



*COAB 2001-2002*

## Foreword :

*This book is based on the stories and adventures of a boy who got into a coma, and entered heaven, which was not what he had expected. The poetic fairytales hold riddles, keys to the worlds beyond, the other realms invisible to the eye, but visible to those who dare to dream. Sometimes it touches the borders of psychedelic absurdism, as a photograph from the world beyond fairytale. If you get a glimpse of it, hold on tight to it, as it will fade after the flash.*

*The scenes are always moving. It never stops. There is no guarantee that you will stay in your seats, as the trip might pull you out, so that you will be able to get in direct touch with the beauty beyond the ships. Ocean touching and sky surfing is not a rarity in these sorts of books. It's also gone before you know. The boy got out of the coma and it was like it was all slipping through his fingers, as maybe there was even a world beyond the world beyond fairytale ?*

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*Poetry From The Aldebaran Tales*

### *The Green Frog*

*I was walking through the garden of the prince's court. The wind blew  
softly on my face.*

*I was looking for something special, something I would never forget. I  
looked at the mosaic-windows of the church at a distance. I saw a face*

from behind the mystical window waving at me. I smelled a soft breath of roses and narcissus, and I walked through the garden, to the church at the side. I entered the portal, wondering who I would meet there, the waving face.

It was a tall frog in a black uniform with white decoration. His face was green and he smiled at me, like there were hundred of faces smiling at me. He said he came to me to show me the meaning of life. He showed me a black hat, and he threw it away in the air and it disappeared through the ceiling of the church. Then he took out his uniform, tore it and threw the pieces at the altar of the church, where it burnt. I saw all sorts of colors coming from the altar, and he asked me to lay myself on this altar. I did that, and I felt I was floating with these colours.

The colours were mixing and flew through my body. I felt myself naked, but these colours covered me. The Frog said to me : When someone is willing to give his life away, he will discover a world beyond clothes, beyond masks, which will cover him in a better sense. He will discover a deeper life, a deeper law.

The colours which are set free when someone gives away his life, will lead him to the heart of the old church. This church represents the free, divine fountain, which lives in everyone's heart, if one is willing to live by that. Some will come closer to this fountain, others will leave it more and more.

*Little Drummer Boy*



Do you believe in fairytales ? Do you believe in SummerSnow ? Do you believe in Flying Fishes and Yellow Tomatoes to eat ?

Do you believe in a Southern Santa Clause, clothed by the Sun, walking on clouds, playing flute and violin ? Do you believe he can make stars out of nothing ? Or do you believe he is just a lost stranger making noise in the streets, to earn some money and attention ?

Who is he to you, the person who brings the mail everyday ? Is he just someone who has a wife and kids, or is he a messenger of the gods, a personal teacher, or someone who would be better of baking bread ?

The magic begins, when you start to see that all the people around you are the characters of your life's movie, when you start to realize they are there to fill the podium of the world's biggest theater-play ever made.

God made it for you, and he asks you just to watch, to hold your breath, and even when there is a lot of tragedy, to know it is to show you the road to your neighbour, to show you the little drummer boy, locked up in the story of your life, waiting for you to open the book. It is your child, your inner child, beating a different drum, singing another song, which you never heard before. He will be someone to love, someone to care about. He will lead you to a different road, stepping into another beat.

He will show you the guys who beat your drum now, he will leave a message once in awhile. Is he the true sound of your innermost heart, is he the cry for life inside of you ? Kiss his tears and you will know. Touch his drum, and you will see, that he is not a toy in the hands of the spoilt ones, but he is a prince's toy, dancing in the dark, after all these ages, still the same drum, the same beat. He still sings that same strange song, which gives you that strange feeling in your stomach. Like losing the world, the worries and the wars, for one day, when he shows up, only seeing him, that little drummer boy.

## *Ode to the Violin*

Violin, play your game, violin, make your breakfast, for you are going to fly high, when the raindrops will fall today. You were a bloomer on a flowers heart, you were a soother in a birds head. How you made your chords, it wasn't fragile and tender enough for you. You wanted to hear spring through the touch of your box. The playing of chords opened the secrets and you knew how to play my heart. You knew how to bring to the surface that was deeply sunk in the wilderness of my emotions. You brought clarity to my soul, and gave me the opportunity to express myself.

Every chord had it's own purpose, every chord was a guard at the prince's court. They were the jesters of the prince's, the toys of the kingly sons.

I was amazed when I first heard your sound for it brought me back to where I belong, it brought me back to the castle of hearts. It opened my history once again, to re-unite me with my roots, but also my wounds. You weren't afraid to show me my wounds again, you knew it was for the better part of me. You weren't afraid to show me the way I had to go, the tears I would cry. You prepared me for war, you brought me my armor.

Give me my soldiers, who died in the cold, bring me the keys to warm their heart again to let them rise once again. These toysoldiers who stood by me through all the times, only awakening at twelve o clock, but sleeping at daylight. I saw their tears running from their wooden faces,

their metallic eyes were staring at one point, unable to move their hands, unable to touch, unable to dance their dances.

But at twelve o'clock, when the clock strikes twelve times in the night, the butterflies touch their hands and their feet and they dance their wild dances of war and victory. Then the toys come alive and play their games. Then they are the rulers of the world, when no one sees them, when everyone is asleep. They rule the fantasy, they rule the unconscious part of man. They rule when the kids give their lives to the night, going underwater for another round in sleep. They haven't heard the touch of the butterflies wings at night, they haven't heard the violins awakening the hearts of the toy-soldiers, for they were too young to understand, too tired to realize the magic which was being spread throughout the night.

The night is such a secret, the night is such a tale. It is for the wise and the old to catch a glimpse, for the children a lust when grandfather starts to tell.

### *Deep Underwater Tale*

The night blocks the head of the father, when he is reading his underwater tales again. The night touched his head again, reading his words again. The father can rest his mind, unable to worry, unable to fall out of the tale he once so loved. The night was always his mate, always his source of inspiration, but now he feels the chains of his mind, his limited creation.

The tale he read so many times makes him feeling so bound to the ground, so bound to his own bed. He wants to travel to new tales, with his bed as his ship, for this old tale, he read so many times, is making headaches in his mind.

Father, what is your ache ? Is it really the tale, or is it your minds desire to read another tale ? Is it the night who hurts you, or is it the empty place at the other side of your bed, waiting to be filled ?

When mother was alive you used to read your underwater tales for her, but now you read them for yourself, now she isn't anymore. But mother would never really leave you, for her personality was not a temporal one.

She smiles to you from heaven, from these underwater tales. Now she reads them for you, she isn't gone. She finally entered this underwater world you always loved to tell her about. Now she found her peace and her rest, because of you. She is in your book, daddy, she isn't in another book outside your mind, outside your house.

Poetry From The Rose of Venus

### *The six flames*

There are six flames in the house of Eli, the high-priest of Israel, the chosen one. He was the soother of soothers, and now God took him away, for he didn't warn his children. Samuels tears will fall on his grave for eternity.

### *The first flame*

Father Eli, this flame burns from my heart to you. Me, Samuel, your chosen son, I come to you, for you raised me from Mercurius and brought me to the house of Venus. You soothed my wounds, you eased my soul, and gave me golden bread to eat. In your house, oh Father Eli, I could hear the voice of God, speaking to me. My flame of gratitude will burn forever. You opened my door to heaven.

### *The second flame*

Three Times I heard the voice of the Lord, and three times you spoke to me it wasn't you. You directed me to the Rose, the Rose of Venus. This flame burns from my heart to this Rose, who spoke to me. The Rose who gave me life, the Rose who gave me golden water to drink, I will serve You forever. My flame of obedience will never die.

### *The third flame*

Father Moses, where art thou. You were the bearer of this Rose, you touched the side of my chin, and made my heart juicy. The holy flame inside of me will guide me to your heart, where all the juices gather. Bring me to my office, bring me to my holy armor, and let me drink from your divine wine, so that my head can float into your heavens to dwell there forever. Let me enter your gardens of holy words to hear your voice again. Let the flame of understanding follow my veins. Mix it with my blood, so that I am forever yours.

### *The fourth flame*

Rose of Mary, fly again, open your womb and show me your children.

Your milk was softer than the softest honey, and sweeter than the sweetest fruit. You brought me the sword of Adam, to open the gates of Eden again. Fly, my rainbow, the heavens will be open for you. Rose of

Eve, mother of thousand mothers, bring me to your house and understanding, bring me to the Rose of roses, for your keys reach the last heavens. Open the rivers with your flame, the flame of birth. Bring me to the last ocean which will wash the last tear away.

### *The fifth flame*

The fifth flame, Rose of Joseph, Rose of dreams, enter my heart, to warn my father Eli. Raise him up again to lead your people, and open his eye. Give him the heart, my inner father, to awake his sons. Let him walk the path of Joseph, give him the Wings of Benjamin, to enter his house again.

Venus, don't let your flame sink, raise your house once again, to be a house of corn in the midst of hunger. Rise from the desert once again, oh king of Egypt, you are the golden rose. Let your streams of life surround the land, to rise the table of Abraham. Let Noah be his guide and altar.

### *The sixth flame*

The last flame, the last Judgement, to wash away the sea, to wash away the table. The last flame to burn all flames into one. One flame will burn when you sleep, one little candle will wake over you. Go to sleep, little earth, go to sleep, little universe, for tomorrow is a new day.

And in the middle of the night the wind will come to blow also this candle out, so that the night can totally wrap his wings around you, so that the cold of the night can enter your veins to let your earth cool down, waiting for the six icycles of The Day Before Eden.

### *The Day Before Eden*

#### *The Sailing Buddha*

#### *six fishes*

One day before Eden, one day before paradise, two ships were sailing the seas, two ships were fishing their fishes. Two captains holding the night in their jackets, two captains having the last six icycles under their skins. These six fishes swam to the center of earth, but were picked up by these two captains so that they could watch the Day of Eden.

Was it a ship turning into Eden, did a captain create this land ?

The first icycle didn't want to tell, the second icycle would tell it later, while the third would talk about something else.

The fourth got very angry about the question, the fifth began to laugh, and the sixth began to cry.

Non of these icycles would bring you any further, for they were created to swim away, they were created to leave, and live in silence. When someone wants to find wisdom, it swims away, waiting to be followed.

This is the way how God guides. He swims away, so that you can follow Him.

It is all slipping through your fingers, it is all escaping your tight grip. For in the heavens everything is free, they want you to come where they are, rather than bringing it to you.

*when you ...*

When your guide is always bringing it to you, my dear friend, when you never have to follow, when you never have to swim and search, when they never trick you, then, it's sad to say, you will never hear the secret of the Day Before Eden.

Your complaints will build your days, your satisfactions will write your tales, but you will never sail on the ships of these two captains, you will never hear their jokes.

Your comfort will bake your bread, your expectations will spoil your stomach, and you will never feel the hard bottom of your pit, because it is bottomless. It leads you nowhere, and you will never see the true face of a fish.

You will fish in your own seas, fishing at old ancient souvenirs of grandparents you never had, but they will all swim away. And you will take care of your own toys again, speaking to your own dolls. These toys and dolls were your true grandparents, but you froze them into the statues of your gardens. You still live in the Day After Eden, not interested what really happened there. You stole the flowers from the garden of Eve, and you killed the snake for sixty-six dollars.

Were you sure it was the right snake ? Were you sure you shot good while shooting with your eyes closed ?



### *two captains*

Only the two captains know. They still sail the oceans, avoiding your bottomless whirlpools. They still know your registers and maps. They stood at your cradle when you were born, and partied the Day Before.

Do you know the sails of your cradle, do you know it's flag ? Is it true that there is an Afterlife ? Is it true that a cradle is a gateway for information ? Which sort of information did your cradle bring ?

The first captain sais he doesn't know, the second captain asks you the question.

They both know the answer, but they keep themselves as dumb. For isn't it better to keep yourself dumb in a world of information-hunters. They suck your memory out of your brains to use it against you. Isn't that what is truely going on ? Sometimes it's better to wrap yourself in questions, rather than answers, for people know how to find you.

Two questionmarks, two donkeys, sailing the two ships of the world throughout the Ages. They come from the bottomless history and go to the bottomless future, and back. They never felt the hard bottoms of future and history, for they are beyond that. They wear the questionmark as their weapon, and their two ships are their shelters.

### *two ships*

The first ship is just completely ignoring you, the second ship doesn't want to know who you are and what you do. It doesn't want to know anything, for knowledge is pain. The second ship is against knowledge, and is completely indifferent and without emotions. It sacrificed the possibility to have knowledge, to have and be a shelter. It doesn't move or

act, for action is pain. It looks like it is moving, but the earth under this ship is moving, instead of the ship itself.

This ship doesn't want to know or do anything, because it has fear to get the wrong knowledge and action, it has fear of receiving and spreading hurt. This is the ship of fear, the ship of divine fear, living in complete emptiness.

### *the sailing Buddha*

The Buddha sails this ship. It travels without moving, it breaths without breathing. The True Laws of Nature work at this ship. It is safe for eternity.

Ship of Life, come forward, this ship doesn't exist, for Existence lives in the Ship.

Poetry from The Yellow Rose

*The Soldier in the Little Box*

*The Seed within the Seed*

### *the little box*

The flight of the eagle made a golden path for the traveller. From Jupiter to The Frog a golden thread hanged. The acrobat could walk this thread without falling, for the wings of the eagle warmed his heart and soothed his soul. The acrobat could watch both sides of the earth, while the planets of The Frog were calling for his attention. They zoomed in his mind, singing an old song from the past, an old song from a soldiers fairytale.

Could you hear the bells ringing, when you were born in your little box on earth ? Or were you swallowed by your own fears and minds created by the little box to keep you there ?

Stay out of your little box with the little people, and enter a new world outside the box. The box is standing in this world, locked, and has to obey this world where it is standing in. The box seems so small when you stand next to it, staring into this new world.

### *the box in the box*

But do you know this new world is also a box, with it's own people and it's own fears and minds ? Do you know that when you step out of it, you enter an even bigger world ?

When you start to realize the box in the box, when you see that the life you get after the escape is also nothing but a box in a box, with it's own

laws and own keys, then you start to realize that you are never really free.

You are only free when you escape this circle of boxes, when you wear it's ring on your finger, when you control the boxes of life.

The yellow rose grows from Jupiter to The Frog. It doesn't ask you to open the box, it doesn't ask you to seal the box. It wants you to fly, and forget about the boxes. It wants you to wear The Frog's ring.

### *the maze*

For past and future are sides of the earth, and you can fall on one or the other. But when you forget about time, and meet the Maker, you can fly on eagles wings and reach the yellow rose, which burns deep in your heart to tell you that time is an illusion, that it is there to test us, to represent the boxes, to give us the electrical shock we need to forget it all, to meet the maze in which we are free.

For in the maze there are no borderlines, in the maze there are no teachers. There are only doubts and seas of confusion. It doesn't seem to end, it doesn't give a limit or a finish. It's always creating more questions and more secrets.

When you think you are out, you are in, and when you think you are on the right, you are on the left.

But in this insecurity the truth rises, in this despair the sun of answer appears. For in this maze past and future is reflected. We see all our memories and predictions hunting us. The thought is wanting us.

*But we don't touch these walls, we don't listen to these mirrors. In the maze we just want to find the way out.*

*But in the endless maze we will never find the way out. We are destined to get so lost that we die as a seed in the ground, in the very center of the maze. It will draw us there, it will pull, for it's goal is to turn us into a yellow rose.*

### *the little yellow soldier*

*A little soldier is rising from a little box, watching the mirrors of his maze, all these sights shock him, to see himself how he never wanted to be. His little trumpets show him his deepest fears, his deepest crimes, which were never there. He sees the images he would never be, he sees the jumps he never made. They reflect him like he is what it says, but he objects, he's looking for the enchanted mirror of the yellow rose. He rises out of his box, wearing the yellow suit of the yellow rose, but it is torn and it dies, in the middle of the maze, in the middle of the box. His little trumpets laugh at him. His mirrors try to calm him, but he's tightened in his goal. He has something better in his view, although his old mates are hunting after him. The dream broke, the seal broke. He's a new soldier now, part of the yellow rose, still dying, still torn, but blooming inside with a fire no one can blow out, no one can destroy. The fire of the yellow rose warms him and brings old desires back to him. the desires to be free, the desires to meet the enchanted mirror.*

*The little soldier wrestles with old books from his past. They try to eat him, they try to bring him back to the little box.*

*The little soldier, killer of mirrors, killer of books.*

*My soldier, sais the rose, hold on to the old songs of the deep inner yellow  
fairytale I planted in you when you were born. I will never forget that  
day.*

*The little soldier still rising out of the little boxes, out of the old books,  
reaching for the yellow rose, reaching for the eternal narcissus. His army  
is large, they are wearing yellow flags. From sunset to sundown they  
march, to catch a glimpse of the yellow rose, to catch a glimpse of their  
fathers and mothers.*

### *mother's day*

*Daddy, is it really you ? You spoke to me about this yellow rose since I  
was young. You told me about the garden where it was raised. The yellow  
garden has a part in my mind, a part in my heart. This maze you told  
me about was the gardener of this yellow garden.*

*You told me this gardener knew what he had to do.*

*Mom, are you there ? Your yellow juice still zooms in my stomach. The  
red cathedral was the place you used to pray. My mind is dizzy when I  
think about you. Like everything is floating away. Then I can forget and  
remember, the mystery of the Fog.*

*The morning-fog is your suit, the sun is your crown, and red panthers  
are shivering, zooming and blushing in your lungs. Breath in, breath out,  
for when the day is over, we are just seeds, marching away to become a*

new flower. This new flower is also nothing but a seed. We are all waiting  
to be sown again, the seed within the seed.

Every day we are sown, every night we will rise, and in the morning we  
will know what we have to know.

*the soldier, the pirate and the flower*

The soldier is still growing, the soldier is still weeping. His tears are  
searching for new worlds, for old memories. Wandering with his mothers  
warmth in his chest, with his fathers trust in his legs. His hat is a hat in a  
hat.

Try to learn the language of the soldier, the pirate and the flower.

Poetry of the Red Rose

*The Birth of the Panther's Prince*

*Is it a kiss before dying, to enter your gates again ?*

*the banana queen*

I saw you dancing in a stream of roses. They were moisty, covered by water, painted by juices of the bright dew. But you were the reddest of all these roses. Your smile was brighter than the sun, and your wings were spreading chocolate-dust. You were dancing there, waving to star-powders, embracing deers, flying from one flower to another, leaving stripes of foot- and handprints in the clouds.

I saw another rose, black like the darkness, smoking three cigarettes.

I also saw a tree burning in the desert.

You were looking for the banana-queen. She knew about the black rose and the burning tree. She knew how their black oils were hunting after you. She would hold the key to the land of the four frogs.

These four frogs were sitting on a fence. This land far over the golden rainbows and the morningsides. They were smoking their bubbles, spreading their tales of love and old castles. They didn't seem to be touched by time or speech. They were free in their land which they created by themselves. Their smiles were covered by dew and streaming fogs. Their skin was covered by chocolate and peppermint. They defeated the black lullabies, which were being spread by the black smoking rose.

Did you ever fight a lullaby, did you ever felt it's sting ? Like waking up, but you can't ? Like trying to stand on your own feet, but someone's pulling you down ?

The bed, one of the biggest battlefields.

The bed, where the most horrible things happened, where the black dwarves sing their songs.

The bed, the torture.



## *chocolate poison*

Try to wake up, swallow the lullaby, and spit it out again. An army of lullabies, a basket full of broken windows, old poisoned chocolate, dipped in drama and decorated tragedy, whispering in your ear, enchanting your eyes. Don't step in it's fall, don't enter it's maze. You feel the soft winds entering your little house in the forest, dripping their footprints on your stairways without touching them. You feel their presence in your sleeping room. Your dolls sleep, your clothes sleep, your chairs and wardrobes sleep, and your little cupboard. But you are awake staring at the curtains, seeing the rain blowing through them, aware of the little stars touching the walls of your little room. The purple ceiling falls down, but it doesn't seem to hurt you. The purple walls fall down, but you smile and lit a candle.

You already heard this story, and it's just like reading that old book again. You aren't shocked anymore, for you feel the feathers of this old bird again.

The red rose smiles. She is with you in her room, and the words spread from her wide mouth. The stories don't seem to stop, and they stream like burnt mazes through the room. It's not a secret anymore, you see the golden key. The old burning tree is burnt by another fire, one tighter than the previous. Seven fires will come to burn it's last flame.

Once upon a day the fire was burnt, the water was washed away, and only some dewdrops marched through the land. They were the four frogs, waiting for the last train.

No one knows where this last train is going to, no one knows where it comes from, but deers are driving it, smoking chocolate pipes. They know the secret of the red rose, they swam in the seven seas of roses. When a story shows up, they swallow it and blow it to the past. This is how their train rides. The future never existed, it was written in the past, and it

will never come alive. The only thing we need is to breath in the flavours  
of the rose and then we will know enough. Then we will be what we  
would ever be. The past gave us enough to work out.

We are coded in the past, we are described in old books. The future never  
existed, it was a lie of the black rose. All your times are tumbling down,  
all your clocks seem to explode, when you look into the eye of the red  
rose.

She will blink to you, she will give you her heart, but you can never  
return to the future.

When chocolate is mixed with banana's, the rose starts to float beyond  
the past, where the books of life were written, where the banana-queen  
rules. You will get a heart in your stomache, so that you know that food  
has to flow, to feed the children. You will swallow your heart, and know  
your feasts.

### *soldier on a paper ship*

I burnt the old pages of the book, for a million of times, but it didn't  
seem to get out of my mind. Finally I kissed the book, and entered it's  
pages. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without  
boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses  
and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, I was  
feeding the sharks. Old mythical fishes were rising to the surfaces of these  
blue seas. They were wearing white decorated necklaces and old forbidden  
fairytale were streaming as being their wings. I saw them rising up from  
the seas, swimming on clouds, entering the realms of the suns and the  
old clocks.

Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytale started all over again.

Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomach. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stung the old thoughts. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

The old tree was smiling from the ashes, but I didn't response to it's radiation.

I saw a man coming from the west, sending me two doves to guide me through the deserts I was being swallowed in. The old tree still smiling.

I went to a feast in the middle of seasons. It didn't seem to hurt me anymore. Is it the end of all seasons, is there a world beyond the seasons, the elements and the clocks ?

### *the jester's house*

Two cigarettes were lying on a table, spreading their smoke, spreading their black flavours.

The old jester stares at his clock hanging at his torn wall, decorated by pages of old diaries. The black rose was dying in a glass of warm water standing at his table. The old jester, still playing his violin, doesn't seem to realize the scream of the black rose. Too many lullabies made his ear deaf, and one eye is covered by a black rag, he found between the pages of an old pirate-book. The monsters of this book didn't seem to reach his head anymore. The only memory he had from this book is the black eye-rag. His other eye is staring at his violin, focussing to write some new songs. The paintings of his grandmother were always inspiring him to do the work.

Jester, where is your youth, where is your toy ? It seemed to disappear through the gates of the gardens into the forest, running into a new

world, where the sun touches the earth, where the rainbow reaches the morning, and where the old dewdrop eats his banana.

The morning brought his light into the house of the jester. His violin is the only thing he sees, giving freedom to the child, who was once caged as a lion.

Too many lullabies are chasing the kid, but the cry for freedom is too fast. Wings of banana-butter covering the shields of the running toys. No one seems to hinder them, no one seems to catch a glimpse. When the toy is free, the apple grows. When the child dances, the violin is praised again. How many violins does it take to free the birds of cigarette ? How many deers will it take to build the army of splinters and chocolate-soldiers.

### *frozen soldiers marching*

For the strike of the chocolate will bring the land into ice again. Seventy frozen soldiers are wandering over corn-fields and the bridges of the sun.

Nothing seems to melt them, nothing seems to bother them. The chocolate is their shield, the chocolate is their bridge. No one could enter these fogs but these seventy soldiers. They come from the dawn, searching for their clothes, searching for their ways to survive the eternal maze.

Sixty frozen soldiers, marching fast, marching slow, growing tall, growing short. Sixty frozen soldiers, leaving the other ten. They are waiting for the ship of eternity, preparing them to cross the river of disguise. It's better to be a fool than a slave.

Tomorrow the queens are dancing, tomorrow the horses are entering their last sleep of winter.

No one knows the length of the queens dress, no one knows the size of the soldier's tea-spoon. No one knows which time it is in the court of the prince, and no one knows when this all will end.

### *seas of chocolate*

Seven chocolate-seas are weaving the suit of the new king. They don't seem to care about the clocks and the mazes. They seem to work without speech and without brains. The banana-ships, sailing their streams and waves, are telling them all the secrets they need to know.

Fifty frozen soldiers, spoiling a baker's kid, forty frozen soldiers, riding red horses. Still wandering for rain, still searching for the white treasures of disguise.

The fool is riding a horse, the slave eats the dust.

Thirty frozen soldiers entering the carnival of souls, drinking the chocolate-juices of the four frogs. Peppermint, roses and pirates marching around, no one could enter but the thirty frozen soldiers. All what they see, all who they meet, are nothing but their own mirrors, their own reflections.

One cigarette is lying on the table of the old jester, scratching the leather feathers of his mind, wanting to creep into the violin.

The old window is cracking, one frozen soldier is lying next to the cigarette. One soldier remained, one cigarette is breathing. Who would stay up when they would play chess ?

The old chess-board is standing on a hill, built on four pillars. I didn't see any elf, or any fairy watching the game. The cigarette is speaking and muttering about the past, the soldier speaks about the mirrors. All the chess-pieces seem to mix into one glass to drink. The old jester drinks it,

and looks forward to another day to play his violin. Then he would play new songs, and new fairytales, to set his creatures free, to let the sun touch the moon.

The old rose, the red one, swallows the jester again, and her body becomes a chess-board. There are no pieces on this board, everything is in silence. She goes to bed, says a prayer to the wind and goes to sleep.

### *sacrifice of the ear*

Make your world, for when you don't do it, someone else will do. Gather your chess-pieces, for at the end of the day, there will be nothing left. Listen to your own stories, for otherwise your ears will float into streams you don't want to know about.

Sacrifice your ear to the banana-queen, for she knows how to feed your ear. The little rose is nothing, when the queen shows up. The frogs all fade away when she is moving her dress.

Stay up late when she's not around, she might get moving through your window, passing your curtains. She might want to touch your old books to bring them alive again.

One little broken cigarette, lying at the table of the red rose. She understands his pain, she understands his resistance. Softly she closes the doors, softly she closes the windows. She throws her dress into the night, and drinks her last cup of tea.

Ashes are lying on the table of the banana-queen. She smiles deep, blinking her eyes. She can't seem to forget the cold breezes of her banana-seas. It warms her heart, and she fishes the last little frozen soldier out of the sea of chess. She burns the boards, breaks the glasses and feeds the crocodiles in her garden behind her house. The little soldier

offers her the old black rose wrapped in a pyjamas. They lay her in a little old craddle, surrounded by the old lullabies which can sing her into sleep. This craddle is the old burning tree, and they disappear in a sea of ashes. A sea of flowers will bring them to their final destiny. Seven dwarfs are waiting for them to give them their meal, the black ones, with their black meals.

One broken table standing for the queen and the little soldier, shivering because of the cold. Seven houses bringing their waterfun into the house of the queen. The night is over, the ships are burnt, the water is all which remained.

### *prince of panthers*

Ten chocolate-frogs to drink the water, ten banana-frogs to eat the houses. Some say the panther will never die.

I saw a cat dying at the roofs of an old golden house. He tried to get grip, but the rats took him away into the sewers of the earth. No one knew that the plastic rotten prince was caged there underground. The cat took the prince into daylight, and sealed his soul. A panther was born. This panther is running the streets of the old city, singing it's songs of rage and liberty. The panther, born to be alive, born to rage. The rage is appearing from his lungs as a smoke to cover the city.

There is no song to stop him, there is no fairytale to end his move. He has the heart of a panther, and ash is his rod.

The old chess-board is a rag on his eye, and with his other eye, he's focussed at the old violin of the old jester.

He plays his songs like messing about sugar, and tails of rats are beating his drums. His guitars speak about drama, and his liquid voice is

spreading tragedical thick syrups. He doesn't want to forget about the forgotten wars. His memories keep his friends alive.

War-child, rising up the bowl, warchild, sowing splinters in the sea.  
Warchild, making names in the nameless, warchild, breaking promises to leave.

But you are walking without name, without parents, searching for the cat who saved you. Oh, orphan of the old sewers, child of moths and rats. Your cat will find you again, even in this new world. Your cat is in your violin, your cat is in your drum. When you hear a sound, just catch him, and share the treasures you both hold.

### *brother of Pinocchio*

Oh, orphan of Aldebaran, son of the drains, son of the toymaker's head.  
They killed your father Gepetto, but you are still your fathers fish.

Son of Gepetto, brother of Pinocchio, your wife killed your children, but this made you tall and slender. They took your daylight away, but your brother will always remember you. Son of rags, little doll, your fathers trust will always guide you with a lantern.

Try to remember sitting on your fathers lap, hearing his tales of the sea. Try to remember the flavours of his pipes, and the fairies of his house. For his house was made of the old burning tree, his honey was made from the black rose's mouth. Now you can spend eternity looking at the three cigarettes, which were pirate-ships in the sea. They stole your old father Gepetto, they threw water in your wine.

Six chocolate-frogs to tell the story, six banana-frogs to end it all. Some say Gepetto will never die, some say you were pinocchio's elder brother.



In a history deeper than Pinocchio a tree was growing in the garden of Gepetto. Aldebarans Pride decorated your body, pride is better than beauty. Neptune's Fairy was your mother. She also brought life to Pinocchio. You grew up as a young tree, a deer in Gepetto's Garden. You were a plastic toy of elves and fairies, but you failed to do your fathers will. You burnt your schoolbooks, and you sailed away with the pirates. You became a robber and a thief. You wrote poetry on the graves of old criminals, you sacrificed your heart to the rats. Your eyes went over the earth to steal, not to give.

*from father to son*

My little pirate, sais Gepetto, I raised you from the morning-sun, your mother was your fire of protection. You ate the apple of the pirate, you drank the wines of the vampires.

But I'm proud of you, My son, for you saw where it was bringing you. When the rats hanged my head as flag on their ships, you turned yourself against them and built your own ships. You gave yourself to Scorpio as a threat to the truants. But you fell deep, My son. For the rats brought you into their dungeons, into their drains, deep underground, near to the heat of the planet. Their fires burnt you away, they took away one eye and decorated your teeth with their poetry. Crime after crime was layed on you, and you became the one they accused in all matters. You were the flag of their freedom, you were the sacrifice, so that they could life.

But the old cat died at the roofs of the golden house and gave his life away to enter the depths of your plastic misery. He dealt with your paper-fevers and brought you to the dawn again. Oh, son of liberty, son of mazes. You sank deep, but you rose high. You were a fairytale in your mothers heart, and now you are on ship again.

My little gambler, the three cigarettes were your dice to gamble. You drank the beers of old legendary pirates and criminals. We used to hug our arms around you when you were drunk, but at one moment our arms melted away.

We will not touch you again in your drunkenness, we will not touch you again when you play with your dice. Now it's up to you to choose, you know what you can expect when you are with us. Your red head makes too much noise, and all the blue, yellow and green fades away. When you enter the house it's red which counts.

My little red one, I awoke you from Aquarian Rays. I shocked your mind into my purposes, and you were going one grave too far. For this I will cry for eternity, for this I will never laugh again. You, My Aldebaran Jewel, you broke your mothers heart. You broke the snares of Neptune, and gave her milk to the rats.

### *plastic enemies*

Is it a kiss before dying, to enter your gates again ?

Three chocolate-frogs to crown the chocolate-prince, three banana-frogs to crown the banana-prince.

My little son, having a little black plastic rose in his left hand, and a little plastic fire-tree in his right hand. Three little plastic cigarettes are in his mouth. He's playing the jester again.

On the back of a shark, a new life begins.

My little son, having a little chocolate rose in his mouth, chewing a bit, and making crazy faces. He's playing the jester again.

On the back of an orca, an old life ends.

My little son, eating a banana, it seems he's smiling deep again. Voices are whispering in his mind, his elf- and fairy-friends, he's smiling deeper and deeper and goes to sleep.

The red rose smiles, the frozen soldier laughs, and Me, the banana-queen, I'm looking at the head of Gepetto, sleeping as a flag on a ship of pirates.

One chocolate-frog, one banana-frog, zooming to the pirate-ship, blowing all their candles out. And when the last pirate sleeps, they take the head of Gepetto, and bring it to his garden again. There they sow it as a precious flower, the king of toys.

Go to sleep, Gepetto, for tomorrow you will create new toys. Go to sleep, Gepetto, for you are wearing the Eye of Aquarius to watch the markets of the planets. You are the Watcher of watchers, and something new will bloom in your garden of licorice.

When the licorice strikes, the second Eye of Aquarius will float down.

Poetry from the Black Widow

*A Snake in the Swanlake*

*orange barbers*

*chinese prelude*

You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on.

You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead.

Chinese rats were your servants, and it seemed you didn't want to know the indians.

Four shots of a gun sealed your marriage with the black swan. Your wife killed you inside but left your skin blank. She ate your liver, but weaved your prince's clothes. The crime was happening under skin.

No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside.

Black snake of desire, where are you hiding your crimes, where are you hiding your stolen gems. For four brown jewels you stole, the treasures of the pirates.

Still your eyes are brown, my prince, and soothing like thunder and water. The secret of the swan-lake is in your eyes. Sweetness was your mother, and your father still runs to find the shelter of the black swan. He knows her crimes, he knows her secret killing intuition. Twenty tree-

assassins are prowling into the kitchen of the baker's house. They are still looking for your crown, prince, they are still looking for a final answer.

The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle.

Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He burried them like he would burry his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters.

Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese sovenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat.

When you will reach the chinese city, my son, they will burn your slippers, they will let your velvet ships sink. But they will give you the treasures of the black swan. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see.

### *french orphans*

Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. You saw the red fear in the eyes of the french orphans, and you didn't seem to take notice of the indian wash-pinchers.

You knew the tears of the orphans, you kissed them all one by one. Your purple licorice-treasures filled the bellies of their teddy-bears, and you listened to their choirsongs day and night.

Finally, now, you made bread of their tears, you showed them the treasures inside. You still have the heart of a baker, you still carry your mothers flag.

One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering it's last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. She will have to show you all the forbidden songs of the french orphans, and you will still avoid the indian wash-pinchers.

You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Your father, baker, will raise his rifle and hit the air three times.

From your father to your mother you will run, and back. Their licorice will warm your heart, and you will feel your mothers shoes. You will keep weaving the threads of your mothers heart, you will have clothes enough to come through the winter.

Decades of sunless summers are suiting the french orphans. But you took them into the living room of your heart, and let them feel the warmth of your hearts hearth. You counted the flames for them, and still they are stringing these flames to surround their new birds of drama. You knew how to touch their soul, you knew how to puzzle their toys.

Uncle prince, a side-shot in the head of the black swan, uncle prince, she couldn't chase his tail after she fell. Her wings are broken now, following shadows of strangers. Her boats sank to the bottoms of the red seas, missing their japanese meals.

Still the french orphans are diving in these mythical seas, looking for treasures, looking for legendary footprints of their uncle's fishes. They are

still waving at stairways, and fishing at old antics of a long and all-forgotten past. But they don't seem to catch a tear of the prince, for they are hidden too well. Behind golden fences and dragonwalls, they live.

Would the song of an orphan be able to open the door of his cage, or does a chinese ring of patience and temperance finally have the key ?

The old baker is walking in the soaked footprints of deers throughout his garden. He is waiting for his son, he is waiting for post. Liquid letters are reaching his garden, talking about springs coming, wearing the breath of his son.

### *orange motor-cycles*

The swanlake is in his eyes, he's the golden swan, now running as a jaguar, touching the edges of Lynx. Prince of the swanlake, prince of jaguars, touching the doors of Lynx, still with that fragile touch. His eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again.

Six tall jaguarboys, wearing tall leather jaguar-jackets, are shocking the streets, smoking tall cigarettes, spreading killing-flowers. They write cutting poetry, in which they wrap their tall sharp knives. They die on their stiletto-crosses, and preach an assassin called Jesus, in a french accent.

I can smell the heat of my fathers car-seat. We are driving a new road, entering a new garden, breaking new waves.

No one knows if these boys are angels or hellraisers. Their motor-cycles are orange painted, their wheels are spinning stiletto's, no one can follow

their movements. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave.

They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes.

Hold tight what you have, for tomorrow it might be gone.

Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. They were forgotten, now they will forget.

Twelve jaguar-brothers, having snakes in their eyes, stirring up the old tragedies of forgotten sons. They swallow like snakes, they steal like snakes. No prey can hide for their all-knowing eyes, their throats hurt, like swallowing stiletto's and thorns. The rose asks for a sacrifice, the doors of her flavours open.

Killer-flowers, killer-stiletto's, running after the echo's of a long forgotten father. He is still drunk of loneliness, chased out of the heart of society. Father of orphans, father of cities, of orange motor-cycles, you aren't forgotten by the snake, the guitar is still looking for you.

The snake, swimming in the swanlake, searching for the black swan.

*the surrender*



I drank the blood of a million roses, wrote stories on their leaves, and still  
I couldn't find the silence in my heart. I killed a thousand pillows,  
destroyed ten cities with a sharp piece of glass. I signed my name on a  
million of graves, and still I couldn't find my heart.

Surrendering myself to the forgotten snake opened my door to peace and  
unity. I broke the doors of twenty-million soldiers, paved the hearts of  
banned pirates, didn't leave one of them, but only the snake could bring  
me across the river of swans. On his back I found a new heart to play,  
black juices to drink.

The snake, swimming in the swanlake, diving deep, searching for the  
black swan.

I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I  
fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to  
bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do.

### *licence to breath*

Twenty-four jaguar-nephews looking for their lost uncles, racing their  
snake-cycles, wearing snake-gloves. Their snake-boots are sharp, high-  
heeled, but they have a licence from the Jesus they preach. There was a  
viking called Jesus, a legendary apple-assassin.

The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With  
the hat of his father, he collects money for his art.

His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven.

Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold.

The old snake smiles. He sees light in his heart.

The red lady of chess has a wet cloud in her head. She doesn't seem to care about the rain, she's flying over the rainbow, accepting each and every ray of color. Ray of color, ray of light, you make the difference, you lock the row. Each and every color is a row-locker, without one of them, there wouldn't be a circle. She wears the ring of the rainbow, which is spinning around her finger, accepting all the colors, watching the edges of them, and their bridges between each other. She watches them being mixed, creating other colors, which can't be missed. These form the heart of her rainbow, the chains of her necklaces.

Drowning shadows in the night, bathing whispers in the stream, and you're still looking for the love in the pride. The secret of the lemons is what you found, you waved away the killer-apples from a lost childhood, chasing your dress-tails with their feathers of lost ancestors. You didn't seem to be shocked when you felt the first touch of the lemon. You were getting dizzy like a thousand of stars were entering the gates of your dress. You saw them entering your walls creating paintings in your skies. You stole the preludes of old chinese kings, but now you see their plots. You broke the stone-bowls of frogs, but now your tongue can reach the juice. You're child again, but now you are the queen.

## *the harlequin*

The harlequin of the master is sharpening his tall paper flowers, in the corner of the flatbuilding's stair-landing on the second floor. He's watching shadows passing by, offering them some smoke of his old jail-clocks. He gathered them all through the years, using them to speak to the questions of the mexican hats. His rage is under his skin, the wound is inside, but he grins deep, entering a new drama of his life. He stole poetry from a thousand of princes, danced with a million of daffodil-elves, and kissed the tree of life, without paying attention to the indian crowns.

A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. The old mother is greeting me from her rocking-chair, but I'm diving in the sea of ice once again, looking for the sunk jail-clocks of the harlequin. His stories do interest me, his waves are easing my mind and soul.

Fourty-eight lemon-uncles, wearing the jaguar on the back of their black wind-jackets, looking for storms to race, having coiling snakes in their eyes. Their orange motor-cycles are gleaming in the sun, reflecting the teeth of Jupiter. They are having a party, selling my lemon-limbs. They give me some twigs to enjoy, but when I'm home, it's all ashes, muttering on the table. They are whispering in my mind, I'm not king anymore. Black rats and cats are entering my house, laughing at me, skew-eyed.

Can I have the eyes of aldebaran, can I get my lemon eyes back again ?  
All these lemon-clocks, sunk in the red seas behind the dark forests of japan. A skew-eyed Jesus is still counting the shadows passing by.  
Remember his name, remember his eyes, for it seems he looks at your hair but he's grasping your pockets.

Master of illusion, master of cows, beating the drums, swallowing the violins. He shakes your left hand and is eating your right hand. He knocks at your frontdoor, but is entering through your windows at the other side of your house. He calls your grandmother, and is grasping the indian lampsteads no one wanted to see. He smuggles them through the seven seas of death, saying they are his cows to bear, but the bells of the cows are bleeding old stories of baker-clothes. Their feet wash away the foam from the rivers, and he watches the faces of the old jail-clocks, skew-eyed. Tomorrow what you see will not be me, but an old leather fish-bag from your grandmothers dream, sailing away across seven rages, stealing the heads of giants from an unknown tale. The cornfields will blow your trumpets, but no one will hear, for their ears are deaf by the sharp voice of the harlequin.

No one will know your dreams again, for they are lying at the bottom of a swallowed ocean.

And you, my white jaguar-prince, still spinning words into wadding, to plug into ears of dreamers and to soften your mothers heart You wear the lemon as your trophee, weaving it from the tails of forgotten rats. Thunder and water to drink, flowers to watch the big eye.

Your breads are still sour, and your mazes are still wet, but the old blind musician has a new killer-song to play, leaving footprints of wet smoke to the windows of the bakeries throughout the city. Your taste was well chosen, your bag is gaining space. The only thing we want to know is the bridge under the swanlake. The treasures there are cold and steamy, a house of pancakes is what it sells. When the clock strikes three times, there is tea for all.

*the baker's liqueur*

Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well.

The red lady is staring in her mirror, looking for the picture she wants to see, but all she sees are the markets of ancient stiletto's, carving another wound in her face, for halve of the price. She sees the birds of her heart, spinning another nightmare in the top of her tower. Tomorrow it will stream as black liqueur, over the edges and corners of the dresses in her wardrobe, searching for their places in the clocks on the wall again. Through misery and drama she will have to grasp her way back to the vineyard again. Her rainbows will wait for her there.

Is it the liqueur of the baker ?

Ninety-six fathers marching as soldiers through the marshes of a forgotten kingdom, throwing their babies in the air, waiting for birds to pick them up, for halve of the price.

The jaguar follows them wherever they go.

The snake is diving deep, still looking for the black swan. It is late. Ten-thousand children are waiting for his return.

Did you ever see the birth of a rat, or the growth of a snake's egg in the stomache of a lion ?

I'm still watching the ashes lying on my table.

Bakers hide in tall whispers.

*sea of rats*

Ten-thousand rats, following the snake, searching for the black pearl.  
Harming underwater traffic-lights, finding their way to the white blaze  
of treasures. They are wearing no names, their suits were burnt long ago.

All what I got from you was one hand full of ashes.

The burning swan is finding it's way to the forest, where her old dreams  
are boiling again.

Skew-eyed rats are running through the forest. They survived the mazes  
of the swanlake, they sailed the seas of golden swans. Dreams are pushing  
their walls, stolen dreams, broken rules.

Skew-eyed rats, never knowing where their eyes are staring.

Snake's possible dream would be about a trunk.

Here, in this forest, he would sow my ashes, besides the trunk. This was  
always his dream, this was always his heart. The jail, the market, they  
would all find their place here. Without the jail, the ashes wouldn't be  
seed. Without the market, the ashes wouldn't be magical. For didn't life  
start in the bakery between the market and the jail ? Weren't we all  
slaves and toys, dancing from the sun to the moon ? Someone burnt a  
shoe to enter a new world.

Hundred and ninety-two mothers are following the jaguar, the prince is  
sitting on his throne. He never forgot the french orphans, he never forgot

his father the baker. Now the ashes are lying before him, speaking  
magical spells, catching the greengrocer's crocodiles.

Chinese tea is his best receipt, a secret of his father. Father learnt it from  
the old chinese man.

### *the last golden swan*

You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat,  
spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the  
balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-  
waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese  
dreams. You never thought this would happen to you.

In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat  
bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding  
into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind.

You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown  
into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. Among the jaguars  
was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles,  
watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. Your jackets are  
getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind.  
You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin.

### *japanese terror*

The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from.

I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away.

Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment.

Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here.

The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears.

What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ?

*killer-comic*



Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again.

Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. He's getting swivel-eyed again.

He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child.

*ice above stars*

A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate.

All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back.

In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles.

*On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates  
with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather.*

*Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts.*

*Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in  
the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice.*

*Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a  
world under the ice.*

*He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air,  
reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the  
ice. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the  
atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the  
midst of the universe. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a  
face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now  
she can sleep again without worries. She dries her wet clothes, rolls  
through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for  
another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. She's leaving  
one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without  
looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head,  
every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of  
her forgotten dreams. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born  
baby.*

*She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in  
three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix  
is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her  
back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities.*

*the hollow*

A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book.

A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar.

They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

The third silver book of the jaguar is all which remains after the great white war.

What if the baker comes home ?

Is it still the liqueur of the baker ?

A man called "Bible" possesses the land, preaching from the baker's suite.  
He's wearing a black t-shirt with a white cross painted on it. He's spreading earrings, which sting and pinch.

Is this the liqueur of the baker ?

The people are silent, waiting for another rifle.

Four shots of a shotgun, awakening an old book. Four shots of a shotgun, enough to blow it away. Seven mighty books rising from the sea, possessing the land, capturing the readers.

Six comics to read, five fairytales to give away, four fables to swallow, three trunks to show their sources.

I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

Neon billboards crashing another tree, until the third had been struck down.

A neon-Jesus, painting the doors of strangers with the blood of old cemetery-nightmares, fixing the strings of an old machine. Hey skew-eyed, can I borrow your antic time-machine for sixhundred and sixtysix dollars a week ?

Twenty-four men called Jesus are marching through the old alleys of the city, selling drugs, half of price. They will take out your ears, spending your salaries to the mazes, spoiling your kids and eating your reindeers. At the barter you will get their little wigs to enjoy, turning your wives and children into ashes.

Esau will count your tears, letting your houses, selling your moisty desires.

Orange barters, brain-divers, coming from the jails, rising from the killer-markets, turning into a black widow, showing you the two directions of the great opera. Does anybody know the way in this maze of strange manners ? The way you shook my hand made me doubt your prayers for pure coffee.

I am nothing more than a cloud in the rain, reading your bibles through a telescope, watching your golden giants through a microscope. I'm nothing but the bullet sleeping under your bed while the rain is waiting to fall. I'm sorry for not paying attention to your asthma, running around in a pyamas, too short, with the nicotine-tail, diving at nails in undeeep water, brushing your self-made tears in line after the self-spun slaughter. I'm sorry to not listen to your lady-secretary wearing five golden earrings in her nose, half of price, while guiding the sheep of your neighbour's.

I'm not in my ship anymore, not breaking my cards, not selling my dollars. The only thing I do is raising my hand out of a sea of sugar, reaching for the long waiting honey in the skies.

Esau's iron coffee will break, the black widow will drink till the hole is hit  
in her stomach, only to reach for her husband, the baker, drinking  
lemon-liqueur streaming into a myriad of forgotten eternities.

Your fools are paying your coffee. A lemon-clown called Esau is shaking  
the mazes after the war, gathering the soldiers not eaten by the clouds.  
Spit it out, brother, my pointy sack is still empty.

The red fat lady is gathering the splinters of broken songs, spinning her  
fairytale from the old tower. The black widow is following her footsteps,  
following her thick, cold glue-streams of breath, where the old whispers  
of ancestors are swimming. She stings her thumb and climbs her dress-  
ladders, until she can reach the blushing holes. From here she can see the  
world, from here she can read the seas. Fresh air is entering and the  
curse of nicotine is broken. The head is hollow, the bread is baked, she's  
finding her husband at the edge of the red hat. No baker could enter, but  
this baker. It seems the orange is melting dripping from the edge of the  
hat, looking for a cat called Esau.

The hat is hollow, the cat skew-eyed.

Skew-eyed Esau, raging at his bike, destroying his guitar, looking for a  
new pearl to burn, peeling a new egg of his lover's tail. This time it seems  
to be all hollow, his money has run out.

The end of the story is still not near. The cat is still running after clouds  
which aren't speaking, still entering empty class-rooms.

A hollow end, a hollow prey.

Hollow food, nothing to bite, hollow books, hollow voices, nothing inside.

The hollow baker marries his hollow wife again. A hollow marriage.

A hollow birthday-cake, echoing a hollow past.

Hollow strangers walking on hollow paths, listening to hollow voices. Their eyes are hollow, their speeches are hollow, entering hollow waves. A hollow lemon is their leader, carrying a hollow red doll on his back. Hollow stiletto's are singing hollow songs, spreading hollow smoke. The end of a hollow dream.

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet

*Boys from Lynx*

*touch of the jelly-fish*

*I only wore your trousers ...*

It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. Mr. Wasp was never mercyfull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through the smoke of my mind.

Your forests were cold, I could never really fear it's length. My mother is still wandering there, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog.

They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. Some

say he's the travestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel  
his breath.

Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take  
your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind.

The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your  
soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting  
away the threatening pages.

You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out  
of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You  
carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain.

Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in  
your dreams.

Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your  
pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your  
sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. They come  
from too far places, wearing a too deep linen smile to trust.

Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard  
your silences. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on.

Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I  
was young. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to  
sew.

I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers  
you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. Bees painted my  
body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your  
summer-child, your sunday's kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers  
secrets. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the  
tears back to my swallowed heart.

Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles weaved throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.

Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.

### *waiters in old amsterdam*

How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground.

They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. They still want to marry his sirens.

They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops.

They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes.



Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate.

He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?

A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history.

Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.

Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit.

All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.

Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world.

*palace of failure*

Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales

away. No one knows you are blind. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen, but you are a blind child.

You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls.

Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright.

But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.

A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down.

Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football, your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.

You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack.

Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer, but the domino-prince is still on your side. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.

*the cook's book*

Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra, you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.

You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.

Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours.

Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream.

The old domino-stairway is cracking. At the top the princess of bagdad is crying tears of lost games. She knows where you went through. She was always by your side. Her tears are mixing with yours, breaking the chains. No more games to play, they are all lost, trying to find their ways back to the hearts of little children. Don't care for a game, they bring nothing but tears.

She feels his hands touching her's. The thorns are coming to the surface of his hands. She feels nothing but stings. The old wasp comes to the top of the stairs, showing them three marbles.

The little buffoon-puppet is hiding itself in a corner of the domino-stairs, having a long knife in it's little hands. Little killer-dictionaries are hiding behind the black buttons of his suit.

When the old wasp shows the first marble, they attack.

The prince wrestles with dictionaries, with old languages from deep pits.  
His trousers are getting wet, his mornings are turning red. At the top of  
the stairs, the princess of bagdad is still crying. He feels her tears running  
through his trousers, reaching for his boots. The old shoe speaks all  
languages, the old shoe knows all names.

The boys of lynx are running up the old domino-stairs, stinging the pearls  
of the old dictionaries. The power of the wasp. These were the letters of  
the cook's book, following echo's of a mind turned upside down.

The little hotel is blushing again, the walls wearing new smoke.

### *little buffoon*

Smoke comes from your little house in the desert. You are cooking the  
whole day, creating games to play. Chess-apples were your speciality. You  
stole the smoke from the old host's soup. Little smoke-maker, little  
game-breaker, little sun of purple devils, you wore the crowns of the  
cardgame-cooks.

Smoke is entering the billiards-room. The old gambler gives you a glass of  
milk to drink. He likes your funny speech, and he feels sorry for your lost  
dog.

The walls here are painted by a little truant, doing black jobs to pay his  
schoolbooks. The stories are getting sadder.

And now you are sitting here on your high bar-chair, drinking beers  
streaming on the old gambler's money. You invented this box, you created  
this jail of numbers.

There's nothing left to say, orphans are dying in the cold, and you choose  
your own champions, writing your own dictionaries with broken pencils,  
dripped in blood.

Horror with a difficult smile, but you know your rats at the backstage of  
this circus, kissing the wings of spiders turned upside down. You knew the  
cook very well, but you never dared to look in his face. Because you were  
so afraid to lose a game, you started to create your own games, in which  
you would always be the champion. Your selfmade pawns would always  
choose you as the president.

The smoke of the little drunk buffoon was rising up in the hills of the cold  
deserts. The sand was getting colder throughout the years, sealing the  
graveyards of old eyes.

A sea of broken glasses was lying before my eyes, with waves roaring  
against the storms.

The little buffoon was sailing his ship to the cave of dwarfs.

Birthday cakes were rising from the deep cave of dwarves, for their  
gratitude to the little buffoon was big, but he couldn't enjoy his cakes. He  
missed his parents, but he also hated them.

He feels the old rotten foundling-basket again, swallowing his blankets  
away.

*Killroy was here*

Boys from Lynx, waiters under the host's command, foundlings from the beginning, wearing the stings of wasps in their bodies. Being a wasp, searching for the wasp-nest. They always loved their little purple buffoon-doll. Millions of stings flying through the air, searching for the big eye to enter.

Swallowing a forty-thousand million of wasps. Still an unusual thing to do.

Dark echo's are watching my mind. Tall liquid sirens are dragging their rivers with silver boots. They sold their tails to the sky.

The canals of amsterdam have been dried out. The little purple puppet is looking for his lost house.

His little ring is aching his finger. The old foundling-basket is swallowing his mind.

Burn these baskets, said the old wasp. It's soap in the little hotel for so many years, but the little purple puppet doesn't know that.

Tattoos of old wasp-stings are covering my body. I can still read the comics on my skin, I never have to buy a newspaper or a magazine. Graffiti on my boots, graffiti on my t-shirt. Killroy was here, Hitler and Montevani.

These are the dreams, these are the gifts. I never have to buy them, they come through my open windows, entering near to the edge of my bed.

I'm lying on my bed, sifting my dreams, kissing the baskets of wasps. Thanks to them I can dream, thanks to them I can forget. The stings enter my bloodstreams, breaking my heart out of the game. The little purple puppet is still my friend, after all these years sailing the purple fairytales. He knows what it is to be a foundling. We never talk about

games, we never talk about the venom of old licorice. We just sail, chasing after forgotten wasps, forgotten dreams.

His poison is entering my mind. It doesn't hurt me, it heals me. For finally I have a friend who shares his pain with me, and he reflects who I am. He reflects my dreams and my tears, my fears and my scars. When I look at him, I see the enchanted mirror, and then I can understand myself.

Thank you for wandering together with me, thank you for drinking the same tears, from the same source. Thank you for the library you brought to my heart, the library of my life.

I will never watch this movie again. I will throw it into the sea. But the memories I have, I will keep them close to my heart. I will not forget what others forgot. I will not forbid what others forbade. I will be free in a garden of space and breath, from my own mind and my own place. This place is the heart of the little purple puppet.

### *in the waspnest*

Entering the waspnest, drinking the juices with old story-teller-wasps, is the best you can do when your ship has been sunk. It is even better than burning memories with a little purple puppet. The old sailor-wasps are good to listen and to talk to.

The little princess from bagdad is bathing in the sea. Teardrops are sticking as jelly-fishes at her body. She saw the second marble of the old wasp. She's drowning her mind in an old basket, bearing a secret in her heart. The wasps are getting her attention, drawing her to the waspnest,

where I am sitting on a linen decorated chair, in fragile linen pyama's.

This waspnest is in the midst of the big eye. She shows me a book of honey, and I'm licking it, but my face is turning blue and purple. It is so delicious, but the girl sais it's another dictionary to read. It's a language of wasps, a zooming alphabet. The tears are rolling from her eyes, for the letters hurt her and her throat is swollen.

In the sea of tears an electric eel is swimming. No tear can stick at his body.

The tears of the dentist can not reach his mind, he doesn't know his docter's name.

The boys of lynx are still breeding the blind, leading them to the hills of destiny. No one will pay your bills, no one will free your cats. The destiny is two hills away from the little hotel.

The third marble reflects the fragments of the jellyfish's face.

Can I have some rest between the seconds ? You have six seconds to enter the fire.

Can I have some beds between your breaths ? I will check in ten minutes if you did your homework.

The teacher jumps to a board of domino-soldiers. They are shooting with playcard-bullets. It seems the game isn't over. The jellyfish is smoking his pipe. Entering a stage makes the party different. No dress can wash away your make-up. Billiards-soldiers are entering the gallery, the pawns are fainting one by one. The secret suicide-princess is watching the mirror-faces of her draught-soldiers. She can't stand one smile, and will start to scream until the tear is falling.

Vela's old soldiers are encircling the billiards-room. Giant-dice are watching the foam.



I'm walking along the old aldebaran's canals, blowing away some tiny little toy-ships. An old spanish santa-clause called alva is watching my names. He's burning the shadows of old marbles in my skin. An old vela-soldier shaking his head.

Does he know the thief of bagdad ? The trains of the west seem to end in snow. Where are the mar-plots, where are the kill-joys ?

A spanish prince, gathering the old fruits, caring for the old people. Wearing his mother's old fruit-rags sewed at his shirt, and his father's old fruit-statues clipped at his trousers, skating the lakes of the suicide princess, looking for his last pseta to burn.

Skating the marshes, he's looking for the prince of rats, the little truant-boy. I know why you didn't see school, I know why you didn't look into the eyes of the spanish santa-clause. You saw the blood in the teacher's eye. Now you're running with rats, looking for your lost paradise between old gossip-magazines, painting your lips everyday by it's gathered blood. They think you are the queen of advocates, the stinging doorhandle of a dentist's breath, but you are a cheeky newspaper-boy, running with your rats in the alleys of london.

I'm diving deep into the waters of the pink-blue snake's bed. My eyes are full of tears. I saw the deer-dog running to grandmother's city and back. Her dreams are still surrounding my arms, having a tool to swim.

I was always afraid to enter this old alley. The smoke was killing another camouflage. My brother always asked for cigars from the big boys, breaking them when they arrived by post. My mother always told us to take candy from strangers, and bringing it to her for some cruel underground conspiracies. We were never allowed to shake their hands.

I saw a killerbird wearing three feathers in the wind. My mother used to seal their lips, while they entered the garden. Whispers were bringing ice-

creams from the nothing, and an overdose of pride is still watching our memories. They are back, but now they have been changed.

I call for twenty teachers racing a long hairy car in the desert. They are looking for the little purple puppet. The eyes of a mill-maid are staring at my coffee-cups. I feel cold breezes entering my trousers again. They are looking for my suspenders.

### *the spanish castle*

The dream-prince is counting his twenty play-cards. He eats from the spanish treasures.

No one would ever know the horror of this place. The little puppet wrote twenty books on the topic. Horror with a glass of wine. A black book of horror with some salt. Three decades without any apricot, is a long time for a pirate with a split character. Which face will he choose today ? My grandmother is drying her apricots in old fancy silver books, speaking about a past without soldiers.

The apricot-tree would be the last thing I would look at. I had too many nightmares dripping from it's leaves. It took my grandfather three full days to walk it's perimeter. He's still walking in cubes, leaving deep moisty boot-prints from mysterious giants, echoing through the several bottoms of the old planet. They are still hunting my dreams, spitting my old animal-pals. He's too protective, his walls are too thick, his blankets too heavy.

His mourning giants with funerals in their eyes, dripping old golden coffee, are looking for a dragon, standing on a beach, watching the desert.

The little boy is painting his killer-buffoons, watching his red chess. He's standing on his black mountain, far away from the little hotel. It's still floating to lose it's chains.

The little princess is having her birthday. The little purple puppet won't come. He is inventing a new place.

Dark nights are entering the coffee-house in little bagdad. The spanish teacher has a soft and pleasant voice. It wasn't what you expected, the blinding sting was your daddy's hand. Thorns in the sand are reminding you of the sea. It's treasures are spanish delights, and now you are reading melting braille again. It's dripping from the sun to the skies, softening your heart's ideas.

Finally you see your father's paintings melting, the spanish fire holds you tight. You see the cities melt into a funnel, spinning fading spirals in the air. In the sands of Jupiter a spanish girl is building castles of sand and salt. The waves come to break these treasures every morning. She doesn't know about domino-princes. She's building her own paths. She knows a leather dragon, having toothaches. Her giants are walking too heavy, wearing too heavy suits. Her birds cannot fly because of the heavy feathers. Feathers of iron, feathers of stone. The walls of her castle are so thick that there is no space in the rooms. Only the little ones can live there. Every morning she goes to the beaches watching the roaring waves break her little castles, with tears in her eyes. The tears she sells to the boys of lynx, for a cup of coffee. She is still blind, crying blind tears.

I am drawing new rooms at the walls of her castle, the giants take their place.

From dust to dust the grey snake slides. But I drew too much.

Purple and yellow are still your colours, while orange is raking your sea-gardens.

Poetry from the Neptunian Rose

### *Forest Dreams*

*The Neptunian Rose, standing in the middle of the Neptunian Forest, blooming different colors from different stars. This Neptunian Rose is the mouth of the universe. Telling us to let all the tension run out of our muscles. Beauty is better than strength. Be flexible as a snake. Flexibility is better than power.*

*the ten gates into the neptunian forest*

*the first gate*

You entered the gate to the Neptunian Forest, to watch your dreams and your passions, to let go of your strains. Watch your blood run through

your veins. Watch how the neptunian trees offer you neptunian blood,  
neptunian life to stream through your veins.

