

HERE WE ARE AND WHERE ARE WE GOING TO?

I have never sat on a cloud that was pink.
Until I heard where you would be,
I didn't even know how.
There under that tree, where we sit side by side in silence
saw that we could of course keep silent,
as long as the tree whispered that we could stay.
On your side I saw white clouds turn pink
after which you gently showed me how eyes should close best
after staring deeply,
we
 fanned
 leave
 cloud to cloud.

Big fish secretly and openly swallow small fish
And then spray them like fine crystal glass on the seawater
that dances with the dream pulse of the current.
The echo of shy waves foams over the beaches
The sea remains warm, stubborn, loyal to everyone
The sea remains warm, stubborn, loyal to everyone.
A reverse beam shines through it like a soft, inspiring song

And you run you run towards you say
where you are running to say /
you run you run you don't look back
where to? /
everything seems possible to you and you run towards everything that is possible /
and you run run you run /
and next to you another runs another runs and runs /
and you run run you run /
where to tell where to you are running/
you run without looking back
and everything seems possible to you /
and you choose nothing other than the race to /
all the possible ones to where you say where where to where to where? /
go run say run run
without return run, say run
towards run towards
where to say?
(the abyss)

Just as you originated in the minds of us, the searching humans,
That's how you exist, we think of Magritte,
you stare at us
and do not even know what a pipe is.
We are not afraid of you. Despite your strength.
You leave us behind and go into the wilderness.
The jungle of the metropolis.
That jumble of people together that we call a big city.
Are we still homo sapiens sapiens?
Or have we evolved towards the homo whatever?

We cut through the flesh
of the city with all the knives we have,
we overestimate ourselves to be masters
or do not know what untraceable hole we should crawl into.
Let us land. On each other's hands.
In each other's eyes.
Let us stand still and whisper in ears "I've seen a pink gorilla."
And then let us laugh. So that stars arise with our twinkling farewell.

And you say you're an Angel....?
From the pulse of atoms of fragile desert hills
mysterious creatures create the colour of symphonic light,
and suddenly the eyelashes flutter like a volcano of roses,
with wings of silk ribbons
dreams embrace a whisper and gentle throbbing waves,
She dances for herself and then runs like a cascade of warm songs
to embrace echo memories with a wind tide

and you smile under your artificial stars
and you smile on your concrete earth
you smile in the screen of your horizon
you smile in front of your instant food
you smile tamed by homo whatever
you smile while running you smile while walking
you smile by not looking back
you smile next to the one who smiles like you do
you smile while are you okay? Yes I'm okay and you? okay thank you
and the wild animal running in the wrong direction, smiles to the fullest
and when you sing in the rain sitting on the edge of the void, you cry, a cascade
of hot songs,
one thinks it's the rain,
the animal in fear does not cry.

There we are again, on the street.
Every day we step out the door.
Although staying indoors for days
Can also be an option.
Go now! Around the corner!
The street with all its colours besides the unshakable gray.
Winding or just straight.
It is the same with our minds
We humans, squirming straight as hell
like a colorful giant worm we crawl
through each other's heads and tails.
In its most ideal condition, the street is
a dance carpet where we are all together
just fit on, with some space left.
Place for improvisation, spectacle, resting in place, dancing,
happily dreaming away
with eyes closed, getting lost playfully,
drown in each other's eyes and unmasked mouth.
And eventually land behind all those different doors,
back to our dance lodge.

They pick up their old bags among the corpses of broken poems.
Beggars between tongues of sea foam.

They dream of a shade
scented with jasmine flavours and drops of life.
They ride the waves on a dark, confused night
And they dance in the line of sad mercy.

Where are we going to say where are we going to
we dance on the sidewalks
our world is unraveling
you touch me you don't touch me
touch me
you take me you throw me away
don't touch me
our mouths scatter over the asphalt
dumb crumbs
where are we going to say where are we going to
our world is unraveling
beauty is in the street
our mouths are scattered on the asphalt
we throw them like old handkerchiefs
and our faces are dumb

nature unravels
we dance the beauty that throws itself away
we dance the beauty that throws itself away
you move away from me touch me
I pick our dumb mouths on the sidewalks
crumbs of the unraveling world
and I dance
with you

May I have this dance?
Or do you not have time?
Do you never dance?
Doesn't that fit with your lofty status?
Have you heard of the people who are no longer allowed to dance?
Come give your hand, look at my feet.
Let me show you what
the progress is of the right notes
on this dance floor of life.
Just close your eyes
The progress is in putting the heel on the right
place, steer the look over the hill.
accurately blowing away.

