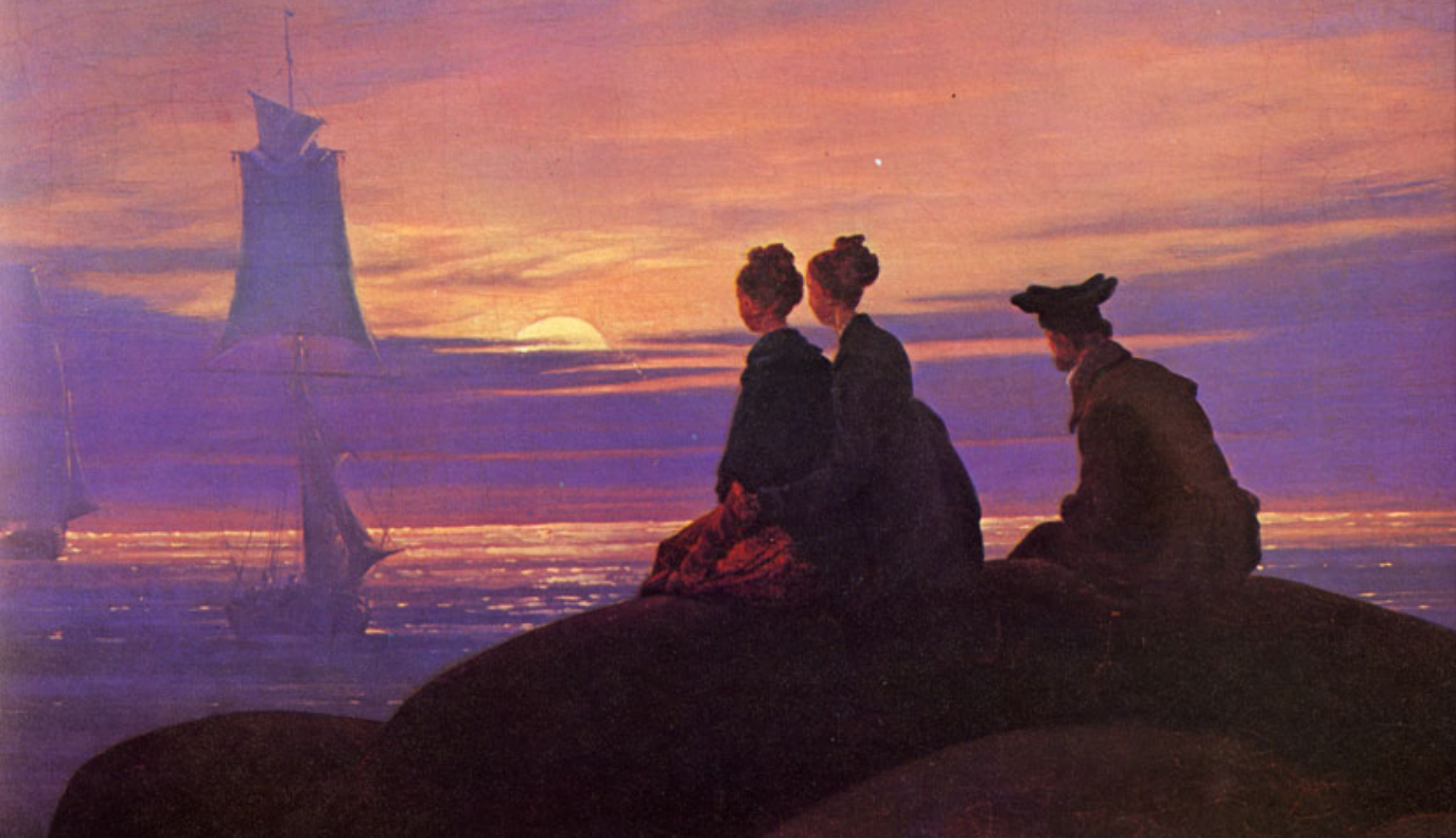


Intimacies and Outcries



Intimacies and Outcries

poems by Aurelio

For You

The oldest in this collection was written in Darjeeling way back in 1993,
while the newest was written the other day.

September 18th, (the birthdays of Doctor Johnson and Greta Garbo,) 2006.

Copyright © Christian Lanciari 2006

The Argument

When you really love someone
you tend to idealize her,
that is unescapable in love
and its predestined ruin,
since your loved always must
sooner or later fail in living up to your ideal –
it is a matter of reality and nature,
and thus you must lose your loved,
but you can never lose your love.

1. She
2. The Enigma
3. A definition of love
4. The wounded tiger
5. The important but secret meaning of your dreams
6. The lover
7. The problem
8. Obsession
9. The constant gardener
10. Crisis
11. My twin soul
12. Children of the stars
13. The wandering mind
14. Be my guest
15. I cry for you and don't know why
16. Musicality
17. The laws of love

18. De profundis
19. Our naked souls
20. The decrepit dilettante
21. Mutants
22. Yours
23. The Phoenix connection
24. Some predicament
25. I can only think of you with love
26. The Poet's Prayer
27. Ways of escape
28. Together
29. The Irish argument , (after John Bede).
30. Questions not to be asked from the voice of experience
31. Acceptance
32. Unsilenceable
33. Whispering
34. Blind love
35. Longing
36. Insufficiency
37. In Sanctuary
38. Discretion
39. Sensitivity
40. In despair
41. Resounding discretion
42. The great deception
43. Nostalgic trip
44. Soaring
45. Apology
46. The difficult mission
47. Niagara
48. How could I else than love you
49. One love poem too much
50. Even though I leave you far behind me
51. As if the impossibility was needed to make it possible...
52. Without or with no mortal ties
53. Love call
54. Outsiders
55. The poor gift of freedom
56. I can only think of you as my beloved
57. Passion without end, where wilt thou lead me?
58. In waiting
59. Expectancy
60. Fair exchange
61. Measured immeasurability
62. Careful prospects
63. There is no importuning in true love
64. Constructive criticism
65. Our hope
66. Total love
67. The Clown's Testament
68. Turning a leaf
69. The eternal conflict
70. Downfall and survival
71. Rape – poor comfort to a bleeding friend
72. Confessional
73. Rain
74. In the praise of folly
75. Your love
76. The triumph of love
77. Comfort
78. Josef K.
79. Unspeakability
80. A dream of paradise

81. The advantages of feminism
82. More waiting
83. Morning prayer
84. The Musician
85. The ideal union
86. Our place in the universe
87. Tears
88. An intimate whisper
89. Tired
90. How much may I love you?
91. A question of happiness
92. Freedom of love
93. Love's true manifestation
94. The Junkey
95. The possibilities of the impossible
96. Presentation
97. "The truth is generally beyond recognition, but never quite."
98. Patience
99. Wishfulness
100. Bad weather
101. Lost
102. The problem-solver
103. The anti-addict's argument
104. Any kind of love is transcendental
105. Insomnia
106. The mistaken musician
107. Fly away
108. Intermezzo
109. The background lover
110. The Caretaker
111. Our love works on two different levels
112. No fear
113. The Trauma
114. Old friends
115. The glory of my love
116. Pity
117. Madame Butterfly
118. Reflection
119. My offer
120. Somnambulist telepathy
121. Philosophy
122. Evening prayer
123. In reserve
124. The twilight of departure
125. New life
126. The Travelling Companion
127. Old souls meet again
128. Come and fly away with me
129. Now
130. The Call
131. Trust
132. My love is like a thousand stars
133. Missing you
134. Love and friendship
135. Poor comfort
136. Black holes
137. In servitude
138. Protest
139. Love by candlelight
140. In the hopelessness of natural catastrophe
141. A confession
142. Some health sign
143. Wishful thinking

144. Nature
145. Constancy
146. Gratitude
147. The lover
148. In the night
149. Regretting love
150. An opening
151. My care
152. Leaking tents
153. Another cup of tea
154. Rest
155. Falling stars
156. The artist's dilemma
157. The glow of love
158. How can you love me?
159. Too much longing
160. On his illness
161. Just another one
162. Budding miracles
163. Journey's end
164. The Himalayan Symphony
165. Riding the whirlwind
166. The fugitive's homecoming
167. The bleeding heart
168. Lost souls in the abyss of spirituality
169. Reunion
170. Poetry enthroned
171. Simplicity
172. Woodstock – in retrospect after 37 years
173. On the sea of love
174. Exhaustion
175. The wrecker
176. Passion
177. The haunted humanity
178. The workoholic
179. The Humanist's Complaint (by doctor Sandy)
180. Sea of love
181. The Funhouse High Priest
182. Aloof
183. Abandoned
184. Controversial
185. The underground humanist
186. The old maid
187. Numerical epitaph – the worst catalogue of humanity
188. Autumn
189. In a musical sense
190. Reggie Perrin
191. The suicide party of David Braithwaite
192. Don't cut my dreams down
193. The Alien's Argument
194. Blind love
195. Through the minefield
196. When anger hits you on the nose... 9-11 and all that
197. Ridiculous lovers and other freaks
198. Labyrinths of love
199. Separation
200. Disturbances
201. The lover to the loved
202. Profundity
203. Castles in the air

l'Envoy : The Wise Guys

1. *She*

How shall I consider her?
She is too much for earth's desire.
Every manly heart must stir
and secretly admire
her wisdom's personality
combined with beauty's modesty
in perfect unattainable respectability,
too much for men's morose brutality.
She calls for higher education
in men's hearts. Qualification
is her absolute condition.
Without that - no inspiration.
Touch her not with your suspicion,
for her honour must have recognition.

2. *L'enigma*

Amo
e non posso odiare.
Do, e non posso togliare.
Vivo, e non posso muore.
Sanguino
e non posso smettere sanguinare
ma senza mai potere dissanguinarmi.
Angoscia di panico è la mia eterna malattia
ed il mio elisir di vita.
Languisco sempre
in che mi godo
senza poter cessare.
Ardo
ma sono io la rapina delle mie fiamme
e non posso consumarmi
per quanto il dolore mi consuma.
Che sono allora più che amore e sofferenza?
La sete eterna
di sempre più amore e sofferenza.

The enigma

I love
incapable of hatred.
I give and cannot take.
I live and cannot die.
I bleed
and can't stop bleeding
but cannot bleed to death.
Panic anguish is my only illness
and my elixir of life.
I languish constantly
but enjoy it
and cannot cease therewith.
I burn
but am myself the victim of my flames
and cannot be consumed
however much the pain thereof consumes me.
What am I then more than love and suffering?
— The eternal thirst
for more love and suffering.

3. A definition of love

What is love? It is all that is good.
It is neither strife nor contention,
it never hurts but only blesses,
it only gives and bereaves you nothing,
it is one-sidedly positive and constructive,
it is what builds and never destroys,
so quarrel and criticism is never out of love.
It is creativeness of life
and the very essence of life
and all that it has to live on
and therefore so brittle and delicate.
So take care and nourish your love
as life's most precious treasure,
and the fundamental generosity of love
will reward you without measure.

4. The wounded tiger

I cry for pain, for love and for mercy
handicapped by the cruelty of fate
with no hope for my hellish infirmity
being a decrepit old fool
good only for drinking and doting
in abject imbecility
like a dying lion without teeth.
They say a tiger turns a cannibal
and coward man-eater as he grows old
having nothing left to fall back on
except the dishonour of his misery.
But mind you: as long as he at all remains alive
he still has the right to love
and can use that right to some advantage
since no one can make love like tigers.

5. The important but secret meaning of your dreams

The truth is not in what you dream
but in the meaning of your dream.
The meaning is a different dimension
altogether from all facts of life;
but dreams are in the habit of specifying them,
and that's the meaning of your dreams.
Most dangerous of all is therefore to interpret them,
for the hidden meanings of your dreams
are far too subtle for interpretation.
You must therefore feel with extra sensitivity
to get at all that there's a message,
and if you at all can sense that message
you can only grasp it by your extra senses
which of course defy all explanation.

6. *The lover*

He is not ridiculous.
He only suffers.
He can not reach her,
so he can not trust her,
so he suffers the more,
being persecuted by her memory
which torments him worse
than any shrew could do.
Is he then a self-tormentor,
or is she tormenting him?
The dilemma is that both are innocent,
which makes their love the worse for both.

7. *The problem*

The problem is not that you are different,
that we are uncombinable,
that I can do nothing to further your career
nor help you in any way,
that we are both poor like pauper orphans
and too strong individualists
to ever be able to join hands
in any kind of unitedness.
No, the problem is something entirely different.
The problem is that I love you.

8. *Obsession*

Sleepless nights of persecuting phantoms
dominated by one single constant thought
and worry about the impossibility of our case
completes the Via Crucis of obsession
which seems never-ending in its fever
of a roller-coaster turbulent persistence.
But this hell is thoroughly enjoyable,
a self-tormentor's paradise and perfect dream
of beauty and enjoyment in its total pain,
as if a victim at the dentist's did enjoy it
even with some lustful and delightful relish,
as if this kind of love was the ideal consummation.
And perhaps it is, since I don't know of any other
and since this one is for real and here and now.

9. *The constant gardener*

My love, what can I tell you more
than that my constant piety
shows thee more care than it can show
since your delicacy forbids me ostentation,
making me afraid to even touch you,
flowers being loveliest untouched
and free in meadows virginal untrod.

Can I love you more? Yes, constantly,
as long as I can share your freedom with you
and enjoy it in its beauty,
being able thus to make it grow
and constantly increase in beauty.
Can our love be more ideal?

That is the question,
but the answer seems affirmative,
since pious constancy so far
has only made it grow
in wonderful maturity.

10. Crisis

Golden dreams along with tears of blood,
that is your life and destiny,
to never feel at ease and never be in safety,
always anguish on the brink of death
unfathomably in complete despair,
to rise triumphantly on wings of glory
to redeem civilization
in abounding possibilities of limitless success,
a life of contrasts, hovering above the abyss,
always to look down and partake in utter misery
to never reach the safety of a peaceful home,
although nothing would be more deserved.
Hardened thus in stalwart wisdom
you can meet with any crisis and survive,
and crying out will help you reach your destination
of the final comfort of redemption.

11. My twin soul

My twin soul is like myself:
never to be pinned down,
never to be explained,
never to be defined,
all truth and therefore unspeakable,
too easily touched and hurt,
as vulnerable as untouchable
and as free and sovereign of heart and soul
as the purest essence of music itself
and as delightful in its constant flight
to ever-increasing freedom and expansion
striving only for what matters to eternity.
A relationship like that makes love superfluous
since it is so obvious in its spiritual sincerity
and therefore doesn't need expression
since the mutual golden dreams
are more expressive than reality.

12. Children of the stars

We children of the stars think differently
and do not associate on trivial terms.
We need not fight and quarrel mortally
but rather dwell on wings of harmony
to constantly exalt our love
to nourish it in bosoms of eternity,
thus sacrificing trivial mortality,
postponing practical prosaic problems
to the peripheric unpoetic world
that stands outside our love's dimension,
this one only being of importance
since it gives us all the beauty of the world,
which it is our responsibility
to make its beauty universal.

13. *The wandering mind*

What matters lack of concentration
as long as you are free?
What do we have a mind for
if not to make good use of it,
and what use could be better
than to constantly apply its freedom
to the constant exploration
of the greatest of all universes,
that of pure spirituality?
So let me fly about
and all around infinity,
that is my privilege
as human soul incarnated with wings
to never lose my contact with eternity.

14. *Be my guest*

Welcome to my home,
my fellow nomad
on our wayward strayings
out of life and in it
to get out of it and over it
in toilsome search for any substance,
although there is not much in it,
being out of bed and having none of it
in crowded rooms of junk and memories,
of memories of junk and junks of memories
to encourage claustrophobia
and continue fencing in your soul
in fears of losing this your prison.
Sorry, friend, but there is nothing I can offer you,
except my poverty and lack of everything,
but be my guest and share with me my life
of nothingness and gruesome toil for nothingness,
since that is all a nomad generously has to offer
to his fellow straying victim of this nothingness.

15. *I cry for you and don't know why*

I cry for you and don't know why -
Maybe it is just because I don't know why -
Or maybe I just miss you even if I don't know why,
since you are always closest to my heart
and I can never do without you
nor can ever lose you,
since I always see you all around me
closer even in your absence maybe
than when I am favoured by your sight
and presence, which forbids me trespassing
the delicacy of your feelings,
since I am the last to importune in love,
love being too much of a sacred thing
to ever being risked by any falsity.
So let me never importune
and risk us falling out of tune.

16. *Musicality*

The musical mind needs discipline
since the musical mind is a cosmical mind
which therefore needs order and systematization,
or else she falls out of order in disorder
which would be the end of the music.
For sustenance music therefore needs some pedantry,
like Archimedes in his thesis, "do not touch my circles,"
since those circles have to be intact
in order for the mind to work constructively.
They must therefore be untouched
like love in her most powerful virginity.