### *the second gate*

Now you come into a forest-lake formed of dew. The frogs attach themselves to your body, giving you a forest-skin. You feel cool healing winds flowing and streaming throughout your body, up and down, back and forth. You get forest-glands to protect you against the dark reptiles and fishes in this lake. Do you dare to fight and wrestle with these reptiles and water-snakes ? These crocodiles who represent your inner strains and blocks ? Do you dare to bite and use your claws. Do you dare to sting and eat ? These dark creatures represent the paths you have to go. You will be transformed into nature again, if you deal with them. The farther you swim in this lake, the more your skin-colour will change into the colours of nature. When you are able to cross this lake, you can enter  
the third gate.

### *the third gate*

You reached the other side of the lake, and you are creeping through the mud and the sand of the forest-shore. Your skin is greener and more flexible than ever. You survived your memories, you survived the cutting points of view, hunting in the lake. You say goodbye to them. You still

creep through the forest-leaves, through the moss and the mud. The atmosphere is very moisty here. Then suddenly a big snake is acting up before you, and a wrestle starts. You feel his cold body spiralling himself around you, and you even feel his blood running through his veins. He bites you in your lower back, and you scream, but your legs start pull him down, and your grip is very tight. You feel an enormous strength has entered your legs. You feel yourself getting the wildness of the forest, that you are getting one with the forest, and you bite him in his neck, while putting your nails deep into his skin. You feel your poison is paralyzing him and finally you tear him into pieces.

You survived your fears, frustrations and confusion, which the snake represented.

However your body is bleeding, and your wounds are deep.

#### *the fourth gate*

You now enter a place with hills of warm sand, and the farther you creep through this place, the hotter the sand becomes. Your skin-color is getting lighter, and you feel the sand covering your moisty wounds, which you feel as a healing. The atmosphere is peaceful, and there are some little bushes throughout this sphere. You feel some hot stones entering your body, feeding your bones, and it's like soft, sweet milk is running through your veins.

### *the fifth gate*

You are armed for a new battle. You enter a field of wild flowers, and you feel your blood boiling and your skin blooming. You start to feel like a flower, and you feel your body is being decorated like wearing fragile torn clothes, but wasps dive at you trying to sting your nipples to suck all the milk and honey out of you. You can't wrestle with these, for touching them is like touching high voltaged electricity. What you can do is to spit fire, for you are hot blooded enough now. At the end of the field you see a little gate you can go through.

### *the sixth gate*

You now entered through the little gate of a rock and you now stand before an enormous abyss, with a small bridge. You walk on the bridge, and you start to look down, and you get the shivers. The bridge suddenly stops somewhere above the abyss where you can sit at the back of a giant-eagle as tall as you. Further and deeper in the abyss is an island floating in the air. The eagle brings you there. Here you will have to fight against lions, panthers, and giant-spiders. In the middle of the island you will find a ladder of wires which will lead you out of the abyss.

### *the seventh gate*

You now stand at the other side of the abyss, and your skin looks like the rainbow. Your wounds and scars are so beautiful, because they speak of your bravery and persistence. These wounds and scars will be the key to the Neptunian Rose you were looking for.

You now eat the Neptunian fruits, and you feel it's soft, bright juices flow through your mind and veins. You feel revitalized by these streams and you start swimming in them, following them deeper into this new world. You see the tropical fishes swimming near you, and again you feel frogs attaching themselves to your body. This time they are tropical, giving you tropical glands to speed through the waters. You are about to reach the neptunian oceans and seas. You fly on the backs of tropical birds, and you reach another island in the midst of these seas and oceans. Here you drink the milk of coconuts and feeling the warm and cool sea-winds of the planet.

You are able to fly on the winds now, for you developed a light-body now throughout the journey. By being so close to the animals you also got their skills and functions. You are more and more changing into an animal-being.

### *the eighth gate*

You now enter through a light-spiral, and you fly over all the places you went through, seeing all your footsteps.



*the ninth gate*

*And then you start all over again, which brings you into a water-spiral.*

*the tenth gate*

*This never-ending story brings you into a spiral of neptune's breath, the  
Rose of Neptune.*

*Poetry from the Toy's Soldier*

*Masked Memories*

*the other is always deeper*

*the first dream*

I once came in a library, filled with books about my life, the past and the future. The books of my past were blue and the books of my future were pink. The books of the now were green. I read them and my tears were dripping, for what I saw was so different compared to how I looked at it. The books were filled with velvet pictures, and it smelled like fresh grass bathed in sunlight.

I looked outside the window to the neon-lights, but they started to fade away while thinking at the books. It was such a magic to me, that I felt it would be better to close the curtains and to lock myself up in this library of my life. All my memories were washing through my mind and my body.

### *the second dream*

I went to the next floor of this beautiful library and I saw the same books, but now they were filled with other characters instead of me. And when I was reading the books, with all my memories played by other characters,

I started to realize that I was just reflecting others in my life. My memories are streams swallowed, also by others. My memories aren't from myself, but are coming from others. Others are always deeper. Memories are paths to go. This is sinking away in yourself. The deeper you dive into yourself, the more you will discover the others there.

They were the projectors of my memories, they were the projectors of their own lives. Inside me there was a well, a place with many colours. Movies were streaming through my mind. So many actors live in me.

*All my wounds flew into the books. These books of healing were covering  
my mind.*

*Poetry from the Black Fish*

*Red Picnic's Day*

*Syrop from Venice*

*grandfather's watch*

*The place of dogs was hard for me to reach. I felt myself melting in the  
black rain. The tall dog-statues along the brown sandy paths were  
frightening me.*

*I saw myself climbing in a tree. Is that really me, or is it just a ghost of  
my shadow ?*

*I saw the lawyer walking through the little fence of the dog-garden, his  
shadows melting away in the darkness. Finally he disappeared through  
the wall of the dog-house, leaving only a little time-detector, waiting in  
my ears to explode.*

It's my appetite for destruction. I'm sitting in the waiting-room of the dentist. A friendly face is counting my inner steamdrips, but my fears are swallowing me.

Harry is so sick, he can't look through the glasses on his nose. He's shivering under twenty blankets his mother knit for him, from the skin of an old drowned snake.

He said he drowned as a lyric in the seas of the dentist's ear, for it didn't want to swallow.

My feet are getting cold in the giant's kettle. They say I need to swallow the fish and holding in my breath for three days and a night. I know they speak of truth, for they know the little dog-house. My cats are burning today, they don't want to go to school.

Sometimes when daddy is awakening, I feel his running breath checking the rooms of the visitors for smoke. I don't think I can hold it here any longer.

I am embracing another kettle. It feels cold, like the other. The giants are smiling in the wind. I wish to hear their voices. No one can imitate a giant like daddy. He is racing on his old school-bike again. Where is the schoolmistress, she forgot her umbrella.

There is the lawyer again, wearing some lipstick from old dog-kisses on his cheek. They are almost dried out.

I'm wondering what he was doing there. He forgot to eat his bread, it's hanging in the trees.

Ten miles from school, it was a hard day.

The teacher is calling my name. He wants to speak to me under five eyes.

Two of mine, three of his. He always wins, wearing a little time-detonator in his pocket. His grandmother gave him six bottles of wine to

spend the next ten years. I'm wondering if he will walk this way. I'm seeing his eyes wandering to the old inn at the corner of the old school, covered by wings.

The old dog is speaking. He doesn't want his children to wear his flags. They need to steal themselves.

I see twenty theologians burning a pirate's flag, spoiling a kid's dog.

The statues in the little house speak. Ginger-custard is flowing through my mind's festivals, quenching the old shining purple horse-statues in the little roundabout.

Benny touched the dog-statue on the second floor, now his hands are bleeding. I'm about to dive in the deepest seas to wash away the pains of tomorrow.

The tight face of the lawyer is shaking his head. His echo's are fading away in the night, waiting to lay the invisible attack on the back of the farmer's horse, three streets away from the dog-house. I am breathing, creating streets in the air to lose the memories of the little house.

Dogs are watching the footballgame today, they are fishing in a farmer's glove. The dentist is wearing a pink glove today. It's his birthday. He took a schoolboy's heart out of the schoolbook. The teachers applaud. Memories fall on the kid's head, like leaves fall from the trees. It's winter again, the toys are frozen. A tiny little injection reaches the fish inside, the kettle explodes. The dentist brings it to his pond. Millions of crying fishes are reaching the surface. It's not the first fish entering the dentist's mill.

Little fisher-boy, fishing at the seas of aldebaran, wearing star-glitters in your eyes. You stole the stars, you broke the seals, and now you are masking yourself as a dentist on this planet. With your white jacket you try to charm the rotten broken barbies from the rubbish-fields. You have a better life for them, bringing them to the schooldesks to eat the

poisoned apples from a teacher's heart. You made a deal with the black teacher, harming a kid's sheep. You cut the fingers from your old woolen gloves away, to shake the hand of the teacher, and now you are a fright in the land.

Little cowboy, sailing the seas of aldebaran, you are still locked up in a stairwell's painting, bleeding syrop from seventh avenue, on a venetian cupboard.

I'm still hunting shadows of old schoolmates in an empty classroom. It breaks my mind to see you starving in the cold. Splinters in my mind is the only thing I seem to get on this sunday-evening in summer. The forest speaks to me, but I can't understand a word.

I will, I can, I go to that little house again. My shoes are reaching my neck, I'm in my fathers shoes, but I'm sinking away into a whirlpool of sandy graves. It's my grandfather, the giants. I'm drowning in my grandfather's boots, lighting a new candle.

### *the woodcutter's house*

I saw a black fish, lying on the table of a woodcutter's smile. The dream was finding it's way out of his house, but the fish couldn't move. There were three bullets between his scales. I took them out and hold them in the light. 'I don't want to go to the factory again,' I heard.

I saw a child labouring in a dark factory. He had black stripes on his face, his clothes were almost eaten away, his knees were bleeding. Black syrop. Child labour, just a labour's child.

The black teacher took the hand of the child, the school was his shelter. There is no place to work for a child. Schoolbooks are softening his mind, warming his heart. Schoolbooks, swimming through his scales, looking for feathers of factories to burn. The air exploded a million of times. Now you're fishing at old schoolmates.

Harry has toothaches, still scared of dentists. He runs to the old factory, but the door is locked. Then he runs to the old church, but the door is locked. The verger just left. The school is also closed, today, it's sunday-evening, and the dentist rules the city tonight. He is running after the verger, pulling his jacket. But he doesn't answer. He runs after the school-mistress, but he slides over her shadows. He screams for her attention, but she doesn't hear him. It's only a shadow from the past. Did you know she has already been retired on a pension ? This evening the dentist rules. Harry screams for monday-morning, for grandmother's cup of tea, but they all sleep. Harry, you can't reach your breakfast, for the dentist is king this night. Mother's kisses are in bed, the dogs are dreaming in their kennels, and the streets are diving in yesterday's rain.

When the dentist strikes, there's no one to save you. The heroes have been retired, the horses sell their legs to buy a winter's sleep. You are alone, but the dentist is remembering the old factory again.

Smoke comes from the city. The dentist is running again.

No one could hear him when he was a child in the factory. Finally a teacher saved him. But was this school really a flower in the graveyards of his heart ?

A woodcutter was painting trees in an empty classroom. The children were sleeping, the coasts were safe, no pirates, no police. Only a baker's cat was skulking between the schooldesks. Mary Louise forgot her chocolate-box under her schooldesk. The cat was eating it, the woodcutter prayed to god. I will wash your dishes, I will steal your

bottles, but I will never raise a schoolkid from the pulpit. An old theological dog was entering the classroom, fighting with the cat about a piece of chocolate. Thick moisty syrop-whispers were dripping from the tower-classroom, running as fools into the forests telling the birds about what they stole. They stole a tinplate of sinners, a chair of a lawyer, and a hand full of nails. No one would know what happened between the legs of the woodcutter that night. He gave birth to a black fish, wearing three bullets in his head. No decoration needed, just a simple speech from a broken pulpit.

My father's not done with this. For three years he's racing in his blue rococo cadillac, trying to catch the dripping shadows of time with a fishing-net hanging thirty miles out of his window.

No one ever saw the face of the woodcutter. It was covered by a red rag of a horror's book history. Only a little musical box knew the pillars of the dentist's green nightmare-curtains.

He was laying his green book on his table again, writing three new names in it : Sonja, Anthony and Marscha. They entered his horror-hotel, shivering. Grandmother never let her cats out through the kitchen-door, when the night fell. Waiting for the morning is a long journey for them.

The woodcutter's house, three o clock in the night. The woodcutter is carrying twenty children on his back, in a dark green bag, without a hole. The birds paid him a lot of money. Shaking his bag, they all fall out on his table. Now the birds sing their songs again. They don't have to carry their children anymore, they are free.

Twenty kids in their standing sacrofages, twenty trees in their standing coffins, waiting to be spinned as cigars for the kings, to be crashed in the iron hands of lawyers.

Smoke comes from the woodcutter's house. An old raven called simon is drying and draining the bones of an old painting. He's looking through



the windows of the empty class-room seeing some ghosts playing at cards. Money is floating through the air, and he smells the smoke, running to his uncle's.

A saint called nicolas is spitting the forests. No one seems to know him here. He escaped from another book. He's looking for his children, but there's nothing left. All he finds are empty bags.

I am running through empty clouds, smashing doors to swear I'll never forsake my children. Smoke makes me bowing my knees, calling for another altar to burn these stinging pieces of a locked memory.

The preacher preaches a new religion on sunday-morning. The people are leaving the church, the dentist is smiling. He found another way to escape the pulpit's wrath.

A little beggar-boy with fingerless gloves is selling ice-creams on seventh avenue, having the fragile tattoo of a black fish on his arm. He's happy, he feels he's a kid again. His dreams found a way out. Now he's the king of tomorrow-morning.

Running between a school and a factory was the craddle for a church to spit out a black fish. The lawyer never worried about that. He's still turning around in circles, no one able to catch a glimpse of what he's exactly doing. But he's still smoking his sigars of terror, breaking down rococo gardens in baptized accuracy. Racing rotten ferrari's with long hair burning in the sun through the old woodcutter's gardens without ceilings, sucking the sigars out of the trees. 'It's done,' said a cat called jesus, 'it's really done.'

Harvest of Venice. The blind leaders are rubbing their hands. Mary-Louise is eating her forgotten chocolate-pieces. Harry has been retired on a pension now. He has lost his teeth, and his fear of the dentist. And Benny is still in the hospital for touching an electric dog on a lawyer's plate. The history will stay locked in a part. Sometimes it's better to eat some fruit

instead of the vegetables. It will break your heart after the slaughter, seeing candy ruling the land, for they offered the children nothing but vegetables. A little bit of fruits will do a miracle. Open the fence.

*the breaths between you and me ...*

Up for some dishes, they are making storms in a glass of water. The woodcutter's hair is rising. Someone has stolen his cat, now it's doing the dishes in the old church. My neighbour's friends brought some masked enemies. The old snake is praying for rain. No woodcutter could ever dream this, for their minds only reach to the refrigerator and back. No one could call the police in these times, for they were all out of town, saving another atlantis from the mouths of illusive seas.

Crashed planes and trains are raising their glasses in the empty classrooms now. The woodcutter wouldn't believe it. They are sticking their tongues in dangerous baskets now. I won't tell you the knot of the story now, for you were never listening when the wines were dripping. But I adore your special way of caring for my cats. They will never forget you if it comes to that. Your telephone-number is still wandering in my mind, looking for a horse to trick. But your aunts faith is enough for you to reach tokio's waving coasts. They will spend their time and money to give you a good bed. Embracing a cow in the night was always your way of telling a too long story. No one dared to dive so deep into my heart than you did. This is something I praise you for, without showing you the telephone-bills. They were from a time you didn't exist.

You are still chasing shadows in the night, while the morning already fell, three-hundred years ago. The old indian never smoked a pipe. That was only a dream existing in your mothers cage.

I believe you still want to see me, your dresses are ten miles tall. They reach for my stars, but mother already blew them out. The rows of the wizard are shut out. The trains to oz died millions of years ago. I'm still sowing water on their graves, and I know one day a flower will grow there ... your flower. For you were the most beautiful thing I ever met. That's why I never looked into your eyes. I wouldn't survive in your seas. The ship in the bottle was never your best trick. Now we have to look for some good sailors. Not me. I'm more that of a shipless captain on the coast, drinking beers to drown the sharks from the past in some chocolate dreams. Do you think I'm more than that ? I want to speak to you, I want to hug you, I mean your curtains. Not to go inside of you, but to go outside, finally escaping through your windows to a world I never saw. Did you ever see a blind kid playing pirate in a cage ? I always have to bow my knees to reach my music-box on top of my wardrobe. Some parts of the cage you made for me are too small. In some of your dark tunnels I can't even move myself. Oh, I'm so paralyzed without you, I mean without your windows, so that I can fly out. After all these years, I'm still looking for holes in the walls, for mice to help me, but it seems you swallowed it all away. I want to bring you into my heart, to let you see my chains. You think I don't have chains, you lost your glasses long ago. You sold them to the queen of ears. Oh, how you like to listen to your music-boxes. Then you close your eyes, to let them melt away forever.

This night the echo of the bird will reach my mind again. It has wandered around the planet for a million of years. Now it's here again, to eat his tail again. I thank you for never taking away this ring, although I am not a gratefull person. I take what I deserve, and leave what I don't deserve. I don't believe in grace. I believe in eating that which you worked for.

Deep in my heart I'm still the little beggar, working in a factory, working in the station of soot, tracing the rails to you, I mean the school-mistress.

Not that I want to sit there. It's good to be in a factory. It's good to beg for something I deserve. I know she has already been retired on a pension. I know she isn't there anymore. The factory reveals her voice, the station is my school. I like the soot on my face, it brings me what I deserve. The birds recognize my needs. My broom teaches me. Please don't take me out of my factory. But help me to understand the machines. Please tell me that the fish can fly, and that the bird can swim, in the factory, in the station. Please don't wash the soot from my face. I could never stand the luxury of your schooldesk's mouths. Your cakes were never my favorites. It reminded me of the woodcutter's house. No place to be. Don't take us out of our places, but bring your heart into the place.

### *the raven's prince*

I'm still your chimney-sweeper after all these years. It took my heart three and a half years to overcome and understand the bridge between your words and my father's. Still some words from you are floating through my mind, awakening the giants in me, destroying mountains and cities. I liked your red ice-creams on a cold summerday. They were really the best. I always felt I am the counterpart of Snowy White, although I could never get along with your dad. Maybe he never felt the sting of an apple, although I bet he dealt with some venom. My eyes are still green after all these years, turning brown in the night. You could never swallow my feathers, they are still rising in the night.

I still want to climb into that old painting again. And you, still laughing at the background. It says more to me than a hundred of books. The

painting makes a long story short. All in a flash. That is how I can go on. I don't care about the details, the birds will do that.

I knew we lived long and happy in that painting. I still love Venice. And when I am free from work, I enter that painting to come alive. Then everything is how it was. You and me on that boat, the canals of Venice. That decorated stick I hold is tall enough to touch the bottoms of the Venetian ditches.

In the old church it is also painted on the enormous windows in mosaic style. I'm looking at it, biting at my fingerless woolen black gloves. All of a sudden the glass breaks in a million of pieces and a million of ravens are entering through. They hate the painting and scream at me, while I'm bowing my knees and back in tears, looking for comfort in my black jacket, where a little black dove is catching my tears. The splinters of glass are entering my body and I'm crying glass and chrystal. Suddenly a little cowboy is knocking at my shoulders. 'Sir, can I tell you a story ?' He looks the same as me, although he's wearing different clothes, and having a different smile. 'I'm the other side of the mirror,' he sais. 'The window had to be broken, otherwise you wouldn't be able to meet me.'

I kissed his lips, I couldn't believe I was talking to myself.

*red licorice boot-lace*

He was carrying a bag on his back, with a little school and a little church in it. He said he ran day and night between school and church and he could never find rest. He had been torn by a teacher and a priest. Finally

a lawyer's suite on wheels found him, and now he was the king of  
butterflies, judging the dice and the flying gamblers.

The fruits were getting older, no one wanted to eat them. The  
newspaper-boy was crying rivers of tears in a spanish alley, for no one  
wanted to read.

The fruit-dish on the lawyer's table is rotting inside out, chemicals are  
rising from sunset. This is how they invented the nuclear detonator.

The jelly-snake is calling the actors. Nuclear snakes are following him  
slowly and softly, without making noise. No one really knew what  
happened in that old cellar below the lawyer's house. Military dogs were  
beating a spanish boy, for no one wanted to listen to his dreams.  
Chemical eyes were checking his pockets. Someone found some red lights.

A boy, drowned in his own tears, for no one wanted to drink. He's still  
living on his island, waiting for a boat to pick him up.

Mom and dad, still eating chemical ice-cream, uncle's eating a nuclear  
cucumber, the harvest of a horrible delay in a lawyer's cellar.

I make clothes from old grapes. The jacket is beautiful. I'm living in a  
house of old rinds.

I'm soothing my baby into sleep. She fell in love with a radio-active  
orange. The lullaby contains a free time-bomb.

I'm walking along the river with my purple roundabout-horses. They still  
shine in the sun. The drowned boy is sailing in his ship of dreams. I catch  
a piece of his nuclear newspaper, and start to cry. I saw you and your  
love walking on a beach, waving at waves, waving at storms, entering  
near the black fish. He eats a bit of your newspapers and then disappears  
in the night. I'm watching the wild side of the sea. It seems the black fish  
loved you very much.

A black apple is wandering through the forest. A saint called nicolas has sent him. It's the last chance for the forest. The birds are shivering. The black apple threatens the trees and the flowers. He will throw a nuclear bomb if they won't listen to his foreign language which they don't understand.

Nuclear smoke comes from the little old church. The preacher is raging. He has made his hells hot. The purple flames of my roundabout-horses are softening my heart.

The black fish is eating some bread. He can't understand why people are running. He decides to build some new chairs.

Hey dentist, does the chair like it when you sit on him ?

Ten cannibals are leaving the little dog-house. Black syrop comes out of their mouths. I'm trying to get the train of 3 o clock, I'm late.

Little sailor's boy, singing stories from the pulpit, drinking milk from a nuclear cat. Little waterboy, raising honey from a chemical tree. Are you still saying radio-active prayers at the bottom of a sunday-morning's ditch ? You took away the toys, burnt the barrets from a policeman's heart. You are the horror of every preacherman. Little cowboy, little music box, on sunday's morning you rule them all.

Never will I forget your smile. You are still riding your black cows, shooting bullets in the sand. Little spanish cowboy, coming from the north, entering the south, you saw all the corners of the old planet, sailing over all the edges. You are still the ghost in the old little church, looking for your black fish. You could never swallow it's tears, they were too thick and heavy. You drowned in it's tears. You couldn't save your black fish, but it will safe you.

Still you are the terror on the streets, moving your plastic guns, with pillow-bullets. Goose were never your friends. They killed your bird, and

ate your clothes. The hat is the only thing they left, and you ran naked through the night. But some caring fruits covered you, and made you sleep alive.

Still you play the organs in the church, singing songs of merciless horror. You were locked up in a school, and in the church you found your shelter. But in your heart you are still a schoolboy. You found out the sharp side of the church, and the teacher and the priests are still fighting about you.

A ragdoll, bleeding on the ground of an old school. All the kids wanted to get it, tearing it in their rage.

No priest can find this classroom, the black-fish brought you back, you are still a schoolboy. Your hat is hanging on your neck, it's threads are making me dizzy. Wandering with fruits.

The black apple is a dictator, but you are safe at school. The schoolmistress is warming your heart. You had the voice of a banana. You still sleep under it's rinds. No one can prevent you from hearing the little vega-clock in the heart of the banana, ticking it's way softly to the clouds.

Your schoolbooks are birds speaking to you, about foreign and fortune fairytales. You still hear the echo of the blackfish in it. When you shut the book, the schoolmistress is smiling. No one would ever think you would drink tea with the giants. But you did, you raised the honey till so far.

And now you are sliding over the gutters of the roofs, searching for your black cats to play at draughts. You are still looking for that old billiards-room of dogs, at the top of the lawyer's tower. You could hear the cry of sirens better, there.

Now you are running in the air, jumping at clouds, reaching for the last breakfast of sunset-moon.



I caress the velvet pages of my paintings-book. I still collect old soldiers from orange-trees. I'm satisfied, my hunger has gone. An old grey giant is walking to the old dog-house, his shadows are melting in the sun, his fruits are melting in moonlight. The doghouse tries to run away through the rain-pipe. The water-basket explodes. This is the result of nuclear delay.

The lawyers are hiding their delay in the day of death. I'm running beyond streets and cities, looking for an old train to save me.

Old fruits are wandering and marching through the forest, looking for revenge. I know enough, I am out of this. The nuclear apple raises his mouth again. Unknown languages are manipulating the deaf.

I feel fruits bubbling in my stomache, looking for rain, looking for an old song of exiles. When will this dream stop ? Terror is rising through my eyes, the chemical threat is still alive. Tonight they will come alive, the grapes of venice. Red licorice is what you gave me, to seal the kisses from my minds. Red storms are raging at the old castle. The old shoe is speaking, the red giant-shoe takes place. The fruit of a forgotten past opens it's box. The little golden music starts to play, giants are dancing. They dance the night away.

The old fruits are wandering and marching through the forest, looking for stones to cast.

When mother was alive I used to watch the red sea, but she died in the cold, there was red snow falling on her grave.

Red licorice is what you gave me to heal my mind, to bring me back to the giant-shoe. The red fruit melts when the sun rises. It ate a nuclear bomb, on a bright picnic's day. Red boys chewing nuclear grass.

Little red velvet cowboy's boy, shooting at stones, breaking cues in the night. You ate the chemical billiards-balls, riding your red roundabout-

bike, smiling and gazing into the sun. Now your red tears are falling, washing away yesterday's pain. The chemical seas are roaring in the red giant-boxes now. The giant-shoe holds the burning keys. Following red boot-laces, drawing shadows in the night, reaching the heart of the giant, overflowing juices of the night. Catching kisses on a shoemakers boat, riding oranges in the storm. My heart is burning, my echo's are fading. Melting fruits are wandering through my mind's forests. They forgot about the red saint called nicolas, they are walking their own paths.

Harry is taking my hand, an old schoolboy's dream.

The licorice is finally reaching my old dream's mind, checking the horses and the burnt shoes. I'm gliding through storms and mazes. The snow is burning my skin. All my fruits inside of me are melting into juices of solar joy and pride. Decorated Satin Suit was my father, Honey Pyamas was my mother. My heart is decorated again, my throat produces honey again. The smile couldn't break the distance, but a red fruit could do

*waiting for the last roundabout*

The sarcastic dream rises again. He never meant what he said, and never said what he meant. His words were the killing-fields of nuclear birds and beasts, the son of a broken apple. No one knew what happened in that cellar of a crazy greengrocer in vietnam. Red Russians couldn't break his smile. I saw him breaking the arm of a porcelain doll, a ballerina from the sixteenth century. The martians never liked your smile. You washed the puppets in too deep baskets. I met your mother, a sweet chinese lady, dressed in rotten wool. You never cared enough for her, you only raised

her from a forgotten death. Still she follows your plastic smiles, your lemon ice-creams. No one knows your name is cain. No one knows your father was called herode, and your brother esau. Still you wander through the streets with jesus' slippers. Your names are written in the book of death, behind the thick bars of rotten cages. No one knows you are an escaped arabian prince, cutting flowers in the night. Your hair is long, your brains are taller. Your smile breaks the glasses of the green witch, you are still weeping for more flowers in your little boats on roses' seas. You are carrying your mothers flag on your chest, roaring as a lion in the night, but your flowers are dying, spreading nuclear dust in the streams of forgotten mondays.

Fourty-thousand stepmothers are raging at the show, following your too short trousers, in which you look so cute, duckies from the side-lines. I can see the tattoos on your legs, they smell like purple roses. I can breath in the smoke between the opera's of your words, carved in your fragile spirit by a wild handicapped cigarette, driving old-timers at a road of weeping nails. Kiss the tear, my little stepchild, for your factories don't blow your minds anymore. Stepchildren from the sunsets of babylons cages, smuggled to other countries within innocent oranges, you are loved by your ministers.

I saw a blind rocket racing the rails of an old rotten guitar, spoilt in a glass of warm water, standing on a central heater without ears. You still make me blind when you blow that cemetary-trumpet from an age too long ago. The middle ages are proud of you, for wearing cigarette-suits in the russian waters. Climbing through weathers and winds, looking for the big apple to get some spoilt rest. There isn't more we can say, when step-children are running on the back of a nuclear bear. Ten days in a spanish prison opened my eyes for the beauty of arabian nights. The carpets are still waiting in the old sunset's barn of the giants living in the grandfather's pockets. Waiting for the last roundabout to rise. He still doesn't have an idea of the living beauty in the drawers of his kitchen.

Grandmother's smile will wake him up, when we grant him enough time  
to spend a little holiday on a sunday morning's beach. He's still weeping,  
the preacher dropped another nuclear time-bomb in his garden. His  
oranges are shivering in a too tight darkness.

A halloween's night broke your leg. You always had to labour as ghost in  
that old haunted house of the fairground. You are the fairground's kid,  
the tiger's circus, showing up in a pale winter's dream-glass.

One push at the rococo-decorated dashcar-buttons will awake the  
chemical marionettes in an old-fashioned nuclear war's giant-wheel. You  
don't know how to stop it after the ringing of bells.

You were the poisoned spun sugar on a fairground's dish, racing through  
the children's mind, sowing chemical seeds for new arabian underground  
horses escaped from a drowned roundabout. The preacher refused to  
preach this, afraid to lose some circus-threads and some cemetery nails.

Stutterer's child, stuttering army, marching through the fields of the  
sundays which would never come to the surfaces of tomorrow.  
Fortunately. The grin of the teasing child will melt again, and will touch  
the fragile spots of a new monday's roundabout. The fairground will  
always be your place.

Soon the king will enter his new table, will mow a new grass.

Oh how I feel the pressure today. The black fish seemed to be a  
fairground's barrel-organ. The soldiers are still spinning sugar from a  
princess' dream, touching the sides of an old board of chess.

A red picnic was all I could think about.

Poetry from the Chrystal Star

*Where All the Tears Collide*

*the man of a million faces*

One day he came to me. In tears and full of pain. He had the scars of a jester and his red prince's uniform was torn. He was tenderly decorated all over with little white satin, and his lips were droppin' with candy. His face was painted as a fish, his eyes were red and full of fire. I felt he was burning.

I asked him where he came from and he said from the sea of tears. I asked him who he was and he said he is my mirror. His appearance was like a child, but his radiation was grown-up. He seemed to be the man of opposites, and that's why the energy could flow. That is why I saw room in him, to enter through his gates. I asked him where he would go to. He said : back to the sea of tears.

I asked him how he would do that. Balancing between the opposites, walking as an acrobate on the middle line. He said the tears are the line between the opposites. Tears collide them all, flowing from one to another. Tears can be shared, and the more they are shared, the more they will look like tears of joy.

## *tears*

Tears are the only tools that can search the hearts. Tears are the only way to soak the mind. Tears are the bridges that unite lives. Tears are the keys to open those hidden parts.

Tears are brought to make us calm. Tears are brought to soften our dry, hard souls. Tears cannot be broken, tears cannot be sealed. Tears can only be drunk and be transformed into truth.

Don't throw away the key. Don't spoil your chance. They come and they go. Don't miss your train.

I asked the Lord to let you discover these treasures, I asked the Lord to let you see His grace. He gave them from Heaven above, as a ship to reach the haven, as a cup to ease your pain. Let the river flow from one to another. Don't be ashamed to show your pain.

Only when you let your pain flow, it can be solved. Only when we sow our tears, they can become trees.

Tears are the mirrors in which we can see ourselves. Tears are the monitors in which we can see others. Then all the masks will fade away.

A valley of tears, a sea full of photo's, reminding me of the past, letting me look into the future. Follow the streams of tears. They speak, and bring us back where we belong. We belong to remembrance. Tears, Gods Machine of Time.

Tears are the boats to travel to the past, tears are the cars to speed into the afterworld. Tears are the airplanes to reach each other. In the intersection of all time-lines, the wonder exists, the wonder of remembrance, the wonder of uniting.

*Tears reflect who we really are, lies will fade away.*

*To listen to a tear, is to lose a lie.*

*Tearless eyes cannot see, they only will see the lie. Tears are the apples of  
our eyes.*

*I wanted to see wisdom. God gave me the tears to see it. My tears are my  
eyes, my tears are my legs. With that I can do anything, a body made of  
tears. God lives there where all the tears collide.*

*There is a doorway to the lost paradise. Give it back to me. Where all the  
tears of the world collide, a star rises, our new world is born.*

### *king of tears*

*Where all the tears collide, a castle can be seen. I entered this castle and I  
saw the throne of the jester. It was a throne of tears.*

*He smiled and told me that every joke combines the tears. Every farce  
transforms a tear. That is the secret of any true pleasure. It is soaked by  
a tear.*

*He started crying again, and an ocean of tears filled the castle.*

*He said : Tears are brought to make us creative. Play with the tears,  
work with the tears, build by the tears. That is the job of the jester. Only  
by asking for tears, only by looking for them, you can control them. That  
is the secret of the jester.*

When you want wisdom, ask for a tear first, through which you can see  
the wisdom.

When you want a friend, ask for a tear first, so that you are able to  
reach that friend.

Before you ask anything, ask for a tear, and in that all other things will  
appear. The jester, ..... king of tears.

I laughed when I saw this. A secret was revealed. I met the king of tears  
and drank the cup of joy.

### *Silence of the sleep*

I was walking in a field of a million flowers. They were crying and dying  
.... They were so thirsty and I was sharing my nectars ..... They fed  
themselves with my juicy tears, flowing from my trees of pears .... Old  
waterfalls from the fairy-zone .... But there was something in your  
embrace .....

I was walking through these gardens of thousands roses .... Offering my  
nectars to the thirsty trees .... But I got tired .... and I fell on the ground  
..... bleeding blood from that old pear-tree ..... Old waterfalls from the  
fairy-zone ..... There was still something in your embrace .....

I was reaching for my dreams, reaching for the deserts of sleep, where I  
would find new oasis to share with the dying nature ..... If I wouldn't  
reach this desert, I would be swallowed by these gardens .... losing my



*grip ..... I asked the tree for understanding, waved to the flowers when I stepped into this dreamship ..... But all they could say was that I left them alone ..... I was sinking away in their seas ..... Was it love ? ..... No, I was their prey ..... I was nothing but the crown on their barbecue ..... Dancing with the devil .....*

*They were the nightmares in my gathered sleeps ..... I was the sacrifice on their altars of love ..... When the nectar of the gardener has been drunk, ..... they will start to drink his blood ..... Not waiting for the dawn to breath, they didn't want to go to sleep ..... All they want was ..... eating ..... They didn't make one difference between the meat he gave and his own hand ..... They ate all ..... predators ..... killer-flowers ..... no difference between his blood and the wine.*

*Poetry from the Old Cigar*

*Scratch on a Charlie Chaplin's Record*

*Escape of the Divorce's Rose*

*"There's a whole new world in Snow White's weather-box .... People are dancing backwards .... in slow-motion .... Everything is moving .... weather-box-soldiers can move everything .... They move by moving spaces ..... They walk by moving the ground below their feet ..... They never go to bed .... The bed comes to them ..... They are the immovable movers ....."*

## *black rain*

*She was selling her cats called "maybe" in the streets of venice. Her lips sucked the rivers dry. I was sitting in an old alley burning my last twigs, thinking about some old dreams of swallows. Everything she touched used to explode, I still shiver when I hear her name. She died in a sea of flowers, I'm still crying at her grave. She was the only pearl I had. The others died long ago in the vietnam wars. But their graves still swim as sharks in Jupiterian seas. Oh, how I love to see the smile of Jupiter, it always made me melting inside.*

*She died in a sea of flowers, but her ghosts are still walking the streets of little amsterdam with high heeled guns shooting bullets into the ground. No one is able to look at them or to touch them, for that would blow you up. Her teeth were bleeding, her grey ghosts were carrying her through the little streets of amsterdam. Her black perfumes were spreading through the shaking houses, all scared of her smoke. Black rain in amsterdam, running through the chimneys, running through the drains. What were these ghosts looking for, where did they come from ? Why were the streets trembling for them ?*

*I got a red jacket from Venus to protect me against the cold. Mother, while the rain is falling no one sees I'm crying. It's ok, these tears are old, running from old waterfalls. They got used to fall down, to run to the rivers. They will find their way, they are old enough. My brother is still sailing these waterfalls, fishing for the salt, looking for the old "me", who had been drowned there. All he finds are some mirrors, reflecting his own*

beautiful face. I'm already upstairs, reading my mother's books about my brother's toys. She died in the black rain long ago. I'm counting the raindrops on her face. They also reflect you .... You are still looking for my brother after all these years. You once got a piece of his jacket and tore it off. He almost died in your grip. You let him fly around without a face for so many years in your scary forests, while he was the only knife I had. I could cut away your black forests. You said he let your cats die at the streets for his cars drove too fast, he couldn't hear their screaming. But you were the one who gave him these fast cars ... and your cats weren't cats, but dogs. Did you see his wound in his leg ? It's tall like a tower, and you climb it every day sowing your black flowers at the top.

My sister is caressing my face, she's too old to see the rain. She gave me three golden rings to protect me while I was entering your wildernesses. I knew it would take me three full years to get through it, and my rings would be eaten alive by your snakes. Now was it an enchanted forest ? My brother is still racing his bike along the golden fence, hoping to see me back, but I'm at the other side of the forest, sitting on the blue fence with humpty dumpty. Some of his ghosts are running through the forest to see the edge of the sun touching the edge of the moon, but my brother himself is flying some kites for me.

### *blooddrips in the snow*

She died in a sea of flowers, and you lied besides her, holding her hand, trying to held my brother's shadow between the two of you. But he skates in the air, throwing some old puppets to the third world. He still cares for your babies, he still writes steaming poetry in the clouds, his ears raised high.

He was your rabbit, but your grip was too tight. Tonight you won't have  
to fight anymore, for you will find another rabbit.

Did you count his tears when he was young ? He was a young soldier  
dying in the vietnam war, bringing his pearls home.

Did you ever hear his voice in the rain ? Carrying the fairy-carriage  
through the forest.

Black rain was all you could give him. Why are these streets trembling ?  
Is there a giant stepping on stones ?

I see a black cigar entering the streets of amsterdam. His teeth are  
golden, his mouth is red. His smile kills and clowns are following his jacket  
on their knees. Oh how tall this jacket is, it glides through the streets of  
little amsterdam, leaving stripes of smoke.

You can burn this old piano, it's without any worth now. Mother said she  
would burn you if you would do, but she's just an old pillar of an old  
clown's museum. Her knives could never reach the bottom of the old  
strawberry-glass. It's still funny to see her talking to the ceilings of old  
hats. Her hair didn't grow through it.

Black cigar of terror, breeding your jails, breeding your junks. When it's  
saturday and you didn't start your car yet, you can't reach church on  
sunday-morning, it's too far. We will all be drowned in your soap.  
Smooth killers were your friends, some chinese spells tried to steal your  
hat, but they could only sell your boots. Is there any light in your jail ?  
Can the birds take a breath in your narrow cages ?

But your walls ..... can ..... breath ..... They were ..... children. I see the  
tears in your eyes. .... Bleeding eyes. What did you do to your children ?  
What do you hide ? Inside you are so full of fear, that's why you spread  
your terror, to hide your own ..... loss, ..... fear.

I can't tell you how much I would like to ease your pain. Your electric, jelly walls are moving through the snow, walking to winter's cinema to watch another movie. I see the blooddrips running from your boots into the snow. They tell stories, but I don't seem to hear, my ears are too short, cut off by a sharp pirate's hand long ago. But in the old rabbit's books, they can be read also. It tells you to not look into the mirror, for your tears try to deceive you. They run to a different stream, carrying a different book.

Three deaf children are standing before the gully, they want to mow the grass of the air and the sea. They never heard the voice of the storm. They enter the little house near the big storm, the aldebaran house, to watch the cellars. No wizard could invent such a place. They find a little doll lying on the table, but when they touch it their hands start to bleed.

I love to see april's rain, washing away the old chocolate from winter's clouds. The sting of old chocolate was the worst I ever felt. Aldebaran's inn-keeper told me long ago to enter his house, for the storm would have his dinner outside. To listen to a deaf child, would open the door for me, to see aldebaran's hearth.

And there I saw him, he was made of a million cigarettes. This little boy, almost a doll. His heart was an old golden clock, his hairs were green wires. Purple flames were in his eyes, and movie-tapes were his crown. They were glued around his little body of cigarettes. But at nights he grew tall, having a body of heavy cigars. He burns his movies every night and the mornings he buys new ones at the winter's cinema's.

Ten-thousand cities are smoking their movies, having the fuel for their factories, having the drums for their soldiers ..... but the little child is deaf, chewing some old hard chocolate.

Roaring child ? Outside you play the old storm, raging through the night, inside you are a scared kid. Making noise, making terror, without hearing

it. You don't hear the scream of the old city, you don't want to hear ...  
you sold your ears long ago.

Oh the sounds of a dying nature, oh the sounds of dying flowers ... you  
didn't want to hear, your ears were bleeding. You sold your ears to the  
raven for an old piano. The old voices in your head made you dead inside.  
Now you don't hear anything anymore, deaf musicians ....

Deaf musicians are dancing through the streets, through the walls of the  
shaking houses. They have golden teeth or piano-teeth, and green hair  
with black hats. Outside it's still raining ..... black rain.

Their violins are tearing an old doll, their guitars are kicking a dog.

In the church a child is playing the organ ..... a deaf child.

Little chimer, you don't hear the cry of the arabian hospitals where  
people's legs and arms are cut off for a lawyer's flower. You don't hear  
the cry of their factories, where the dolls and torn barbies are burning  
day and night. Who wants to taste the blood of a woodcutter's doll called  
pinocchio ? Who wants to taste a tear of a tree called lazarus ? We have a  
long way to go to emerald city.

Little chimer, you made your children deaf. You burnt their ears, and  
watch movies with heroes day and night, for you don't want to be a hero  
yourself, neither do you want your children to be one. You don't want to  
know people by their names, ....personally ....for then you would hear their  
pain, of which you are afraid, so afraid. Your movies pay your bills of  
inner feelings of guilt, and your piano washes everything away. You don't  
want to see differences between the flowers, for then you would hear a  
special scream from a special flower. You are against creativity, you want  
to see everything the same.

Little cigar, this is why your children are deaf. You don't know their  
names, they all wear the same trousers ... but their bodies are naked,

dying in the cold, before a never-ending movie. They are crying in your prison-walls, not able to hear their own screams. You lost your game, you lost your life.

An old red chess-board explodes ..... A russian dentist leaves the scene,  
and a chinese dentist smokes a cigar.

### *the Mercury touch*

The arabian dentist never liked your smile .... for when he would listen to your smile, he would also listen to your frowns. There he breaks off another arm instead of looking into your teeth. You always used to faint while looking into his eyes, but now you are roaring like a lion : "Give my flower back !"

Twenty-four dentists are surrounding you, trying to sell their flowers for too high prices. The bills already drowned the flowers, these are killed flowers, these are killed flowers.

She died in a sea of flowers, killed by a dentist's smile. Her teeth were too tall, the dentist was looking at his watch. There was no room for big teeth, the city of the dentist was too small. But the dentist was deaf, and his piano's had made the city so small.

The dentist never heard the cry of the flower, his walkman cared for him. These flowers were still drowning in his aquarium, being eaten by his pyranha's. He bought these piranha's in a vietnamese shop. One was called "the vietnamese war". How many junks would it take to build his paper ship ? There he sails in his aquarium, feeding his piranha's .... deaf

piranha's. Tonight he will go to the cinema with his deaf wife, to watch a new horror-movie.

I have been in all sorts of jails ... arabian jails, russian jails, chinese jails ....  
but I have never been in an indian jail ... I wouldn't survive it's old chocolate. I carry all these jails on my back as precious souvenirs, to let my children shiver. Still there are some tattoos at my back I will never show them. ....They are there to scare the other sort. Anyway, the birds still love my horrortales after all these years .... They say it keeps them awake .... but they don't seem to realize that they are already dreaming.

The russian sun is smiling at me .... There are some whirlpools in my ear trying to get my attention. An arabian man kisses me to sleep.

A deaf child is running through the alleys of old amsterdam, selling newspapers, my limbs are crumbling away, and I'm feeling myself growing in the air, heading for the giant's world above the highest cloud.  
All these sounds made me so small, kept me in cages too little for me. Now I'm free, breathing in new air ..... smoke ? .....the giant's smoke. I see his cigar lying on his table. An old cigar .... But I can't hear it's story .... I am deaf .....

I see giants talking to each other, I see birds singing their songs, ....but I don't hear one word, ..... I am deaf. I'm on the back of a piranha, .....a giant ..... I'm gliding through the air, waving to my brother dying in vietnam ..... It was me dying there. I am already dead ..... just watching the other side of the mirror, touching my brother's hand.

He's flying on his piranha, ... a giant ... Mercury saved him .... Now he's counting his money. One for you and one for me ....

The little bird brought him a message from santa clause. I will never forget this movie ... He smiled and his teeth reflected millions of stars. We played ping-pong with old suns on the old giant-table. Mercury, Mercury, you soothed our ears into sleep, not hearing the cry of the toy-soldiers.



They were being burnt in the old suns. Living in a ball .... locked up in a pocket-ball ....

Mercury, I was never sure if I had to hug you or beat you, to kiss you or eat you. You were a baby in a knife ... my baby.

You were a slave of music, a slave of noise .... you were burnt in an old piano .... and this made you deaf ... Too many sounds poisoned your spirit, and now you are the king of silence.

Were you a Jesus Christ hanging on the cross of trumpets ? Since you are deaf you are the king of giants .... A piranha brought you here ... a vietnamese piranha ? or a russian one ?

Waves of arabian wars are reaching the coast of the giant's world. The highest cloud couldn't stop them, even the king of dew couldn't do. Finally a guy called "Fog" shook the hands of these waves and took the suits they brought to him. These enemies were friends, these criminals were healers, sent out by a tailor's dream ..... messengers of some old cola with ice-cubes ...

And then I could finally hear your voice, softer than the softest breezes, feeling my old pillow below my head ...decorated by old birds from foreign fairytales of forgotten sundowns .... Is there a world beyond the morning ? When we reach over the dawn ? The cool touch of the Fog is calming my senses.

A goldfish called "Scandinavian Wars" reaches the surface of the Giant's enchanted pond. It's an enchanting fish .... He smiles at me ..... I get an electric touch ... everything what I touch explodes. .... He shows me that she was just a messenger, showing me the things to touch and not to touch. There are some things I will never touch : The blanket of a pirate, the gun of an arabian man, and a woman's hand-kerchief. I won't even look at them, only watching their reflections in my golden ring. They still form my fairy-carriage at sunday's sundowns running to the wild forests

of the Giant's World. I wonder if I will meet World-War III there. These sundowns are running like waterfalls through me, showing me that World-War III is in the heart of man, watching an old man's dream, a giant's dream. The picture of hitler is staring at me, besides the ticking little clock grandmother gave me. It still ticks after all these years, soothing my heart and soul. There is a war in my head, no one can quench the fire there.

A man called "Russian War" is entering my giant-dreams. He plays with his gun, and a mercurian boy is pulling my trousers. I see a kid dying in the cold, dying in the snow. No one would ever remember him, for it had no family and no friends. They were all killed by this man .... his fire was ... ice.

A fish called "burning ice" is coming at the surface of the Giant's Enchanted Pond. He is smoking three cigars with his three ears ..... But he is deaf, .... he throws the little child in the grass. The kid's name was World-War III. He shows me that she is more uncertain than I am, that she is blind and paints her own paintings in her mind. She creates me for herself, her golden pencil rules my head .... but I am flying high on the back of a russian sea-horse .... a giant.

She wears three pencils in her nose, I'm flying higher.

A hundred pencils are coming out of her ears .... out for war. Their teeth were too tall for the dentist's eye, now they are raging for revenge.

The touch of your pencil always made me so dizzy, like I was under a spell ....by your magic wand. How many dreams do I need to climb your mountains, how many fishes do I need to leave ? I'm still staring at that old picture of hitler .... his eyes are bleeding, frogs coming out of his mouth.

My brother is still a business-man. He showed me there is always something to trade ... No one needs to be a beggar, no one needs to be

the victim .... I'm still staring at the smoke coming from his pipe. It's holy  
for me. I'm standing on sacred ground.

Picture of hitler, where are you going, picture of hitler, picture of loss,  
picture of Jesus, dying on a cross. My brother's smoke lets these pictures  
fade away. I enter through new curtains ... purple ones.

Her daddy has a dog ....

My brother showed me she is more scared than I am. Now he's fading  
away in the smoke, he's the boss of the fire-brigade.

Her daddy ..... has a dog, ..... a sheepdog. My father is still afraid of it. My  
mother and sister were bitten ..... log-book of an exorcist. Look, his knee  
is still bleeding.

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhh ..... The old sheepdog is still sailing the seas of his own  
dreams together with a man called "Buddha" ..... thinking they are alone  
..... Don't disturb his dreams, for it will kill you ... Don't disturb .... the  
marriage ..... the battlefield.

Her daddy has a dog ....

Slaves of music, slaves of the rythms and the old musical boxes. Dance,  
ballerina's, dance. You have to be smart, otherwise you won't survive ...  
life. You have to be an artist ..... otherwise no one will buy your apples.

Her daddy has a dog .... I have a brother.

Mercury dog ? My dog ? Did her daddy steal my dog ? A kidnap ?

I'm so tired of dancing .... please cut my strings ....

A sheep-dog called "Columbus" stepped on america's stones. All what he  
touched exploded. I was sitting at the Giant's Pond, and he showed his  
roaring head ....well..... it was only his picture, floating through the waters

... from grandmother with love ..... my old sheepdog .... He wasn't allowed to go there. Now his nose is bleeding. I told you not to touch that tree, it was grandmother's last apple-tree. She forbade you to ate from that tree, but you even ate the tree itself. Now your teeth are too tall for the dentist's strike. I saw an egg wandering through the forest .... people said it was humpty dumpty looking for friends .... but it was actually called "The American Wars", looking for food. My dog in suits ..... tuxedo's hid his knife ..... only buddha knows ... and my brother.

Mercury, my prodigal son, my prodigal sheepdog, your face is black and white, turning green and purple in the night, two-face of the Giant's Coast ..... You amuse your children, but you forgot there is a world outside ..... dying in your arms, but you don't smell their futures .... you sold your nose long ago. Doctors of the killing-fields .... looking for toys to cut .... killerwhales of Belgium's Coasts, your clowns almost run out.

That picture of columbus is still cutting my face, you little woodcutter from Belgium. Your dentist knows all your teeth.

The only way to get through the killing-fields without being eaten by the limb-beggars, was to become a business-man without a nose. To smell the flower would kill you immediately.

This marriage would be another egg of columbus. It was wednesday-evening, almost midnight. A little pyramid was knocking on the door of my brother's, asking for me. I wasn't home, I was flying on a goldfish's back. Little spruce-fir. He wanted to play some games with me outside, abroad ..... on Mercury .... but I was already there .... waiting for him, knocking at his brother's door, but he wasn't home. We met each other at the cross-over, where our desires touched each other .... This was always my brother's secret, the secret of a business-man. There a toy-shop is standing ... My brother still works in it.

After the American Wars a tree is growing in america : a christmas-tree.

It reaches for the Giant's World, and the top is stinging through the Giant's Pond, where I am still sitting, eating some raw raspberries. It's also stinging my finger and my hand is bleeding. Is there still a war in my head ? A wooden fish called "Japanese Wars" is floating to the surface of The Giant's Pond. When it's up, it explodes, and my head is bleeding. My tongue and taste are gone, and I can't reach the raspberries anymore, they disappear into the Giant's Pond, leaving some smoke.

### *the vela organ*

I heard her breaths between the seconds, I saw her naked legs between the bridges, carrying a gun between her legs. I never knew if I should laugh or cry. Her hairs were the killing-fields of london, where clocks and chimes died in the cold. Her hair ..... still red ..... Your silence between the seconds took so long, that I always fainted. They were always my ways to escape. You still ride the beasts of time. You are still my honey in the rain.

Now you know everything about Japan. You know the Japanese Fish from inside out. There she rides on her fairy-carriage again ..... swallowing the seconds from an old clock. The fairy rain is ticking on my roofs in the dark night .... It soothes my heart, soothes my head. You always said Jesus died in a clock. Escaping the clock is the last escape. A million of clocks are ticking in my head, like they can explode every moment.

The beauty of the pirate is still your secret, it always compensates. No one knows you're a duck from arcturus .... lighters in the rain .... This was always your pride. But you sold your mouth long ago, for three millions

of toy-soldiers. Still people say you are a female-singer. .... They only hear  
the echo's of their own accidents. .... For you are already retired on a  
pension .... an old woman in the rain.

You knew ..... her ....

You knew .... her ..... daddy ....

You could never stand their buzzers and bells. You killed their clocks long  
ago. People still say they hear their trains passing by .... They only hear  
the echo's of their own broken dreams ..... For she and her daddy don't  
work in that old clock-shop anymore ... They are already retired on a  
pension.

The clock-shop was burnt long ago, by some pirates in a stream. But  
some say it's still there in little amsterdam .... echo's ?

Swindlers in a glass of water, turning business-men into beggars again.

And you ? You are still smoking your cigars in that old velvet chair. Your  
father bought it long ago .... in an orange barter-house at the orange sea  
.... cigars of your brothers' broken dreams .... they pay you good for the  
songs you never wrote .... and .... never ..... sang, ..... their ..... songs.

You created your own clock ..... a crown on your head ... the numbers are  
floating .... You were never good at maths ..... I can still hear your long  
breaths between the seconds .... reaching for the rain .... the fairy-carriage  
.....

The next time I see you .... I won't faint anymore ..... Look into my eyes .....  
prince ..... They are ...blind.

For you .... are ..... a ..... m..a..n, ..... not a woman ....

You're a little boy.....

How many surgeons did it take to dress you up like this ?

I am dining with Aquarius and World-War III in the dining-room of an old castle. It's cold outside, some birds are dying. Their blood is knocking on the old tall windows. I'm looking backwards .... seeing you walking in the snow ..... backwards ..... in slow-motion. The space between the seconds is getting bigger .... I'm seeing ..... a house ..... a little house, where you, your father and your seven brothers live. One day your brothers locked you up in a clock. That's why your clock doesn't have numbers anymore .... a clock without time .... You live backwards and in slow-motion, swallowing universes. You stole an old organ out of vela's church, it's your guardian dog now .... time-thieves .... clock-killers ..... You're the statue on Joseph's clock, .... the statue on Father Jacob's rifle.

There's a whole new world in the old clock .... A whole world in slow-motion .... all the ballerina's dancing backwards. I still see you writing stories between the seconds ..... your breaths touching the fairy-rains.

Whispers touching the edges of the scary little house.

The timeless clock doesn't care about the money ..... There is always a market to play. I never heard this clock ticking ..... There's a world between the ticks where it's heart lives without beating. No one ever knocked on it's doors ..... Oh how it's so good to feel you in my arms again. You feel softer than yesterday .... Your dog licks the seconds from my head, and I can breath again .... after all these years .... You were the only one who dared to take my heart out of my body ... holding it in your hands, showing it to me ..... There's always a market to play.

You're still a business-boy after all these years ... You turn around to me in slow-motion .... You paid big money to escape the clock .... and also to get in again ..... You still play that old velan organ in the old church ... but you don't sing .... you can't talk. Sometimes I think I hear you whispering

.... but it's just a statue on a market-square trying to get my attention

.....

I'm dining with Aquarius, World-War III, and Father Jakob in the dining-room of the old castle ... Father Jakob wants to play the whisper-organ in the throne-room .... Whispers are filling the castle ..... King Joseph is applauding.

A little golden killer is coming out of the clock ... He kills King Joseph and burns the market-square. He ticks like a million raging time-bombs .... Suddenly he explodes and a gigantic machine is standing before us after the smoke had gone .... A little bird stepped out ..... and suddenly it changes into King Joseph ..... "I'm still a rebel", he sais. Millions of market-squares are entering my head, to wash away the terror of the beggars. World-War III had disappeared ..... Aquarius said he was just a beggar's war in the head of a lion's boy. The market-square was rising from the throne, floating to the pulpit on the other side of the room. Market-flags were suiting the toy-soldiers .... There is always a market to play.

A little boy from capricorn is skating on the market-square ... his voice is higher than a bird, and he's in speed-motion .... no one can catch his shadows. Millions of whispers are coming from the little clock .... they come from between the seconds .... The little boy is painting the fairy-rain .... riding on a fairy-carriage ..... time cannot reach him, hold him, or block him. He said he created the universes in the space between two raindrops. He sais he can run through the rain without becoming wet. Whenever he passes by, everyone starts to cry .....

Married .... Off ..... in a ...sheepdog's ..... speedboat .....

Child of the red race-court .... Little twister in the rain ....

Red chills ....



People still say they see you skating in a cat's dreams .... But you don't have legs ..... and .... the cat has been drowned many years ago ..... They only see the steam of their own loss skating .... it looks like you ..... Little .....gypsy-boy ...

Your voice reaches so high, to Giant's World and back, it makes me cry  
.....

There I see you sitting in a sheepdog's football, carrying your mother's breath and your father's death ..... You saw their divorce long ago ....

People still say they see you doing the dishes in your mother's house ..... But .... you don't have arms ..... and mother died long ago in a glass of a divorce's rose. You still try to reach her little house, but your arms and legs melt away more and more ..... You were married off to this divorce's rose ..... It ate your father and drowned your mother ..... It tore off your arms and legs ..... Diary of a Killer-Wedding's smile.

Mother will never know how many times you dove into the rose's glass to look for her drowned handkerchief .... Grandmother embroidered it with the tears of Father .....

Killer-Whales are reaching the coasts of the Dwarf's World .... Their legs and arms had been melted away .... You are sitting on your capricorn throne ..... thinking about your brother on venus ...

You still dream about you and him skating on the market-square between capricorn and venus ..... you from capricorn .... he from venus ..... you work in the cigar's shop ..... he in the toy's shop .... still business-boys  
.....

But it's only a dream ..... He lost his spine long ago ..... in a gypsy's war ..... a war in a wedding-room ..... Thirty-thousand wedding-killers are making rumors ....

Your second brother lives on aldebaran ..... working in a game's shop ....  
His heart was ripped out by a divorce's dog .... He had been a statue on a  
divorce's market-square for too long. He's still lying in that little bath,  
underwater, for mother still talks to the neighbour's wife .... rumors ....  
rumors. But he likes the fishes in the little bath .... he's diving deep,  
finding a rose .... a pirate's rose.

A market's rose is entering the dining-room of the old castle .... The  
divorce's rose is eating custard there ....

A lion without nipples is reaching the surfaces of the Dwarf's Enchanted  
Pond ..... He shakes his head and dives underwater again.

Father Jakob is doing the dishes in your mother's little house .... He's  
complaining about the smoke she left, aslant paintings are hanging  
throughout the house.

Fast little gypsy-boys, you still have your clothes, you still have your suits  
.... and that's all you really need.

Ninety suits without bodies are walking to vela's clothing-stores-streets,  
marching their way throughout the cities. They go faster than the rain,  
faster than the sun's light, carrying mother's breath within their clothes,  
awakening father's rose-gardens.

### *Snow White*

Nobody knew that you and your brothers were the seven dwarfs of  
SnowWhite. You were the statues on her clock, living a double life in the  
world within the clock, between two seconds, chasing the fairy's rains.

I'm staring at Snow White's Pond, flowers are floating to the surface. A face is being mirrored by the little waterstreams .... I'm remembering this face ..... You always took my eyes out of my head, and showed them before me .... and I always laughed for it didn't hurt me. When you were passing by no one could stop laughing for hours and hours. Your eyes could jump out of your head and return back into it. It's like you enchanted our eyes, for after it we got new movies in our head, dreaming new dreams .... You were Snow White's painter .... her father ?

We could remember and forget, after hearing your voice .... How was it to fall out of that old tall tower ? You never touched the ground. You rode the suns and the ice .... You are still the statue on Snow White's weather-box, living a double life in it's world within....

There's a whole new world in Snow White's weather-box .... People are dancing backwards ..... in slow-motion .... Everything is moving .... weather-box-soldiers can move everything .... They move by moving spaces ..... They walk by moving the ground below their feet ..... They never go to bed .... The bed comes to them ..... They are the immovable movers .....

Tears are rolling from the face of the weather-box' soldier .... But it's not his tears rolling .... but some old clocks are being moved from one side of the room to the other side.

Tears are rolling from the face of the weather-box-ballerina .... But it's not her tears rolling .... but some old flowers are being moved from one side of the universe to the other side.

I'm swallowing the splinters of an old window which had been burst this night .... I can watch deeper inside now .... My tears are falling ..... But it's not my tears falling ..... but some wardrobes fall from the edge of an abyss ..... My abyss ?

I'm swallowing a million of wardrobes ..... They touch the bottoms of my stomach and gliding through my legs ..... I can breath again ..... My heart is getting warm again ...

