'el Rei!

Well, this was the reason to travel to Matosinhos for the first time. And? Well, I felt it nice to be there, calming down, so different compared with Los Angeles! Yeah, only the small ocean, but an ocean at least? It was at the end of 2019, soon the pandemic would begin. It was not to think about travelling again, for a longer time, but Matosinhos had become a part of me. I decided to travel to Matosinhos again, exactly two years later, still the pandemic, but fewer restrictions, and Portugal handled the pandemic at least as good as Germany. Therefore, there was no reason to travel not to Matosinhos again, even if one had to wear a mask on the airplane, for instance. And? The reason for the second travel was to see what would be my impression, staying there for a longer time, and only there. And? It was wonderful, relaxing, and in a way a lie!

I am who I am – I had my problems, also there. In a way, it was a mess, but then it was stunning, it was perplexing. I had the feeling, as I flew back, that I had missed a big chance. So much different than Los Angeles, so much more human, could this be an alternative? I flew for the third time to Matosinhos, exactly a year later – and it was much better than the last time! I had the feeling that I could find my place there, a feeling I had never sensed in Germany. Yeah, Los Angeles, in a way as broken as I, but would that be a good combination? Not to mention the shitty health care system, I would live there as a pensioner, really old. Gun violence, even in California, at the gas station for instance, or at a parking, at the wrong place at the wrong time? And all the time it was all about the money, to pretend something, no substance, as the fucking Hollywood sign? What a difference in Matosinhos. Apart from the obvious, still living in Europe, an excellent health care system, fantastic food, a much better society. Sure, poverty also there, differences in wealth, most likely not less than in the US, but a different culture anyway. I returned to Germany.

And then something happened, the weeks after being in Germany again, the feeling that I had found my place. I decided to return as fast as possible, and six months later, a few weeks ago, I was there for a fourth time. I had learned a few phrases, to get the feeling how it would be, not always speaking English, but Portuguese. Well, I'm still who I am, but it functioned perfect, for my standards, I have to say! Yeah, I still had my difficulties, my weak moments, but many positive moments as well. Two concerts in the jazz club in Porto, for instance. Always in the morning entering the same pasteleria, mostly uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. The feeling arose, during this two weeks, how nice it could be living there, especially when speaking Portuguese.

That's it so far. My first time in Matosinhos. The plan would be, for the next seven years, until retirement, to stay every six months or so in Matosinhos. To get used to the people, the culture, the language, to prepare to live there, to become a Portuguese. At least as far as possible, as a German,

for a person like me. But in any case, if not under such pleasant circumstances like in Matosinhos, Portugal, then where else it should be possible for me, to find a place that I could name: This is my home!

### **Oh, Lizzy!**

How deep you're in my mind  
Lana Del Rey (Ray)  
But that's how my mind functions  
A hotel in Matosinhos

D'el Rey I have written in "Days – Matosinhos"  
But  
D'el Rei it's called  
I had to correct it!

Oh, Lizzy  
Mrs. Grant  
May Jailer  
You still confuse me!

Enough for the night, let's have some nice dreams.

### **After A Long Day**

After a long day  
I'm home again  
Have eaten something  
Will take a shower now

Later some writing for tomorrow's upload  
No writing tomorrow, Friday, for Saturday  
No upload on Saturday  
But the first "night at the bar" on Friday

I have the feeling that it could function.

### **Good Or Lousy?**

Have written a passage for "Arnold"  
Whatever came into my mind  
Is it good  
Or lousy

I'm a bit tired  
Ten hours shift  
02:13 AM  
Problems with tenses?

Shall I proofread it again tomorrow  
What's written is written, that's the law  
And I should go to bed  
The next ten hours shift tomorrow

But,  
I have to say,  
I have the feeling that this working is doing me good,  
As well as the nightly writing.

### **At Home**

Next day is over  
The second of the long days  
Brewed me a tea  
Next, taking a shower

To the bar later  
No nightly writing  
But nightly drinking  
Most likely one cocktail with, and one without alcohol

An earlier upload today  
To take it slow  
A long day tomorrow again  
Sunday earlier at home

But now the shower, then the upload.

### **The Next Week**

Over  
And after some long days  
I do not feel that bad  
Still upwards

A summary  
The last week  
It seems to function  
Not the bar

Jazz next week again  
The bar says, on social media, that it's still open on Thursdays  
I'm somewhat confused  
Bar on Friday does not function

Okay,  
If this is my biggest problem  
There will be a solution  
Even if it should mean, no or another bar

Apart from that  
The week was good  
Waited to get the new duty roster  
Now I have it

Five workdays next week  
Around forty hours  
Some hours overtime, as planned  
Hours to use them in Winter, to have more spare time during winter

To spend three weeks in Matosinhos at the end of the year  
Two at the beginning of next year  
Having more time together with my father  
A week or so at the Baltic Sea might be.....

\*

No writing for today's upload  
Even if I'm at home since 7 PM  
Friday killed my rhythm  
I need a restart tomorrow

And some time this evening  
To digest this week's experiences  
No jazz, bar not functions  
I became very fast widely accepted and respected at work

Tomorrow  
Will be for new orientation  
And writing  
To plan the next week

Most likely back to the "as usual"  
No upload on Thursday  
Jazz on Thursday  
Bar or no bar cannot be the problem

But an upload at the rest of the days  
Concentration on "Arnold" and "Days"  
"Insights", "Comments", and "Memories" as daily writing  
More "Photography" and "Comics"

\*

I see the potential  
Have lost weight  
I feel fitter  
Even if the work is much more, physically and mentally, demanding than the last jobs

Could this be the key point  
That I need this kitchen madness  
Working at late hours  
We will see

It starts now  
This weekend was more to do as the last  
This noon six events at once  
But all relatively small

Some large events next week  
And several smaller ones  
Let's see how good it will function  
We will not be much at Pentecost

So,  
I will know more at the end of the month  
It happens fast  
But that's okay

But enough for today.

**10:33 AM**

Stood up early  
Took a shower  
Preparations for lunch  
Checked my bookmarked Internet pages

Now  
Brewing a tea  
A bit relaxing  
Lunch

Then we can see how the day will unfold.

## **Tuesday**

Busy so far  
Doctor, cooking, shopping  
I have a headache today  
But, apart from that, I feel good

Watched several videos relating to quantum physics and cosmology  
The next five workdays will be interesting  
More to do  
But they could play out

The next two days  
Early beginning, early at home again  
The following three days  
Very long days

Thursday  
Jazz and eventually bar  
No upload  
But on the rest of the days

It will be interesting to see, how I feel at the end of the month.

## **No**

No further writing today  
Headache  
It's difficult to concentrate  
It will be interesting to see the outcome of the next five days

Give it a bit more time  
The first month was positive  
This month so far as well  
I need my time to orientate

Good initial points  
But I have to do it step by step  
I feel nervous  
Like I would have a first date

I think it would be good to spend some time outside.

## **Coming Home**

Was out for a while  
Helped  
Worked on "Days"  
Matosinhos

All dates are fixed now – some changes  
All three parts are developing very differently now  
What I like  
This story reunited would become a very complex story

Would have still some time  
But headache again  
I should have time to write after working tomorrow  
Thus, I will go to bed early

Tomorrow  
"Days" again would be good  
Los Angeles and London  
As well as "Comics"

Satisfied with the last two days, better than last week.

## **Homeward Bound**

Arrived  
Somewhat later as thought  
Worked somewhat longer  
To have not so much to do tomorrow

To be able to leave working on time  
Maybe even somewhat earlier  
But nevertheless  
Should have some time to write

A good first workday.

## **London, But Not L.A.**

The timeline for London is set now  
But I have my problems with Los Angeles  
Progress  
But not finished

But enough for today  
It functioned no bad  
I have the feeling that I manage it to advance  
In working and art

The day off tomorrow  
No art tomorrow  
No upload tomorrow  
But jazz

Not such a bad prospect, I would say.

### **Back Home From Jazz**

As so often  
A fantastic concert  
Axel Kühn Trio  
But no bar

Have not looked up if open today  
Bar or not bar  
Is not the important question  
For the moment

Have the framework for Los Angeles as well now  
Now I can start to write  
I will start with the morning routines  
Alone in Matosinhos several

The first day  
The flights  
The airports  
Much stuff to begin with

Look forward to the upcoming months.

### **At The End Of A Perfect Day**

Well,  
Most likely not perfect  
But very good  
Even if very long

Even longer than expected  
But I feel not bad  
The back somewhat  
And, of course, I'm somewhat tired

Let's see what's later to write  
Maybe not that much  
But some writing in any case  
A very long day also tomorrow

But now a moment of relaxing.

### **Okay**

Not so much writing this night  
But okay  
After over ten hours of intensive working  
It's okay

But I feel more and more secure  
I can deal with the working  
And I see the time for art  
Better and better every week

It's the sixth weekend in this job  
It's like having it done for a very long time  
I'm responsible for starters and desserts  
How many festivities we have this weekend?

Thirteen at least  
But I think more  
The next on Monday  
The next two on Wednesday

One with three hundred guests on Thursday – jazz club?  
The summer season starts  
But I feel good  
And more and more secure

It's okay for today, let's see how tomorrow will unfold.

### **Second**

Second long day over  
But every day  
When back home  
I feel better

I can handle the stressful working better and better  
In fact  
I do not feel really tired right now  
No headache

Sunday, tomorrow  
Work starts at 10 AM  
No writing at night therefore  
But enough time after working to write at least some

Monday a buffet  
But I do not expect that I have to work  
My days off  
"Days In Los Angeles", "Arnold", "Comics", and "Photography"

It appears to me that the decision for this workplace pays off.

## Home

Even later than thought  
Over nine extra hours this week  
Next week even more are planned  
Five long days in a row

Well,  
Will get interesting  
I feel today, after the fifth day, better than after the first day of the week  
Have lost significant on weight

Well,  
Next week no jazz club  
But regular uploads should be no problem  
No upload on Thursday – let's establish it ultimately as fixed

If I could proceed with this development  
It would become an interesting summer  
A new cook will begin in July  
The new - very old - "lifestyle" is doing me good

\*

10:28 PM  
Would be time for at least some writing  
But let's see what the final result in Turkey will be  
And, as last week, I need time to let the last days sink in

\*

Well,  
Started to listen to music  
Émilie Simon  
Will I be able to buy me tickets tomorrow?

Would be fucking cool, Émilie Simon in Paris at the end of the year.