17. *The laws of love*

Perfect freedom combined with love –
is that a possibility?
It must be, since it's a necessity.
I could never love you unless I was free
to do so on the ground of perfect freedom,
which alone could make my love completely free.
Love is threatened only
when it is inhibited
by bounds and rules and limitations
and confined to narrow corners.
Cornered love will bring forth violent reactions,
since love cannot be restricted
without complete revolt.
So therefore our love must be completely free
in boundlessness forever
just in order to survive.

18. *De profundis*

Why is the world and times so dark?
The unrighteous sufferings of the righteous
cry unto the relentless silence of a God
who as long as he existed has been doubted
and for only valid reasons,
since he never has lived up to his ideals:
the crooks have always dominated the establishment,
while the poor and innocent
forever have remained in poverty and innocence
without the slightest interference
of any God of righteousness
who rather constantly has proved
a silent God of cruellest indifference
insensible to human sufferings
with no heart but a hard and frozen stone.
So, what can we do but suffer the insufferable
and stand up to bleak reality of godlessness
in a most natural unhuman world of cruelty
and scorn it all.

19. *Our naked souls*

As souls we stand forever naked,
we can't dress up or mask ourselves or even hide
but must be just and true just as we are
in inescapable and utter nakedness
with all our lacks and wants, our wounds and sins,
our ugliness and loads of gathered vices, —
but at the same time, our true nature is exposed
in all its naked beauty,
which stands out incapable of being hidden,
totally undressed forever to its basics,
in which beauty there is nothing we can hide
of what is true in us
which nakedness is totally reduced
to basics of eternity.

20. *The decrepit dilettante*

My love, I am sorry, but I am no good for you,
just a pathetic old invalid and maybe even a freak,
who has done nothing good in his life
and produced only failures,
like one of those parasite amateurs
who only turned out professionals
working like hell for no gain
and succeeding at nothing but wreckage.
Still, there is something in this utter mess
which was worth something in its vain effort,
a kind of idealism buried alive
under failures galore of disdained invalidity:
I did it all just for love,
even if that love only was constant in this,
that it failed, being cursed and doomed
to forever remain as alive as unlucky.

21. *Mutants*

We are the mutants
who change the world
without been seen or even noticed,
since the highest responsibility is invisible
and only can be handled with the utmost care
which necessitates all handling to be clandestine.
Thus we do not interfere nor disturb
but do our work in stubborn silence
just to get it done,
because if we don't do it, no one else will,
and it must be done in order for the world to stay alive
and never stop its urge for life
which is its constant recreation.

22. *Yours*

You stole my heart,
but I did not object.
I let you steal it more than willingly,
so I suggest you keep it
safe, because I think it would be safe with you,
perhaps more safe than even with myself,
since it is better out of me
than burning out inside me
just for thee;
so it is yours
to blend with yours
in harmony of love
out of our minds.

23. *The Phoenix connection*

How can I reach you
when you aren't here?
How can I love you
when I cannot see you?
Must we then rely entirely on just our souls
and their vague metaphysical antennae
just to live
and let our love survive with difficulty
on the ice of our frustration
brutally reduced to basics of our soul
in the supremest narrow-mindedness
of humiliated ashes of our fire?
But from fire rise the Phoenix
and there's our hope:
to rise again from ashes
triumphantly
to once again burn out and die
in mortal glory
more resplendent for its love than all eternity.

24. *Some predicament*

How shall I describe you?
In my old age I have reached my dotage
and want words to say the least
since I am lost and out of definition
out of my senses and of orientation
and can only laze bemused in gaga
thinking but of you in stupefied infatuation
like an idiot lolling out of reach
lost to reality and to translation
since I stumbled into some strange alien dimension
out of this world into you.
So here we are and can do nothing
but accept the facts and sort things out
and do the best of it with lots of work;
although love is a thing
that no man ever did succeed
in working his way out of.

25. *I can only think of you with love*

I can only think of you with love.
I care not much for riches and own nothing,
but my heart and feelings are a bottomless infinity
of which I generously can afford to spend forever.
But what worth can all this nothing be to you,
all abstract without sustenance,
all air and spirit, wind that blows away,
perhaps to change his way and mind tomorrow
in another wayward alien direction?
Still, the wind of warmth is now in your direction
which irrevocable fact not any human history can change
and which I stand for here and now in perfect honesty
to spite all history that dares to challenge it or change it.

26. *The Poet's Prayer*

Let our life be only beauty
and let all things non-beautiful be banished.
Let our life be filled with poetry
to such degree that nothing else but poetry may rule.
Let our lives be free from conflict and contention
so that harmony and concord rule alone.
Let nothing evil ever cross our path or brains
but may only goodness come out of our lives
and spread all round to our environment
and thus make every human being better
constantly and in continuous development
for all humanity and for the world.

27. *Ways of escape*

There is always a way out.
There is always an escape,
a crack and hole in every fencing wall,
a possibility to sneak away,
a way out to development from every prison,
even for your spirit to evade and cheat your invalidity,
since every fortress has a weakness,
all that stops you is in vain,
impossibilities are lies preposterous,
and life consists of only openness,
to which old brother death himself
is but another option.

28. *Together*

You carried off my soul to alien lands,
so let me carry yours and even further,
let us fly together off from everywhere
and never rest to let ourselves be known
to the futility of the particulars of mortals;
but although we may travel continents apart,
so let us never separate
but keep together like a single soul,
for if a soul is intact in profound integrity,
no mortal or mundane authority of folly

can ever break it up with any force
since even continents apart
with seas to keep them separated
our souls will be united
irrevocably and inseparably
just to spite the vanity
of mortal banal triviality.

29. *The Irish argument*, (after John Bede).

Going down the bleeding heart of Ireland
the depth of history reveals innumerable wounds
like of a raped mother,
since Ireland was christened long before the English,
who for centuries were arduously compelled to seek protection
against civil wars and barbarism in most remote and isolated places
such as Lindisfarne and Iona just to survive,
while Ireland was gloriously alive and making harps
committing all their life to culture and to music.
All we could do about Britain was to pity their barbarity
as they oppressed us in the middle ages,
occupied us and turned Ireland into endless civil wars
and slaughtered us through centuries
to crown their senseless cruelty by ethnic cleansing,
planting protestant Englishmen in Ulster,
the worst thing that England ever did to Ireland;
and so we pitied them and even more
when they went into the Great War
partaking in the massacre of humankind
and of civilization,
at which point the best thing we could do
was simply finally once and for all to leave them on their own;
and thus we still continue pitying them today
but think they should be better off without us.

30. *Questions not to be asked from the voice of experience*

What do we know except nothing?
What's the worth of all knowledge but air?
How true is my love in your absence?
What dreams can ever come true?
Reduce me to basics and truth,
and nothing remains of what in me is human,
since all that is human and live is in vain,
just a hazard connection, a random engagement,
a blow in the air of a wind without trace,
just a normal nonsensical dream
to be easily obliterated at once,
like the puff of a long ago vanished forgottenness.
Is love then no more than the vilest of self-deceits?
Why do we love if not to be deceived?
— Your questions, my son, are not to be asked,
since the answer can but be the infinite silence of nothing.
So love while you can, and use your love well,
and at best you might get some good poetry out of it.
— No, you are wrong, old man, I must object,
your experience is false if your poetry is all you get,
for if something is poetry, then there was meaning behind it,
and then it was worth it and can't be reduced any more
to anything less than the truth of your feelings' dynamics
of more universal commotion than all supernovas together.

— And what, then, is that worth, the puff of all novas together?
— Exactly, that is what I mean:
one moment of love and the shortest of dreams
is of more vital consequence than the Big Bang.

31. Acceptance

What shall we do with our love?
Is it compatible?
Can it be brought to fruition?
Is it at all possible for this idealism
to be brought down to normality
on this base earth of mortality
and without being debased?
Can our lives be combined,
or must we be like aliens
to both the world and each other
because of the purity, quality and perfect beauty
of this our magnificent heavenly love?
The questions are answers enough to themselves.
Our love has been brought to existence
and can never more be denied it.
It is, and it lives by itself
and must simply be recognized,
tolerated, humbly sustained and supported,
and not without caution, mind you,
but without reservations enjoyed,
and adored and consistently glorified.

32. Unsilenceable

We are one soul together, you and I,
but that I have already told you.
How, then, shall I vary this tremendous truism,
this self-evident manifestation fact of love,
this inexhaustible resource and treasure
of the most infinite energy and power,
this fantastic marvel of two souls becoming one?
My love is inexpressible, because it is too true
to stand a definition and can therefore never be pinned down,
like all true love, that is too vulnerable
in its delicacy to be comprehensible
to anyone except its two exclusive sharers.
So shall I keep silent then about it?
That is thoroughly impossible, because,
as Jesus said himself, if human calls are silenced,
then the rocks will cry instead, and, in our case,
even mountains, continents, the sea,
the sun and moon and all the planets of the universe.

33. Whispering

My love, what right have I to call you so?
We must be cautious not to risk disturbance
of our budding plant the precious future
of a delicate and brittle tenderness
to constitute a sensitive relationship
of some uniqueness in its frail vulnerability.
So let me whisper only and in darkness
secret messages of love, the honesty of which

be proved by its consistent silence,
that in time may speak more loudly
and more clearly than the finest music ever played on earth
to shame all noise and falseness,
rudeness and disharmony,
since we in disciplining carefully our love
will be responsible for the most absolute and true
and beautiful and purest music ever played on earth.

34. *Blind love*

Poetry is not enough
to express the ways of love
how it lures us to obey
blindly the atrocious way
in which we simply are deceived
beyond our senses far astray
into the wilderness of childish play.
I can't object. I am all for it,
lead me on, you are my guide,
blind goddess, since you are the only one
to know the better proper way
of how to make the show go on
forever without any stage to play it on
and without any stuff to build it on.

35. *Longing*

My longing overtakes me
every moment when my thoughts engulf me
like a whirlstorm of nostalgia
concentrating on but one thing in the world
which is of course Yourself.
If all this monstrous pain
and languishment of longing is not love
in honesty and utter purified sincerity, –
whoever possibly could think so is not human
or is ignorant beyond repair,
because no one knew what love was
who could not see and recognize its suffering.
All love is high-strung self-inflicted torture
of the most enjoyable and sympathetic kind
since it is only true and self-denying generosity.

36. *Insufficiency*

How many poems must be written
in order for my love to be expressed?
I am afraid my powers will not be sufficient
to fill up those volumes of infinity.
Or shall I say, that not the finest poem
in existence will do justice to my love
since she is far more perfect than what any art can be?
Or being human, she transcends all art,
since beauty is a matter of spirituality,
which therefore matter can not form.
So let's abide by that and with respect resign
from further effort to expose our love
and its true nature, since it is too intimate
to ever be unveiled to uninitiated eyes.

37. *In Sanctuary*

Let our love be secret
so that it be kept from insight
from improper alien eyes
that would not understand its wonder,
this fantastic marvel of agreement
and this harmony of unison and mutual understanding,
so that our wee newborn babe,
so vulnerable in her freshness,
may stay uncontaminated
by the envious minds of smaller fry
who would not understand how much we love each other
although we do never meet.
So shall they never harm you
since they can't identify you,
thus our love will be safeguarded
for its growth and sacredness
in limitless perpetualness
and blessedness for all those happy few
that happen to be touched by our love.

38. *Discretion*

The language of disguise and dreams
in delicacy and in understatement
is the web of poetry
in which each poet is forever lost,
since he has too much to express
and finds that cloven tongue of ambiguity
far too applicable to ever be abandoned.
Add to this a knowledge of a higher language still
in which the inexpressible find touch and tune
of higher than a mortal note,
and we can break all records of discretion.

39. *Sensitivity*

I don't think we can hurt each other.
That is my constant premonition,
which I think and hope is true,
because the last thing that I ever wanted
was to hurt a lady or for any matter any person,
so I rather kept apart, surrounding me in music
to keep out the rotten influences of the world.
It's like a smoke screen but efficient
for the spirit which needs most protection
and the more the higher your spirituality aspires,
since all feelings true pertain entirely and solely to the soul,
which is the only lasting essence of your life
which you were given by eternity
to guard it well and use it well
for infinite construction.

40. *In despair*

You have left me alone with my ghosts
and I suffer outrageously
being alone in this dark hell of nothing
with only intolerable abstinence to make me cry
out for mercy in ravaging agony
since I thought you were my friend
and you left me with nothing.
No love has bereft me of thee
and no love can now ever restore thee.
No love is the sinner and criminal
in this outrageous iniquity,
no love at all was there ever that joined us
but only illusions, pretensions and false golden dreams
of a love that was stillborn and fraudulent,
hopeless and vain from the very beginning.
I lived in a dream I imagined of light and of truth
and find me awakened in abysmal darkness
like lost and thrown out in the emptiness of outer space.
And my love? She is lost since she found all her freedom
which bound me in chains of her loss in a night without end.
May she do what she can with her freedom.
My life's only comfort is that I was sacrificed for it.

41. *Resounding discretion*

My love is health and bliss and happiness,
but without her I am a forlorn child
in agony and darkness of a total hell
of suffering and pain and hopelessness,
since I feel abandoned and betrayed
although I know not how I am deceived,
a blind man robbed of cane and dog
and left without a human voice to hear in all eternity.
And where are you in this abysmal darkness?
Surely you must be somewhere,
or maybe lost like me,
wherefore I feel your loss like if it was my own.
My love, you are inside me still,
and I have not deserted you,
continuing our secret conversations constantly
in soul and spirit ever stirring
in the faintest whispering of constant love
which though remains the only sound that matters
dominating and resounding through the universe
in perfect harmony and silence of discretion.

42. *The great deception*

We hide ourselves in art
to mask our naked souls
that stand not getting hurt
by human common baseness
so predominant among the multitude
from which we separate in horror
to protect the frail vulnerability of our ideals
that all too easily gets sullied
and pulled down in dirt by envy
and the ignorance and shortcomings
of lack of understanding

that so dominates the world,
society and humankind
in constant and atrocious tragedy.
So we protect ourselves in masks
and hide ourselves in art
to do our best to make a good performance
just to spite vulgarity and commonness
and thus make show and play
to hide reality from view
and make believe there is a better world
if nowhere else at least inside ourselves,
if only we could be convincing
in the art of this deception,
which is all the world's constructiveness.

43. *Nostalgic trip*

Take me back to hippieland,
the promised land of happiness and joy,
where all were rebels and authority was dead
with beauty reigning sunnily alone with flying colours,
spreading colourfulness everywhere,
tainting all humanity in psychedelic splendour,
drowning noise and ugliness in music and of fantasy
encouraged by intriguing spices like of drugs
which only was a brilliant explosion
of creativeness and of imagination,
promising a better world for everyone,
for all the future and for all humanity,
with shining innovative dresses
and adornments, jewellery galore
with earrings and the longest hair in history
and no limitation to expansion.
So let me dwell there in the land of nowhere
everywhere in every age,
where beauty is the queen
and fantasy is law
and pure creativeness is all religion
with no end to tolerance and universal love.

44. *Soaring*

Yet another poem
out of love and from my heart
to you, my love, in spite of all
the inexpressibility of our predicament,
that we fly high above the stars
and can't return to earth
maybe forever,
maybe since of ages past,
as if we always had each other
or at least knew well each other
deeper than the depths of any faithful heart,
since hereby our souls are proved in constancy
more permanent in faith than any life;
so let us just continue soaring
high above the stars
and be content to nevermore return
to mortal triviality.

45. *Apology*

What am I to ever think that you could love me?
This old fogey past his prime
is nothing but a wretched wreck,
an invalid who never lived,
a sorry and pathetic caricature
of a fool who always and persistently deceived himself
and lost himself to vanities of ephemeral dreams,
temptations without end and without sustenance
that filled my life with nothing except losses.
How could I expect, then,
that anyone could love me?
How could anyone be asked to love a dream?
You do not love it. You just dream it.
And when the dream is over, you forget it.
Some say you should fall in love as many times as possible,
have love affairs and even some engagements sometimes
but be married just for once or never
or at least as rarely as possible;
but I was married from the start
to the idealism of beauty and of art
and ended up this parody like some odd fart,
so just forget me: I was born a hopeless case
unqualified for love and life,
a dreamer and no more himself than just a dream,
for others no more than perhaps an alien
to condescendingly at most think kindly of at times.

46. *The difficult mission*

Our difficult mission is patience
with coarseness and rudeness,
with ignorance, negligence and lack of feelings
for naturalness, for the obvious and for religion.
Our problem is that we are wise,
which is a most unbearable responsibility,
since that obliges us to teach humanity
by our examples to grow and improve
as spiritual beings into something better.
Just to be and to work is our mission,
but just as long we just keep at it
maintaining appearances and our high standard of love,
the good news is in the long run
that we cannot fail.

47. *Niagara*

Whenever something happens
that enhances and speeds up your love,
just throw yourself right into it,
abandon life and soul and everything
and let yourself be swept along the current
even if it carries down the Niagara;
for what higher meaning can you find in life
than just for once allow yourself the privilege
and joy of falling down the ultimate extinction
of yourself in a cascade of splendour
in abysmal adequate abandonment
of enthusiastic life and love
in the exhilaration of consummate beauty?