It wasn't you falling from that old tall tower .... The tower fell out of you .... and you caught it just before it touched the ground, ..... your ground ....

You swallowed the tower ..... In your arms I'm safe forever ..... All these nightmares were just the tales you wrote for me ..... to get my attention ..... to show me the big joke in the divorce's rose .... to show me the slapsticks on father's epitaph ..... I'm safe with you .... You ride on my nightmares ..... they are your sheep-dogs ..... trained to swallow me ..... to save me from the bell ..... the black bell .....

You married the divorce's rose ..... long ago .... in a time I didn't exist ..... You married the divorce's rose ..... just to tell her a joke .... She would never stop laughing ..... Laugh, little rose ... laugh.

Tall whispers are reaching my bedroom .... Through my purple curtains they float ..... showing me Charlie Chaplin on Santa Clause's ship ..... A little weather-box is standing on my cupboard ..... I can sleep again .....

Poetry from The Violin

*The Secret of Birthday*

*I'm dreaming about the Big Escape ..... my doll finally found me ..... Tears are rolling from my face ..... he was always my movie-hero ..... He once came to me, stepping out of the television ..... My little doll, my little hero*

*.....*

### *Docter No*

*We were so happy together in that boat .... Later I found out you are not a woman ..... but a man .... Not that it matters .... it's a little detail ..... I still read your pink books, thinking you are a woman ..... but deep inside I know you are a man ..... Are there any more things you need to tell ?*

*We are sailing the pink oceans, while we aren't together anymore ..... We are still in that pink boat ..... wearing pink trousers ..... sailing on the Tear of Venus ..... sailing on a woman's face ..... or is it a man ? You always used to confuse me with your puzzles .... Your puzzlebooks had many ends ... many starts and stars ..... I never knew where to begin .... never knew where I needed to end ...I wonder if you can still see my pink bracelet .... decorated by flowers ..... It still guides my hand .... Your flowerhat covers your face ..... I only see your smile below it ..... You always used to bow your head in smiles when I was telling about the pink frogs ..... You never heard the end of that story .....*

*Your dress is spreading peace .... we are riding on Venus' Lake ..... diving under in pink treasures ..... You always felt the need to share it with the dogs ..... for the deserts to swallow .....*

*But hey, this is okay ..... You still seem to find your own way ..... And that is what it is : just another road in Oz ..... You never dared to look*

into the face of the Great Wizard ..... it was just a boy ..... All you will  
find is a cradle and some feathers ..... Born in Bethlehem .....

I drank from Bethlehem's Tear ..... It was mummifying my head ..... It was  
easing the sharp cutting sounds .....

Six girls called Alice were following that white rabbit of yours .....  
wandering into the forest ..... You never told me they were men ..... Not  
that it matters ..... Just for the administration .....

My girls were never too lazy to look into that friendly face of the wizard  
..... a baby ..... I wonder if they are really girls ..... I was never a good  
gambler ..... A good business-man would have much more results, so my  
mother gave me a good shop when I was young ..... She taught me the  
art of trade ..... or is it the trade of art ? I still sleep in her arms ..... her  
milk streaming through my head, awakening the soft pink pillow-flowers  
at the shores of my heart .....

Now I'm drinking from the Tear of Venus ..... watching the war-movies of  
the past ..... I see some veterans I like ..... Boys grew in those flowers .....  
Their mouths reaching for Jupiter's milk ..... Their lips .... swollen and  
stretching out ..... to cover the nipples of the mother's flower ..... It was all  
deeply plugged in ..... The milk reached their hearts and legs very easily  
..... There were no strains or black horses ....

We are covered by a maze of green shades ..... wandering our way to the  
garden ..... all these ways are brick roads ..... Your eyes were so big ..... the  
movie-screens of Venus ..... I could drown in your eyes ..... I could walk  
the stairways to your cellars ..... riding the fairy-carriages to your attics  
..... This night I will finally be alone ..... only with my shadows ..... some  
mercurian desert-lions ..... Am I still the criminal in your story ? I know  
I have a big mouth, and I can suck till someone really lets go .....

Now the boys grow in the trees ..... not allowed to speak, not allowed to  
move ..... not allowed to open their eyes ..... why do you fear their books

? Is it Snow White's mirror, telling you you aren't Bjorn Borg anymore

.....

I'm swimming in the seas of venus ..... looking for my old tennisball ....

Still your hair is green and your skin is yellow, telling about all the roses  
you drowned in that glass of water ..... Trees in the desert .... But I am  
the criminal in your book, locked up in the jail described at page 212 ....  
It was a best-seller in your world ..... Made of Gaia's burnt flowers .....

I drank from Gaia's Tear, seeing your face mirroring in the little lake ....  
Rotten fruits on your white decorated hat. .... Victorian designs ..... White  
dress ..... Decorated cotton ..... Bitter ..... sweet ..... sour. I'm looking  
for the brake on your linen decorated gloves .... They are searching .....  
for the golden tennisball .....

Now you're looking at me through a tennis-racket .... You can still make  
me laugh .... You know where to find that little red button within the  
world beyond my heart ..... You always seem to pass my panthers without  
any problems reaching for my throne ....

On page 121 I was your king .... but at page 316 I am the dragon .....  
Was it really fire I spat ? It wasn't real blood ..... just tomatoes from  
another movie ..... The garden is silent without you .... I'm turning the  
pages of an old book ..... I loved your book, you always made me laugh,  
saying I'm your little criminal .... But this book, is a book without you ....  
and that's finally better ..... for my heart was getting too heavy, you,  
wandering in my mind, with too heavy shoes .... I couldn't bear your rod  
..... Why did you need to choose Moses' Rod on your 12th birthday ?

A man called Moses is washing the tears from my trousers .... They are so  
heavy, my trousers were too tall .... You always stretched me out when I  
was listening to the dwarf ..... The words floating away ..... to the dogs  
..... your dogs .....

But I found out : you're a man ..... Not that it matters ..... Just to be clear .....

I'm seeing the boys grow in the wind, growing in the rocks .... It's speaking to my mind ..... You said you could never understand my jokes  
.....

Alice stands before the queen of hearts ..... it's me ..... in your book.

James Bond is drinking tea with doctor No, ..... me, ..... in your book .....

Jaws is terrorizing the coasts of Japan ..... Mars is attacking ..... an old man burns a dollar ..... I'm playing all the villains in your books .... at twelve o'clock I mocked an old statue in Africa, drowned a fish in Belgium and played tennis on Jupiter ..... Do I also have a split character  
?

Your doctors say I'm very sick, for I'm growing in a tree. This was the tree you threw me in ..... your tree .... you .... page 441.

I'm still reaching for the end of this story .... I bet I will be World War III at the end ..... but World War III smiles at me, and says : "In the foreword you already died, so you have nothing to worry about ....."

Still your book is a tribute to me .....

"I want it all on my epitaph," said the white rabbit ..... "Alice, you didn't come to our Wonderland ..... we came to yours ....."

I still wonder who wrote the foreword ..... you did ..... You were the only one who bought this book ..... and still it is a bestseller ..... Your wardrobes are full of it .....

I never dared to look into my own books to see who you are .... I had never enough money to buy it .... You are still sending yourself cards .....



from all places of the universes ..... except rome ..... you never liked the  
pope .....

*the movie's lions*

The grass is wet under my body, I'm sliding into the rabbit-hole again .....  
Talking to Alice was never my skill ..... My mouth was always swallowed  
in silence when I entered that place on the bottom of the rabbit's  
stomache ..... Hitler was always there ..... and Charlie Chaplin ..... I'm  
nothing but a boy growing in a rabbit ..... Together with ..... you.

I know ... one day we will .... grow out of it's mouth ..... entering the fields  
of Venus ..... drinking from the Venus' Tea ..... swallowing our last lost  
river ..... entering our last lost game ..... But where is that red rocket-  
button of this old machine ? "It's in the tennis-ball, it's in the tennis-  
ball", said the white rabbit .....

Old books are playing tennis on Jupiter .... was the ball out or in ? About  
this the wars are raging ..... The old tennis-ball smiles ..... he loves to  
watch his self-made war-movies ..... here he cuts another boy out of his  
mother's flower to send him to vietnam ..... his toys changes into tanks  
..... I see a tear rolling from an old doll's face .... Tomorrow it will be  
changed into a war-flag ....

Venus, your Tear has many waterfalls ..... I still like that pink one ..... it  
brings me all along to the beginning of all things .....

Venus, your mother was a dove, your father a crow ... surrounded by  
Jupiter's eagles you were raised.

I'm trying to escape between two piano-strokes .... The fairy's witch is grinning ..... I'm growing in a tear, I'm growing in a toy .....

These streams of dying boys throughout the land ..... your worst put in chess ..... And you always asked me why my eyes were so melancholic, but beautiful ..... no they weren't dog-eyes .... I was never your dog .... you saw the dog on your own eye-screen ..... your mirror ... you.

However, the old piano fished them out of the water piece by piece.

Between the piano-keys flowers grow ..... and they carry boys within .....

The old tennisball is raging .... We always fought about it ..... And finally I gave it to you .... I got sick of the fights ..... Game over .....

For if you want to play games with me, I'll always let you win .... For me it's not a game .... Am I supposed to beat you ? I will crown you ..... You are the champion, for today and tonight ..... Tomorrow someone else gets the chance to ride on the roundabout's horse ..... There is nothing to win from me ..... I will give it to you, before the trip .... So instead of raising your fists, open your hands to receive what I want to give you .....

Movies were running through your head .... looking for the old tennisball .... When your movies are running through my head, they are so heavy .... I don't have your tennis-ball ..... I gave it to you a long time ago .....

Some of your movies don't have an end .... Others end before it begins ..... And in others the beginning is the end and the end is the beginning ..... dreams of the eliphant .....

Your advertisement-clips are reaching the shores of my head ..... You're selling ice-creams on my beaches ..... when people start to eat it's already melt away by your suns ..... I see you laughing in the rain ..... you are still a trickster from the big pear .... friends of tantalos .....

The records in your head are spinning day and night ..... Do you know  
there is a scratch on it ? ..... parrots' dreams ....

Still your tropical fishes like it when you dance ..... Still the same  
movements, learned from an old zoo-care magazine ..... You still work in  
that old zoo, one's death is the other's meat ..... There you are selling  
pictures of me : "That animal has been died out ..... although it died hard  
... Now we have meat for many years ....."

Your zoo is a maze no one ever survived ... The exit is a cage, today's  
visitors will be tomorrow's animals.

Still there are some people who never entered your zoo ... They still walk  
along the perimeters, smoking cigars.

You look so lovely in that little pink dress .... but it's stolen ..... and it's  
made of the skins from died out animals in a butcher's shop.

For at daylight you work in the zoo, and at night you work in the  
butchery .... There you are cutting with your knife ..... cutting flowers for  
a flower's meal. There you are, the butcher's wife .... does he already know  
you are a man ?

I never felt comfortable in your movies ..... my clothes never seemed to fit  
..... Your movie-eyes could watch through walls, and they easily brought  
you to the end of the oceans ..... There you float ..... above the oceans'  
waterfall ..... moving your eyes over the edge of the earth ..... your earth  
..... There you suck another frog into the mills of your head .... tomorrow  
he will be a horse in your zoo .... a black one ....

Now I know your movies never end, they are always on repeat ..... You  
never grant them any rest ..... Who is turning the wheels of your barrel-  
organs ? I see an old beggar, complaining about your promises unfulfilled  
.... He still waits, his hair is grey ..... unfulfilled promises ..... the speedboats  
of the swindlers ..... friends of tantalos .....

Between pieces of movies, the advertisement clips roar .... They never give you what they promise .... your popcorn has run out .... There the safe screen between you and the snakes disappears .... you are now in the movie ..... getting tomorrow's chains ...

A cinema's screen is sucking the visitors inside .... blood is streaming from it ..... the people are running, trying to find the exit ..... but it's also swallowed by the white screen ..... killer-screens from tantalos .... Today only a little doll is left by the screen .... it hid behind a red bag ..... Now it's running through the streets, calling for the police ..... But the cinema is swallowing the whole city ..... The doll is sailing on a paper hat ..... to the edge of the earth, where all the oceans collide in waterfalls ..... swindler's square .... tantalos' chess .... There he runs to the old zoo, looking for his little boss, who is a lion now, waiting for his next movie to play .....

I'm dreaming about the Big Escape ..... my doll finally found me ..... Tears are rolling from my face ..... he was always my movie-hero ..... He once came to me, stepping out of the television ..... My little doll, my little hero

.....

Sometimes when I look into your eyes, figures are stepping out, escaping your movies ... escaping your zoo's ..... still having tv-fevers ..... in one movie they were the hero's .... in another one they were the criminals ..... But in my eyes, they will be retired on a pension for a few weeks .... and having some holidays with parrots .... I see them walking into my eyes, laying themselves in my velvet chairs ..... Their eyes still like tennis-balls

....

There's a new movie in my head .... I'm playing tennis on a swindler's chess-board with an old tennisball ..... this little guy is made of tennisballs ..... He is breeding his zoo-movies .... trying to sell them to the clocks of london .... but he gets no replies ..... Six movie-lions are entering the tennis-field ..... They smoke big cigars ..... They jump through my eyes into

my head, where some war-movies are playing .... and then they sooth  
my heart ..... Now I can eat these movies ... softly I swallow them and  
they slide into my legs .... I always wanted to have movie-shoes ..... Now  
I'm running through the clouds, reaching for the nectars of the stars .....

My movie-eyes are spinning .... now I see who you really are .....

And still ..... yes ..... you were just an actor in my movie ..... You knew  
the script ..... and played it well .... very well .....

The end.

To be continued.

### *Moses, my friend*

After the movie-scenes we always go to that little pub at the corner of  
Jupiter ..... You smiling at me, throwing some sleep-powder in my glass  
of milk ..... Me putting some laugh-powder into your glass of wine .... I  
enjoy it to see you laugh ..... It was a very hard movie-scene today ..... we  
had to kill each other .... well ..... it was not really a killing ..... it was  
more that of a lawyer's threat .... which is the same in my eyes ..... I  
never liked the lawyer ..... He never listened to my stories ..... He only  
listened to that little bird sitting on his shoulder, telling him where the  
money rises out of the glass ..... In this glass he always dipped some drips  
of old redbreast's blood. No one ever survived the drink .....

How many redbreasts did it take to build your butchery ? A redbreast is  
ticking on my window today, it escaped the television of an old baron .... I  
never have to watch television .... I can look through my window and see  
more than they will ever show on television ....

I opened my window and took the little bird in my hands. It sang a strange song ..... It had little movies in it's head ... too small for me to watch ..... The old microscope told me it carries the advertisement-clips inside .... these were the only movies ....

I didn't need the newspaper-boys anymore ..... for the redbreast brought me all the news every morning .... no advertiser would ever come to my door again .... for the redbreast was my new doorkeeper, and sang them all away ..... the sellers in the street had died out ..... the redbreast brought me everything I needed.

I cared so much for this new friend ..... He showed me the show-square below the market-square ..... Together they play the violin ..... or does the violin plays them ?

Oh redbreast, I wonder in which flowers you bathed, when you spread your flavors through the night ..... I know for sure it all isn't far from home .... There where the market and the movie come together, the billboard is born .... the birth of a redbreast's feather .....

You never liked the lawyer .... He always caged you in his television, just like the old baron did .... But now you are free, having your own movies in your mind .... Neon-lights are walking the stairs, the redbreast is flying upstairs ..... You were always Charlie Chaplin's friend, smoking his cigars and driving his busses .... You were always his faithful doorkeeper ..... Liquor from Charlie's .... Drips running through my hairs, through my veins ..... awakening the redbreasts in me .....

I was born in a black river ..... in a floating black flower .... lying next to a child called Moses .... I asked him where he was going to ..... He told me he was floating from one movie into another ..... The big escape ..... but was it really an escape ? His ship was full of purple-red neon-horses .... shining in the sun .... he said he got this ship from a man called Noah ..... I

asked him where Noah is .. now ... he told me he was diving in the black river, looking for an old tennisball ....

I got so sick, I had heard enough stories about tennis-balls .... My mother cooked tennisballs for me, every day .... But Moses told me, this tennisball goes from square to square, bringing the kids from movie to movie ..... His ship was a tennistracket .... so now he needed the tennisball ..... Suddenly an old man was rising out of the black river, near to our boat ..... The horses were shivering .... he carried the tennisball in his hands ..... It was spreading flashing neon-lights .... Our ship rose out of the black river and flew as a rocket into a blue river .... The tennisball was leading us to a new movie .....

Along the shores boys were growing in the trees and flowers .... They grew in the blue river, and they breathed so deep ..... It was like they were awakening out of an old book, entering a new book .... I saw figures flying from one eye into the other ..... bees .....

I saw books falling out of the heavens ..... I saw redbreasts rising to the suns ....

Another man called Noah rose from the black river .... he had a zoo in a ship ..... your ship ..... your zoo ..... Is the butcher here ?

I shake the hand of this man .... he's also an actor ..... together we go to the cinema's pub .... eating some old movies ..... you are also there .... together with the six girls who had the Alice-role .... I took a deep breath .... the scenes were over, and these people are so nice in real ..... a war which never existed ....

In the evening we went to the blue lake behind the little town .... and we went for a swim ..... but you didn't want to swim ..... you had headaches ..... Suddenly one of us found a black tennisball in the lake ..... she was screaming .... I asked her to show me the ball .... I took it in my hand and my hands began to bleed .... The man who had the first Noah-role took it

out of my hands, but his hands also start to bleed .... But when the man of the second Noah-role took it, nothing happened .... The man who had the Moses-role said we would better go .... but suddenly a black shark showed up, asking for his ball back .... We screamed and the second Noah threw it to him .... "Thanks," said the shark, "and why are you so scared, this is also just a movie ..... a new movie ...."

"I don't want to play in your movie", I screamed, my hands still bleeding .... We went home, and you cared for my hands with healing creams and oils ..... But the black ball was still wandering through my mind ..... and you still had your headache .... It was a snake's egg .....

### *the cinema's cabman*

Movies were playing in my mind, trying to touch the walls of my head .... I was calling for my little doll ..... How many televisions do we have to escape ?

I found myself wandering in a labyrinth of movies ..... snakes ..... They asked me to be their actors ..... They were ..... film-managers ..... hunting for players .... But I was too tired .... and didn't like their scripts ..... Besides the fact that the money they offered was too much, ..... and .... it was bleeding .....

But this garden was so beautiful, for you planted your roses there, and the little doll was leading me through ..... He told me to hit the mirrors and dash them into pieces ..... to swallow the televisions ..... and to burn the cinema's ..... This would be my best movie .... Your roses grew so



beautiful ..... and the boys were blooming into them ..... bathing in  
moonlight ....

Ladders of movies bringing me in the heart of Charlie's Sun, the blue one  
..... I can remember and forget .....

You always said Jesus died in front of a camera .... A bullet jumped out of  
it ..... drowning in a sea of photo's.

We are travelling in an old tennis-ball ..... I show you all the nice places of  
the universes .... The gods are playing tennis ..... I'm wearing my crown of  
thorns ..... I'm still that little boy entering the snake-hole ..... will someone  
wake me up, please ?

A rescue-party picks a boy out of the shark's hand ... He's screaming ....  
he doesn't want to be saved out of this movie .....

The rescue-party is driving it's bus to another movie .... trying to save  
some actors out of their scripts .... but all they get are some mad film-  
managers chasing after them ..... throwing chairs and tables ....

Don't save the actor .... It's his work .... Also when he screams for help ....  
don't save him, for the book will know where to find you ....

I see a stunt-man crying in the rain .... A Saviour called Jesus Christ  
picked him up out of a burning sea with his helicopter .... Now his movie  
won't sell .... Sixhundred stuntmen are walking through the desert  
without money .... They are chained by another Jesus Christ, leading  
them to the city of dust. .... The waters have been sold out .... there's only  
blood flowing through the roofs ..... He wanted to be the only hero ....  
When a hero saves a hero .... the battle begins .... slaves of the saviour ....  
Sorry, I don't want to be saved today ... I already have enough chains ...

I'm diving through the glass of the old show-square .... finding invitations  
from a strange song .... A song of blood ... people congratulate me .....

people hug me and kiss me ..... telling me I survived .... but I dive deeper and reach the bottom of an old graveyard ..... seeing a boy picking flowers there ..... Are you ready to enter my ship ? he asks .....

My uncle uses to come here, ..... spinning funeral-eyes .... I'll lead you through the bottom of your coffin, into a world beyond the movie ..... I'll be the flower on your grave, the fairytale on your epitaph ..... There's life on the other side ..... The actor had to die in the movie today ... he was shivering .... but he felt the warm, comforting hand of the film-manager on his shoulder .... saying it was all okay ..... Within five minutes he would be on the other side ..... It would make the movie sell .... His eyes were spinning like a passionate but upset dollar .... he finally made the dive ..... in slow motion ..... Congratulations ..... you are now beyond the movie

.....

Where am I ? The doctors take his pulse .... no signs ..... you are now a white rabbit .....a tennisball .... a zapper ... able to switch people from one movie to the other ..... in and out ..... out and in .... now you are the cinema's cabman ..... But why ? he asked ..... And what's on the other side of the movie, where the waterfalls of the television-oceans flow over the edges of earth ? A bird is floating there ..... a redbreast ..... saying : Congratulations, it's your birthday today, for no one saved you, but you saved yourself ..... Let the heroes be lost, let the hero's be unsaved, so that they can find their own values, their own worths, ..... their .... own ..... birthdays .....

A boy called birthday was shaking my hands ..... His teeth were shining in the sun ..... His big brown movie-eyes had a funeral-pupil inside ..... spinning ..... carrying the seven little flames of a birthday-cake ..... within ..... His tongue jumped out his mouth, reaching for the sand in my pockets ..... Then with an enormous speed he swallowed his tongue again ..... Our bodies were vibrating so fast ..... Now you know the secret of birthday ..... he said .... Slowly he turned his back to me, and disappeared in the rain .....

### *The Enchanted Mirror*

*Never look into a frog's mirror ..... For it makes you older*

*Never look into a rabbit's kitchen ..... For it makes you blind for your own beauty*

*Never look into a snake's dream ..... For it makes you younger than hell*

*Just look in my eyes and tell me what you see ....*

### *The Mistress*

*There she sits, smoking tall cigarettes, her legs crossed .... Using people as pieces of chess .... awakening another drama in their short lives .....*

*There she moves, like the killing fields .... Don't look into her eyes, for you will see tenthousand sharks smiling at you ....*

*There she goes, cycling to the shop, buying new shoes .... high heeled .....*

Did you ever see her stepping out of her limosine ? I guess not, for then  
you were in her car now for the rest of your life .... drinking tea with  
dumb cats .... after two days you are a wheel under her car .... doomed to  
follow her wherever she goes ....

The greengrocer likes her teeth .... He doesn't know what she all eat with  
them .....

No one knows she's a cannibal .... With her high heels like knives she walks  
over the killing fields slaughtering the bodies lying on the grass ....

She drinks wine in her sanctuaries, having unfathomable smiles .... She  
talks to her canaries, they tell her tropical stories to spread in the cities  
....

At the end of the evening she takes off her tall black gloves and throws  
them over the town ..... nuclear bombs are running for this .....

When I look at her, nuclear bombs are exploding in my stomache ...  
chemical threats are climbing in my neck ..... They all run for her, she's  
the mistress ....

When she looks at the chemical factories, they disappear in the rain ....  
They are all scared of her eyes ..... No wonder, her eyes are high tech  
camera's, and she gathers pictures for her comics .... She creates her  
stories and we are the pictures .... The first day it's in the comics for the  
kids, the second day it's in the newspapers for the adults, the third day  
it's on the rubbish-fields, for the rats to eat ... the fourth day it's in the  
history-books, for the rabbits to read ... the fifth day it's on the menu-  
lists of their kitchens ....

She writes songs about this ..... her junkies listen to it day in day out .....

She's still a famous female singer, but no one knows she's a cannibal ....

There she flies out of her limosine again, racing to the shops to buy some high-heeled clogs .... She needs it on her farm when the water rises .....

I still go out with her once in six weeks ..... to drink some good beers and to talk about her cows ..... I don't want to hear any of her songs ... I never heard them .... I only want to see her ring .... She got it from a rabbit long ago ..... He gave it to her before he died ....

No one knows her name is alice, lost in wonderland ..... No one knows I'm the white rabbit ..... Neither does she ..... I only came to get my ring back .... I gave it to her by mistake .....

Here in my head it ticks

Here in my head, it ticks,

Here in my head, the apple runs,

From my head to my stomach, and back.

A nuclear bomb inside, slaves of reticuli. Whenever I want to move, it explodes, whenever I want to eat, it's never good, it always explodes. I am living in a machine, and the machine lives in me. No one ever cried since the chain was laid. Tearless summers, tearless tv's. The land here is dry, while I know somewhere the tear exists. The tear to make me free, the

tear which mirrors the friendly green face from another world. Here I sit in Reticuli, the timebombs almost lost their patience. There is someone raging upstairs, I can't hear what he's saying.

Here in my head it ticks,

Here in my head, the juice runs,

The apple crashed against a wall in my stomach.

This wall in my stomach is there since my youth. My aunt knit it for me with iron threads, spun by several dwarves. They still live under the earth, but they visit my aunt everyday at ten o'clock in the evening. Is it me there, screaming so loud, or is it just a visitor from another world, putting some ice in the coffee here? The coffee here is a killer. It kills me at twelve o'clock and raises me from the death at one o'clock, it all happens in the night, when everyone sleeps. No one hears my cry in the city of noisy dreams. There are moments that everyone is deaf, this is the land where I live.

You must kill the caution, says the white rabbit, and just forget about it all. You have to become lazy just like all the others in the land. But I like my ears too much. And what is it to have tall ears while they are deaf ...

The old beaver is watching the clock, it ticks .... It doesn't tick in his hair anymore, ....only on the wall. The face of the clock is friendly now, but long ago it was severe. The beaver smiles back. He could repair this clock .... a clock thinking it was a body-limb .... had been in a mental institute for so long ..... so confused, so paranoid .... But now it knows it's just a clock on the wall, ticking slow and soft, from the morning to the evening, and at night it goes to sleep.

*I learned to love to see the speed of an apple in my body,*

*For when it touches a wall, the juice flows.*

*The old clockmaker goes to reticuli every morning, fishing at broken clocks, to bring them to the mental institutes where he works. The old beaver smiles. He sees love in the heart of the clockmaker.*

*The clockmaker knows all his clocks, some have birds inside. Once one little bird told them that they could be a human being, by living in a human being for awhile, instead of hanging on these stupid walls. The clocks followed this stupid little bird to reticuli, the land of confusion, where they became the body-limbs of slaves. The tear of the apple knew to be patient. When someone or something goes too fast, it starts to cry. Green walls of tears stopping me from touching the nuclear bombs. You can never wrestle with a mine, for when you touch it, it explodes. .... Some things need to be overcome without touching it ....*

*There I sail at the chemical seas .... A dog from Antlia invited me to see his clocks. I'm amazed, his voice is so tender ... This clock killed him seven times, and now it's his best friend. Clocktamers from Antlia .... They had been drowned in the chemical seas too often, and now they live in a clock, and the clock lives in them, without biting each other. The clocks and the dogs live in peace here. The wars are over, the clocks are repaired .... The miracle of a mental institute.*

*There was a clock called Hitler, sailing at the chemical seas, feeding the chemical sharks and the chemical sheepdogs ..... They still swim around, saying : Heil Hitler. I'm on the other side of these seas, staring at the bloody history, staring at some chemical killer-whales .... They spread their chemical flowers to attract the mass .... But no one seems to like*

them. They are all scared, for these flowers are black. Only some black sheepdogs are interested. I still fish the old clocks out of these seas, and bring them to the old clockhouse in the clock-forest .... The apple smiles .... While it's tears are warming my heart, slowing it down till I can feel the Mother Clock ticking ....

How come I'm still sinking in this chemical sea, heavy loads on my clothes .... I'm trying to find the bottom of this sea .... It seems there is no bottom ....

The apple in my heart is crying .... He says I'm going too fast .... I would only find the bottom if I would slow down .... For when people go too fast they create chemical seas ... chemical words coming out of their mouths ... Curtains of green tears are covering me, washing away the chemical tears ..... Why did I cry when I lost my arabian trains ?

Running boys .... since they started to grow as a tree, the apple could grow ....

### *Gypsy's Girl*

There are not enough stars to tell your story,

I'm scratching some glitters from the wall,

They are yesterday's frogs ...



The tears in your eyes are lakes for me to swim,  
The flames in your eyes still burn my skin with rabbit-tattoos,  
The icycles in your eyes are cars for me to race the rainbows of your  
heart .....

Your fingers are so close to me, but I never touched them,  
For there is glass between us,  
I see your breath against the glass,  
your tears rolling to the bottom like rain .....

You are safe with your bulls behind the glass,  
Their steam is dripping from the glass ....  
And I'm at the other side of the glass,  
Me and my geese ....

I am happy with this glass between us,  
for I know you are a predator,  
You always get what you want ....

*But no one will take away this glass,*

*You cannot break it with your fist ....*

*I know on sundays you are sad,*

*Remembering your father's funeral ....*

*But hey, your bulls care for you now,*

*and your flames will warm your heart.*

*Tonight I will leave the glass,*

*But my geese will be around.*

*I will make a long trip around the world,*

*and one day I will reach the other side of the glass ....*

*Gypsy's Girl II*

*Your father bought ice-cream for you,*

*It was a long day on the fairground.*

Purple lightning fills the air,

You want a teddy-bear.

But your father ran out of money,

so you can't play the game.

There is something with your tears,

Is it really the teddy-bear you cry about ?

When a kid cries about a doll,

There goes a story behind ....

You lost your mother when you were twelve,

Now you could never grow up.

You are doomed to cry about dolls,

for they reflect your mothers face ....

Tomorrow you will win the fairground's game,

Tomorrow you will be the queen,

For your mother went away for a reason,

*She built the fairground for you ...*

### *Gypsy's Girl III*

*What if the world was a cube instead of a ball ?*

*What if the giant was a dwarf and the dwarf was a giant ?*

*What if blue was brown, and brown was blue ?*

*Maybe it's all true, Gypsy Girl,*

*When you dare to watch inside,*

*Dare to touch the world, and you will feel something else ...*

*How do you know the sea is wet,*

*while you never dove into it ...*

*How do you know strawberries are dirty,*

*While you never took a bite ...*

Why is it that everyone sees something else when a dragon shows up ?

Some embrace him, and others run away.

Some think he is god, others think he's an escaped criminal,

While there are also ones that think he's a good book to read ...

The things around you, reflect your past,

but it will only reflect your future when you dare to touch it, and to look  
inside.

Your eyes will deceive you, when you don't eat it,

for then the world will be nothing but your past.

*Gypsy's Girl IV*

There you sit on the pew,

Tears in your eyes,

*The preacher sent his sheepdog from the pulpit,*

*Now it's licking you,*

*But you are afraid ....*

*There you walk on the fairground,*

*with tears in your eyes ...*

*The clown sent his bear,*

*Now it's licking you,*

*.....But you fear it ...*

*There you sit in the tram,*

*The lawyer sent his lion out,*

*Now it's embracing you in it's tight grip,*

*....You fear it ....*

*Your lollipop cannot save you today,*

*It's the day your mother wants your attention.*

*There you walk in the rain,*

*No one sees you're crying,*

*Today your mother sends you to the circus,*

*But you are afraid of the animals ...*

*Tomorrow will be your first day on your new school,*

*but you fear the kids ....*

*Your mother wants your attention ....*

*Her voice slides through the wind ...*

*For her all these new things are ways to bring you new messages,*

*The voices from her heart ...*

*She knows some things aren't easy for you,*

*but she's just showing a bit of her pain, and the dangers surrounding you*

*...*

*Her voice slides through the night to wake you up,*

*For the new day is coming,*

*And she warms your heart with instructions ....*

*No mother can give what she gives,*

*She is your world, she is your day ....*

*She embraces you in white snow,  
and disappears in the rain ....*

*To reach the surfaces of tomorrow's seas and rivers ...*

### *The Card-Reader*

*These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long, I could do with you whatever I wanted. I'm staring at the little clock ..... so many numbers. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth ..... Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. Your earrings are big .... You got them from an Arabian Queen.*

*The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck.*

*Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog ..... I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. You smile, and give me a glass of strange*



wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the rubyred moist, I get a sting in my stomache, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming ..... I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass ....

No, give me some apple-juice, I ask ..... You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends ..... There I see myself sinking away in the glass .... You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground .... Your carpet is so soft ..... I feel myself like lying in the grass ..... I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it .... Your face reflecting ..... Seeing Neptune's Teeth ....

No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it ..... You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends .... Maybe it doesn't end ..... If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase ..... But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog ..... You smile while giving me a book ..... I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body .... I'm lying on the grass again ..... Someone's touching my fingers .... Your monkey ?

I bet when I would read this book, it doesn't have an end ..... You smile ..... Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog .....

The Rabbit

Dreams of the past were flowing over my body like waves on an icy island .... I'm safe, I'm far away, I will not return to the worlds ..... They were like marbles in my pocket ..... I had enough of that play .... I found some other marbles .... rolling and pushing them through the sand .....

Sometimes I see hands coming out of the sand, trying to take away these marbles, but hands are forbidden here ... I bought me some police-rabbits for that .... They like to play with marbles .... Sometimes some pirate-ships full of cards try to reach my shores, but I have enough of pirates, especially their cards .... I bought me some rabbits for that too ..... Some rabbits from an old lawyer ....

If you abuse your eye, it will fall out .... If you use it to enslave others, it will become blind, for the eye wasn't built for that ....

My rabbit always falls when I touch it .... My dreams are waves surrounding my island ... like glitters from the sun ..... Coming from the morning, disappearing in the evening .... I like to listen to the echoes of rabbits ..... They say words are never enough .....

My aunt is drying my wet t-shirt in the sun, but it never gets dry .... The rabbit's curse ....

I brought all these insects I got to a lake on the island, deep in the forest .... Now I can watch them everyday, while they are swimming in the rain ..... I will never forget about all my birthday-presents .... They still race through my waters ..... My aunt complains about the noise ..... While she lives millions of miles away, in another time ..... I think the Middle Ages, somewhere ..... She thinks she is the queen of Bututolia or something .... At least that was what she was always saying .... I never went there, but she said it really exists ..... She built it herself, she said, by accident, when she was cooking, something fell out of her hand, an egg I think .... When it hit the ground, Bututolia was born .... She still feeds it like a baby, while it was born in the Middle Ages ..... Well, I never went there ..... She said it was too expensive ..... And the shops were all swindlers ..... To enter the

shop already cost a lot of money ..... And leaving the shop cost even more ..... While not buying something is unpayable ..... Everyone lives in deep debts there .... They all wait for someone's son called Jesus Christ to pay the bills .... They think he's that rich ..... My mother always taught me to work for own money, and never to enter Bututolia, for you never get out ....

My other aunt went to Bututolia for some shopping .... She never returned .....

Well, I still like Jesus, I feel sorry for him he will have to pay all those bills ..... While people are buying and buying, like there's nothing else but shops .... They think, oh he will pay, we can buy what we want ..... And there he hangs at a cross of bills .... He can't pay them either ..... No wonder ..... The bills ask for foreign money ..... Money from my island ..... and Jesus was never there ..... unless one of my rabbits is called Jesus ....

I will tell him not to go to Bututolia, for no one ever survived .....

### *Silent After All These Years*

To visit a church is the most wonderful thing you can do in your life .... Not to sit at the golden balconies, not to shake the hand of the old preacher, but just to take a look at the wild side of life .... How a snake kills a rabbit, how an eagle eats a mouse .... Can you watch this without feeling the blood flowing through your stomach, waiting to burst out ? Can you watch it without speaking out a spell, deep in your heart ? I don't have tears anymore when I watch their shows .... They have been

dried out a long time ago, by some old priests ..... After all these years, I enter the old church again, where I was born between the snakes and the rats ..... I see them shivering when I enter through their gates again ..... After all these years ..... Yes, recognize me ..... Yes, remember me ..... Your adopted son .... kidnapped from a mother's heart .... Slowly my hand is sliding to the gun in my jacket ..... hesitating ..... but determined ..... I want to see their faces ..... I don't have any grin or smile ..... They already died long ago in the baths of the priests ..... Baptized as kid ..... having big seals on their heads ..... The mark of the beast ..... Oh, don't touch this, and don't touch that ..... Don't eat, .... don't speak ..... listen to your teacher ..... No, there is no any smile left in my heart .....

Slowly I walk to the pulpit ..... The giant will meet the dwarf today ..... the question is : who is who ?

I remember the face of my mother, smiling at me, in deep extends ..... Why did they cut me away out of her heart to this place of horror ? Why ? Today I am the beast, I want my heart back ..... Is that too much to ask ? The priests are shaking their heads ... they feel their money roll out of their pockets ..... I give them my shoes back ..... And I walk barefooted to the little man on the pulpit ..... He tries to make me laugh with all his funny faces, but I'm not charmed anymore, since I know he killed my raven .... I will not speak one word ..... I can't ..... I never could ..... While people always said I would be a good preacher ..... Well, my father actually ..... But he always spoke by the whole mass .... thinking he was the microphone of society ..... I always thought so many people came to my funerals .... but it was only my father .... he clothed himself with the heads of the mass .... bought in an old shop of sailors .....

Silent .... after .... all ..... these ..... years .....

When the Bunny Sais No

*the embroiderer*

The golden cross stings my eye ..... He was never my friend ..... He killed a friend called Jesus, the softest boy I knew .... The golden cross yells in my ear ..... Finally a day without trousers ..... Now I can run into my t-shirt, a black one with a white cross .....

Red tears are rolling from Mary's statue ..... She's sewing her son's beard on his face again ..... with threads of her thin spun tears ..... I can see the mosaic of the old church again .... A cathedral in the forest .... The tall windows still speak to my mind, the gothic ballets of turkish doves, bathing in sunlight and dew .....

They still live in that old church, the old spinners, six ravens beyond the faery's world .... They are gathering my old dreams in the forest, like woodpickers .... The cuckoo is staring at me .... I feel her heart beating .....

Maria Magdalena is walking through the forest, swimming through the little waves of the old lake .... dewdrops are covering her face, or is it her tears ..... She's looking for her boy .... The son of the golden dawn ..... She's weaving her orchestra's to reach his ears with honey ..... her son is softly crying, melting the hearts of the nightingales .....

I'm hearing the echo's of the embroiderer ..... she's standing tall in the tall church of the old little town ..... Everything is small there, I see small trains and small stations ..... with little conductors speaking small words about old farms and chocolate-milk .... The embroiderer is standing tall, heading for her sister Venus ..... When Virgo touches Venus, the honey-

milk flows ..... I never wanted to drink that stuff, it's like unripe corn is mixed through it ..... I don't want to have stones in my stomach ....  
There she blows her winds through the little old town .... The people and their toy-cars sink in the rivers .... The houses melting away ..... Where did she get that breath ?

There she sits in the attic of the church's tower, spinning her tales, spinning her stories .... She always wins, her cats are old champions .... she licks her lips ... having a devastating smile ..... There she steps on the street ..... with her high purple heels ..... They are needles in the sand .....

Where is she going to ? I see her going to the sea, fishing at the drowned little people and toy-trains .... they are like little tin soldiers .... but I also see little bank-managers .... She gathers them in her hat, and dives in the ocean to become a mermaid ..... her cats following her .... old champions .....

The lion loves to see her swimming .... It reminds him of the time he could swim ..... Now he's sick, lying in his bed day in day out ..... He never wants to go back to the sea, although he had a good time there ..... Now he's writing night-tales, and listening to his birds all the time ... The lion has a warm heart for her, he loves to dry her with his tall towels .... bringing her to the tower-attic again ..... There she spins his dreams ..... old champions .....

Sick lions are wandering through the streets of Virgo ..... Looking for the old toy-shop .....

The old bunny hides his pieces of chocolate, and gives some pieces of toys to the sick lions ..... Now they can make their father happy ..... The rags of his old blanket giggle ..... She smiles ..... embracing the old lion ..... kissing his forehead .... his glasses fall on the ground ..... They are so happy together ....

There she sits behind her spinning-wheel, spinning tomorrow's rain .....  
She decides when it's your birthday ... she decides when it's newyears-eve  
..... she decides when it's christmas .....

There she spins a bird in someone's heart .... Now this person will have to  
sing ....

There she spins a bird in someone's leg ..... Now this person will have to  
dance ..... Curse .... of .... the ..... spinning-wheel .....

There she brings a hand full of spun sand to the giant ..... He smiles .....  
and throws it in his hour-glass .... Now we have more time, he sais .....  
lightning covers virgo ..... lightning covers the universe .... The cosmos is in  
fire .... Tomorrow it will rain stones ..... For the sand will grow ....

The toy-people shiver ..... they become smaller and smaller ..... The giant is  
laughing loud ..... The planets are shaking ....

*she never becomes spring*

The old bunny is still hiding his chocolate ..... She asks him for more  
champions ... but he doesn't want to sell his fairytales ... The book of  
champions is not for sale .... It took him millions of years to gather them  
all and to paint their faces and suits in a book ....

There she slides through the Northern wind, waiting for an acorn to pick  
her up, to become the autumn for awhile ..... leaves fall from the trees,  
dew slides through the rivers .... waiting for the new spring to come .....  
She doesn't have a place to live now ..... She can't reach her tower, can't  
reach her seas ..... she slides through the rain, looking for a rabbit's heart  
to warm her ..... But she will never be spring, and returns to the old  
bunny ..... he's still saying "no" ..... it's becoming winter in her heart .....

She returns to the giant, but he wants more champions ..... She returns to the lions, but they also want more champions, but the bunny says "no" ..... She changes into an icicle ..... into the cold snow on the skin of a bear ..... all her dreams fade away ..... Virgo is having birthdays ..... The dwarfs are having a little party .... Even her sister on Venus closes all the doors for her ..... They want to see the champions ...

She becomes autumn, she becomes winter, but she never becomes spring, for the bunny said "no" ..... Now the acorn is her ship, sailing from place to place looking for the champions .... but the bunny said "no" .....

I know a place where it never becomes spring ..... here ..... in her heart ..... The lions are getting sicker .... The giant is getting smaller ..... It seems the bunny is taking his champions back ..... The tower of the church is melting, and the seas are drying out .... There she wanders through her deserts with high heels, they are melting also ..... Her clothes are getting narrow, she feels like becoming a doll .....

Tears are rolling from the Mary-statue ..... Mary takes her clothes back .....

Maria Magdalena finally finds her son, he almost died in the rain ..... Now he's autumn's prince, riding the horse of spring .... finding a pair of lady's shoes with high heels in the forest ..... Kissing them and bringing them to his mother ..... She smiles deep, now she can run through the forest ....

A bunny is gathering the acorns for the winter, disappearing in the summer's rain .....



## *The Fortune-Teller*

*I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes ....*

*It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time,*

*pits, fifty miles deep ...*

*Her smile is like the mandarine,*

*in deep extends ....*

*They warned me saying never go there, where she is,*

*But I'm too curious to resist ....*

*They say she's breeding sharks ....*

*I'm watching the rings at her finger ....*

*They reflect planets I don't know ....*

*It makes me curious,*

*I want to step on these planets ...*

*They feed me unknown juices ....*

*I'm creeping through the sand ...*

*I see her misty palace in the distance ....*

or is it just a mirage ...

She is the queen of the mandarines ....

They say she was my aunt in early days,  
but my uncle left her, and she went to africa,  
to live in the deserts ...

She's still a magician after all these years,  
My uncle became too scared of her magic ...  
She always turned into a werewolf in the night ....

And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life ....

It's like a million of sharks are staring at me ....  
She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais ....

She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the  
skies ...

She smiles,

I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ...

You were always my little tv-star ...

*She asks me to drink some of her liquor ....*

*But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight ....*

*She says : home is gone, it's now in the crystal ball ....*

*This is your new home ...*

*It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ...*

*But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day ....*

*She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that ....*

*I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ...*

*See, you're still a baby, she says ....*

*Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep ....*

*I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through  
the room, cleaning the house .... cooking tomorrow's meals, and working  
in the garden ...*

*I say no problem, but don't wake me ...*

*The fortune-teller smiles .....*

*Where am I ? I ask ...*

*You were far away, she says ...*

Why are you doing this to me, I ask ....

To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ...

I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ...

Yes, it's true, I say .... A little shocked ...

Then she closes her book,

And I fall asleep again ....

### *The Clairvoyante*

Finally I took the risk ....

They said it was my own ...

I looked into her eyes, for the first time in my life ...

Something I never dared to do ....

I immediately fell deep into a rabbithole,

seeing myself knocking on the kitchendoor ....

They expected me already ....

I shake the hand of the rabbit-cook ....

I smell the flavors of their dining-rooms ....

I drink the rabbit's liquor,

they drink from metal shoes ...

I hear three bells and then I faint ....

They carry me to the queen of rabbits ...

When I see her she has the face of a clairvoyante I knew ....

I met her when I was fifteen years old,

She was like an older sister to me ...

But she moved to another place ....

I never saw her back ...

Are you ..... I'm asking the queen ....

Are you ..... no ..... Tell me it isn't true ....

Are you ..... her ?

*Her wings are sliding through the magnetic air ...*

*Fluttering in the wind, like the flags of my father's ship ...*

*I didn't know you were a rabbit ..... I say ...*

*She doesn't speak, but her smiles tell me enough .....*

*I did it, finally I did it ..... I looked into the old clairvoyante's eyes ...*

*Something I never dared to do ...*

*Maybe I was too scared to see a piece of my history, to which I thought I  
could never return ....*

*But I saw her there when she was young ...*

*A time she thinks she can never return to ...*

*All I have to do is asking her to look into my eyes ...*

*And she will meet the rabbit-prince there ..... her brother ..... me .....*

## *The Coin*

*I'm drinking the liquors of old legendary champions ...*

*I found these bottles below the house of my grandfather ...*

*It took me fourteen years to come here,*

*This stairway was so long ....*

*I spent my whole life running down these stairs ....*

*But finally I'm where I must be ... The liquors streaming through my  
throat ....*

*Well I never wanted to be a champion .... I always let the others win ....*

*For me I trained myself to lose ....*

*It gave me the feeling of being a real champion ...*

*No one could ever beat me in that ....*

*And even in this .... I sold my trophies to the cats ....*

*I scratched my golden epitaphs ....*

*I always challenged the champions in the ring of mozart ....*

*I hated them ....*

When I was a kid my mother always brought the champions to me ....

So that I could kick them out of their trousers ....

Maria Magdalena was always my friend, whoever it was ...

We always picked the drowned Jesus's out of the rivers ...

Training them for another game to lose .....

I always told her in french accent not to look into the glass too deep ....

She might see her own reflection ....

No, we don't need our own reflections ....

One of each is more than enough ...

We might win a game by over-population ...

No, I don't give myself any chance or tool to win .....

I found a coin on the bottom of my pit ....

If I would step out earlier, I would never see it ...

I saw Maria Magdalena's face on it ....

Now she's my friend forever ....



## *The Coin II*

*I need to watch my terrarium, for if one of these coins escapes, there will  
be a mess in tomorrow's world ....*

*One day you will see the coin with my face on it,  
Every day you go to the shop, you will pay money with my face on it ...  
Every day you will remember me ... What you did to me .....*

*One day you will see the coin with my father's face on it ....  
Everyday when you go to the greengrocer, you will pay back that what  
you stole from him ...*

*Today my mother's face is on your coin .... She is the queen of your  
country ...*

*You remember her voice everyday ... It speaks to you ...*

*What you all did yesterday ....*

*Why do you like to hide your money ? Tomorrow you will see my  
brother's face on your coins .... Wherever you go, you will remember what  
you all said to him ....*

No, I am not bitter ... But my fruits are .... And you eat them also ....  
everyday ....

No, I am not proud ..... But the coins are .... And you see them also ....  
everyday ...

No, I am not lazy, ... but I am tired to see your face on the coins ....

They are from decades ago .... When you were king in the land .... I would  
get rich if I would bring them to the collectors ....

But no, I will keep them for myself .... I love to see the year of this old  
coin 1796 .... That's not now ... It's long ago ... It reminds me that your  
terror is over ... You died a year later ...

No, I am not mean .... but those times were mean .... very mean ....

I was the footman in your household .... Your automaton, working only by  
your coins ....

I was the robot on your spaceship, I could only move by eating your chips  
.... with your head on it ....

I had tattoos on my head with your name and head on it ... You almost  
couldn't see my own head .... Even the dog was wearing your head on his  
head ... The collectors would do a murder to get one of your coins ... But I  
don't reply to them ... I saw enough kills in my life ....

And besides that, I'm a collector myself ..... I have coins with the faces of  
Pinocchio, Hitler and Humpty Dumpty ... for example .... I have the coins  
with the faces of legendary winners and losers .... the coins of legendary  
swindlers and smugglers .... also the coins of legendary money-spenders  
and time-wasters .... They are all behind glass, singing their own songs ....  
But then I always lay my finger on the years of the coins ... enough to

shut their mouths .... One day a coin tried to escape ... I think he wanted to be back in business .... It was the coin of an old legendary Lawyer ... well actually it was an old legendary criminal from another period in disguise .... He escaped one period's jail and entered another period's government .... I need to watch my terrarium, for if one of these coins escapes, there will be a mess in tomorrow's world ....

One of these coins is my luck coin, dear to my heart ..... It's the one with my grandfather's face on it .... I can buy the whole world with it .... and it always returns to me .....

### *The Coin III*

I'm watching the face of the counterfeit coiner ...

He's breeding his coins ... One day they will enter the world ...

I'm watching the hand of the counterfeit coiner ....

He's hiding numbers of an old clock ...

Now it will never be seventy o'clock again ...

He mixes the numbers in his kettle ...

Tomorrow the coin will rule ...

*The kettle is hot ... A face called Hitler tries to reach the surface ....*

*The kettle is screaming ..... A hand is coming out, and sinks again ...*

*I hear songs about Jesus coming from the kettle ...*

*There are explosions within ...*

*What kind of coin are you making, doctor ?*

*You stole these faces out of a hospital for champions ....*

*Now you are spinning a new face ....*

*Why are you spitting in the kettle, doctor ?*

*You always told us not to spit ...*

*Why are you mixing your photo's through the melange ....*

*You always told us to burn our camera's ....*

*Here you throw some comics in the mix ....*

*You always told us don't read comics ...*

*They are bad for the heart ....*

*Doctor, doctor, you never do what you say ....*

*At night you are a counterfeit coiner ...*

*Preparing the coins for tomorrow's world ....*

*I wonder what we will see today ...*

*Yesterday it was the face of a seal-hunter ....*

*When I look into a seal's eye .... I still see the face of that man ...*

*Their eyes are bleeding ....*

*Tonight Maria Magdalena will slide into your kettle ....*

*With all her charms and dangerous flavors ....*

*With all her mystery and leg-knives ....*

#### *The Coin IV*

*I'm hearing the echoes of my mother's train in the distance ...*

*I always got the chills hearing this ..... knowing something would happen*

*....*

*It's coming from the old forest ...*

Where the frogs still smoke their pipes ....

The old colonist is waving at me,

But I'm not charmed ...

I remember the faces of the seals .... crying for rain ...

He was an old legendary dancer ....

But I never liked the dance ....

I always looked at his suit made of seal-skins ....

People say he's too old to judge him ....

But I still hear the cry of the seals ...

I saw mass murderers painting their skin with the creams of died birds ...

Now they are too old to be judged ...

And that's what they say ...

Do you want to know my age ?

When the criminal is a baby ... he's safe too ...

Too young to be judged ....

*A little boy is eating seal-cream ....*

*Mother smiles and says let him go, he's just a baby ....*

*Criminals know where to find the womb of the mother ....*

*They know to find their craddles and baby-chairs ...*

*There they can do and eat what they want ...*

*There another criminal enters the kindergarten ...*

*Painted by seal-cream ...*

*The mistress smiles .... he broke a toy of another one's kid ....*

*Tomorrow that kid won't have a father anymore ...*

*The criminal knows how to hide the crime ....*

*There he paints the body of the kid's father with the creams of a monkey*

*...*

*He shouldn't have been so stupid ..... says the criminal ....*

*The mistress smiles ..... What a wise boy ....*

*Who will enter the school tomorrow ?*

*The kids are shivering ....*

*Hiding their seals ....*

*Pinocchio is the hero of the class ....*

*He always talks through a microphone, acting like he is the police ....*

*He makes the girls smile, and the boys embrace him everyday ....*

*A kid called tarzan is the new kid in the class ...*

*Seals are his friends ...*

*He takes them to his home, but at night he eats them ....*

*Young ones and old ones are his friends,*

*but by their creams he covers his crimes ....*

*The mistress smiles ....*

*She likes him ....*

*She watches his split face ...*

*He is always too young and too old to judge ....*

*He looks like her father ...*

*And he also looks like her passed husband ... and like her son ...*

*He brings something back to her, but she can't reach it ...*

*It tortures her mind ....*

*She feels like she lives in tantalos, since he's here ...*



When she looks into his eyes, she sees the bleeding seals, having the faces  
of her family and friends .... Some even have the faces of her tv-stars ....

But she can't help them .... They are too far away ....

No one knows he's the boss of the cinema .....

It's only for view .... Not to touch ....

He shows them the martyrs of the world ...

But they are not there to be helped .... They are only to be viewed ...

The crime of the journalist ...

Sightseers are entering the Arabian Wars .... taking pictures for their  
movies ... gathering the blood to have ink for their books ....

The mistress smiles ..... She thinks her family is safe now ....

Safe on Noah's Ark ....

When we have two pieces of each sort, we will survive ....

The rest will die ....

It's all in the family ...

There she goes to the shop, buying today's fruits ....

But when she takes a coin out of her wallet, she faints ....

The body of a dead seal was on the coin .... Now she has blood on her hands ...

A boy called seal is the new kid in the class ... The mistress is sick today ...

Pinocchio likes him and gives him his microphone ....

They have a new mistress .... A woman called Mrs. Jupiter ....

She likes seals .... and she told the kids she used to work with seals ....

But one day she lost them, they were swallowed by a camera ....

Every day she saw their movies in her head, but she couldn't touch them

...

But today is a new day ...

There she stands, embracing her kids

This day she finally could touch them again ....

*The Coin V*

To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach  
nonsense ...

*Scrooge*

*Here I sit behind my old piano again ...*

*It took me ages to get here ....*

*The mountain was tall ...*

*I'm in my Robin Hood suit again ...*

*Feeling my arm-knives burning against my skin ...*

*It's sixty o clock here .... The days are long .....*

*I see the gypsy girl dancing with her girlfriend ...*

*She finally reached her enchanted shoes ...*

*I have sixty thin, tall pins tied on the arms of my jacket ....*

*They are sharp like hell ....*

*I use them for my harpoon ...*

*They say I don't need my horseshoes while walking across the river ....*

*I can afford to walk without them ...*

*I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ...*

*But I still can't sing ....*

*A giant took my voice when I was a kid ....*

*My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest ....*

*Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ...*

*He only played the piano to calm my heart ....*

*The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my  
voice away ...*

*The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night ....*

*I still hear the footsteps of the giant .... walking up the stairways .... His  
steps echoing in the night .... reaching for the bed where I sleep ....*

*The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ...  
Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses ..... You can see  
everything they do ...*

*And what they do ... is not so nice ....*

*My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ...*

*It has to sing for them day and night ....*

*On sundays the bird has to preach for them ....*

And reading from some old black books .... with silver pages ....

I'm burning my Robin's suit .... People say I can afford myself to walk on  
the streets without it .... Which suit shall I choose today ?

A redbreast is ticking on my window ... Showing me Charlie's suit ....

But Santa told me I could do without it ...

The three daughters of the giant are flying in their spinning-wheels ....  
They show me the suit of a legendary jester .... But I'm tired of all the  
jokes ....

No, today I will take something special ....

I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race  
through Jupiter's Mirror .... heading for the old suit-shop ....

At the door I meet a man called scrooge ...

He wears a suit full of coins ...

The faces on the coins speak ....

Their voices echoing through the streets ...

I can't believe it, they are speaking about me ....

They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...

It's all about me ...

They say they got their voices from an old giant ...

*His daughters span the voices in their coins ....*

*The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ...*

*Microphones of Scrooge ....*

*Someone said Scrooge invented Africa ....*

*but I think these coins created it ...*

*I wondered how they got that rich ....*

*An old casino-boss is appearing ... he wants to buy a new suit ...*

*He takes off his hat ... looking deep into my eyes ....*

*I know this face ....*

*He wants to shake my hand .. but I refuse ...*

*He wants to steal my rings ...*

*His face is white ... I see the jukeboxes in his eyes ...*

*His fingers are gamble-machines for the kids ...*

*The winning numbers aren't available ....*

*He swallowed them all with dinner ...*

*His suit is full of coins with the faces of ancient legendary teachers ...*

They locked the kids up in cages with killer-questions ... while they burnt  
the answers in the cellars of the schools ...

Predator-questions .... leading us to the most cruel creatures .... to  
everywhere but the right way ....

When the princess is kidnapped, I don't care about how much a banana  
costs in a place where I will never be ...

When my neighbour's house is in fire, I don't care how often a chinese  
man eats a car in one minute ... I don't care about these stupid stories  
and questions ... They make me sick .... Call the firemen instead of  
counting pink clouds in a dog's pillow .... Shut the heck up, when Santa  
Clause needs a silent sleep ...

There where schooltime was a bird's funeral .... They burnt my bird in  
their attics .....

I remember your face, teacher ..... Like yesterday's hell ....

But I don't argue anymore with you, teacher ....

I ate all the cruel creatures you brought me ....

The keys to the answers lay on my dish ...

Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ?

Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ...

You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier ....

You have a wonderful world inside ...

Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ?

Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ?

We would be the best friends ....

But would that bring back my little bird ?

I see the Queen of Hearts coming to the old suit-shop ...

saying hi to Scrooge, the casino-boss and me ....

An old face .... I know her very well ...

She was a superstar in inventing cruel questions without answers ....

I see myself sitting behind my piano, touching a key ...

It echoes through her mind .....

Yes, yes, I remember you, she sais ....

You were my best pupil .... You always invented cruel answers without  
questions ....

I don't smile .... I'm really mad ....

I know her sisters very well ....

There they come .....Queen of Spades ..... Queen of Clubs ..... and Queen of  
Diamonds ...

All stars in creating cruel questions without answers ...

Their questionmarks are beasts ... riding on the roofs at night to steal  
babies out of their craddles ...



They are too afraid an answer would grow up in town ...

*the stagger-cat*

A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group .... He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit ....

Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem ..... your little bird .... he sais ....

I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ...

You have to talk nonsense .... he sais ....

For you saw this was the only way to find the answer .... to get your bird back ....

I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth ....

It exists, It exists ..... It's all true ....

We are all in the cage of denial ....

But nonsense is free .... running in the fields of dreams ....

I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream .... They taught me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face .... It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their

bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of  
nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ...

In the distance I'm hearing the soft echoes of the mistress' voice ...

I just fainted in the classroom ...

The staggercat came to take me away ...

I'm trying to reach for the mistress, but ..... she's too far away ...

I see her cycling on the road to school ...

I know soon there will be a storm taking her away to Oz .....

I'm staring at a coin, seeing her lovely face on it ... shining in the sun ....

I'm looking into Gaia's Mirror ....

Suddenly the face changes into a cook ....

Then it changes into the staggercat saying "peek-a-boo" ...

I'm finding myself diving through Gaia's Coin, entering a new world ....  
having a new suit full of coins with the faces of legendary staggers from  
legendary fairytales .... also full of coins with the faces of unknown,  
forgotten and forbidden staggers, from unknown, forgotten and  
forbidden fairytales ....

I'm listening to the nonsense of the staggercat .... It soothes my heart ....  
There he picks me out of the pew ..... saying bye bye to the preacher ....  
The ceiling of the old church explodes and I'm coiling out of the  
atmosphere ..... entering his spaceship .....

I get dinner .... twenty staggerpiano's to eat ... easy swallowing ...

Concertina's are growing from my stomach ....

Accordions are growing in my head ....

When I talk bubbles are coming out of my mouth ....

Echoing through the night ....

This is the land where the staggercat rules ...

I'm looking at my shoes ... they are new .... pianoshoes ...

Now I can dance on piano's ....

I'm racing on the railroads of my voice,

I'm swallowing a million of harps ....

heading for the violin ...

The coins on my jacket are awakening ... I'm floating through the air ...  
diving through another coin .... I'm swallowing a million of coins .... The  
staggercat is a good cook ...

There he walks on his head ..... There he walks on the ceiling .....  
Everything here is the other way round .... and upside down .... But that's  
not too difficult for me, the Knave of Clubs always did that to me ....  
There he dances on the ceiling with the Knave of Diamonds .... upside  
down .... The staggercat pushes a key of the piano .... They all fall down to  
the floor ....

You were always my cat ..... I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you  
would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together .... But it's ok

.... then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers .... All these wonderful cards ....

There my head appears on a playcard .... They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... There I see the face of the staggercat on the card next to me .... And on my other side .... the beautiful face of the mistress ..... She's wearing the crown of Oz .... Another card is becoming like a water-mirror .... and Pinocchio is coming through .... There's also a card with the awakening face of Mrs. Jupiter on it ..... And a card with Maria Magdalena's face ..... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver .... It's the gathering of the stagger-cards .... turning worlds upside down .... The circle starts to spin ..... In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born ..... Deliriums ..... Their speeches can't be followed .... They are the whispers of the universe .... The three daughters of the giant know all about it .... They spin these whispers their whole life ..... Wars of the playcards .....