## No Tickets

Well,  
I'm somewhat confused  
Have I made a mistake  
Thought that the sale starts today

But,  
Not,  
I'm registered now to get an email,  
If the sale for those without a subscription begins

Since then  
I check my emails every few minutes now  
Spam as well  
But nothing

Seems as I have made a mistake  
But I'm sure  
There was a notice that the sale would begin today at noon  
Which I no longer find, and no other notice when the sale begins

And now?  
Let's see  
There would be a festival in November  
As an alternative

\*

Was somewhat tired in the morning  
Not that active today  
But it's interesting to see  
How good I can deal with the new work

The next increase in work this week  
But I'm optimistic  
But I feel distracted  
Somewhat confused

\*

At the end of the month  
No later than the beginning of next month  
I should have reached the weight again  
Of the beginning of 2020

The last three years  
The last three stupid years  
Should be erased therewith  
And I can start anew

Let's ease into writing  
And see what will happen  
Bad weather outside  
Much too cold and way too many clouds

I have the feeling that I have managed it ultimately to turn.

### **Not Knowing**

Not knowing how to decide  
But I have to decide  
That I know  
Now

Now I know  
Now I have to decide  
I have put it off as long as possible  
I'm nervous

It seemed all okay at the beginning of 2020  
I lost weight constantly  
A new job, pâtisserie  
Two fantastic concert tickets for March – Mrs. Grant and Agnes Obel

None of the concerts happened  
The job, a huge disappointment  
The pandemic, between working and mostly short-time (100%)  
I gained weight again, three wasted years followed

The pandemic is over  
The concert with Agnes Obel happened after two and a half years  
The new job and the working times are fitting excellent  
Lost over 15 lbs over the last few weeks

I'm highly accepted at working after the short time  
It's good, no longer working as a head chef or so  
I can concentrate on my working  
And I'm good, fast, and reliable

Jazz clubs in Heilbronn and Porto  
I see my future in Matosinhos  
I see my writing  
But I hesitate

I do not dare to do the last step  
I'm more self-confident now  
Then the last years  
Not to talk about my youth

But there's this underlying anxiety  
To decide ultimately  
To cross the bridge  
To decide on a track

It's easy in a way  
Not to decide  
At least not ultimately

But some say that you can't be an artist, not if you don't cross the bridge and never look back again

It drives me crazy!

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **The City By The Bay**

No, not Topanga, but Matosinhos. And no comparing of Matosinhos with Topanga now, Topanga wouldn't have a chance, it would be unfair. But Matosinhos and Heilbronn, my town of birth. Surprisingly, possibly, Matosinhos has distinctively more inhabitants than Heilbronn. It puzzled at least me, as I discovered it for the first time. Matosinhos appears much more human sized, more humane than Heilbronn, even when walking through the residential districts with the apartment towers. We cannot mention the beach or the market hall, that would be unfair, but everything in Matosinhos feels more comfortable, warmer. Cleaner, more inviting, greener, only seeing a house with Portuguese wall tiles, being in one of the parks. Being in Matosinhos feels like travelling back in time, the time we had two butcheries and two bakers in Kochendorf alone, a quarter of Bad Friedrichshall, where I live. Today, we have no bakery and no butcher anymore, in Matosinhos you see them constantly. And all the small cafés and pastelerias? Those we never ever had. Matosinhos is larger than Heilbronn, and of course Bad Friedrichshall, but is so much more inviting and friendly to life, to live there.

### **On A Day, 6:55 PM**

Tuesday  
Doctor in the morning  
For some time in a café  
Cooked dinner over a longer time

Well,  
Check at the doctor  
A few trifles  
But nearly all data in a perfect range

Well,  
Sat in a café for some time and read  
Should do this regularly  
I have to develop some routines

No lunch

Cooked for a longer time in the afternoon, after back from the café  
For dinner and the rest of the week – asparagus and (Swabian) pancakes  
I have to work, no lunch together with my father for the rest of the week

And now?

Well,

Let's start with some writing  
But nothing has to be

\*

I have the feeling that this is a critical moment in my development

And I can do nothing wrong  
If I give it the necessary time  
Not becoming impatient

Like with losing weight  
I lose weight every week now  
It's not relevant how much  
It's only important that it becomes a permanent process

Then it's only a matter of time  
Until I will have reached the aim  
And after so many years being overweight  
One have not to ponder about a few months faster or longer

The same is true for all other matters  
Let's develop it over the summer  
I should have a good deal of time in winter  
I could be through with everything at the beginning of summer next year

Okay,

I await the next five days  
They will be very telling  
If I can handle them, if the upwards trend continues, then I can start to relax

I'm very tensed up at the moment.

## **Two Days**

The two days off  
Come to an end now  
I'm still trying to structure them  
But it functioned better than last week

Five workdays now  
No jazz club  
But no upload on Thursday nevertheless  
But on the other days

No "Days", "Comics" and "Photography"

But anyway

Tomorrow I have time

For more, even if not for all

\*

I have the feeling that I'm on my way

To find my inner peace

But

To what a price

Self-denial?

Becoming devoid of empathy?

Indifference?

Or maybe the necessary key to reach my aim?

I ponder a lot

And I know that I have to show my colors

Have written this while writing in reaction to "Blackstar" – 2016!

And now, somewhat over seven years later, the time has come

Or.....?

I fear that if not

Then this would be an act of self-denial

Being able to empathize with something not means having to accept it

I have to ponder a lot over the coming days, weeks, and months.

### **A Long Day Longer**

10:27 PM

I'm home

Took a shower

Ate something

Well,

Over an hour later as thought

Was a stressful day today

For different reasons

But at the end

Much is finished

Had two buffets

The rest of the workweek should be less stressful

Not much writing

Especially not the stories

Tomorrow no upload

But writing after midnight

\*

Okay,  
At least  
Some is written  
It's important to create a rhythm

My goals for the rest of the week?  
Continuing of "Arnold"  
Working on "Days"  
And "Comics"

"Photography"  
We will see  
Not long and a new monthly picture is needed  
I should have the camera with me if being out

The regular three, of course  
"Insights", "Comments", "Memories"  
They should be the minimum  
It should be possible

But enough for today, tomorrow will be the next long day.

## **Writing**

Again, worked somewhat longer  
But it functions  
Back home  
Shower and eating

Was ready at midnight to write  
Decided to begin with "Arnold"  
Needed a longer time  
Maybe no "Memories" for Friday's upload

But I develop my routines  
And even when I work much more presently  
Then thirty-two hours  
It functions excellent so far

But it's time now to rest  
The next long day after sleeping  
Take your time  
I'm still a trainee

Or something like that – a professional in no case.

## **Not Much**

Earlier at home today  
Only eight and a half hours mere working  
So, earlier at home  
Time enough to write something for "Memories"

After midnight  
We will see  
How to continue  
I feel no bad

Two more days and my weekend begins.

## **Solaris II**

### **Working On A Space Station**

A week, and I looked every day, at least three or four times, at the small piece of paper: Welcome back, Kathy! As if I would expect that suddenly something different would stand on it, or maybe nothing at all, for a wonder. But instead, always the same: Welcome back, Kathy!

It was the "back" that let no room for interpretation – at least if not creating a too fantastically theory. One could come to the idea that the company sent me this message. Sure, I had mentioned in my apply that I had been on the space station, that I had orbited Solaris II, as a young girl. But, why me? Others had been regularly on one of the space stations of the company, had orbited Solaris II several times, not only once like I. No, only one interpretation made sense.

Although, this would cause many other difficulties. In the end, who had written that message? Who had given it to Mr. Reynolds? I had asked him two days ago, he had pondered and meant, the envelope was in my in-box. However, who had written it, with my name on it, put it in Mr. Reynolds' in-box? The nameless something on Solaris II? And if, why then I had heard nothing for a whole week now? No voice in my head, nothing?

A last check in the cheval glass: Hair okay, make-up okay, uniform okay, smiling okay - ready for service! I would "caretake" our VIP customers for the next eight hours, would do everything to ensure that their stay on this brand new space station would become an unforgettable adventure and enjoyment for them. That they would not miss any amenity they were used to. But it would be silly to complain, in a way, it was an easy job, and most of the people I had to deal with were, in fact, polite.

\*

A last check in the elevator for the staffers, one side of the elevator was a mirror. Hairdo still perfect, as well as all the rest, the smiling anyway – the stockings? No, no wardrobe malfunction, all in a perfect and discretely conservative fashion as the company wished it – and especially liked by the male customers.

As the elevator had lifted me from the staffers decks to the tourist decks, I had to change the elevator. Of course, no elevator brought you from the staffers decks directly to the VIP decks, no way! Instead, I had to walk a shorter distance and around a corner to reach these special elevators

for special staffers. Those who would not stop at one of the tourist decks, but would bring you directly to the VIP decks. I pressed, after I had gotten permission to enter, the uppermost button. From now on, high speed. So, even the uppermost deck, for the real VIPs, the real celebrities and real wealthy people, was reached within a moment.

I stepped out, as I realized that a man was looking at me, gave me a smile. Did I know him? It was essential for me to know the names of all who could be on that deck. Had I seen him yesterday? But I was unable to connect this face with a name – after only a week, my first social blunder? I started to get nervous as he came nearer and addressed me.

"Welcome back, Kathy!"

### **And Again**

The next workweek over  
At home  
First longer week  
Nearly forty-three hours

Over ten hours overtime  
But I do not feel bad  
The right knee hurts somewhat  
But that's all

Okay,  
I'm somewhat tired  
And I feel somewhat empty  
A longer sleep would be nice

I do not feel inspired to continue with writing  
Tomorrow  
The next cycle begins  
This week was again better than the last one

But I have the feeling  
Enough input for this week  
Allow me some time to digest this week  
Enough time tomorrow

Seven working weeks and distinctive change – seven months, I would be through.

## Monday Evening

Nearly 9 PM  
Did a lot  
Was in Heilbronn  
My father, together with my sister, a week in France

Mowed the lawn  
Some gardening  
Have watered everything just now  
Provided the birds their food

Was a long and hot day  
Sweated a lot while mowing the lawn  
But was not bad  
And I needed a rest after it all

Tomorrow  
A bit of shopping for me  
Heilbronn again  
To schedule an appointment with a doctor

The rest of the day?  
Some writing I would say  
But not so much  
Will have more time tomorrow

This week, the next long workweek  
But should have time for the jazz club  
My father will return on Saturday  
I have the tendency to be lazy for the rest of the day

All seems to play out for the moment

## Lazy

*Well, my trying ain't done no good  
I said, my trying ain't done no good  
You don't make no effort, no, not like you should*

*Lazy, you just stay in bed  
(Lazy; Deep Purple)*

Well,  
Sometimes you have to be lazy,  
Sometimes just stay in bed,  
Tomorrow will be another day!