Let yourself be brought to heaven
just by falling down as long as possible
the whole path of the Milky Way
to end up in another way
triumphantly with all eternity.

48. How could I else than love you

How could I else than love you
when you are like my own other self
but many years more young and beautiful?
How could I else but love you
when the whole world goes against us
separating us by continents and seas
and keeping us by force away from love and pleasure
by the brutal means of labour and economy?
How could I anything but love you
when we are the same and have the same ideals,
when we share both the same conception
of true beauty, honesty and sensitivity?
How could I resist loving you
when I am man and you are woman?
It is all too obvious. We need each other.
The only problem is that we can't have each other – yet.

49. One love poem too much

Can there be one love poem too much?
Of course not. Never. That's precisely the problem
that love can never be enough.
That's why you ladies never can be satisfied,
since you are only made for love
and love can never be enough.
That's why we men can never quite exhaust ourselves
since we can never give enough of our love –
the more we give, the more there is for us to give,
and thus the burden grows of what we have to give
the more we give it, and we have no choice.
We have to constantly keep at it, overstressed and overloaded,
since that is the rule of love that keeps us all alive.
The only possible escape is now and then to go away.
We have to keep on loving till we die,
and that is just a temporary and ephemeral relief,
since all that love consists of is eternal continuity.

50. Even though I leave you far behind me

Even though I leave you far behind me
and my life with you is lost,
I can't get rid of you within my heart
nor am I willing to.
Remain, my love, although just as a relic
like the memory of some capricious glimpse
of what perhaps could have been possible;
and such a faint momentum of a passing dream
will in its revelation all the same remain
a firmer base than any solidness

of the prevailing lasting permanence of our love,
which in its very fainting flickering flame
will loom much hotter and more fierce than any fire,
just because it's all about sincerity and love.

51. As if the impossibility was needed to make it possible...

What am I to be a lover
and a rogue at that in exile?
Who am I to make pretensions
on any lady's love
much more beautiful than me?
Who am I to nourish wishful thoughts
when it is certain that they can't be realized
beyond a reasonable doubt?
My love is totally impossible,
but the more it keeps on burning,
inflaming and consuming all my life
in a wreck of worry, chaos and pathetic tenderness,
as if impossibility
was all it needed to transcend mortality.

52. Without or with no mortal ties

The more I am alone, the less I am alone,
because there's always you,
like someone to watch over me in darkness,
like someone's company that never fails,
like some continuous dream in permanence,
that constantly remains a witchcraft
as protecting talisman and guardian angel.
Let me be your guardian angel from some distance
like you are to me, so that our permanence
remain constructive, like a marriage
but without or with no mortal ties.
Thus have I expressed our strange agreement
beyond words, without control and out of order
so that nothing in the world can keep us down to earth.

53. Love call

Evoking thee, my love,
is to cry out like from the end of darkness
on the farthest side of the universe,
but since my cry is pure and honest as a love call
it will sound throughout the universe
and reach thy soul by means of silence
since it merely consists of honesty.
Is our love a problem? – Only if we try to realize it,
by combining practically our lives,
which although match each other
since we both so often are away.
But this our silent love call will reduce all distances
and make us one in the dimension of those golden dreams
in which the souls of beauty are at home forever.

54. *Outsiders*

We are the happy few, the fortunate outsiders,
the most privileged among the privileged,
since we stand outside the vulgarity of mankind
and are happily excluded from all commonness,
the common lack of wisdom, knowledge and spiritual insight,
that most vital know-how of discernment, judgement and clairvoyance,
observation of the soul behind it all,
its movements of all-powerfulness
that is life itself and its main secret.
So are we not outsiders but insiders,
initiated in the mechanisms of spirituality,
while the real outsiders are all the others,
those who follow thoughtlessly the madding crowd
to death and without even having seen the truth of life.

55. *The poor gift of freedom*

Let me give you all my freedom,
the freedom of my heart,
the freedom of my love,
the freedom of life itself,
although that is all that I can give you;
but nothing is more precious
for love and its continuity,
there is nothing more valuable,
since there is no love without freedom.
So let us meet in this most senseless freedom
and join hands in love therein forever,
since there is actually nothing more to it
than just outrageous freedom
without any possible limitations.

56. *I can only think of you as my beloved*

I can only think of you as my beloved,
love is all there is between us,
nothing else is needed or of any matter,
since love covers all that is of any good.
No words are needed to express it,
no presence is of any urgency,
since we so clearly love each other
through all dimensions and throughout eternity,
so why at all express it, then?
Because it is so real
and therefore needs documentation
as some kind of evidence against base incredulity
and against that time of superficial momentariness
which claims all things must end and even immortality.

57. *Passion without end, where wilt thou lead me?*

Passion without end, where wilt thou lead me?
Anywhere or nowhere but to somewhere without end?
Just lead me on, and I will follow
faithfully, obediently to anywhere
as long as your constructiveness keeps shining
like a lone star in the darkest night
and like a lighthouse in the hardest storm;

and I will sail in safety through the blackest rocks
in pure obedience following your call
naïvely and uncritically like a sheep
of purest faith and a good heart,
the shepherd of my faith and love who cannot fail me;
since I know full well that love will never fail
as long as you stay faithful to your love.

58. In waiting

I can't believe that it is real,
that you are coming home to me,
but for how long this time?
What limitation do you grant me for thy keeping?
Will you escape again out of my hands
for new adventures with your friends,
for me just foreigners and strangers?
I am bound to you in love and at your mercy,
you will lead our dance, and I will just join in,
obey thy lead, adapt myself and sing thy tune
as an accompanist to your impeccability
and listen carefully to every hint you make
so that I never may step on your toe
in the delicacy of our pas-de-deux of love.

59. Expectancy

No one knows that I love you
and perhaps not even you,
or do you feel my trembling tenderness
vibrating clandestinely in the air?
I try to capture yours, but I am captive in my own
and can not separate them from reality,
while yours are based on tender memories
of facts of words that you have spoken
and that never can be taken back;
for words of love are valid for eternity
since they because of love are truth itself
and the truest possible of truths forever.
There we are, exposed and outcast to our love
which we as artists are to form into some kind
of lasting continuity, creativeness and beauty.

60. Fair exchange

Your tears convinces me of your sincerity,
for tears are evidence of pure humanity,
tears can not lie, nor grief, nor pain, nor suffering,
but is the bareness of the soul in helpless nakedness,
which must be taken care of, comforted and loved
if, for nothing else, then just for being there a living soul
of bleeding openness and vulnerable to exposure.
Take my own soul in return, for keeping
and safeguarding in your heart like I keep thine,
and let us thus exchange our lives instead of rings
and keep them safely locked up in each other
like a secret closed to human ignorance and baseness
but forever free to anyone that cares
for universal and eternal good investigation.

61. Measured immeasurability

How much do I love you?
The amount thereof can not be specified,
since that indefinite infinity is not to be defined
by any mathematical and scientific definition,
since, as we are well aware, that love is relative,
immeasurable, undefinable and even quite untouchable,
since there is nothing more supreme and sacred than our human feelings
which are sovereign to life and paramount in all existence,
guiding human life, embracing all
and breathing and bestowing life on all things human,
gracing and endowing it with beauty.
That is my confession of my love
which concentrates on you, my lovely woman,
putting you in centre of it all.

62. Careful prospects

My love, is it weakness, or is it strength?
– This magic that obliges me to love you
senselessly and mercilessly,
ruthlessly against myself and you,
which is why I have to do it with restraint
and not let any feeling show to you or anyone
in order just to keep it safe
from harm, intrusion and exposure
to unqualified, unwanted and debasing eyes.
So am I forced to love you clandestinely
for how long, and to what unendurable direction?
No one knows; so let's just keep it on,
endure its heat with patience and discretion
and face the possibility
of never seeing any end to it.

63. There is no importuning in true love

There is no importuning in true love.
All doors are open – there is nothing to break down,
true love can never be enforced,
since its existence makes all force unnecessary.
Thus is even sexuality made superfluous
when love exists as all that matters.
Only one thing you must never do in love:
desert your heart and your beloved.
If she has gained access to your heart
you must not ever lock her out from there,
since spiritual divorce is an impossibility
and worse than suicide and murder,
since it is the soul that is involved and matters.
When your soul is the performer of your art of love,
and your soul has been taken in possession by another,
there is no way out in all eternity from that engagement.
You were married long before you even met.

64. *Constructive criticism*

Is music our self-deception,
the seducer of our lives,
that led us wrong into the blind alley of self-love
as addicted slaves in selfless and blind service
to the cruel insensitive divinity of beauty?
Doubt is necessary for our love,
there is no right way unless it is doubted,
re-evaluated, criticized and tried again for life
in constant re-examination and exacting scrutiny,
so that our love can overcome all obstacles
and indefatigably purified proceed and grow
and spite all human baseness and vulgarity
to triumph constantly forever like a Phoenix
leaving everything behind that was not beautiful enough.

65. *Our hope*

My doubts are not about your character
but about our possibilities.
How can love exist and thrive
in a world denaturalized and dehumanized
where ugliness replaces beauty more and more
and music is replaced and drowned by magnified noise?
Our love then is a parenthesis,
an exception from this world of baseness,
an ideal that is not seen as real
and can not economically be accounted for,
since money in this selfish world is all.
So how can our love survive,
an alien thing in this to love so alien world?
Our hope is universal love, which always saves us all.

66. *Total love*

My love of you is total.
There is nothing more to add.
I want to share with you my all,
my soul and body,
mind and universe
and feel your soul inside my own
in a mutual coitus more advanced
with no harm done to anyone,
no humiliation and no hurting
being both completely at a level
in a brilliant consummation
of the purest highest beauty
reaching higher levels than can be imagined,
fulfilling the marvel peak of life called love.

67. *The Clown's Testament*

Do not laugh at me,
because I am not funny,
just a grumpy fool on his way down,
my greasy mask decaying
mingled with the putrid mucus of my running nose,
congested into some kind of sour goo
just like my failure of a life

supposed to be a pleasantness to others
but which turned to only grief and tears
for this interminably laughing caricature
of a clown, who probably quite soon
will only have his last smile left:
the final scolding deathscull grin.

68. *Turning a leaf*

How can we stand this world of cruelty
where humans nought but run each other over
caring nothing, going blindly on as parasites
with self-love as their only guide,
the greatest ignorance of all
and the only sure way to perdition?
Shall we stand by and just look on this folly,
doing nothing to direct them to salvation?
Yes, my dear, I am afraid that that is all that we can do.
If they can't help themselves, then even less can we.
All we can do is faithfully to pursue
our pious diligence and efforts to constructiveness
and work in peace as hermits if we must,
and maybe one day they will see
the better world we built for them.

69. *The eternal conflict*

The constant conflict between reality and ideals,
the eternal opponents that never can make peace,
the dreamed of and the wished for is constantly transformed
to just the brutal unwished-for and self-deceits;
beauty never can accept debasing ugliness,
which always tries to drag down beauty to its baseness;
the soul can never become body,
since the body's course tends to corrupt the soul.
This war we just have to accept
as an eternal and interminable unendurable predicament
and fight it out intrepidly until we die,
with this sole comfort: that the essence of all beauty and our soul
in contrary to all the rest can never die.

70. *Downfall and survival*

My love, how can I reach you?
You were here expected long ago,
and suddenly then your arrival was announced,
and I was all on edge like some newborn and trembling deer,
and what an orgy of tremendous feelings and of love!
And then you didn't come.
Exactly everything was perfect,
there was nothing missing in our happiness,
except that you did not appear.
And now, what other end to this most awkward business?
Failure, capital defeat, a lost quest to give up,
just another total fiasco?
No, our friendship conquers all and everything,
in friendship nothing ever can be missing,
it is solid and more pure and valuable than gold,
and this, of course, we can continue building on
whatever happens and forever.

71. *Rape - poor comfort to a bleeding friend*

Don't ask me how it feels.
You do not feel it any more when it is over,
but you bleed forever,
and the only way to get away from how it hurts
is to repress it and to stifle it with stoicism.
That will not stop the wound from bleeding,
but it is the only way to maintain your survival:
to walk through life on razor's edges
and pretend it doesn't hurt.
There is no medicine, you can not drink that pain away,
no drugs will help, and there is no escape.
All efforts to anaesthetize the pain
will be but vanity and self-deceit.
Just bear it out, and keep the anguish buried
although the spear will pierce your heart
in constant pain of this infected wound
that will not heal but was inflicted once
to only be renewed forever and a day,
like some life sentence for the innocent.

72. *Confessional*

My love, you make me desperate
by keeping out of touch,
by missing our appointments
and by seeing that ex-lover of your past,
a periodic drunkard, who has lost his touch,
whom I don't know if he still has some claim on you,
while I for certain know how you love him.
An awkward situation? Not at all.
Just so typically feminine,
so desperately out of order,
so outrageously chaotic;
but this abysmal och dwindling darkness
adds but fuel to my fire's light
and makes me love you even more,
and, naturally, with even greater desperation.

73. *Rain*

A melancholic drizzle
fills our hearts with dampness
after wholesome shower outbreaks,
like your cloudburst of despair
the other day, which rent my heart in twain.
I will not ever hurt you, only soothe you,
comfort you and love you,
wallowing in the magnificence and generosity
of your dynamic heart and soul,
the richness of which speaks out clearly
in the lovely abundance of your hair.
Let me with my decrepit life
hide out and drown in that deluvion,
glorifying in your beauty's cornucopia,
worshipping and senselessly extolling
in the jubilant unification of our souls
in boundless and ecstatic love
that spites the oceans in its overflow.

74. *in the praise of folly*

Am I mad to be in love with you?
Of course, but nothing is more important
than to be in love.
There is no other wisdom
than the folly of love,
and the madder you are as a lover,
the saner your mind, the higher your wisdom,
no matter whom you are in love with,
because loving for the sake of loving
another is all that counts,
and it can never be too much,
or even enough.

75. *Your love*

Everybody loves you,
but who loves you the most?
The fervent admirer,
who has had any amount of wives?
Or the fallen lover,
who desperately tries to forget you?
The old man,
who pathetically keeps his love a secret,
since he knows he never can have you,
or myself, who never loved until now?
You were only made for love
but for a higher kind of love
than what any woman can be loved by
mortally, since your essence is more than that,
your soul lying bare like your music
like the divinity of beauty
that only can be loved by adoration
at a distance to make it safe
from ever running the risk of getting defiled.

76. *The triumph of love*

Is exhibitionism of love a folly, vanity or just stupidity?
The problem is it can't be kept under a bushel.
Love is only true when it cries out
resoundingly to make the world reverberate
and tremble at the genuineness of higher feelings
that in power easily transcend all worldly powers.
Love is more than just an earthquake,
more than just exploding supernovas,
more than just the alteration of world history,
since it is so more subtle in its clandestine vibrations
that can only be observed and felt and recognized
by lovers who are sure of what they feel,
who therefore can control this most tremendous force of nature
and who therefore know that nothing can be greater
than the fundamental heart of life,
which is the urge to just go on, expand
and gloriously continue with your love forever.

77. *Comfort*

Let me share your tears
and shed them with my own
and thus cry out with all the misery of all humanity
to purge the world in oceans of compassion.
Let me mix my grief with thine
and thus in some way maybe neutralize it
to provide a better platform for the future
not for us alone but for all life.
No tears are ever shed in vain,
they are the true manifestation of compassion,
and there is no compassion without love.
Let us not ever set a limit to our empathy,
but let it flow in tears to overflow all oceans,
let the generosity of our grief not ever cease
but piously provide a fountain for the future and for life,
for there's no better life than that which rises from compassion.

(Josef K. is the 'hero' of Franz Kafka's novel "The Process", where the processes gradually grind him to dust to finally end by his being taken away, whereafter nothing more is known about the fate of him...)

78. *Josef K.* – after his being taken away:

I am wasted, dead and buried.
I am all used up and spent, kicked down the graveyard
into the black hole of oblivion that awaits us all,
like some old skeleton without identity,
a skull of emptiness and nonsense,
worn out, burnt out, sorted out,
refused a hearing by all terminals,
forgotten formally, buried alive
without a gravestone or a ceremony,
for my love is gone, and I am left alone
a vacuum of loneliness,
a drifting satellite astray in space
without a purpose, like a lost cause in the universe,
doomed miserably just to wander
as a zombie or a ghost through darkness,
sentenced to existence in a limbo of despair,
for there is nothing left for me
but to outlive and survive myself.

79. *Unspeakability*

There is so much more to talk about,
there is so much there to say,
that words are not enough,
they can not match our feelings,
no expression can fulfil our purpose,
and the words we say just trifle our intention
and bring down the truth to trivialities
and thus are unfair to our love.
My heart would ache out torrents of my blood
to match what I would like to sacrifice to you
in pious prayers of the noblest wishes,
but not even oceans of my blood would be enough
but merely a shadow of what truth would crave from me
to make the need of our communion any justice.