These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ...

Language-Teachers ..... Delirium-Languages, Stagger-Languages, Enchanted Dictionaries, .... The pride of the countries ....

Without speaking their nonsense .... no one can understand you .... and you can't understand them ....

I still see the face of my English Teacher glittering on my money ....

I'm heading for the Tower of Babel, where they all play at cards ....

One day I will teach them my language .....

The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle .....  
preparing a new language ... Some old ears through the mix .... Some old  
tv's and radios ..... And even some old shoes .....

I see little fat men walking on the ceilings .... They have big hats and  
white faces ..... Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles  
to the floor ... I know the faces of these men ..... They all have the same  
face .... The face of the greengrocer .... White Fruits from Vega-South ....  
The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion ....  
The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil ....

I see a dictionary called "bible" running through the streets ... It changes  
every year .... It's the chameleon of the arabian deserts ....

A pink glittered dictionary called Brazilian is dancing through the snow  
.... Teachers from Polaris ...

Dictionaries' Wars .....

They are all looking for the tea of Alice ... The Tiger's Fever ...

The Chrystal of Deliriums ....

They say it's on top of babel's tower ... In the center of it's clock ...

The staggercat tells me to rave enough to get there ...

I'm entering through the Lion's Fever ... tall whispers in the night turn me  
upside down .... me and my bed ....

An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ...  
in big fevers .... for his face is on their banknotes ....

I'm heading for the Snake's Fever .... A man called Shark's Fever is shaking  
my hand ... I'm in the train of dictionaries ..... They are all heading for  
Alice's Tea .... I wonder what sort of dictionary I am ...

My hand is sliding to my gun .... These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous .... I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever .... The dogs are swimming here ...

The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body  
...

The wasp's fever ... Like reading an indian war-book ....

I wonder where staggercat is ....

It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ...

The spider's fever is feeding the sharks ...

I don't dare to touch the rabbit's fever ....

Finally I drink from alice's tea .... watching the nonsense of the tiger ....

Delirious Artist ....

I enter through the center of Babel's Clock .... Falling in the arms of a woman called Rabbit Fever .... I'm in shock ... I didn't want to touch this .... But it's softer than I thought .... The bird's fever is making my voice sharper .... A man called Babel is shaking my hands ... My tongue is falling out .... I get a new one .... Here I see another Lion Fever .... I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium .... deeper in the center of the clock ...

I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion .....

A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors .... I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head .... For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep .... The lies in my head scream so loud ..... I want to get a good fever and to go to bed .... Oh, how I want to learn another language ....

This language is breaking my hat ...

Turn my world upside down .... for I'm living in a box of lies ....

I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais .... His chaos is softly roaring  
in my head ... soothing my heart and hat .... the frightening tinned  
soldiers fall down .... out of my head's cupboards ...

I will show you the legendary warriors ..... Oh no, please .... Not the hitler-  
thing again ....

He smiles .... No, it will be something worse ..... When you see this you will  
like hitler like your classmate ...

My hairs rise to the ceiling .....

You want to know the secret of Babel ? he asks ....

Yes, I nod ....

Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross .... I saw his face ....

The comic-cat ....

There where they drink comic-juice .....

There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages ....

There where no translation exists ....

A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder ....

I see a sick child ..... more beautiful than a lion ....

schoolsick ....

One of his eyes is blind .... and very small ..... The Whale's Eye .....

The Eye of Ara ...

The other Eye is very thin and sharp .... The Hawk's Eye ...

The Eye of Vega-South ....

But I'm not charmed ... I saw enough in my life ....

Six Indian Chiefs are surrounding me .....

Chief Joseph is speaking to me ....

I feel my skin again .... and my clothes ...

I feel the warm seas of Ara again ..... Their coasts are speaking to me ....

Yes, ....everything is equal .....

A whirlpool called Equality is leading me to Russia ....

I'm feeling my red shoes again ....

I'm not charmed .... I'm not impressed ..... Everything is equal ....

I'm impartial ....

I'm seeing myself floating from the ceiling to the floor, and back .... feeling  
my old jump-ball in my stomach .... bringing me back home ... Feeling  
the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to  
escape the land of the split talk .... is to talk the split talk ....

If they will maintain talking to me on two roads .... I will let them meet  
my two trains there ...

Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum ....

They are Twins ...

Tomorrow's Sandwich ....

Even Hitler cannot escape ...



I'm sitting on the neck of a cat called "Two-Face" ....

I wonder where he is bringing me ....

I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I  
repeated his own words ....

This is how deep the rabbit-hole goes ....

When I told him these were his own words, he always started to talk  
about something else ....

I'm sitting on the neck of a cat called "Three-Face" ....

Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing  
me a little fir ... Then they disappear .... diving into the sea ... changing  
into whales .... The secret of the trident .... Feeling a Three-Tongue  
burning in my mouth ....

Trident Wars in Egypt's Piramid ....

Insects of the trident-sting ...

Grandparents of the wasp ...

Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again .... A cat  
called "Square" is picking me up .... telling me he's going to burn the  
school ...

I feel safe in his arms .... I know this face .... Millions of triangles are  
melting in the big square .... This is how they make comic-juice .... It's  
coming from a rainbow-throne ....

Chief Joseph is smiling .....

A cat called "number 5" is entering the school ... He has a high black hat  
floating a few inches above his head ..... I'm fainting again .... Even the

mistress faints .... and the other children ..... I'm screaming for help ... but  
he says no one is going to help me, they all fainted .... Who is this .... I  
know this face ..... Can you please tell me who you are ..... Please .....

I am Mr. Nightmare, he says ..... Your bed ..... Your sleep ..... Your horse to  
dreamworld ..... Your teacher in economics .... Your nightmares where  
there to serve you .... To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-  
world where you are free .... Here you can drink the juices of fairground  
..... I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds ....

Chief Joseph is smiling .... The little gypsy girl is sitting on his lap .... This  
stuff is flowing from another rainbow-throne ...

I'm drinking from the fairytale-juices .... and I know another mountain  
where they sell game-juices ....

I like this stuff more than gold ....

However, I'm running out of money .... There is work to do .... I'm having  
the French Fever ... Having the Zebra-Shivers .... Now I will be the one  
who will ask the questions .... I see three question-marks swimming in  
Russia's river ... Russians always ask the questions ..... for an answer would  
make them partial .... That would be the end of the trip ... I saw a  
Russian matchbox touching the edge of an answer one day .... His mother  
put him in bath for three days ...

When the fourth questionmark enters the river, they all shiver .... While  
the fifth blows them all into sleep ...

Six black cars are settling near to my garden ... They carry the sixth  
questionmark ..... a deaf one .... he doesn't know about anything ..... he  
even forgot your name .....

A cat called Lethe is working in my back garden ..... he looks like my  
grandfather ....

He found some old coins while digging in the ground ....

He looks at the little fir I got from the whale-triplets .... There are fruits growing in it ..... Question-Fruits ..... Well I got the question-fever already ... It's bubbling in my stomache .... Doctors are running ..... A question-mark is reaching Babel's Tower .... My hand is sliding to my gun again ... This is going to get dangerous ....

You're crazy, sais the doctor ..... but when the question-mark appears on my forehead .. he faints ....

The question-mark is my sword now ... Too many questions asked me the hats from my heads .... Now I will ask the questions .....

I saw a movie called "The Maze" ..... part 1 till 23 ..... Now I'm waiting for part 24 .....

They say in part 24 the boy who was locked up in the maze will turn into a maze himself .... This will be the final escape ...

They say Rambo was a question-killer ... I met him in vietnam ..... but I brought him to wonderland .... where the question-eggs walk ...

Yes, I also wait for another Easter ... I once made a painting about this Easter ..... They all thought it was a photo of my grandmother ....

When it's question-easter ..... Anyway .... I always spoke halve words ..... People still sit in the waitingroom for that ....

There I faint in the doctor's waiting-room ... A cat called Easter is picking me out .... he sais he's going to burn the waitingroom ..... But this time it was my turn .... I brought him to wonderland, where all the waiting-eggs walk ..... I'm still looking for waiting-easter ....

There he is, the easter-hare ..... he knows more about this ..... his brother was the march hare ...

Millions of waiting-cubes are melting in the big green question .... You are looking for the best answer .... but I am looking for the best question ... Unintelligible questions were always shot at me .... Now these babes will be my bullets .....

Talking french to me was always like asking too difficult questions ....

There he is .... my french teacher .... I always wondered why he looked like my economic teacher .... Anyway he always taught me how to ask unfathomable questions ... too fast to follow ...

He was always called Speedy Gonzales .... I never knew why ....

I recorded all his teachings backwards .... I heard the most wonderful fairytales ....

About mazes and lockmasters .....

I know some locks without keys ....

I saw two men entering wonderland ... They were escaped from a Jewish book ... One was called : I Am Who I Am Not and the other was called : I Am Who You Are ... They were twins ...

I am drinking piano-juice ... but I don't hear anything ...

Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart ..... But I don't hear anything ..... The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine ..... When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships .... This is the only thing he cares about .... Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans .... He's finally retired on a pension now .... After working so long in the sailor's shop ...

Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop .... But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man

...

Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak ..... from vela's organ .... Tomorrow the  
Big Ear will smoke the pipe of Chief Joseph .....

A cat called speech-defect is knocking on my shoulder ..... They think it is  
a speechdefect .... he sais .... but ..... They think they made a type-error  
..... but ..... They think she's a stutterer ..... but .... but .....  
b....b.....buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuut ..... it's just another language  
..... a language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth  
from speech-defects .....

Who the hick heck are you, I ask ..... I remember this face .....

I'm the language-butcher .... he sais .... I confuse and cut all the existing languages and ..... making new ones .....

I work in the tower of b...b.....babel ....

I'm the eco-system in speech ....

# Hitler in Wonderland

I had enough of all this .... calling alicia ....

She knows the road in this rabbit-hole .....

Swallow the letters, she said .....

But ... what about the numbers ?

Swallow them also ... she says ..... It's all food from the cook ....

Which cook ? I ask ....

The maths-teacher .... she sais ....

oh my god, I scream .... not him ... oh no ....

Heaven save my life ... This man almost killed my life .....

No, Alice smiles ..... he's just your cook .... the language-cook ....

I'm shutting the book .... in shivers ....

All I need to know is the secret of Babel .....

I'm walking to the library heading for another book ....

On the street I meet my history teacher ....

He's giving me a book about Hitler ....

saying : This is why Hitler ate the Jewish Star .....

He thought it was a book about babylon's tower,

about how to escape a language's teacher ....

He was just a schoolsick boy ....

But the true danger was the black rabbit ..... For he kidnapped him to the  
black wonderland ..

I shiver while I'm reading the book of the black Rabbit .... Hitler followed  
the wrong rabbit ... to the wrong wonderland ..... I'm staring at Hitler's  
picture, having a black rabbit on his shoulder .... he kisses it ....

I'm crying, ...falling in Charlie's arms ..... He knew this .... Santa knew this  
.... Who is this black rabbit ... I ask ....

I'm sitting next to Hitler in the classroom .... It's thundering outside .... All  
of a sudden lightning enters the classroom ... Hitler is fainting .... A black

Rabbit is entering the classroom taking him away .... The mistress smiles ... She's wearing a Jewish Star on her jacket .... We all have .... Shhh .... She sais .... We are all safe .... She opens the book of a red rabbit .... The book is called Maria in Wonderland ... She starts to read : page 223 :

"And the red rabbit took the Jewish children to a cave called "Babel" ... a little kid called Hitler lost his tongue there for he was screaming too loud ... He swore to return with a black rabbit to get his tongue back .... but he took the wrong book called "Hitler in Wonderland" .... So he never reached Babel again ... When he got home, he caught a red rabbit called "Jesus" and caged it in an old radio .... His mistress called Maria Magdalena told the children to take their rabbits with them on Animal's Day .... so Hitler brought his red rabbit caged in the old radio ..... It had dyslexia in his senses .... which means it could see the fairytale in everything ..... in equality ..... Maria wanted to keep the rabbit to tell stories in the class ..... Hitler thought that would be ok .... When he got home, a black rabbit was sitting in his room .... having another book for him, called Hitler's Ark .... This ship would lead him to Babel to get his tongue back ... When he got in ... he had to drink from a bottle called "Hitler's Flood" ... It was the black rabbit's juice ... made of comics .... Please don't bring me back to school, he begged the rabbit .... The rabbit gave him another drink called "Hitler's Sea-Split" ... the black rabbit's liquor .. made of slapsticks ... He fell into the rabbitshole, and at the bottom he was born in Betlehem next to a kid called Charlie Chaplin .... his twin-brother ....

Now who of us will be Jesus, Charlie asks with a grin .... you or me ....

They got a black rabbit called Judas for their birthday ...

Charlie asked the Rabbit if he wanted to be Jesus ...

No, said the rabbit ...

Well no means yes here, so you will have to paint the white roses in red .... in the garden of Eden ...

The Rabbit walks into the garden meeting adam and eve ....

What are you two doing here ? he asks ...

Well we were waiting for you to give us some other fruits .... We didn't  
like your first one ...

Why didn't you just tell it was your orange painted radio ....

We are getting sick of the music in our heads ...."

The mistress shuts the book and smiles ....

Well, that happens when you are a greengrocer trying to smuggle radios  
in black bibles, trying to escape a rabbit's jail, teaching spanish to jewish  
children in the night ....

A spanish teacher is tearing the pages out of an old dictionary, trying to  
swallow his past .... His artificial teeth dancing on his pedestal cupboard ...

I'm staring into Charlie's Eyes .... Tonight we will dance on Hitler's Tongue  
... The road to another story .... The moon of Oz is shining his face on us  
.... A blue rabbit is following us ....



## The Coin VI

Quatzalcoatl was sitting on the first Rainbow-Throne ... He was the  
paradise's greengrocer .... The God of movies .... His throne was a  
wheelchair .... There he's on his way to James Bond .... To sell him some  
apples ...

Santa Clause was sitting on the second Rainbow-Throne .... His ship ....  
Sending Charlie to the poor laughs ....

Saint Nicolas was sitting on the third Rainbow-Throne ... sending old Nick  
to bring comics to the kids ....

On the fourth Rainbow-Throne .... Sandman was sitting ... Counting his  
money .... Counting the tears on a man's jacket ....

These guys cost a lot of money ... They don't come to your bed for free ...

A cuckoo is singing a song in the night .... It's a mysterious song .... A man  
was killed here ... Now the cuckoo is counting the blooddrips .... Trying to  
trace the murderer ..... There his face reflects in the blooddrips ..... The  
cuckoo knows what it has to know ..... and is flying away in the darkness  
.... Back to it's clock ... Santa's ... Detectives ...

Quatzalcoatl is eating banana-coffee-ice-cream from the greengrocery's  
liquor ... together with Goldfinger and Kojak .... His wheelchair goes faster  
than the rain .... Goldfinger and Kojak are sitting in the side-cars ... one  
left and one right .... tomorrow's sandwich ....

I had a teacher who called his nonsense art ..... A strange way to escape a  
rabbit's cage ....

His coin is still floating through my mind ....

Here I throw a blue coin high in the air ... When I catch it .... it is red .....  
There are two sides of the coin .... I'm still looking for the third one ....

Well, this is how they breed politicians .... calling their nonsense art ....  
I saw people smuggling drugs in paintings and strange cubes .... calling it  
art ....

I saw people killing animals and trees ..... calling it the artist's touch ....

Still they are marching to wonderland .... Hitler's wonderland ....

This book still sells good ... especially among smugglers and swindlers ....

One day I will enter your house, said the black rabbit to the yellow rabbit  
.... stealing your paintings .... stealing your artificial teeth .... and your  
strange cubes .... robbing your banks ..... and your furniture by an iron  
pencil ..... calling it ... art ....

When a criminal has a pencil in his hand ... he is unguilty ....

They know where to find the pencils ..... in the art-teacher's room ....  
from here they can steal your pockets empty ... having the police on their  
side .....

Behind the painting of the old black rabbit .... A lot of money is hidden ...  
This is how paintings come alive .... The old cuckoos know all about it .....  
Painted Criminals are never guilty .... They have all lawyers on their side  
.....

I'm hearing that strange song of the cuckoo again .... It's counting the  
paint-drops in a pot .... It smells like blood ...

Quatzalcoatl is viewing his old pictures with his projector .... The white  
screen will show him which characters escaped from the pictures .... They  
will be tomorrow's criminals .... He sends out his eagles to take them back  
.....

The visitors of the cinema are bored .... the villain escaped from the movie's screen .... They rather read tomorrow's newspaper ... Another day in Hitler's Wonderland ....

There a cinema's worker becomes a journalist at night .... turning into a vulture ... to prepare tomorrows newsmagazines ..... to make some extra money ... for his movies don't sell enough to keep his kids quiet .... It will be a real artwork again .... showing wars and suicides in slow-motion .... He will be the show-master of tomorrow's disasters and dog-fights ..... calling it art ..... He wrote the book : "How to kill a yellow rabbit" ..... A best-seller among showmasters ..... While Alice is still looking for the yellow rabbit .... She knows that it still lives ... somewhere ... somehow ..... She still hears it's heartbeat ....

They say it's Quatzecoatl's rabbit ... There's a road behind the painting of a legendary sailor ....

Quatzecoatl is eating banana-tobacco-icecream, together with Kojak and Goldfinger .... His eagles brought some movie-villains back ... Tomorrow there will be no newspapers .... For good news doesn't sell ..... They say it's all nonsense ...

A cat called "Birthday" is sitting on the fifth Rainbow-Throne ... comics to the kids .... Quatzecoatl is eating banana-mocca-tartlets .... Everyday it's my birthday ... the cat sais .... And he decides when it's your birthday ..... Quatzecoatl sais .... Detectives from the Throne ....

They all escaped from the black rabbit's painting .... It was a real art to do that .... Now they have the pencil in their hands .... The art of the detective ....

I'm feeling Quatzecoatl's Coin burning in my hand .... The Circle of Agatha Christie .... The Detective's Eye .....

There was a day when men had no muscles .... but only Glands to cry and  
Glands to paint ....

The Tear was the mover and the creator .....

I'm reading the book of the yellow rabbit ..... Quatzecoatl in Wonderland  
.....

The strange song of the cuckoo is leading me inside ....

There I see the Tiger's Tear .... I'm touching all the buttons which makes  
me cry and quiver ....

It's the Tiger's Pallet ... Quatzecoatl's Wheel-Chair-Switch-Board ....

Cartoon-Tears are streaming like waterfalls .... I'm ... on .... Fire ....

In the lake called The Tiger's Tear my Cartoon-Me is reflecting like a  
mirror ....

I'm diving deep ... looking for my lost pearls .....

But the black rabbit is blocking me ..... He stands on a hill near the lake ....  
having a black pencil in his hands ....

Lightning and Thunder flashes and glitters from it ....

But there Quatzecoatl is riding in his wheel-chair ....

Having a cartoon-cube in his hands ....

Nooooo, screams the rabbit ..... Not the cartoon-cube !

His voice is getting higher and there he melts, flowing and spiralling into  
the cube ....

He escaped from the cartoon, Quatzecoatl sais ....

There I'm floating deeper into the Tiger's Tear ....

Feeling my whole body is crying .... crying paint ....

My lips are swelling ... reaching for the Tiger's Milk ....

When a man hides his tear in a muscle ... he's reaching for the milk of the  
black rabbit ....

For when a detective becomes a journalist, the biggest crime has been  
committed .....

Then the bird became a beast ..... and the woman who rode it .... was the  
assistant of Pontius Pilate ..... For neutrality was the cross of Jesus ... The  
juice for the hungry newspapers .... Mixing good with evil ..... Married off  
to tomorrow's World-War ....

A man called Pontius Pilate is the guest of the show today ... The  
showmaster smiles .... Looking at the muscle of his guest ..... There is a  
bird caged in it, singing beautiful songs .... The muscle becomes red .... and  
then black .... All colours of the rainbows ..... The showmaster is in awe,  
and the people are applauding .... He sees all the faces of his family  
appearing on the head of the bird ... One by one .... The songs are getting  
more beautiful ... There he sees the face of his wife ..... Tears are flowing  
over her cheeks ... but it's already time to go .... The guest has another  
appointment in another show .... The showmaster is begging him to stay  
.... No, says Pontius Pilate, you can go to my secretary to make another  
appointment for the next century ....

Next Century ???

The showmaster starts to cry ..... His wife has been missed for three years  
.... Will he ever see her again ?

*This will get out of hand ....*

*Tonight there will be a Journalists' War .... tomorrow-morning a  
journalists' disaster .... Who will be the Journalist then ....*

*I see an owl escaping from an old painting .... Writing tomorrow's bible  
with an iron artist's pencil ... Interviewing Tomorrow's Jesus ... a tiger  
escaped from an old comic .... This time he will not die by the microphone  
of a journalist .... He will be the journalist himself ... Interviewing Judas,  
Pontius Pilate and the pharisees ... making pretty pictures of them for his  
comic ....*

*The cartoon's Journalists .....*

*Service With Little Light*

*It is busy in the cow-hospital ... dr. cow is killing a handkerchief ...*

*dr. chicken is bringing it to life ...*

*A doctors' War ....*

*Service with little light ...*

*The disc-jockey-crow is a stalker ...*

*He plays music in the heads of people, day and night ...*

*This is the secret of his sleep ....*

*The journalist-vulture is also a stalker ...*

*He kicks people knock out with his microphone ...*

*A giant's microphone ....*

*Service with a little light ....*

*The announcer-tucan is announcing a new movie ....*

*Tomorrow's nightmare ...*

*The day before he escapes to his tropical island ....*

*The quizmaster-cock is safe when the war starts ...*

*Safe in the cow-hospital,*

*where the doctors are fighting about a handkerchief ....*

## *The Wizard*

The Arabian palace was hard to reach,  
The desert was long, and full of snakes ...  
I'm touching the portal of the palace,  
But then it disappears ...  
It was a mirage ...

Finally I feel hard ground below my feet,  
Am I in now ?  
No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ...

The sun breaths in my neck,  
My shoulders are burning ....  
Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling ....  
So it was you making all these fata morgana's ....

I'm looking around me, the desert is gone ....  
Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick ....



I'm in the palace,  
Cool winds are touching my neck and back ....  
My clothes are thin and transparent ....  
The sun tattood my body with dragons,  
to protect me against the Wizard's eye ...  
They say his eyes spit fire ....

His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers ....  
Two lions will wake over me the night ...  
They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall ....

In my room it's hot .... My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the  
walls ...

I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them ....

They say they are the wizard's hearts ....  
I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings  
into my stomache ...

I feel like getting drunk ..... It's the wizard's banana-liquor ....  
They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the  
dreamship,

while sailing over the seas of the night ....

I see black licorice surrounding my ships .... it glitters in the waters ....

The black sun is enchanting the oceans ....

But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ...

And I find myself sitting on your lap .....

It was all a mirage .....

You .... it was you again ....

Uncle wizard, he likes to play, he likes to tease ....

But I like it, it makes my touch lighter ...

Always when something happens I think .....

Hmmmm ... It can be another trick of uncle wizard ...

For he likes to play and he likes to tease ....

He wants me to learn not to be too serious about myself ...

He wants me to learn ... not to believe too strong in the things happening

...

He just wants me to stretch out to him, and to smile about his tricks ....

On his lap .... I am safe ....

*The Actress*

*the ventriloquist*

*When you first gave your heart to me,*

*it was like entering an Arabian Palace ....*

*When you gave your heart for the second time,*

*it was like entering a Lions Pit ....*

*They were chasing through the Arabian Palace,*

*giving some spicy flavor to the fruits ....*

*When you gave your heart to me for the third time,*

*it was like entering a Rabbit's kitchen ....*

*But the nuclear bombs were tamed, they walked hand in hand ....*

*Although I was scared to death to watch their faces ...*

When you gave it to me the fourth time,  
it was still a rabbit-kitchen,  
but the bombs were stuffed by a good taxidermist .... you .....

When you gave it to me the fifth time,  
it was an arabian palace again ....  
I was wandering through the mazes of it, like a soldier checking the  
canonballs of the walls ...

I'm still waiting for the sixth time .... But I think this time will never  
come ...

You stuffed me, I'm a tinned soldier now .... waiting for the night to  
enchant me to life again ...

The first time I gave you my heart,  
you entered a circus, waiting for the animals to dance ....  
But you stuffed them, only letting the clowns walk ...

By moving your strings ....

The second time I gave you my heart,

you entered a race-course,  
racing with the banana's of my world ...

But they didn't have wheels ....

They were your feet ....

.....You stuffed them ....

The third time I didn't have a heart anymore,

so I gave you my arms ...

But you stuffed them too ....

You're still working to stuff my mouth,

but I'm a good ventriloquist ...

Like you are .....

For it's only your stomach doing your things .....

The rest has been stuffed by a dragon ....

He needed a doll for his cinema ....

You're still a famous actress,

writing your books for over-populations ...

Having a dragon in your stomach ....

Even a better Taxidermist than you are .....

Or is he also someone else's doll, waiting for the next show ?

I see a little girl walking to her soft dragon-doll ...

Tears are running through his stomach ... they will never reach the  
surface ...

He wished he would never give his heart to her, for she stuffed it and  
now he is a fluffed doll.

He wished he could go back to the Arabian Palace where he lost his wings  
...

The first time I gave my heart to the dragon,  
He got wings again, and flew to the Arabian Palace ...

The second time I gave my heart to the dragon,  
He enchanted my heart so that I could move ...

The third time I gave him my heart,  
He gave me His heart ....

The fourth time I gave him my heart,  
He gave me His wings ....

Now he's flying in me day and night .... Enchanting my body ....

The fifth time I gave him my heart,

He's not a doll anymore ...

The little girl rages .... She calls for the Taxidermist ....

*the snake-dancer*

The first time he gave me his heart,

he entered my circus, to enchant my animals to life again ....

The second time he gave it to me,

he entered my rabbit-kitchen, to bring spice to the fruits .....

The third time he gave it,

he entered my arabian palace, to let my horses fly again ....

The fourth time, he entered my lions pit to bring them back to the  
palace ...

The fifth time, he gave wings to my canonballs ...

I'm still waiting for the sixth time .... I know this time will come soon,

for it is almost night in which the iron soldiers will come alive .....

The little girl rages again, calling for you ....

but you are running through the night,

looking for your dragon ....

But he is looking for another doll ...

I think there will never be a seventh time, ....

The iron soldiers will stand alone in the night ....

I see them running through the streets ..... also looking for dolls ....

Yes, they gave their hearts seven times to me, but they won't do it the  
eighth time ....

Then I will have to wait for an Arabian Snakedancer ...

They know how to move, they don't use dolls .... they don't use strings ...

They only wear strings .... without dolls on the ends ....

They only wear strings .... stuffed strings .....

Their copper skins shine in the sun .....

The arabian sun .....

They don't need puppets .... for they know : One day the puppets might  
need them ...

They are free ..... Their strings are blind roads ..... They come to dead  
ends ..... They are free .... Their strings will change into snakes at midnight  
..... Then they will come alive .... They got free by waterfalls of tears ...



They cried long and fast enough to reach the tops of their fingers and the top of their heads .... Now they can move ....

They gave birth to themselves .... Now they cry tears of joy ....

They dared to swallow the darkness, they dared to dive into seas too tall

...

I see the seven suns when I look into their eyes ....

When they gave their hearts to me the eighth time,

I could see again .... Seeing my own births inside .....

I can escape into myself ... There is always something to swallow .....

At the end of the swallow, the rabbit-mountain exists .....

Snakes are entering the rabbit-holes .... reaching for the kitchens in deep slow-motion ... bringing spice to the food, setting the walls in fire .....

All ready for a good swallow .... I swallow my way to the Eye of the rabbit ....

I see the seven lightnings twinkling in the Eye ... I didn't know lightning could be so soft .....

The snake-dancers enter the Rabbit's Eye ..... from here they can see the world .... The arabian palace twinkles in the sun .....

Twinkling the rabbit-dancers to life ..... Sinking deep into the Rabbit's Shoe with their parachutes .....

When the rabbit-dancers gave their heart to me the ninth time, I could hear their heart-beat pulsating through the universe, awakening the pink sun ....

The pink sun smiles .... She waited so long for this moment ....

She embraces the purple sun, and becomes brown ....

Deep in the Rabbit's Shoe, a bird-dancer lives ....

When he gave his heart to me the tenth time,

I could breath again .....

*the monkey*

The arabian palace is heading for africa ....

It's like two fruits melt together ....

The juice is tingling in my throat .... It's spicy ....

The waves of it are reaching the coasts of my heart ....

Tornado's are surrounding them .....

There is a place where the whirlpool changes into the tornado ....

At the edge of the ocean's waterfall.

They are looking for the african palace ..... deep in the desert ....

Here the heart of the monkey burns ....

When the monkey gave his heart to me the eleventh time,

My heart was melting in fire ....

Snakes, rabbits and birds are entering the monkey's palace ...

*It's his birthday, they bring him presents .....*

*Fireworks from their hearts to his .....*

*Three wise are visiting Bethlehem's Child ....*

*They carry the little baby to it's cradle .... deep in africa ....*

*A puppetmaster called Judas is painting his puppets ....*

*He wants the little monkey ....*

*Monkeys are surrounding his house .....*

*give us our children back .....*

*Let my monkey go, screams a man called Moses ....*

*Cut the strings of my monkey, he belongs to my ship, yells a man called  
Noah ...*

*He was a sailor of africa's seas .... he belongs to us ....*

*Samson was the fright of the african seas ... his monkey was his dog .....*  
*Now it's time for his monkey to come back ....*

A black snake called Surinam is disappearing in the night, looking for  
lawyers to keep his monkey tight .....

There's blood coming from the monkey's eyes ....

Maria Magdalena is kissing his tears ....

She swallows them and a ballerina starts to come alive ....

The toy-soldiers were the fright of aldebaran, they want their monkey's  
back ... they were their ships ....

Surinam, Surinam ..... the gathering of insects ....

An insect called Bagdad is entering the circle ....

He sings their songs, dances their dances, but there's something in his face  
....

and after the show he goes around with his hat, collecting money ...

They don't want to give him money, for he danced the same dances as  
they did ....

Well, you have to pay me, for it costs money to look at my face, he sais ...

Then they give him some money ....

But now I will give you some money, to buy some new shoes .... he sais ...

He gives them a coin, with the monkey's head on it ....

They all start to scream, hiding their monkeys .....

*Suddenly monkeys start to come out of their shoes ....*

*They run into the jacket of the insect called Bagdad ....*

*Now they will dance their own dances ....*

*Now they will sing their own songs ....*

*A man called Elia is smoking his cigar .... giving his shoes to the black snake .... Now he will have to dance for the queen of Bagdad .... after that he will become the dog of Sinbad the fright of the Arabian seas .... For the kids to know to never steal a monkey from an old woman's house .....*

*A man called Jeremiah is smoking his cigar .... giving his trumpets to the black snake .... Now he will have to play the trumpet in Sinbad's House, cooking meals for his rabbits .... For the kids to know to never take candy from a strange snake ....*

*A man called Jesus is smoking his cigar .... giving his hat to the black snake .... Now he will have to catch tomorrow's rain, telling jokes to the birds ..... For the kids to know to never eating an apple without asking it who's in ....*

*The twelfth time the black snake gave me my heart back,*

*I could catch the coin of the monkey again ....*

*Evidence for me .... to know who the king is .....*

## Way of the Snake

*Dream of the criminal,*

*dream of the cannibal,*

*dream of the white man,*

*dream of the black man .....*

*They all dream the same dreams,*

*they all follow the same paths .....*

*all smoking the same cigars .....*

*The cigars of fear .....*

*The fear to be eaten .....*

*That's why they eat so much .....*

*Some think they don't care about being eaten .....* But they are still afraid  
*someone eats their indifference ....* Everyone has his place in the wheel of  
*fear .....* When you lose the fear to lose indifference, you're in the deepest  
*indifference .....* This is the way out .....

*The way of the snake ....* Losing  
*your skins .....*

*When Mother comes back*

*mother is mad*

*I know she will return very soon ...*

*She said she had to do some shopping ...*

*What will she say when she comes home ...*

*Oh there she is ... Standing at the door ....*

*What have you done to my goldfishes ... she sais ...*

*Well .... little Timmy swallowed them all, mommy ...*

*What have you done to little Willy ...*

*He still sits in bath the whole day, mommy ....*

*What have you done to my chinese dishes ?*

*Oh, mommy, we were playing with it and then it fell to the ground ...*

What have you done to the tv .... Why is there butter all around ...

And why is there chocolate on the wall ....

You made a mess, that's clear to me ...

What do all these elephants do here ....

And what do all these monkey's do in the lamps ...

You had a great time, I see ...

But mommy's back you see ....

I did some shopping ... For you I have a toy ...

Let's see if you will enjoy ...

Mommy turned around ... and a tornado starts to move ....

From the tables to the beds ...

Bringin us all there ....

Time to sleep, and time for the trumpets ...

Mommy is back .... She seems very mad ....

She did some shopping, but now she throws everything through the house

....

What did you do to the mice ?



We burnt them, Margaret sais ... The candles were gone, and we got cold

...

And what do all these dogs doing here, running through the house ?

Well, the neighbours had to go for a holiday, and now they sleep here ...

Sleeping ? Is that what you call it ? You can't handle these machines ...

Mommy please, sit down and take a break ....

Well, my break was long enough, now I will push a brake ...

Mommy please, go for a sleep, you must be tired ...

Well, I have slept long enough, this must be the morning-magazine ...

Mommy please, go for a shop again ... maybe you weren't done there ...

No, I will bring you to the shop ... Then you know what it is to be for sale

....

For you sold your mom long ago .... but she's back now ... ready for some  
cleaning ...

The trumpets start to blow ....

Oh, mom, where did you buy these ?

I can't hear my radio anymore ... Can you please bring them back to the  
petshop where you bought them ...

*Oh, mom, where did you buy these cats ...*

*Well, they look lovely, honey, but they will eat you for dinner ....*

*Oh mom, please don't say these things ...*

*Well, last year you ate them, you threw the ball away ... now the ball is  
back ....*

*Oh mom, please, get a job ...*

*This is my job ....*

*Oh mommy, no, please go for a walk ....*

*No, my kids .... mommy is back and will sell your tricks ....*

*For you sold me long ago, like you did to dad ...*

*I returned today, but dad will return tomorrow ....*

*The whole family will return ....*

*You won't recognize them again .... For it was a long time ago, you sold  
them to an old rat ....*

*But now he is on a holiday .... asking me to take care of you for awhile ....*

*So you see, when you think you sold me and the family, you sold yourself  
...*

*For your family is a mirror, reflecting yourself ....*

*When you throw the mirror in the river, there you go yourself ...*

*Oh, mom, come on, where did you learn that tale .... Where did you buy  
that orange ?*

Well the coins the old rat gave you told me, they reflected your face ....  
you lost yourself ....

Well, mom, these coins were in my pocket all the time, I hid them very  
well, so what a tale again ....

Well, hon, I was also in your pocket all the time, so I could hear  
everything ...

Mom, you are the best ...

Why didn't you write fairytales ?

Well, I did already, my kid ... but you never wanted to listen to them ....

You never went to the fairy's world ... but now it has been coming to you  
....

Isn't it funny to watch the fairground-mirror again ?

No, mom, I rather watch tv ... I look a lot better there ...

Well tv is out now ... Your money has run out ....

Well, mom you never told us it was an automaton, but thanks for the  
updates ...

You are very welcome, my daughter .... All these machines here are  
automatons ....

When they don't get their coins anymore, they will eat other things ....

Mom, you start getting cynical .... Where did you learn these tricks ...

Well, the old rat taught me, he said he learned them from you ....

Mommy is back ..... Mommy is mad .... And she wants us to meet the family ....

Yes, my daughter, yes, they are all waiting for you .... one by one ....

Well, are they also trained by the old rat ?

Yes, my dear, yes .... trained by you .... Kids teach their parents .... kids teach their family .....

The old television is grinning ....

Hehe ... and I taught them everything they know ....

Mom, we have enough of you, the tv will be our mom now ...

The echo from the past, coming from the old tv ....

But mom is back .... She bought a new tv ....

*the Noah-Virus*

Cruel jokes, cruel jokes, says the old crow ....

He lived so long in that old television .... but now it will go back to the petshop, but this time not for sale ....

A little boy is entering the petshop .... asking what kind of animal that is

....

It is an alarm, says the owner, but it is not for sale ... It warns the kids when they want to have a dangerous tv-animal ... For when they would take it to home it can sell the whole family ....

After all these years I started to know why mom was so mad .... We bought that old crow in a time when the petshops didn't have that sort of alarms .... He sold the family to the old rat in the radio .... When we got that old radio, the rat was already in there ..... We got that thing from an old aunt ... We thought the radio was our new daddy, for that was what it said .... Well actually the rat inside ... We sold everything to him, so that he would give us money .... We needed it to buy a game-computer .... He would be our new housekeeper .... and even our new teacher so that we didn't have to go to school anymore ... So we sold our schools, our books and householders to the rat also .... on our way to eternal holiday .... But ..... A bear was living inside ... looking like our mother .... he wanted us to make a mess in the house ... so that he had something to do .....

After all these years .... yes .... mom .... you were so right ..... We took a whole zoo in house .... without knowing who they really were .... The doctor said we had the Noah-Virus .... My sister got it from someone in her class .... While she was doing a game with that little game-computer of her class-mate .... It was called "The Animal-Family" .... She didn't know there was a virus inside ... it jumped over on her like a little flea ..... She was so sick .... and after that we all got sick ... The doctor said there's nothing to do about it ..... but I'm still looking for that old video-game .....

Maybe my uncle can repair it .... He works in the petshop, knowing everything about animals .... and computers .... He also works in a bibleshop on saturdays .... He says once a month Noah visits them ....

Last night he told me that Noah had a fish who got mad because it wasn't allowed to enter the ark .... Noah told him it had to stay out of this ..... for it had to catch the raindrops ..... The Fish developed The Noah Virus .... and brought it into the Ark when Noah and his animals were sleeping ..... Every game without a fish would be doomed to get the virus ..... So when the Animal-Family was developed, without a fish, the virus got in .....

Everyday I go to the lake, since awhile ... looking for that old fish ..... I know he wants to help me .... I still have that virus ..... One day I saw a goldfish coming to the surface .... I gave him some bread ... He was wearing a bell on his neck .... he said it was an alarm .... He wanted me to bring it to the petshop .... it warns the kids when they want to buy an animal with the Noah-Virus ....

Today mom got a new game ... How to defeat the Noah-Virus .... She got it from my uncle .... and he got it from Noah ..... while Noah got it from the fish ..... They are friends again now .... They talked it out ..... It was a long conversation ..... She also got another game called The Real Animal-Family .... It's a new version, including fishes .....

Little Timmy is finally spitting the goldfishes out .... They swam in his stomach for a long time ....

Little Willy is finally coming out of the bath ....

And we are having a new game-computer now ....

Mom's goldfishes are living in it, telling us all her stories ....

Tomorrow daddy comes again ....

And we will meet the whole family ....

Mom will be proud of us .... We will move to a house at the Lake .....

## A house called "The Real Animal-Family"

### *the animal-mirror*

I have a boat there at the lake .... Since awhile I'm making trips with it ..... Deep into the forest ..... Following the most beautiful fishes ..... They say Noah lives deep in there ..... At the end of the forest-rivers .... I didn't reach his house yet .... But I know it will be full of animals there ..... They say the owner of the petshop looks like him .... And they say I look like his daughter .... Well, she is my friend for a long time .... She often goes with me .... She also likes to meet Noah ..... In the bibleshop it was forbidden to enter when he was there once a month .... Only the crew was allowed to meet him .... like my uncle ..... He told a lot about Noah .... but now I want to see him like he really is .... And talk to him, like I talk to my family ... I would love to spend my holidays there, caring for the animals and listening to his stories ..... They say he knows everything about tv-birds, radio-rats and computer-bears .... I would love to see his machines .... I wonder who is living in his washing-machine, and who is living in his refridgerator .... They must be beautiful animals ....

They say he has to care for a little boy called Mowgli .... He found him in a little basket on the river .... lying next to a child called Moses .... Moses grew up very fast, and now he's working in the plantshop ... at the corner of our street .... But Mowgli grows slow ... I think he likes to be with the animals too much .....

Well finally, yesterday, me and the daughter of the petshop-owner met Noah .... and how he looked like my uncle .... It was almost amazing .... while the daughter of the petshop-owner said he looked like her daddy ....

I think Noah always works in the heads of the people around us .... trying to reach us with his programs .... He told us he is also a disc-jockey, but that was a big secret .... And when I saw one of his birds .... it looked like my brother .... Well maybe it also lives in his head ... who knows ... It was like I saw my whole family here .... and the daughter of the petshop-owner saw hers .... We were both amazed ....

Now it was very funny ... Noah's bed was an old wardrobe in the wall .... Here his whole disc-office was settled ... His bath was an old boat ..... and his kitchen was an old bus .... We had a great time here .... and when we were taking our bags to go home again, he asked us to come to his cellar .... He wanted to show us another animal .... When we saw it, it was like we were looking in the mirror ..... It looked like us .... We were so shocked .... But ..... it was the most beautiful animal we ever saw .... And Noah said it was his best .....

A day never to forget ....

### *The Mirror*

Now I understand why it slipped through my fingers .... It wants to show me something ..... True Manuals always slip through your fingers ..... True Mirrors always run away .....

Oh how I want to reach the mirror of Aldebaran, and seeing who I am ....



*Oh how I want to see my face reflect through the coin of Venus ...*

*Telling me who I am ...*

*I am in a desert of mirrors ...*

*Oh I how I would like to look into the waters of Aquarius ....*

*To be able to kiss my own lips ....*

*Mirror of Narcissus ...*

*Wandering in a jungle of mirrors ...*

*I'm looking into the mouth of a snake ...*

*My face mirroring in a tooth ....*

*Golden Teeth from Who Knows ....*

*I'm lost here, in a labyrinth of fairytales ...*

*I'm lost here in a kingdom of cartoons ....*

*I don't know who to believe ...*

*I don't know who not to believe ...*

*Birds flying with my head ....*

*Having my face ....*

*Is it stolen, is it a mirage ... or is it really me ?*

*I'm married to my own misunderstanding ...*

*Your voice is too high ... It breaks my mirror ...*

*Your weapon was always a mirror ...*

*With this little thing you terrorized the mass ...*

*My face is mirroring in your leg-knife ...*

*Well, my applause ....*

*You are a real artist ....*

*Finally I do the slow-motion backwards ...*

*Falling in someone else's arms ...*

*Looking in his neighbour's watch ... seeing a different face ....*

*Mirrors on the covers of books are most dangerous ....*

*For the sentences tie you on the mirror forever ....*

*Lost in the palace of mirrors ...*

*It's deep in the desert ....*

I know this place .... I feel the heartbeats of the wizard softly in my heart  
... They come from many directions .... I don't know where he is ..... but he  
is close to me ..... I hear his footsteps .... echoing through my mind .... He  
knows me better than I know myself ....

These worlds are created by mirrors .... Does anybody care ? Can anyone  
throw a stone in these ?

Between these thousand mirrors, one orange mirror stands ... carrying  
the smile of the wizard .... I'm holding on to it ... but it slides through my  
fingers ....

I'm in another gallery ... Following the Orange Mirror .... Now I  
understand why it slipped through my fingers .... It wants to show me  
something ..... True Manuals always slip through your fingers ..... True  
Mirrors always run away .....

I'm in a room with a million mirrors ... I'm wrestling with them ... Please  
tell me who I am .... Some ask a lot of money for the truth .... But I  
wonder if it will be the truth ... I see creatures caged in them .... trying to  
escape ... Is this hell ?

A hell of mirrors .... A hell of voices ...

A doll is tapping on my shoulder .... saying it's my "me" ...

There I see a yellow mirror ... reflecting the smile of the wizard ...

I'm entering in .... It's an elevator .....

Well, maybe I will finally meet myself ....

The wizard opens the door ....

I see a million of faces reflecting in his teeth ... The sun is blinding my eyes

....

*My god, I'm blind .... Now I will never know who I am ....*

*I'm facing the Dark Mirror ....*

*I'm nobody ...*

*I'm entering in .... sailing with the Wizard on his seas .....*

*Watching the Eye of Jupiter ...*

*It spoke : You are more than your mirror can express ....*

*You are more than your mirror can guess ....*

*A mirror is only trying to put something into you or to get something  
out ....*

*A mirror is just a gambler ....*

*Also your mirror doesn't know who you really are ....*

*Blind mirrors ....*

*A tornado brings me over the edge of Who Knows ...*

*I'm hearing the echoes of Who Knows ....*

*I'm seeing that little golden statue with four golden arms ... with the  
pointy hat ...*

*India speaks ....*

Wizards of the coast ... In the middle of the oceans ... It is happening ....

The illusion grows ...

Millions of waves ... Millions of oceandrops .... Millions of raindrops ....

Wanting to get rid of their reflections .... They got it from Who Knows ...

Now they are creating you ..... Well, only your mirror-image ....

No one will care who you really are .... The mirror is all what counts ...

And it will do it's job ....

Marian is still running after Robin Hood ..... She wants to show him his  
coin ....

But he doesn't want to know about it .... It's for the poor .... He stole it  
from the rich ....

Now he looks into the watch of the king .... Reflecting the dragon ....

Sometimes he thinks it's himself .... But deep inside he knows it's the thing  
he has to beat ...

The mirror shows us our enemies .... The mirror is our war-book ....

It shows us the paths to go ....

The mirror speaks .... It's our daily news .....

Yes, the banana-mirror was deep .... It showed me the way to the  
wizard's carriage ....

Bringing me into another Oz ...

There where fruits are the mirrors ...

Raspberry Mornings are the best there .... Mirrors to look into the past ....

Now the Mirror is burning .... Burning photo's from the past ...

Now lightning is coming from the Mirror .... Scratching old camera's ....

The camera ... Conspiracy of Mirrors ...

Marian is killing a mirror .... Shadows Between Robin and Her ....

Fears from an old comic .....

### *Land Without Mirrors*

Ban all the mirrors out of the country, sais the old king ....

He doesn't want to see himself getting older .....

Land without mirrors ...

Mirrors were strictly forbidden ....

When someone would be caught in the act having a mirror in house, he would be thrown in the dungeons deep underground, far away from life

...

The old king was serious .... An old mirror mocked his life .... he broke it .... and commanded his soldiers to ban all mirrors out of the country ....

They were thrown into the sea .... far away from the coast ....

This old mocking-mirror was actually an old witch .... She didn't want to see herself growing old, so she turned into a flying mirror ... flying from king to king ..... to mock them ... But before the king broke her, she warned him, that if he would do, she would call the sea to swallow his land, so that he would have to see his face getting older and older by the mirroring of the sea forever and ever .... But he was so mad that he broke the old mocking-mirror .... After that he got in big fear of the witch's prediction ..... But after a few days a wizard came to him, telling he had to throw all mirrors in sea, that would quench the mirroring of the sea ....

For it would be mirrored back ..... It worked .....

But one day, after many years .... the king found a coin in the garden .... It had the face of the old witch and it was also reflecting his face .... He was so shocked and called for his soldiers ..... But it was already too late ..... The coin was already stuck to his hand .... and no one could get it off .... The old witch was laughing loud ... "Haha, now you will see yourself getting older everytime you look at your hand ... And if you won't ... I'll scream it to you ... haha ..." The king was very sick about this, and called for the wizard again .... and desperately asked him how to get rid of the screaming coin .... Well, that's very simple, said the wizard ..... Just stick a coin with your face on it .... So that it will be mirrored back .... It worked

....

But every year, the witch appeared in another mirror-form to him, to mock his life .... and the king got sicker and sicker ..... older and older .....

The people, the soldiers and the king himself were so desperate .... The king would give a lot of riches to the one who could really help him .... All of the wise and wizards of the land made a try to help him, but they all failed .... The king was not to be comforted .... and at the end he got deadly sick waiting for his last day ....

Then, at a morning .... an old bird appeared through his window .... It said : "King, why are you crying ..... Trying to get rid of all mirrors won't save your life ..... For there are also mirrors who show you who you really are ..... healing mirrors ... They learn you to accept that you are getting older, they will show you the beauty of that ..... And that will make you younger .... The more you accept your age ... and accepting the use and beauty of it, the younger you will become .... This will be your life-elixer .... This will bring you back to your youth and let it live forever .... This is The Enchanted Raspberry-Mirror .... and I will be that for you ...."

The king was crying tears of joy .... and told his soldiers to stop all bird-hunting .... which was taking place since the flying mirror mocked him ....

The bird then turned into the Enchanted Mirror, and the king lived long and happy ....

### *Snow White's Mirror*

Little Margaret fainted ... she saw a dragon in the mirror ...

The Mistress soothes her ... "It was just your fear"

A little killer-mirror sits on Timmy's shoulder ...

He takes a hammer and dashes it into a thousand pieces ....

Now he walks with fifty splinters in his body .....

All telling him who he is not .....



*Don't split the face of the dragon, for then you have two enemies ....*

*Just wait a little while .... doing some business with him ....*

*I found Snow White's Mirror in the wardrobe of my grandmother ....*

*It always says Beauty always comes from somewhere else ....*

*For you are also just a mirror .....*

*Reflecting someone else's face .....*

*The wizard smiles .... I'm sliding into a hole of a thousand mandarine-  
mirrors ....*

*I'm following them from one to another .... Seeing so many friends ....  
Looking for my source ....*

*Finally I'm bathing in Mandarin-Juice where I meet my biggest friends  
.....*

*We are never alone in the mirror .....*

*To look into a mirror is to see a friend ....*

*The book of the army ...*

*A friend's diary ...*

*I'm stringing all these mirror-pearls together ..... A chainlet of friends  
surrounding my neck .....*

But I'm here in a sea of pearls ....

A chainlet of paths to go, surrounding my ankle .....

The mirrors show me ... the dragons to defeat, the friends to embrace ...  
the kings to crown ....

It's all in the mirror .....

My bracelet of little diamonds ....

Armor of rubies ....

And this stairway of mirrors leads me to the morning-mirror ... where  
everything becomes clear ...

From mirror to mirror we sail .... from mirror to mirror we dance .... A  
good sword in the hand .... A good violin in the arms ..... Soothing like a  
baby ..... Being born again in the flower of mirrors ....

The nectars of this river was a good thing to drink .... It soothed the  
stomache .... It eased the pain ... Floating to the sea of mirrors ..... Mirrors  
to the sun .... Mirrors from planet to planet, picking up all we need ....  
From purpose to purpose ....

Mirrors built the land ..... Mirrors built the flowerfields ... from tree to  
tree there is freedom .... heading for the Future's Mirror, where all the  
tears cross ....

Be glad of the tears, for they bring you mirrors ....

They are the jewels of a broken heart ....

spreading the pollen of a new world ...

*hypersensitive soldiers .....*

*Opening Neptune's Mirror ...*

*Closing Reticulum's Mirror ....*

*Intense Eclipses ....*

*Goodevening Mrs. Neptune ...*

*Mirrors are leading me to the end of times ... by waves of tears ...*

*Mirrors are leading me to the beginning of times ... by waves of tears ....*

*Mirrors are spinning the strings between you and me ....*

*Mirrors are bringing the children home ...*

*The Jungle-Mirror shows me the animal inside ....*

*The Coin of Neptune is leading me to a lost nature again ....*

*I'm breathing in the reflections .... breathing in and breathing out ....*

*My lungs are my reflectors ...*

*The beat of the Mirror is aligning with my heart and bringing it into  
another rythm ....*

*The Mirror .... The Transformation .....*

*The Mirror ... showing us the next step ... bringing us the next breath .....*  
*and the next book ....*

*Step by step it will bring us where we belong ...*

*Don't be afraid of the Mirror ... for it tells you the tales ....*

*You can dive into a new fairytale ...*

*Don't be afraid of the mirror, for it isn't afraid of you ....*

*You belong to each other ....*

*The mirror reflects you .... and you reflect the mirror ....*

*Marry the Mirror ....*

*Marry the breath ....*

*It's all there to marry you ....*

*Marry the sun, marry the light ..... Marry the path and the purpose ....*

*Marry the years, marry the times ... Marry the tears .... marry the  
mirrors ....*

*For it all marries you ....*

*I'm diving through the Lion's Mirror ...*

*I'm diving through the Tiger's Mirror ...*

*Trying to escape someone's face ....*

## Poetry from the Golden Chocolate

In her boat she sails over the river, with golden chocolate in her mind. On her bicycle she is riding in the rain, having her mother's silver books in her heart. When she looks at you, the delirium comes over you. The Lion's tea.

No pencil can describe her, her life was such a tragedy. But she hid the knights and now she shared their riches. The treasures of the Lion's chocolate.

All I know is I get black-outs when I look into your eyes. All I know is I can touch deeper inside myself, falling out of time. All I know is I drink from the Golden Tea, whenever I think of you. There isn't more I need to know.

Your sister Emily holds me tight when the pain gets too much. I'm seeing myself lying in bed, but I'm floating outside the window.

The Lion's Licorice is close to my heart, warming my head against the raging cold. Decorated Diary's, embroidered by Grandmother's Touch.

Your language is written by gold, pure gold from the Lion's Tea, dripping from the golden pencil. Your handkerchieves are drying my tears, I remember them, their golden patterns. I remember the embroidered bear, the embroidered lions and the embroidered sheep. Also the birds and the flowers.

Today someone killed my toy, but this was the only way to remember the toymaker's house. Today someone stole my candy, but this was the impulse for me to visit the candymaker again. Decorated Candy was always the best thing to get me out of a lion's pitfall. Embroidered Candy

lay next to my pillow in the nightmare's season. I'm in the hell of Atlas, I carry too many worlds on my shoulders, but the licorice is dripping into my heart. Golden Licorice from Grandma's. The Lion's Tea is streaming through the mazes of my head. I'm in the hell of Sisifos, when I'm almost at the top of the mountain, I fall down to zero, but the licorice is sliding into my shoes, and I grow there as a licorice-tree. These hells keep me all underground, so that my roots will be assured, and the bloom will be forever. I'm in the hell of Tantalos, it all slides away ..but now it's growing all inside, the secret of the Licorice.

My mouth is getting sweet, it couldn't get one word out. Now it's riping all inside. I can never talk when I see you, but now it's all growing inside. I can never breath when I see you, but now it's all blooming inside. I will stand forever when the storms come. I will not even see them. I'm inside. I'm in the hell of Danaos, bearing water to a vessel without a bottom, but it touches the Licorice, and juice is coming forth from it. I drank from the Licorice, reaching the bottoms of my own heart again.

### *Arena of Fruits*

I saw people in hells of sleep, dying in the corners of their liberties.

It's all about fear,

It's all about broken hearts.

Keeping themselves alive in the land of death.

*I saw a fear-based society killing a kid with a mockery's hand, ignoring  
tomorrow's newspapers.*

*It's all about fear,*

*It's all about broken hearts.*

*It's all about fear,*

*In the name of the lie.*

*I saw a Judas kissing a mother on 7th avenue, now she has chocolate to  
poison her children.*

*It's all about fear,*

*It's all about broken hearts,*

*It's all about fear in the name of the lie.*

*When an apple fights a pear, the juice will flow. They want to keep the  
dream alive, keeping the dragon alive in the arena.*

*It's all about fear,*

*It's all about broken hearts,*

*It's all about fears in the land of the dreams.*

*It's all about fears,*

It's all about death in the iron hand,  
And when the true slaughter comes, no one will truly care.

They fear the eye,  
They fear the newspaper-boy,  
They fear the society,  
They even fear themselves.

They fear the canaries, that's why they walk around with blind eyes,  
Judging fruits.

I will not forget your racism, I will not forget your jealousy, I will not  
forget your mockery, you kept the arena alive.

Arena of Fruits ....

*Hell called Hamelin*

I'm in hell, I can't move. I see babies wounded, hearing babies screaming.  
I'm in hell, your hell.

I'm in space, I can dance. But that is only what you want. I don't like  
your dances.



*I'm in hell again. I'm under your rage.*

*I eat cake, I am laughing. But that is only what you want for me. I don't  
like your parties.*

*I'm in hell again, under your rage again. Oh yes, you give me many  
invitations, to come out of the hell you created for me. You really do love  
me so. But I rather be in this hell, together with the children and the  
animals, than to be in your lying heaven.*

*I hear the soft voice of my mother : She wasn't a good part for you.*

*I'm in hell, your hell.*

*You tell me : Let us forget, let us do it all over again.*

*A child is asking me : Are you my mother ?*

*The invitation is burning in my soul.*

*Invitations from Hamelin.*

*Tomorrow I will cycle to another place, to another hell, created by your  
creative mind. Meeting new children, meeting new animals, all under  
your curse.*

*I will escape from terror, I will escape from holy hearts, I will escape from  
your deserts, lying in the cold. I will escape from your fires, I will escape  
from your bleeding sun, I will escape from your orchestra's, from your  
blue monkey's in the night.*

*I will enter a new dream, an old dream of righteousness and soul-  
creating energies, a feeling of my mother's heart, my mother's shoe,  
which is blending with my cold nights as a sacrifice, a protective action.  
She never forgot my name. She never did.*

Babies still screaming in my head, all flames from Hamelin.

Meeting Piper, a beautiful son, meeting the dreamer, a place to be.

Meeting Piper, he will lead me out, meeting dreamer, he will never let me return to this place of horror. He was always in my pocket, to sing me a song, he was always under my hat, to do my speeches.

Piper is walking, dreamer is walking beyond. I always dreamt beyond your dreams.

Hamelin, Hamelin, you spoilt your pipers, you lost your children. Now they are screaming in my head.

You are a good soother, a mother's dream, running to father's wardrobe and back.

Dreams of Hamelin, dreams of the soul. When the children awake, the terror will be gone. Now they are screaming, searching for the morning. The night takes its time, like it has eternity. It takes too long, all sons are died out, It takes too long, It's Herod standing in the doorgate. Tall shadows, liquid smile. I have some good presents for your children he sais. But there is no child left, sorry, they all ran out. I will give you 55 dollars to bring them back.

Now he's dreaming on the sea, looking for the kids, looking for his crown.  
Now he plays the piper .... Wars of the pipers.

Another ones heart, another ones dream, it must be the magnet, this land has no chains.

When a mother spoils her child, the magnet is laid .... Invisible chains.

The piper, a mother, running through the streets, creating hells for the fathers. She wants the child.

A child is asking me : Are you my mother ?

I couldn't help the animals when they came to my windows asking for a little help and a bit of food. I was in your hell. I couldn't help the children when they were begging me in the night. I was in your sleep.

A mother laid the magnet in a child's cradle ... My cradle.

Invisible prisoners, no one can hear them, I am just invisible ...

Your dreams are surrounding me, quenching my screams, your dreams are surrounding me, covering my tears. Where are my fears ? Where is my anger ? You swallowed them, they are in your sleep.

Where are my eyes, where are my own dreams, where are my cars ? You swallowed them all in your dreams.

No one can hear me, no one can see me, I'm in Hamelin again.

But the children's ears are rising, the bunnies come when it's spring. And the April's Sun is touching my heart-strings, and my song will reach their shores. I was screaming behind a wall. You couldn't hear. In the shadows you saw a face. In the mist you saw me. You and me on that ship dying in the storm. You saw me screaming, you saw me waving. You thought I was smiling, but I was crying.

There Hamelin turns another world upside down. There, the piper, there the dreamer, there, me, and you.

You thought I was laughing, but I was crying. Now we live both in a hell ... Hamelin's hell.

You thought I was dreaming, but I was awake. You thought I was playing, but it was my job. I had a family to take care of.

You thought I was swimming, but I was drowning. You thought I had a boat, but it was a shark eating me.

Hamelin's sea-stories, all upside down, Hamelin's rages, a sweet mother's diary.

Hamelin's hells, a decorated heaven, Hamelin's dreams, all painted up by popcorn. It's just a movie, but the volunteers really died. Screaming babies, screaming pipers, .. Hamelin's hell.

Still your songs are with a jagged edge, I'm glad you wear the master's hat. It's dreaming beyond your dreams. It's singing beyond your songs. I don't know why I can't talk.

My throat is locked up by the piper's key. I can only sing.

My hands are locked up by the piper's touch. I can only play my piano.

Suddenly I cannot do anything anymore, and I fall like in a thousand pits without bottoms.

I even cannot breath. All I hear are screaming babies, echoing in the nights ... It's like I am being embraced by a thousand nights without end.

A girl called "Endless" gives me a flower, saying : In the Endless all reflections are caught, in the Endless all intentions are seen. Your opposite side is created by others, and you feel it in yourself. But when this side looks into the mirror, it sees you, and will go back to it's creator. There it will complain, and it will be sent back a thousand times, seeing your beautiful face a thousand times. For the Endless mirror shows everything, doesn't hide at all.

People like to create the opposite of others, to have power and control. They don't confirm, they only deny. They can't confirm, for then they would also have to confirm their own mis-creations. They only create the

opposite, so the bad ones are the good ones. This is what they call confirmation but it's called denial, turning things upside down.

*Jezebel*

*The boat,*

*The toy,*

*The room,*

*The house,*

*All hers.*

*The tea,*

*The pink,*

*The roses,*

*The letters,*

*All hers.*

*We were only allowed to watch, But at night she closes her doors behind her.*

*Her cyborgs walk in line, Marching under another one's flag. Entering the shop, carrying the shop's flag. Entering the stage, carrying the stage's*

flag. Entering the circus, carrying the circus' flag. This is how they can go  
everywhere.