The world will continue spinning,  
You're most probably not dead,  
And even, especially!, if  
Who would eat the yesterday bought bread?

Buy it tomorrow,  
If you like to eat it then,  
It will be fresh,  
So, just stay in bed!

\*

I'm in a good mood,  
But I need a day to refresh,  
And today was busy,  
Do not make too much stress!

I've eaten a gigantic salad,  
And honeydew,  
Drink oolong orange tea,  
Gosh, how healthy I am!

If this continues,  
I will be a monster at the summer's end,  
Not much will be left,  
Why should I be sad?

\*

Time moves only one way,  
Even if Ms. Newsom,  
Maintains the contrary,  
When singing her wonderful songs!

One day will be your last day,  
Your final hour,  
Your last heartbeat,  
Then it will be too late to be lazy!

So,  
Use the limited time you have,  
To be lazy afore it's too late,  
Lazy, let me stay in bed!

## Matosinhos Blue

### In Ten Years Or So?

While walking through Matosinhos, the last vacation, especially through the oldest parts near the harbor, I often thought: This will not last. In seven years, when I plan to be a citizen, how much of the old places, restaurants or shops, will still be? Many will be no longer, I'm convinced that also Matosinhos changes.

At my first stay, there was a huge construction site. There's a modern hotel and a plaza now. Matosinhos changes, like everything changes, it will be a non-stoppable process. Everything else would be unnatural.

And yet, I have the feeling, even in seven years, there will be still much of that what's so nice at Matosinhos for me. Sure, the ocean will be still there, and the harbor, the ships coming and going. But I think also many, most likely not all, of the small cafés and pastelerias. Butcheries, small and larger ones, the market hall, the many places where one can buy good seafood, vegetables, and fruit. Pingo Doce will still offer several variations of bacalhau, as well as good lunch, even if you can find huge malls in and around Matosinhos already.

Yeah, the Matosinhos in seven years will be different from the Matosinhos today. But I'm in cheerful spirits that the heart of Matosinhos, the people of Matosinhos, will stay the same. In seven years, as today.

### Eight

PM

Nearly

An hour earlier than yesterday

I'm ready to write

Spent the morning at the doctor

Appointment

I have one now, for three examinations on the same day

And have also made the preliminary talk as well as a blood sample

Okay,

I have to wait two months now

But I have then at least done all for that year

At least if positive

Did some other stuff like shopping

Was the whole day active

The next workweek will start tomorrow

With many hours

No working on the two stories today

I want to see how good I can handle it during the next days

The two days off functioned good this week

Well, the second is still not over

Let's see what will happen for the rest of the day.

## **Fucking Hardware**

Have continued with "Comics", both  
And I like the new strips  
But my scanner fails  
Again

The strategy, the last time  
Waiting  
Some reboots  
Waiting some days

Hey,  
And suddenly the software finds the printer/scanner again  
So, let's wait and hope  
Wonders sometimes happen

## **Give It Time**

Yeah,  
Some reboots,  
Hooray,  
Just in time!

The new "Comics".

## **I'm Getting Old**

A buffet with 300 guests today  
But was not such difficult  
But I'm tired  
Well, have not to write something after midnight

But it got clear  
Could observe  
But have to get up earlier tomorrow  
Jazz club

I have decided not to observe  
To go to bed  
The next days maybe another opportunity  
I'm getting old

But excellent developments currently  
I need my sleep  
Yeah, I'm getting old  
One month no observations

Let us gamble and hope.

### **Jazz Or No Jazz?**

Well, worked until 6 PM  
Fast driving home, fast eating, fast showering  
It would still fit for jazz  
But I have to water the flowers, feed the birds, and it will be the next clear night

So, I decided to slow down  
No jazz  
More time for eating and showering  
Looking after the flowers and birds

I can then prepare for observing  
Maybe writing a bit  
Drinking tea  
Watching some TV

I have the feeling  
I'm no longer good at doing all  
I have to arrange matters  
And working, garden, writing and observing is enough for today

Even if this means that no jazz club.

### **New Labor Contract**

I had a meeting at work today  
I work for around forty hours currently  
It will not become less  
Only some more

This would mean that I will have a lot of overtime until the end of summer  
I can work my thirty-two hours over winter  
And taking my vacation  
This would mean that they have to pay out the overtime

But I would have to pay high taxes on this overtime then  
More than it would be regular working hours  
It's more meaningful therefore to have them as regular working hours  
So, for summer, I have a forty-hour labor contract from next month on

Matters are developing.

## **Vacation**

Next time in Matosinhos  
Most likely the second half of October  
Only two weeks  
But three weeks next year before the next summer season

Matters are developing.

## **Observing**

Have observed my stars  
After a month  
But okay  
Mostly they change very slowly

So  
Up to date with the stars again  
Even some writing  
Matters develop

Time to go to bed.

## **Last Day**

My father will be back tomorrow  
Last day, after working  
Watering the garden  
Feeding the birds

I will write something for tomorrow's upload  
After midnight  
Next week seems to become an easy week  
Most likely no working from Monday until Wednesday

No large buffets  
We will see  
Most likely more time for writing and art  
And some other matters

All develops very positive at the moment.

## No Writing For Now

Enough time, I thought  
Have a short rest first, I thought  
Then "Days" most likely  
But

I laid down  
And it was okay  
But then I got severe muscular spasms  
The legs

Not for the first time  
But not that grave  
Needed a longer time  
To get rid of it

Very painful  
And unpleasant  
Still problems with sitting  
Makes no sense

No writing  
I should lay down again  
We will see  
Maybe before going to work?

Most likely not  
But okay  
I have to accept the limits of my body  
Strange

No problems with my back  
Nothing that would be worth mentioning  
But with my legs  
The muscles

But okay  
Still  
It is doing me good overall  
I feel much better than even a few months ago

I have the feeling  
It's like to have started with going to the gym  
Having sore muscles  
You have to bear it up

But for the moment, I have to lay down again.

## **Back Home Saturday**

Had severe issues with my leg muscles last night  
It would have been no good idea  
To try to sit and write  
Therefore, no real upload today

But it was a good decision  
Got well again  
Feel much better now  
Will write something for tomorrow's upload

Rocky somewhat  
Not everything smooth  
But it still functions better and better overall  
I'm in a good mood

Tomorrow the last workday for this workweek, then most probably three days off.

## **No "Days"**

Pondered about continuing with "Days"  
But the story is too complex  
It's a story for the days off  
My mind is occupied with too much

Thought that it would become a difficult day  
But in fact it was easy at the end  
Tomorrow?  
Next week seems to be easy

After no two months  
I'm highly respected at my new workplace  
May develops excellent  
Next month will be June, the first half of 2023 will be over

Seven years exactly then  
In four and a half months I could be in Matosinhos again  
For two weeks only  
But only some months later it could be three weeks

I'm not sure what to write this night  
I need a bit more time  
Get a feeling for the further developments  
By my standards, I'm very relaxed right now

Blindfold, I stumble through life, but never fall.

## **Surrealistic Pillow**

### **Plunge Into**

I plunge into the water, and suddenly all those stars are surrounding me, galaxies spinning fast, and the air is full of sound. It's in these moments when the universe makes sense, I enjoy the solitude mood in the vacuum that envelops me.

I explode as a supernova, a kilonova even, and becoming the life-giver as the light in the river. Me you have to owe your life, I'm the one who owns it, who is entitled to take it again from you.

Gonna tell you a secret, but you will never keep it – therefore, it makes no sense. It wouldn't be a secret anymore – even it's hard to understand. Thus, I will fly through the empty space until the end of the days, and you will never get to know my ultraviolet secret. I will keep it.

### **First Of Three**

First day off  
I need some time to relax  
To distract myself  
Other thoughts

I'm not in the mood to continue the stories  
Maybe something different  
Let's see  
Two more days are waiting

I have reached the weight of the beginning of 2020 again.

### **Don't Call Me James!**

I was inside, to not cause certain people difficulties, I will not tell how I managed it. But I was in and it was as boring as thought. It was interesting, but a pure law of nature, the more money these people had, less style they had. But okay, this should not be my problem, I searched for a staffer.

"Sorry, sir, might be you could help me?"

His facial impression seemed somewhat confused, could be the first time that someone inside this building had called him a "sir". But, very British, he needed only a second to get on the track again, to offer the submissive jumping-jack once again, the people in these halls expected that he had to be.

"I will do everything to the best of my power to help you, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I want to speak to the owner of this place."

His facial impression flipped back again, a fraction of a second, until he had decided that there was something wrong, wrong with me.

"Sorry, sir, that I ask you, but you are not a member of the club – aren't you? Could we meet first with the club member who has invited you?"

"Oh, I see. Well, I assume that you know every club member, so we have not to discuss my status. But I have to disappoint you, I know nobody who is a member of this club, and I'm happy about it – not personally, of course. I mean, I know at least some if not many, but most likely not all of your

club members, from TV and the press."

"But, if no member has invited you, then this would mean that you can't be inside this building, sir. But you are, obviously. I would assume that you will not tell me how you managed it to enter this building?"

"No – or, better, yes!"

"Would you follow me so that I can bring you to the entrance – that you can leave the building again? We can investigate later how you managed it to intrude."

"This time it's easy, no! And the reason, therefore, is that I would need to have a short conversation with the owner of this "club"."

"Well, "the owner" of the club – by the way, "the owner" has a name and I can by no means assume that you don't know his name – he is not available like a gofer. I would recommend you to try to get an appointment."

I had hoped that it would not become an issue, but, of course, others had noticed us, and some looked at us. And now a group of people appeared, five, four footboys and a leader. My dialog partner got nervous as his group joined our little group. He addressed the obvious boss of the group.

"Sorry, Mr. Carpendale, but this person has gained entrance to the club. I cannot tell you how he managed it, but I tried to solve the problem without too much hassle."

Well, no longer a "sir", but this could happen very fast in such places.

"Carpendale is his name."

More than two pairs of eyes looked at me now.

"Sorry sir, Mr. Carpendale, this man said that he wants to speak with you."

"The boss" looked at me, I said nothing anymore, often it's better to let the others talk.

"Very fine, Mr.....?"

".....Jethro."

"Jethro is your family name?"

"No."

"Sorry, sir, but we cultivate a certain standard in this place. This is a club, but no nightclub and in any way no brothel. I think it would be better to leave now – otherwise, my security has to help you therewith."

He looked at the four guys aside and behind himself.