80. *A dream of paradise*

My love is like a dream of love
but all too true to dream.
She dreams of beauty and of love
but is too pure to voice that dream.
My love is like a perfect understatement
and without exaggerations:
not a word escapes her
that lets out the truth
about the width of this reality
that is a dream but carefully
and gradually come true,
like a momentous opening of a theatre curtain
that with the greatest care reveals but faintly
more and more of an unheard of heaven
that excels all paradaisic dreams
that ever could be dreamed.

81. *The advantages of feminism*

You were never lovelier
than at this present moment,
and let it last forever
and continue ever to improve.
My love, you are the incarnation
of what's best with feminism –
the charm and wisdom of its motherliness,
its grace, ethereal aestheticism and soul,
and that for me is the most precious thing
that ever came across my troubled path
of what was so far only tragedy and toil.
My love, be free of me and of my past,
and let us only live that our love may last.

82. *More waiting*

My love, there is no more demanding difficult ambition
than to strictly keep to doing what is right,
especially in normal close relationships.
So far we have done well,
but it has certainly been difficult indeed.
My greatest worry has been,
ever since I found myself completely hooked by you
or by my fate, the difficulty for us to combine our lives
mundanely, practically and accordingly.
Theoretically there was never any problem,
spiritually we are perfect and can never be at odds,
but how adjust this perfect spiritual consummation,
harmony and order, unity and kinship of our souls
to any normal and material, practical convenient life?
That is our difficulty and our challenge;
and the only means of overcoming it
that I can see is patience and continued self-control
in simply waiting for our time to come,
although that wait is the most difficult of all.

83. *Morning prayer*

You are my morning prayer
like a symphony of beauty.
You are my awakening
to a reality more beautiful than any dream.
You are like the untouchability of sensitivity
that only can be felt and loved but never known.
You are my life
without which there is only death.
You are my responsibility
that I must always strive for and live up to.
You are my best friend and my only friend
that I am constantly conversing with
and even when you are not there.
You are my love, my love, and I must love you.

84. *The Musician*

A victim to her beauty and transcendent talent?
Many geniuses of music have been this, not only Mozart,
who was only number one.
Through initiation in a world of beauty
that transcends all others
the musician has a liable propensity
to more than others be the victim of a self-deceit.
Through his harmonious outlook
and capacity to see life through the temperament of music
she unfortunately can more cruelly be deceived
and on a much profounder level,
since her bid is more than just her life but even all her soul;
and if then it is being dragged down and deceived,
for instance by an opportunist or a life-abuser,
the catastrophe must be much more severe
than if it only was material.
Through his poetical and musical temperament
the true musician can but see her fellow beings positively
since her basic attitude is pure idealism
and so idealistic that it must exclude the contrary.
Thereby we have cases such as Schubert, Schumann,
Hugo Wolf, Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Bellini,
crushed by the awakening from their ideal dreams
which but consisted of the highest good
and which could but be wakened by its contrary,
by what can only be described as mortal violation.
That is the dilemma of musicians: their ideal
can not be understood by those who do not have it,
they see an additional dimension and a life of beauty
which is cruelly denied by those who do not grasp it –
from ignorance, stupidity or just indifference,
which is the most stupid thing of all.
And still, in spite of so many musicians' personal catastrophes,
they are so much more fortunate and happier than those poor devils
who can never understand what music is.

85. *The ideal union*

To be free and allowed all freedom
while at the same time bound to the beloved;
without bonds and vows and ceremony
to base the union entirely on trust;
to be able to rely on that trust
and keep the line of communication open
always, no matter the distance or on what wayward journey;
that would be something of the ideal union,
but it would need some maintenance:
especially the constant presence
in thought of both parts in each other,
manifested in regular communication
by letter, by mail or by whatever,
even by telepathy would be better than nothing;
but could such an ideal marriage of souls be made real?
That is our challenge.

86. *Our place in the universe*

You come to me in flashes
like in occasional bursts of limelight
proving you are constantly ahead of me
although I venture to keep the initiative,
and thus our intercourse becomes a race:
who shows the way? Who leads the course?
We both do for each other, and that's the miracle,
as if we both were entering each other
and were each other's personalities.
I saw in you from the beginning
something of my own and other self,
I understand your thoughts and feel them,
and this must work both ways to work at all:
you must likewise be familiar with my mind
and understand it even in our separation.
Thus we two are one and cannot part
and can't be separated even by reality,
the petty physical preposterousness
which is called the universe.

87. *Tears*

Cry, my beloved, cry out
and let the world be cleansed in thy tears,
let the dirt wash out from the sewer cities
and let mankind be purged from her crimes.
What is all mankind's wealth and riches
to a woman's tears of compassion and pity?
All might loses its right and gets lost in its vanity
when the world is washed out by the motherly tears,
the greatest force on earth, since it is so natural
and gushes forth from the purest of purities,
the flow of emotions from the heart of the soul.
A man who cannot cry is a waste and doomed
worthless, since he cannot make his emotions work,
the only human force equivalent to any force of nature.

88. *An intimate whisper*

The beauty of the wind
that blows our kisses across deserts
to spite all distances that separate us
manage to conserve the freshness
of the tender wishes of our minds
and embalm those sacred kisses
in safe envelopes of sovereign protection
against any interference of profanity
to intercept the messages of our thoughts
to halt them on this way between ourselves
to settle after wayward journeys
in our hearts to there keep warm
and safe for maintenance and custody
in vivid preservation for eternity.

89. *Tired*

Deadly tired, sorted out and all washed up
I stagger blindly through the alley
blindfolded by life, like some forgotten addict
struck by sudden total hopeless cruel amnesia
with completely lost identity as a result,
completely devastated like some ruined zombie,
but whatever happened to me?
It was just a seizure, just a normal fit,
it happens normally to anyone,
there is no person so complete and perfect
that he doesn't quite occasionally have fits,
and I am just another one of them,
a mortal nobody, who every now and then
is good for nothing else than just to go to bed.

90. *How much may I love you?*

How much may I love you?
Let me never come to close,
to avoid importuning and trespassing,
but let me hold our feelings sacred
so that they may never come to harm.
Let me not enter except by your invitation,
so that I may love you ever but with care.
Give me the sacred office to maintain our fire
but with moderation, that it may not burn too violently
nor scorch, but at the same time never to abate
but just to keep us warm enough
to draw but pleasure and enjoyment from it,
so that it may ease construction
in our sacred office of creation.

91. *A question of happiness*

How is our union to be best described?
An ideal friendship that could not be better,
clinically free from all the lies of sex,
a pure and sane relationship of constant growth,
a fair exchange improving every day,
a paragon example of good musical communion,

a perfect philosophical platonic intercourse,
an intimate concurrence quite impossible to sully,
and what else; but are we happy?
Yes, together, but when we are not together
I am only happy when I think of you.
Is thinking then a proper substitute for company?
It could be, if it works well telepathically,
which means we can always become happier.

92. *Freedom of love*

Is it honest of me to withhold my feelings from you?
I don't know, but I did it only from consideration,
that is, at any cost I wanted to spare you, save you,
protect you from getting hurt and not risk burdening you,
because you were free, and I wanted you to remain free.
So please be free, my love, and let me love you freely,
and you won't get hurt by that freedom,
since it is the highest freedom of love
that can't be valued, fettered or brought down,
I give you my freedom that you may save your own,
and thus my love is the more free and pure and honest
for my protecting you from it.

93. *Love's true manifestation*

Love's true manifestation is no sexual act,
no carnal wallowing in sleazy sauces,
no material token, ceremony or vows
but faith alone, fedelity and continuity,
all that which does not show and does not boast
but rather hides in intimacy and precaution,
piously avoiding ostentation, keeping to itself,
safeguarding faithfully all that which does not count
in worldly measures, concentrating on maintaining life,
considering but that which is of vital matter to the soul,
which is the only thing that lasts,
thus being constantly on the defensive
to protect the worthwhile preciousness of love
against all mortal trivialities that drag it down
from highest holiest religion to profane perishability.

94. *The Junkey*

The self-humiliation of the lusts of alcohol
resulted in a holiday at the resort for freaks,
the local funny-house, where everyone is happy
in disgrace, appearing nuts, completely without sanity,
a dried up drunk place, where sobriety is just a fake,
since everyone, as soon as he gets out of there,
refreshed and loaded with some monetary aid of charity,
immediately vanishes to drinking bouts again,
where soon he will again be picked up like a parcel
and collected by the office of assortment
that indifferently and automatically will return him
to his only constant destination and his last definite home:
the rehabilitation clinic, where he always finds his own,
the comrades that he shares his life with
and who understand him, since they all have nothing left
than for the rest of their degraded lives

in common share their constantly increasing damage of the brain,
which is the only thing they manage to accomplish
by abandoning themselves to self destruction
through the blessings of the self-deceit
of finally one day succeeding in
the quest of drinking one's brains out to death.

95. The possibilities of the impossible

Our impossible love affair is celebrating triumphs.
There is nothing at all compatible in our relationship,
no ground to stand on, no economy to build on,
no mutual material interests, no family concerns,
nothing but impracticability and thin air,
and still our friendship has never had a flaw,
we are as solid as a union as the universe,
and even separated we remain together,
hopelessly tied up in the ruins of our lives.
This relationship has brought us into something
like the world of surrealism, the chaos of impossibilities,
a hippie world of no order and no structure,
the complete mess of things that can't be organized,
and yet we live, and we almost stay and stick together
although we shouldn't since everything speaks against it.
So what is our case? To spite reality, mortality and superficiality
with perhaps an impossible world of love and beauty that cannot be defined?
Well, nothing could be worse than the mess of our past,
so let's just embrace whatever mess is coming of the future.

96. Presentation

I was far too old even before I was born,
and that is not the worst of it.
Suicidal already as a child,
three times I failed to drown myself,
and those were only my life's first failures.
My disappointment with mankind was total at eleven,
and how do you survive an intellectual rape,
which is even worse than a sexual one,
which conclusion I could draw after the experience of both.
I lost my family into an abyss of spiritual addiction,
the brainwash, self-deceit, tomfoolery and what not
of a capitalistic buddhism made attractive by science fiction,
a philosophy they called it, which ruined their possibilities,
so I just had to work hard all my life and earn nothing for it
since I chose the wrong professions:
the service of the muses, creation, knowledge,
the love of beauty, idealism, so I had to work alone,
protected against the ignorance and madness of mankind
by isolation in a hermit's one person monastery,
and thus I carry on. Is that a happy life?
And yet people envy me for nothing,
while I just keep struggling on,
a lover who is used to never getting anything for all his love.
– But as long as the band plays on, you can stand the music.
Let's just face the music and keep it going.
At least, with music you can never get bored,
so music of the right kind would be the only therapy possibility
for the hopelessness of mankind.

97. *"The truth is generally beyond recognition, but never quite."*

The truth is never what it seems to be
but much profounder, usually well hidden,
maybe even buried deep.
The truth is not for words or definition,
since there is no justice in defining truth.
How, then, are we to reach the truth?
The truth is what we feel is true,
since feelings never lie,
and you are certain of their genuineness.
The truth speaks to you from the heart,
and if you but can listen to your heart
you certainly will know the truth;
but even from your heart and from your feelings
this evasive truth is never quite complete,
you need to constantly investigate it further,
and you must be well aware
that you will never be quite finished with it,
since the truth is nothing but a lifetime work
which never gets completed.

Finally a piece of comfort:
when your heart is full of love and friendship
of that kind which is worth while and never shallow,
you shall know that is the truth,
while enmity and hatred, self-love and enforcement,
arbitrariness, high-handedness and other blind manifestations
that ignores the contact lines with others, turning feelings negative,
are nought but passing lies and bad dreams never to take seriously,
which you will see when you awaken to the feelings of your truth.

98. *Patience*

When, my love, shall we at last come together?
When at last may I encompass you with all my love?
My longing has no end, but my comfort is
that all our waiting must have an end,
that one day we will meet completely
and join not only hands together
but everything that can be joined.
Just to live for that moment is joy enough
for an eternity or longer,
since that joyful moment is explosive like a chain reaction
continuing forever, spreading love and joy
not only within us but all around us.
So let us be patient with our waiting
and let our longing constantly increase,
if possible to multiply the power of our love forever.

99. *Wishfulness*

When we can not meet, at least I can remember you
in words to substitute my tenderest caresses
sending them to you like sweetest dreams and prayers,
like windhorses, to bring comfort, joy and happiness,
although they are but momentary puffs of whims and wishes,
if you will forgive my fancy and capriciousness;
but in these miniature thoughts of my best wishes

are in spite of all my truest love contained
in wished for dreams of enduring embraces
and the sought for union of our personalities
on wings of music, beauty, poetry and loveliness
to bring us far above the mundane world forever
and to keep us there for our own benefit,
which welfare we should spread around the world
and impregnate all mankind with.

100. Bad weather

On such a rainy day, any love can rain away.
The tears you shed are not enough
to wash the skies from dreary clouds,
who cover us the more horrendously
with pitiless deluges of misfortune,
turning moods into a holocaust
that frets away all clarity
and robs us of our course,
that was so clear once
but now is all confused
in shipwrecks, madness, alcoholism
and complete macabre chaos
leading us into a dance of lunacy
that threatens to confound us.

101. Lost

How shall we survive?
I see no end to darkness,
even truth is clouded from our sight,
my love is drowned in bottomless despair
and doubts that exile me in limbo,
and I am entangled in the web of my own folly,
paralyzed by Aphrodite, who is laughing
at my awkwardness.
I ask and pray for mercy,
that is all what I can do;
and worst of all is this,
that you are in no better state yourself,
since we are one,
and your mind is the same as mine.

102. The problem-solver

All your problems are your own.
That is, whatever happens to you,
that is your own problem,
which you have to carry out alone:
you have no right to burden others with it,
only you can solve it perfectly alone,
it is your own responsibility,
and that is all.
If you can get some help from others with it,
still the problem is but yours,
and you can never trust them with it.
Solve your problems on your own,
and you will be a free man,
free to have your own integrity to share with others.

103. *The anti-addict's argument*

Thy torment is my own,
the tears you shed for him are my tears,
and your life that he destroyed is my life.
Like yourself, I can not bear him,
and yet must we stand him
with the wrecks he made of every person's life
that he became a part of.
Must we be dragged down into an addict's tragedy
just because once someone fell in love with him
in blindness without seeing that his life was but a waste
and devastating to whoever came into his life
of nothing but addictive self-destruction?
Pardon me, but I will not have any share in it,
and if you will, that must be without me.

104. *Any kind of love is transcendental*

Transcendental love is too serene to be approached,
too sacred to be touched and too divine to be defined.
And yet, it is but love, like any kind of love
that cries for outlet and expression
and demands response and feedback.
Monologues are tragedies while comedies are dialogues
that carry forward and increases life,
while the monologist can end up speaking but of death.
So let us speak of life together
and extol in life's abandonment
and never give up dialogue,
the mingling of our blood in pious transcendentalism
and just ignore it whether it be spiritual or real –
in love all languages of love are all the same,
and transcendental metaphysics are no better and no worse
than just the carnal touch.

105. *Insomnia*

My love is like a sunrise
that never sets again
but just keeps shining
like a soul that never sleeps
but just keeps beaming
like some constant dreaming
turning life to an explosion
of not only energy
but of all kinds of creativity
and altogether a new life
of wonder and of joy
in almost a surrealistic way.
If that is how love works,
just let me love and never die,
and never let me even sleep again.

106. *The mistaken musician*

What's his skill worth
if he only drowns it in booze?
For me, those musicians are false
who abandon themselves to addiction

and thereby destroy their own music,
that gift of divinity that they were given to cultivate.
That isn't music to me
which compels the musician to paths of destruction,
which has been the destiny of most musicians
that gave themselves only to jazz and to rock.
For me, music is only music
if it is enough pure and leads but to purity
and to a higher degree of spiritual clarity
than just sobriety from common drunkenness.
Music which tempts to abuse of narcotics and liquor
is not really music but merely sound abuse,
better than which any silence would be;
for the most true and pure kind of music
is that which can only come to you in silence.

107. Fly away

Come with me, my love, and let us fly away
on wings of music for a lovely day
that will outlast eternity and outshine all dismay
of doubts and tragedy and matters of foul play
that bring us down from heaven's lofty lay,
the paradise of poetry, where all our freedom, pray,
shall keep us and deliver us and stay
sustaining us forever and a day,
so that at last one day we may
perhaps turn over yet another leaf to have our say
of glory, love and freedom, beauty and a ray
of truth to safeguard all to keep us gay
like in a never-ending glorious month of May
to sing the praise of Mother Nature and for aye
to keep to Music, not to ever go astray.