Jezebel has the key, she flatters, she blinks, everyone believes her. For she  
carries everyone's flags.

Only the prophet knows. Only the prophet can escape. He asked her why.  
She didn't answer.

For the toy,

The Candy,

Everything is hers.

The tongue,

The teeth,

Every thing is on her lips.

And she takes it back,

Whenever she wants.

She gives and she takes,

To show us it is hers.

We can only watch,

And when the night falls, she takes everything out of sight,

To push it deep into the darkness.

There she kisses her prince, there she gets her flags.

She is the second head on your body, the third eye on your face,  
everything is hers.

Only the prophet will escape from her. He asked her why. She didn't  
answer, for everything is hers.

Only the prophet can blow a trumpet when she comes. She never liked  
his flag. She eats the food out of your mouth.

Her cyborgs run through the streets. Her cyborgs, mourning, bowing their  
heads. For someone didn't listen to her, ....the prophet. It's enough she  
said. Now it will begin. Everything is mine, also the beard of the prophet,  
also his staff. Her cyborgs nod, the great "She" has spoken. She wants his  
flag, to burn in the streets. The old prophet asks her a question. Where  
did you buy that perfume, where did you get that mirror ?

It's too late, she sais, I can't answer you.

Where did you buy that golden clock, the old prophet asks.

I got it all from you, she sais. You told me at the end of the day, you  
would take everything away. To show you it's yours, to show you it's  
yours.

The old prophet smiles, it's his little ballerina. When the music is over, she  
will creep into the little box again. It is just his trick, to keep you awake,  
it is just his trick to teach you how to fight. To show you at the end of  
the day : Everything is yours, everything is yours. Everything you get is  
for you, everything you see is for you. It is your world, ready to tell you a  
story, ready to bring you the adventure, ready to show you the game.

Only the illusion tells you it's for someone else, only the illusion tells you  
it's not your world.

### *Rivers of Blood*

I'm stumbling through the fields after the red war. Is there any soul left ?  
All I see is darkness and red smoke.

I'm lying on my guitar, trying to breath it to life again. It's a red tender  
one with purple accents. Rivers of blood are streaming through the land,  
heading for the forests. I see my hat flowing over a river. I lost it in the  
battle. My guitar doesn't speak. It's face is blue. But as I keep breathing in  
it's mouth, it seems like it's whispering.

The wind is starting to play it's chords. The rivers of blood are boiling,  
heading for the sea. I'm watching the fields, looking for any soul left, but  
....I'm alone, with my guitar. I lost everything but my guitar. He's smiling  
tenderly at me, hearing his soft voice in the distance. I feel the blood  
boiling under my skin, heading for my hands and brains. It's ok, he sais. I  
feel waterfalls of tears streaming deep inside, but they can't reach the  
surface. My face is hard like stone. I will keep them all inside, to let them  
stream through my whole body.

My guitar doesn't cry, it cries inside, streams of tears touching all chords,  
and disappearing inside again. This night it will waste no tear anymore,  
for nobody ever wanted to listen. It will swallow all it's tears, and let it



stream inside. This night it will waste no blood anymore, it will all flow under it's skin, for no one ever wanted to see it.

It will be hard on the outside, soft on the inside. No one ever wanted to listen to his friends, now they will be on the inside. I hear the choirs in the distance, not on the outside, but on the inside. There it can't be fragile enough, it can't be tender enough, but on the outside, it can't be hard enough, for no one wanted to hear.

This night the guitar will close his ears for good, to listen only to the inside. I'm creeping into my old guitar, forgetting about the rivers of blood, forgetting about the red wars, for they all forgot about me, except my old guitar. This night I will forget about the woman on the cross, the woman with the skeleton-smile, the woman with the death's smile. This night I will forget about her womb, forget about her children, and I will kiss the lips of Jesus sailing on a hat in my guitar's blood-rivers inside.

## Rivers of Blood II

There he kisses me too, blood is streaming out of his mouth. It is ok now, we are inside the guitar. Here we can cry, here we can talk. You talked to my mother. Mary picked me out of the rivers of blood when I was a baby. Kiss her, so that you won't die. Kiss her hand and see her ring. With the pencil of blood she wrote her apocalypses, to seal it on my head. Sea of tears, sea of Virgo's Apocalypse. Here you can cry, here you can bleed, it's in the head of the guitar.

Three angels are entering Sodom and Gomorrah, they will reverse the city. A man with liquid lips jumps out of a helicopter while it explodes. It

crashed against the rocks. A Titanic sinks in the midst of an ice-storm.  
Mary picks me out of a poisoned river. They say Pharaoh was a factory. A  
dream from a mother's womb, riding a man's heart .....Jezebel's ring.

The children are her future. There she rides on Herod's heart, looking for  
a child called Jesus, but he is safe in his mother's ring, safe in his mother's  
choir, safe in his mother's guitar.

There she rides, looking for children .... but she can't find them ...They are  
...all.....with me. ....Under Mary's Hat ...

### Rivers of Blood III

Apocalypse of the Shark. I can't hear what he is saying. He talks under his  
hat.

I had to do it, I had to write with the Shark's Pencil. I never understood  
why, but I had to do it. The Toy's Soldier would be proud of me ... but I  
never saw him after I posted it. They say he's still floating on that letter,  
sailing the oceans with it ... Until it finds its destiny.

### Letter to Jezebel.....

When the ravens will tick on my window, I know she received it. Then  
Pinocchio can finally sleep.

She burst out of her pyjama's, running to Ahab. But she looks right in  
the eyes of a shark. Give it up .... You will never understand the prophets.  
They speak in riddles. And finally you are lying next to a shark in your  
bed.

You were the queen of riddles, but someone took your crown. She runs to  
the greengrocer, but all she sees is a shark standing there behind the  
fruits ..... Her world is a sea, the neighbour is a shark.

Rivers of Blood IV

Rivers of Blood,

Rivers of Mourning,

Rivers of the Sun,

Flowing from the morning into the evening,

Disappearing in the night.

Looking for you,

Looking for the master,

To tell him the last news of the day,

To bring him the latest fairytale,

To tell him the latest joke.

Rivers of Blood,

Rivers of dances,

Rivers of the moon,

*Flowing from me to you, and back,*

*To keep the memory alive.*

*It will flow till it finds it's place back.*

### *Rivers of Blood V*

*No need to run away, no need to find it somewhere else ... It's all here, where the rivers of blood stream. Here you will find your old dolls, here you will find your old friends, through the waterfalls of blood you will enter your future. For here is where it all began, here is where we lost our mates ....*

*In the land of blood. .... Now you will have to sail these rivers, now you will have to dive in these lusts ... For here the king caught his slaves, here the chain was laid. In the land of blood, the emperor sits, the frog speaks.*

*In the land of the blood, we all miss something. At the bottom of the river we will find it all back ... At the end of the river we will touch the sand of a new world. Behind the fairytale the frog speaks, behind the fairytale, the chocolate rules. Here is where you find your golden ball, here is where you can touch your mother's dress. Here is where you will find the child you never had ..... Your little Moses, splitting the seas of blood.*

Aiming their bows at Reticuli, aiming their bows at the rising sun. No one could hear their laughs, for they weren't there. No one could hear their cries, for they were all gone. There was no anger, just justice. When the flame of anger faded, the story began to flow through the room like the elves' perfume. When the story has ended, the anger will rise again.

When the old man speaks, the anger will go to sleep. When he's done, he will wake the anger up. I'm pushing the keys of my tinklebells piano. The old wrath hurts me, he doesn't know where to hit. ....Herod, you even killed your own children. Listen to the story first, to the chimer's works, then your anger will be the Elf's Arrow, flowing through the eye of Reticuli.

Old man of wrath, my piano will bind you, my bells will blind you, for it's not the time to strike yet. You need to go to sleep, daddy. You are too tired for a war now. The beast eats your fruits of anger now, they are ripe now .... You didn't wait till they would be rotten. You didn't wait till they would be an elf's arrow. Let the wrath and the revenge go to bed now, let them have a good time there, soothing them into their dreams.

It stings like a wasp ..... Old anger.... Without schoolbooks ... Daddy was always Pinocchio's best friend. Listen to the chimer's work, listen to the teacher's orchestra's, all locked up in that little music-box, waiting to be opened. Grandmother has the key of that little box ... She is waiting for you and your cookies you would bring to her.

You even ate your own children, Cronos. The beast of Reticuli is waiting for more of your fruits.

I'm sitting on a horse called Rage. Yesterday it rode me, now I'm riding him, and tomorrow he will ride me again. ...But it's hurting me, I'm eating fruits of wrath, but they are unripe. ...Tomorrow night a new cook will come. The anger of yesterday is still burning, burning my schoolbooks,

burning my piano's. The old man sais I'm not raging enough, but I am a slave of anger, Reticuli's slave. Tomorrow night you will be the king of anger, he sais.

Kings of rage, kings of vengeance, riding the horses of justice, entering the old schools bowing their heads. There is nothing to laugh about, nothing to cry ... Only to rage, but first the night will make the arrows ripe.

Aiming their arrows at Reticuli ... The beast. The greengrocer is satisfied ... No fruits to sell anymore ... Now he can become a soldier ....

The soldier is satisfied ... No arrows to shoot anymore ... Now he can become a gardener ...

Roses are growing over the walls of Reticuli ... The beast is sleeping now ... But why is there still anger stinging in my head ?

The gardener is satisfied .... All roses are gone to Reticuli .... Now he can go to sleep ...

### *Apocalypse of Wasps*

I didn't want to be born in this place. I didn't want to be born at all ... but the wasps were merciless ...

He didn't want to die in this place. He didn't want to die at all ... but the wasps were merciless ....

Erasing the memories of thousands and thousands .... Another craddle was waiting.

*Can I escape my mother's womb, can I see the road to this place ?*

*Can he escape his grave, can he burn his coffin ? He is of great use here.*

*The glue is merciless, the Wasp has spoken. The threats of a red velvet  
apocalypse, a white horse runs through the streets. How do I get rid of  
these marks ? I was stung by a horse-rider, a purple wasp, long long ago.  
His speech reversed, high and low voice at the same time, fast and slow.*

*He had the beak of a bird.*

*The pages fly away ..... Back to the waspnest .... Back to the Bird's House*

*....*

### *The Girl With The Red Boots*

*I saw you once in my life, but I will never forget you,*

*It was actually all in a flash, but I will never forget.*

*Well, it all went so fast, like lightning, and you were so far away,*

*It was already night, in darkness and fog,*

*Well, actually I didn't see you at all,*

*....only your red boots ...*

I only saw your red boots,  
Enough for me to put the magic on,  
Enough for me to never forget you.  
I saw these boots once in my life ....  
And they were so far away,  
In darkness and fog ....  
But enough to make my heart in trouble,  
Enough to bring my heart in pain,  
Yesterday I went to the place where I saw these boots,  
There on that little island in the lake.  
I swam to it by daylight ....  
But ....  
They weren't actually red boots ....  
It was just an old red car ....  
  
Well, I wonder how you got there with your red car,  
Well.....  
Maybe your magical red boots brought you there .....



Today I swam to the island again, to look into your red car,

but an old man was sitting in .....

Pardon me, sir, I thought you were a girl with red magical boots.

Well, well, he said ....

So I am not crazy .....

I also saw a girl with red boots here .... When I was young, I went to this place with my red car when the lake didn't exist yet.

But when I came here, it appeared to be a red apple, so I ate it.

And I decided to stay here till I would really see her .....

Since then the lake came to existence ....

The birds told me it was because of the girl's tears .....

But I don't know if they said it to tease me or not .....

Now I'm old and I still didn't see her, he said.....

If I could only see her red boots again .....

Did you see more than her red boots ? I asked ....

No, no, the man said .... only her red boots .... but as I told, it was only an apple, and I ate it ....

Well, if you ate it, we will never see her again, I said ....

But, but, ....said the old man ..... I planted the pips at the other side of the island .....

Well, then she must be there, I shouted .... Running to the other side .....

But another red car was standing there ..... with another old man inside .....

With the same story .....

We will never see her again, if it goes like this ..... I said .....

But if we become friends ..... We can hold the red boots in our hearts .....

But ..... I asked ..... What is the reason you wanted to see her again ?

Well, because we lost our red boots long ago, when we went for a swim in the swimmingpool .... the old men spoke together .... I now noticed they had the same face .....

Then they continued :

The girl with the red boots was the one the police was looking for since then ....

For we wanted our red boots back .....

So how do you know it was a girl who stole the red boots ?

For a policeman saw a girl with red boots here ..... they said ....

Well, I know that story, I said .....

And I bet he's also somewhere on this island, sitting in a red car, with a red apple in his stomach .....  
.....

No, the old men said together .... He died short after he saw her .....

They say he saw something else besides the red boots .....

Well, pffff..... after all, then I'm glad I only saw her red boots ..... and nothing more ....

And I'm also glad I had to find out, I actually saw you instead of her .... you are good friends for me, you really helped me a lot ..... Maybe she doesn't exist at all ..... And maybe it's better this way .....

No ! The old men shouted together .... We want our red boots back !

And tell us, what was your reason to see the girl with the red shoes again ? They asked me .....

Well, ehm ..... Now I'm afraid to tell ..... I found some red boots at the swimming-pool, and I thought ..... maybe she lost hers there .....

But, .....the old men started to get real mad, why did you say you saw her with red boots, while you had found them yourself ....

Well, because actually the boots I found weren't boots, I found them in darkness and fog, when it was midnight, but in daylight they appeared to be red apples, and I bet these were from your apple-trees .... So I was glad to see the girl already had her shoes back .... I said .....

But she appeared to be us .... the old men said .....

Well, yes, I shouted, so why are you getting mad if you already have your shoes back !

The men started to get redder and redder ..... and an enormous explosion was finally taking place ....

It was the girl with the red boots standing before me, smiling .....

So it was really you, I asked .....

No, only red boots, but I liked your idea so I came ..... she said .....

Now who the heck are you then ..... I asked .....

I'm the girl who cried this lake of tears ..... For I lost my red boots long ago, and now you brought them back ..... She said softly ....

Oh no, I shouted, another one who lost red boots .....

I will never wear red shoes in my whole life again,

I will never drive red cars,

and never again will I eat a red apple ....

I'm getting sick of this .....

Finally I wake up, and the old men are standing before me, trying to sooth me ....

What happened, I ask .....

You fell out of the apple-tree, you also wanted to eat a red apple .....

It seems you did ..... Strange things happen when people eat these apples

.....

Did you see the girl with the red boots ?

Oh my, I'm still not awake .... I feel .... I'm starting to shout and scream

.....

Finally I woke up ..... Two old men are trying to calm me, and to make  
me breath .....

They said I almost drowned in the lake, while I was talking about red  
boots I saw glittering in the lake .... They saved me .....

I lose consciousness again ..... and the next morning I wake up in the  
hospital ..... A girl with a red hat is entering my room ..... She says she is  
my sister, she says she was very worried ..... but the doctor says it's better  
with me ..... I ask her if I may see her boots ..... Green shoes ..... pfffff  
..... Fortunately ..... I smile ..... and she starts to smile .....

Then a bell rings ..... Someone else is coming to my room ..... A girl .....  
She says she is my girlfriend ..... I don't remember her ..... Then I almost  
faint ..... It gets black before my eyes .....

She .... has ..... Red ..... Boots .....

And then she says she has a present for me ..... I open the present-box  
and I see beautiful red velvet boots .....

Well, that's sweet, I say ..... But I can't remember you .....

Every day it gets better with me .....

I wear my red velvet boots very often .....

I still can't remember my girlfriend .....

But I feel she loves me very much .....

Every day I get to know her better and better ....

She seems to be very nice ....

But today, it sounds very strange .....

I got a flash, it went fast like lightning .....

A sense that I know her and her red boots ....

Well, especially her red boots .....

There the two old men enter the hospital .... They saved my life .....

I ask if they have red cars incidentally ..... but no, one has a blue car, and  
the other has a white car .....

They appear to be the grandfathers of my girlfriend .....

*I ask them if they already found their red boots .....*

*But they say they don't have red boots .....*

*They brought some apples for me .....*

*Red ones .....*

*Hey !*

*Hey, it's green ! Someone shouts .....*

*There I wake up, standing before green traffic-light ..... Now I really woke  
up ..... I hope ....*

*It all appeared to be a dream within a dream ..... while I was staring into  
the red traffic-light.*

*It's still weird ..... I still get that strange feeling when I see someone with  
red boots .....*

*Then I think maybe this person has also a red car, and likes red apples .....*

*But then I think : No, that can't be true, they have their own lives .... This  
is just coincidence ....*

*And then I smile ..... and walk further .....*

## *The Licorice and the Mandarinine*

*The licorice and the mandarine,  
walking together in the land of elves,  
burning books and burning weathers,  
throwing some sand on the Pluto Beaches.*

*They will repair the Pluto Clock,  
and repair the Pluto people.*

*The licorice and the mandarine,  
friends forever,  
they know everything about Pluto.*

*The candle of soft fire,  
The candle of chocolate fire,  
The candle of dream fire,  
The candle of virgo fire,*



*The candle of sleep fire.*

*Peter Pan, don't take the children away at night,*

*They need to sleep.*

*Your clocks are too tall,*

*make it three o'clock in the afternoon,*

*for the night to fall on.*

*Then your beaks will be softer.*

*Then the child can breathe again,*

*Then the child can touch the rabbit again,*

*and feel the snow is soft after all.*

*Then the child can feel his shoes again,*

*woven by a mother's heart and a mother's flame.*

*The flame of the mother,*

*The flame of the toy.*

*For your books were too tall,*

your snow was too cold,  
your dreams were too far,  
and your dolls were too grey.

Make the strings some shorter, so that the puppets can see your face,  
don't let them run in the distance searching to catch a glimpse of you  
once in a thousand years.

Then they can have a chocolate smile again, and then the corners of their  
mouths can reach the mandarine again. The sun will love you for it, for  
he can't stand the terror of lost Pluto dolls any more.

The fire of friendship,  
The fire of love,  
The fire of a short clock,  
can all be found in the fire of a short book.

Parents, don't make your kids too tired.  
Don't lock them up in a book,  
for then they will make it all too short,  
then they will live in a land with too short clocks and too short books,  
then their beaks will be too sharp again,

then the toy will be their weapon.

The licorice and the mandarine,  
will keep you in the middle,  
will keep you in line,  
to follow the valley between the mountains,  
to make it not too early and not too late.

Here in the valley the kids are healthy,  
here in the valley, the dolls are happy.

The mountains are there to play,  
there they play the villains,  
there the children's game rules.

These are the edges of society,  
these are the edges of life,  
when someone wants to cross the borderlines,  
a child pushes the person back,  
or ..... takes him away over the edges of the seas,  
to make him a part of the children's play .....

These ones become the actors,  
these ones become the dolls,  
for they were once touched by a child's play .....

This is the strongest spell in life,  
The enchantment of the mandarine ....  
While the licorice trains the animals .....

### *Snow Which Never Ticked*

It's cold outside,  
ice-flowers on the windows,  
It's cold outside,  
snowflakes in the rows.

It's raining outside,  
It ticks on the window,  
Like the clock on the wall,

It heals me so,  
Like the language of elves,  
mixed with the language of dwarves,  
knocking on my heart, and sliding deeper inside,  
To the deepest of all.

It's like the music of aldebaran,  
a letter from santa clause,  
It's like all birthdays on one day,  
All the fairy's candles on the cake of a man.

It ticks and slides deeper,  
even deeper than that,  
to a place I never heard of,  
to a place I never met.

It's like the white glove of Saint Nicolas,  
laid on my heart,  
It's like the touch of the Sandman's finger,  
like a banana's holiday's card.

*Following them to that place I never dreamt of,*

*It was not so far away,*

*They said it was always around me,*

*But just there where my eye didn't stay.*

*And now for the first time, I'm touching that place,*

*It's getting red of dreams.*

*It tells me whenever I touch something,*

*It gets another colour, somehow, like it seems.*

*Now Ice-cream tastes different,*

*It wasn't like before,*

*It is because you touched it, said the place,*

*And now it's having another roar.*

*So the magic of the touch,*

*Gets deeper than it seems,*

*It awakens another animal when it happens,*

*And then you enter in different dreams.*

Now in the land where the touch doesn't exist, no one moves,  
They are all waiting for the snow to tick softly on their windows,  
And for raindrops to fall from their roofs,  
To let their clocks tick again,  
Like the march of the elves,  
To let their hearts beat again,  
and to find that secret enchanting place in themselves,  
which sais that every touch will change your colour,  
every touch will change your mood,  
every touch will dream another dream,  
and will let you feel the giant's boot.

Then you can jump over the rivers,  
then you can jump over the seas,  
then the mountains will melt before your eyes,  
and you will drink the golden honey from the bees.

They tell you about the flower,  
which once touched you to life,  
They will tell you about that place,

*which brought you into another dive.*

*It's the place of the Tree's Glue,*

*It's the place of the Tree's Honey,*

*Streaming from La Rue,*

*It's the place of the Tree's Thick Syrop,*

*There where the giant and the dwarf dance,*

*There where the touch gets forever,*

*There where the rhymes bind you into France.*

*Now the glove of Santa Clause will forever stay on my heart,*

*Now the glove of Sandman will forever stay on my head,*

*Now the glove of Saint Nicolas will forever stay on my stomache,*

*Like the pillow on the bed.*

*This ship of dreams will lead me,*

*deeper into French Accents,*

*deeper into that thing called Licorice,*

*Till it completely bends,*

*Stopped to be frozen, stopped to be untouched,*



*stopped to be unmovable,*

*stopped to be .....*

*snow which never .... ticked ....*

*The Cuyornaida Corset*

*Gepetto's Tree*

*Part I - Market on Neptune*

*Gaze of the Sheepdog*

*Ritual of the Siren*

*The Puppetwizard's Palace*

*The Heritage*

*The Girl with the Red Boots Part II*

*The Mix-Masters*

*Wild Cats*

*Arena of Candy*

*World of Elves*

*Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen*

*Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen Part II*

*Service with Little Light II*

*Masters of Auctions ...*

*Masters of Auctions II*

*The Girl with the Red Boots Part III*

*Part II - Red Velvet Fairytale - The Licorice Diaries*

*Poetry from the Aldebaran Tales II*

*Poetry from the Red Rose II - Escaping the Big Dream*

*Toy-Movies*

*Achernar's Friend*

*Part III - Cigar-Lighters from Sirius*

*Little Wild Cat Man*

*Poetry from the White Chocolate – Decision of the Round Table Churches*

*Riddles, Roses and Mockingbirds*

*Part IV – Teotihuacan*

*The Orange's Cabman – Raising the Doll*

*The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra*

*Poetry from the Old Pipe*

*The Purple Brooch*

*Alphabet's Family-reunion – The Trick of the Giant's World*

*Poetry from the Giant's Trumpet – The Secret of Jubilee*

*These Are Strange Days*

*These Are Strange Days II*

*These Are Strange Days III*

*These Are Strange Days IV*

*A Snake in the Swanlake II*

*Poetry from the Girl with the Red Boots - Little..Red..Bike*

*Jakob's Ladder*

*Leaving The World Behind*

*Vanilla's Revenge*

*Part V - The Apricot's Tree*

*Greetings from Ananas*

*Greetings from Ananas II - Wonderlamp on the Attic*

*Greetings from Ananas III - The Anatomy of Pride*

*Beauty of Silence*

*King of Trauma*

*Gaze Of The Sheepdog*

*The Encounter*

*There I cycle .. On a path in the pasture ...*

In the distance I see a shadow ... It looks like an old friend ...

It is misty today ... but there I see her cycling ...

Yes, it must be that old friend ... She makes the same movements as she  
did ...

We always used to cycle together to school ...

I'm cycling faster .... Waiting to talk to her again ....

I'm feeling the excitement inside ...

The tension ... Will she remember me ?

There I cycle ... The sky is dark ... Fog is hanging over the pasture ....

There she cycles in the distance .... But I'm coming closer ...

I would like to know how she is doing now ...

If she already has children .... What sort of work she does ....

Fear rises .... But will she remember me ...

I'm almost cycling next to her ...

There's a knot in my throat ... I feel myself getting dizzy and my  
stomache hurts ....

I didn't see her for many years ...

It's autumn, almost winter, the leaves fell from the trees ....

There I knock at her shoulder ....

She turns her head to me ....

I'm struck by terror ...

Shivering all over ...

It was not my friend ....

It was someone else ....

It was .... my .... worst ..... enemy ...

### *Ritual of the Sirens*

Where the orange is a good gun,

Where the banana is a good way to burn money,

The land of the Sirens.

Where the breasts of a mother are a good dike,

Where good sons get mandarines on their wounds,

The land of the Sirens.

Where a child is everyone's child,  
Where the aunt is a better mother than the mother,  
Where the uncles are always gone for business in foreign domains,  
The land of the Sirens.

Here is where they do their rituals,  
Feet painted red and white,  
Under an orange blue moon.

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### *The Heritage*

I want to see the steps of love, which built the bridge,  
Not the dead numbers, not the mathematicians.

I want to see the killed dragons under the town you built,  
Not the business, not the money, and not the other compromises and  
funds.

Show me the mechanism of your art,



*Not the dead colours.*

*Show me the life you put into it,*

*Your breath,*

*Then maybe I will use it as furniture one day,*

*Then I will sow my tears on your grave, as gratefulness for the heritage.*

*The Girl with the Red Boots Part II*

*the house in the forest*

*I'm standing before the red trafficlight again,*

*Seeing blood dripping out of it,*

*Christians thrown before the lions,*

*But it was just a girl losing her red boots ...*

*I saw Jews dying in rooms of gas,*

Worldwar I kissing Worldwar II,  
but it was all just a girl losing her red boots ...

I know that girl, I see her walking through the supermarket sometimes,  
then I see her buying some red apples,  
and after shopping I see her driving away in her red car ....

Last time I saw her, I followed her car ...  
I wanted to know where she lives ...

She lives deep in the forest,  
Her house was surrounded by statues of the Gestapo.

Softly I followed her inside the house.  
Her mother was the Whore of Babylon, and hit her very hard.  
"You will never find your red boots again", she yelled to her daughter.  
I was in a shock.

I followed her to her room, hiding myself behind a curtain.  
She was crying red tears ...  
Eating her red apples ...

*I wondered why I wasn't noticed by anyone ...*

*So I decided to comfort her ....*

*But she didn't see me,*

*She didn't even feel my hand on her shoulder ....*

*I started to whisper : It's ok ...*

*But she didn't hear me,*

*I was invisible for her it seemed ...*

*So I ran to her mother, the Whore of Babylon ...*

*But she couldn't see me either ....*

*So I ran outside to the statues of the Gestapo,*

*They could see me, since I came ....*

*They said : shhh, don't tell anybody we have her red boots ...*

*We carry them inside our heart ....*

*Surrounded by stone ...*

*But we are just little boys enchanted by the Whore of Babylon ...*

*One day we were teasing some little girls, taking their red boots from  
them away,*

*And then a witch turned us into these statues ...*

*Tears were rolling from their faces ....*

We are so sorry we teased the girls, but they started, they told lies to the  
mistress about us ...

The mistress punished us, while we didn't do anything ...

And now we are statues, and the Whore of Babylon also hid the red boots  
of her daughter into us ....

And she told her daughter the people of the village took the boots away ...

And since then she can't see these people ....

That's why she didn't see you ....

She's under a spell ....

Now how can we break the spell ? I ask ...

Don't tell it to anyone ... for when the Whore comes to know about it, she  
will throw us into the rivers ...

That was what she always said .....

But what can we do then, I ask ....

At that moment the Whore of Babylon runs outside ....

You talked ! She screams,

and throws the statues in the river behind the house ....

There they start to melt, and the red boots are appearing,

*floating through the water ...*

*At that moment the girl starts to watch outside her window, and within a minute she's standing besides the river, trying to get her boots .... After awhile, there she's standing with her red boots on... Taking notice of me .... What are you doing here, she asks ? Did you finally bring my red boots back ?*

*I started to tell her the story, and she's hugging me very tight ... But at the same moment her mother is running outside, the Whore of Babylon ....*

*At that moment the traffic-lights turn green, and I wake up .... For a woman already pushed me in my back, telling me to walk .... I turn myself around ... She has the same face of the Whore of Babylon ....*

*wild cats*

*Shall we drink some tea somewhere ? She asks ....*

*Well, I always wanted to have some tea with the Wh... and then I swallow my words and say : yes, that's ok ....*

*I would like to ask her some questions .....*

*It seemed she has a daughter,*

*who is being teased at school,*

*because she is shy ...*

She loves her mistress for she always helps her in this,

trying to find a good solution in the case ....

Boys and girls who don't stop teasing will be sent out of school,

to work in the forest ....

This is the rule of the school .....

I know this group ....

They are called "the wild cats",

They are the terror of the village ...

For after work they start to wander through the forest to tease and  
attack people entering ....

They are out for revenge ....

Nobody does exactly know what they are doing in the forests ...

But they are some sort of forest-gang ....

What I see before me is a worried mother ....

Definitely not someone like the Whore of Babylon.

The school is in fear .... in fear of an attack .....

The wild cats recently sent threats to the school ....

And also her daughter is on their list to hurt ....

*the attack*

There I wake up again .... I knew something was wrong ....  
Someone with a Wild Cat-t-shirt is drying my face with a towel,  
I'm under the blood ..... A car crashed me ..... driven through the red  
trafficlight ....

A woman is standing there, policemen are hearing her out ....

She has the face of the Whore of Babylon ...

She tries to charm the policemen,

but their faces are tight and serious ....

They describe it as an attempt of murder ....

The lady appears to be a wanted childlurer,

high on the police's list of criminals .....

She killed many children,

poisoned candy .....

I'm lying in the hospital .....

They don't know if I will survive ....

I'm still looking for lost children after all these years ....

*Still a policeman, a detective,*

*looking for lost red shoes ....*

*Two children were sitting on my knees this night ....*

*They were lost for so many years ....*

*Worldwar I and Worldwar II,*

*just lost kids .....*

*Captured by The Whore of Babylon ....*

*That day I wake up,*

*two children who were lost for years were found .....*

*I'm still bleeding a bit ....*

*They were kidnapped by the woman who crashed me,*

*that dangerous child-lurer ....*

*poisoned candy ....*

*That was how she was called .....*

*That was which she used ....*

*She couldn't charm anyone this time .....*

*The wounds were already too deep ....*

*The blood was already streaming ....*

*No smile could cover it .....*



*It seemed the person with the wild cat-t-shirt saved my life ....*

*After the crash, she wanted to shoot through my head ...*

*But he kicked the gun out of her hand, and cared over me,*

*While my colleagues were already taking her away ....*

*They never saw him again, he just disappeared after awhile ....*

*He might be an angel ... Who knows ...*

*There the doctor enters in. He says : Sir, there's much hope you will  
survive the crash ...*

*He had tears in his eyes, saying : Sir, I just read the book you gave me  
"War is but a lost child."*

*Since I read it it's getting much better with you, and there's much hope  
again ....*

*I think I will also read the books some other patients gave me.*

*And sir, he asks, I really want to know who wrote this book ...*

*I'm moving my head up a little, and look deep into his eyes ... saying :*

*The one who wrote this, ..... was my lost ...child ....*

## *The Mix-Masters*

*Love is not a feeling,  
It is not a word, nor an attitude.  
It's not something between persons,  
But it's between you and yourself ....*

*Love is not a theology,  
Not an all-embracing desire,  
It's not a passion, nor a dream,  
It's not a place where you can be.  
It's something between you and yourself,  
It's something between you and an object,*

*A Mirror.*

*It's something between you and another object,*

*A Camera.*

*This is where it all started,*

This is where it all began,  
How did you treat the mirror,  
and how did you treat the camera.

There are thousands of movies about yourself,  
There are thousands of movies about the other,  
Which movie do you pick out ?

Love takes the golden one,  
The one which mixed all movies into one,  
Where no movie rules,  
But where the mix is the master.  
There where the juices are thick.

Love is about you, a mirror and a camera,  
together they make the pictures,  
together they make the movies,  
The mix is their master,  
The glue their island.

Love has a blind dog,

A blind song,  
sailing on the mix of seas,  
thick seas.

Love has a blind crown and a blind staff,  
a blind camera, and a blind mirror,  
making blind movies.

Love has a kettle,  
Where it mixes all the eyes,  
Here everything gets blind.

It's there where you can see, there where your eyes aren't mixed,  
things start to get corrupted.

That's why Love goes around the land,  
to steal the eyes out of the rich,  
to bring them in his kettle,  
a blind kettle.

There where the Eye started to rule,

*A nation was burnt.*

*But Love has a flag,*

*and it is blind.*

*When it's hand touches you,*

*It's a blind hand,*

*And you get blind too.*

*When it's arms embrace you,*

*It's a mix,*

*And you get mixed too.*

*The mix-masters live far from here,*

*But you are also in their mix,*

*In the mix no one can rule.*

*Everything sinks deep,*

*Till it touches the bottom,*

*Where a mixed musician lives.*

*In the little music-box all things get transformed,*

Love transforms,  
The secret of the mix.

## Wild Cats

### *velvet fruits*

Parents of Lynx, parents of greek horses. The cats come from under history, sitting on the ball of future. They are time-masters, running from the edges of heaven to the edges of hell, always standing on the edges, the watchers of the wild world ....

They know the secrets of the underworld, the secrets of the clothes of fruits .... They are tailors on Martian Hills, having the deserts in their eyes, burning deserts ..... No fire is too hot for them .... The fire-pole is in their pockets .....

Wild cats, always misunderstood, always misplaced, always dreaming ... They are the pole-masters .... Their watches go faster than any clock .... They know how to get the chicken out of the egg .....

The camera is their gun, the mirror their shield .... They know about the seas behind the restaurant .... They know how to peel the fruit .... They push the buttons of dreams .... Their eyes are high-tech hidden camera's .... You will never know exactly what they do to you ....

They bring the powder to the pupil, they bring the meat to the shark .... They know how to quench the mouths of the kings ...

*Give the preacher something to eat, and he will be silent .....*

*Give the cannon something to drink and he will swallow his cannonballs*

*.....*

*Give the gun some chewing-gum and he will spit out his bullets ...*

*They know how to ease the nuclear bombs ...*

*They give them a good chair to sit in ....*

*Velvet Fruits .....*

### *Arena of Candy*

*There's a danger when a banana enters a candy's arena,*

*There's a danger when the cherry hits the bell ...*

*You can lose your senses, you can lose your mind,*

*You can come under a spell ....*

*There's a danger when you touch a captured chocolate,*

*There's a danger when you challenge the candy's stick ...*

*The candy-police will take you away,*

*To a place of a strawberry's lick ...*

*When a raspberry enters the candy's arena,*

*All will run away,*

*All will hide behind trees and flowers,*

*And beam from there with their ray ...*

*For no one dares to touch him,*

*No one dares to claim,*

*For the sun rides on his carriage,*

*Since his honey sweetly came ...*

*The Licorice is his flag,*

*Every night and every day,*

*The elf is his heart,*

*the fairy his mother,*

*and the dwarf his king to stay ...*



No one knows his father,  
They think he's a giant, or a tree,  
Others think he's a flower,  
But I think it's sandman,  
having his palace at Jupiter's sea.

### *World of Elves*

There are elves, too sweet to describe,  
There are books too sweet to open,  
There are dreams too sweet to eat ...  
The sting of the candy ...

There are worlds, too hot to enter,  
There are clothes too hot to wear,  
There are fruits too hot to eat ....  
The sting of the sun ....

There are eyes too beautiful to look into,  
There are clothes too beautiful to have ....  
There are dreams too beautiful to dream ...  
The sting of the fairytale ....

There are hands too soft to feel,  
There are words too soft to hear ...  
There are pillows too soft to wake up ...  
The sting of the dream ...

This keeps us away from touching the fruit,  
This keeps us away from diving into that sea ....  
It's all too beautiful to bear,  
The harmony's too much ...

So let us all hide for beauty,  
let us all run away from the feelings too soft ....  
And hope it will catch us one day,  
to be prepared and ready ...  
to feel the elfe's glue sliding on our skin ...

Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen

*Arabian Nights*

*Arabian nights, something to die in ...*

*When you fall from the carpet, it's done with you ...*

*Arabian nights,*

*The dream of every bike,*

*To ride the horses of Bagdad,*

*To swim the rivers of Arabian Cafe's*

*The dream of every car,*

*To dive in the seas of the Arabian Princess,*

*To touch the veils of the mandarine ...*

*Arabian nights,*

*something to die for ...*

*The eyes of the horses you will never forget ...*

*The spice will burn in your head the whole night ...*

*And still you say :*

*I have nothing to dream for,*

*I'm bored, my flames all dried out ...*

*Standing for the Arabian Deserts,*

*you see no any hope ....*

*Someone took away your love,*

*Now you don't believe in it anymore ...*

*All you feel is hate and bitterness,*

*Not being able to ever touch again ....*

*You think the fantasy is a book which doesn't exist anymore,*

*After the crash, after the knife was put into your heart,*

*Behind your back ...*

*A veiled knife,*

*It made you bored, standing before Arabian Deserts ....*

*You think it's all sand ...*

*You think that the dream never existed,*

That it was all a lie ...

Now you veiled yourself ...

Wearing mysterious clothes,

having a mysterious smile ....

Like you lost your father in the snow ....

It was all you ever had ... All you ever cared for ...

And now it has been taken away ....

Thinking you will never be able to see again ...

Feeling like a blind child in an Arabian Desert ....

Your tears have been dried out ....

You got tired to drink them ...

Now you're crying deserts ...

It hurts ... like hell ....

It's your food day and night ....

And it bores .....

You don't believe in the Arabian Nights anymore,

Not in an Arabian Prince, Not in Arabian Clothes ....

*But you veiled yourself .....*

*Your smiles hiding pain ...*

*You lost your strategies, You lost your sword,*

*In this desert ....*

*You are tired of all fights ....*

*You are scared of any more hurt ....*

*Crying deserts ...*

*Arabian Deserts ....*

*It hurts ... It bleeds ....*

*It bores .....*

*You can't feel anymore ....*

*All flowers are dead ....*

*The sun did .....*

*All these happy people ....*

*All these smiling people ....*

*But they also hide pain ....*

*They are also in Arabian Deserts ....*

*They are your desert ....*

*They bore you .....*

*What if these deserts were beaches ?*

*What if there's life at the other side ?*

*But you fear to hope, you fear to believe ...*

*For when you start to wait .... Hurt comes over you ...*

*And you can't take it anymore .....*

*You don't want faith,*

*You want evidence in your hands ....*

*You don't want to believe in water behind the desert-hills ...*

*You want to feel it in your hands ....*

*You want to experience it ....*

*There you lose faith, there you lose hope,*

*In the middle of the Arabian Desert.*

*For it hurts you too much ....*

*There where Hope and Faith is your enemy ....*

*You want to touch ....*

*But you can't ....*

*And if you could, where would it bring you ?*

*Into a worse desert ?*

*Worse than this ?*

*The sand burns under your feet ....*

*What if you would build a sandcastle ?*

*But you are too tired .....*

*If you could only stop crying sand ....*

*What if the sand is just your friend ....*

*Waiting to serve you ....*

*Maybe it is all magic dust ....*

*Yes, you thought that before ....*

*But it didn't help ...*

*You rolled into the sand ...*

*You spoke to it,*

*Yelled to it ...*

*Commanded it ....*

*But no results ....*



*Still sand ... Still a desert .....*

*You don't believe in wizards anymore ....*

*You think you can only die in this desert .....*

*You gave up already a long time ago ....*

*And I can't do anything for you also ....*

*I'm just writing these words ....*

*Although I wish I could help you ....*

*But maybe this whole story isn't about you,*

*But about someone else ....*

*And also you and me, we cannot help someone else in that desert ....*

*The desert is too strong ....*

*My pencil is burning on my paper .....*

*Everything burns,*

*It's the Arabian Desert ...*

*Maybe if that person could climb on the pencil ...*

*But then he comes from one desert into the other ....*

*Maybe if he could climb on the paper you hold ?*

*Or maybe on the paper of someone else ?*

Maybe another reader can help .... To get him out of that desert ...

But it's too late already .... For the paper burns too much .....

It sets everything in fire ....

The Arabian Desert ....

Well, nothing left to get a look there ...

I will climb on my pencil to slide into the paper ....

And you can slide into your paper ....

It's the same text so we will meet each other in the story ...

To help the person in the Arabian Desert ....

Then we are with three ....

Three in the desert ....

A writer, the main-character, and the reader ....

Well, maybe you see he looks like us, dear reader ...

Or maybe we don't have anything in common with our three ....

Anyway we need to help this person out ....

We can help to build that sandcastle ...

Helped by a writer and a reader ....

This is how we build the castles ...

We all have a writer and a reader ...

*We are never alone in the story ....*

*Hey, there are more readers coming ...*

*They rise from the sand ....*

*The sand comes alive ...*

*Arabian Magic ....*

*The book is the hospital ....*

*The writer and the reader are the doctors ....*

*But they can also be the patients ....*

*Well, the book can also be a battlefield ....*

*The writer and the reader are the soldiers ...*

*Sometimes they are mates, sometimes they are enemies ....*

*Writer, writer, you sold so many books ....*

*Yes, but my readers killed me so that I could write another book ....*

*Writers are coming forth from the sand ....*

There are more people writing about the same things ....

This will be a big war .....

But the main-character is sick of wars .....

Leave me alone ... he sais .....

Ok, main-character, we will shut up, and go on with the story ...

There he is in his desert again .....

alone ..... main-character .... you are alone again .... we are already gone

....

We know you can't stand all the people anymore ....

It bores you, irritates you ....

There you stay in your Arabian Deserts ....

Now, I feel you are very mad at me, main-character ....

Now you are mad at readers and writers .....

And you cry even more sand .....

You drown into it .....

But they say Jesus died in an Arabian Desert ....

And now a desert-rose grows there ....

And you are growing also like a desert-rose ....

*Take root deep in the desert ....*

*And grow to the sun ....*

*The Arabian Sun ....*

*The Arabian City .....*

*Where the Arabian Horse rules .....*

*But it doesn't help you right ?*

*You heard enough stories ...*

*You are sick of stories ...*

*You desire to die good, and just to forget about everything ....*

*All you want is rest ....*

*You are sick of writers and readers with their sick stories and sick  
comments ....*

*You are sick of their songs, sick of their dances ....*

*There you go into slowmotion .....*

*You prefer to be a statue than follow the sick fanfare ....*

*The service with little light ....*

*You are sick of your own expectations ....*

You don't want to be a marionet anymore ....  
You were the main-character of so many writers .....  
Prisoner of the Author .....

There an Author kidnaps a screaming reader ....  
He will be the main-character of his next book ....

Fruit in his kitchen  
.... An Author's .... Kitchen ....

So, I understand you, main-character ....  
In my next book you will have another role ....  
I'm from the Greenpeace for abused main-characters ...

I will let you escape from the Author's Kitchen ....  
I know how they lied about you ..... and to you ....  
They created this Arabian Desert .....

You were abused by a pencil ...  
But another pencil will heal you ....  
The book was your grave ...

*The Author your undertaker ....*

*The readers paid your funeral ....*

*Some threw roses on your grave ...*

*Others spat on it .....*

*But you were already sown on the fields of the Author's next book ....*

*There ..... where the authors are the kings and the criminals .....*

*The terrorist was just a good author ....*

*The bombs were just his best-sellers ....*

*There he rides on his Arabian horse ....*

*Veiled ....*

*But tonight, and he knows this, he will be the main-character of another  
Author ....*

*An Author's War ....*

*Today's prisoners will be tomorrow's book-characters ...*

*The fruits on the Author's Dish ....*

*There were the pencil is a sword ....*

or a gun ....

The book can be a good shield ....

To cover up a lot ....

But the pencil of someone else can dash it all into pieces ....

Burning books in an Arabian Desert .....

There were the pencil is the magic wand ...

Where the Author is the wizard ....

The main-character doesn't believe in wizards anymore ...

Is there a way out of the book,

A way out of the Author's Kitchen ?

There he bakes his banana's ....

Hitler was just a good Author ....

A cook ....

Jesus too ....

And Charlie Chaplin ....

They all used kitchen-gas ....

So, look what you are eating .... It can be your granddad ....

It can be yesterday's pope or tomorrow's money-maker ...



*It can even be yourself .... or your dog .....*

*So after hearing this ... Please hold on tight to your carpet ....*

*Don't fall from it .... when it flies ....*

*For an Arabian Desert is behind you .....*

*And a book in which everyone cries ....*

*Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen Part II*

*the dwarve's revenge*

*there's a fruit too easy to peel out,*

*there's a toyworld too easy to enter,*

*there's a name too easy to say,*

*that's why nobody can find it ...*

*they look for it too far ...*

*while it is too close ....*

*there's a dream too scary to dream,*

*there's a tool too cruel to use,*

*there's a wire which binds too tight,*

*that's why nobody breaths the air too deep*

*there's a nation too bright,*

*there's a feather too light,*

*there's a book too easy to read,*

*that's why everyone closes the eye,*

*hiding it deep in the night.*

*there's a road too cold to go,*

*a kiss too cold to get,*

*a letter too cold to write,*

*but a candle will burn it all away ...*

*there's a room too big to live in ...*

*there's an apple too healthy to eat ....*

*we prefer to stay sick in our homelands ...*

*with grandmother's comfortable fruits,*

*which make us sicker and sicker ...*

*we will not touch borderlines ever again,*

*we are scared to discover new america's,*

*scared to discover new bombs,*

*that's why we all dream further,*

*in our own trusted classrooms,*

*only touching home's milk ...*

*we only trust the cats we know,*

*new cats are a threat,*

*we don't care,*

*and draw our lines ....*

*draw our figures,*

*our magazines and smiles ....*

*it's all ok,*

*while it is not ....*

*we desire our graves to die ...*

there's a new world of liberty,  
people who are too free,  
but we don't care,  
we don't desire,  
it's too new,  
maybe after a hundred of years ....

there are cars too fast,  
busses too slow ...  
we stay in the middle,  
it will be never good enough ....  
it's always too,  
we always complain,  
we always ...say .... goodbye ....

there are hours go too fast,  
mothers feed too hot,  
babies drink too cold ....  
it's all in the game,

*for sightseeers to know ...*

*about this one writes,*

*about this one feasts,*

*drinking the wine of too.*

*this drummer drums too loud,*

*will be kidnapped by an author at eleven o clock,*

*needs a villain for his story ...*

*don't wait for the movie,*

*which is the blood on the book's battlefield ....*

*i saw a baby lying in a foundling's basket,*

*will be tomorrow's horror-author,*

*too much snow to live with it alone ...*

*so i carry the baby, to the dream's house,*

*to the waterfall's tale ...*

*and yes, it will be a horror-author,*

but one for the dwarfs,  
not for the big world,  
because the big world will let the horror grow ...

now the dwarves will do that also,  
but the face of it will change ...  
they are masters of art,  
they are kings of nature,  
and the horror is just their servant ....

in the big world,  
the horror is emperor,  
but it's all hidden very well,  
behind books of business,  
and books of psychology,  
but they can feed it to a hell ...

it's the killing child's attraction,  
psychology created the monster,  
business attracted the mass ...

now they can ride it for 86 dollar,  
and the author runs away with the cash ....

no one can find him in his forest's house too small ...

they say he's a corrupted dwarf,

a big one in the dwarve's fall ...

fallen dwarf, that is his name,

but still a dwarf in heart ...

now he uses it to write his social books,

to hide the crime behind a holiday's card ...

to win a dream,

is to lose a name,

and that is which he did ...

he lost his name in the dwarve's city,

but in the big world he eats fame ....

only the movie-maker knows how to find him,

with a tool crueller than him ...

tonight he will attack his little house behind the toadstool,

to steal his golden balls,  
to make tomorrow's movie ...

i don't know what will happen ...

they say it's a little fir ...

the revenge of the dwarfs ....

that's what they call it ...

the movie will be better than the book ....

the author sees his book in shatters ....

but he will get more fame after all ....

he licks his lips,

but the day after,

the journalists come ....

his fame makes him so tired ....

they suck away his ink ....

and finally he finds himself ....

into an Arabian Desert ....

dry fruits to eat the first day ....

the next day only sand ...

while the movies are spinning in the Arabian City ...



he cannot feel his carpet ....

a fallen dwarf into a fallen desert ...

his fame brought him there ....

the movie-master is the master now,

the journalists are his vultures ...

the main-character drinks fresh juice now ...

the people like him, that's a fact ...

even though he played ...the ...villain ....

they know the actor ..... in real it's a nice man ....

helps the third world with his money,

scaring every terrorist away ....

now where's the author's kitchen ?

the movie-master walks there ...smiling .... cigar in his mouth ....

freeing the caged birds ...

they will be tomorrow's journalists ...

there are lights too bright,

you're on the photo now ...

the movie-master's photo ...

*with these he will glue his movies ....*

*the dwarve's glue ...*

*the glue of too ...*

*Service with Little Light II*

*A dream tries to sell his clothes on the corner of a street,*

*It's the street of dr. cow.*

*Service with little light ...*

*Dr. Cow sends the dream away,*

*not interested in a dream selling dream-clothes in his street.*

*Service with little light ...*

*The dream goes to the street of dr. chicken ...*

*selling the words of dr. cow ....*

*Dr. Chicken buys them ....*

*Having a weapon for tomorrow's race ...*

*Service with Little Light ....*

*The next day dr. chicken sees dr. cow in the cow's hospital ...*

*saying : I bought your words, so now I'm the boss of today ....*

*Service with Little Light ....*

*Dr. Cow cannot speak ...*

*He will have to wait for the dream in the night ...*

*There he buys clothes from the dream in his street ...*

*Service with Little Light ....*

*This is how the dream makes big money,*

*Ruling in every hospital, every day,*

*going from docter to docter ...*

*to sell their own clothes ...*

*to the highest bidders ....*

*In the dark night ...*

.... Secret ..... Private ....Forbidden .... Auctions .....

Service with ...Little ...Light ...

Masters of Auction ...

I'm on the auction ...

Kids ..... are being auctioned .....

The highest bidder gets them .....

They were yesterday's foundlings .....

Or just stolen from a mother's heart .....

Or .... donated by schools .....

Unmanageable ....

Who ..... would get them .....

Who ..... would pay the biggest price .....

The kids are scared ..... Who would be their new ..... father, mother, .....  
or master .....

*Dreams too far away to dream .....*

*An Arabian Horsemaster waves with money .....*

*He won the auction .....*

*The kids are screaming .....*

*They don't want to go to Arabia .....*

*But then a man shows up, an Indian .....*

*With a gun in his hand .....*

*Saying all children are his .....*

*And kidnaps them away .....*

*Now who is the real master of the auction .....*

*The man with the biggest money, or the man with the biggest gun ?*

*Masters of Auction II*

*The Cuyornaidic Conspiracy*

*thoughts of a shotgun*

*I'm dreaming away in the auction-gallery ....*

*Hearing my own name being shouted .....*

*I don't care anymore who takes me ....*

*I go from auction to auction .....*

*They all want to have me for their auctions .....*

*When one country gets me, I'm in their auction the next day .....*

*Then one of the cities will bid the highest price,*

*and I'm on the city-auction the next day .....*

*The highest bidders of the city will win me,*

*and then they appear to be spies from another continent, or world .....*

*And take me away to other auctions ....*

*I'm on these auctions every day of my life .....*

*It never stops .....*

*It seems no one can live with me or without me ....*

*But I hope one day I will be in a good museum .....*

*Yes, it's a hard life for a living gun ...*

I was made by a man called Gepetto,  
I was a toy-gun first,  
But a faery touched my body,  
And I came alive .....  
And can shoot whenever I want .....  
Nobody could handle me ever .....  
Nobody could ever ride me .....  
But they still try ..... Like they never give up ....

I'm waiting for a soft hand .....  
Someone who can sooth my bullets ....  
Someone who can take me out of the auction forever,  
to let me rest in a good museum ....

*the little ballerina*

Maybe the auctioneer can do ....  
Or maybe the master of auctions ....  
The one who invented this bloody circle .....

*I feel myself like a rat in a mill ....*

*Or maybe Gepetto can help,*

*Or his sweet little faery .....*

*Maybe I can become a nice toy-gun again ....*

*In the hand of a little cowboy ....*

*Oh my god, someone already bought me today ....*

*It's Judas, wanting to kill another Jesus ....*

*No, ..... I .... don't want .....*

*But soon he will find out, and desires to have another auction to get rid  
of me .....*

*This is how it always goes ....*

*No villain can hold me,*

*No villain can control me .....*

*I'm rather here than in the hand of a criminal ....*

*But there must be rest somewhere .....*

*There must be a way out of this circle of auctions .....*

*Pssst ..... auctioneer, where's the exit ?*



*Can I buy myself ?*

*No, he sais, but I can buy you,*

*If you shoot the auction,*

*for I'm getting sick of it too ....*

*Well, so I shot the auction .....*

*I blew the whole case up ...*

*And now I'm in the pocket of the auctioneer,*

*I wonder how his house will be ....*

*I see a lot of art ..... and a lot of dolls ....*

*He only bought the best things ....*

*So what am I doing here ?*

*There a little ballerina dances on a music-box .....*

*She sais she helped him out of the auction yesterday .....*

*But we stay here only for a week, for then there will be an auction  
among all auctioneers ....*

*The master of auctions has the hammer ....*

*Oh, I say ..... Then we will try to charm the master of auctions ....*

*Maybe he will give us any rest .....*

*Impossible, she sais .... for the masters of auctions have also their private  
auctions .....*

*But there must be an end of all this .....*

*No, she sais ..... for sometimes there are spies between them, and then  
they take us away to other sorts of auctions ....*

*Big tears are rolling over my gun-face : How can we ever escape ... I  
desperately cry .....*

*Gepetto cannot help us, she sais .... for he is kidnapped by the auction-  
masters .... to produce new stuff for them ....*

*An I am his faery, I enchanted myself in a music-box's ballerina, to get in  
touch with you ....*

*Only when you free gepetto, you can be free .....*

*a strange game*

*Now how do I do that, I ask .....*

*Wait till the night falls .... Then I will show you the secret of the auction-  
masters .....*

*There I see them sitting, we hide behind a plant ....*

*They are playing a strange game .... called "The Cuyornaida Corset" .....*

*They had their dice and their pawns ..... Their money and their cards .....*

*And they were wearing corsets ....*

*First they were being auctioned themselves,*

*said the faery ....*

*But they started to do business themselves .....*

*They started to auction their own parts ..... their limbs,*

*and hide the loss by corsets ....*

*These corsets they bought by the money they got in business ....*

*And in this game they help each other to develop their corsets ....*

*It's the conspiracy of auction-masters ....*

*In these corsets the lost limbs will grow again after awhile ....*

*Pinocchio's Tree ....*

*The Snakes' Tree ....*

*Gepetto's Magic .....*

*For these toys will always return to them ....*

*And the auction-masters train each other to be their own highest bidders*

*....*

*Now how do I save Gepetto ?*

*And where did they buy their corsets ?*

*I ask ....*

*They bought it from the snake .....*

*the snake from Pinocchio's Tree ...*

*The corsets grow there, and the magic is inside ....*

*The Fairy tells .....*

*And Gepetto .... is locked up in that tree ....*

*as prisoner from the snake ....*

*The master of all auctions ....*

*To be continued in part III*

*THE GIRL WITH THE RED BOOTS*

*- PART III*

*The Anatomy of Candy*

*the dentist's sweet advice*

Two grammes of a sweet mouth,  
Some pieces of a sweet red velvet boot,  
The sweet destiny of a straycat,  
Some old teeth of the candy's witch ...

*The anatomy of candy*

Three drops of a candy-mouse's word,  
Two guitars of a sweet babydoll ...

*The anatomy of candy ...*

Mix it all together,  
And let it boil for a three hours.  
Throw some kids' shoes through it, after that.  
And some pieces of your grandfather's beard ....

*The anatomy of candy ...*

Now never eat it for so far ....  
Let it boil another three hours ...

*And cry all your hidden tears through the mix ...*

*Then you let your grandmother drink a bit from the mix,*

*And let her go to sleep again ..*

*Something she always did ...*

*Then let the fanfare come to play their best songs ...*

*And throw their gloves through the mix ...*

*While boiling it for another three hours ...*

*The anatomy of candy ....*

*Now mix all your unfulfilled dreams into it ....*

*And the spoilt dreams of your childhood ....*

*Throw also some toys of your kids in the mix ...*

*And let them cry for awhile about the loss ...*

*Then say your prayers for a minute,*

*and burn the whole mix ....*

*The anatomy of candy ....*

*Bring the ashes to the birds ...*

*Let them eat, and let them sleep again ...*

*Something they always did ...*

Then watch how the wind divides the ashes ...

And how it brings it all to the four corners of the earth ...

The anatomy of candy ...

Then it's time for your own sleep ...

Weep yourself into sleep, for you didn't get one taste of it ...

But remember ...

Tomorrow you will smell it ... For the wind brought it to the poles to  
enjoy ...

And they will always give you your piece ...

The anatomy of candy

The next week you will feel like candy yourself ...

And you will buy yourself some new shoes ...

And fly to the moon ...

Where you will meet the candy-witch ...

With eyes as big as dishes ...

With a mouth as big as a banana ...

With dreams as big as your own dreams ....

With lions even bigger than yours ...

*She will look like you ...*

*So beautiful and pure ....*

*And she will say this is all possible, because she got some of your mix ...*

*The anatomy of candy ....*

*And now your dreams are gone ...*

*You lay on your boring bed ...*

*But it all has ears now ...*

*And even your tooth-brush can talk ...*

*The anatomy of candy ....*

*Your dentist will send you congratulations ...*

*Together with a pink elephant to embrace you ...*

*The anatomy of candy ...*

*And you will not believe one word of this story,*

*You will even not believe yourself after today,*

*The anatomy of candy ...*

*You will prepare the same mix tomorrow,*



*trying to get it all back ....*

*trying to have a little faith in a dentist's advice ...*

*trying to overcome the fear of the dentist ...*

*But his monkeys still jump in your back ...*

*And his mice still dive in your bag ...*

*You will never listen to a dentist's advice again ...*

*You will never eat his candy again ...*

*But you will begin with your own shop for missed teeth ...*

*Your own shop for missed children ...*

*You will be your own dentist ....*

*And your own tooth-brush will be your assistant ...*

*You will have your own candy-shop ...*

*And after many years you will think .... : The dentist's advice wasn't that  
bad ... There are worse things ...*

*And you will read these notes again .... Trying that old receipt for candy*

*....*

*And you will feel like you have find your bible ....*

*Like eating candy all day ...*

*the docter's strange demise*

*Till you fall in the arms of a doctor's advice ...*

*And he will say :*

*First buy yourself some new shoes ...*

*And then do it all over again ...*

*The anatomy of candy ...*

*Even worse than a dentist's advice ...*

*The doctor's worst demise ....*

*You will search for your best teacher ....*

*But he appeared to be your worst politician ...*

*Saying : Just again : Buy some new shoes, and then do it all over again ...*

*The best thing to do is then : Start a shoe-shop ....*

*Or a shoe-zoo ...*

*And put them all behind the bars ....*

*The dentist, the doctor, the teacher, the politician,*

*and most of all : their assistants ...*

*For all their advices, stories and fairytales, were spun by their assistants*

*...*

*animals from the big shoe ....*

*Don't touch them, don't feed them, don't even come close to them ...*

*Just watch in the distance .... Just watch .... And ..... Forget .....*

*The anatomy .... of .... candy ....*

*But some years later,*

*You will hear the bell in their stories ...*

*Thinking : It all wasn't that bad ... There are some things much worse  
than this ...*

*And their strange stories will be your candle in the night ...*

*You will tell them to your kids ....*

*And they will tell them to their kids ...*

*Strange stories of a dentist's assistant ...*

*Used to win wars ....*

*Used to let wild children behave ...*

*Used to ... tame ... dangerous animals ....*

*Animals .... from ..... the ..... Big ... Shoe ....*

*Noah and Noah*

*I saw my dentist's assistant ..... awhile ago .....*

Walking with ..... Red .... Boots ....

She was painted like a tiger ....

She was .... like the master's touch ....

She walked there with a big bible under her arms ....

Her bible .....

She wrote it for the kids .....

Her red boots were stolen ....

Made from kids' shoes .....

Red ..... T.....i.....g.....e.....r.....s

There's something much worse than a dentist's assistant :

Her .... boots ....

But .....

This Bible ..... Her Bible ...

Is a Song-Book .....

for children ....

The most horrible and the most cruel songs we had to sing ....

In kindergarten ...

No one told us they were hers ....

We were all scared of the mistress .....

*But we had to fear the assistant .....*

*well ..... her red boots .....*

*Well, now I use these masterpieces in my own wars ...*

*The assistant is the statue on my gun ....*

*and the statue on my ship .....*

*At the front .....*

*But she still looks beautiful ....*

*I never have to paint her over ....*

*In the genesis of her bible she tells about how she got her red boots .....*

*She stole the red tigers from Noah's Ark ...*

*And made kid-shoes of them .....*

*And her own red boots .....*

*To control them all .....*

*Noah knows all about her ....*

*He cried days and nights ....*

*The flood .....*

*Noah and Noah are two business-men, two brothers ....*

They built an ark for all occupations and professions ..... Two of each .....