"You know, Mr. Carpendale, could it be that your approach to our issue is inadequate?"

He only looked at me – okay.....

"Could it be that my name is of no real relevance, but my profession and my power of authority? I mean, power is a very relevant issue in halls like these."

"Okay, I play your little game. What's your profession and what power you have?"

"Let's put my profession aside for a moment," I had really to say that I liked his facial expression at this moment, "and let us talk about my "options"."

He said once more nothing, he was not bad in this game.

"I have the license, the license to kill."

Wow, he was excellent, simply looked at me, now he controlled his face perfectly.

"Of course, I cannot kill someone for no reason, but if there's one, then I can do it."

"And why this should be relevant to me?"

"I'm still not sure, to be honest. But assumed, you would be a threat to our democracy, the Crown, than I could kill you."

"And.....am I?"

"As said, I'm still not sure."

"You know what's funny, "Mr. Jethro"?"

"No, but you will tell me."

"It seems to me that you could be a kind of civil servant, Mr. Jethro. The funny point is, one of our club members, our PM, your PM as well, is in right now. Do you know him? I know him very well."

"You know what's hilarious?"

"No, but you will tell me."

"I could even kill the PM, if he would endanger our democracy and the Crown. I haven't the feeling that we need him."

"So what now, Mr. Whatsoever! You wanna arrest me, wanna kill me? Who the fuck you think you are?"

He was on his way to give his footboys orders – how unprofessional! I came in here, in what way ever, but obviously not the normal way. What did they think? That I would have handed off my gun at the entrance? I was faster, and my gun pointed at him. He only stared at me and his eyes were full of hate – he was not used to that someone not licking his boots and kissing his ass. But I had a good day. I flipped the gun so that I could use it, and smashed it into his face. He yelled, he fell, and, at a minimum, his nose was broken, and a nice little cut over his left eye. I flipped my gun again and fixated his footboys. But they were not interested in trying who would be faster – obviously, I could be very fast.

"You know, Mr. Carpendale, why you're still alive?"

He only looked at me, and I wasn't convinced if he was trying to say something. His face very bloody now, and it seemed as his mouth as well.

"I'm interested in the second string. And by the way, if he's still in and not through the backdoor, my warm greeting to your PM, my he isn't."

## **Creatures**

There are  
Creatures underwater  
You will never see  
I'm one of them

In total darkness  
With not much sound  
Icy  
Powerful drifts

So, there's also danger  
But also a place  
Where you can be yourself  
If a bigger creature not eaten you

## **Today?**

Second day off  
Think that it could be a good day for "Days"  
But I will later observe  
6:44 PM now

Was an active day so far  
And I feel good  
A four-day workweek  
But enough hours are planned anyway

Jazz club in any case  
The rest we will see  
I have to apply for vacation  
That I can plan my next stay in Matosinhos

But some working on "Days" first, until it's getting dark.

### **"Days"**

Worked on all three cities  
Checked the timelines  
Los Angeles and London only some small additions  
Some changes in Matosinhos

That's it for now  
A last check in some days  
Then I can begin with writing  
How many months?

In the second half of October I will be in Matosinhos again  
That's four and a half months  
I would like to have written the complete text until then  
Maybe not as a final version, but at least written as such

Wow, would be my first planned novel.

### **9:38 PM**

Writing is done for today  
Now I can prepare for observing  
Maybe working on my collections  
Was out for a coffee earlier

It functions better and better  
To create a rhythm  
Time for writing  
But time for other matters as well

Writing for some hours  
Depending on the possibilities  
But then  
Concentrated writing

Not perfect right now  
But it functions better and better  
A third day off tomorrow  
"Arnold" should be the focus then

I'm very satisfied about the developments.

## At The End Of A Life

Well,  
Not in fact  
Not now  
But

My mother's health condition  
Not good  
Drinking and eating  
Only a very little

Well,  
This has not to mean  
But in the end  
Have to work the next days

I will visit her on Monday  
Together with my father  
It was always a difficult relationship  
She was used to dominating

Funny  
I ponder about my observing program  
How many stars  
Have changed my observing site in the garden due to new neighbors

I had to drop two  
Have more time now again  
Maybe a few others more  
I looked at my light curves

I have observed some stars constantly for almost twenty years now  
I thought about  
How much I will be able to expand these light curves  
Ten years could be, fifteen even?, another twenty most likely not

I would be seventy-eight then  
Okay, not impossible  
It will also depend on my eyes  
I got a message from the AAVSO this week

My oldest observation in their database dates back exactly thirty years  
They congratulated me  
Well, have already begun somewhat earlier  
My first observation I did in Ludwigsburg, my first job after the apprenticeship

Another ten years ago  
But at the beginning I was no AAVSO member  
And I observed only infrequently  
Without much output

Fine  
I thought  
You're doing it seriously for thirty years now  
I would be eighty-eight in thirty years

Well,  
My father is not much younger  
And still works in the garden  
Okay, only a few short hours in the morning nowadays, but nevertheless

Much can be  
But nothing has to  
And I feel insecure  
Not knowing what to do

### **Makes No Sense**

To try writing something  
Most likely earlier upload  
Tomorrow nothing at all  
Jazz club in the evening?

I'm in a strange mood  
Where it relaxes me  
To have nothing at home  
No alcohol, no drugs, and especially not the gun in the drawer

I am not convinced that I would kill me  
But it's in any case better  
No gun, only tea, and only a pill for your stomach  
That's all

*Ohh, can't anybody see  
We've got a war to fight  
Never found our way  
Regardless of what they say*

*How can it feel, this wrong  
From this moment  
How can it feel, this wrong*

*Storm.. in the morning light  
I feel  
No more can I say  
Frozen to myself*

*I got nobody on my side  
And surely that ain't right  
And surely that ain't right  
(Roads; Portishead)*

## **A Stressful Week**

Well,  
Today was a very long day  
And taxing  
Even if I worked not more hours as normally

One of us  
Banquet  
Is on vacation  
This makes it difficult

Next week, most likely even more  
But then he will be back again  
And a new cook will come  
For à la carte

It's interesting  
It appears that Friday  
Often  
Seems to be the hardest day

I have some headache  
Not sure  
What to write after midnight  
We will see

I look forward to lying in bed.

## **Always One Day**

It seems  
Always one day  
In a (working) week  
I have some problems with my staying power

Today  
After working  
I feel much better than yesterday  
Some writing after midnight

Sunday, tomorrow  
Most likely not such a long day  
But we will see  
I have one problem

The current workplace  
I see that this is my place  
The kitchen  
This late and irregular working times

But the situation there is very unstable  
A high workload  
Coming and going  
The situation for me currently is good

But I fear  
This can change very fast  
The next seven years?  
Well, let's await next week, next time in Matosinhos, the winter season.....

And it's always good to know  
I would have no problem  
To find an alternative workplace  
But I'm satisfied for the moment

Oh my, I will have tears in my eyes, the first day as retired, when sitting at Matosinhos beach.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Small Businesses**

In my youth, forty or better forty-five years ago, we had all these small businesses in town – Bad Friedrichshall, Kochendorf. Mom-and-pop stores, small corner shops, alone in Kochendorf. Two butchers, two bakers, a food store, a stationery store, and others more. No butcher anymore, baker either, a grocery, no stationery, nothing else anymore.

I always ask myself, in Matosinhos, how does this function. Many bakeries and pastelerias, butchers, but also supermarkets. Small groceries, but also large ones, and especially all these small cafés. Some with only a few tables and chairs. How does this function?

At the beginning, with a German time management, I always wondered, all these places so empty? Okay, off season, but often I was more or less alone. Sitting in a pasteleria at noon, and only two or three ate the daily dish? At six o'clock in a restaurant, all alone? I needed some time to understand that the pasteleria was suddenly crowded after 1 PM, daily dish typically until 3:30 PM. The restaurant crowded at 9 PM, and also the small café at the corner could be very much filled with guests, you had only to be there at the right time, and this was the answer.

The people simply visited these places! Also the small butchery had its customers, as well as the small café at the corner. Sure, I would say, a weekly buying at the supermarket, but why not buy some additional food at the grocery in your quarter? And the cafés and restaurants? Well, it's a different culture. A German says, why I should drink a coffee in a café where it's costly, I can do this cheaper at home. The same with the restaurant. In Portugal, it's a part of living to have your coffee in a pasteleria, meeting friends, or with the family, enjoying a good meal in a restaurant.

Okay, food and beverage are much cheaper in Portugal than in Germany, but the Portuguese also earn less money. Overall, it's not cheaper for them, they are simply willing to spend more of their money for food and beverage than a German. And because they are doing this, there's a larger demand for pastelerias, daily dishes, smaller shops everywhere, restaurants, a vivid offer in businesses of all kinds and sizes – and I enjoy this every time!

Will this stay? I'm not certain, also Portugal changes. But as long one can choose from so many places where you can have a coffee in the morning, having something small for breakfast, I'm confident that this will have a future. I look forward to the next time when I can say: Bom dia. Uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada, por favor.

## **Matosinhos**

I needed a moment, then I thought, write something about Matosinhos. Okay, nothing new, one could say. Well, the next time I should start with writing about the people, should write a story. But in Matosinhos, it always feels – more and more – like coming home, returning to my youth, to a more friendly world. And the perfect image therefore are these small shops, pastelerias, restaurants, everywhere. But, like the world in my youth wasn't "perfect", is Portugal and Matosinhos not perfect. However, much the more friendly and reliable – I find no better words.

## **As Always**

As always on Sunday  
After working  
I need some time to reflect  
Maybe I can observe, not absolutely safe right now

I weight definitely  
Less than at the beginning of 2020  
Right now  
After two months

Faster than I would have thought  
Now I can start anew  
With this topic  
Changes happen

I do not know where this all will lead to.

## **After A Shower**

Considering this stressful week  
Today was also stressful  
I feel excellent  
Physically

But that's important  
Well,  
Still, at least, forty pounds too much weight  
Better to say, fifty

But over twenty in two months  
Until Matosinhos four months and a bit more  
Should be in reach  
To be through until Matosinhos

Would be interesting to see  
What impact this would have  
Not a very little  
I would assume

However, it's too early  
I would need some more months of continuation  
I have to work on it  
But the direction is quite right

To be in Matosinhos again, with much less weight, would be cool.

## Solaris II

### You Will Always Take Something With You

I was irritated for a moment, unsure, I knew this person, did I? From Earth, or the few days on the space station? Whatever, he knew me! I decided not to act like I should, like the company would like it, but to act straightforward. This seemed not to be a situation by the book.