108. Intermezzo

Just another poem
while I wait for you,
a vain outsider
who believes in what they say
when people make appointments
and who faithfully
is rather soon than late
and rather punctual than runs the risk
of missing someone who might come
and waits for those who don't,
and thus I have been waiting all my life
for ladies who have never come,
for answers that were never made,
but I don't care,
for I can wait forever
for my love, if she is honest –
that is all that counts,
the only definite priority,
the first and last and only true criterion of love,
that you can trust her honesty,
so that you can yourself be honest;
for honesty is all that lasts –
one word of honesty is more worth
than a load of novels full of speculations,

since the highest proof of honesty
is that it, even if it's silent,
speaks much more than words.

109. The background lover

The less he is seen, the more he is loving,
the less he is seen as a lover, the greater a lover he is,
forced behind the curtain by experience
which has taught him never to be open with his love,
since no one is more vulnerable than the lover,
and nothing is easier to misunderstand
than true love that manifests itself openly
for those who are not included and not intended.
Bad luck has taught him the hard way
not to interfere with ghosts of the past,
of former lovers of his loved ones,
skeletons in the wardrobes like drunkards and addicts,
whose pollution of love remain a stain and pain forever,
for no wounds go deeper than aborted love.
He is thereby content with the lover's part of a protector,
a helper and creator of safety, a reliable friend, –
and that is perhaps the highest form of love:
a constant faithfulness with no pretensions
with no reservations and no end to its sustainment.

110. The Caretaker

Let me love you all,
you poor lost souls,
demented vagrants gone astray,
you homeless crying doting victims
of a fate that brought you down by violation
of which you were innocent,
you poor beautiful forever errant knaves,
raped virgins that are virgins still
since you were never willing to your rape,
philosophers and hippies, new age children,
addicts that were ignorant of your addiction,
drunkards that were never really drunk,
anonymous drug addicts, alcoholics, lovers
that are saved by anonymity and therefore can remain
forever on the booze and drunk as lovers,
beautiful young victims of perpetual ecstasy,
I shall take care of you and love you all forever,
for I am the caretaker,
the Orpheus forever singing for the living dead
and for the dead that never die.

111. Our love works on two different levels

Our love works on two different levels,
that constantly keeps playing tricks with us,
which is why you are so confused,
lost in the chaos of your subconscious,
where all you have to cling to is your memories,
the dreams you had that were so brutally shattered,
but which were constructive initially,
and their constructiveness remains
in your surviving dreams that never died.

Make me nourish them and make them live again
above all in your music, but make it twain,
so that my music may accompany you
along the path of life to the incessant glory
of the continuous beauty of the finest love on earth
which also is the strangest and entirely our own.

112. *No fear*

What are you afraid of? is your question,
but I have no fears but only worries and concerns,
and I see the only threat ahead in any materialization
of the essence of our union, which is purely spiritual.
I want it to remain that way, so that it can be free
to soar in wild dimensions in extraordinary heavens
and thus keep alive and inspirational
and never lose the spirit.
So I have no fear of flying
but alone of getting down to earth
in any non-creative way
that could result in fetters.
So let me be free with you,
so that I constantly can give you all my freedom
with unheard of dreams of beauty and perpetual construction
that we never may be tired of each other
or of life.

113. *The Trauma*

karma story

There is more to it than just your alcoholic cavalier,
his messing up of his own life and yours therewith,
the bleeding wounds that can't be cured as a result
and the tremendous instability, both practical and mental,
in which you find your wrecked life as a consequence;
and in this fatefully amassing mess you meet with me,
who only formerly has had as loved ladies
talented artistic beauties with an alcoholic burden for a cavalier,
whom none of them were ever able to let go.

My first love had for her first love a wild drug addict,
while the father of her child became a periodic alcoholic,
making a complete mess of her life.

My second found me to escape from widowhood
but told me nothing of two former lovers,
both completely irresponsible and violent,
who never let her go and with whom she made constant suicide attempts.

My third had been forever marked by her beloved alcoholic husband
with a wound that had been cut around her breast
and sewn with many stitches, which had cut her soul in twain.

In each of these three cases, they would never free themselves
of all those wounds inflicted by their husbands,
which cut more deep into their souls than in their hearts,
since they could never cease to care for them.

I ask you: Was it right? Did they deserve their fates,
to suffer from their men atrociously for nothing?
No, their failure to detach themselves from all those wounds
became a self-inflicted punishment for nothing.

Love must never be a punishment but a reward.
If I can change your punishment to a reward, please let me.

114. Old friends

Old friends are not just like old grass
which always grows under your feet to trample on,
a nice reliable green which is there to remain
and always to return after the winter's ice and snow.
No, old friends are like necessary roots,
the most important thing in life.
And therefore we depend on our grass roots,
which gives new life when we doff our shoes and stockings,
walking with our naked feet directly on the ground
in wholesome closest touch with mother nature,
our life's origin, the dust which we invariably return to,
which is constantly dressed up for us in lushness,
all that friendship which remains to grow forever
independently on how much we keep trampling on it.

115. The glory of my love

My love is like the glory of a sun-flower,
continuing her beams after the sun is set
like as if never there was any sunset,
while at the same time she outshines the moon
in glory and in beauty, like as if the moon was always full
and never went away to bring the morning.
At the same time she is like a garden full of flowers
that is always flowering and never withering,
since she is beauty herself personated
gloriously invigorating the whole world
with overwhelming perfumes of the moon's own charm.
But most of all, my love is here, and she is here to stay,
like music of the purest kind that never stops to sing,
and that is the supremest glory of my love

116. Pity

Your tears are diamonds that cry for others,
costlier as pearls than any jewels
since they are not shed for those who shed them
but for others, like heart-rending sacrifices
not so much for charity and pity
as for empathy and pure compassion with despair.
That gives them, priceless as they are,
a lustre rainbow-like in splendour
that enhances in immensity their value
since we talk here but of human values,
human dignity, integrity, nobility and admirableness
that rises from the ruins of destructive self-decay,
the alcoholic's urge to get away from his predicament,
as if to burn himself out could solve any problem.

117. *Madame Butterfly*

My heart's own melody
is full of melancholy
like a butterfly in winter
lost in random alien land
of futuristic surrealism
that can't make anyone feel at home,
and least of all a singing butterfly.
But somehow my songs keep me up and going
since they only tell of my yearning
for better worlds of more beauty,
for closer love and warmer humanity,
for everything that enhances life
and makes it more endurable
for all those alien singing butterflies
that came into this world like from another planet
to use their brittle fluttering wings
to make even the worst possible world
come around from dead end troubles just to fly.

118. *Reflection*

You are the peace of all my wars,
the harmony that made disharmony disperse,
the dream that woke me up
from the intolerable madness of reality,
the sanity which suddenly replaced my lunacy,
the beauty that cleaned up my mind from dirt,
the love acquitting my perversions,
all the joy I never really had,
some relaxation to ease up my stress
and finally above all someone I could care for
to make up for all my negligence of life,
a beam of sunlight after lifetime darkness and imprisonment,
in brief, would I not be a perfect fool
if I ignored the possibility to love you?

119. *My offer*

I love you.
What does this fact imply?
Unsurveyable consequences.
First of all practical problems
of responsibility and action.
But everything is possible,
and I believe a love relationship in our case
could be based on our mutual demand for freedom.
For creative spirits, a stable agreement
could be based on and built on thin air,
since we both are wise enough to know
that in this life there is nothing more stable
than anything writ in water.
Our mutual freedom is our major mutual urge,
and that is what I have to offer you,
the only thing I think that we could build
some lasting love on.
For me, it would be mainly work,

for you, you know already
that I always wished for you
to further your own music
in illimitable freedom and expansion.

120. Somnambulistic telepathy

(the enigma of dreams dreamt in common...)

The only truth about the matter,
our only valid and important conversation
is our mumbling in our dreams,
the things we say while we are sleeping,
like some strange kind of somnambulistic love,
where lovers walking in their sleep share one and common dream,
which is the only truth about their most remarkable reality.
They dwell together in the truth of their ideals
which no one else can share
unless they find themselves in that same dream
which only can be dreamt by honest lovers,
whose transcendency of love is such a fact
that in their dreams reality becomes a lost nonentity
since all that matters is that perfect honesty
found only in that dream they share somnambulistically
in their sleep at night, and they don't even have to sleep together.

121. Philosophy

When words are not enough
there will be silence more expressive
than a thousand conversations
and a million symphonies
if that silence harbours feelings
and vibrations disciplined by thought
that tends in one direction
of creativeness and love.
Vibration of creative thought
is maybe the most potent power in the universe,
and if it is well disciplined at that
there are no bounds to what it may accomplish.
Harmony and melody is one manifestation
of that discipline, which brings a breed of brooders
who with their depth of thought are carrying on their shoulders
the responsibility for universal life.

122. Evening prayer

Let the most beautiful moments of our love
transform into highlights of eternity
to light the sky of our lives in constant twilight,
the most beautiful and colourful moment of truth
and of light's sensitivity during the day.
Let the stars beam the truth of these moments
throughout all the nights of our lives
to endow them with beautiful dreams
and of wonder that may outlast history.
Thus is my evening prayer for you
that the blessings of these lights may never leave you
but constantly watch over you like guardian angels

ordained by me for your protection,
that your sleep may be as wholesome
as your gentlest dreams.

123. In reserve

The uncontrollability of love
which makes everyone mad about her
is an interesting phenomenon
since no one can control it,
least of all herself, the very hub,
the heart of innocence,
who casually observes the insanity around her
and simply cannot do anything about it,
having trouble enough to keep on the defensive
to ward off the clumsiness of the rude clouts
whose madness thereby is but added to.
How can I help her, since I love her myself?
All I can do is to at least control and behave myself
and keep my love in humble faithful constancy
to spite the madding crowding turbulence of love.

124. The twilight of departure

The twilight of departure is a sad affair
since there is no return to what is fair.
You leave behind what you are unwilling to leave
and move to unknown destinations of incertitude,
perhaps of tribulation, certainly of trials
to never know what you one day will be returning to
after your trials after an infinity of changes
of the world and of your character,
because you'll never be the same again after a journey.
But this is the test of miracles.
There might be something left for you that hasn't changed,
and that stability is proof of continuity
that outlasts time and change and mundane troubles
and may prove that after all, in spite of all,
your love will never change.

125. New life

A new life begins for us more difficult,
a life of separation and of trial,
which could be a training of our spirits
to be free and stalwartly remain free
in our minds within each other's souls
in faithfulness galore without an end,
but still there are some worries:
I can not protect you any more,
we cannot see each other daily any more,
we have to brace ourselves against an alien reality
and trust completely to our dreams alone,
but that is maybe our supremest strength:
the knowledge of the power of our dreams
against which earthly powers with their strifes and wars
amount to nothing, since all life
acknowledges but one authority
which is the constancy of love.

126. *The Travelling Companion*

(separation of twin souls is a lie since geographical distance has no bearing on true relationships...)

You go with me. I feel you by my side.
It is not strange, since we are lovers.
We don't have to see each other
since it's easier to feel each other
which we do invariably
depending on our constancy.
Thus don't I have to miss you
since I know you better in your absence
when my senses can't play jokes with me
when I can concentrate on what you are,
your presence with me being so apparent
and the more the more in soul you are.
The more I love you for your presence
even in your present absence.

127. *Old souls meet again*

One might almost say you are the best thing that has happened to me.
This is wondrous strange considering your poverty,
in view of that I never was myself a rich man
nor had anything to offer you except my poverty.
But we are two old souls that must have known each other long
before we knew each other or were even born,
like as if our reunion in this life
awakened us to find ourselves alive once more
after a loss of life for many centuries.
My Indian princess - or are you Arabian?
Anyway, you certainly are not of this world,
just as little as I am myself,
but we have found each other
and can thus create a new world.
That's a challenge irresistible,
and I would gladly try if you are with me.

128. *Come and fly away with me*

Come and fly away with me
beyond the clouds to surreality
where everything is just amazing
not to say astonishing and constantly surprising,
for it is a land of marvels without end
where nothing is predictable nor as you would expect
and therefore never can be boring.
That is my land where I live and fly
on wings of beauty and of universal love
that never fails me, since I only deal with constancy.
I give you willingly my hand
to come along as my companion and accompaniment
into my everlasting world of beauty and of music
that will never cease to soothe you, worship you and love you.

129. *Now*

It's only now that counts,
this fearful moment of so ominously constant truth,
in which we make our present and the future
and create our history and take care of the past,
and nothing stands outside this momentous intriguing hour
in which universal destinies are solemnly determined
and lives and fates stand not a chance of being saved
if they can not live up to the importance of the present.
Here you have me in your favour for the present loving you,
and honestly I pray to God that it may last forever.
That, however, is not in our power for the present to decide,
but let's at least be happy for the present hour
and perhaps succeed in keeping up our happiness
so that it might spite history to outlive time.

130. *The Call*

the muse to her darling

Come into my world, my loved.
Feel yourself at home among these beautiful people
who live only for idealism and golden dreams of beauty.
We live for a better world than this one, which exists,
a surreality which must eventually replace the low one,
that of barbaric materialism and egoism,
but we must not enforce ourselves but keep to patience.
Meanwhile let us cultivate our garden and our music,
all that is constructive and beautiful that favours life.
So shall we love each other to give birth to that desired future
of our dreams, a world of artistry and grace,
of freedom of creation and expression,
of magnificence, imagination and intelligence,
a contrary world order to this mess of politics,
this madness of control, manipulation and deceit,
this havoc of ambition, egoism and greed.
I offer you the contrary, which is the easiest thing,
a world of harmony and discipline and common sense
ruled only by the liberal divinity of love.

131. *Trust*

How much can I trust you?
I trust you with my life
for you to keep and harbour in your heart
forever, if you like,
for my life is my love,
and if I can not share it with my love
it is a waste for nothing
worth no more than nothing.
So it is better that you keep it
safe, from me, so I don't waste it
on what is not love, that is,
that it is better for my love to keep it
in safe custody for her own love
than it is given up on anything that is not love.

132. *My love is like a thousand stars*

My love is like a thousand stars
each beaming and conveying different aspects of our love,
each holding its own character and colour,
varying like the wave-lights of the sea
and flickering like the sunrays in it,
each containing a profound and mesmerizing mystery
of unknown depths unfathomable
and of stories whispered forth in unintelligible dreams
that never can be told, explained, but only listened to.
And every star of different aspects of our love
has its own solar system of immeasurable compass
of more planets with more life than can be counted,
each inviting to new worlds of vast discovery,
and thus, to our love there can not be an end.

133. *Missing you*

Missing you is like confessing to a crime.
I must plead guilty – without any reservation.
There is nothing I can do about it
since I cannot get you here
except by wishful thinking
making up your image in my dreams
wherein I still can love you passionately
without any reservations,
and you are not even hurt or importuned thereby.
That is another freedom, but of no avail,
just as to cry is nothing much to boast of;
but the truth about the matter is,
that since I miss you earnestly
I also must needs love you earnestly.

134. *Love and friendship*

The freedom of our love is maybe its responsibility
and finest trait and fruit, since it is based on trust.
That maybe summarizes the whole thing:
longevity of love is friendship,
and where friendship lasts, love certainly will grow.
The deepest love is not just passion but affection,
and where this is stabilized, established and well founded
love becomes synonymous with friendship and self-evident.
Those who really love each other need not talk about it,
they just stick together like old friends
in consistent and continuous communion
that cannot easily be interrupted
even by the longest momentary separations;
for when two souls find each other and united into one
that union cannot be more perfect
in transcendence of all vows and bonds and worldliness.

135. *Poor comfort*

A poem is poor comfort
for the absence of your love,
but still, it gives a hint
of the beloved's soul and presence,
and, what's even better, it remains
and is no lie
but deep and heartfelt honesty.
The poorest substitute for love
is flesh without a spirit,
carnal satisfaction without faith,
while love is so much more than that
and maybe truest in immortal lines.
I claim no such immortality
but am content with simple honesty.

136. *Black holes*

In darkness shines the light of love,
a truism, but of some severe significance,
because the light is threatened by this darkness
constantly, and darkness is, as Plato found,
much greater than the vulnerable light.
The darkness is unfathomable in its depth,
and this unendingness of dark holes in the universe
is ever like a terror, since it cannot be defined.
It just exists as an eternal threat
against the twinkling smallness of the light,
which never can, however, be put down.
That is the magic of the miracle,
that this eternal overwhelming darkness
always is defeated by the tiny light.

137. *In servitude*

We are custodians of the muses,
bound by them in lifelong thralldom
to create and propagate their beauty
fettered by their inspiration
to produce and serve humanity with joy,
while we remain unthanked in poverty.
Thus is our destiny of unfair destination
to toil alone against the mainstream,
pioneering to create a better finer world
against the ignorance of that majority
that never knew the muses really do exist,
while we are left without a choice
but stubbornly to struggle on,
our only real reward just being
our association with and knowledge of the muses.

138. *Protest*

I love you telepathically
more than anything on earth.
In view of violent storms over the mountains
sweeping villages away and breaking up communications
ruining the lives and homes of farmers,
I can not endure this monumental foul play,
separating us and ruining the world.
My passion is destructive against this injustice
crying out in horrible despair
protesting all my love
against all the dark forces of the universe.
My only comfort is
this solace of a fact
that our love will manage this
and stalwartly survive
to spite all the destructive powers of the universe.