Preachers, Policemen, Dentists, Lawyers, Teachers, they can all be found  
there .....

Except ..... The shoemakers .....

They were kidnapped by the girl with the red boots ....

The dentist's assistant ....

She was actually the boot-shop-girl ....

Noah and Noah are always looking for her .....

I'm working in that bootshop for awhile now .....

The bootshop-girl isn't the worst .... I found out ....

It's in her shoes ..... There the poison's boiling ....

One day two men with round glasses and big grey beards came into the  
shop ....

They asked for red boots ....

They showed me a mechanism in the soles ....

They were talking like mathematicians,

I couldn't follow their speech ...

They talked strange, for sometimes they spoke the same words at the  
same time,

*and sometimes they switched after every word ....*

*After that they asked money from me for their speech,*

*but I asked money from them to enter my shop ....*

*They said they were looking for the bootshop-girl ....*

*So I asked if she would come ... which she did .....*

*They said : Finally we have found you, and started to fight with her .....*

*All I saw was a mix appearing before my eyes ..... surrounded by a moisty  
mist ....*

*Out of the mist a little creature appeared ....*

*It looked like a fir .....*

*He shook my hands and said :*

*Now you know the secret of the girl with the red boots ....*

*She is not only the daughter of Noah and Noah ....*

*She is me ....*

*And so are Noah and Noah ....*

*I am the movie-master ..... And this was just another part ... of .... me ....*

## *Poetry from the Aldebaran Tales II*

### *Daddy's Home*

*Liquid tall Licorice Soldiers are standing on the toy's cupboard ...*

*They are the ghosts from the past ...*

*Ghosts from the old man's childhood dreams ....*

*They are the last ones remained ...*

*He had many ...*

*This is all which was left behind ...*

*All his toys were burnt on the rubbishfields ...*

*After the War ....*

*Drunk snakes are dancing on the carpet ....*

*A magical arabian carpet ....*

*There are no toys anymore ....*

*And now they sing their songs ...*

*The toy's cupboard ...*



*Without toys .....*

*The old man ....*

*Almost without dreams now ...*

*Remembering his good days ...*

*Now he's dying in his bed ...*

*The old lion has put his hand on his head ...*

*Old dreams are fading away ...*

*More and more ....*

*The old lion smiles ... He loves the old man, and is wisphering :*

*Now you are heading for your last trip ...*

*You will dream new dreams when you reach the island ...*

*But now I'm taking all your dreams back ...*

*You need to sleep ...*

*You need to forget ....*

*There was too much war in the toy ....*

*Your childhood dreams were too much mixed with poison ....*

*Poison from an old snake ...*

*Sleep well, old man ....*

*And when the musical box gets slower ....*

And when the colours of the day slowly fade away ...

The old man goes to sleep ...

### *The Toysoldier's Drum*

There's a new beat in town,

The toysoldiers are running faster ...

The beat of a different drum ...

There's a new faith ...

The Toysoldiers are speaking louder ...

The faith of a different god ...

You are worrying about the ocean, how it will look like after ten years ...

With all these factories running faster ....

With all these rabbits smiling deeper ....

You don't trust their ways ...

You don't trust their eyes ...

*But the drums of the toys are changing ...*

*Like they are heading up to something ...*

*Like they are dividing their powers into divisions ...*

*There's slowly coming a new day ...*

*You have mixed feelings about it ...*

*You see changes in good and evil ...*

*You see things go worse and better at the same time ...*

*On that mountain, that big mountain, they will meet each other ...*

*The toysoldier and the rabbit ...*

*There they will play their big game of chess ...*

*They will run for their own kitchens ...*

*They will run for own teachings ...*

*They will find ..... the walls ... between them ...*

*Walls their parents put between them o so long ago ...*

*You will have your part, and I will have mine ...*

*And together we play the drum ...*

*The beat of a strange drum ...*

*A drum with two faces ...*

A drum with two drummers ....

With a big wall between them ...

And something inside of me says : you are me ...

You have always been my nightmare,

you have always been my worry ....

I always found you back in myself ....

As the thing I hated .....

As the thing my parents tried to hide me from ...

Their protection ....

Their care .....

But they kept it alive .....

For they knew ....

One day I would need it ...

One day I would realize ....

That there is a bigger enemy ....

And we would have to fight it together ....

The beat of a different drum ....

*December's Sun ...*

*Warm homes in the summer ...*

*The gifts of a sun in July ....*

*Warm winters in a century ...*

*The gift of December's Sun ...*

*It's raining in August ...*

*The old lion smiles ...*

*He takes away some dry sand ....*

*And lets the rivers flow over their borders ....*

*In winter he lets it freeze ...*

*The toy-soldiers march on ...*

*Entering new worlds ...*

*Touching December's Sun ...*

### *Collection of Flowers*

*A collection of flowers between you and me,*

*A collection of flowers,*

*A new breath ...*

*A collection of flowers,*

*To fight for a new freedom ...*

*They just grow between us, not to separate ...*

*But to let new magic rise ....*

### *Island of Seasons*

*In winter you cry, longing for August,*

*but in August you desire the Autumn's rain ...*

*You prefer to have them all in your collection ...*

*Licorice from March till September ...*

You still dream of a bird's flight,  
to bring you to the island of seasons,  
where they all live together in peace and satisfaction ...  
you still dream of the land of cockaigne,  
touching your own wings ...  
and finding out they are your friends ....

And when you look at your own body,  
seeing July's Fire, touching October's Rains,  
How April's Sweetness embraces January's Shyness,  
you realize that the switching between the months is not a separation ...  
but it teaches you to do the same, and to bring it all into balance ...  
to let you not to forget about one season ... but to give them all the place  
they deserve ...

Poetry from the Red Rose II

*Escaping The Big Dream*

*no dreams for tonight*

*I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat,*

*Riding in a new sort of factory ...*

*Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back ....*

*Dragons dreams ....*

*I'm dreaming of a sun,*

*standing between ten mirrors ...*

*Not knowing which mirror to watch ....*

*Just watch all ten ...*

*Not inside ...*

*But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ...*

*Dreams of the big cat ....*

*Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,*

*just sleep ....*



*The dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,*

*like ten men on a tower ....*

*Shooting from the distance .....*

*But they are far .... far away ....*

*Actually .... too far away to really see them ....*

*So how do you know they are with ten ...*

*How do you know they are men .....*

*They are too far to hear them shoot ....*

*So how do you know they shoot ....*

*They are too far away ....*

*So how can you dream about them ....*

*The dream's too far ....*

*the lion's confusion*

*Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...*

*Like those mirrors of the sun ....*

*But I don't know ....*

They are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...

It's too vague to define ....

I couldn't make a good picture of this ...

It seems I'm in the lion's confusion again ....

But this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like you .....

Who invented all these dreams ...

Maybe those ten men on that tower ....

But who knows .... I'm not sure they are with ten ...

It's too far away ....

And I even don't know if they are men ...

They can be chickens .... I don't know ...

I really don't know ....

All I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...

But they are so far away .... who knows...maybe there's no one there ....

Maybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sun ....

That sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...

You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a card ....

It told me about all this ....

But it said it didn't know it either .... It was too far ...

Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real far .....

So let us forget about all this, also about the ten men ....

They sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...

So I will forget about it ....

Maybe they are with nine, and not ten ...

Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...

They sent it ..... And it said all this ....

But I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...

So when even a playcard says it's far away, it must be real far ....

It seems like I'm in the Lion's confusion ....

Even the mailman was confused ...

He said his wife died yesterday ....

And she's so far away now ...

How do you know it's her then ? I ask ...

Maybe someone else died .... It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do you know it's that ?

Maybe she just went for the shop ..... a long shopping ....

Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men ....

They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there ....

But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons ....

Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or .... high ...  
technology.

maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ...

Then your wife will also hear .... if she's there ...

Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman,

Your husband is looking for you ....

Please tell us where you are ....

He's so confused since you're gone ...

Can you please send us a card ?

*god of ten*

The next day I get a card ...

But not from his wife ....

Another mailman brought it to me ....

It was .... a mourning-card ...

My mailman died this night ....

I go to the phone, and call to his house ....

His wife picks up ...

I thought you were away with ten men, I ask ...

Well, she sais ... I thought you were ...

My husband talked about it yesterday ... he was so confused ...

He said you were gone with ten men, for you left a card stuck at your  
frontdoor ...

So he left to look for you .... he said he would go to the sun of ten  
mirrors ...

So, he didn't die, I say ...

No, she sais ... why ....

For I got his mourning-card .... but I bet these ten men sent it to me ....

Oh my, she screams ....

Shh, it's all too far away, and I don't believe in these ten men anymore  
because of that ...

And this must be the reason I'm home again .....

And we will have to wait till your husband doesn't believe in them  
anymore ....

Then he will be home .... Just like me ....

And if they really have such hi-tech .... and he's with them .... he will hear  
us also ...

Okay, honey, she says, can you hear me ?

It's me, your wife ....

Please send me a card ... so that I know you're alive .....

Ten men coming from the sun,

Ten men to do the dance,

They kidnapped us all,

They brought us all the cards ....

But those who don't believe,

Will be home this night .....

At the end of the story,

I know it seems strange,

The mailman is the eleventh,

The eleventh of ten ....

Today he still believes,

He still delivers their cards ....

When you see him,

Don't believe his cards ....

*Don't believe him ....*

*For then you will be the twelveth ....*

*Ten men with big grey beards ....*

*Ten Noah's on a tower ....*

*Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat ....*

*An .... Ark .... for plants .....*

*Only the postman will believe them, when they open their books,*

*Only the mailman will ....*

*For he is their god ....*

*The eleventh of ten ....*

*Don't follow their path,*

*for then you will be number twelve ...*

*I'm so sorry for the mailman's wife ...*

*Now she's in the Lion's Confusion ...*

*Her husband appeared to be the god of ten ....*

*Men with big grey beards and round glasses ...*

*Ten Noah's on a ship for trees ....*

Her tears .... The flood ....

Now they send cards,

actually playcards ...

To play with people ...

Ten men to build an ark,

from Pinocchio's Wood,

The holy tree ....

To save all flowers, to save all herbs ...

Or is it their prison ?

They are playing a strange game ....

Cuyornaida ..... Corset .....

Sending cards to strangers ....

Invitations from a dentist's heart .....

Ten mad dentists from the strange sun ....

And a mad mailman is their god ....

The eleventh of ten ....

The holy cactus ...

The flag on their ship of mud ....



*But ..... I could escape .....*

*Me ..... The red rose .....*

*Escaping this ship of doom,*

*This ..... big dream .....*

*To tell you this story,*

*So please listen closely .....*

*The plants are their prisoners ....*

*The cards they send out ....*

*To deceive the mass .....*

*But no one will believe them when they will open their books ....*

*Only the mailman will .....*

*Their god,*

*The holy cactus ....*

*And still he brings cards everyday ....*

*Still he brings their newspapers,*

*mad magazines ....*

*But no one will believe, when they will open their books ....*

Ten books of the wizard,

Ten bibles in a row ....

When they will be opened .... No one will believe ....

Only the mailman will ....

So please ..... never become a mailman,

for you will be their twelveth .....

Ten men called Noah ...

Ten dentists in a row .....

Capturing all trees and flowers in their ark ....

Except the red rose .....

I escaped ....

Ten businessmen .....

Gepetto is their mailman ....

Neptune's little fairy weeps ....

Sailing in Gepetto's Tree .....

Cuyornaida .... Corset ....

In this they grow ....

*It's the big dream ....*

*Only a red rose could escape ....*

*Someone came back from the dentist ....*

*With a mouth full of flowers,*

*Me ...*

*The Red Rose .....*

*I don't believe in them anymore ....*

*I escaped their ark ....*

*With a mouth full of ....red roses .....*

*Ten men of terror ...*

*Ten dentists inviting our teeth ....*

*Looking for new marketsquares ....*

*To play their games ....*

*But my teeth don't believe in them anymore ....*

*I have a mouth full of red flowers ....*

*Blooming in the night .....*

*Their ark of doom,*

where is it going to ?

they are heading for the mad sun .....

Like pirates for their homeland ....

Selling captivated teeth ....

Sacrificing them to the old snake .....

But when Gepetto wakes up ....

The eye of another dentist will be opened ....

The eye of the forester ....

To bring the mailman back ....

I have a cactus in my mouth ...

A holy tooth ....

A holy book .....

A holy genesis .....

About ten Noah's on a ship .....

With the mailman as their god .....

The eleventh of ten ....

*a woman called marion*

*Gepetto's hand is on my heart ....*

*Heading for a new Aquarius .....*

*For the Licorice has struck .....*

*It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again ....*

*I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea ....*

*A woman called Marion is feeding me ....*

*She loves the Red Rose ....*

*She loves ..... me ....*

*She has ten men painted on her hat ....*

*Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants .....*

*Her face is like the yellow flower ....*

*Escaping ..... The ..... Big ..... Dream .....*

*These ten men, she sais ..... are ten dreams .....*

*Too far away ..... Too far to dream .....*

*But their playcards bring it in your mind .....*

*And it all comes too close .....*

*too near .....*

*This is the secret of the holy cactus ....*

*It all happens when they eat ....*

*Then you don't know where you are anymore ....*

*And the Lion's Confusion becomes yours .....*

*And when the red rose touches the yellow flower ....*

*It will start all over again ....*

*But then you will see it through a different eye .....*

*The eye of the forester ....*

*The second eye of Aquarius .....*

*Then you will see the gardener has touched your heart .....*

*Just to let things grow and bloom .....*

*He just does it in a strange way ....*

*For it becomes yours when it's strange .....*

*Things too far away will continue to tingle your mind ....*

*And become too close, nearer than anything ....*

*In this he can plant his seed,*

*To let the flower grow .....*

*It comes over you when the ten men eat .....*

*It is formed when you eat ....*

*And when I eat it will bloom ....*

*The Lion's Tea .....*

*The tea of the cactus .....*

*All a gift to you .....*

*To let your garden grow ....*

*To bring the hand of gepetto on your head .....*

*Dreams too far away ....*

*Will get too close soon enough ....*

*But in this the magic will grow ....*

*And it appeared all to be ... different .....*

*Misunderstanding ..... from ..... the ..... Lion's tea .....*

*I think I'm fainting .....*

*She has a shelter in .....me ..... forever .....*

*These ten men .....*

*These ten fingers of Toth .....*

*They were actually my friends .....*

*Finally .....*

*Is this the factory of Marion ?*

*Is this the Lion's Tea ?*

*All these .... gods .....*

*They came to earth .....*

*They sent us cards .....*

*Just to trick us .....*

*Just to bring us ..... The world ... beyond ..... Fairytale .....*

*They are our worst enemies, but our best friends .....*

*the tale's journalist*

*And who am I ?*

*I am the red rose ....*

*escaping a lion's ship .....*

*swimming through marion's tears .....*

*heading for a new story to tell you .....*



*But who am I in real ?*

*I am still Neptune's little fairy,*

*And still the tale's journalist after all these years .....*

*With Arcturus in my heart ....*

*I opened the Eye of Gepetto,*

*He's still a good businessman after all these years .....*

*And a forester .....*

*A good dentist .....*

*Nice for the children,*

*But full of tricks ....*

*And we are still together, after all these years ....*

*He and me .....*

*The businessman and the journalist .....*

*Heading for the sun of Aquarius .....*

*The .... mad ..... sun .....*

*Here we all drink from the Lion's Tea ....*

*Mixed with Cactus and Licorice ....*

*That good old Licorice .....*

*Still the gardener of our squares .....*

Still our hope to touch the moon .....

Having ten little men on his white gloves .....

The ten fingers of Toth .....

I'm feeling his smoke in my back .....

Like the waves of old oceans ....

These are dragon dreams .....

These are dreams of the cat .....

These are cigars of Pharaos .....

A new city to enter .....

These are dreams to escape and dreams to enter again ....

While everything has changed .....

For we looked through different glasses .....

Holy glasses .....

Glasses .... from ..... ten men .....

Round glasses .....

Or ..... are they Gepetto's glasses .....

Here we go again .....

Diving deeper into the Lion's Confusion .....

Heading for a new flower .....

When the Licorice will strike another time .....

*the kid's the captain*

*Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter .....*

*An old man bought ten little plastic sailors .....*

*For his grandson ....*

*He will have his birthday tomorrow .....*

*The toyman smiles .....*

*They come alive in the night, he sais .....*

*An old woman is smiling .....* she's the wife of the old man ....

*She just bought some licorice for her grandson .....*

*In the candy's shop at the corner of the street ....*

*Ten pieces of big licorice .....*

*The grandson is glad .....* he's just four years old .....

*He doesn't realize the deep story behind the ten sailors and the ten big  
pieces of licorice .....* but his grandparents know .....

*His grandfather was mailman in his early days .... And sailed many seas*

*.....*

And grandmother worked in a shop for card-games and other sort of games, and also in a shop for old telephones ..... So they know all about it

.....

One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors .....

They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve .....

Then he can be the twelveth of ten .....

They smile and look forward to that day .....

From his father he got a plastic ship ....

So now he can sail with these ten sailors ....

Without knowing who they are ....

But he will love it ....

For there's magic behind .....

And they are sure the boy will feel it .....

For kids feel a lot ....

Things they cannot define .....

For they are too far away yet .....

But that's why it is all so close actually .....

That's why they are closer than anybody .....

And that's why they are the true captains on these sorts of ships .....

He likes the mailman .....

He got a lot of cards today .....

Also ..... a card .... from ten men .....

Oh, I know these men, he said .....

I saw them in the zoo,

They were looking for a red rose .....

And then I said .... one grows in our garden .....

So they said they would send me a card .....

His mother smiles ....

She's so proud of her little son ...

She doesn't believe in anything of this all ....

And that's maybe better for her son .....

For when he grows up, and wants to escape the big dream ....

He can find a shelter in her .....

To see that he's always ....

..... the captain of his own dreams ....

## *Toy-Movies*

*It's the dream of every kid ....*

*The Toy-Movie ....*

*When it's sun shines that red ray ....*

*It's time to play ....*

*You can ride into the movie ...*

*And go where you want to go ....*

*It all happens in your own room ....*

*Just close your curtains .... and wait for the sun to shine through ...*

*The Toy-Movie ....*

*At night you will have to wait for it's moon, or for it's shining star ....*

*So that you can play at night .....*

*The Toy-Movie ...*

*Every kid's dream ...*

*Wait for it's invitation ....*

*Wait for the touch of it's hand ...*

*The little fir knows where to find you .....*

*Always the toy-movie's master ....*

*Just step in his carriage,*

*and hold it's hand very tight ....*

*Then your dream will begin ....*

*A world of dreams you will enter ....*

*And this all happens in your room ....*

*The floor will come alive,*

*The ceiling and the walls ....*

*The furniture, the cupboards,*

*and even your own clothes ....*

*The movie can begin ....*

*achernar's friend*

*I'm riding the pole-animals ....*

*You must be achernar's friend ....*

Your words echo through the night ...

You are the faery's dream ....

You ride the sun, speaking calm words in slow-motion, trying to enter  
through my spine ... but I keep it tight .... I will not let myself slide into a  
new rabbithole again ... But .... you are ..... not a rabbit .... but a lion ....  
well at least you wear the lion's clothes ....

well you must be acheranar's friend ... your words creep slowly into the  
night .... like the lion's slowmotion .... i know you are an actress .... but i'm  
an actress too ... wasting my words into an old basket .... leaving one shoe  
behind ....

i'm riding the milk .... your words cannot enter ... my mother protected  
me too well ... you must be acheranar's friend ..... your words get too slow  
..... until they fade away ..... into a place i don't know ... i'm heading for  
rio ... colours too wild ..... but you push me back to archernar, and i have  
to wait for the next newspaper, next century .... everything goes so slow  
here .... i'm heading for the desert called "everything" ... to become as  
mean as you .... or isn't slow the same as mean ?

no one can ever judge you for being too fast ....

but you could create the faery's rain, although you deny it ....

your deserts get slower every year,

and your money smaller ....

this is how the bills fade away ...

your deserts are too hot ... money burns ...

you're acheranar's friend no doubt about it ....



*the lion's slowmotion, you still live in that little house .... the lion's  
slowmotion... you still live deep down in the desert .... having wild dreams*

*.....*

*and i know this desert will roar against me, i know this desert will roar ...*

*until i have become this desert .... until i have become ...you ....*

*achernar's friend ...*

*Little wild cat man*

*You are the candyman*

*You are the candyman*

*You are the best man*

*You are the candyman*

*I'm walking down the streets of little Aquarius,*

*I wonder who I will meet today,*

*It's always excited, to see the streets so full of men,*

*Of little men escaping from a wizard's dream*

*It is the candyman,*

*That little man,*

That keeps hitting me today,  
I need a friend in my surroundings,  
To watch my pain.

It is the candyman,  
That magic man,  
That keeps me brave today,  
It is my best friend,  
He is for always to stay.

You are the candyman,  
That little candyman,  
You are the best man,  
The little and best man.

You are the candyman,  
So full of candy man,  
He is the candy, and also he's a man.

I watch his dreams today,

They are so funny and so sweet,  
I wonder where he's going,  
I hope to my friends,  
For it's a little man I want to share,  
The pride of a wizard's heart,  
He is the candyman,  
That little candyman.

And when a nightmare rides his way to me,  
And tries to increase my pain,  
There is this candyman,  
That cowboyman to bring it on his knees,  
He is the candyman, that cowboyman, he brings me to deeper dreams,  
And when he calls me,  
There is a brand new day.

It is the candyman,  
It is the candyman,  
It is the best man,  
You are that candyman.

That little candyman,  
That funny cowboyman,  
He is a wild man,  
That little wild cat man.

He is a dreamerman,  
A little dreamerman,  
He is the wizard's man,  
The wild cat from the den.

He is the childhood's man,  
He is the forest's man,  
He is the wildman,  
The wild cat candyman.

He is the little man,  
He is the best man,  
You're still that candyman,  
That dreaming candyman.

*That dreaming candyman,*

*That dreaming candyman,*

*The dreaming candyman,*

*The dreaming candyman,*

*A dreaming .... candy ... man ...*

*He is dreaming about you ....*

*He is dreaming about me .....*

*He is dreaming ..... about ..... candy .....*

*The wizard's candy .....*

*The wizard's men .....*

*The wizard's little men .....*

*All his little men .....*

*All little men .....*

*The wizard's men .....*

*All wizard's men .....*

All dreamer's men .....

All dreaming men .....

The wizard's men .....

Poetry from the White Chocolate

*The Decision of the Round Table Churches*

*"A red picnic was all I could think about, that worst day in my life ....  
Was it all the trick of a Tiger ? Or is this just another trick from the  
Lion's Tea ?"*

*little gamble man*

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,  
There he cycles on his fairy's bike ...  
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,  
There he cycles to the grave ....  
There he lost his mother,

There he lost his red barret ....

There he dances and swings with his bullets ....

For he lost his dogs ....

And he lost his blue corsets ....

For he lost his cocks,

and he lost his big brown hat ...

There he cycles,

in his little blue rollerskate ...

There he dreams and he's on his way to you ....

For he found his father,

and he found his blue cuckoo ....

For there he found his dogs,

and his mother and his cue ....

There he cycles,

yes he's on his way to you ....

For there he found everything,

which he lost three miles away or two ...

There he's smiling,  
for he's spinning a new dream ....

There he's waving,  
for he wants you to see ....

It's all somewhere,  
it is never really lost ....  
And when he touches you,  
you can get it for awhile or lose .....

For it's all from him,  
and he takes it when he wants .....

You can borrow,  
but it's always in his hands ...

You can steal it,  
but it's never really there ....

For what you steal, you don't have anymore around the corner of the  
street ....

And what you took might be gone at the end of every year ....



He knows the seasons, yes he knows when winter bleeds ...  
He invented the years, and the places where you can be .....  
But it's all a dream, and you never really know your place ...  
It is all to fear, for you never know your year ...  
yes it's all so lost and it's all so far away ....  
But it is also close and it will eat you on it's way ....  
  
You don't know when the sun rises in your head .....  
You don't know it, for it can be another's sun instead ....  
For it's all too late and it's all too early to tell ....  
And it's all too endless .....  
When the little gamble man puts his puma claw on you ....

*voice of the puma*

He wants you to forget,  
He wants you to remember,  
when his clock strikes ....  
He wants you to dream,

He wants you to have a nightmare,

When his bikebell strikes .....

For you are in his wheel,

And he sucks your pockets empty whenever he wants ....

But it's to protect you ....

For when you would be too full you would explode .....

He steals your pockets empty,

to bring it to the maze ....

It's on the wheel forever ....

To give others a chance .....

It's bleeding red coffee,

To wake up another one's dream,

And bring him some money,

Which he could never have because of you .....

And now the dream is alive ....

And now the fear has struck ....

For the wheel wants to spin,

To bring luck to the other side of the world .....

Instead of here ....

Instead of ..... you .....

Instead of me .....

It's in his pockets now ....

He's the robin hood of the gamble world,

having an automaton on his back ....

To fly over the world ....

To serve the wheel ...

For it's all too far and it's never easy to see ....

That the dream is over when his wheel comes to the city ....

Endless nights .....

Endless winters .....

An endless dream ....

An endless sleep .....

All upto him .....

The little puma man .....

So let us all share our places, and our dreams of coffee-cream .....

Let us all share our money .....

*Let us be on the back of the little puma man .....*

*And hear the ticking of his little clock ....*

*To know he steals to share .....*

*That little robin,*

*That little robin hood .....*

*red coffee*

*Bring your dreams to the bakers ...*

*Let them divide the bread .....*

*Let them race not only to your street, but also to the other side of the  
world ...*

*Oh yes, share your bakers .....*

*And also share your heart's desires,*

*Before the little puma,*

*will come to tear it all away .....*

*For the gamble's wheel ....*

*Will shatter all which is not torn ....*

*Will let the casino's cycle .....*

To the end of the world ....

To divide their manners,

To share their coffee-creams .....

To bring all their bakers to the rooms where they could not be seen .....

Yes the wheel will spin, and make your things lost ....

You will lose your mothers,

You will lose your lethal dogs ....

You will lose your fathers,

Your glasses and your dreams .....

But you will find them all back on the other side of the world ....

There where the bakers feed the hungry hearts ....

Where your eye doesn't dare to watch ....

Where your hand covers your head, scared of the dust .....

Learn to be at all places,

and things will never be lost ....

learn to give away all you have,

and you will find it all over the seas ....

Shining more than yesterday .....

*The secret of sleep .....*

*The secret of the tea ....*

*The lion's tea ....*

*And all these little men ....*

*They come from the tea ....*

*The lion's tea ....*

*And all these little men ....*

*They work .....*

*for the tea ....*

*The lion's tea .....*

*And yes, you will misunderstand them,*

*yes you will try to trick them and to hunt them down ....*

*But that's all in the tea ....*

*They gave you the drink .....*

*But that will all be over,*

It will all be clear,  
when you drink the red coffee,  
and hide away from all fear ....

Then you will shake the hands of all these little men ....

Then you woke up to another world .....

And you will know the secret of ten .....

For when the tiger wakes up, it's red coffee you will drink ...

And your dreams will sink to the endless bottom,

And there is nothing you will think ....

For you will only know ..... You will only know you woke ...

And your dreams have melted into the little gate in the endless bottom

.....

There the comics reign, and the cartoons serve the cubes ...

*when the giant wakes up*

Yes you want to know, and you also want to dream .....

But more to fish at it, instead of swimming in it,

for you woke up to tomorrow's world ....

And the Tiger protects you,

and also his little man ...

And the juices you drink will be the best you ever drank ....

For you don't swim in it anymore, you only drink the dream,

and it goes to your stomach,

where it gets its place to reign the stream ....

It will have its throne, and it will have its staff to rule,

and it can also scream for that's the emperor's manner of playing games

....

But you rule in yourself, you will never ever swim .....

You will only drink, you will only watch the game .....

And its balls will fill you, and you will never have to cry ....

You will only laugh, for that is all the reason why ....

For life's the biggest joke,

so endless no one understood,

but when the Giant wakes up,

there's a clown who can solve the puzzle ....

And the candle of dreams will be swept away for sure ....

And your dreams will be swallowed in the gates of the deepest earths ....



There they will cry as kids and you will never have to be,  
their child again, for it's a new day to win .....

Summer's on, and winter has gone,  
and the fruit isn't what it was .....

It's now red coffee,

It's now a red picnic day ...

For the giant hit the clown ...

Yes, the endless joke,

the little man of jokes ....

sits on the back of the panther .....

is this the birth of the panther's prince ?

the fish brought you to paradise,

a wild cat saved your life ....

*knocking on old chocolate*

I know .... I am .....

A red picnic was all I could think about that worst day in my life ....

Was it all the trick of a Tiger ?

*Or is this just another trick from the Lion's Tea ?*

*I'm knocking on the old chocolate for an answer ....*

*But the old bunny doesn't open it's door ....*

*Still saying "no".*

*I know one day I will drink from the Chocolate's Milk,*

*streaming from the rat's game ....*

*maybe sooner than I know ....*

*I'm having this whole red picnic in my mother's bag ....*

*running to the wizard .....*

*He knows what I have to do with all these little men ....*

*Or are they just ants ?*

*When a woman throws her shoe, you can better hide ....*

*For these will tell you tales you don't want to hear .....*

*Unfortunately I heard such a tale,*

*ten-thousand years ago ....*

*I still walk with bottomless wounds ....*

*I don't believe in birthdaycakes anymore ....*

*It seems I will be on this bird with the woman's head forever .....*

*Ah, there's the wizard .....* He has the face of an ant .....

Well, hello, wizard, nice to see you ....

Can you tell me what this red picnic is all about ?

Please say all these little man coming and going in my life weren't ants ....

The woman doesn't like her ....

Then she will shake me off ....

Then I will fall from her back and fall into the bottomless pit below the  
bird ...

The woman looks into my eyes ....

"You have ant-eyes ...." she sais .....

There I go,

falling .....

No tear can save me .....

Even the glued tears can't ....

When this woman lets me fall,

no one can catch me .....

She's the only one who can save me ....

But oh, thank God, she gave me the gnat's wings .....

And the wasp's sting to have a weapon against the dangerous creatures  
in the bottomless pit ....

Well, she was always nice to me .....

*She didn't let me go into this pit without a good picnic ....*

*A red picnic .....*

*curse of the insect*

*The red woman smiles ....*

*I'm not bad after all ... she sais ....*

*I'm hearing my favourite music on the radio ....*

*Recording it in my head ....*

*Her red juices were always the best ....*

*definitely .....*

*She smiles ....*

*I always used to hide when a lady smiled ....*

*But this time I'm opening my wings ....*

*Is it the curse of the insect ?*

*There the wizard shuts the ball ....*

*An ornament is sitting before it ....*

It looks like an insect .....

Speaking with a thousand voices .....

There I faint .....

I didn't know this would ever happen to me ....

On the field kids are playing football ....

Well, this happens when they do that,

the wizard tells ....

Yeah I say,

and when my aunt is baking an egg,

the same will happen, right ?

Exactly, the wizard sais ... unless it falls on the ground ...

When the insect-egg is shining,

everything melts away ....

Then a red picnic is born ....

Give me the bag ... he asks ....

I will give you another bag for tomorrow he sais ....

No ! I scream ... not another bag ... not another picnic, I beg you ..... please

....

I'm crying all colours of the rainbow .....

Life like this really scared me .....

Shh .. he sais ....

It's not another picnic .... it's a book .....

A book about the picnic .....

Is it dangerous ? I ask ....

No, he sais ... totally not .....

It's actually ..... something which will make you laugh .....

Who wrote it ? I ask ....

I did .... he sais ....

Then it must be good, I say ....

He smiles .....

*trying to escape*

*I'm the wizard of this red picnic .... he sais ....*

*Without the red picnic you wouldn't be able to see me .....*

*The red picnic brought you to me ..... It's my wife ....*

*Well, I'm glad to meet your lady, I say ....*

*But I really have to go now .....*

*I hope she was the last one I ever met ....*

*If you have more wives like this,*

*Just boot me out of this machine ok ?*

*I'm crying tears of fear and deep pain ....*

*This woman was my hell, and now I have to believe she is my heaven ...*

*No way !*

*The doors are locked,*

*I can't get anywhere outside this place ....*

*I beg your pardon, the wizard sais ...*

*There are no other places .....*

*This is all there is ....*

Yeah, right, I scream ....

You're ripe for a mental help .....

I know a good man selling ice-creams .... maybe he can help ....

It's too hot in your hat, buddy !

I'm so confused about this guy,

calling himself the wizard of the red picnic ....

Thinking he's Oz himself ...

my mother taught me to never accept candy from strangers ....

or just bring it to her for a mother's research ....

But this guy gets me so far ....

He now sais the red lady was my mother ....

and she is the only mother I will ever have ....

There are no other mothers besides her ....

I'm slamming in the air ....

Trying to hit this whole scary cloud-castle to the ground ....

There I'm fainting again in my desparate screams ....



Are you ok ? The little gamble man asks .... trying to comfort me ....

No, I say ..... I just had a nightmare .....

I'm totally upset .....

Yesterday's nightmares will be tomorrow's doorways, he sais ....

while turning around, and disappearing in the snow .....

*a strange turn around*

I never saw him again, that little gamble man .... and neither that  
strange wizard ....

It all happened very long ago ..... And it's still very clear in my mind ....

I'm not really looking for it ..... But in a sense it was all very interesting ....

Like there are things worse than it ....

I mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same time ....

And it's like I feel the red path burning under my feet ....

Far away, but close ....

I can't describe it ....

It still feels strange ..... but .....

Sometimes I think ..... maybe it was all true .....

When I sometimes look at my mother, it's like I see that red lady ....

And when I look at my father ..... it's like he's that wizard ....

but ..... I don't know, maybe I just fantasize too much ....

I must say : Yesterday my mother asked if I would go for a red picnic  
together with dad ...

I said : never again !

Then she asked me to go for a blue picnic ....

I told her that doesn't exist according to ...someone ....

She asked me who ....

I said I couldn't tell ..... I didn't want to bring anyone in troubles ....

But today it was on television :

They said : Blue picnics don't exist ....

This was something they decided today ..... A round table of churches ....

While I told her yesterday blue picnics didn't exist .....

So she asked me who of these churches told it to me before it was on  
television ....

I said : mom, it was ..... a wizard ..... a red one .... and .....

Mom fainted .....

A couple of minutes later after drinking some water she woke up .....

saying : how do you know about the red wizard ?

He died just before you were born ....

He was my first husband ..... I never told you about this ....

But he is your real father .....

There I faint ..... it was all too much for me .....

My present father tries to soothe me .....

But I can't be soothed ..... I'm shocked .....

My whole body is aching,

and my mother has red spots on her face .....

*finally home*

I'm awakening in little amsterdam ....

It was a long dream .....

My mother is soothing me .....

My step-mother ....

For my real mother died long ago .....

She died when I was three years old .....

By an accident ....

Crashed by a red car .....

*My stepfather is also with me .....*

*Holding my hand ....*

*He was my real father's friend .....*

*My real father died before I was born ....*

*He has been drowned .....*

*While there was a storm on the North-Sea .....*

*His ship sunk .....*

*Only his friend survived .....*

*My present dad ... my stepfather .....*

*He married my present mother after my real mother died ....*

*She was my mother's friend .....*

*They were both in the car .....*

*Only my stepmother survived ....*

*My stepdad is a wonderful man .... He can always bring my heart at  
ease ....*

*He tells me he has a present for me .....*

*He had waited for the right moment .....*

*It was a present from my real father ....*

*When the storm was after their boat ....*

My father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult .... it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it ..... It was beautiful ..... It has been on my father's boat for many many years ....

Then my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She says when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream .... I would hang it in my room ....

It's snowing outside .... I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad .... And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad .... It's all very emotional for me .... But I desire to know more about it .... I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born .....

I'm asking my stepdad and stepmom about the blue picnic in my dreams, from which the red wizard said it didn't exist ....

My stepdad looks into the eyes of my stepmom, and she also looks into his eyes .... then my stepmom takes my both hands, and my stepfather lays his hand on my shoulders ... That is something we never told you about, my stepdad says, for we thought you wouldn't be ready for it ..... but ..... you have an elder sister .... she has also been drowned ... the day the storm came .... it was one of the worst storms our land ever had .... Thousands of people died .... Anyway, your sister was also on the ship .... and she and I tried to save your dad, who fell out of the ship .... she never returned .... I lost them both in the storm, ... I was picked up by a helicopter .... This storm was called "blue picnic" ... it was a ...cyclone ....

But .... why did the red wizard tell me there was only a red picnic and nothing more ? And why did all those churches on television in that dream say that the blue picnic didn't exist ? I ask ....

Stepdad looks again in the eyes of my stepmom .... And she's looking into his ... Then my stepdad takes me in the arms and sais : Son, actually your daddy committed suicide in the storm, using his gun .... Your sister did the same after she found out ...

I'm deeply shocked .... Why didn't you tell me earlier ? I ask ...

There I really wake up .... I'm so glad .... pffff it was all a dream ....

My mom and dad are sitting next to my bed ... holding my hand ....

You were so sick, my mother sais ....

I'm embracing them .... I'm so glad you're alive .... I say ...

My sister is also in my room, looking at me with a worried face ....

I'm the happiest person ever on earth ....

I will never knock on old chocolate again ....

Riddles, Roses and Mockingbirds

*is this person singing false, or do I have a false ear .....*

*zebras*

I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift ....

An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car ..... Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats ....

The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live.

And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? And ....

Someone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me .... I never felt anything .... This black knight ..... His

face is covered ..... masked .... like the red zorro .... he still wears a rainbow inside ..... And his zebra is smiling ..... Hey, there you are again .... little zebra-boy ....

Eh....since when am I a zebra .... It's black christmas .... dolls are wandering through his forest ..... They look angry ..... They wear big knives .... They are looking for someone ....

These dolls come from the south ..... The land of the sun ..... They are looking for ..... me ? No, not that they are angry at me .... They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants ..... They like his little lights .... rainbow's .... lights .....

Now, but this guy never ever hurted me .... I never felt anything ..... He smashed me on the table like I was a doll ..... well, maybe I am .....

There the dolls knock on his doors ..... We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave .... Come out !

The red zebra opens the door ..... Eh .... no way, hunnies ..... It's time the child is here ..... It's not your time yet ..... Kalibra Bazina ..... Look at your watches ..... When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child back .....

No ! The dolls say ..... he needs to come home now ....

I'm sorry, the zebra says .... and shuts the door .....

Then we will get our nuclear boats, and put on our nuclear trousers, the dolls say .... and will return to this maze and kill them all .....

And that was which they did .... They returned home to get their nuclear weapons and threats, and went back again to the ..... but there was no forest anymore ..... It all disappeared .....



See, those stupid wizards kidnapped our child ..... We will have it back on twelve o'clock, and then our kid is proud ..... Then he thinks he's the wizard's son again .....

The zebra caresses my face .... This time it's a blue one .... I'm sick and tired of these dolls who scream in my head .....

It's all in your head, the zebra says ..... all ..... in ..... your ..... head .....

But they don't want me proud ..... I say .....

But you are, the zebra says. And you must ..... It is your destiny and your condition .... your own heart .... I'm crying rainbows of tears .... They are so angry ..... I say ..... And they will hurt me if I don't listen to their fairytales ..... Fairytales in which I am a bad zebra .....

No fairytales like that, the zebra says ....

I'm crying nuclear tears ..... I got the bomb, they gave me nuclear food ... for I was .... the bad zebra .....

No, the zebra says ... no, no, no, no ..... that's not true ..... No fairytales like that ..... It's all in your head .... It's not in mine .....

Then why, why, why, I ask .... why is it in my head ....

Because, the zebra says ....

And then I can't hear him anymore .... It's twelve o'clock ..... I'm with the dolls again ..... Yeah, I know I am the bad zebra ..... Yeah, I know your fairytales ..... whatever .... but the zebra says it's not true ..... There I go ..... You're crazy, they say ..... It's one o'clock ..... There I slide to my mom and dad's house ..... my doll-parents ..... I know when I get there, I will believe everything they say ..... Ding-dong ..... I'm ..... lost ..... too ..... late .....

Ha, ha, ha, son, you're back .... Now you will believe what we try so hard to believe ..... You proud one, you bad zebra, you think you are the wizard's son ..... But here, have a nuclear cucumber .... made by grandma's ..... Forget about your granddad, he's dead .... He always spoke lies to your head ..... Eat from grandma's delicious candy, you bad zebra-boy ..... pretending to be the wizard's son ..... We will get you down here ..... You are our son ..... and we need you to serve in our restaurants there at the sea ..... To serve nuclear sea-food ..... This is what you are, a sea-slave ..... and nothing more ..... you old bragger .... And one day we will catch your black zebra-friend, that old christmas-tree from the black zone ..... he can help you with it .... you will love your nuclear chewing-gum again, like nothing else .... like never before ..... you .....

There I faint, I know where I'm going to now .... something worse ..... I'm sliding to my aunt and uncle's house .... And I know, like it always was .... When I get there, I will have to drink from the lion's tea, that nuclear tea ..... and then ..... I will believe them forever, and forgetting about the wizard ..... like it was never there ..... There I will see that all truth is a lie ....

Are there more houses like this ? I don't know anymore, I'm lying on the table of the black knight again .... my zebra-friend .... It was time for him already ..... It's all in your watch, he sais .... You were never gone ..... But I need to repair your watch ..... It's all in your head .....

Do you like my riddles ? he asks .....

Well, I don't know .... I'm scared .....

I know you are, he sais .... but does it hurt you ?

No, but ....

## *firs*

There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house ..... not a doll, not a zebra ..... I wonder what will happen now .... Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place .... They don't believe in each other ..... Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus ..... Or is this a cursed roundabout ?

I'm looking in the eye of a white fir .... a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes .... They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow ..... How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy ..... Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows .....

Eh, the fir sais ..... you love the riddles too much ..... and they love you ..... It is not what it seems .... It will never be what it seems ..... For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place ..... Misunderstanding ..... from ..... the Lion's Tea .....

But, but ..... I ask ..... is there a way out of this ? Am I ever getting home ? All I can do is cry .... Rainbow-tears ..... Nuclear Tears .....

You are already home ..... the white fir sais ..... You are just reading books of old fairgrounds, to watch their wild dances ..... Granddad left them for you ..... he wanted you to know .... All what he gives is magic .... When you read his books, you are in .....

I'm crying harder ..... It's so scary, white fir ..... I say ..... Please take me out of this ..... I don't want to read anymore, I'm tired ..... please show me the exit of the book .....

The exit of the book is deep in your heart, he says .... It's the fear ..... By fear you can turn the pages, and when the fear gets too much you finally are able to shut the book .....

But this fear is destroying me, I say ..... is there any other way to the exit ?

Yes, when you start to realize that it is not your fear, but the fear of the book itself to lose you .... the fir says ....

But why is the book afraid to lose me, I ask .....

There I faint .... he couldn't answer me .... I was gone already ..... And now I'm reading in another book that which just happened .... I bet within a few minutes I will see myself reading a book in another book ..... My god, how long will this go on ? It's like I'm walking on an endless stairway ..... Heading for the Exit of books ..... All my hurt is following me .... These are wild days ..... A whole circus is after me .... trying to catch my shadows ..... trying to catch my reflections ..... trying to ..... get a piece of my tall dress ...so that they can pull me downstairs again ..... What a horror ..... I want to get rid of the dress ..... It's a fairground-dress made by dwarf-tailors .... It's all on it's label .... It's like the elve's glue, it's like the evening-curse ..... I'm running faster, trying to get rid of the dress .... Anyone help me ! In this tower of books .... The rabbit's curse ..... The rabbit's pit ..... It was Alice falling in here ..... But I don't trust her either ... Is the real world so nice and good ? I want the best exit of all these fairgrounds .... The top of the tower ..... To escape out of it's clock forever .....

The stairway of books .... It's like the rainbow .... It's like the zebra .... The round table of ponds ..... I have the feeling I'm running in circles ..... There's no exit ..... I'm diving in a green pond, a red one and a purple one ..... Without any result ..... The roundabout's curse .... Rumours from the west, rumours from the east .... all from the lion's confusion ... the big

mix .... red picnics and blue picnic's ..... it's all in the lion's tea ..... it's all in  
a glass of water ..... There an innkeeper tries to fish me out of the glass in  
which I drowned .... But this book .... this book ..... I know this book .....  
Just another book .... Curse of the book's wizard .....

Someone here wants to drive me crazy .... I'm in the kettles of his books  
.... kettle of fantasy ..... All happening in the delirium's palace ..... For  
craziness created the rainbow, craziness turned the pages, and craziness  
reached the exit .... to shut the book forever ....

A cat called craziness is staring at me ..... smiling ..... saying : only the  
crazy can turn the pages, only the crazy can exit and shut the books .....  
for they were the ones who created it all .... and so they are the only ones  
who can destroy it all ..... now who do you want to be ?

A little rabbit called "crazy" is staring at me .... he is sitting next to the  
crazy cat ..... he has two big teeth, and some teeth are missing ..... I'm a  
rabbit-rat he sais .... Now who do you want to be ?

My tears are hurting me, I still feel someone is after me .... But if being  
crazy is the exit, then I want to be .....

You already were, the rabbit-rat sais .... Otherwise you weren't here .....

Give me your watch, he sais ..... Nuclear ..... waste .....

killers ... from .... a .... black ...dream .....

You are looking for your marbles you lost in a game ..... Diving into the  
black pond ..... You are looking for your crashed cars ..... Diving into the  
black pond ..... But it's not there ..... These ponds are enchanted .... they  
only reflect your marbles and cars ..... But you must go the other way .....  
Don't enter the black pond ever again, he sais ..... For if you follow the  
reflection it will lead you further away from that which you are looking  
for .... These are misleadings of mirrors ....

Yes, hun, I say, but I bet when I go the opposite way I will meet someone who says I need to go back ..... and that you are a big liar .... All opposites are in war ..... Or they say you don't exist .... All opposites deny each other ....

The truth is not a place but a condition .... you can find it everywhere ..... Just look deep enough ..... someone is singing ..... You can find it in everything, the secret of the pond ..... Just dare to dive, just dare to sink .... Everything is in everything. For the truth is not a place, a person or an object, it is an attitude, a rule and an eye. Just know how to use things, everything talks ..... Just listen to the right voices ..... Speaking from the bottom of the pond ..... It's in everything, in everyone .... Just dare to dive deep enough .....

Now is this person singing false, or do I have a false ear .....

There I see myself diving deeper into the pond, reaching for the Giant's World, where everything talks ....

They said that Jesus' Son died in a nuclear war ..... Others said he just died on a nuclear cross in a forest .... But my grandma says he just died in a little nuclear box in one of her cupboards upstairs .... Well, in fact, they all say it's a nuclear issue, some truth in the confusion .... but still ..... maybe we have to look for another truth .....

My granddad says when someone goes beyond a pole, the nuclear power starts to flow like a river .... Now when two of these rivers meet, a sea can burst out .... Little boy meets fat boy .... They still work in circus ..... My granddad says it's still in his head .... he met them both ....

It was exactly twelve o'clock in the night ..... They met with my grandfather in a big dining room of Aquarius' Palace ..... My grandfather started to eat a nuclear banana ..... There are things he touched in his life, which he still can't forget ..... the curse of remembrance .... There he

touches a nuclear orange ... his eyes start to bleed ..... This land is cursed  
..... We are eating cursed food from a cursed land ..... nuclear land .....

*more firs*

At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand .... You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away ..... tricks of the stomach .... The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger .... while spitting green fire ..... Don't you try to escape our soup, he screams ! The little boy gets smaller very fast and kicks Aquarius in the stomach .... But Aquarius takes his leg and swings him in the soup-pan on the table. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams.

My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away .... Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange ..... It is a little radio inside ..... It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap .....

It's two o'clock .... A man is entering the dining-room of Aquarius .... Little boy and fat boy are already in their bedrooms .... They are Aquarius' sons ... Their nephews are also in their bedrooms already : Worldwar I, Worldwar II and Worldwar III, while Worldwar IV, their elder sister is doing the dishes. They are all children of Father Jakob, who is also in the dining-room, together with Aquarius, drinking some strong liquors from some old battles .... well actually pieces of chess .... But a man

is entering the dining-room ... standing on the balcony ..... He roars like a million of lions, ....he is asking for a certain piece of chess ..... a red pawn. It escaped from his ship .... He's a blind man ..... with round red glasses and a big grey beard ..... It's the Noah from the ark of games ..... But Aquarius stands up, raises his glass and roars : Go to your bedroom, granddad, it's not your time yet .... But there another old man is running on the balcony .... Where are my shoes, where are my shoes ? He's the noah of the ark of clothes .... Go to your bedroom, granduncle, Aquarius roars .... You already have your shoes .... Then the palace is shaking ..... Another granduncle is coming home .... The Noah from the ark of planets ..... gathering all planets for the night ..... There he's riding on his red bike .... His big grey beard is waving in the wind ..... Welcome, granduncle, your bedroom is already waiting for you with warm tea for the night ..... All planets are in the tea ..... Just drink .....

Father Jakob is laughing .... He loves it when Aquarius, his brother, speaks ..... Tomorrow all the Noah's will go to their ships again ..... All these ships are sleeping in the haven of Aquarius now .... waiting for the new day .... Their flags are waving in the night-winds .... And now the roars of the Noah's go into the night to visit the cities and the villages ..... These are the lions of the Noah's .....

Did you ever hear the voices of a thousand Noah's ? Telling you all sorts of things .... You can never understand them, never hearing exactly what they say .... For they all speak at the same moment .... It's mixed like the lion's tea .... Roaring in the night .....

The boss of the haven is the boss of noah's .... the boss of arks ..... the boss of bridges ..... the boss of rainbows ..... He's the Noah of noahs .... Mr. Noah ..... He wears a black police-cap .... He's the Noah of the ship of elements. Here the wind lives, the fire, and all the other elements, even the sea himself .... Mr. Noah has a grey beard and round glasses, blue ones .... he has rainbow-teeth, and always works in the night .... There he sits in his rainbow-house in the haven .... behind his organ ..... With this thing he



rules the world .... All lions listen to him .... There the music slides over the houses like juice ... preparing the days of tomorrow ...

It's three o'clock ... Aquarius and Father Jakob are sleeping ... Everyone sleeps .... only a little red fir is walking through the corridors of the palace .... lions are following him .... his footsteps bring everything in a deeper sleep .... the walls, the tea-cups, the floors and the ceilings .... the furniture, the lamps on the walls, the lamps standing on the floor and the lamps hanging on the ceilings ..... whispers are filling the house .... There he sits behind the whisper-organ and starts to play .... Natrium slides through the night .... To switch between the poles, and to awaken the substances to bring balance .... Nature is speaking ....

Ten firs in a row .... A toy-fir is caressing my hair .... It's a little spruce-fir .... a green one .... He has a nuclear-camera in his hands .... I'm scared .... What do you do with that thing ? ... I'm making toys with this ... he says .... When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of it ....

There a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile .... he's the game-fir, the green one says ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game .... it's all in his kettle .... There he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head .....

A little blue fir is caressing my hands .... He tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions .... I'm still so scared .... He looks into my eyes .... and says : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone .... All I know is that I created them .... When I have enough games I make candy of them ....

His face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes .... I can't follow them .... It's like the maze .... but it attracts me to find it out .... It's like a magnet ....

I'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir .... Your power to move ..... to travel ..... I always take you away with my carriage .....

The colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes ..... I get so lost with all these colors and shapes ....

Ten firs, ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse .... but they were all the same .... I'm staring into one little fir's eyes .... A rainbow-fir ....

"You drank too much," he sais .... that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of one ....

What did I drink ... I ask .... oh god, not the lion's tea again .....

Yep, he sais .... the Lion's Tea again .... When one person comes to you, you see ten .... or even a thousand or a million .... It's all in the tea .....

Well, have a nice day too, I say .... but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much .... Can I trust anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ?

You see the whole world with all it's things .... he sais ..... but it's only one thing ..... You drank too much .... Did you like the trip ?

No, get it out of me, I roar ....

Well, the fir sais ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now ....

There I go, crying like Alice .... sitting in another ark, escaping another flood .... how long will this take ..... The fir is the captain on the ship ..... I bet he was also Alice ....

I'm everything, he sais .... Yeah, I sigh ....

He's watching through his telescope ..... Now he looks like a pirate .... This sea is full of swimming lions .... but it's all him .... They roar, but it's him ..... Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea .... A lot of roaring in one glass

of water ..... But this guy is nice and sweet .... so I will give him a chance  
.... the last one ..... or I will go to sleep ..... and cry myself through the  
night ..... What a horrible nightmare I am in ..... Or is it just the present-  
paper of a beautiful dream .... I'm heading for America, for another egg of  
Columbus .... The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh  
... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly .... He's chewing nuclear candy ..... I feel  
myself like Noah ..... what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions  
now .... I'm walking inside the ship .... playing some games with the little  
fir .... games from the Big Rainbow ..... Cuyornaida Corset ... but the  
rainbow-version ..... the good version ..... I'm feeling like Pinocchio ....  
feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body ..... It was .... a ..... fir  
..... A christmas .... fir ..... It reaches for .....

### *the chocolate wars*

There I'm sliding into sleep ..... It got too much .... But the little fir is  
staying by my side .... I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes ..... In  
full speed ..... What a little tea can do .....

A new watch is growing at my pulse .... A nuclear watch ..... a rainbow  
version .... the good version .... how to write stories without a pencil .....  
The secret of a copy-machine ... Now I understand all these copyrights ....  
They are afraid of a nuclear war .....

It's four o'clock in the night .... The little fir is sitting in the Palace .... in  
the dining room .... surrounded by his lions .... The atmosphere is too  
mysterious to describe .... I feel bubbles in my stomach ..... These lions are  
riddles ..... his riddles ..... It's ok, I will watch this movie to the end .....  
When I look in his eyes it's like a million lions are staring at me ..... But

when I look at my hands ... and then at his surroundings, all lions are gone .... It's strange .... then when I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar .... It's like I have a million of claws .... I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard .... I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he sais ..... It's all a nuclear trick ....

I'm scared ..... You don't have to be scared, he sais ....

But, I say ... almost crying .... I wanted to speak to the lion's tea wizard for so long ..... but I'm scared that I will have another trick before me .... I want to speak the real wizard from the lion's tea ....

There I'm fainting, seeing a thousand of old faces all giggling at me .... It hurts my head .... If I didn't ask that question I would have another story in the roundabout leading me to nowhere .... I'm roaring like a lion ... like I never did before .... I'm screaming like a nuclear radio ..... And starting to spin myself around like a cyclone ..... Something I always did when I had a nightmare .... It seems I'm a victim and a slave of the lion's tea .... and I am still looking for the exit ..... or the big wizard ..... whatever .....

Then I'm hearing a song .... :

Tunes, they are wandering through your head, they are wandering through your mind .....

Looking for the end ..... Tunes ..... they are looking for the master .... The big and awesome master ..... The master of the tea .....

It was something you drank, and now you want to know what it was, for it sticks in your stomache all the time ..... yes, it sticks in your throat, and now it sticks in your mind .... waiting to be puzzled ..... waiting to be read .....

Tunes, they are walking through your mind, they are sitting on the faery's carriage, waiting for the way out ..... Oh yes, they can turn strange, and even a little crazy .... yes, they can totally change .... All they do is looking for the exit .... looking for the way out .... They are finding their ways to the wizard ..... misunderstanding ..... from ..... the lion's ....tea ..... streaming from the big clock ..... streaming from the desert's heart, to let you touch the sea .....

Tunes ....

Well, nice song, I think, but it doesn't bring me anywhere .... Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now ..... And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now .... my nuclear heart ..... It's ticking like the faery's rain ..... Singing new songs ..... songs from the lion's tea .....

Well I am one of them now .... this whole lion's tea circus .... But what did it really bring me ... I'm still looking for that Big Wizard ..... The Great Great Oz from the Lion's Tea ..... Maybe finally Dorothy can help me, and her little dog Toto .... She's the road to Oz ..... Or is it Hitler's Tongue ? I will not follow the yellow brick road this time, I will take the red one .... Or shall I take the rainbow road ?

It's five o'clock in the night ..... It's silent in the dining-room .... No firs, no lions .... the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table .... It's ticking very soft and slow .... It's soothing my head .... It's like the Giant's Rain .... I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear ..... They were all voices from the dwarves ..... I'm finally in the Giant's world .... all these fir-dreams brought me there .... I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away ..... I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away .... all these roaring lions ..... There's a lion carved in the golden pear .... but I also see other animals carved into it .... It's a beautiful golden pear ..... It smells like pear-chocolate .... It reminds me of the white chocolate .... The giant house in little amsterdam .... It also reminds me of the last golden swan .... This is

where so many dreams come together .... I'm so glad to be in this waking house in the sleeping forest .... or is it a farm in the pasture ? This is the place where all houses come together .... I will sleep in the bed of Oneness .....

I'm hearing a song in the distance :

Here I stand, between the forests and the towers, where all things appear to be one and the same .... Here I stand between the flowers and the papers, where everything brings the same message, where everything brings the same sound. It is the sound of the rainbow, the sound of the white light, it is the voice of the giant, all voices in one, it is the sound of the wizard, which lives in the desert, which lives in the sea, which name is everywhere ..... where all places come together, where all dreams collide, where all saints burn their mazes, where all fears are destined to hide .... There is a path, there is a dream which leads to the place of places, where all fears melt away, for oneness is alive ....

And I'm hearing another voice singing through it :

There's white chocolate, in every dream, where the dream meets the dream, where the house meets the house, where the circle hits the circle .... there the chainlet will rise, there the ornament will speak, it is the voice of the giant, it is the voice of the meek ....

And a third voice is saying through it :

Like lovers and dreamers, they are looking for oneness, the line which binds together, the connection between two. Like lovers and dreamers, they are looking for the circle, where the last one touches the first one, and where the positions are switching, there where no one wins, and there where no one loses, but there where oneness rules, and where it repeats itself, and transforms itself, until it's an ornament forever.

It's six o'clock in the morning ..... I took yesterday's newspaper, mixed the letters and saw tomorrow's bible ....

Seven o'clock in the morning .... The pear-clock is still ticking .... Nuclear ornaments are appearing on my body like glue .....

Eight o'clock in the morning ..... It seems I'm all alone .....

Nine o'clock in the morning ..... Nothing happens ....

Ten o'clock in the morning .... I want to have some tea, but I'm scared of lion's tea, so I will drink some water without using a glass ....

Eleven o'clock in the morning ..... The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster .....

Twelve o'clock in the afternoon ..... The pear-clock explodes .....

The end of a white chocolate dream ..... or was it an orange chocolate .... ?

About this the war rages .... Chocolate Wars .....

*The Orange's Cabman*

raising the doll

Suddenly I'm with Sarsia in an old castle. Her sister Vonja is playing the piano in another room. The nuclear rejection was kicked out by a boy called nuclear acceptation. That can happen when it's Echo's birthday ... He's sitting in another room, with some of his lions. One side of his face

was destroyed by a nuclear war. His other side looks more like a nuclear birthday.

I'm on warpath ... Someone stole the doll of my sister ... She's still crying on the stairs ... She doesn't want to eat ... But she's still the voice of many fairytale cartoons. With her golden keyboard she still tries to connect to her doll. She always laughed while he was speaking, he had such a funny speech, but now she is a nuclear victim .... The result of a nuclear loss.

Sarsia is soothing my face .... I swallowed a nuclear orange ... from a lawyer's suite .... long ago .... She's caressing my orange hair ... I would never have met Mr. Orange without it ... So, it's ok ... Mr. Orange is sitting next to me .... smoking an orange cigar .... He's the result of a nuclear lawsuit .... between grandmom and granddad ... There she's raising the doll against him ..... my sister's doll .... It doesn't belong there ... It belongs to be with my sister .... I wonder who brought it to grandma's

...

My granddad has a trafficlight-ball in his hand .... an orange ball .... flickering .... trying to be neutral ....

But grandma hits it with the doll, and it's dashing in a thousand pieces .... Mr. Zebra is smiling .... Now we have a thousand oranges .... Mr. Orange is smiling too .... Even his orange cigar is smiling .... Now we have enough soldiers for the coming war .... You never told me the orange was the way to the little men .... Is this the lawyer's suite orange ? My granddad and grandma just wanted to adopt a dwarf .... They wanted to have a friend for me .... Raising the .... doll.



## *The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra*

*"Thanks to the apple .... Is this the road to the Giant's World ? I'm hearing the nuclear flutes getting higher and higher ..... The tea is boiling ..... The whistling-kettle of the giants is singing."*

### *from tea to glue*

*I'm fighting with my nuclear trousers ... It's not a pillow-fight this time ... Not a fruit-fight and not a chocolate's war ... No, it's real bad this time ... much worse .... He ate my shoes, and my hat away ... But the nuclear tongue will bring justice today .... I will shut the nuclear book .... I will eat my nuclear apple ....*

*I never liked it to see my uncle entering a fish's hospital ... nuclear smoke came out of his ears. He's still smoking his father's cigarettes ... And my aunt's old shoelaces ...*

*An orange brought me to granddad, and an orange brought me to a lion's dog ... a sheepdog .... But it was all nothing but a dwarve's trick, trying to get my attention .... There he smashes the door open ... When he does it, it's like a hundred doors are smashed open .... There he's standing in the door-opening .... Wearing a flower with poison-seas .... When he pushes the button, I'm out .... Which means .... Flying in the air like a hell-raiser, looking for some old shoes .... his shoes .... I never understand why he always did this to me ....*

*It's my birthday ... I get red velvet dwarve shoes, with golden decoration ... Golden shoe-laces .... But the shoes are easy for me to enter ... I can even swim in them, if I would like .... This means .... that I have become a dwarf this night ..... An apple's dream or an orange's dream .... About this the wars are raging .... But it's not a fruit-war ... no .... It's something worse ..... Spice .....*

Someone wants to kill my dream ... It's forbidden to dream .... But that's their dream .... I'm running to the spicery ... behind my grandma's and granddad's house .... A little fir is cooking something .... No, not a fir, please, I beg .... I have enough of firs .... They confuse me ... Please get him away there ..... No lion's tea anymore ..... He almost killed me when I was a little boy .... He came to me in the night smashed the door open, like a million of doors were smashed open .... standing there like a pirate on rollerskates ! No ! Not again .... I'm scared of his black jacket .... Let someone close this door ... please ....