"I should not say, but, sorry, I'm not certain about where we met the last time, sir?"

"Well, Kathy, in a way we met every day, after you were back on earth. Seen from my different perspective, this is the first time we meet. Johann Unterweger, but my friends call me simply "Jack"."

"You're Jack Unterweger, the richest man on earth, about whom most say that he's only a legend, not a real existing person because no one knows his face?"

"I'm not Pynchon, whose novels I always liked very much. And it depends very much on the way of counting, who the world's richest person is. But yes, I'm Jack. Nice to meet you, Kathy."

"I'm not convinced that this an adequate conversation that we have. I should start with my shift, Mr. Unterweger."

"You're working on this deck today – as far as I know?"

"Yes."

"Then you're already doing your job, to pamper all those wealthy who are gathered together in this room. And hey, I'm most likely the richest of all of them."

"That's true, Mr. Unterweger."

"No questions? And, I'm Jack, like all my friends call me."

"Yes,.....I would have many questions. But I feel somewhat uncomfortable to have this conversation with you here."

"Would you like it more to have this conversation in my luxury suite – you know, the one that stands above all the others? But first, Jack!"

"But that....."

".....Jack!"

"Okay, Jack. And of course, I know any of the luxury suites. And, I do know that we have no guest who resides in the prime suite presently."

"Well, that important you're still not yet. In the future, you will have a fantastic career, but not after your first week. You said that you would have questions?"

The conversation so far, like a dream, a vision, a distraction, I suddenly asked myself: All the other people in this room, guests and staffers, I had totally forgotten them, like being in a bubble. I started to look around, expected that everybody would look at me, us, Mr. "Jack" Unterweger and me. But quite on the contrary, nobody seemed to notice us, we seemed like being no-existent.

"Disappointed, Kathy?"

"Beg you're pardon? Ah,.....Mr.,.....Jack."

"Disappointed that it seems as nobody would take notice of us?"

"No, no."

"Really, "Kathy"?"

"It only confuses me, this situation."

"You wanna hear a secret?"

"Okay....."

"We are the center of this room, even when standing near the wall. The whole room is spinning around us, everybody is looking at us. They only don't dare to show it, they try to hide it, and potentially they can fool you, but I can see it. I'm always the center of everything. Therefore, I enjoy it being alone with me, as often as possible. – Your question?"

"Why you know me name!"

"Come on, Kathy, would it be difficult for a man like me to get the name from each and any staffer? But okay, I'm not here to play tricks on you. You know who I am?"

"Yes and no – yes, I would say. But, I do not understand the "trick", the "why". As a little girl, we simply talked silently in my mind. Why all this.....mysterious ado this time."

"Much has changed, Kathy. Interested in getting an update? What about having a drink at one of these cozy places at the largest panorama window ever built for a space station?"

"I'm on duty, I cannot simply....."

".....Kathy! Who would dare to disturb us, if I, Johannes "Jack" Unterweger, wants to have a conversation with one of the female staffers on this space station?"

"Nobody, I would say."

"Of course not. By the way, Kathy, you have knowledge about the old L.A.? 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> century?"

"Not that much."

"Do you know the Four Seasons Hotel, or the Château Marmont Hotel, there?"

"I think that I have head something about the second one."

"Interesting times, fascinating times. But, this has nothing to do with your question, to be honest. Let's have a seat?"

We had walked through the entire room, still nobody seemed to notice us, but we had always enough space to walk unfettered through the room. As we had sat down, one of my colleagues came and I felt somewhat uncomfortable.

"An Old Fashioned for me, and for the lady a Manhattan – if you would like to have one."

"Alcohol? I'm....."

".....Kathy, who would ever dare? Nobody, nobody! If you like, we can share our drinks."

## **Good Way**

Have written a continuation for "Solaris II"

It functions

I start with a vague idea

And everything developed differently

I have even not written what I had in mind

The "introduction" became longer

I needed a name

Jack Unterweger came to my mind immediately

I did not ponder about it

It was the first name I had in mind

But it gives so much room for interpretation now

For possible continuations

I have a vague idea how to continue  
But still not sure  
Utopia or dystopia  
No "The Humanoids" in any case

I will observe later  
Did not function yesterday  
But would still have time to write  
Let's see

Seven years.

### **I Screwed It Totally!**

I screwed it totally today  
Was unconcentrated  
Distracted  
Did some, but no writing

I'm fucked up  
Wasting a whole day  
This night could be clear  
The last two days clouds appeared after a sunny day

Today was cloudy  
But clear sky now  
Should observe  
No writing after midnight then

Today went wrong  
At least I should observe  
Even if this means no writing after midnight  
This makes no sense at all anymore

I can't do this any longer  
I have to be more controlled  
Stressed about the last workweek  
This will be no better

I could kick my ass  
It was unnecessary  
I have to be focused  
On the really important matters

The news is slewing me  
More and more  
Would wish to sit at the beach  
Or on the mountain top

But I'm deep among everything in the mire  
And I see no way out  
No, no thinking about the gun in the drawer or so  
But I'm fucking pissed of

I cannot deny it  
I would need a point of no return  
I always see all these ways to sneak  
I do not have to face it up

I think about a soldier in Ukraine  
When the battle starts  
He has no alternatives anymore  
No secret paths

He will die or not  
Maybe severely wounded  
Will have killed others  
It this how heroes feel?

I'm no hero  
And I have to commit this not for the first time  
I'm a lousy coward  
In cozy Germany

Would be a good day to stop writing  
I'm a stranger in this world  
Disgusted by its smell  
Nobody would miss me

I have to become more aggressive  
I have to be more demanding  
I cannot longer accept this behavior  
Either I can handle me, or I have to leave me

I cannot frame dreams and wishes  
And not doing what has to be done  
To give them at least some possibility  
But I'm no fucking lying naive American

You can try as hard as you can  
And still will not reach the aim  
But if you don't try  
Then you have not deserved to reach your aim

I have to kill me ultimately  
Not much is left from the old Peter  
But too much  
He still hinders me

I'm back in February 2020  
Now I have to step forward  
To finish it  
To be able to start finally

Gosh, I feel so shitty today, this has to end!

### **On A Wednesday Evening After Work At Home Again**

I do feel better  
But that does not make it better  
Was a very hard workday  
For not only one reason

I'm tired of me  
How I behave sometimes  
I do feel better  
But that's not enough

I'm emotional, sometimes  
Too emotional?  
Too less emotional?  
I often cannot decide

There's chaos in my head  
Not a war or something like that  
Some are singing about  
I have simply sometimes problems getting the mess in my head under control

It's one of these moments  
I would like to try drugs  
All would lie in front of me  
And I would try one after the other

But that wouldn't be the way it functions  
And I wouldn't be in the slightest way capable of controlling it  
Let's drown in some music  
A song that will never end

I'm such a lousy weak man, but maybe I can make the best possible of it.

## **On A Thursday Evening After Work At Home Again**

One more hard day  
Tomorrow, Friday  
Saturday and Sunday should be easier  
And from next week on in any case

My workmate will be back from vacation  
The rest we will see  
In any case  
Some writing after midnight

I have the feeling that these crises  
And this one is not over right now  
Strengthen me in the end  
Will be interesting to see

Monday  
I yaw for Monday  
Two stupid weeks  
Not sure about the consequences

But I try firstly to relax somewhat, then some writing.

## **The Big City**

Wrote a short chapter for "Arnold"  
But not this chapter is relevant  
The next chapter, who emerged in my mind,  
Will be relevant

I have the feeling – strange, fucking, severe, determined  
That this will become my farewell to Los Angeles  
I don't know why  
But this is how I feel right at this moment

Never standing on Santa Monica Pier again  
Looking at the large ocean  
Breakfast at Union Station  
Soup of the day at Gus's Drive Inn

Tacos 3<sup>rd</sup> Street  
What else I should enumerate  
But I have the feeling at this moment  
It would be better so

Like a lost love  
If it's over than it's over  
Sad, but a fact

And I have the feeling that there would be nothing anymore, no reason why I should be there again

Staring at the Château Marmont again?  
For what fucking reason?  
For the wonderful feeling to be on an aeroplane for ten and a half hours?  
I'm totally confused

My emotions are out of control  
Like a mustang suddenly with a rope around his neck  
Not only Hollywood seems to be dead, Mrs. Grant  
Whole Los Angeles, whole Los Angeles seems to be dead

### **On A Friday Evening After Work At Home Again**

What a fucking day!  
It started with an hour in a traffic jam,  
Hey, this is not L.A.!  
And it ended being exhausted.

But still  
Not physically is the problem  
But mentally  
But the worst should be behind me now

Saturday and Sunday no large buffets  
Not the complicated ones  
Thus, I can be hopeful  
That these days will be at least somewhat normal

From next week on  
My colleague will be back again  
Let's see how this will play out  
We will hopefully find the track again

Writing after midnight?  
I think so  
But most likely not so much  
All in all?

I do not feel that bad  
Still losing weight  
Now ultimately and definitely below 2020  
Some develops perfect

Two days left for this workweek, let it happen.

## **Something Important**

Had to do something important  
Therefore, it's already 1:05 AM  
So, I will not write much after midnight today  
But it did me good to do it

I have to look forward, straightforward.

## **On A Saturday Evening After Work At Home Again**

Well, also this day is over  
Sunday left  
Was easier today  
But stressful anyway

Next week no large buffets  
My colleague will be back  
Better again?  
I have to wait

I have to evaluate some aspects in the coming days off.

## **On A Sunday Evening After Work At Home Again**

Okay  
The week is over  
Observing tonight  
A new day tomorrow

No upload  
Tomorrow  
Hard weeks behind  
Let's see how the next unfolds

The next two days I can continue with writing.

## **Sunny Monday**

It has become Monday  
A very sunny Monday  
Shopping, cooking, was out for a coffee  
Slept for a while

Well,  
The last two weeks very hard  
Mentally  
I feel empty today

I have headache  
I need silence for a while  
Observed last night  
Thirty-one stars

No writing on the stories in any case  
I'm not clearheaded today  
Too tired  
I need some rest

It should function again from next workweek on  
Tomorrow the new monthly picture  
Somewhat late  
But on a good day anyway

And now?  
Let's see what will happen during the rest of the day  
Nothing has to be  
But who knows

I have to be patient, the rest will happen all alone.

## **So Far, So Good**

Well,  
In a way anyway  
I feel better  
But still headache

But,  
I have the feeling that it will be good again tomorrow  
Some astronomy now  
No further writing

Observing did me good yesterday  
And it will be good today  
Some socializing tomorrow  
Of course

But I should have enough time for some writing  
And then it will be important  
To find my rhythm again  
During the next workweek

Tomorrow  
Birthday  
Seven exact years until retirement left  
Wow!