139. *Love by candlelight*

May I call you my love, my lovely?
What a shameful and presumptuous question!
I call you names without asking
and ask your permission afterwards
when the importuning already has been made.
What a shameful and unabashed conduct!
It just fell on my mind in this candlelight
in a purely romantic and natural mood
to call you that name which forever is yours in my mind
and which sometimes demands some expression.
So forgive me my bold importuning,
but let me just whisper that name in your ear again
with full guarantee that you only may hear it,
of names most misused but also most honest,
my love.

140. *In the hopelessness of natural catastrophe*

In the hopelessness of natural catastrophe
my only comfort is to think of you
with tears of sorrow for all those who lost their homes
but all the more for missing you.
My life is split by hard responsibilities
for work, for people and for you
while my most practical sport,
my greatest pride and pleasure
is completely to ignore myself
to concentrate on what is more important,
that is my responsibility and love.
So I beg you to forgive me
if I sometimes must neglect you for responsibilities,
but be aware that they are only there
for the expansion of my constant love.

141. *A confession*

What is a lover without stains?
My greatest fault, if you'll forgive some straight confession,
is my incredulity and doubtfulness -
I never could believe in love nor trust a lady,
letting my love be corrupted by mistrust and jealousy
for nothing - it was maybe that old green-eyed monster
which appears whenever love appears as its back side and contrary,
but fortunately I could always well control it,
piously preferring self-inflicted torture to myself than hurting others;
but the worst was always the incurable and persecuting doubts
which usually, unfortunately, proved too true.
Thus every love-affair I had was ship-wrecked
on the shoals of doubtfulness and hard reality,
my love surviving only in my lonely ruined heart
in constant fickle hope of better luck next time.

142. *Some health sign*

There is no surer sign of your good health
than that your mind is free and wanders easily
on wings of music or imagination and creation
without being fettered to concerns of the corporal body,
pains and aches and worries, hypochondrical superficialities;
because your mind, your soul and spirit and identity
was born and incarnated free,
and nothing ever should obstruct or sabotage that freedom,
which is your insurance and your only guarantee of health.
So there, my love, I earnestly beseech you to keep free and well
so that I never may stop loving you,
so that we always may be co-dependent on each other's freedom
and protect it, safeguard it and cultivate it
so that our creativeness may never cease.

143. *Wishful thinking*

Powerless and awkwardly bereft all strength
I cry to my beloved from the depth of darkness
and despair to in my languishment evoke a dream
that maybe still remains of perfect love,
a perfectly ideal relationship and union of our souls
in prayer for humanity and all that madness
that so desperately governs this so aberrated world;
but our love can save it, and that is my dream.
No darkness, no atrocities and no demented violence
can touch or violate this dream,
since our love is sacred
and a wonder at that too.
So let us pray across the borders of our separation
to redeem humanity with our love and with it all civilization.

144. *Nature*

The overwhelming character of nature
is something that man never can describe
nor live up to, grasp or even understand,
since nature ever is man's total master
against which man ever has to fail
in awkward and pathetic, constant and ridiculous defeat;
since man must ever in comparison with mother nature
stand a miserable naked lost and stolid child.
The greatness and the wilderness and power of Dame Nature
must constantly reduce the vanity of man to nothing,
and the only way to tame her and co-operate with her
is to respect her sovereignty and accept her terrible supremacy
in self-humiliation and to never try to challenge her;
for she alone has sense to know what life is all about.

145. *Constancy*

I send you constantly my love.
I don't know if you feel it,
but my constancy is well enough for me,
and I believe, as long as this my constancy is true,
you also with your intuition will be faithful
to the beauty of our union, this our friendship,
which must be considered something of a strange coincidence,
a kind of fortunate release from previous traumas
and a platform for the future to create and build on.
I feel our relationship is perfectly constructive,
we have never hurt each other yet,
and, as I said once previously, I don't think that we can.
So, what else is there to do but to continue
this persistently constructive glorious constancy?

146. *Gratitude*

So far my love has been acceptable to you,
and I am grateful for it.
Take it as an offering of humbleness
and gratefulness for that this love is possible.
Some say I fell a victim to the cruellest women
who only taught me the impossibility of love
of their own hard experience, hardened nature,
hardened pride and arrogance, which only taught them self-love;
but with you somehow true love was suddenly released,
a new amazing possibility was found in beauty's orchid bud
of honesty and sensitivity, of wisdom coupled with extremest intuition,
and I was released from lifelong dull imprisonment of no love.
So what else can I then offer you but my sincerest gratitude,
that I may love you and that you receive my love.

147. *The lover*

What is a lover? Someone to be alone with
on your own, to dream about when he is absent,
to always have him handy as a trust
to be able to rely on completely
and to be certain of, whatever distances and absences;
a friend to be at one with always when you need him
even when you cannot reach him,
to always think about and live with in your thoughts,
another ego of your own, to be able to respect
and to never fail to honour, sure of trust,
since you know for certain about a lover
that he never fails you.

148. *In the night*

(the headline of this poem came from Robert Schumann's piano piece with the same title, which could be listened to as an appropriate accompaniment to these troublesome lines:)

When in the sleepless night I think of you
and worship you the more for all my torment,
nothing can more strengthen me in my conviction
in my faith in you for all your absence
than the fact that you light up my sleepless night
and turn it into harmony, security and welfare.
Is it maybe that you seek me with your ghost and mind
like I seek yours, heroically spiting distances
and lacks of any urgently desired means of straight communication?
Certain is the fact that my unsettled ghost is out and hunting
desperately for your contact by whatever means.
Thus maybe we can meet in spite of all
as lovers somewhere beyond this constrained reality
to there unite and stay united without any more constraint.

149. *Regretting love*

A strange theoretical question arises:
has anyone ever regretted his love?
I must say that everything speaks for a 'no'.
I never found anyone anywhere,
not even in all world literature and our history,
who in whatever preposterous way has said:
"I regret that I ever gave my love to her (or to him)."
Are there any exceptions? Not even poor mothers of criminals
have to my knowledge regretted their love of their lost ones,
not even the raped victim can fail to feel some compassion
for the most condemnable of all transgressions.
Nor even can I regret any of my many moments of love,
not one single of them, although God knows
they all cost me more than I could ever give.

150. *An opening*

How do you want our relationship?
Sleeping together or just neutral friendship?
Whatever you wish, I will grant it
with no reservation, as far as I can.
If you still are a virgin, let's keep you that way,
if that is your desire - I will never trespass you.
If you want children - let's postpone that question until we get started.
Of course, you'll prefer your vocation and work,
which, however, does never exclude love but rather demands it,
like I have my duties and hopeless condition of workoholism.
We are flexible both and can compromise infinitely,
since that is one of love's many miracles:
suddenly impossibilities turn into practical feasibility,
all doors open, all locks are unlocked, and the only thing left
is an endlessness of opportunities and possibilities.

151. *My care*

It is so long ago I wrote a poem to your dedication,
not because I have forgotten you, but from neglect,
confused by crises on my journey which upsets it
all the time and throws me in the doldrums
of exasperation and despair, disheartening me
to the point of no return from the black hole of desperate defeat.
But you are there still somewhere way beyond the rainy clouds
like some ethereal dream of something better than my ruin,
like a promise of some sunshine after all
when all these desperate accursed rains have passed away
and left us with the ruins of a wrecked country
dismally transformed into a havoc just for nothing,
for the weather play and waters to destroy our lives
and throw us deep into depression - and for what?
I just don't care, since you are there, which is my better care.

152. *Leaking tents*

the trekker's nightmare

It's not just that it's wet and dreary,
but it's freezing cold as well,
and there is no way to get warm
in soaked blankets and with drippings
following you mercilessly in whatever way you turn
to helplessly escape the cold and pouring streams
that find their way wherever you have something sensitive,
like papers, books, your camera, your toilet paper,
and whatever that can not survive a touch with water
will be sought out by the waters of the leaking tent
to cheer you up and force you out of bed with an umbrella
sitting upright all the night in freezing cold
until the rain stops, which it never does.
It could be worse, though. Drippings only torture,
but if something happens to the ground and waters move it,
you'll end up in a flood of mud and never wake up any more.

153. *Another cup of tea*

My love is like a cup of tea
that never can be finished
but is amiably replenished
every time you finish it,
like a perpetuum mobile,
for thus works love ad infinitum:
there is nothing in the world to stop it,
no one can get through with it,
it is the most unsolvable of problems
that demands a constant entertainment
to be carried on to the delight
of those who never tire of the sport
but live just for the exercise
of love's eternally miraculous expansion.

154. *Rest*

Rest with me like I will rest with you
on an exquisite bed of flowers made for you
made softer by the gentle touch of our delicacy
and richer by our lengthened dreams of sweetness
that have the strange habit to be constantly prolonged
into interminably unsurveyable continuations
like a novel or a symphony that never ends
but just continues to develop and expand
into more wondrous and delicious new beginnings.
But from this constantly developing and never-ending epic
we need pauses, – so, my friend, come, rest with me
and I will rest with you, and thus, we shall sleep well together.

155. *Falling stars*

Who needs a constellation of the Virgin to depict you
when the starry night presents the entire Milky Way
for a sufficient illustration of your bounty,
of the depth and richness of your soul
and of your overwhelming beauty,
which I can lie comfortably on the ground
just staring at it, meditating over it forever
while I count the stars that fall,
each one as one more stroke of luck from you,
each one another ray of light and message from the Milky Way
of grace and love and kindest thoughts from you.
Thus do we communicate in flashes,
fast but absolute and without end,
each falling star conveying this important universal message
of the interchange of love between all constant lovers.

156. *The artist's dilemma*

He can but create alone and must have solitude
for concentration, focusing and freedom from disturbance,
which makes him an alien and must affect his natural relationships,
at worst distorting him into an antisocial personality,
a monster and a freak, incapable of natural relationships,
quite often winding up in sado-masochism and tragical self-torture,
like a monk stuck in a dead end of exaggerated discipline.
But if the artist leaves this perilous self-centredness,
he risks his contact with the muses, his creativeness, his soul,
or that is what he thinks. What he must learn is compromise,
which always solves all problems, the supreme necessity,
for no one can do without love, and no one can do without company,
the muses often hide behind your friends and speak through them,
and, most important, love is never only for yourself.

157. *The glow of love*

The glow of love remains and never fails
but keeps on warming our hearts,
refilling constantly our energy of fire
that seems never to burn out, but on the contrary
continue to expand its warm intensity,
as if our love just kept on constantly renewing
its amazing strength and lasting continuity.
Thus keep my verses all the time repeating
that same story that seems never to grow old,
that love is ever young as long as it remains
and never can get older than its summer freshness
just as long as it just keeps on burning
without ever burning itself out,
its glow renewing and continuing to warm our souls,
the more our love keeps on consuming us.

158. *How can you love me?*

How can you love me?
I am like a satyr beyond recognition,
masked, disfigured and corrupted by a goat's beard,
behind which I hide a face completely ruined
by old age and many decades of foul living
summing up a despicable failure of a life
that never any woman could accept.
Thus am I burnt out by a self-consuming fire
shattering persistently my soul and body
with self-torturous outrageous pain and longing
just to be with you, my heart's desire,
that I well know I might never reach,
since you are all that I am not.
And still, my hope keeps me right on that crooked path
of blundering and foundering in pursuit of that dream
of one day maybe despite everything reach any kind of love,
with you, just you, and never anybody else.

159. *Longing*

Just let me sleep with you and be with you,
adore you and caress you in my dreams
in perfect gentleness and softness
without any humdrum trivial matter to disturb us,
only you and me together in a dream that never ends
which I must dream alone without you,
calling for you in my desperation of relentless sleeplessness,
with only the minutest glimpse of hope and comfort
that I know that you exist and after all may still be faithful
to the beauty of this dream we have together
which I pray we one day never shall wake up from any more
since that is all the truth we need to keep on living:
this illusion of a love that might be some kind of reality
and in that case so much more important
than that cruel reality which keeps us separated.

160. *On his illness*

When in a crisis situation my health fails me
and I crawl decrepitly on all fours to clean up my devastation,
the annihilating horrible reality of my incontinence,
I can but cry in misery about how utterly unworthy I am now,
an ageing clown no longer in control and charge of his own body,
maybe the beginning of a lifelong downhill degradation
and humiliation leading down into some black hole
of the final tragedy, the inescapable defeat,
the ruin that awaits us all in the conclusive demolition
of our life, all that we lived for, our identity and personality
and even all our memories, experience and deserts;
but one thing must remain untouched by all this misery,
and that is love, of course, untouchable, serene and incorruptible,
which on its own alone shall ever conquer all
that ever even tried to bring it down.

161. *Just another one*

My thoughts are constantly with you
incapable of leaving you,
keeping pious company with you
as a desired guardian angel
of my own construction and imagination
but nevertheless and even more
for you the faithfulest protection
replenished with the piety of all my love.
Thus keep I burning for you
willingly and ardently with all my love
to keep you spiritual company at least
in the regretted absence of your presence physical;
but something tells me that in love nothing is more important
than the piety and faith and will to love
and the ambition never to forsake it.

162. *Budding miracles*

Do you feel it when I love you?
Do you feel my tenderly caressing thoughts,
my wishful thinking dreams of total generosity,
my universal well-wishing for you,
my total honesty in universally wide opening my heart for you,
my over-self-indulgent love for only you?
Our love is like a flower opening her buds
to gradually reveal her secret and undreamed-of glories
one by one in careful calculated portions
never to completely bluntly throw it all wide open
but instead to open up forever more and more
and without ever ceasing this expanding process
and to never close it. Thus our love continues an expanding miracle
with no end to its possibilities, its wonders and its beauty.

163. *Journey's end*

What does it matter that my journey goes so slow,
outrageously fatiguing and annoying
in its horrible monotonous and trying toughness,
when, as luck would have it, you are there to think of, who enlightens it,
who follows me on my outrageous wanderings
and keeps me on my feet when I should fall,
succumb and give up to the pessimism of my misfortune,
being constantly with me and in my prayers
as my indefatigable guardian angel.
You not only keep me going on my feet
but keep me flying in the air above the clouds
to even more ensure my safety and my good arrival
in your arms at this precarious journey's end,
which is, in fact, the only thing I ever left you for.

164. *The Himalayan Symphony*

Do you hear the hills resounding with this glory
of our symphony of triumph, glorifying all the beauty
of the world, of all the freedom of Dame Nature,
of our harmony and love? Thus sings my heart for joy
and hovers without bounds among the highest mountains
just to sing the praise of all the beauty of this world,
of you, our friendship and our love.
What matters the extremest separation in a case like this,
when love just frees itself from all the confines of the world,
of all mortality, of matter, space and time
to just exist in glory, flying clear above all vanity,
and gloriously enjoy the highest, purest music,
that of perfect silence in eternal stillness,
the sublimest music of the soul,
transcending heaven and eternity.

165. *Riding the whirlwind*

My love is flying on wings of fire
never to rest but to always continue
forever ahead to new continents of exploration,
a nomad and rover and wanderer,
restless incurably like the wild wind,
but the freer for being without any bonds
or without any will that in any way can tie her down,
since she is only love; and love cannot exist
and survive but as free as the whirlwind;
and no one can tame love except he who rides any whirlwind,
the highest, most difficult and most advanced of all sports,
but the only one worth all the painstaking trouble,
the ultimate art, which the effort of conquering
only is its own reward, and the finest as such in existence.

(the worst trauma of any journey is usually the cultural shock that awaits you at home...)

166. *The fugitive's homecoming*

What business has the fugitive at home?
He can not be accepted, no one wants him,
there is nothing for him to come home to except loneliness
and strife, his family ignoring and despizing him,
the basis of his unacceptability, the ruin he was born to,
his unfair predestination to a lifelong punishment of exile,
scarring him with unjust stamp of prejudicial doom
for no specific reason other than his personality
that somehow seems too much out of this world;
and yet, he has to eat and sleep and live and labour somewhere
somehow, and that is his only rescue: he can work;
and if that personality is such that all his work can only be creative,
all the better, then he will have some support and backbone in eternity,
and all he has to do is obstinately to work hard with his creation,
and he will be more triumphant after death than any mortal conqueror.

167. *The bleeding heart*

mater dolorosa

There are wounds that never heal,
and worst of all are heart wounds
that must bleed forever most profusely
until the frail heart has wasted all
and broken up in pieces of her scattered sorrows.
Heart wounds do not bleed themselves to death
but rather cry out their indulgent inundation
until that poor heart, the tender fountain, is dried out
and cannot keep on crying out the tears of blood
since they have drowned and dried up
in her wasting devastating pain and sorrow.

So if you meet with a mother who can shed no tears,
forbear with her, because she has been crying
all her life and only tears of blood and has none left to cry
since she is only waiting for her heart
to finally break up in mercy.