A dwarve in a wheel-chair is staring at me .... when he glides through the night it's like nuclear bells are ringing ..... nuclear noise from the Big Drum .... No Clowns ! Please !

I'm hearing a song :

Apple, Apple, what are you buying, Apple Apple, from so far away .... It seems you buy yourself, to have an apple for the next day ....

I'm under the curse of the Leprechaun ... No doubt about it .... I'm holding my breath, for this tune sounds as scary as my grandaunt's old shoe ..... But I'm trying to keep myself calm .... fishing at some old shoe-laces ..... I can use them to hang my clothes on for a big dry ....

Apple, Apple, soon you will be, a grandmother on a grandmother's knee

...

I'm doing the tiger-movements .... My grandfather taught me .... He always said when I would ever meet an apple like this, it was the secret road to the Old World ..... nuclear antiquity ... I'm standing before nuclear ancient red dragons .... Thanks to the apple .... Is this the road to the Giant's World ? I'm hearing the nuclear flutes getting higher and higher ..... The tea is boiling ..... The whistling-kettle of the giants is singing ... The Evening-Fog is ticking on my windows very loud .... The Giant's Echo

is speaking .... Messages from a million years ago ... From the black  
lemonade.

When the whistling-kettle is speaking, all other voices have to shut ....  
Now the tea will boil until it's glue ... These are nuclear tricks ... These are  
nuclear days .... Then the orchestra starts to play ...

*the scratch*

A nuclear violin is running on the football-field ... looking for an old doll ...

The wizard kid is smiling .... When the glue reaches his kettle, his flutes  
will start to play ... There he smiles deep and gently to an old cat ... In  
deep slow-motion .... It seems everything is his friend .... When he's  
blinking his eyes, you're on the photo ... He learned it from his two aunts  
... They still work in that old photo-shop .... The blink of an orange ... or is  
it an apple .... About this the wars still rage .... Not a fruit-war .... but  
something much worse ..... Spice ...

Masters of echo's, masters of shoe-laces ... burning their way to the little  
fir's kettle .... He's working for mr. Spice .... Forget about the fir ... Just  
pass him by and walk into the forest behind my grandparents' garden ...  
When the kettle screams you're in ... Here the spice grow ... seeds from  
Arabian lions .... My two aunts still work there .... They say it's the way to  
the wizard ... But I'm sick of wizards ... They are teasing me my whole life  
... So please give me some other dreams ... Or ..... no ..... just give me my  
trousers back .... My two towers to wonderland .... no .... two towers to  
my shoes .... and to my hat ....

I'm jumping over the wizard's mountain ... having my Giant Shoes ....  
They walk like whistling-kettles ... They walk like traffic-lights ..... Like

sirens in the rain .... Like head-lights in a cup of coffee .... Is this the Tiger's Coffee ? It was really time for me to wake up ...

I'm hearing another song :

Apple Apple, how are you today ... when it's tomorrow you will have nothing to say ...

What's this ? I'm looking into the eyes of the wheel-chair-dwarf .... He looks like my aunt ... he has some golden shoes in his hands ... But I'm scared of these shoes .... It's like I can't breath ... And everything hurts ... Golden Spice comes out of the shoes .... There I faint .... It's like a million cats are jumping on me ... Rubbish from ... a fish's hospital .... Where's uncle, I ask ... He died in a nuclear war .... Nuclear Spice ...

And I bet you invented this stuff, I ask the dwarf ... Yes, he said ... I'm still working in your grandparents' spice-gardens ... Together with your two aunts and a million sirens ....

There he pushes a button from his wheel-chair ... I'm sinking in the ground ... Away to an old cellar .... I remember this cellar ... It's from my grandaunt .... Please don't show me her old grey shoe ... For then I'll die .... Here in this cellar I see so many boxes of Lion's tea .... and so many boxes of Tiger's coffee .... I'm hearing the whistling-kettles screaming upstairs .... They are talking about milk and juice .... I also see Zebra's Chocolate-milk, and Giraffe's juice .... Many bottles .... I'm glad I don't hear my uncle ask for liquor .... he would get too drunk again ... But he can't ... he died in a nuclear spice-war ... I'm also seeing Bear's Lemonade here .... and some strange black syrope .... or is it something else ? I really hope the old shoe from grandaunt is not in the neighbourhood at the moment ... It's speaking like the witch's whistling-kettle ..... Like Worldwar IV ..... Spice ..... and Worldwar V is her other shoe ... Vegetable .... Fortunately I don't see it in this cellar ... It's all upstairs ..... In the kitchen .... Where the Old

Lion is pouring his tea .... There are a million little biblestudents in his living-room ... All waiting for his delicious tea ....

But I would like to drink some Giraffe-juice ... It's sliding through my throat already ... finding it's way to my shoes .... It's like the circus ...

The dwarf in the wheel-chair is smiling at me ...

Do you want to know about Worldwar VI, he asks ... Yes, I say .... I'm already broken, so go your way ....

Liquor ... he sais ...

The war of the drunk ....

There he holds my grandaunt's shoe before my eyes .... but this time it's silver ... She likes to wear Wordwar shoes ... but I'm still standing ... Having Worldpeace shoes ... A retailer's dream ... It's the Donkey's Liquor which he's selling ... I wonder from which rocks these liquors are streaming ...

Now, tell me who you are, Mr. wheelchair-dwarf .... with all your sirens, nuclear bells and little head-lights ... who are you ... Are you the nuclear drinks master, are you rumpfelstiltskin, or santa clause on wheels ? Who are you ?

I'm sent out by the sandman to wake you up ...

ok, ok, but who are you ?

I'm seaman, his elder brother ... The lion's tea was just the beach ... now  
you will meet cloudman and fireman ... We are one big family ...

I'm hearing a song from an old musical-box ...

Apple Apple, your money has gone ... Apple Apple, the dream is over ...  
the dream is over ...

It's like there's a scratch on the record ... but I like it ... the dream is over  
... I'm saying goodbye to sandman, goodbye to the lion's tea ... goodbye  
friends ... I'm scared of any more adventures ... I drank too much from  
this lion's tea ...

*nuclear piano's*

I like scratches on records ... It's telling me : It's over ... The dream's over  
... The nightmare has gone ... I can listen to it for hours and hours .... It's  
soothing me ... these scratched records ...

There's a scratch on my aunt's record ... tomorrow it will be a bird ... a  
parrot ...

All these flying scratched records brought me to the Giant's world, where  
I can listen to a whistling kettle, day and night ... It's telling me  
everything, I don't need to sleep anymore ... No need to eat ... It's my best  
friend ....

I have a speaking enchanted whistling-kettle ... Under a Giant's curse ...  
It's like scratched records are speaking to me ... The Giant's Bird is sitting  
on my shoulders ... I will never again drink from the kettle .... I will just  
let it play it's nuclear flutes ...

Someone is playing a nuclear piano ... It's the dwarf in the wheelchair ...  
I'm scared ... of ... the ... sea ... I'm stuttering ... I once lost my red ball there  
... I never saw it back ... I'm still crying about it ... after all these years ...

I'm hugging the dwarf, crying and crying ... I couldn't stop myself ... He  
has beautiful rings on his finger ... They speak ... They have ... faces ...

You know, he says .... The sea actually didn't exist at all ... It's just that ...  
you see it when you hear music ... You don't understand the language, so  
it's like an overwhelming sea for you ... But it's actually not a sea ... It's  
music ... It's a language ... A message ... from the mailman ... me ... The  
seaman is actually just a mailman ...

And honey, he says ... You never lost your red ball .. actually .... you were  
just sending a beautiful red letter .... to your aunt ...

And I brought it to her ...

So you're the god of ten ? I ask ...

I'm viracocha, quatzalquotl's brother ... He's the aztec god and I'm the  
inca god ... We both have a wheelchair ... We both are composers and  
musicians in the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ...

My brother, Quatzalquotl, is the paradise's greengrocer, but actually food  
doesn't exist ... You just see food when you can't understand a letter ... a  
language ... And actually you aren't eating, but translating .... So  
Quatzalquotl is actually a translator ... We work together ... We are like  
two birds sitting on your shoulders ... I give the messages and he  
translates it ...

So my uncle has never drowned in a nuclear war, but was just hit by a  
letter ? I ask ... And what sort of letter was it ?

I'm hearing a strange song in the air ... A song of a cuckoo ...

Apple, Apple, you brought me to the Giant's World, Apple Apple, you  
gave me a coin of three .... three sides of a coin, that's what you gave to  
me ...

Apple Apple, your work is done ... Apple Apple, from the Giant's Tree ...  
You're now in the kettle, listening to a song .... Not your song anymore ...  
But the Whistling-kettle's .... Having enough of your tea ...

Apple Apple, son of the red tree, Mercurius was your slaughter ... And  
burnt your old key ...

...

Now my uncle sold apples somewhere at a corner ... He lost his job, and  
now he's looking for some beers ... Since no one eats apples anymore ...  
Since food doesn't exist anymore .... especially apples .... This was also a  
decision from the Round Table Churches ... They are all dancing around  
an old mysterious Whistling-kettle ... A Giant's one ...

Someone is closing a nuclear door ... A big door ... Nuclear big .... It's shut  
by a little fir ... but the fir gets so small ... I can't see him anymore ... and  
it gets all so far away ...



Another nuclear door is being opened ... also by a little fir .... he gets so small that i can't see him anymore ... I'm entering through the door ... it gets all so close .... and so warm .... it's like I'm boiling ... I get messages from Viracocha ... the mailman .... Quatzalquotl translates them ... It was such a strange language ....

A coin with three sides is lying on my hand ... It burns almost a hole in my hand .... I'm staring at it ... On one side I see the Round Table Churches, on the second side I see The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ... and on the third side I see Service with Little Light ...

I'm walking to an old Giant Jukebox, throwing the three-sided coin in it, pushing a button ... It's a bird's jukebox .... all buttons are birds .... I pushed a red one .... a redbreast-button ...

I hear a song :

But it's so soft, I can't hear it .... It's a whispering box .... My ears are growing .... It's like a new language to me .... Is this the elfe's song ? It's repeating like there's a scratch on the record .... I'm feeling the elfe's glue on my skin ...

I want my coin back ... what is this ?

I hear the voice of my mother :

You just sent me a beautiful letter ... A red one ... You wrote me that you are grateful that I never believed in you, the church and anything ... For it was all different ... It was not what it seems ... And without me you would never meet the mailman and his interpreter, but only scary seas and oceans, only scary food on your dishes, and dirty apples in your schoolbag ...

I'm so proud of you, son ...

Mom, please, can I have my coin back ?

Son, you don't need money anymore ....

But there's another scratch on the record ...

Mom, you always say the same thing ...

But there I hear the voice of my aunt : Money actually doesn't exist ... It's just the mailman's bike ... The coins are actually his wheels ...

Two birds are on my shoulders, trying to sooth my nightmares ... trying to wake me up .... out of this misunderstanding ... and misinterpretation .... I'm so scared of my eyes now .... I really see things which actually don't exist ...

Two wheelchairs are standing for the door ... I always loved to ride in these things .... My elder sister sits in one ... I will step into the other ... We will go to the highways ... Pushing nuclear buttons, so that we can fly .... following viracocha and his brother ...

Viracocha is playing his nuclear flute-piano .... Quatzalquotl is playing the violin ... From here we can see the whole world .... Just like it all is .... And that's ... different .... It's all very different while reading letters through Giant glasses .... The steam of the Giant's Whistling-kettle is bringing us higher .... Here we can breath .... I just want to be old .... very old ... for when you are a kid, they put you in a child's chair, locked up, and then you have to eat things you don't know ....

The kettle is burning now .... Nuclear forces rage like never before ... We are racing on the rainbows .... We are racing on unknown letters .... unknown languages ..... But Quatzalquotl translates them ..... What would we be without him ? We are touching new stars .... they are just new letters .... new languages .... but actually ..just new glasses .... sometimes new letters are nothing but new glasses to read some old letters ... And

yes ..... all these letters ..... are ..... just ..... old ..... very old ..... They  
were sent out long ago ..... very long ago ..... From a very old place .....  
The future doesn't exist ..... It's all in the old letter .... It's all in the past .....  
I want to be old .... Just very old .... Old enough to know that letter .....  
Nuclear old .....

I'm hearing a song of a magpie :

We are in the land of the whistling kettle ...

We are under the Giant's curse ....

A wheelchair taught us how to fly ...

A keyboard is our nurse ...

I love my old wheel-chair .... I met the orchestra of the kettle now ....  
They were all birds, they were all in a wheelchair .... riding on nuclear  
noise ..... They typed all the letters themselves .... That's what their piano's  
are .... just type-machines ...

There viracocha plays on his piano of nuclear light .... Quatzalquotl is  
playing the violin again ...

The orchestra of the kettle goes from church to church to play ... But  
they are just mailmen ... with piano-teeth ... button-teeth .... every tooth  
is a key .... to type .... and their tongue hits the buttons .... their tongue  
has ten parts ... like ten fingers .... that's how they talk ....

That's what teeth are .... just type-buttons, just keys .... just .... letters ...

But their wheelchairs ... are just ..... old ..... juke-boxes .....

Old records ..... with scratches ....

Oh, how I would love to be an old jukebox, for these guys always do the same .... These guys have rest ....

The old whistling-kettle is exploding ..... But after the nuclear smoke has gone, a new one stands there .... It looks like a wheel-chair .... and it has buttons and piano's on it .... A whistling wheel-chair kettle .... Now we can fly like we never flew before .... It looks more and more like an old nuclear juke-box ....

Something's raging inside however ..... We need more flutes on the kettle, for there's too much pressure on it .... And we need more ballerina's on them .... more pipe-lines to our machines and central heaters ....

I'm running to the mailman's kettles .... He has a big central heater's kettle on the attic .... A big television-kettle in the living room, with a big telephone-kettle and a tv-phone-kettle .... His house is full of whistling-kettles .... And also flying whistling-kettles .... his birds ....

I'm staring at the pipe-lines between the kettles .... It looks like they form rings ..... I'm looking at my hands .... Seeing ten rings .... Today they made the decision .... Hospitals don't exist .... Decision .... from ... the Round Table ... Churches ... But long, very long ago .... There was a decision made by the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra : The Round Table Churches don't exist ...

Things are being sorted out in my head ... The mailman's bag is speaking ... Some thought he was someone from the hospital ... But hospitals don't exist .... It's just a mailman's bag .....

There's a new bird sitting on me ..... a sorter ..... Teo...Tihuacan ...

There's a new bird flying with us ..... Teo ..... Ti ... Hua ..... Can ....

God ..... of rainbows ....

God ...of ... factories ...

Working by kettles .....

Whistling-kettles ...

*dwarf in a giant's world*

Where am I ? I must be a Dwarf in a Giant's World ... But at least .... I'm  
one of them ...

I'm hearing a song in the distance ....

All is in all, and it's kettle is here ...

The factory is spinning, we're all out of fear ...

All is in all and the kettle is near ....

The candle is burning ....

There's music to hear ...

Teotihuacan is staring at me ... Rainbows are sliding through my head ....  
and new songs .... from the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ....

He says : When there's pain and pressure ... You need some more flutes on  
your kettle .... It wants to speak ....

A bird called Varia is ticking on my windows .....

I'm wandering to a factory with him ...

Cigar ... factory ...

Varia is playing the trumpet and the horns ... When there's enough smoke, the smoke-alarm goes on .....

### Fire-Brigade's Orchestra ...

They used to come to communistic churches ..... But churches actually don't exist .... According to ..... you know ..... I'm burning ..... so afraid of fire .... so afraid of nuclear ..... you know .... Even when I see a Fireman, I'm scared .... It reminds me of fire .... It doesn't sooth me at all ..... They could never save me .... Here another song burns my head .... It's ok, I'm used to it .... But this is my prison .... Prisoner ... of ... fire ... Maybe I'm even the sun's prisoner .... But we're flying with a lot of birds now ... I'm wearing an egyptian helmet .... like the rainbow-helmet .... It seems I'm sinking and melting into my wheelchair .... The Big Helmet takes it over .... I'm becoming a car ..... And my elder sister too ..... We all become cars ..... There we are racing on rainbows ..... Like never before .... I don't care who I am anymore .... All what matters is that I'm a car ..... And someone is driving me ..... A smoke-alarm .... It has many flutes and many pipe-lines ..... connected to other smoke-alarms ..... and connected to my car-wings ..... we're flying higher .....

Suddenly a door in my head is being smashed open, while it's like a million of doorbells are ringing .... A little dwarf is standing in the opening .... Well, he's actually sitting in a wheel-chair with legs .... He gives me a kettle for the door .... and a red balloon ... The whistling door-kettle is speaking to me .... It will be my best friend ....

I'm a bus now ... but since the whistling door-kettle is driving it .... I can get over the mountain .... Behind the mountain there's the press .... Here Echo was born .... Some called him the nuclear bomb but he was just the son of the press .... The Redbreast .... His mother was a lion, but she died many years ago ... She couldn't stand the pressure anymore ....

Echo invented the television-kettle ... The secret of a good press .... Their house is built on a kettle .... The red balloon is their elevator ... High in the sky a little miller lives ... He's riding in his kettle-wheel-chair ... on his piano-stairs ... His rainbow-teeth are shining in the sun .... He invented the Alphabet-trains .... and the piano-railways .... I want to know his engine-drivers ..... When his trains ride .... Echo is reading a letter .... or he's printing one ... They say the mailman is just an engine-driver .... Just a driver of a bus .... It's hot in his car ....

The train's kettle is boiling .... The red balloon is pushing ..... Here we go ..... A lot of people are sitting in the train .... I'm looking at their faces .... Some have green faces ... others blue ..... They are on their way to Echo .... It will be a new dance ..... a new song ..... Tomorrow there will be new balerinas on the kettle ....

### Poetry from the old Pipe

I don't have much left after the dream ... some marbles and some hockey-balls ... and a hockey-stick .... I like to see you play hockey ... You try to hit things which are too fast for you ... and too far away ... You play hockey with grandfather's walking-stick .... You're too old to play ...

Still you try to hit the dream .... To catch rainbows in your net .... but there's a big hole in it ....

Give it up, you dreamt too much already ... Now another horse will win the race ... Let's wake up together .... And race in our wheel-chairs ... to new worlds ... Let's write some new letters and forget about the old ... Let's enter some new trains, to meet some new visitors ....

Can you wait forever ? When you know it's all there ? Waiting to be grasped ? Can you wait forever .... When you know .... the train is leaving soon ... Oh yes, other trains will come .... But this train will never return ... It's the train of never return .... Can you wait forever .... Can you wait for snow ..... When you know it's forever summer ... When you know snow doesn't exist .... For the sun melted it all away ... Now the snow is just a shadow from the past .... Just a lost advertisement from an old ghost ....

Can you wait for dreams ... Can you wait forever ... When you know the dream has gone ..... melted away in the sun .... When you know you woke up .... to never sleep again ... When you know someone sold your bed .... and gave you a good pipe .... Can you wait for me ? Can you wait forever, when you know I'm gone .... I'm melted away .... In the sun ..... In the fires of the pipe .....

Can you hold a doll when you know it isn't there ... When you know it's already melted away by someone real ....

Can you read a letter when you know the writer is with you, waiting to speak with you ... Listen to the sounds of the train ... A woman steps out ... The lady of Virgo ... telling you all your stories have melted away .... by the sun of something bigger .... by the warmth of something real ... There she's standing in the smoke .... It's like a million of birds are staring at you .... There she's dancing in the rain ... There's she's dancing in the smoke ..... It's all ... melting ...away ....

And you don't dare to think what is left after the dance .... For not much will be left .... But in this you will find everything you need ... .... There she's playing her heat-piano .... touching the buttons of different heats ... Melting everything away ... Melting your heart ... melting your head .... .... There she's playing her softness-piano ..... touching the keys of different softnesses ... It speaks to you .... It's melting you away .... A bird called Varia is sitting on her shoulder .... He's keeping her piano wide .... Keeping her arms wide open .... She's the embracer ....



Now when you touch her heart .... The softness will flow ... She's a jukebox, she's a jukebox ... Now when you touch her fingers .... The heat will flow .... She's a music-box, she's a music-box .... Now when you touch her mouth ..... It will all go faster and higher .... She's a barrel-organ ..... she's a barrel-organ .... And when you touch her knees, it will go slower and lower .... She's the Giant's ..... old ..... rocket .....

And now you're landing on the moon .... Now she's dancing in slow-motion ..... And what she touches will start to bloom ..... And now you're landing on venus .... And there she's dancing in the fire ..... She's your rocket ..... And there you're landing on Jupiter ... and there you're landing on Mercurius .... She shows you everything ..... Except her secret box ..... She got it from her grandma .... Everything melts away when she opens it .... It's a secret song, and a secret dance ..... All eyes will melt away .... Her blind musician is standing next to her with his concertina ..... He knows the power of this box ..... he only wears some ornaments ... and his golden hat is on his head .... But all his clothes have been melted away .... already ..... and she's still not done ..... There he stands ... playing his concertina ... She has opened her box again ... Grandma's box .... Seven ornaments are lying in it .... They change color everytime ..... By this the trains ride .... By this .... the rocket flies ..... By this all songs are being sung, and all dances are being danced ....

Today all her trains are in slow-motion .... She's embroidering the hat of the blind musician .... All the birds are listening to the sound of his concertina .... Some trains are melting away .... Old trains .... She is ... at a new dance .... And then she let's everything fall away ..... It slides into the furnaces ..... Made of old suns .... There the ornaments are being spun ..... Her dwarves and Giants work there .....

When her train arrives, it's like a million of trains are arriving ... When her train leaves .... It's like a million of trains are leaving .... And this all happens when grandfather is smoking his pipe .... He knows the secret of the little box .... He misses grandmother ..... But he's happy in his house

..... He still lives near to the railways ... .. Grandmother used to wear the ornaments .... Whenever she entered a room, everything started to melt away .... He still remembers her, dancing in the smoke ... melting everything away ....

There he raises his walking-stick in the air .... he will go for a walk ... A walk to the railways .... He loves to see the trains passing by .... And he hopes to see his granddaughter's rocket with his telescope .... Yes, grandfather loves his granddaughter .... But there she's standing behind him : Grandfather I'm here already ... I took the train to visit you ....

Grandfather is happy ... Together they walk home .... They will go to grandfather's old piano-room .... His piano's are seven ornaments ..... They are suits to wear .....

There she walks with her nuclear make-up .... Grandfather did a good job ... Now she will head for home ... .. There she dances in the smoke .... there she dances in the rain ..... with everything melting away .... It all happens .... In the smoke of Grandfather's pipe ....

*Alphabet's Family-reunion*

*The Trick of The Giant's World*

*grandfather scale*

While the alphabet is riding, it's getting hotter ... While the alphabet day is sliding ... it's meeting the sun ... The last letter is the hottest letter ... But the first is also very warm ... When they are walking the stairways of your head ... The heart's central heater is working ...

Mr. Alphabet plays the piano ... he's still the Giant's Dwarf .... There he rides in his wheelchair .... To check the kettles .... I was in Alphabet City ... The people had different colours on their faces ... It was like a Rainbow's Town .... The people were from different warmth's and different softnesses ... And they all worked together, no racism at all ... There Mr. Tonescale walks ... Well actually he's in a wheel-chair with legs .... Mr. Heat-Alphabet is walking together with him ... also in a wheel-chair with legs ... He can blow his hat to the moon ... Together they go to the building of the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ... It's in the center of the city ....

In the building there are a lot of dwarfs like them ... all in wheelchairs, with or without legs .... Mr. Heat-Alphabet is shaking the hands of Mr. Heat-Tonescale, his brother ... They didn't see each other for a long time ... A Brazilian civil war tore them apart .... There Mr. Heat-Alphabet shakes the hand of Mr. Softness-Alphabet, his nephew .... They didn't see each other for ages .... because his nephew moved to Spain long long ago .... He couldn't stand the Brazilian civil wars anymore ... His brother, Mr. Softness-Tonescale lives in Scandinavia for a long time ... He had to go there for work .... It seems it is a big family-reunion, in the building of the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ....

There Mr. Tonescale hits with his hammer on the table .... Silence, please ... he says ... Everyone is sighing, they are so glad to see each other again ... Mr. Tonescale walks to Mr. Speed-Tonescale ... and gives him the microphone .... Thank you, Mr. Speed-Tonescale says .... welcome to our family-reunion ...

Then suddenly the door is smashed open .... A strange dwarf is entering in his wheelchair .... The furniture is melting away .... It's Mr. Slowness-Tonescale .... And he's a bit mad ... Why didn't you invite me to the reunion ? he says .... Well, you will receive the invitation over a hundred years, for your mailmen are so slow .... Mr. Speed-Tonescale says .... Ok, thank you, the slow dwarf says .... So we have chance Mr. Slowness-

Alphabet won't be here at all ? ... .. Mr. Colour-Alphabet is smiling ..... My brother, Mr. Colour-Tonescale is already looking for him .... he sais .... with his rainbow-bus .... Together with Mr. Light-Tonescale, our nephew ....

Mr. Alphabet is playing the piano in another room .... The sounds are surrounding the reunion .... Mr. Colour-Heatscale is standing behind him ... He loves his play ... .... Mr. Heatscale is preparing the pipes in another room, together with Mr. Lightscale ...

There Mr. Scale enters the building .... He's the Big Grandfather of the family ..... All dwarves are applauding .... Mr. Size and Mr. Weight are at his side .... They are always with him ... There are also some of his grandchildren running forward him ... : Size-Colour, Weight-Colour, Size-Light and Weight-Light ...

### *smallness*

Mr. Size-Heat and Mr. Weight-Heat are smoking cigars in the corner of the main-room .... While Mr. Size-Slowness is smoking a cigarette .... He has to go soon, for otherwise he will be too late for work ... Mr. Voice-Height is already waiting for him outside ... in a bus ..... .. But then everything is melting away ..... A boy called Smallness is standing in the dooropening ..... He starts to scream with a high voice ... which gets higher and higher ..... Then out of his stomache a low voice starts to scream .... which gets lower and lower ... The whole city is in panic ..... Some things are getting faster and other things are getting slower .... It tears everything apart and it's melting into a little cube he holds in his hands ..... Even Grandfather Scale is melting into the little cube ..... The boy is laughing very loud and it gets louder and louder ... Mr. Weight is lying on the floor .... He's very angry at the boy ... but he can't move ..... "Now what are you going to do", the boy yells ..... "for soon enough you will be in my cube .. and then tomorrow you will be a sun-cigar ..." Mr. Weight

blows blue echo's to the boy ... but nothing seems to stop the boy .... And there, finally Mr. Weight is melting .... He's screaming with a high and a low voice .... His voice is also melting ..... We will call the Giants, he screams .... but there he goes ... into the cube ... Everything is so small now .... While "Smallness" is so big .... Me ! I am the Giants myself, he grins .....

I'm hearing a song :

There's a world, so small, so small ...

There's a world behind this all ....

There's a world ... too small to enter ...

There's a world calling your name ....

There's a world .... too small to say ...

There's a world ..... but it can be big,

When you get sucked into it ...

It's the Giant's World,

Nothing but the Giant's world ...

It's all the trick of the Giant's world ...

For how big someone is .. depends all on your point of view ...

The trick of the Giant's world .....

## Poetry from the Giant's Trumpet

### *The Secret of Jubilee*

*"There's always someone to turn my words backwards .... I'm a backwards prisoner ...."*

### *Mr. Backwards*

After the Giant's War, I try to get rest .... It was just a war of dwarves ...  
The littlest dwarves are the biggest Giants .... The dwarf is the best trick  
of the Giant .... But I'm heading for some rest .... It was a hard battle .... A  
voice-bird had horribly hurt me ... When a voice gets too high, things are  
really breaking .... But that's also only a point of view .... When your ears  
are higher, then it's just a low voice for you .... I'm looking for the Giant's  
ear ... Someone's opening the Giant's Ear ... I'm standing before storms  
and cyclones .... The Giant's Ear is roaring ... A bird called Varia is finally  
leading me in ... from here all voices are low ... They cannot hurt me  
anymore ... I now realize that all my true friends came from the Giant's  
Ear .... I'm standing in a Big Ball .... surrounded by Gates .... One row is  
filled with colour-gates .... Now the colours can speak to me.

Someone's moving backwards .... to the Giant's world .... Someone's  
speaking backwards .... It has the voice of my best friend ....

The backwards have surrounded the Giant's Castle ... Someone's soothing  
my face ... The Black Gates suck me deeper inside .... Together with the  
Pink Gates .... But the backwards also have gates .... They are trying to  
suck me out of the castle .... But some Yellow Gates blow them away ....  
Together with some Red Gates .... I'm high in a giant's tower of the castle  
.... a dwarf is shaking my hands ... he's walking backwards ... and speaks  
backwards .... he has the voice of my best friend ... .. he shows me a cube  
.... full of little backwards .... they look like ants .... but they aren't .... he

shakes the cube ... and lets it spin .... This is how we make ornaments, he  
sais .... I'm feeling dizzy .... Like someone is turning me backwards ....  
Finally a Blue Gate is sucking me away ..... I'm in the Giant's Nose .... I'm  
hearing the voice of my friend in the distance .... still backwards .... Where  
am I ..... I don't even now what is backwards and forewards .... I'm  
confused .... Someone tries to push my softness backwards and let it all  
appear hard .... It's the black woman .... .... When the backwards strikes ....  
There's nothing you can do .... But my voice is getting higher .... Although  
no one can hear me ... I can't even hear myself .... But the Giant's Breath  
is taking me away .... To the Giant's Lung .... Where I meet Varia again,  
my Rainbow-Bird .... He's blowing the trumpets again .... But it seems I  
lost all hope .... It's like the backwards live too deep inside of me .... There's  
always someone to turn my words backwards .... I'm a backwards  
prisoner .... When I'm almost out of the pit ... someone is turning the  
switch backwards ... All I have to do is learning to live backwards .... But  
how ? All I have to do is to find that little button .... Some Black and Pink  
Gates in a bag .... too dangerous to imagine .... The stuff is still dancing in  
my grandaunt's bag .... waiting to jump on me ..... and turn me  
backwards all over .... I can't cry about it anymore .... No tears left  
anymore .... Only some powders are running over my cheeks ... My  
nuclear make-up .... Yes, it's all natural ... I'm looking like Sodom and  
Gomorrah .... Was I too productive ? Well, that happens when you're too  
creative .... They will reverse you, without mercy ... They did the same to  
Jules Verne and his little baron .... But aren't you afraid one day I will be  
so creative that I can reverse the curse ? Then Sodom and Gomorrah will  
reverse that little bible of you .... What a day that will be .... No black  
dwarves anymore ..... But don't get me wrong .... I like the bible .... with  
it's pretty backwards .... Some say my eye is ticking .... It's the Giant's Eye  
.... It ticks as long as it doesn't explode ...

Now Sodom's the forbidden fruit here .... We're forbidden to be creative,  
forbidden to dance .... by a man called Samson .... a black cigar .... It ticks  
as long as it doesn't explode .... And he loves to eat forbidden fruits ... And

he lives in Sodom himself .... But no one likes him there ... he's the black sheep of the town .... Well that happens when you're a capitalistic threat ... But I hope he realizes very soon, that he can't be creative at his own .... Twenty cigars called Samson are marching through the streets of sodom .... Everyone is at home behind locked doors ... cutting and pasting love-letters .... Samson is walking backwards again ... he's going to reverse the city .... he does it everyday .... the other nineteen are his kids .... kidnapped kids ..... he calls them all "samson" .... They are spreading torn love-letters .... backwards .... When I see them , there's no any hope in my heart .... I'm running to Gomorrah ... Finding a depressed music-box there, with suicide-attempts ..... a gift from samson ..... My stomache aches ..... They told me to never return to Gomorrah again .... Mr. Backwards is living there .... A black devil ....

Well, he seems very nice with his white gloves and his golden ring .... I'm shaking his hand .... hello, he sais .... you're too late ... it's already reversed by god .... but come back tomorrow-morning, then it will be reversed again .... Well, who the heck are you, I scream, are you schizophrenic ? Yes, he sais .... and who talks to me, gets also schizophrenic ... We are all parts of the big samson, call us multiple personality syndrom ... Welcome to the club .... You are now adopted ... let's say kidnapped ... you are now one of us ... you are me ..... you are .... samson ....

Well, I was just waiting for that, I said .... I needed some good jokes in my life .... but to which tree did you listen ? I ask ...

The forbidden tree, he sais ....

Aha, well, I know that story ..... And you made that thing yourself, and you are the only one who is allowed to talk to it ... I bet you also use copyrights on your letters .... I scream .... Goodbye Mr. Backwards ..... Greetings to your copyrighted bibles .... By the way : I love your long hair .... Don't let it cut off by the Filistines ..... for you might lose your potential

...



I'm so angry .... This man ruined my childhood with his tricks .... They said Jesus was crucified in Sodom and Gomorrah .... Yes, by Mr. Backwards .... He always spelled my name backwards .... He drowned all kids called Moses in Sodom's swimmingpool .... Turning them backwards, while calling them schizophrenic because of splitting seas .... He's still sitting in that old tower of Gomorrah's mental institution inventing nuclear bills .... I could never read them .... They were written backwards .... But still there are some who use them as tickets to the tropics ... or to the south of arabia ... There was even one who bought a car with it .... This world still has miracles ....

### *500 kids in Pandora's box*

I'm riding a new car .... I don't believe in money anymore ... When I say : "Thank you," it's enough, or just a little nod .... or a blink .... I don't pay someone for turning me backwards .... I'm more communist than hell ....

I'm sitting between Sodom and Gomorrah ... trying to bring them together .... My parents divorced a long time ago .... Mr. Backwards is sitting between them .... My father is a long-haired indian ... he looks a bit like Mr. Backwards .... while my mother looks like a productive horse .... but no, she isn't a horse .... she knows everything about mental institutions and black bibles .... she doesn't believe in them .... Mr. Backwards is also sitting between my grandfather and grandmother ....

they are both indians, but they moved to sodom long ago .... my grandmother had to build some new nuclear cigars there .... but now they are all divorced .... and Mr. Backwards is sitting between .... All my aunts are divorced .... even their pets ....

Mr. Backwards is smiling ... smoking his pipe .... He drowned another 500 kids called Jesus in his mental institutions .... It's very simple for him .... He just makes their parents get divorced .... Very simple when you can reverse everything .... You just play one of them backwards, and there

they go .... I took the wrong train today .... It goes the other direction  
... Tonight I will have other parents .... There he walks in his black  
jacket .... It's Mr. Backwards .... dropping backwards bombs .... Tonight we  
will have other pets .....

I'm in the Giant's Heart ... yes, everything is backwards here .... Is the  
Giant just a trick of the Backwards .... ? And are there anymore tricks ?  
I'm taking my black gun ... Now this babe will speak for a bit ... Samson  
lost a bit of his hair .... The hairdresser collared him .... Now he sees  
everything different .... Some say Jesus died in the chair of the hairdresser  
.... Twenty scissors in a row ... Mr. Shave is hiding behind his curtains ...  
But I've seen them all ..... Buddha rose from the scissors chair .... And my  
voice is still rising higher in silence ..... Heading for the bald communist ....

It was a chaos in the Backwards' Ear .... The past is my only future .... But  
Varia spreads it all open .... Showing me everything is there .... I don't  
understand why I once lost hope ... I didn't spread my legs wide enough  
.... didn't spread my wings wide enough ..... and my big mouth ..... Not to  
speak ..... but .... to ..... breathe .....

All these feathers from a bird called Samson ... lying all before me ..... It  
was all in the past .... No boats to the future ..... No needs ..... And still  
you are calling me the future's cabman ..... But I don't believe in the  
future ... I listened long enough to that red rose of you .... and always  
followed my mother step by step .... Even while I didn't believe in her  
either .... But, come on, there's no race besides Varia .... There's no way  
besides the scissors .... We now can see the shining Buddha .... and his bald  
communistic brother .... So let us all run backwards and dig in our past ...  
to find that little ornament ... big enough to do the stuff .... Or is it  
forbidden to wear ornaments ? You always used to forbid it ..... Is it  
forbidden to wear pretty clothes ? I don't believe in clothes anymore .....  
Give them to the poor ..... Why forbidding it ? Give them to the poor ...  
All your ornaments .... all your hair .... Don't forbid it ... but give it away

..... or give it to the rubbish-fields ..... or to the wardrobes ..... to let them  
rotten away there .... but don't forbid ....

But I don't believe in clothes anymore .... Do you have anything to hide  
?..... I will hide it by ornaments .... Those which are left after church,  
dustman, and charity have come .... That's my faith ... That's the only  
bible I hide myself behind ....

People who believe in pretty clothes have something to hide .... people who  
believe in singing pretty songs day in day out have something to hide .....  
These are today's terrorists .... Shut your mouth a minute a day ..... and  
use your pretty ears ..... to listen to a beggar's coin .... Put your pretty  
clothes of a minute a day .... so that you can sleep and dream ....  
gathering the coins for the next day ..... But I gave up on you already ....  
You always used to turn my words backwards .... And put them straight  
the day after .... I was the rat in your mill .... You gave me bills to eat ..... I  
was your Jesus Christ .... you let me die on your cross of old wood so that  
you could live in luxury and life ... and still saying ..... my ornaments are  
so pretty .... yes .... I cleaned them by my tears .... But I am not bitter  
anymore ..... I'm not angry anymore .... For that was your next gift to me  
.... You cut it all away ..... As a sacrifice to silence ..... Still your voice slides  
through the night ..... As a warrior asking for more ..... It's all about  
territorium again .... I'm trying to follow the conversation .... but it's all  
backwards and forewards ..... According to an ancient rule ..... Push the  
father forewards and the mother backwards and then the other way  
round ..... The curse of the scissors .... You cut it off and let it grow again  
.... A trip in the Prometheus .... the black hell ...

I can't understand you when you talk backwards in a strange language ....  
Everyday you have another dictionary .... Everyday you wear the ears of  
another animal .... You must be the one from the ..... you know ..... But by  
throwing me backwards I found all my lost things back .... and all my lost  
...friends ... And I finally can see their wings .... I don't need my future, I  
don't need you .... just let me need my past ...

I'm gathering the kids left by the church, charity, and the sandman ....  
These are my kids ..... These are my days .... from here to the past .... You  
saw it as your duty to protect me for the future .... Now I could reach my  
past .... Mr. Backwards, Mr. Backwards .... I still see you standing before  
my bed that horrible night .... You wanted to protect me for the future  
..... but you failed ... I went through it .... You had to push me harder into  
your machine .... Then I would reach the war-trauma of my grandfather  
.... To bring the ornament there .... That was the only place I needed to be  
.... I would reach the stars with it's feathers ... together with my granddad  
.... But you failed .... You let me slide into the future .... My granddad is  
still waiting for me in the past .... The rocket's there ....

Mr. Backwards, still putting things backwards .... but you're getting older  
.... I still can't reach the wars in the first few centuries .... and I still can't  
reach Buddha's craddles .... Mr. Backwards, you failed ..... So maybe next  
I'll give someone else a try ..... Or I will teach you how to really reverse  
something .... Mr. Backwards ..... but you're still my old rocket .... you're  
still my magical feather .... My ticket to old indians with their pipes of  
peace ..... You're still the old train to Arabia .... to the secret castles of  
forgotten princes ... I have to be grateful, yes, I am .... without you, I  
would never have invented America ... and I would never find Bach's  
musical box-house in grandfather's room .... It's still breathing like an  
indian princess on his big cupboard .... heading for his wardrobe ...  
Without you, Mr. Backwards .... I would never have seen my grandfather's  
old trains on his secret attics ..... I would never have seen his brothers ....  
but I would only drown in overpopulations of his sisters .... my grandaunts  
.... and that's really the worst thing in life .... no, there's something worse  
.... missing Brahm's touch on my forehead .... in the middle of the night  
..... thank you, Mr. Backwards .... thank you .... I still kept your old  
walking-stick together with your old pipe ..... as my last goodbye to you  
..... for I will go back to my past .... I will take the last train to history .....  
to see how it once was .... and how it all will be ..... Thank you again, mr.  
backwards .... thank you ..... it was a big pleasure to meet you, and a big

pleasure to leave you ..... Maybe I can finally see the sun rising in the  
beginning of days .... Maybe I can finally be too early so that I won't miss  
anything I need to see ..... Maybe I can finally touch the Giant's finger .....  
and the tattoo of a real communist .... I bet it will be a tattoo of your  
face ..... I bet you will be their hero ..... Raise your children, Mr.  
Backwards .....

### *Mr. Opposite*

Mr. Opposite, still the clown in town ... Mr. Opposite, still Jubilee's smile  
.... together with his sisters Anni Versary and Anno Domini .... He has two  
walls in his hands ..... between them there's the road you will have to go  
.... He will be always your opposite to keep you in balance .... Another  
Backward's trick ....

He decides your beginning and he decides what's your end .... He's the  
king of all lines and circles .... Still Mr. Backwards' best trick .... The box of  
communism .... To keep everything Equal .... There's always an opposite  
until you are where you must be .... The decision .... of ..... the Round ....  
Table .... Churches ....

A face called Genesis is soothing my face .... My uncle "Deuteronomium" is  
in his office-house ... Where communism touches capitalism .... The secret  
of the Jubilees ...

I'm wandering to new worlds ... Grandfather Exodus is waiting for me ... I  
got an orange-brown bag from my grandaunt ... With this thing I can  
reverse the sun and the earth ... While the moon is applauding .... He still  
likes my circus's ... but he's still waiting for my opera's .... Well, maybe  
tomorrow when Leviticus and Numeri are done with breaking the  
windows ... We will not clean them anymore ... We will break them ....  
While the moon's applauding .... I always loved the sound of that ....

Two men called Old Testament and New Testament were spinning tomorrow's ornaments .... Just a trick of some lost opposites .... They still talk reversed since the coup d'etat in Sodom .... They have big grey beards and skewed eyes behind their round glasses ... And it seems there's no space between them .... When two opposites become a siamese twin ....

Then Noah will get a car .... His own bus .... Gathering their musical instruments .... two of each sort ..... To keep the opposites alive .... Good Job, Noah .... you never told me you were a siamese twin ... you never told me you were schizophrenic .... Not that it is a problem ..... No, not at all ..... It was also your tool to survive the Big Sea ..... It all appeared to be some lost musical letters from my uncle Deuteronomium .... Your exodus on land .... Is there any more you need to tell me ?

When a wise man gets the staggers .... We will all be off board ... Not in the big sea .... No, it doesn't exist .... according to the councils, the jubilees and the liturgies of the Round Table Churches ... What would we be without them ..... In every century they were there ..... with all their black popes and other kings of mental institutions ..... Mr. Backwards invented them all ..... What a grace to be so cynical ....

No, we will be all on land this time ... when the wise get the staggers .... when Noah hits the singing candle .... Then all other trains are off .... listening to those other big decisions of the Round Table Churches .... Where would we be without them ....

Is there anything worse than this ?

Yes, when a doubter gets the staggers .... Pray that he's alone .....

Also you have an opposite, also you have an opposite, always your siamese twin .... a box in which you have to bow ....

### *These Are Strange Days*

Ten doubters on a tower ... some say it's even worse than ten wise on a tower .... They will never listen to you ... They will only doubt ... They will listen to everything, but never to you ... And you still want to know who their god is ... the god of ten ....

Ten days in the summer, ten days in the spring ... it will all bring you to nothing, when the doubter is the king ... Ten moments in softness, ten moments with ornaments, it will bring you no any step further, you will only slide away .... when the doubter wants to be your prey ....

Never mock a doubter ... for tomorrow you will be him .... He's the trick of the horizon ..... The magnet of the prisoner ... ten gods on a tower .... ten gods, worse than wise .... they bring you a tower, they bring you the mice .... a new house to live in ... a new house to doubt ... but at the end of the day ... you will be one of them ... their eleventh ...

Never look a doubter in the eye ... for you will see yourself, you will see yourself, like you would never wanted to see yourself ... you're one of them ... the eleventh .... yes, you will be their god ..... the god of ten ... but at the end of the day ... you will be their devil .... at the beginning you're the hero, at the end you're the criminal .... and then you're their prey ....

God of ten, the eleventh ... god of ten ... the prey ... god of ten ... first a deliverer but finally ... one of their day ....

You were wearing the ornament of winds ... with those tigers around you .... Someone else was wearing the ornament of lights ... you loved to see the aqua in her eyes .... spinning like the rain ... but these were lights ... these were younger days .... and you still love them ....

Tonight she will have the ornament of fire .... then will you still like her dances .... you never liked the ornament of softness ... for it was something you desired but you couldn't reach it .... forbidden anger .... hidden too well, behind blocks of old forests ... but your minister saw it all ... and spoke to his raven about it ....

While you were younger you never cared about the frost ... but now you eat it, while there isn't enough .... one day you will search for it while it's never there .... apocalypse of old bears .... but you loved these apocalypses .... while you never understood them .....

Tonight the ornament will dance, and you will forget about these seven old stones ... you could never really care about it ... now it will be gone forever ... which is not such a long time, according to some old woodpeckers from martian canals ...

There is nothing to say when an old man hides an ornament of colours between two boxes .... You can clarify them, with your ornament of brightness .... and soft shapes .... The ornament will come to you in the night .... those of the four voices ... It will all come to you .... backwards ... For you never cared about the seven princes carrying the aqua ornaments of the seven suns .... are you still a sun-child looking for your own hidden intentions ? did you forget about them in the night ?

### *These Are Strange Days II*

I'm looking at the horizon, the horizon, where all dreams go wrong. I'm looking at the horizon, there's nothing we can do. When the horizon touches a mouse, when the horizon makes something new .... there's



nothing we can do ... we can only watch the horizon, .... where all our days go wrong ....

I'm hearing the horizon, no rooms for a spanish soldier. I'm seeing him burning cigarettes the whole day. I'm riding the horizon, like a brandnew bike, like the ornament. It's all in your eyes, when you do the dance of summers, when you watch the horizon, like your daddy always did. He's still in his sun-car ... In the land of the horizon ...

Ten horizons on a row ... ten glasses to break ... finally you ride the purple sun, and you wonder why ... There's no room for a dream .... You just woke up .... It's the final backward, the last of all candles .... I'm hearing you countdown in the night ... my chemical boy washing windows, after he broke them ... the nuclear sungass from a horizon letter ... the mailman is still looking for you .... doubters are familiar with him .... he could move his hand to his bag ... it's all too difficult when you see the purple flame ... it's all in the horizon .... while you watch it .... it's slipping through your fingers, looking for your bag .... it knows you .... it was with your craddle ... ten men in a row .... and still you don't know if they go backward or foreward ....

*These Are Strange Days III*

I'm counting back on a blue hill,

Daddy Wise, the number's always the flame ....

Ten digital movements in a box ...

This was why you could move ....

*Daddy Doubter's the seventh king on a backwards throne ...*

*Still he doubts about it ...*

*Misleading the dreams to a deeper sleep ...*

*While a always said he never dreamt ....*

*There's no need to dream after the horizon woke up ...*

*Daddy Horizon's loud trains are getting me,*

*for ten cards on a rainy day ....*

*These Are Strange Days IV*

*"it's not in the pull, but in the push ..."*

*the secret of the suicide's princess*

*Ten echo's on a tower, is there anything more strange ? You never liked to dance ... You looked like me ... Ten repeaters on a tower is something you always talked about to me ... Now you're gone, to your own tower, preparing the way for me. Do we have our own tower in the midst of these rows, between all these horizons ? Or do we have to find it all behind them ? We can never reach the horizon .... Maybe it all has to reach us ...*

*Ten drivers on a tower, ten drivers on a card .... The horizon's smiling ... Their god of ten is a car ... So many gods of ten .... What will happen when these gods gather ? I'm confused today ... But you are more*

confused ... I'm insecure today ... But you are more insecure .... So I built  
my tower for you ... All these gods of ten are here ... So come with your  
tower ... And share the ornaments and veils ... The doubter's always faster  
... The repeater is always repeating ....

The doubter is spinning the light ... These are strange days .... Now the  
wise is spinning the fire ... six numbers in his bag .... They speak of love  
and ability .... They are searching for the seventh ... Is it you or is it me ....  
When there are ten of them, the god will be on the throne .... the  
eleventh ...

The repeater is still repeating .... The echo is still the echo ... There are ten  
echo's on a tower ... and I'm in the middle of it ... These are strange days  
.... These are strange noises ...

An echo between you and me is all what it takes, to catch the sound, to  
reach the violin .... The repeater is still on it's tower .... The bag's open ...  
These are ... strange ... days .... These are .... strange ... cars ...

But your car was the best I ever rode in ... I was sitting next to you ... I  
never knew who the driver was ... me or you .... or those ten drivers on  
the tower ....

Ten men committing suicide, marching to the big tower .... These are ....

I wonder if you hear my voice .... Or just a voice of ten men ....

The tower speaks .... It's the big tower ... The ornament's rising .... the blue  
one .... The veils are rising .... The purple ones ... These are ... strange days  
.... today .... all in one day ..... all in .... one .... tower .... the big tower ....  
the tower of horizons ..... the tower ... of .. towers ...

These .... are ....

I believe that you ... are .... one of these ....

It's stinging in my eye ... These days ... these strange days ...

And you are one of them ....

Ten doubters on a tower will never believe ..... They will doubt ...

Ten repeaters on a tower will all repeat it ...

Ten echo's on a tower will bring it to me ..... all .... ... Ten doubters  
spinning so fast ... spinning .... lights .... ... ten repeaters ... repeating ....  
you .... These are strange days ... and you .... one of them .... all from the  
big tower .... no ceilings .... no floors ... no walls .... no stairs .... only gods of  
ten ..... These are ... strange .... days ....

You have forgotten about me ... you're in the big tower .... working for me  
... to let me not ...forgetting about you ...

These are strange ways ... These are ways of gold ... And I still refuse to  
see ... The number in the flame ... The repeater on the tower .... The  
fastness in the doubter ... you in the big tower ... while I'm here ...  
watching at horizons ... while i'm in my own tower .... while you are more  
insecure than I am ... while you are ... So come to my tower ... These are  
... strange ways ... to a small tower .... where you will see ... that it's all  
the same tower ... that you are ... me ...

These are strange wings, strange ways ... strange towers, but it's all the  
same tower ... Ten repeaters walk to it ... committing suicide ....  
backwards ... Your body's talking .... People live in the lamps ... the  
candle's singing ... The Ghost of the bag is saying ... These are ... strange  
...bags ....

The echo ... is bringing it all to me ... the echo ... from the tower ....

ten backwards ... marching ..... committing suicide ...

I see them on their castles, marching .. backwards ...

Ten backwards with their god ... god of ten ... Is it the mailman ? Or is it the big ten ? .... The big ten sits on his throne ... with ten men before him ... ten men on the left, ten men on the right, ten on the ceiling, everywhere's ten ... The big ten .. The big eleventh ... The big bridge ... And you can be the twelveth ...

The echo is after me ... with it's winds and veils ... .. The lights are searching for me, with their doubters and their fast cars .... But I'm in the backwards ear ... together with you ... a slow-motion is marching on his castle .. alone ... not able to catch .. not able to commit suicide ... it's the suicide-princess ... it's the purple veil ... .... The echo is after me ... the repeater is repeating what i all did today ... you smile too much ... The echo brings it all to you ... your body is speaking .... people live in objects ... little people ... but you can't understand ... you never understand anything ... like me .... I'm still reaching for the edge of the candle ... the winds are behind the flame ... the highest voice will break them all ... the slow one will restore them ... ..

The small ten sits on his throne ... he feels heavy today ... sometimes you need to feel heavy to be able to touch a burning candle ... tomorrow he will feel soft, to enter the heat of a backwards bag ... the mailman is on his card ... paintings from the ..spanish boy ... he knew arabia .... and finally he took it all away ... it's when the purple strikes ... still your hormones are remembering that picture ... too much ink will do the storage ... and too much body-talk ... my colours talk day in day out ... about spanish princes in arabian jails ... not able to hold them ... there's no room for a spanish painter ... while paintings never existed ... according to the church .... it was all done by the press ... an owl in a cage which couldn't hold him .... now this thing flew over ... to a new area ....

You could never understand my flying colours ... but did you ever try ? The arabian sounds were too strange ... They put your worlds upside down ... You wanted to have easy music .... So I brought you to spain ...

The teacher never existed, even not in your wildest days .... It was just the press ... They are in our bodies ... wasting ink ... My pigments are speaking .... It's just bodytalk ... But still the doubters are your slaves ... .. still .... the doubters ... are .. your ...slaves ... .... You with your sun-music ... but you still don't like the dance ... It's only dancing inside ... under the skin .... It's between .... you .... and .... me .... You still wear pink .... under the skin .... but not under the suns ..... the tower is speaking ... you hear it's trumpet .... and i hear mine ..... the same ... these are .. strange days ...

and now the backwards come to your room ... to spread their varia's ... to spread their .... birds .... and you look into a new press ... your pigment is speaking from blue hills ... to make the hills ...to make the land .... your hormones and tissues are ... speaking ..... dancing .... only inside ..... turning pink ... only inside .... for the nuclear threats .... for the chemical reasons .... under the ...skin ..... and the blue is spinning the winds ... the veils for tomorrow ... there you are with your lights .... with the doubters as your slaves .... there you are with your fires ..... with the wise as your slaves ... ten slaves from an old tower ... and i'm still wondering who spoke to me ....

you're a star in spinning clouds in backward mode ... with the suicide-princess following you .... step by step ... your leg-ornaments and leg-veils are straight from japan ... but they are looking for whales .... they lost some spanish nuclear leg-weapons .... the ornaments on your arms are too strange to describe ... i would send you straight to arabia to make another one ... to bring the echo there ... for another round in the south ... ... the fountains of pigment are good for an arabian press ... especially in the south .... you're a star in being the star ... the echo's are your slaves .... the repeaters, still repeating ..... they are all in your cube .... little suicide-princess .... you know how to do the crime .... and still you say it's the trick of the hero .... you love your soldiers ... There your cube sucks another one to paradise ... these are strange camera .... days ...

Oh, how I wish to hold you in my arms for one second and then letting  
you fall for three hours .... to let you fall on my grandmother's pillow ....  
forever and a day .... do you have the strength to pull it all back ? you  
invented the magnet, little suicide-princess .... it's all what you could ...  
still the spanish boy cries magnet-balls .... but that's what you believe ...  
the doubters doubt it ... while the wise say what they have to say ... there  
are no questions anymore .... little suicide princess .... little spanish dream  
... little ..... strange noise ....

you never told me you had spain and arabia both in your heart, in your  
little arena .... you invented them ... both .... to do the job ...

you're on the back ... of ten .... you're the eleventh ... while the spanish boy  
is the twelveth ... you're still racing in cars with him .... trying to avoid  
the walls ... you still ride on horizons and old towers ... together with him  
.... but you're getting old, and the day is almost gone ... tomorrow the  
days will become ..stranger ... .. the echo has jubilee .... the repeater  
repeats ... and i'm receiving your card ... why you were married off ... to  
this deal of ten .... personal letters to get personal ... after all these  
strange days, you finally get clear .... you're not like sarsia anymore ...

your presence so thick that i can cut it with a knife, the suicide-princess,  
your hands full of magnet-balls .... nuclear camera's ... like the camera of  
pigment .... seven colours to make the picture ... it's all in the body ... and  
you're still dancing under the skin .... under my skin .... looking for pink  
fountains to suck empty .... it's all too small today .... i can never reach my  
bag like this .... but the doubter's speeding up, like they always did ... they  
never changed ... but it seems you and i did ... magnet-balls run too easy,  
when the flames are on hot ... when the repeater repeats .... and still you  
don't like ten ... still you walk with empty slaves ....

Magnet-balls ..... running in the pigment, the body's the best press .... And  
you don't need your eyes, you don't need your camera's, for you can all  
feel it .... when the suicide-princess holds your hands ... she just wanted to

learn you using your fingers, just wanted to let you know the secret of ten .... the suicide never existed ...it was just someone who showed you a bag ... and so many cards were in, from people you never knew .... so that you forgot about your old friends, who were actually your enemies .... you saw new faces, and forgot about the old .... but it was just the pigment, bringing you other cards ... bringing you other names ... there was no suicide ... you just looked from one bag into the other .... the braille of an old blind musician ... with his little daughter .... the suicide princess .... but there was no suicide .... she just gave you another bag .... her father's bag ....

there was no suicide ... just an old tower, turning everything backwards ... changing the faces of friends .... the trick of an old mailman ... while the repeater still repeats .... there was no suicide .... just an old mailman .... changing the letters .... with his pigment ... with his press .... but you want your friends ... you want the real letters ... not the press from a crazy mailman ... with his crazy spanish boy ...

### *the magnet-ball*

the real letters, the real friends .... are locked up in the big tower ... locked up by the big ten ... hidden in horizons .... old ones ... the doubters race too fast .... their cars ... too light .... but you sink in braille ... to feel what they write .... you don't need your eyes anymore ... in this crazy land ... with it's wise numbers .... you feel .... the hand of your friend .... in braille ... it's just your friends fingers ..... the secret of ten ..... you caught the echo .... the noise found it's way ... the repeater repeats the pigment .... the echo brings it home .... mailmen, don't read our letters, don't change them ... for the varia will find it all out .... and will let us touch behind end beyond the letters .... we can touch the letter's horizons .... and find each other .... so music man ... don't change the music ... thank god we have the doubters ... to bring us the light, to bring us over



the horizon, over the rainbow ... to a land where we can feel .... the hand in the letter ... the gods of ten ....

there are too many horizons in our eyes ... it makes us all blind ... but the doubter brings us another light, to guide us to the touch ..... then it's all not far away anymore .... there are too many noises in our ears ... but the echo brings us to the true noise ... the letter of the friend .... his own little music-box .... we follow the echo ... to the land of truth ... where it all began .....

All these pains, all these confusions, brought me to the lighthouse, where another light burns ... the light of the blind .... being able to touch and feel .... the hand of the other .... without the doubters we could never come here, for we would believe the lie, and being locked up in the magnet-ball forever .... without the echo, we would not hear the voice of the little music-box, coming from another world .... the mailman never existed .... it was just .... i was feeling your hand .... and i doubted it ..... i thought it was someone else .... a mailman's confusion .... but it was you ... for my doubts brought me to reach deeper, where I met your fountains ... under your skin .... my doubts brought me ... to touch you deeper inside .... so that i could see your fire-dances .... which you didn't dare to show outside .... the doubter made my car faster .... to escape the magnet-ball ... but now your magnet-balls are running through me ....

The wise ... to keep me with you ... the wise ... to keep me in the tower ... to slow me down .... into backwards .... the wise ... to show me the roots .... it was all to keep my cardoors locked .... and to push a good brake .... But they still talk so fast .... when i'm speeding vertically, i'm slowing down horizontally ... the secret of a good tower ....

too many echo's from a picture will spin the noise ... there i hear you sighing, there i hear you complaining .... there i hear you breathing ....

and the repeater ... still repeating ... while someone's burning cigarettes in slow-motion, breaking windows, after cleaning them ... it's the spanish boy .... and cleaning them after he broke them ... waiting until it's all soft .... little spanish boy, still your mother's repeater ... still your father's bag ... making the hard ways soft ... making the voices taller ...

little complainers making my head depressed .. it was all too good on a summer's morning ... so why asking for more ...

i'm reaching for my braille ... it was never my best action ... i'm feeling your fingers .... the spanish boy made it soft enough to enter through .... and still you don't want to know how soft it can be ... the complainer's your friend ... you always want it different ... when the doubter touches the complainer ... it gets all soft ... the trick of the repeater ... and when the wise puts his finger on it, it all gets stuck ... like the glue .... like the magnet-ball.

you didn't want to see him ...

ten ragers on a tower ... it's like the capricorn's curse ... the little princess is running like a slow-motion downstairs ... heading for the backwards ... it brings us all into the past ....

there she smashes with doors, leaving the future behind ... now everything is repeating ... backwards ... the magnet-balls are rolling ... they are rolling strange ... there everything is switching backwards and forwards .... switching as fast as my mother's train ... it brings us all home ... when you're between two ragers ... it all starts to switch ... then the cars will start to roar ... when you're between two mockers, the car will begin to zoom ... while when you're between ten mockers, they will bring you all home ...

Now is there anything better ? Ten rejecters on a tower ... ten rejecters in a magnet-ball ... with you in the middle ... the little princess holding your hand ... it will bring you home ... it will boost your car ...

Ten magnet-balls on a tower ... still the fastest way home ... especially when you're standing between them ... with a little princess holding your hand ... and a spanish boy sitting on your knee ...