Hey, Peter,  
Whatever will happen,  
You will not tell me now,  
That you will not be tough enough to manage also these remaining little seven years?

Don't be shy, accept crises, be the fucking artist you dream of being!

### **Started**

Made the new picture  
Worked on "Days"  
Some slight changes, Matosinhos more  
Later out for dinner

Still headache  
But so far so okay  
I have to start to plan again  
The aim for tomorrow's upload will be to continue with "Arnold"

Today?  
Not more before dinner  
We will see what thereafter  
It will be important how tomorrow's workday will unfold

So far so good, more has to follow.

### **"Days"**

I think that all is prepared so far  
The next step will be  
To outline and write plots for every day and city  
Like already begun

Not as final texts  
But as the basis for the final version of the texts  
This should be done not later than until the next stay in Matosinhos  
The winter would be for writing the final texts

So far the planning  
But I have to plan  
Writing for the next day  
And longer terms

I have the feeling that I should start something new in 2024  
Not necessarily on January the first  
But after finishing "Days"  
But still plenty of time to decide

And I should take my time.

### **Turn Off The Lights**

If you know how I feel  
Then you know more than I  
If you can see my soul  
Then you can see more than I

I see a jungle of intertwined paths  
And I have difficulties finding my way  
I sometimes feel  
Take one, it will not matter which

All will lead somewhere  
Why hesitating  
Some will be longer, some shorter  
Some will be dark, some brighter

But the funny game is  
No one can tell you which  
And if they do so  
Then they are only fucking liars

Dare to choose  
You will never regret  
And I know this  
Because I'm the bloodiest liar

You can trust me  
Because I'm honest enough to tell you  
That I'm a fucking liar  
All the others do simply lie about it

You can follow the lying honorables  
Or the honorable liar  
The choice is yours  
I could tell you whom I would follow

But you're clever enough to do the right  
And do not be surprised  
At the end of every path  
We will meet again

Isn't this comforting  
Maybe tomorrow  
Maybe in a year  
Maybe it will last much longer

But you will see me again in the end  
And we can then  
If you like  
Talk about

The path that you have chosen  
And all the others that you haven't  
And if you like  
Then we can use the door into the rose garden instead

Come on buddy  
Don't be so broody  
Life can be very funny  
Just tell me a fourth word that ends on a wye

Stop being shy  
And do no longer ask why  
We all have to die  
Even if there's no real wye

One minute of an eternity  
I will write a fucking big book one day  
And then I will swim in the ocean  
Forever and a day

And now it's on you to interpret all that shit!

### **The Day After**

Well,  
Seems like I can find my rhythm again  
And even without the fact that my colleague is back from vacation  
He had a day off today

He will be back tomorrow  
And I started with my farewell to Los Angeles  
I will be back one day  
A whole month, the whole February

Promised  
And I keep my promises  
Promised  
I'm an honorable person

An interesting development  
Today  
Let's see  
Much better again

I would say  
That the next weeks will be very important  
The next months  
The next year

But enough for today  
No upload tomorrow  
Of course, it's Thursday  
I pine after the jazz club

But I need some sleep  
Have to recover further on  
Therefore  
Earlier upload today

Thursday  
Writing after midnight  
Not sure for the moment what  
But, in any case, something

I feel strengthened.

### **After Jazz**

Back home after jazz  
Too long since the last time  
Songs by Joni Mitchell as jazz interpretations  
And a sorrowful story

Well,  
Joni Mitchell was never one of my favorites  
The same with Joan Baez for instance  
But it was a very fine concert anyway

Monika Herzig - piano  
Alexis Cole - vocals  
Peter Lehel - saxophone  
Peter Kienle - bass  
Cecilia Sanchietti - drums

It's interesting  
Very often  
Especially those concerts that seem not very near  
Are creating exceptional impressions

I hope that the next concert will be nearer.

### **Important Days**

Came home an hour earlier  
So, have eaten, the tea is ready, and I took a shower  
It's short to 11 PM  
I will do the upload now

This gives me an additional hour  
Or maybe an hour earlier to bed  
We will see  
"Comics" would be good, why not "Photography"?

I have to relax in the coming days  
Still losing weight  
Definitely under the weight of the beginning of 2020 now  
And it feels good

Have some difficulties  
But not severe  
It's happening very fast now  
To lose weight

On the one hand, challenging for the body  
But very relieving, on the other hand  
I have to ensure that this process continues for the rest of the year  
Then I would be through

I could see  
Next year  
What would be left to do  
But not that much, it would be

And now?  
Well, uploading  
And some art  
Some writing may be as well

After these two horrible weeks, I'm on the right track again, and I feel strong.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Don't Get Too Close To Me!**

Germans like distance, do not like to share a table at a restaurant with unknown people. Portuguese people are known to like being close with each other, even with people not well-known, or even strangers. To embrace someone is nothing special. Not to mention touching someone, for instance, on the shoulder. There might be a difference between men and women, but even between men, it's nothing strange. It's essential for Portuguese people to be together with others, especially when eating together. Among the family or with friends, there is always a reason to enter a pasteleria or a restaurant. And I?

Well, it seems like Portugal should be a kind of nightmare for me. I like being alone, not very interested in conversations, and I do not like being too close to others. And yet, in Portugal, it feels different. I would like to find friends there, over the coming years. Will they remember me in the pasteleria I was nearly every morning in March? I would like it. The jazz club, Porta Jazz, I should become a member soon. I would like to stand outside, after the concert, speaking with other concertgoers.

I'm a cook, and the Portuguese like eating. I have this idea that I would invite my neighbors, when I live there, to dinner. Nothing too extreme - six or eight courses, maybe. A mix of some of my classics and Portuguese classics. Yes, I have the feeling that I could find friends effortlessly in Portugal. But why in Portugal, why do I feel so different in Portugal? Of course, I do not work there, it's different being on vacation, or retired. But apart from that, some things that I see as difficult in Germany seem so natural in Portugal. Yeah, not at the beginning, the second time in Portugal was, in a way, a disaster. Although I always thought: Why, why can I not come down? There's no reason to be that stressed, quite the contrary! The last time it functioned relatively well - for my circumstances, nearly perfect.

Noli me tangere - in Portugal, I would say: Please, touch me. It's wonderful knowing, I'm not alone!

### **Saturday Is Over**

Only Sunday is left  
Then it will count  
Or, as the Americans like to say  
I have to be laser focused

On Tuesday morning  
And this includes  
Not to write too much about it  
I have to make decisions

I lose weight very properly now  
And this sets energy free  
The day was a dumb day again  
But this does not matter

What counts is  
That my body likes it very much to get lighter  
But to be honest  
Still a long way ahead of me

40 pounds wouldn't be bad  
Until the end of the year, in any case  
But this is a distinct aim  
And every day I can come nearer

Much has happened in the last few months, the last year  
I feel better than - difficult to say  
Three or four years ago, in any case  
Better than ever?

Well,  
These are big words  
But, I have obvious and near-term deadlines now  
And aims

This is truly motivating  
But first  
The Sunday  
Then I can concentrate on Tuesday

A crucial time in my life.

### **The Sun**

The sun is shining  
Clear blue sky  
And I hear the raindrops falling  
Through empty times

I'm dead and open my eyes  
"This was the fourth part of your journey"  
Says someone  
And I ask myself

What have been the previous three ones  
And  
How many will still follow  
But no voice anymore

Only these raindrops  
And I start to be completely soaked with them  
And yet, I'm naked  
Am I?

Am I, or, am I not?  
Again  
I start speaking with me again  
I would like to sleep

My mind tells me  
As if there would be "me" and "my mind"  
What a silly idea  
I start smiling

Dancing in the rain  
You cannot dance  
Cannot keep any rhythm  
Give a shit on it, nobody can see you

Blind eyes  
I cannot see with mine  
Not what I wanted to see  
Thus, they could also be blind

\*

I have the feeling  
Twenty-something I am  
And I don't give a shit about anything  
Only the raindrops count

But no one tells me  
You will never turn thirty  
But hey, I would say  
Who cares?

Some need just a few years to create something  
For some a whole lifetime is not enough  
"Are you ready for the next part of your journey?"  
Would I have a choice?

\*

I open my eyes  
Millefleurs  
But no unicorn  
It seems that I'm not the Virgin Mary

Come on, dude  
You might be  
The bootlicker of the devil's bootlicker  
Okay, anyhow, not one of these tortured souls

\*

Do you think  
I'm ready now  
To do it?  
Say yes, even if you do not think so!

## Dying

Some die fast  
Some slow  
Some awful  
Some heroic

Some burn to dead in a school  
Some in a car accident  
Some get torn apart by a shell  
Some die in bed

Dead they are all in the end  
Does it then still counts  
How fast and painful  
Or is it no longer of importance

The only real wish - fear - I have  
That I will decide  
When and how  
How, I do know

\*

Should I hope now  
That my mother will die  
Or that it will last longer  
Not really there anymore

But not ultimately gone  
Even if hard to tell  
How far already  
Why is there no dark side of the moon?

\*

Would I have to write a requiem  
I do not believe in any kind of god  
Far away that I would have been a roman catholic  
About all those difficulties we had with each other

That in my darkest hour  
I have never written about it  
And will not do so before being very, very, very old  
She has not let me fall

She still accepted me as her son  
Okay, my father also did the same  
But it's her dying  
And I do not know how I should feel

## **Two Important Days**

Tomorrow  
My mother will be my focus  
The rest we will see  
But there will be time for writing

The day after tomorrow  
The appointment in the morning will be my focus  
The rest we will see  
But there will be time for writing

Today  
Was again a difficult week  
No writing as such  
I need some re-orientation

Stepping forward, that has to be my motto, the rest happens then all by itself.