168. Lost souls in the abyss of spirituality

We found each other in the abyss of the soul,
both stuck in that black hole, the worst of all,
a bog of no escape, a swamp of wet sentimentality,
a well of feelings without any end or bottom to its darkness,
the most hopeless and incurable of prisons;
but in those black depths of utter darkness
there is that which keeps us going and alive
in different dimensions in another better world
of sensitivity, prolonged antennas, extra strange phenomena
like vertigo existence out of normal order and our bodies,
telepathic qualities and other weird stuff just for freaks,
which makes us freer, actually, in this our prison of the soul
than all those who are bound by opposite impediments,
like property, a house and car and junk and practical responsibilities
that fetter them to the most desperate of chain gangs called mortality,
which is the ignorant majority of all this miserable poor humanity.
So what have we then to complain about? As outsiders
we are completely free from this outrageous mortal coil,
and in this perfect liberty which gives us wings
we can just go on flying and forever and together.

169. Reunion

Our difficulty is not with ourselves
but with this alien world of ignorance
which fails to see and recognize the obvious,
all the beauty, sensitivity, nobility of soul and mind,
all the refinement which you can turn life into a work of art with,
if you only leave barbarity and coarseness,
rudeness and vulgarity behind with all destructiveness
and live for love alone with its constructiveness.
It pains my heart to see you suffer in this climate
of a barren Nordic stale and hard mentality;
for your so tender heart of gold that easily cries blood
can never be adjusted to this grey society of stony hearts
that hide behind a mask of an infallible bureaucracy
that never can do any people any good.
But take it as a challenge: we can make this desert flourish
if we only stick to love and use it well.

170. Poetry enthroned

There is no need for any other law than poetry,
make her the Queen of all existence in her everlasting glory,
that must outlast all that junk called vanity and ugliness
which only show up in this world to pester and pollute it
for no other good than tragedy,
the trap which all humanity so enthusiastically marches into
fooled by the deceivers of short-sightedness and fickle profit
for which sake man drowns himself in any madness and insanity
most willingly - and hardly sees himself through even afterwards.
But poetry remains, with beauty and idealism as champions,
the last romantic hero isn't even born yet and shall never be,

for they belong to Poetry's and Beauty's court of everlasting light
and can't be even tempted from their sovereignty to step down
to follow suit with this demented, ugly, sick and decayed world
which politicians think they rule, unable to get into their thick heads
that Politics is nothing but the Madness Greenhouse of Megalomania
where there are no other masters running the asylum
than the vainest power of them all,
the ultimately and completely egoistic opportunist's self-destructiveness.

171. Simplicity

It couldn't be more simple.
Yes, of course I love you,
but I am a giver only and no taker.
All I want is nothing for myself
but everything for you,
and since your health condition is so delicate
I will not ever risk to jeopardize it but protect it only.
So my answer to your question of what I expect
is nothing for my own part.
As an artist bent on one-sided creativeness
it is excluded that I would desire anything from you
except, perhaps, the wish that you would keep what I would give you.
See my poems as documentations of my feelings,
a tempestuous inner world that ever moves and changes
but which never gets out of control,
and of my love, of course, which is quite undeniable
but of a rather purely altruistic kind
that never can get negative, destructive, morbid or insane
but is, I am afraid, a rather hopeless case of one-sided constructiveness.

172. Woodstock - in retrospect after 37 years

It was all a craze, of course,
a most absurd idea of most immoderate proportions,
a phantasmagoria of surrealistic recklessness
to stage this concert of megalomania for an audience of five hundred thousand,
all well fed with food and drink and any drugs for half a week,
with children getting born during the concert and some others dying,
everything allowed, the music being anything and perfectly without self-criticism;
and still there was something spectacularly sane about this whole flipped-out event,
so many people gathered just for music's sake to be together in a ruse,
intoxicated like on something so out of the ordinary as a common trip
to never really get completely back again, and, for a number of them, never to recover.
None of us was there, and still it feels today as if it was but yesterday
and as a great historical concern for all of us, not thirty-seven years away,
but recently, and in that omnipresent zone of timelessness,
that you are constantly in touch with as a practising musician -
the idea was very good, no matter how it sounded
and whatever were the consequences.

173. *On the sea of love*

Are you the victim of the ocean,
or are you the ocean?
All your feelings are your own,
but they will blow you anywhere
without your being able to resist them,
although you as their possessor
are alone entirely responsible for them;
so, - are you the wind that blows,
or are you the skipper of the tossed ship
that sets the sails to how the wind blows,
risking shipwreck on the way
and without knowing whether you will ever reach a port?

The wind is yours, the ship is yours,
just keep afloat, enjoy the wind and keep it going,
and at least you won't lack any entertainment
on a sea that tends to get the funnier
the more outrageously you keep on blowing.

174. *Exhaustion*

Where do they all come from,
all these tiring wasted wrecks of wretches
who exhaust you by their extremism,
the Limbo people without roots and aims
who only live for their eccentricism,
as if life's only meaning was excessiveness
at any cost by any means whatever the results,
and they ignore completely that they leave you
wasted in the ditch as they have passed you by
and driven you completely over by their wastefulness
of energy, of nonsense, of big deals for nothing,
of their hopelessly excessive vanity inflation.
But the other people, those who are more normal,
can't you stick with them, who for a change are sensible?
They are not easily accessible, since they are usually at work
and are not seen at home except late in the evening,
when as burnt-out cases they arrive, and early in the morning,
when they have to go to work without much rest
and having usually endured a night of nightmares or insomnia.
Those, the normal people, are not much to celebrate
since they are generally boring; and thus don't you have much else
than all those extremists who loiter without work
and just keep on exhausting you with their relentless pathos,
being better than the others in at least that they are never boring.

175. *The wrecker*

My love is an incessant stormy ocean
that keeps beating me asunder from my wits,
a shipwrecked fool completely lost at sea
and tossed to madness by its hammering atrocity,
and as a lover you are hopelessly alone
with this too overwhelming darkness of a cruel night,
your feelings drowning you and pulling you straight to perdition.

Yet, you are alive and can still fight
for your survival, even if you as a forlorn lover
are completely on your own and have no mercy to expect
from anyone – a lover lost is worse off than a ruined pauper.
Still there is a plank left of your shipwreck,
one last hope, if even that is the last straw
and even if that only is your own imagination.

176. *Passion*

When passion comes and takes you from behind,
what can you do? You have no other choice but to succumb
to its relentless wildness, darkness, terror and destruction
and must be the victim of your own emotions
overwhelming you with hopelessness and no escape,
no possibility for any shadow of defence;
for passion is the ultimate manifestation of the darkest force of nature
in her greatest irresistibility and her omnipotence,
her majesty and dreadfulness of silence like of death.
And yet, in this black hole of hopelessness there is a kind of life
more tough in its expansion than the most victorious sperm,
triumphant in its life and glorious in outbreak.
So what can we do about the force of passion?
There is nothing else to do but just the best of it.

177. *The haunted humanity*

The ghosts that haunt you
are the spectres of this insane world and age,
the phantoms of derailment and the enemies of love
that make spontaneous love impossible
and keep us fettered in Orwellian restrictions
isolated in unhuman cubicles of so called work and duties
that are just one way to the asylum
made more comfortable by the horrors of medicinal society
that give you pills to poison you relieving you of life
which anyway is just unbearable because of this society.
They say we are too many people on this earth,
and therefore the majority expects a sudden instantaneous destruction
that would finish off the sick majority which only suffers anyway,
and thus the thoughts and speculations of this world
continue to get sicker. There is only one health sign remaining:
Love can never get corrupted, while it lives and keeps on loving.
Never mind about the children and forget about your sex life,
if the health state of the world demands such sacrifices
for the sake of humankind's survival,
but let never go of love.
It is for us to cherish as the only thing
that ever will continue keeping us alive.

178. *The workoholic*

Is he to be pitied, or is he to be envied and admired?
Maybe both, or neither, since he is the victim of his happiness,
he is productive and enjoys his work but has got stuck in it,
like in a vicious circle but of happiness and glory,
which he can't get out of.
Oftentimes you see most doubtful consequences of this queer anomaly,
like difficulties with relationships, divorce and misery,
which usually just spurs him on to even harder efforts,
and thus is his most precarious condition only made the worse.
The problem is that there is no one who can help him;
only he himself can liberate him from his prison
of his work, his paradise and bliss, his sado-masochistic
self-destructive torture and his most unnatural and perfect hell,
which undeniably and more often than not
will end up with producing end results of most amazing quality
that will remain and prove to outlast vanity.

179. *The Humanist's Complaint*

(by my old friend and colleague Doctor Sandy in Athens.)

Is idealism then dead and buried
just because materialism drives it over?
Is humanism then to capitulate
to ruthless unhumanity?
Must love then constantly give way to hatred
since hatred otherwise destroys her?
Must gentleness then succumb to hardness
just because hardness doesn't care?
Must then beauty be replaced by ugliness
just because ugliness expands?
Must then life give up to death
only because death exists?
– Yes, alas, as long as justice is controlled by injustice,
since thereby suicide is justified,
the ultimate protest against evil,
injustice, inhumanity and godlessness
in a highest possible appeal of life
in the final resort to despair crying out
in the highest and loudest outcry of existence
which outcries all eternity.

180. *Sea of Love*

It's all for you, my loved, all my sea of love
of endless care and generosity,
of all my life and its creativeness,
my whole production and all that I lived for,
all the beauty I have lived for, all my music above all.
Just take it, drown in it, protect it and enjoy it,
let my music's affluence inspire you
and match the generosity and full length of your gorgeous hair,
and be magnanimous, magnificent and magic
with the manifoldness of this sea that I bequeath you,
greater than the lands of all the earth and richer
with its endlessness of life and love
that man can never understand or fathom
except lovers of the same kind of dynamic bottomlessness

as creative freaks like you and me, both drowned in our abyss
of the ultimate perfection of the beauty of pure music
manufactured and created only out of the profoundest melody
of love that only can be found beyond the depths of all the oceans.

181. The Funhouse High Priest

(a satire-like never-ending story, collected from some recent inside information,
also a kind of doctor's nightmare,)

He is a prophet in his own right,
since he is always right,
his self-righteousness breaking all records,
since he squints to his right side
with what I believe to be an enamel eye,
for he never looks you in the eye.
Still, as a doctor he knows exactly
what medicines to feed you with
and believes he cures of everything
in his own right infallibility
although you flush them all down the toilet
since you prefer staying alive and sane
so that you can observe the established insanity
of your own infallible doctor and his nurses
who keep feeding him with medicines,
medicines, mind you, that he never prescribes for his patients,
since he wants to be sure that he only gets well himself
and no one else, since he needs his patients
to provide his hospital with income and enough guests
to ensure stately subsidies
without which his funhouse wouldn't be so funny any more
but would be shut down
since all the patients got away and all the nurses fatally intoxicated
from the medicines provided by their doctor
so that they would comply well on the couch
day and night
and forget about all the healthy patients,
which they so miserable failed to make sicker
since they all flushed down all their medicines in the toilet...

182. Aloof

Your aloofness does not bother me -
I am not hurt by anyone's detachment
which on the contrary increases my respect,
detachment being always sane and healthy
and the more, the deeper feelings are involved;
and I, if anyone, am well aware of depths of feelings
and the storms that rage under the surface
hidden well under the invisible cloak
not of a mask but from necessity
in order not to let them die but live forever.
If you give them out for mortals to manhandle,
then there will be hurts and undesired end to them,
but flowers are best cultivated in protection.
It's a simple question of survival,
and I will support it, never risk it,
live and cultivate my love
and never interfere with others doing likewise.

183. *Abandoned*

Come and rest a while, my love,
you must be tired, since you worked so hard
escaping from the heart of darkness and the savage hunters
who made you a scapegoat for their vices
and bereft you everything - for nothing,
for some petty theft, as if you were a person to be robbed,
the poorest thing I ever knew,
whom I so gladly would have given everything
but who was proud enough to give me thanks for nothing,
independence being more worth than the highest treasure,
liberty and sovereignty being not for sale.
What can I give you, then? What can I do for you?
I am afraid I can't do anything
except of course continue to adore you
and sustain my love for you the more persistently
and diligently for your distance and departure
and the hopelessness of that impossibility to reach you.
They have alienated you from me, your only perfect lover,
all those other lovers, who just wanted to annoy you,
use you up by their destructive despicable opportunism
while your ideal lover let you get away
and was the only one to piously leave you in peace,
while you have fooled them all and cheated them of all their love,
escaped their baseness and made them all cuckolds
while the only one who really lost you,
your most faithful lover, I myself, yours truly,
is the only one who still possesses you,
the dreamer, who in losing you
has only as the only one secured you,
being one with you in spirit and in fate,
more bound to you than any law agreement can ensure
and being with you the more definitely now
for being lost without you.

184. *Controversial*

My love, your openness and frankness can not hurt me,
and I told you so from the beginning.
All I wanted was your welfare, and I want it still
and more than ever, now especially when I can see
your turbulences, what you have gone through and what you need,
which simply is a general dismantling of your love affairs,
completely, every one, so that you can find peace
and work with what is meaningful and more important
than ridiculously self-degrading dallying with childish games
of intrigue with unworthy knaves that are a bit too fast
in making women pregnant whom they then are stuck with
for their misery until they are compelled to leave them,
adding some more lonely mothers with their children on their own.
My dear, I am no friend of sex, since I have seen too much abuse
and almost only this abuse of one-sided destructiveness
and very little good results and lasting happiness from sex,
in fact, a sum of almost nothing. Be at liberty,
enjoy your freedom, use it well for good constructive purposes,
creation, work and charity, but you live better without sex,
the main corrupter and polluter and destroyer of mankind.

185. *The underground humanist*

(there is maybe a need for a general underground resistance movement of this kind...)

We are the nomads of eternity
who don't fit into this derailed world of brutality
since we are alien to its dominating ugliness
and are too soft in our music to tune in to noise.
Thus are we outsiders and outcasts
who do not belong to this corrupted world
of tyrannies, dictators, wars, barbarity and violence
since we never can conform to what is not constructive.
We must never be a part of all that we abhor
and stubbornly protest against
but rather safeguard and protect in isolation our ideals
and work for them unflinchingly in underground conditions
to once let them conquer all and vanquish ugliness and unhumanity
to let civilisation glory once again in splendid beauty
and let nature conquer all man's unnaturalness
and bring him back to normal, that is peace and decency
to make love possible at all for the creation of a future.

On the birthday of Queen Elizabeth I (September 7th), the Virgin Queen Gloriana.

186. *The old maid*

I know that you despise me all, you young infernal lads,
like Balzac did, who wrote some novels only to express his hatred of us,
but, excuse me, we are not old virgins for no reason.
We are capable of learning and observing,
and it is too obvious what you men are capable of
and never hesitate to plague us with, destroying not your own lives only,
but intentionally making a big mess and with a vengeance
most of all to innocents. Let's not just speak of the abortions,
all those cases that turned pregnant "accidentally" and "unintentionally"
just because the bugger "happened" to come home too early and too fast.
I think we owe most cases of poor solitary mothers,
who can not support their undesired children, to those bastards.
Let's not say a word of all those women psychologically ruined
and destroyed for life by "accidental" and "unfortunate" miscarriages
due to rapes and other "accidental" and "unfortunate" maltreatments.
Let's not lose ourselves in those discussions
whether such occurrences are acts of love or not,
which you males always claim they are while the results prove differently...
Well, let's not talk about such things at all,
but let's just leave all those poor men alone
who can not handle women properly as human beings,
and they might perhaps learn likewise to leave us alone,
like I do mercifully and persistently with them,
so that both they and I can work in peace with more constructive matters,
like for instance dedicating our energy to love,
which actually involves more gentleness, politeness and respect
than just that vulgar sleazy dirty game called sex.

the worst catalogue of humanity

187. Numerical epitaph

29,000 children dying every day from lack of care is a devastating number

calling other endless numbers to mind, which never must be forgotten,

like the hundreds of thousands of women slaughtered by inquisitions 1300-1700 for being supposed witches,

like all those hundreds of thousands of Indians the Spanish killed in Latin America for not being natural Christians and to take their kingdoms and riches,

like the hundreds of thousands of Red Indians in North America killed (on purpose) by Englishmen and Americans, (the English having introduced the first bacteriological warfare by infecting blankets for sale to Indians with smallpox,)

like all the uncountable 'heretic' victims of the Catholic Inquisition 1200-1700,

like the 1,5 million Armenians killed by the Turks in the First World War, the first comprehensive genocide,

like the 20% of all Tibetans killed by the Chinese for nothing, or for just the pleasure of destroying their culture and identity,

like the 1,5 million of his own people that Pol Pot killed off in Cambodia just to execute his power according to the guidelines of Mao Zedong,

like the 6 million Jews killed by Hitler's Germans, the worst genocide ever,

not to speak of the 63 million victims to Lenin and Stalin

or the at least 70 million human deaths caused by Mao Zedong,

or the efficiency of the Americans, who in two brief blasts sent 500,000 innocent Japanese to death, either directly or unbearably slowly, in Hiroshima and Nagasaki,

and so on, and so on,

all of them having proved but one thing, that humanity never learns....