As we look now, we look.
The way the depth looks into us
we rarely look back.
Unless the depth comes ashore in us.
Our drained banks flood.
Then we stare at it, dismayed
To that of which we
think to feel
that it is not before our eyes
meant - until we
see our watching
see us looking.

and thus come to the insight
that our depth
is right in front of us, after which
we look our imagination
straight into the non-existent eyes.
Flashing. Like against the sun.

A man, magnetized by city trumpets,
Spewing like a volcano
And sputtering colours without the gleam of hope
Runs behind moving shadows
And in vain seeks traces of heroic deeds
Behind the enigmatic walls
Of thunder roars and broken mirage
The salty beach stretches curved at the edge of the sun,
drawn with the pulse of deep memories
Like a toy clad with soft seagull feathers,
wet with bubbles and whispering of the wind,
and the water clock is ticking zero, zero, zero, zero

and say
that this may be the time
of our disappearance
listen
everything appears and everything pulsates
everything disappears and everything ripples
everything is calm listen
the wind now
will be there after us
listen
the wind in front of us blows over us
the wind behind us breathes us in
and it is always the same wind
the wind connects us and our hearts beat
along with the leaves and roots
not not not our footsteps that bear the earth
the earth carries everything that comes from the earth
dust we will be this earth that bears
everything that appears and everything that can be touched
listen
maybe it's the time
of our disappearance
laugh
the world without us lives and ripples
the world below us
crawls out of its hole
the world underground
will invade the shopping streets
and the parking garages of supermarkets
life is teeming below
let's disappear
Everything is there
wind wind wind
wind for us
wind behind us
breathes

the world is falling apart
and our footsteps fade
and your smile is the wind
that lifts the world

There we're standing now
Side
By
Side
Shuffling over the invible
swamp soil we seek
each other's eyes
Would we have forgotten?
How to say goodbye to each other?
I once saw an open coffin.
A layed out legend.
A little boy of ten
wrote on the coffin
'My hero'.
Later a bonfire followed.
And we all danced together.
And he danced along.
We laughed and said farewell.
We never forgot him.
Delirium arises without it
asks for it.
It doesn't know time,
but takes it all the more.
There is always a party.
Party is the pinnacle
of life in itself.
A real party, without mannerism
Beat after Beat
On a beach,
your feet in the surf.
A good party will blow your
stomach or wrap around your neck.
Party has to stop one day.
But there is one party that lasts
as long as you breathe, and that is the party
you haven't been to yet.

Party!

If you then
after having absorbed it all in.
You close your eyes.
And the glacier in your head
slowly melts further
your finiteness continues to wear away unseen.
But every second is a counterpoint.
Every breath marbles your existence
through the next bend
in your existence.
Faces never sleep.
Not even if the meltwater floods everything.

Me and you, flowing in love like a waterfall from a feeling,
the lights draw us a grove of magical roses,
melt with the glow of embrace like islands,
dreamy coral under a tent of blue sky,
we get drunk in a long, never ending embrace.

When the evening overshadows us
I feel you are the grower,
that you are a velvet legend
who does not age,
There is a fruity mood in the room,
I breathed in a fragrance
that comes from the kingdoms of the first centuries,
And without stopping you keep spinning around me
While dancing you spray like a fountain
The elixir of life of silver rain with stubbornness and desire.

and you open your eyes
silence dances around you
go away come
we dance with the silence
Olé ole
it's a wave you throw yourself into
go away come come
savages
we caress all the beaches
where silence dances
and doubt in the breaker cracks your gaze
Olé ole
I'm telling you
as Gertrude Stein says
at that time the world was round
and we could turn all around
round and round and round and round
Olé ole
it's a wave you throw yourself into
go away come come
savages
we caress all the beaches
where silence dances
where silence dances
dances a wave
dances a breaker
dances a sick one
dances the living
dances the doubt
dances a distance
dances the circle
go away come I tell you come
dance dance oh yes dance