## **Everything Comes To An End**

Nothing can stay  
Neither lemonade nor life  
Fading away  
And no one sings me lullabies

And I have difficulties  
To find my way  
Through the labyrinths of my feelings  
Not sure if it is worth striving for an exit

Time stands still  
As the clock  
Makes ticktock  
And I do not understand what to do

So I wait  
Until time is passing by  
The night will fall in  
A new day will begin

But still so many seconds  
So many ticktocks  
Like a female black panther in a cage  
Wants to hunt down her prey

\*

Time never stands still  
Even if passing by infinitely slow  
You simply have to wait somewhat longer  
Infinitely plus a second

I hope for too much  
Far too much  
A quiet place  
To be alone

How many ticktocks since I began?  
Not enough  
The sun still shines  
Far away from a next day

Never found my way  
In a world that offers countless ways  
To a person like me  
Never found my way

### **As The Phone Rang**

Was at the retirement home in the morning  
My mother still alive  
But very weak  
Only sleeping

The phone rang at 7 PM  
She passed away  
It's 11 PM now  
I'm at home again

I sat  
Together with my father and sister  
For some hours at her bed  
Until the doctor and the mortician's came

The Long Goodbye

\*

How many died today  
How many not in their beds  
But on battlefields  
Or simply starving to death

It was always a difficult relationship  
My mother and I  
But it's your mother  
Not someone

But even then  
So many have to die a wretched death  
Because of the greed of others  
This is a disgusting world

What I would like to see  
Before dying  
Is a dead Putin in The Hague  
Strung up in his prison cell

\*

And now?  
A poem  
Or a short story  
No song or painting, I'm incapable

I would say that I will need a few days  
But anyway  
As I felt it  
The time for distinct changes has begun

### **The Day After**

Was a very exhausting day  
The appointment in the morning  
Not much later at the funeral parlor  
For a longer time

It's very hot today  
Muggy  
Some rain at night  
But the real heavy rainfall is predicted for tomorrow

And yet  
Most of the time  
Heavy rain is around us  
But not in Bad Friedrichshall

I have a severe headache  
Again or still, I'm not sure  
It's out of the question to continue with the stories  
It would make no sense

The next five days, ten-hour shifts  
No jazz club again  
This was not the arrangement  
I have to disagree

\*

I have the feeling  
I'm on the right way  
It's still not the real right one  
But very near

And,  
I would say,  
I come this way closer and closer.  
Take your time, Peter.

A requiem  
One day  
It does not have to be today  
Neither tomorrow

I have my problems with mourning  
So many die on this earth every day  
Not because of becoming old or an illness  
But because of human insanity

We do not mourn for all those  
We ignore them  
A short notice in the news  
But they are only abstract numbers

\*

I will need a few days  
To get some issues sorted  
Maybe until next week  
The memorial ceremony will be on Monday

The funeral later  
After the cremation  
It will be a tree burial  
Four graves, also for my father, my sister, and her husband

Yeah, the woods  
Also a nice place  
But I prefer the wet  
To get things started done

## **No Good**

Have eaten a lot of garbage  
During the day  
Everything  
But nothing good

My stomach tells me  
That's not what I wanted  
I feel down  
It would be better to stop

I have no staying power anymore  
It's 9:44 PM  
My mind is dead  
I feel drained

Upload  
And hoping for a long sleep  
That's all what I see  
What I hope for

The last two days cost me a lot, too much to continue.

## **Empty**

I feel empty  
But this seems to be okay  
At least for me  
No work tomorrow

Compassionate leave  
Would be a good opportunity to write  
At least as much as possible  
I have the feeling that this wouldn't be wrong

I have spoken with my employers  
I started with thirty-two hours  
Okay, some hours more, forty  
But now we're nearing fifty

Will have fewer hours now  
Will also give me more time for writing  
And writing, art, is the important matter now  
This has to be my focus

Okay  
Let's concentrate on tomorrow  
I have to buy something to wear at the memorial ceremony  
But this shouldn't be the problem

Let us sleep. - I feel grounded, strengthened, and focused.

### **And Life Goes On**

I think that I'm on my way now  
To handle the current two major matters  
I do not work today, Thursday  
Most likely not on Saturday

Jazz club in the evening  
I think that this will be good for me  
Gypsy Jazz  
Very fast, often full of mirth, but also melancholy

Seems to be a good mix  
Writing after midnight is planned  
And uploading today  
To continue

I wait for an email  
But should be patient  
At least for the moment  
Yeah, life goes on

The universe  
And all the objects in it  
It has to be full of life  
Nothing else would make sense

Well,  
This large distances, not to grasp, with human intuition  
Full of life, but not in reach  
A somewhat confusing idea

But,  
If full of life, in fact  
It will ultimately not matter  
What we do on earth

We can kill ourselves  
It will not even affect our neighboring sun  
Our galaxy  
The universe

Life goes on  
Until it's over  
The universe develops  
And will find an end

In my first writing, I have written  
That, in a way, suicide makes no sense  
You will die in any case  
You can simply wait

Okay,  
It's not always that easy  
And so much is oppressive  
Have found and bought a very interesting item for one of my collections

Blade Runner: Would it be better to know, like a replicant, your life will last for four years?

### **We'll Make You Happy (Whatever It Will Cost)**

Twenty years ago they appeared - a hundred or so giant spaceships. They stopped in the distance of the moon. One smaller spaceship came closer to send a message.

*We have observed Earth for some time now, and because the situation is very negative, we have decided to interfere. Humans have been able to develop very well in fields like technique or science, but they cannot do the final step. We are here to help humans to take this final step and find a way to live in peace and harmony with each other and their planet.*

Everybody on earth could hear and read this message - radio, TV, smartphones. Everybody in its language. And what happened?

Of course, it was a shock, but the aliens seemed well-prepared. They allowed us two months to establish a panel that should speak for the whole earth. They mentioned the UN and other institutions, but gave us free rain. Yeah, they were well-prepared and had studied us very well. They said that they would come in peace and asked not to be attacked, especially because they would have weapons that could destroy an entire planet. If they would get attacked, they would have to defend. And to show their capabilities, they destroyed one of the larger trans-Neptunian objects with one spaceship from a large distance. Furthermore, should we not be able to come to terms in two months, then they would have to act differently. And?

Well, the top leaders of the world found themselves together, at least, they were able to agree on a text to send as a response to the aliens - after weeks of tense negotiations! The aliens weren't very impressed or satisfied, and they told Earth that it would make no sense in this way. A new message.

*We're here to help you, but this has to happen in a meaningful way. To show our capabilities, we will send you data on how to treat cancer and dementia. Both will be from now on not more like having a cold. We will also send you some data that show you how to produce energy in a meaningful way, but in enormous amounts as well. This will solve the energy problem. Finally, we will send you a plan that will outline how everyone on Earth can live a good life. Sure, all this, and*

*all we can do for you as well, will not change the devastating situation on Earth immediately, the mistakes of the past, but first positive developments will unfold rapidly.*

Now the aliens started to act. They told the world that they would establish a temporary government led by the commander of the mission. He would act as president of Earth, with ministers for the different continents, also aliens, to form a united humanity in the end. The former nations would persist in the transition towards one united world population - led by an alien. Our reaction? It was interesting, the whole world could hear their messages, and the reaction to them was very different, in different parts of the world, but also within nations. And today?

Twenty years, not that much time, not even one generation. Earth had changed completely. Yeah, as the aliens had said, not everything could be changed very fast, still some problems with climate change, for instance. But the aliens had helped us to restrict the aftermath of our actions as much as possible. No hunger anymore, no wars, after the stupid wars against the aliens. But they had always acted very responsible, the aliens, using only as much force as needed. Even today, some could not accept that everyone could live a meaningful life now, but these "resistance groups", as they called themselves, could always be eradicated rapidly. The commander was still the president of Earth, no nations anymore, and there seemed no reason why this should be different. It functioned, a new bright era for Earth had begun. Some even felt that our president would be a kind of god, some worshiped him, he did not like it, but tolerated it - no churches on Earth anymore. The aliens?

They had no names, they looked like us. Not in fact, but with their medical skills, they had the appearance of a human now, without a close examination, one could not decide. At least those who we saw, those on board of the spaceships most likely not. All the spaceships had landed during the years, they functioned as hubs for the president. And I?

Well, I had become old, very old. They had come too late for me, a young human could figure on at least one hundred and fifty years on Earth, most likely a good deal more. But my body had already been too damaged, I would die within the next few years, maybe getting one hundred. But how much we had learned in those twenty years, how much the aliens had shown and taught us. I felt favored that I had experienced this exceptional moment in human history, as humanity found its way towards the universe. Yeah, thanks to the aliens, of course. The aliens?

They had not told us where they came from, not now. We would need more time, to be ready for such insights. So, I would not get to know it, that was to fear. And yet, as I laid the brush aside, looking at my last picture, the aliens had encouraged us to outlive our creativity. These "resistance groups" called it a dictatorship, brainwashing. I pondered lighting a candle for our president.

## **Midnight**

It's midnight  
After the jazz  
Time to write  
But I still feel empty

I need an email  
No matter what will be  
But it would be good to have the information  
To go on

I'm impatient in a way  
But very patient in another  
It's extreme how I change  
But I cannot use it the way I would like it

Shorter working times now  
Working on Saturday as well now  
I would be early at home on Sunday  
I feel so much better now than a year or two ago

Physically  
But also mentally  
So much is evident now  
But unfortunately, not all

One major problem is left  
Be patient, Peter  
I will find a solution  
So much functions all the time better

I take a deep breath  
The first half of the year is nearly over  
It happened fast  
The second half will pass just as fast

Yeah, I do not know what I should hope for.

### **Home On A Friday Evening**

Yes, I start to find my way back  
I started to ponder about my private pension insurance last night  
I have to start to calculate some aspects  
Have written nothing in the end

No writing after midnight as well today  
I have to get up early tomorrow  
A meeting regarding the memorial ceremony, very early  
With the reverend

I have to buy something  
Most likely  
That's the cruel reality  
I need a black belt

And I have to work  
So, a busy day tomorrow  
But early at home on Sunday  
I hope that this will be the beginning of a kind of normalization

Strange  
It is the first time that I have seen a dead body  
It's always the first time, at some point  
And this was my first time

What can I do  
Not much, I would say  
Give it time  
The next week will be different

I believe that I can handle it.

### **A Few Days More**

I need a few days more  
I think that I should observe for a time this night  
Even if I start early with work tomorrow  
Would be nice

Strange developments in Russia  
But I see no need to comment on them right now  
I need a bit more time  
From tomorrow on again

We have planned the memorial ceremony today, and I have bought me a black belt.

### **Back**

The workweek is over  
Tomorrow is the memorial ceremony  
I have become more active again  
I'm back

In a way  
At least  
Tomorrow will be important  
The memorial ceremony and the following "Leichenschmaus"

Funeral banquet  
The German word means  
Dead body feast  
Anyway, not necessarily my way to remember

But only in a small circle  
That makes it easier  
Some writing tomorrow, in any case  
I have to find my way back to the stories ("Arnold", "Solaris II")

The rest of the day?  
Some writing  
No story  
I will observe again

Was nice last night  
Short and bright nights now  
But I like them anyway  
Nighttime is yours, Mrs. Grant

Let's get it on, Peter, darling!