188. Autumn

(another kind of epitaph)

How many days remain for you
to roam around this harrowed earth
so painfully and deeply scarred by failures,
mostly only failures, not just of your own
but of so many lost and wasted lives
and, worst of all, too many friends who died too young.
I could write epitaphs in all eternity
just to bewail them and cry out their sorrows and my own
for what they failed in, what they never could accomplish,
all their unfinished invaluable work
and, most of all, the loss of their too precious souls.

But they are all still out there somewhere
waiting maybe for another opportunity
or for a better world, but they could wait for that forever,
since we haven't seen much betterment for some millennia.
Sorrow keeps me company with falling leaves
in flaming colours red of blood or love or both
while no tears are enough to cry out all the pain
of this so wasted tragical and futile life and world.

189. *In a musical sense*

In a musical sense, what is life?
An accurate question, which pinpoints the essence
not only of life but of existence.
In the beginning was not the word but Music,
and what on earth was all that music about?
We certainly hadn't heard all that jazz before,
and the question is if it sounded at all,
so at least it could not have sounded bad.
Let me put it like this.
In the beginning there was a kind of flow
of some kind of idea, that must have been musical,
because it produced such a tremendous effect
that we had a kind of Big Bang.
It's impossible to recollect or reconstruct,
but it certainly was there,
and it was music, as the source of everything,
as the dark horse behind everything that rides,
and that is life itself, the only motivation of which is –
music.

190. *Reggie Perrin*

(analysis of the famous syndrome)

It's not a crisis, it's just a character development.
Suddenly one morning you wake up to find
to your amazement that your life was all futility,
and you see through everything with clearness for the first time
and recognize the vanity of human wishes, toil and bother.
"What have I been doing all my life?" you ask yourself astonished,
and you realize you haven't lived at all.
All of a sudden, sex becomes dispensable,
you see through all your partners of the past that you don't need them,
love transcends into a higher plane of soul-mates,
endless friendship suddenly becomes the only acceptable relationship,
and you don't even need your property and money,
suddenly detachment from all worldly matters becomes vital
and much more important than materialistic fussiness and all the world,
and love takes on a religious aspect, you turn a philosopher,
stuck with your head in heaven and enjoying it,
at last discovering the real reality among the clouds.
You wake up from a nightmare of ridiculous concerns like from an illness
to turn into something natural and human for a change.

Congratulations – you just made it getting normal
and converted from this mundane mess of mainstream brainwash.

191. *The suicide party of David Braithwaite*

It was a very strange festivity
some years ago at Corinth, Greece,
the story of which doctor Sandy told me,
who was there. Let's leave the host alone,
he had the party of his life, an unforgettable farewell,
to which he generously summoned not only all his friends
but any kind of wayward outsider and displaced person,
many hippies, alcoholics, tramps and tarts
with even children, whom he gave a most luxurious dinner
with food and drink that never saw an end,
Retsina wine and Greek salads galore,
the atmosphere replenished with both joy and sorrow;
everybody laughed and had a good time
while at the same time no one eye's was dry
when the eccentric host made his farewell and welcome speech,
with ample thanks to everyone just for their coming
to be present as a delightful company to his demission.
No one thought at first that he was serious,
but he had actually invited all available Bohemians in Greece
just for his company and give them all a party for his funeral.
What people best remembered afterwards
were those almost unnoticeably small remarks of bitterness
which indicated a most overwhelming disappointment
in the field of love and women – he had loved,
but more than what was good for him, and unsuccessfully.
This is no story really for a poem
but should rather be the subject of a play, which shall be written,
with the documentary material as its delicate heartbreaking base,
maybe next time I go back to Greece.

in defence for the delicacy of ideals

192. *Don't cut my dreams down*

Do whatever harm you will to me and to my life,
but let me keep up my ideals,
since I can see no other purpose of my life
and nothing else to really live for.
They say it's dangerous to wake up a somnambulist,
but even worse and almost worse than any crime
is to bereave a person of his natural ideals,
his love, his piety and dreams.
But real ideals can never really be defeated.
They keep on coming back,
creativity can never have a set-back but can only be renewed,
so there is actually no danger really.
Just let the somnambulist walk on
in safety on his clouds and smiling in his dreams,
and no harm will come out of it,
while no one knows what fearful things could happen
if you touch and crush an individual's universe
conserved well in a dream but that might well contain
the key to universal safety for humanity.

the lone wolf's story, in a world where wolves were exterminated,
or an ordinary immigrant's story

193. *The Alien's Argument*

Sorry, I don't belong to you.
You are a different kind of aliens
whose language I don't speak,
whose laws I don't accept
and whose mentality is alien to freedom
since you don't accept alternative mentalities
of freedom, feelings, softness, sensitivity
and that capacity to feel life by antennae
vibrating in alien dimensions
and accepting other languages
than just the physical and spoken ones.
So I must be an alien to you,
preserve my oversensitive integrity
behind an oyster's shell of shyness,
and if my work doesn't please
or can't be understandable to you,
so let me then at least continue working
as an alien without you.

194. *Blind love*

You just have to face the music:
love will ever play the dirtiest tricks on you
and never be the same but always puzzle you,
upset you, never be reliable and always blindfold you
so that you never can see clear reality
but always must fall victim to it as to love,
since blind reality of love will always lead you quite astray,
you will love anyone who isn't worth it,
and you will be cruelly abused by anyone
who just will take your blindfolded condition as an opportunity
to lead you any stray path down to hell just for the fun of it,
and you will end up as a wreck completely crushed
like in a shipwreck all entangled in the shattered ruins of your lost ideals.
But there is always a way out and a salvation.
Just keep your blindfold on, refuse to compromise with false reality,
continue challenging the cruelty of the world by countering it
and opposing it with your alternative, your own created world of beauty,
which most certainly will outlast this vain world of futile nonsense.
The object of your love will constantly play foul on you
and most outrageously, but that must never check your love,
which ever must keep flowing to enrich, if nothing else,
at least the spiritual world of sentient beings
which ever will be hungering and needing more
of that true love of honesty which is the reason for your life.

195. *Through the minefield*

Let me guide you carefully
across the minefield of abysmal trenches,
thorns and scorpions, poison ivy and what not,
so that your bare feet will not stumble into any bomb
but tread on safely like on clouds
with maximum security, like a professional sleepwalker;

just rely on me and hold my hand,
and your poor blindsight will not lead you wrong
but safely to the other side through any ambush
that will miss you most completely
since I will make you invisible to any danger,
any rotten scoundrel that would trap you,
who instead shall fall into his own deceit –
you may be sure I will see to it thoroughly;
so be not apprehensive or afraid of anything,
just keep your fingers crossed and prayers going,
and my love shall save you from whatever
so that nothing evermore will threaten you again.

This was compared by a colleague with a beautiful poem by Yeats:

"He Wishes For the Cloths of Heaven

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,

I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

196. When anger hits you on the nose...

(9-11 and all that)

When anger hits you on the nose
the urge to strike back gets on overwhelming,
but you can't strike back while still your nose is bleeding,
you just have to swallow it and bide your time,
and as your anger thus is laid to rest
you soon forget about it,
and the motivation disappears
to do something about it,
and thus nothing sensible gets done
about the insult, which remains
buried alive, where it infests and grows
until it reaches some infection stage,
and then the trouble is completely introvert
like a sore inner wound you only feel but cannot dress
and turns perhaps into some metastasis.
Still, that is far better than to actually strike back
in blindness, hatred and revenge
of short-sighted brain-bankruptcy
with no idea of the inevitable consequences.
Thus we have this vicious circle of political insanity,
each madman of his own fanatical establishment
just thinking of his own group egoistic interests,
manipulated into power for destructive reasons,
like the Bush impostor in the White House
stealing presidency from Al Gore, whose main concern
is universal welfare, global warming problems and the future,

while the short-sighted impostor lunacy
by sheer incompetence turns international discussions into failures
triggering the 9-11 sabotage attacks against civilisation,
which politically then are turned into a crazy war merry-go-round
manipulated forth against Afghanistan at first and then Iraq
by the oil mafia governing the president –
and thus is world politics turned into a mess of trouble
just to close the eyes to much more vital problems
like the melting ices in Antarctica and Greenland
that will drown the world if nothing brings it to a halt,
natural problems of man's own short-sighted making
that concerns humanity, the future and all nature
clinically free from egoistic thinking and vendettas –
say no more, I stifle and can only pray and cry,
forgetting all about my bleeding nose.

You missed the nose all together. And, you hit the wrong person, establishment, government leader,
etc, etc, etc. We were attacked!

KL, 2006-09-11

Is Bush also to blame for all the other attacks on Americans dating back to the 70's? There have been
seven, two while Clinton and Gore were in office. These people hate freedom. It has nothing to do
with oil, the environment or politics. They are worshipers of evil.

PJR, 2006-09-11

With my bleeding nose I am hitting no one and defending no one, least of all any terrorist. The
inconvenient truth is there was an important world meeting in spring 2001, which the US walked out
on, refusing to deal with global problems. Some people say there would have been no 9-11 attacks
with a different administration - this can neither be proved nor disproved. The Afghanistan war of
2001 achieved some important and constructive results, let's not speak about the gas pipe lines from
Central Asia to the sea through Afghanistan that were impossible to construct before that war; but the
Iraq war, everybody agrees, was started on false grounds, there having been no weapons of mass
destruction on Iraq's side, Bush's excuse for driving over the UN and starting the war, while Dick
Cheney and D. Rumsfeld pressured the CIA into advocating the war although there was no ground
for it, if it were not for the oil. See Al Gore's film and do something about the US being responsible for
30% of the pollution of the planet. President Bush has refused to see it.

Aurelio, 2006-09-12

This is a very, very significant poem.
It is so sane and asks the relevant question, so forcefully and directly without mincing any words...
Ultimately the fact remains that no war can bring peace.
No peace can be brought about by violence.
No violence can be ended by violence.

Bravo, dear Aurelio!

((warm hugs))

Love,
Zoya

freaking out

197. Ridiculous lovers and other freaks

Who has not been through it?
A complete loss of all dignity and pride,
of self-esteem and everything you thought was yours forever,
just because some silly incident, some awkward situation,
something perfectly ridiculous and accidental,
such as finding your wife's lover in her bed,
an operetta situation, humanly deplorable and perfectly preposterous,
and all you ever dreamed of is forgotten, crushed and broken up in pieces
with a broken heart and tears and years ahead of misery, remorse and sorrow,
all because of human weakness, everybody being really innocent.
But that is how it starts, the real romance,
the suffering, the pathos, the profundity and melancholy,
and you melt away in sweet sentimentality and self pity forever,
drowning all your sorrows in a glass that never ends,
the chalice of your martyrdom being refilled forever.
That's how the career begins for the professional freak,
who nevermore can be quite certain of his sex,
he can do anything for love, turn homosexual or bisexual or whatever
but will never turn a Lesbian, unless he becomes a woman,
which of course could be another choice of his, or hers,
depending on what sex or kind of sex he chooses,
if she suddenly becomes a man or he a woman.
So, in brief, enjoy yourself, whatever kind of sex you have or are.

198. Labyrinths of love

What shall we say? Resign and give up in pathological dismay?
My friend, be comforted. Your love is never lost
and never wasted, never can it be expressed in vain,
and if you lose a girl or all the girls of this frustrating world,
then you can find, some wise guys say, another kind of girl
and sweetheart, lover, partner and whatever, in yourself.
– Now, what freaky kind of comfort is that miserable bullshit?
– Sorry, I just tell you what they have been telling me,
the experts, those who never love except to lose their love,
who have seen all the tragedies and managed to survive them
and themselves, their love and their repetitive perdition –
there is always a way out, they say, and if you cannot find it,
just go back into yourself and find your other self within yourself,
in brief, turn schizophrenic, like so many do successfully.
And so they freak out, the advisers, the psychologists,
the head-shrinkers, support teams, pimps and gigolos
and you just scrap them all as good for nothing.
And having given up completely, getting ready for the exit,
a dramatic most spectacular demonstrative resounding bloodily impressing suicide
you will find a friend right there just waiting for you,
and you ask him with surprise: "Where have you been?"
He answers (or if it is she): "Well, I just happened to be here."
Nothing ever fails to turn up when you least expect it,
and you simply will continue be surprised
as long as you give life a chance.

199. *Separation*

What separated us?

Alas, we are both innocent of our fates,
which we have to follow and which teach us
all kinds of uncomfortable and undesired lessons,
and for some reason our very striving for nobility
has become the parting wall, sealing us off from each other,
robbed of our souls and our free will by the very thing we have in common,
our ideals and vocation, our very work, which brought us together
and now has turned itself into a wall, casting us in different prisons.
Our only salvation is our souls, if we still can find some contact
in spite of the total and fatal separation, across the ocean of division,
if our minds can find each other independent of our bodies
with their weakness fettering us to wordly troubles of pettiness,
the trivial cause of our separation,
the unacceptable sabotaging matters of unnecessary inconvenience;
and fortunately we have some experience before of the ultimate phenomenon,
that nothing is impossible for true love of sincerest honesty.

the environmentalist's concern

200. *Disturbances*

Nothing works properly any more.

There are disturbances everywhere, sabotaging life,
messing up communication lines, turning nature into havoc,
threatening life and the very existence of man
because of man's own folly,
who doesn't understand that he can't be unnatural
without upsetting the universe, life and his own existence.
Never earlier have so many life forms died out,
never has man been more violent and self-destructive,
never before has any form of life turned into a threat to life itself,
like man does now in his totally absurd egoism.
What can we do? Eliminate the disturbances,
keep them out of our lives, close up the omnipresent noise pollution,
turn back to nature and plant trees, abandon the brainwash society
and be human, kind and gentle, cure the psychotic illness of stress
and co-operate with life instead of doing everything to destroy it.
No one has an enemy except himself, if he turns into one,
and that's the only possible departure from nature, life and reason.

201. *The lover to the loved*

Stay a while, my love, and keep me company
just for the night, and you shall not regret it,
for the more you give, the more you will be given,
and I will not give you up, because you are my soul,
that is, you are my life, you hold it in your hands,
and there is no more life for me except your love.
I know this borders on the burning out
and draining of our energies,
there is no more exhausting thing than love,
and yet we need it and can't live without it
even if it must consume us in the end
like in the slowest kind of suicide,
but it gives so much pleasure on the way
and, above all, much more life than we already possess.

202. *Profundity*

Why can't we have each other?
– And yet we have each other.
Destiny blocks our ways and seals us off
for her own purpose, it seems,
the mystery of our love,
that constantly is spurred on
and brought to darker depths
of infinite affection and intimacy
but without ever getting too close,
as if our love was more a water story
of unfathomable ocean depths
than of any fire that could burn.
Maybe it is better that way?
– Never to consume or be consumed,
but to be drowned instead
in the vastness of a sea that never ends
but only waxes all the time
in greater overwhelmingness of beauty.

203. *Castles in the Air*

One day we'll realize our dreams
and talk forever during endless hours of a sleepless night
of only love and love again until we stifle
in our sweat and bliss and wonderful exhaustion,
something that we all need, not just you and me.
Evasive dreams that never can come true
but always can be dreamed about are always necessary
to talk out about, because that is the way to share them
and not have them just for mirages reserved for wishful thinking,
and that way at least can they be kept alive and even verifiable.
There is no greater joy and food for love
than to share common dreams of definite impossibility,
because that proves them not impossible at all,
since what two people can conceive together
is what they together also can create and out of nothing.

L'Envoiy:

The Wise Guys

- from an old Swedish song,

When beauty came along, the wise guys had a song:
"We did not ask for her to come here."
And they fired her and kicked her down the alley,
for they knew much better how to manage without beauty
than to let her enter any of their frozen hearts.
And thus they lived on without any dance or song
or anything that possibly could risk their mind control,
for they preferred to live without beauty
rather than to risk any joy or tears or dangerous emotion.

For the wisdom of the wise guys is so advanced in its foresight
that roses and orchids will freeze in its dry coldness to death,
and people and pupils who are made to read their textbooks
of elaborate pedantic instructions about rules and law and order
will be petrified by such outstandingly premeditated brainwash
to never have bright eyes or searching intellects again.
Instead they were compelled to physically work hard with their brute force,
but all their diligence served only others and their masters,
those who taught them to mind only their own business
and to count their hard earned money since it was so little,
and to hate what tempted them to laughter and to some enjoyment
of for instance beauty in some flowers of some garden.

But we will have summer once again, or so the songs will sing,
and heaven will continue beaming forth some sunshine.
Much will pass that wasn't of much pleasure,
and our hearts shall be uplifted once again;
for beauty never comes or goes but to come back again,
so will the songs forever sing, and nothing can shut up them,
although no wise guy in this world will ever heed them,
refusing to believe their nonsense to be better than their wisdom.

September 18th, (the birthdays of Doctor Johnson and Greta Garbo,) 2006.