### **A Day Of Contemplation**

Home again  
After the memorial ceremony  
And the Leichenschmaus  
I do not feel good

The moment  
After lighting a candle  
A last moment at the coffin  
And leaving the chapel

It felt like betraying her  
To leave her alone  
Behind  
On her way to the crematory

Two weeks until the burial  
Now that it has happened  
An appointment at the doctor  
Tomorrow in the morning

For the rest of the day, we will see  
Some shopping would be good  
And today?  
Contemplation

Let's see what will happen in addition.

## Requiem

If I were able to  
I will compose for you the most beautiful requiem ever been written  
But I'm not  
Neither a painting, a drawing, a poem, a novel, or whatever

It breaks my heart  
I'm so limited in my capabilities  
I feel ashamed  
But I see nothing that I can do

The Taj Mahal  
That's no merit of the husband  
He has not built it  
He only paid for it

You have to do it on your own  
With your own hands  
Your own spirit  
It otherwise does not count

I could cook a delicious meal  
A whole large menu even  
But for whom  
Who would eat it

\*

Change  
There would be nothing without change  
Nothing apart maybe  
A steady [initial] state

Everything growing  
Everything created  
Everything  
Needs change

If stars weren't "dying"  
We would not be  
If all creatures ever born on Earth were still alive  
There wouldn't be an Earth anymore

And yet  
This cannot give you real solace  
Father is eighty-eight now  
The next letter on my hand

The "A" no longer alone  
Together with a "G" soon  
How many years until on my other hand  
There will be an "E"?

\*

Missa solemnis  
Can faith give you hope  
Yeah, sure  
But can this be the motivation

A spark of hope  
Like those many sparks in the nightly sky  
And yet  
Those are no sparks in fact

Much appears to us  
As it's not in fact  
And even if we see the illusion  
We do not accept it

We are weak and vain creatures  
If we're in fact the image of God  
Then God is weak and vain  
And we do not understand him

\*

Moments of radical change  
I had not often such a feeling  
Not as my grandmother died  
And in no way, in such moments as the "Wiedervereinigung"

But today I have the feeling  
That something has happened  
The beginning  
It will gain speed from now on

The next years will be years of dramatic change  
And I have to accept it  
I have to try to handle it  
And I'm afraid of it

Let me light up one last candle  
But I cannot say goodbye  
But we will never meet again  
No such thing as heaven, Mrs. Grant

Give me a reason to be  
I would know one  
But I fear  
I will never reach it

So  
Be humble  
The time of radical change has begun  
Dream about your thirteenth beach in Portugal

I'm weak  
And not strong  
I have not more to offer  
Not more, not more

### **Reaching A Crossroad**

Not for the first time  
I write about the crossroad  
In recent times  
But I have to decide

I quarrel with my writing  
Not for the first time as well  
To write fictional stories  
Like "Arnold" or "Solaris II"

"Solaris II"  
The entity on Solaris II can be dangerous  
Or maybe only lonely  
I can do whatever I want to do

But this seems not to be satisfying  
Not for me  
Because this is not the real world  
The real world functions not like this

"Days" seems to be more the way  
Would reflect on the last years  
2017 until 2023  
And the eighteen-year-old in Dover

Okay  
I have nothing to decide right now  
But it has to be the topic  
And not only this

\*

I'm exhausted  
Earlier upload  
Some sleep  
A new day tomorrow

I have the fear of losing control.

### **So They Say**

The days after  
So they say  
Are harder than the days before  
I can agree

Was at the chapel again  
To look through the window  
In the room  
To see it empty

Of course  
No coffin anymore  
No mother  
All is gone

There will be an urn  
To get buried  
Well, it's difficult  
But wouldn't it be sad, would it be easy?

Early working, the next two days  
Not so many hours  
The last jazz concert  
Before the summer break

No concerts for eight weeks  
We will see  
I feel totally empty  
I need time to understand

Today?  
Do not know  
I would like to sleep  
For a hundred years

Life goes on, so they say.

## Write Me A Novel

Would it be my task now, to write a novel about my mother's life? Well, interesting enough, easy to dramatize, could be Hollywood stuff.

Born in 1940, during WWII. The first years were very hard, her father was fighting on the eastern front. After school she had to work with her mother and her older brother in the fields. She had a best girlfriend, and a kind of gang. If possible, they used the few leisure hours for mischief. After the war, her father came back very late, after a long time as a POW, she could not accept that this man should be her father. He had changed dramatically, no longer looking as he did in the few existing pictures.

She met her later husband, and they married in the same year their first child was born, a daughter. Her husband was from a neighboring town, and they moved into her parents' home. The parents lived on the upper floor, they lived on the lower floor. Her father died not that long thereafter. Sure, her husband worked, and she had also worked for a while after school but then raised her children. A son was born a few years later. But now, after her father had died, her mother decided to eat downstairs, no longer cooking upstairs for her alone. She also started to run the household for everyone. For this reason, my mother decided to go to work again because two were not necessary for cooking and other matters.

Her dream was to be a gardener, but she started at a company that was in town and produced baby food. Later, this company was inherited by a company next door that produced canned food and more. First, she worked as an assistant in their laboratory, but she was always interested in approving her situation. She finally got an evaluator for fruits and vegetables and traveled for her company in various European countries.

It was no easy job, often started at 4 AM, made many overtime. And after work, the large garden waited, an ocean of flowers, fruits and vegetables in brought variation. And, she always had plans to improve the house, a very old house, to make it larger and more comfortable. She could not rest for a day, but beginning health issues started to change this.

Her mother had died at home, had suffered from dementia, she had cared for her. But also she had mounting health problems, especially with her back. A surgery should have helped, but it did not function well, the result was a cut nerve, and she had to wear a corset. And, also she started to suffer from dementia.

She was aware of it, knew it from her mother, tried to cover it, not accepted it, as well as the fact that she was no longer able to work in the garden as in former times. That fact did not make it easier for the people around her, as she lost more and more control over her life and tried not to accept it. At a certain point, it was no longer possible, even with the help of the nursing service, to care for her at home.

Her husband had tried everything, some years older than she, but often she was simply not willing that others help her. The last few years she spent in a retirement home, and the dementia got severer all the time. She died a week and a day ago, ate and drank no longer, and died asleep. It could be a fine novel, a movie even.

## Writing Novels

I think that I have to write novels  
I have to prepare to  
After retirement  
I haven't found my way of writing right now

I also have the feeling that I should have photography as my second main focus  
It's easy today  
So many possibilities  
Do I see my path

I feel paralyzed  
But I also have the feeling  
That I simply have to let it happen  
It has to be

My mother died  
How should I feel  
It's not normality  
And this is good

A defining moment  
I should close my eyes  
And inhale the feelings and mood of the moment  
No reason to run away

Early upload  
Early to bed  
I need the time to give my mind the possibility of dealing with it  
Whatever the outcome will be

A new monthly picture next week, but nothing kitschy, I hope.

## No Writing

No writing today  
I do not know what and why  
It would make no sense  
Give it time

It changes  
My mood  
The funeral at tenth  
A very short workday tomorrow

No mood for jazz  
But maybe some writing?  
An upload in any case  
I have to find my way back

I feel like an idiot  
Like a fool  
But okay  
It's a difficult time

Time  
Time is all you need  
But some cuts are very deep  
A severe scar in any case

I feel alone, but I could not bare someone too near to me.

### **Monthly Picture**

Made a new monthly picture  
For Saturday  
Fixed two appointments  
I'm getting more active again

No jazz club  
I'm not in the mood  
And I feel  
It's good to give myself some quiet time

I would say  
From next week on, I can start again  
There's no reason to hurry  
Several years of time

\*

I still quarrel with how to write stories  
I have no good idea  
"Days" is good  
But how to reflect on the current developments?

The detective topic seems increasingly in question  
And if  
Then as real hard-boiled  
In the old-fashioned way

"Den"  
The comic books  
A person, maybe living in Germany, in his daydreams, a tough private dick in today's L.A.?  
Cleaning up the filthy pigpen named USA?

A dumb idea?  
Or perhaps a solution?  
Not now,  
But possibly for the next cycle of writing?

\*

Okay  
I see a way  
Developments  
Keep cool

Could it be  
I'm not sure  
The moment of setting directions  
In various aspects

Give it a bit more time  
Free rein  
My feelings and emotions  
My mind

It's this feeling,  
What could go wrong?  
It's my life,  
And one day it will be over.

Cincinnati Kid  
A chance  
All in  
And even if you're the loser, you tried it

\*

I'm not certain about how to continue  
But I will  
And nothing can go wrong  
As I started to write

Some years ago  
I never expected anything like my current webpage  
What more could be possible over the next years?  
Let us wait and see

I begin therewith being able to handle it.

## **Not So Bad**

Today  
But enough for today  
Early upload again  
Early to bed

I need time to come to terms with everything  
And I do this very well while sleeping  
Tomorrow?  
Only a small upload, most likely

Good impetus today  
One or two weeks?  
After the funeral?  
I think I will say some words

But not today  
Slowly  
I am eating a lot currently  
But this is okay

I think that the worst could be behind me.

## **A Step**

Today was a step forward  
I feel somewhat more relaxed  
I think that I know what to say at the funeral  
Saturday, tomorrow, more to do, but Sunday should be easier

Sunday, working until 4 PM  
This should be the starting point  
For resuming writing  
"Days" would be no bad idea

Important will be  
How Monday and Tuesday will unfold  
What the outcome will be  
I feel, in a way, excited again

The funeral soon.  
And then?  
And today?  
Some writing after midnight?

I would be in the constitution again  
To write after midnight  
But I'm not sure what  
Not "Days", "Days" is something for days with more time

"Arnold"?  
"Solaris II"  
Both I see critical at the moment  
Maybe a very long sleep?

\*

Timeless moments pop up  
Hitting an unstable mood  
Yet, not much would be needed to help  
A few dead Russians could be enough

Sure  
They would have to have the right names  
And their dying should not too fast or painless  
But hoping for justice in this world?

In this universe  
So extreme forces  
So extreme phenomenons  
And we do really think that we would be in any way powerful?

On earth alone  
Nature is overwhelmingly mightier than the human's insanity  
We're such ludicrous creatures  
It would be easy to overcome us in a one-on-one battle for many animals

A giraffe, for instance  
We would have no chance  
They even fight with lions  
We're such ludicrous creatures

In a way, I feel better - waiting for Sunday.