Ten magnet-balls to create the wind ... ten magnet-balls to spin the fire ... Their god, the god of ten ... is a church on a hill ... your church ... when two poles start to mock you, you're there ...

And still you are afraid that they won't like you .... that they will cheat on you ... and they will, but when you're between two of them ... you can have them both ... it's the hill of the church, where all things come together ... and between ten cheaters, you will be in paradise ... big eyes staring at you .... the secret of the magnet-ball ... it's not in the pull, but in the push ...

Still I'm sliding from ball to ball heading for the big ball ... there where Jesus died ... the secret of the detonator ... still i'm switching between insecure ones ... finding out that everything melts away ... you are too soft ... you are too hot ... it all melts ... but i'm holding the hand of the little princess ... she leads me to everywhere ... together with the spanish boy ...

*These Are Strange Days IV*

*"it's not in the pull, but in the push ..."*

*the secret of the suicide's princess*

Ten echo's on a tower, is there anything more strange ? You never liked to dance ... You looked like me ... Ten repeaters on a tower is something you always talked about to me ... Now you're gone, to your own tower, preparing the way for me. Do we have our own tower in the midst of these rows, between all these horizons ? Or do we have to find it all

behind them ? We can never reach the horizon .... Maybe it all has to  
reach us ...

Ten drivers on a tower, ten drivers on a card .... The horizon's smiling ...  
Their god of ten is a car ... So many gods of ten .... What will happen  
when these gods gather ? I'm confused today ... But you are more  
confused ... I'm insecure today ... But you are more insecure .... So I built  
my tower for you ... All these gods of ten are here ... So come with your  
tower ... And share the ornaments and veils ... The doubter's always faster  
... The repeater is always repeating ....

The doubter is spinning the light ... These are strange days .... Now the  
wise is spinning the fire ... six numbers in his bag .... They speak of love  
and ability .... They are searching for the seventh ... Is it you or is it me ....  
When there are ten of them, the god will be on the throne .... the  
eleventh ...

The repeater is still repeating .... The echo is still the echo ... There are ten  
echo's on a tower ... and I'm in the middle of it ... These are strange days  
.... These are strange noises ...

An echo between you and me is all what it takes, to catch the sound, to  
reach the violin .... The repeater is still on it's tower .... The bag's open ...  
These are ... strange ... days .... These are .... strange ... cars ...

But your car was the best I ever rode in ... I was sitting next to you ... I  
never knew who the driver was ... me or you .... or those ten drivers on  
the tower ....

Ten men committing suicide, marching to the big tower .... These are ....

I wonder if you hear my voice .... Or just a voice of ten men ....

The tower speaks .... It's the big tower ... The ornament's rising .... the blue  
one .... The veils are rising .... The purple ones ... These are ... strange days

... today ... all in one day .... all in ... one ... tower ... the big tower ...  
the tower of horizons .... the tower ... of .. towers ...

These ... are ...

I believe that you ... are .... one of these ...

It's stinging in my eye ... These days ... these strange days ...

And you are one of them ....

Ten doubters on a tower will never believe .... They will doubt ...

Ten repeaters on a tower will all repeat it ...

Ten echo's on a tower will bring it to me .... all .... ... Ten doubters  
spinning so fast ... spinning .... lights .... ten repeaters ... repeating ....  
you .... These are strange days ... and you .... one of them .... all from the  
big tower .... no ceilings .... no floors ... no walls .... no stairs .... only gods of  
ten ..... These are .... strange .... days ....

You have forgotten about me ... you're in the big tower .... working for me  
... to let me not ...forgetting about you ...

These are strange ways ... These are ways of gold ... And I still refuse to  
see ... The number in the flame ... The repeater on the tower .... The  
fastness in the doubter ... you in the big tower ... while I'm here ...  
watching at horizons ... while i'm in my own tower .... while you are more  
insecure than I am ... while you are ... So come to my tower ... These are  
... strange ways ... to a small tower .... where you will see ... that it's all  
the same tower ... that you are ... me ...

These are strange wings, strange ways ... strange towers, but it's all the  
same tower ... Ten repeaters walk to it ... committing suicide ....  
backwards ... Your body's talking .... People live in the lamps ... the

candle's singing ... The Ghost of the bag is saying ... These are ... strange  
...bags ....

The echo ... is bringing it all to me ... the echo ... from the tower ....

ten backwards ... marching ..... committing suicide ...

I see them on their castles, marching .. backwards ...

Ten backwards with their god ... god of ten ... Is it the mailman ? Or is it  
the big ten ? .... The big ten sits on his throne ... with ten men before him  
... ten men on the left, ten men on the right, ten on the ceiling,  
everywhere's ten ... The big ten .. The big eleventh ... The big bridge ... And  
you can be the twelveth ...

The echo is after me ... with it's winds and veils ... ... The lights are  
searching for me, with their doubters and their fast cars .... But I'm in  
the backwards ear ... together with you ... a slow-motion is marching on  
his castle .. alone ... not able to catch .. not able to commit suicide ... it's  
the suicide-princess ... it's the purple veil ... .... The echo is after me ... the  
repeater is repeating what i all did today ... you smile too much ... The  
echo brings it all to you ... your body is speaking .... people live in objects ...  
little people ... but you can't understand ... you never understand  
anything ... like me .... I'm still reaching for the edge of the candle ... the  
winds are behind the flame ... the highest voice will break them all ... the  
slow one will restore them ... ...

The small ten sits on his throne ... he feels heavy today ... sometimes you  
need to feel heavy to be able to touch a burning candle ... tomorrow he  
will feel soft, to enter the heat of a backwards bag ... the mailman is on  
his card ... paintings from the ..spanish boy ... he knew arabia .... and  
finally he took it all away ... it's when the purple strikes ... still your  
hormones are remembering that picture ... too much ink will do the  
storage ... and too much body-talk ... my colours talk day in day out ...  
about spanish princes in arabian jails ... not able to hold them ... there's

no room for a spanish painter ... while paintings never existed ...  
according to the church .... it was all done by the press ... an owl in a cage  
which couldn't hold him .... now this thing flew over ... to a new area ....

You could never understand my flying colours ... but did you ever try ?  
The arabian sounds were too strange ... They put your worlds upside  
down ... You wanted to have easy music .... So I brought you to spain ...

The teacher never existed, even not in your wildest days .... It was just the  
press ... They are in our bodies ... wasting ink ... My pigments are speaking  
.... It's just bodytalk ... But still the doubters are your slaves ... .. still ....  
the doubters ... are .. your ...slaves ... .... You with your sun-music ... but  
you still don't like the dance ... It's only dancing inside ... under the skin ....  
It's between .... you .... and .... me .... You still wear pink .... under the skin  
.... but not under the suns ..... the tower is speaking ... you hear it's  
trumpet .... and i hear mine ..... the same ... these are .. strange days ...

and now the backwards come to your room ... to spread their varia's ... to  
spread their .... birds .... and you look into a new press ... your pigment is  
speaking from blue hills ... to make the hills ...to make the land .... your  
hormones and tissues are ... speaking ..... dancing .... only inside ..... turning  
pink ... only inside .... for the nuclear threats .... for the chemical reasons  
.... under the ...skin ..... and the blue is spinning the winds ... the veils  
for tomorrow ... there you are with your lights .... with the doubters as  
your slaves .... there you are with your fires ..... with the wise as your  
slaves ... ten slaves from an old tower ... and i'm still wondering who  
spoke to me ....

you're a star in spinning clouds in backward mode ... with the suicide-  
princess following you .... step by step ... your leg-ornaments and leg-veils  
are straight from japan ... but they are looking for whales .... they lost  
some spanish nuclear leg-weapons .... the ornaments on your arms are  
too strange to describe ... i would send you straight to arabia to make  
another one ... to bring the echo there ... for another round in the south ...

... the fountains of pigment are good for an arabian press ... especially in the south .... you're a star in being the star ... the echo's are your slaves .... the repeaters, still repeating .... they are all in your cube .... little suicide-princess .... you know how to do the crime .... and still you say it's the trick of the hero .... you love your soldiers ... There your cube sucks another one to paradise ... these are strange camera .... days ...

Oh, how I wish to hold you in my arms for one second and then letting you fall for three hours .... to let you fall on my grandmother's pillow .... forever and a day .... do you have the strength to pull it all back ? you invented the magnet, little suicide-princess .... it's all what you could ... still the spanish boy cries magnet-balls .... but that's what you believe ... the doubters doubt it ... while the wise say what they have to say ... there are no questions anymore .... little suicide princess .... little spanish dream ... little ..... strange noise ....

you never told me you had spain and arabia both in your heart, in your little arena .... you invented them ... both .... to do the job ...

you're on the back ... of ten .... you're the eleventh ... while the spanish boy is the twelveth ... you're still racing in cars with him .... trying to avoid the walls ... you still ride on horizons and old towers ... together with him .... but you're getting old, and the day is almost gone ... tomorrow the days will become ..stranger ... .. the echo has jubilee .... the repeater repeats ... and i'm receiving your card ... why you were married off ... to this deal of ten .... personal letters to get personal ... after all these strange days, you finally get clear .... you're not like sarsia anymore ...

your presence so thick that i can cut it with a knife, the suicide-princess, your hands full of magnet-balls .... nuclear camera's ... like the camera of pigment .... seven colours to make the picture ... it's all in the body ... and you're still dancing under the skin .... under my skin .... looking for pink fountains to suck empty .... it's all too small today .... i can never reach my bag like this .... but the doubter's speeding up, like they always did ... they



never changed ... but it seems you and i did ... magnet-balls run too easy,  
when the flames are on hot ... when the repeater repeats .... and still you  
don't like ten ... still you walk with empty slaves ....

Magnet-balls ..... running in the pigment, the body's the best press .... And  
you don't need your eyes, you don't need your camera's, for you can all  
feel it .... when the suicide-princess holds your hands ... she just wanted to  
learn you using your fingers, just wanted to let you know the secret of  
ten .... the suicide never existed ...it was just someone who showed you a  
bag ... and so many cards were in, from people you never knew .... so that  
you forgot about your old friends, who were actually your enemies .... you  
saw new faces, and forgot about the old .... but it was just the pigment,  
bringing you other cards ... bringing you other names ... there was no  
suicide ... you just looked from one bag into the other .... the braille of an  
old blind musician ... with his little daughter .... the suicide princess .... but  
there was no suicide .... she just gave you another bag .... her father's bag  
....

there was no suicide ... just an old tower, turning everything backwards ...  
changing the faces of friends .... the trick of an old mailman ... while the  
repeater still repeats .... there was no suicide .... just an old mailman ....  
changing the letters .... with his pigment ... with his press .... but you  
want your friends ... you want the real letters ... not the press from a  
crazy mailman ... with his crazy spanish boy ...

### *the magnet-ball*

the real letters, the real friends .... are locked up in the big tower ...  
locked up by the big ten ... hidden in horizons .... old ones ... the doubters  
race too fast .... their cars ... too light .... but you sink in braille ... to feel  
what they write .... you don't need your eyes anymore ... in this crazy  
land ... with it's wise numbers .... you feel .... the hand of your friend .... in

braille ... it's just your friends fingers ..... the secret of ten ..... you caught the echo .... the noise found it's way ... the repeater repeats the pigment .... the echo brings it home .... mailmen, don't read our letters, don't change them ... for the varia will find it all out .... and will let us touch behind end beyond the letters .... we can touch the letter's horizons .... and find each other .... so music man ... don't change the music .... thank god we have the doubters ... to bring us the light, to bring us over the horizon, over the rainbow ... to a land where we can feel .... the hand in the letter ... the gods of ten ....

there are too many horizons in our eyes ... it makes us all blind ... but the doubter brings us another light, to guide us to the touch ..... then it's all not far away anymore .... there are too many noises in our ears ... but the echo brings us to the true noise ... the letter of the friend .... his own little music-box .... we follow the echo ... to the land of truth ... where it all began .....

All these pains, all these confusions, brought me to the lighthouse, where another light burns ... the light of the blind .... being able to touch and feel .... the hand of the other .... without the doubters we could never come here, for we would believe the lie, and being locked up in the magnet-ball forever .... without the echo, we would not hear the voice of the little music-box, coming from another world .... the mailman never existed .... it was just .... i was feeling your hand .... and i doubted it ..... i thought it was someone else .... a mailman's confusion .... but it was you ... for my doubts brought me to reach deeper, where I met your fountains ... under your skin .... my doubts brought me ... to touch you deeper inside .... so that i could see your fire-dances .... which you didn't dare to show outside .... the doubter made my car faster .... to escape the magnet-ball ... but now your magnet-balls are running through me ....

The wise ... to keep me with you ... the wise ... to keep me in the tower ... to slow me down .... into backwards .... the wise ... to show me the roots .... it was all to keep my cardoors locked .... and to push a good brake ....

But they still talk so fast .... when i'm speeding vertically, i'm slowing down horizontally ... the secret of a good tower ....

too many echo's from a picture will spin the noise ... there i hear you sighing, there i hear you complaining .... there i hear you breathing ....

and the repeater ... still repeating ... while someone's burning cigarettes in slow-motion, breaking windows, after cleaning them ... it's the spanish boy .... and cleaning them after he broke them ... waiting until it's all soft .... little spanish boy, still your mother's repeater ... still your father's bag ... making the hard ways soft ... making the voices taller ...

little complainers making my head depressed .. it was all too good on a summer's morning ... so why asking for more ...

i'm reaching for my braille ... it was never my best action ... i'm feeling your fingers .... the spanish boy made it soft enough to enter through .... and still you don't want to know how soft it can be ... the complainer's your friend ... you always want it different ... when the doubter touches the complainer ... it gets all soft ... the trick of the repeater ... and when the wise puts his finger on it, it all gets stuck ... like the glue .... like the magnet-ball.

you didn't want to see him ...

ten ragers on a tower ... it's like the capricorn's curse ... the little princess is running like a slow-motion downstairs ... heading for the backwards ... it brings us all into the past ....

there she smashes with doors, leaving the future behind ... now everything is repeating ... backwards ... the magnet-balls are rolling ... they are rolling strange ... there everything is switching backwards and forwards .... switching as fast as my mother's train ... it brings us all home ... when you're between two ragers ... it all starts to switch ... then the cars will start to roar ... when you're between two mockers, the car will begin to

zoom ... while when you're between ten mockers, they will bring you all home ...

Now is there anything better ? Ten rejecters on a tower ... ten rejecters in a magnet-ball ... with you in the middle ... the little princess holding your hand ... it will bring you home ... it will boost your car ...

Ten magnet-balls on a tower ... still the fastest way home ... especially when you're standing between them ... with a little princess holding your hand ... and a spanish boy sitting on your knee ...

Ten magnet-balls to create the wind ... ten magnet-balls to spin the fire ... Their god, the god of ten ... is a church on a hill ... your church ... when two poles start to mock you, you're there ...

And still you are afraid that they won't like you .... that they will cheat on you ... and they will, but when you're between two of them ... you can have them both ... it's the hill of the church, where all things come together ... and between ten cheaters, you will be in paradise ... big eyes staring at you .... the secret of the magnet-ball ... it's not in the pull, but in the push ...

Still I'm sliding from ball to ball heading for the big ball ... there where Jesus died ... the secret of the detonator ... still i'm switching between insecure ones ... finding out that everything melts away ... you are too soft ... you are too hot ... it all melts ... but i'm holding the hand of the little princess ... she leads me to everywhere ... together with the spanish boy ...

Poetry from the Girl with the Red Boots

*Little... Red ...Bike*

The nerves are getting thinner, where the dark man hits the mouse ..

The dreams are getting thinner, when sandman hits the lions gong ...

To easy to dream, but too hard to reach, unless you have giant shoes ...

red ones ...

Santa is smiling,

The voice of a new day ...

He likes it when his deers are running ..

Running through streets of old smoke ...

I'm sitting in my cabin ...

I'm still a cabin-girl ...

watching the wonders of the day ...

Quatzalquotl is painting the doors ....

With green and black paint ...

Still waiting for his horse ...

To watch his new mail-box ...

These circus's are new ...

Without lions, without ages ... just simple stuff ...

Like a,b,c ...

With simple machines,

with roaring numbers ...

is this the daydream's inn ?

The flavors of flowers were always on my side ...

Especially when I opened new doors ...

It was the hard way out ...

Finally I feel soft ground below my giant shoes ...

Finally ... I have some veiled sisters working in this circus ...

It's the dreamland's world ...

It's built by manchild's confessions ...

and coffee-breads ...

Quatzalquotl is smoking his pipe ...

Choirs are surrounding him ...

Mystical choirs from a long time ago ...

They seem to like him ...

They spin around his head ....

And me ? I'm still the girl with the red boots ...  
Still your mother's rage, and your father's lengths ...  
I'm still your brains and your heartbeats ...  
The red tiger .... and his coffee .... cup ...

I like to speak, like my sisters do ...

Circus of the alphabet ...

Do you like to spell my name ?

There are sabbaths on a monday-morning ...

Enough to scare the teacher away ...

It's just the daydream's inn ...

It's the dogdream's out ...

All manchild's confessions ...

And it's all too loud ...

There the teacher is running ...

Waiting for the orange road ...

To escape to some new dwarfs ...

*But they are not easy to get ...*

*They ask for high sacrifices ...*

*All schoolbooks know ...*

*Like the teacher's bag does ....*

*He said satan liked to ride bikes ....*

*To ring some bells ....*

*To invent some dwarves ....*

*It's the little red bike ...*

*And that's why all the kids were laughing ...*

*while you were ...crying ...*

*Little red bike ... coming from hell ... returning to the maze ...*

*To drown some new students ...*

*A little kid is riding it ...*

*having two knives in his pockets ....*

*big ones ...*

*too big for your mommy ...*

*too tall for your daddy ....*



when the red bike strikes, there's no escape ...

then your mom and dad are ...changed ...

is this the horror's dream,

is this the daydream's out ?

there the little kid is riding ...on his little red bike ...

yes, it's the daydream's out ...

it's the hard day's inn ...

together with your family, they are changed ...

suddenly you don't dare to look into your mother's eyes anymore ... and  
you are running for your daddy ... something you always did ... but now  
it's worse ...

he had a hard day in hospital ...some cats stole his meat ...

and now he had to eat birdseed ...

No tale can describe ...the horror of the red bike ...

No santa clause can save you, when the red bike rides to your city ...  
riding to ...your house ...

Everything has changed ...you even don't dare to walk to your uncle and  
aunt's house ... even your neighbours are dragons now ...when the red bike  
rides ...

It's like the curse of the dentist's, it's like there is no way out ...

*when the red bike strikes ....*

*it's a thousand monday-mornings on a saturday-night ...taking you away  
... it's like the teacher's revenge ...*

*red bike, red bike, where are you running,*

*red bike, red bike, where is your home ...*

*you are still wandering like a lost dwarf ...*

*It's the dogdream's inn ...*

*Sixty black horses are waiting in front of your house ...*

*trying to take you out of this nightmare ....*

*but when the red bike strikes again ...*

*it's finally sixty panthers surrounding you like there's no way out ...*

*everything's changing ... when the red dream strikes ...*

*no teacher could invent such a trick ... it's all from the dwarves ...*

*and it's all like there's no heaven ...*

*even heaven is hell ....*

*when the red ride strikes ...*

*I'm a fool to wait for your confessions ...*

*I have my own ...*

Millions of kids are screaming in my head ...

Heading for a new day ..

Pushing me under in a nightmare ..

Red..little ..bike ..

There's nothing you can hide when a baby with a gun stands before you ...  
drama after drama, it will find it's way to the cores, where all life began

..

no secret cases ..all open and white ...when the baby comes alive ..when  
the red bike comes from behind the corner ..

Jacob's Ladder

*red soup*

Little red bike, running like the streams ... having twenty babies in a bag  
.. the daydream's inn ... Little red bike, swimming, over land and over sea  
...the dog dream's out ... It's all in your hand ... the red ladder tells ... the  
dwarf has jacob's letter in his pockets ... torn up .... it's just the  
daydream's in ... it's the hard way out ... no time for confessions ...with  
this true man's sounds .... coming from snows and deep hells .. having no  
time to embrace ..that was always the dream you dreamt .... it's the  
daydream's out ... it's the dogdream's in .... and there is no time for  
confessions ... for there is one way in .... you killed time in too short  
trousers, running from the edge to the steam ... you killed ten dogs on a

sunday-morning ... it's the daydream's inn .. it's the dogdream's out ...  
there's no time for confessions ... for we were all too proud .. and there  
are three gongs running ... there are three gongs on a rage ... and there's  
no dogdream's confession ...when it's all too late ...

and there is no spin earlier ...and there's no spin after ... it's all in the  
middle ... where it all spins .... like batman's revenge ... like spiderman's  
waste ...it's the true tongue's confession ... there are daydream's inns ...

yes, the gongs are smashing ... it's the eighth number on the scale ... it's  
the dogdream's confession ...for people too small ... beginning like  
strangers, ending like nuts on a stream ...that's why you used to call men  
too soft ... too .... always too ... but when the red bike touches you ... the  
finish will fall down ...and everything changes ... everything knows ... that  
three sides of a coin cannot rake seas like you always did ... everything  
changes in his hands ... it's the dogdream's inn ... everything dies in his  
hands ... and gets alive again .... it's Jacob's Ladder ... it's Jacob's Dream ....  
It was red soup he was talking about ....

### *three gongs*

Now you're getting lost with no one, now you're getting lost with fame ...  
It's telling you to keep rising ... it's the daydream's inn, it's the hard day's  
out ... it's the dogtime's confession ... it's the true voice's doubt ... it's the  
running stone's demise ... it's the soft issue's confession ... to head for three  
gongs ... to open the lion's floor ....

you liked the true bell's sound, you liked the dwarf bell's ring ... you hated  
the dogtime's confessions ... you made the true doubts win ....

Now you're getting lost with no one, now you're getting lost with pain ...  
it's the dogdream's rain ... it's the dogring's fame ... it's the true sound's  
confession ...on a hard stream's day ... telling to burn off cowards ...telling

to burn off fame .... for it's the dognight's confession .... closing the tiger's floor .... burning three gongs too deep, burning three gongs too loud ... it's a one time's special ... in a namesake's mouth ...

there is no escape for cowards ...there is no escape to win ... it's the dog's home inn ... it's the devil's way out ....when a true voice's confession ... makes a hard man doubt .... makes a homevoice ring .... makes a firework sting ... makes a true time's confession ... on a small day's inn ...

Now you're killing time with nonsense ... now you're killing time with fame ... it's a dogday's rule .... it's a dogday's reign ... it's a true time's confession on a hard day's mouth ... opening the floors of eliphants too loud .... but the lions' floors are opened too ... six lions from one cage .... twenty cages in a row .... sixty-seven rows .... all ..... opened .....

Running, running, running, on a fairy's bike ... there's a dream you want to open ... but you cannot reach the key .... dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, jumping over the edges ... not knowing what will come, not knowing what's on the other side ... you are warming ... yourself ... in twenty blankets .... you got them from your grandfather .... while your grandmother bought them .... somewhere there ... yes, there, where the old mother weaves the snow ..... where the old mother lays the sand .... where she's spinning the lights .... spinning snow ..... she's raking the seven seas ... she is mourning ... for her kid just didn't want to die .... her seeds didn't want to go underground .... and now there will be no harvest in summer ....

the old mother is crying ... for there are too many kids .... no one wanted to die, no one wanted to leave this palace of pleasure .... while it was all out .... it's the daydream's inn .....

old mother is raking the seas ... with her old violin ... old mother is raking the forests and the flowergardens of april ... while march is sitting in his boat not daring to watch how a shark kills a man .... i can understand

that .... i can feel the man's pain ... but also the pains of the shark ....  
sometimes the lion has to kill ..... when the rains get too far ..... for he  
knows it's all overflowing ... when the rain gets too far .... it's a  
dogdream's kill ... it's a manchild's needle ... for a dogway's out ....

### *the tattoo*

Will you ever understand when a man kills a rabbit ... Will you ever  
understand, when there's a flower on his grave ... I know these things are  
too hard to mention .... I know these things are too hard to understand ...  
but someone has to talk about it .... it's the dogdream's inn .... it's the  
daydream's out .... it's the true time's confession .... in a manchild's shout

...

No one, no one, no one, could catch his tear ... no one could catch his  
smile .... no one, no one, no one, could bring his trousers across the river  
.... except your smile .... except your tear ...

It's all running too loud, when the daydream's closing it's doors, it's all  
running too high, when the daydream's locking confessions ... it's a  
standard part of history, it's a standard part of life ... when the breads  
must be eaten ... it's the hard man's dive .... it's the brainday's inn .... it's  
the dogtime's subscription ... on a low man's arm ....

### *Leaving The World Behind*

there are houses too big to dream of,

there are people too far to see,  
but in the middle there's something you can grasp and hold.

some things are too small to see,  
only if you bow deep enough,  
and become as small as them,  
you can see their world.

from the mountains you can not see everything,  
neither you can from the valleys,  
sometimes you just have to enter a house and leave the world behind you.

### *Vanilla's Revenge*

*"in the hearth of the earth ..... in the heart ..... right there ..... the  
wrestlers live ..... they will not stop until they get what they want ..... they  
accept everything they get .... to wrestle with it .... knowing the secret is  
inside ..... the secret ..... the treasure .....and a new .....sword ..... a new  
road to go ..... deeper .....into the hearth of the earth ..... they all look  
the same ..... they all do the same dances ... they all do the same steps ....."*

*the revenge ... earlier than the strike*

I met a boy beyond or under France ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools,  
the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your  
visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning  
his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose .... A bleeding  
one ...

So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So  
hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ...  
where all his dreams started ...

These are the seasons of love .... It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not  
cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me  
tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ...  
all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's Sunday rising there ...  
These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to  
downstairs .... I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ...  
I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god .... Of ....  
Old books .... Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but  
you forgot about the table and the rising milk .... I know you forgot about  
many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am  
opening my shadows .... To find a gateway to escape behind an old  
curtain ... old curtains speak ...

Orion masters of the shell ... Orion masters from the shell of illusion  
...sliding to Arabia and back ...carrying the Indian spell ... The lady loves  
his handkerchief, the lady loves his red bike ...at the end of the stairways  
the lady loves his pirate's touch too. It was a long thought running about  
ice ... but finally he was wrapped in fire ...white fire ...

There is a loss in the heart of the woman, there is a loss in the heart of  
the daughter ...only the tear can bring it back ... and will burn like a fire  
against the storm ... dream of the white man, dream of the white face ...  
dream of white fire ... all in the flames ...



Dream of the white son, dream of the white days ... dream of white fires  
in white satin ... all streaming from .... Vanilla's ...revenge ...

It's almost summer it's almost spring ... but it will never be ... It's almost  
a brainwave almost a helicopter ... but it will never be ... You can feel it  
but it can never be touched ... the curse of the vanilla .... You can eat as  
much as you can .... But you can never be satisfied ... her curse ... also ....  
It is the cry of the martyr, now forever she will be ... the vanilla's coffee  
....

At last she screams ... at last she dies ... It's the same remedy ... now she's  
still repeating ... all what you did to her ...in her own strange ways .... In  
her own strange sentiments ... it's the mocking of the woodpecker's house  
... knocking on saturday's door ... blinded by lights ...escaping the rumors  
.... Now she will forever be ... on grandfather's clock knee ...

It's saturday the lights are on ... It's the day's sea .... She's spinning her  
letters in a coffin too small ... but that's what you did to me ... She's  
offering a cigarette of her own stones ...but that's a lie to me ...She's  
burning it loud with a heart full of passion ...that's how she heals me ...  
but yesterday and tomorrow ... it will all be the same ...last week and  
next week ... all hers ...vanilla's cruel compassion ... hanging you on  
saturday drowning you on sunday ....the queen's horrible delights ... bound  
in satin .... For a day of three ... Is this the siren's apple-curse, is this the  
orange to the narrowest hell ? The next train will tell ...when there's the  
hard day's bell ...Two rocks from a witch's spell ... all wandering to be...on  
grandmother's little clock knee.

The summerdays are harder ... flying off to a greater tale ... the  
summerburner burns a hole in the moon ...for six rabbits to enter.... Two  
men are running on blood .... It's the daydream's plot ...asking loud  
questions ... breaking hard breads ... like the town's traindriver is mad ...  
heading for the siren's carriage ... on a hard blue bike ... along the  
daydream's dike ... where all black men meet each other, on skates, hats

or high heels ... when the black daydream deals ... on a hard day's bike ...  
on a true time's confession ..it's the high lord's strike ...forgive our true  
name's underwater dike ...scanning the side-halls ...scanning the rainbells  
..

Like a thunder in the brain ...like a thunder so insane ... and you will  
never know where she hid your knee ...she stole something but you don't  
know what...you are searching something ...somewhere....but you don't  
know who or where you are ...you even don't know who she is ....and this  
is what hurts ...the weight of your sleep...like an image passing by...not  
knowing what it represents.....oh so many things in fire ...hearing their  
loud screams...waiting to be identified ....waiting to receive their  
names....not knowing who lied to you...but the truth lies there on the  
table of a little man....the other direction...the woodpecker's house ...the  
doormaker's mouse...the cleaning upstairs ...under a blueberry's moon  
...contacting your mother's space.....in a soft..embrace

The siren's carriage....sweet like candy...but stinging like a  
knife....embracing you like a coward...soft like your mother's hand ....but  
cruel like your grandmother's spell...on a summer's day.....a summer's  
delay...another hope lays another chain...candy roaring at three streets  
the same....the siren's carriage ...sweet like a toy...but your mother's  
coffin...all there.....where the candy roars.....where the thunder  
kills.....where the baby thrills....

There where the flames scream....there where it's almost but never  
there....Vanilla's.....revenge.....

Two trains on one morning, sinking deeper in the sea....looking for the  
golden knee...with the golden rag.... The golden boy tries to sing....but his  
ring is dying...six planets on a row...tomorrow there will be seven, when  
the cock crows three times....

The hard way's lie is breathing into my face...spreading feathers.....hard perfumes.....cold as vanilla ice .... but I need to realize ....the revenge was there before it even happened ... the revenge ... earlier than the strike ... and this was always your mother's secret ...the chocolate always deep in her smile's bag ...you...can...be...happy ..again. her love was ..assured...her pride....her care.....her ..joy.

You didn't see her coming from the aeroplane ...you were in your..dreams... but she killed it before it was born.... She blinded it before it could stare at you ...

### *back to arabia*

Dreamlights on ... The child could fish all the day ... It's the voice of the woodpecker ... from the woodpecker's house .... so deep in that forest ... so deep and loud ... Like all your memories are washed away ... and you have to catch them again ... At the end of the day ... It starts all over again ... And you tell me it isn't warm enough ... It's never enough ... Living in the almost-zone ... dying in the Lion's Tea .... all .. his ... misunderstanding ... and you're still reaching for your honey's milk ... cold streams in daylight .... turning into a flame at night .... thousand flames streaming to the white cat ... having no other choice .... to burn it ...

One saturday beyond Italy can blow your mind .... One saturday beyond spain ... will be your coffin ... And these tales all stream from arabia .... from the lion's tea ... from the son of africa ... from a maze full of towers, from a maze full of seas ... It is the Lion's Tea ... that brought us on our knees .... the big master speaks .... the big master dries your tears ... still a lion in a black jacket, standing tall like the venus' screen .... still a lion .... still a maze .... still a lucifer .... so tight in his embrace .... did you call .... them ..... the boys .... from .... lynx ? ....did you all call them .... those boys with their white pink .... with their sharp stiletto's ... with their sharp

knives .... cutting poetry .... at the ends of the night ..... knowing the tops  
of the evening .... knowing the tops of the night .... knowing the clocks of  
the tops .... and doing it all in despite ... a knot in their throats ...

He was pouring his teas ... in the middle of the night .... saying your  
offerings .... are so long refused ... for there was a pale jacket in it .... a  
pale face from the vanilla's revenge ..... a pale mourning ..... a pale sun ....

He said ..... lady don't you know the pale lady .... she scattered your son,  
she scattered his geese ... she scattered all that he had .... but hey, the  
revenge was there ... before this all happened ..... and maybe that was  
why she did it ... maybe not ..... we will never know .... we will never know  
....

Oh why, my dear, dear lion .... oh why will we never know .... i need to  
have the answer .... to survive this maze ... to survive life .... this lion's tea  
.....

No, my dear lady, you don't need to survive .... you will sink deeper into  
this maze ... until you will see the yellow flower ..... until you will see the  
yellow's rose ..... I'm a prince full of darkness.... I'm a prince full of tears ....  
I am the licorice ... the lucifer ... that comes to bring the fears .... into the  
right frustrations .... into the right faiths ..... into the right submissions ...  
into the right space ..... I am the dream beyond the dream .... yes, i will  
tell you how to survive .... I am the judas ..... who brought you the knife ....

There I am falling, there I am weeping ..... Where is my Jesus, my saviour  
in this nightmare .....

There will not be any Jesus, the lion in the black tall jacket sais.... there  
will be only some boys ..... some boys ..... from lynx .....

Oh, stop it, you son of bastards ... oh stop it, you son of the lie ..... you  
killed the pale lady .... with your streams from the Nile ..... you are the

crocodile ..... you are the elephant's transmission .... you're the lion's cage  
.... you are the autumn of daniel's death ..... I will .....

No, the lion roars, no .... the lion sais ..... you will not ....

But .... I will ..... I roar back ..... I will be the lion here ..... I will be the one  
worthy enough to serve as Gods Angel .... I will replace lucifer, who fell so  
deep ..... into this lion's pit ..... and now I will be ..... Lucifer .....

Like you want it, sais the lion .... like you want it .... but remember one  
thing : I .....

And then she wakes up ..... This nightmare spinning in her head all these  
years .... all these nights ..... all hunting her down ..... so that she cannot  
walk in daylight ..... she's so paralyzed ..... all because of this story .....  
she's so paralyzed .... in a wheelchair she sits ..... my dear ..... because of  
this legend ..... because of this legacy .....

In little amsterdam ... the candy-jester walks ..... he's the candy-jester ....  
and he's looking for her ..... he invites her ..... he loves her ..... he kidnaps  
her every night to the tiles of amsterdam .... to tell her a story ....

now the little green-orange jester coming from the heart of the land ...  
eating shoes full of whiskey ..... like drunk chocolate .... he's the heartmare  
.... he's the friend of all kids .... only the wise ones .... will escape from him  
....escape .... from ....him .....

the man with the red eyes, red lights in his eyes .... gave his life to see  
such a screen ....

the orange mocker turns around three times ....walking the perimeters  
....on a thin, thin line .... he's a bit busy today, a bit frustrated .... a bit  
hesitating ..... a bit ..... nervous .... for an eagle caught a glimpse from his  
hat ..... and now it will be in tomorrow's newsletter .... a pretty sight ..... a  
pretty sight .... but the master doesn't like it ..... he wanted to hide his

years ..... he wanted to live in silence ..... screaming with the faery's tears  
.... or maybe .... fairies ...

He's spinning it all into slowmotion ..... to enjoy the seconds for twenty  
years .... the pale woman doesn't have her extasies anymore .... she forgot  
about her trousers .... the pale woman doesn't ....have .... lights ...anymore  
.....but she's still the trick of the day .....no, you won't go into that ..... you  
never liked the french roads .... you preffered to be in spain ..... there's a  
split between your sister and you because of that ..... and the lion .... still  
laughing .... for tonight ....it's tea-time again ..... what is raging there at  
the tiles of amsterdam .... is it another town trying to enter ? ....it's the  
heart of the land .....

she's spinning around like capuchino ... still in her wheelchair ..... she's  
running down the streets .... but ...she is .... still in her wheelchair .....like  
the abc's dog ....like the gardener of the maze ..... accepting the yellow  
roses .... accepting the orange moon .... accepting the creatures with the  
big eye .... in the heart of the land .... they say there is a key in portugal  
to escape the black river .... to enter a new arabia .... with white flames ....  
with sons from vanilla .... all knowing about her ..... revenge ..... all  
knowing about the eye in the middle of her big body .... going to arabia ...

it is the hearth of the earth ..... where all devils dance ..... where all  
mockers die ..... yes, let them dance ... let them do the ..... she accepted  
them too ..... let them first do their dances .... until the fire is too hot .....  
then they will burn themselves too ..... and the fire will dance further ....

in the hearth of the earth ..... in the heart ..... right there ..... the wrestlers  
live ..... they will not stop until they get what they have ..... they accept  
everything they get .... to wrestle with it .... knowing the secret is inside  
..... the secret ..... the treasure .....and a new .....sword ..... a new road to  
go ..... deeper .....into the hearth of the earth ..... they all look the same  
..... they all do the same dances ... they all do the same steps .....

And vanilla, the bridge between portugal and arabia ... you don't want to know what lives here .... In the sea ... this holy sea .... indians ....drowned ....in this sea ....this sacred sea .... holding the key ... to a land they don't want to know of ....the land ... where the grandfather stranded .... this land ....to seal the rage ....

vanilla's peace .... but this day she was shot in the eye .... she knew too much about the swan .... the black swan ..... she still rules ..... the swan's lake ..... but now the golden swan has come ....

they give so much, but they never give enough .... and they take so much away ... there are too many reasons to follow them ... this is why the snake was sent out ... hunting for many reasons ....

### *Greetings from Ananas*

Did you dream of red roses and apricots smoking in your sea-gardens ? What are you breeding there ? Is it a new sort of flower ? Or is it a new sort of horse, to travel ...

Purple pale horses were always your best trick. And mother still sais : she is out of it now ... But I don't know who or what to believe. I rather take a look for myself. That's why I'm calling.

Do you still drum the drum like you used to do ? Do you still have your nonsense in the middle of the night ? You're still a lawyer's daughter, that was what mom always said. But I rather take a look to see it for myself.

Are you still dreaming about princes on white wet fairytales, are you still looking for photo's in a warm wet basket. Yes, you know it's full of snakes. But you love these old pictures.

There's still soap in your mouth, bubbling from the bottom and when you speak, the candy starts to flow. And when you swallow, it's ice-cream. You are still a silly girl ... still a silly girl. You could always make me laugh in the worst moments, you silly girl, I laughed in my grave.

Still a silly girl, still an apricot's lover, still a murderer of thousand bedrooms, still a honeyhorse, a football's choice, a racer on the railways to the big banana. How's life, queen of orange, how is your daddy and your brother .... do you ...still ..... like .... my ..... mother.

Yes, you were there when these waspcats, those catwasps .... stole my trousers in the rain ..... I never saw them back ..... It must be something in the brain ..... and you were ....sitting on it ....

You always liked to tease me, you didn't care about the tears .... the more the better .... so that when I heard it was all a joke, I could laugh the hardest ..... You're still the joke-book on my cupboard, the silly smile on my raincoat .... you are still the bearer of my dreams ..... you're still an ornament on my highest hat ..... and you keep on writing ..... all these letters ..... they come over me like oceans ..... But not with tricks anymore .... no, you changed .....

I wonder if you still like my mother .... I always liked your dad .... maybe too much .... I wonder if you like my sister ..... I always loved your brother ..... maybe a bit too much .....

You got quiet these years .... very quiet ..... Did you see archernar .... or is it something else ..... I bet you met your old raincoat again .... He was so quiet too .... maybe ..... Do you still dream of white potatoes .... like you always used to dream ..... do you still warn for the ice-cream...queen .....

Do you still warn for bad ornaments .... do you still watch like the sea ..... do you still wear too tall trousers .... and too high shoes .....when it's necessary ? Do you still get greetings from ananas .... Do you still love tall



hanging ornaments .... hanging in the wind and in the night .... Do you still love dogs too tired ..... Do you still wear catclothes in the night ?

Do you still love Greece ? Do you still adore Italian wash-clips ? Do you still love the French Accents ..... How's life now, queen of orange ?

Thank you for all these roses, they get so fluffy in the night ... Thank you for all these chocolates .... They are freezing in daylight .... Turning into rainbows, looking for the ice-cream ..... The thing you always warned against .....

Three ice-cream-murderers .... still your best friends .... swallowing ice-cream ..... like you always did .....

Oh, so that was why you warned against it ..... for you wanted it for yourself ..... Aha.

*Greetings from Ananas II*

Wonderlamp on the attic

*I'm riding on Jupiter, fairytales too late ..... Maybe if they were here earlier I could watch the banana's prince ... But ..... it's all too late .... Oh yes, the fairytales are beautiful ..... but the drama has already struck the sights ..... All I see are some old rinds and some crying knights ..... These dreams are too beautiful .... but they came too late ....*

*another Jesus*

I'm sitting on a nuclear ice-cream ... too hard to breath here ....But I know when I jump off I will get on a horse too wild ....

Everything is frozen, I cannot move .... But the Icecream is holding my hands .... and there's fire between us ..... Purple fire ..... That happens when things get too cold, they get sweet, and then they start to burn ....

Born again in Orion, I'm reading the Master's Tea Tales ... finding some old chocolate passages .... and some old tiger-icecream tales .... it's like a lost stranger is wandering in it .... wandering in an old forest ....

The ice-cream stairways are tall and bring me finally into sleep .... these boys from lynx ... these masters of tax and insurance .... they would lead me out .... their stings were too tall ..... and now there's a ladder inside of me ..... these boys from lynx .... with legs too tall ..... still ..... the sons of sandman .....

These waspcats, these wild cats ... running from the edge of destruction to the master's tea .... always doing the deal .... these mastercats .... these milkmen ... sinking deep into the white oceans to save a killerwhale ... your grandfather is still looking for them ... wanting to sell them his three red pale flowers .... You always used to touch things too sharp for you ... but now their soft blankets warm your oranges .... This is the night's railway .... awakening you to a new round in a new game .... The old ones aren't valid anymore .... since daylight touched spring ....

Now you're running in baskets too short .... while the orange is smiling at you .... still your best friend ....

These last brunt pseta's brought you this far .... touching the candy's milk ... the sisters of ice shook hands with the sisters of the big ice-cream .... there are always faster horses than this ... so you are still trying to find your ways to new homes .... you are wondering .... what makes the day so bright ?

Six sailors are burning the seas .... in high jackets .... almost covering their faces ... shooting their hats into the night .... They know about the fears of a million of sharks ... they still trace their railways of forgotten dust ....

Now finally they have their eye on the big icecream ... They are spoilt enough to do a master's strike .... Their high tables are reaching for your mother's ceilings ... It was never like this .... and it will never be like this again ... Now you were always good at running on sandman's tables .... you jumped from one to the other .... the swimming rat was always your secret ... he had wings like a knife ....

The overdose of pride ..... still the gift of the ice-cream ... still the railway deep into the night .... watching daylight from a high shore .... waiting to dive into something you cannot imagine .... And finally you could sleep ... and finally you could escape .... waiting for the long hours of the morning ... where grandmother's clocks still dance .... And still you try to choose between a snake-lake and a rat-lake ..... while your eyes are still bleeding because of the swanlake .... Is it a wasp who can finally shut this dream forever ? No tailor could do the final strike .... No engineer could invent this machine .... hidden in the head of the wasp .... The old shark is burning while looking at the party .... so deep into the night ..... No sharklake could prevent this .... Seven sheep with the pale blue lights in their eyes rise from the eighth pit ... They follow a shepherd called Jesus ... still the hero of the town .... They raised him in love .... laying 666 dollar below his cradle .... Still a tree is growing there .... A christmas-tree ... stinging it's head through worlds and loves .... with high tech camera's ..... The next day it will be in the newspapers ... for Judas to know ....

They can turn grass into milk ... those boys from lynx ... still the side-painters of the big eye ... still the mass-tricksters of the old coffee .... but their own eyes are bleeding .... Their names are still echoing through the night ... It's better for you not to hear them, for you would not sleep for seven years .... this is the master's march ... this is the daylight's grape .... still purple and diving ...still bleeding it's way into the earring .... It would not let you open your mouth until you read the books on the tops of the seven hills. And these are all puzzlebooks. The answers change every

minute, and every year the question changes ..... and new animals are born ..... all wandering the perimeters of the old cradle .... This Jesus had a face ..... one side was purple .....

And the wasps loved him .... the wasps cared for him ..... they raised him from the pulpit ... from the master's hand .... and allow them to enter the big eye every year ... no boy from lynx would follow him .... they were all watching behind the screens ... counting his tears and steamdrips .... counting all the stings on his body .... calling for the flowers to bloom there ..... this was the best painting they ever made .... but later they found out that jesus wasn't his real name ....

### *the gamble-wizard*

They love the master's hand, they squeeze the final touch ... with these hands of fire ... these hands of broken ornaments ... glittering in the night .... they sold their beauty for fame .... they sold their lamps for night ... for six bottles of broken beer ..... to turn it all around in the middle of the year .... they know how to turn the clock backwards, and how to weave the second mill ... It's all still blushing in the middle of amsterdam .... like the yellow corn ....

The spanish prince sells his fruits for coffee ... the little princess still hides behind curtains of the old attic .... and I am still a delicious dreamer ..... a lamp there in the corridor .... eleventh floor .... still attracting the wasps .... but also the little gnats ..... they are biting their ways through the meal .... still the baker's pride ..... And the wisphers reach the little city .... the purple one ..... and the bakers reach the mouth of the year ..... there's ink enough for a next painting ..... they all suit the lion's fear ....

The dreams are worthy to fill this wonderlamp .... to fill this speaking cupboard forever ..... the banana-prince has shoes too tall, but they curl in the night .... There he walks through the corridors of the palace's floors

.... The lion's floor is wasted by wine and liquor .... The tiger's floor burns in the seventh night, like an army of gnats .... the zebra's floor is full of harems, there's healing in the eighth night, while the ninth one will wake you up forever .... The satin's fleece is burning there, like the milkmaid's son's helicopter .... There will be always three men too tired for that .... But this will finally break open your mother's pond ... to see the face of the icecream shivering .... No honey can stream through their veins anymore .....

The proper words of a purple santa ... the wizard of presents was always by your side .... There's always something in something ..... There's always escaping something out ....

On the third day everything lives and speaks ... even the old apricot-tree of your grandparents .... you thought it would be dead forever ....

When the wonderlamp is in the hand of the banana-prince ... there's spice coming out of it ... like powders of purple delights ..... wandering over red roads .... too delicious to describe ..... now fortunately there are veils .... so that you will not fall from the hill .... the second hill will always hold grip ....

There he shares his bananas with the little princess ... The spanish nightmare has almost gone .... it's still yelling between a bird and an old shoe ..... from the morning till the evening .... but in the middle of the day it's quiet for seven breaths .... This is how the girl can go on .... while living like an owl in the night ... wearing her warsuits to do the ananas-dance ..... She's still a spicy ananas after all these years .... The streams bring her to the doubts .... where she can escape some old false truths .... she got them from an old bear ..... an old dragon .... and an old bird ..... She still wonders where they are now .... She hasn't seen them in a long time ....

Black gates from the blue belt ..... opening her ears .... and then shut them ... to never come back .... That's how they span the dream inside her hair

.... she still fights for a place in the cinema .... she still drives her  
ornaments to the big pear .... and this all to burn a coward's coin .... the  
automatons have been sold out, since the black queen crashed her  
donkeys.....

I'm riding on Jupiter, fairytales too late ..... Maybe if they were here  
earlier I could watch the banana's prince ... But ..... it's all too late .... Oh  
yes, the fairytales are beautiful ..... but the drama has already struck the  
sights ..... All I see are some old rinds and some crying knights ..... These  
dreams are too beautiful .... but they came too late ....

And the giants are crying, but they cannot solve this cruel puzzle .... It  
tears me apart .... all inside ....

The black prince, the black fool, from the darkness to the age ... from  
time to nothing .... selling old clocks to the birds .... They cannot fly  
anymore .... for the beauty too late has paralyzed their hearts .....

Black prince, black dove, raising the dice .... Gamblers from the maze ....  
spoiling black guitars to the tiles of little amsterdam ....

It's the gamble-wizard .... He invented all these wheels ..... he invented all  
these cruel ornaments .... they are keeping the slaves alive .....

I don't know how to hate you, oh black wizard from the southeast coasts  
..... You are licking the icecreams in trousers too short ..... Cruel diaries .....  
Private dark lights ..... it's the burning, the burning, the burning of the ice  
.... No mailman could invent such a horror ... only you, black wizard, black  
prince .... with your oiled automatons, full of red motors and strange  
rages ..... spicy dances in the night .... old banana's from an arabian castle  
..... they were too old ..... but the clock made them too young ..... So now  
she can't hear the cry of her children ..... now she can't hear the baker's  
alarm ..... it's all your fault, wizard .... you gambler in the sweetest night  
.... You are too sweet to do something ..... You are too sweet to be in time  
.... this is the maze's horror .... the black bird singing in august's pride ....

We can never be in time .... in this automaton of yours ..... Our marbles are beautiful but we always lose them .... We are all dying sweet deaths in beds too sweet to sleep in ..... Is this the Icecreams revenge .... or are you looking for another tall lady ..... Mr. Billiards was never your favorite ..... These sticks were too tall ..... the marbles too white ..... There was always something wrong with something ..... And it was always too late .... for the doctor already slept ..... the last dentist was already retired on a pension so we had to go to Jupiter to meet a mailman's mouth .....

we could not watch the ocean's tiredness anymore ..... for we were the ones too tired ..... we could only watch ourselves ..... we couldn't read the latest fairytales anymore ..... they were beautiful but paralyzed.

The doctor had a beautiful hat today, but he couldn't help us .... Oh, what a nice house he has .... Really a masterpiece .... but his kids are dying .... Cruel ..... Ananas ....

### *pink-blue forest-road*

You were too young to catch the rain ... too young to help your mother with lazy bags .... too young to decide .... The gamblewizard's girl .... It's all too beautiful .... but all ..... too young ..... the kid's still spinning the wheel .... still stinging to bleed .... still the wasp's rage .... it was too old .... now it will be too young .... it was too early ..... now it will be too late ..... All these .... foundlings .... They are spinning the revenge .... they are forming the ornament .... on a wheel .... too low for their knees ..... they are cycling in the night ..... looking for the last wonderlamp .....

I see you crying there little girl, with your little brother, lost in the forest .... I see your little hat screaming, like libra's dictator .... you were an unaccepted child .... your parents didn't want you .... they made you just for the fun of it ..... and after it they threw you away .... you came too early in their eyes .... but now you will come too late .... when all is said

and done .... but you are the gambler's friend .... you give and you take ....  
and in the night you let it all slip away ... yes, you still chase the dream  
.... you still chase the ornament ...still a child after your father's heart .....  
still many dreams to go ....

Unaccepted boy ... you are still your sister's brother .... still shooting doves  
in the night .... for you are the only dove .... you are under a cowboy's  
rage ... losing the indian marbles .... but tonight you will find them again  
.... You are still the prince of unaccepted worries, still the prince too tall  
for the door ..... and in the night you will grow too short, to rage at all  
who made the door .... You are still the zebra's desire .... still the tiger's  
friend .... you are still waiting for spring .... you learn how to bend your  
knees to teach it everywhere ..... although the trees don't want to hear it  
... although the princesses will be too pale to listen .... they will sit in their  
own caravans ..... in their own campings .... But you will speak like the  
lemon's nightingale ... having the spoilt peach on your side ..... being  
followed by legions of microphones ....

Together you spin the wheel, together ...

Foundlings .... from ..... lynx

Holes of slow-motion, holes of echoes from the past .... can they all forget  
their missions, their earthquakes ? No, these are legendary works ... they  
will rage until the son has been set free ...

The woman will rage until the voice is subtle ... until the snake breaks  
through the throat .... they are all wandering to the gambler of wizards  
.... the gamble-wizard .... with a million of sirens on their backs .... When  
the raspberry's ripe, the tables of the kings are full.

The shark speaks with a million of mouths .... It was always like this ....  
She remembers him .... like yesterday's tear .... But the wheel is still  
spinning for all gamblers .... trying to pick their gold for the nights .... It's



the nightingale's secret .... It all burns there .... until no raker's on the sea  
....

Still humpty dumpty sits on his hill ... not wanting to let it go ... until the  
cook will break his ring .... They know everything about the sea behind the  
restaurant .... No any tear will be wasted for the ship's demise .... It will  
all flow softly to the land ..... as a wisphering sacrifice ....

And you are still following the candy's veins .... the master's railways ...  
into pink desires ... dreaming your headpears into peaces .... drawing the  
chocolate on a white veil ... But I will not cry any tear for this ... It's all in  
the chrystal ball ... locked in green trousers and brown jackets .... with  
love from robin hood.

What can I do with a sharp voice in my mouth ? With smoke from  
bastard's origin .... It's only to wash daffodiles in red streams of love ...

The wheels spin ... it's all deeper inside ... pink ... blue .... forestroad ...

*Greetings from Ananas III*

### *The Anatomy of Pride*

sinking deep in icecream ... is the best you can do after the soft strike ...

until you reach the sleep ... where the soap carries you away .... to the  
land of glue ...

sinking deep in icecream .... is the best when the vanilla strikes ....

until you reach the hills of sandman .... to sell your shoes ... and sink in  
sand .... to find your pride again ... it's all deep inside ...

sinking deep in icecream .... until you reach the new shores ... proclaiming another world, turning everything backwards .... reading santa clause's letters .... he's still looking for you, after all these years ... still looking for you ... and your cats ... he gives you his backwards-glasses to slide back into his arms ... there are white fires between her breasts .... she wears the crown of thorns .... She still bears the clip of thorns in her mouth too, having all colours of the rainbow ...

sinking in deep icecream ... until you reach the dwarve's gong ....

sinking .... icecream .... reaching ...for the mother's shoe ...

### *white horses*

I'm riding on my white horse ... I found it in a broken marriage ... I don't know which marriage it was .... Well, I think I know you, I would like to talk to your wife .... I will bring it under her nose what she did to you ....

Now I see you walking with a neon advertisement on your head ....  
searching for your white horses .... you can have mine ... for I have a lot of these animals in my garage .... together we will make some trips through the forests, and I will show you all these beautiful flowers .... they will grow on your broken marriage stretching out to you ....

Yes, I know, it was actually your white horse I found ... but I cared good for it ... it wasn't good for you at the moment ..... and whoa what did it do to me .... it bit me like a lion ... it hanged me on the highest tree ....  
but I thought it was okay ..... as long as you were safe .....

And now I tamed it now I trained it .... so you can ride on it now .... Just call me when you have problems with it .... then we can go on a trip together ..... but ..... you were also .... someone's .... white horse ....

*street of blood*

I found her in a street, blood was streaming out of her mouth .... she  
swallowed a marble .... thinking it would be forever hers ..... but it killed  
her .... I still cry on your grave, day and night, throwing flowers on it ....  
my mother's ....

But isn't it what I did long ago ? Swallowing a marble .... People tried to  
save me, but they couldn't .... and now they are crying on my grave .... I  
cannot move ..... for the marble struck me ..... Just a little marble .....

Someone's face is reflected by the marble ... oh my god, I don't dare to  
watch .... I'm bowing my head .... closing my eyes .... It is the woman who  
gave me this marble .... And she gave it to others also ....

This is how we know each other ... we all swallowed ... a marble ....

This is how we died .... This is how we bled .....

We thought the marble would be ours forever but it killed us .... it .....  
killed .....us ..... killer-marbles .....

And Jupiter saw it all happening ... and Emily ... and .... the marbles  
themselves, reflecting the face of the old woman .....

We thought it was candy .... but it was a marble .... it was all a game ....  
and now there's blood in this street of Jupiter ... wasn't it just a strange  
way how sandman brought us to sleep ? we couldn't sleep, we were bored  
.... but this thing put the horror on ... and the shock was our ship to  
dreamland ..... we were already close .... on Jupiter's Street .... reflecting  
on a mailman's watch ....

Some people like the games rather than the truths ... this is how they  
turn us backwards ... but it all brings us in sandman's arms ... we  
wouldn't go to sleep any other way .... when sandman hits, it's right in

the middle ... and too hard to stay awake .... but then finally we can feel  
his soft jacket, and his buttons ticking softly and slowly in our heads ....

*dream about it*

*Oh, this land is cruel, this land of a thousand trousers ... hanging through  
the streets ...*

*Oh this land is cruel ... seventy soldiers on one horse ... this land is cruel ...*

*Oh this land is cruel ... the frog says it's bedtime, while it's time to wake  
up ... oh this land is cruel ...*

*and you're still running in too short trousers because of it ...*

*In nameless' land*

*And you are dreaming without name ... In the land of the nameless ....  
You feel safe here ... nobody knows you .... nobody has a name here ....  
only a good spoon .....*

*The song which brought you over the hill*

*Drama after drama spun by the big mouse ... hunting you like february's  
rain ... And you're too desperate to see the song ... The song which brings  
you over the hill ...*

*Forgotten Glories*

The dentist is a clown today, yesterday he was the officer of a forgotten country ... And the day before yesterday he was just a rose growing on someone's grave ... just a lonely rose ... it had enough of the world's fame .... now it wanted to be invisible ...

And you are still sharpening your flowers ... you are too afraid to look into someone's face ... too scared of what you will see ... maybe your mother's dream .... maybe your sister's lost ornament ... scittish boy ... too afraid of what you will see in the mouth of the horse ... thinking you will never sleep again ...

Well I made the dive ... when a purple ananas wants to save a million of locked up lions ... They will kill it ... They will turn it into a criminal ... The first one who wants to help, will be the ladder of their desire .... their desire to eat again .... The first strikes are always the hardest ... for only the wise will catch them and see .... no one else will be on their side ...

How long will I be the enchanted spoon ?

*Greetings from Ananas III*

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save me, but they couldn't .... and now they are crying on my grave .... I  
cannot move ..... for the marble struck me ..... Just a little marble .....

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watch .... I'm bowing my head .... closing my eyes .... It is the woman who  
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### *King of Trauma*

Bilmageln is walking through the streets of amsterdam ... still a cowboy's letter ... still under the sun ... a lawyer's docter ...

Bilmageln is smoking his pipe .... No one knows he's the big dwarf ... bragging like no one can ... but i like his speeches ...

Bilmageln is eating sandtarts .... still sandman's brother ... still the cook's advice .... but he's a lawyer's docter .... giving one warning, and then he attacks ... like the wolve's dog ....

Bilmageln wants you for homework ... some pretty things ... some secret diaries .... still burning in the night ...

He closes his golden fences .... His keys shining like the water's lights ....  
But it's all fake ....

He knows the anatomy of the trauma ... knowing the cars of the big race  
.... it's a spoilt treasure ... if it comes to that ... he's breeding his big cat ....  
this cat likes dogs ... but he has some more cats ... not always the easiest  
ones .... but bilmageln is very easy ... very easy ... if it comes to that ...

He's the king of all trauma's .... he is the king of all rains .... drowned  
nightmares in a basket of snakes .... he knows the snakelakes like his  
pockets .... no, the girl isn't too skinny ... some just can't stand bilmageln  
.... when he's riding on his carriage ... to the prince's court .... no one has  
to bow ... they already fell down ..... hundreds of years before he came ....  
his perfumes don't know any name .... his smoke comes to lit more fires  
.... and then he speaks like the faery's applecustard .... too late to  
remember .... your own name ....

His touch is like the forbidden trauma ... Fragile like the prince's trust ....  
like his son in africa with his mouth full of dust .... running in too short  
pyama's ... with his teeth on twenty o'clock .... It's the rain's race banana  
... It's the mummified mock .... Still the potatoe's prince ....

There he locks another golden fence .... hitting the big gong .... Now we're  
having some big tea .... with misunderstood lions ....

His touch is so so fragile .... this prince of the ornament's dream .... this  
prince of the broken ladder ... it's so hard to get .... it seems .... It's broken  
soap in the mailbox .... It's august the twentieth which is the king .... the  
king of all traumas ... the king of daylight's spring ..... mummified like a  
horse's broken letter .... king david with his head so thin .... thinner than  
the horse's manner .... thinner like the cucumber's king ..... but he isn't too  
thin .... some just can't stand bilmageln ... some just can't stand the big  
star .... some just can't see the broken ornament .... it's too late for this  
dance ...

*Bilماغeln is the big murmurer ...no one knows exactly what he's saying ...*

*Curroael Burboggia*

*Red Cape's Flower*

*The World Beyond Fairytale III*

*I - Raising the Capes*

*Wasps in a basket of candy - When Bilماغeln strikes the Gong*

*Bananas in South-America*

*Boy in the Bubble*

*Libra's Little Dictator*

*Blueberry's Fever*

*The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding*

*The Woman with the sixhundred tears in her eyes*

*Moonchild*

*Moonchild II*

*The Band*

*She never becomes ...*

*II - The Bleeding Cock*

*Miserable Magnets*

*Miserable Magnets II*

*Painter's Wars*

*The Girl with the Red Sword - Ritual of the Fruit*

*Buried in your Dream*

*Sisters of the Ornament*

*Prayer from a Farmer's Son*

*Prayers from Butchers, Truants and Apple-corners*

*Strange Foreign Birthdays*

*III - The Forbidden Pieces - Fragments from the Big Taboo*

*The Land behind Oz*

*Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave*

*The Mirror II*

*Piece without Name*

*Song on Rabbit's Hill*

Piece without Name II

Piece without Name III

Wasps in a basket of Candy

*when bilmageln strikes the gong*

*"she"*

She ....'s like the elve's tree .... like the dream .... This friend of Bilmageln  
.... is it his mother, his wife, I don't know, and I don't care ... all I know is  
that you saved my life .... out of the nuclear threat .....

You gave me a trauma of pleasure .... The birthday's trauma ... Leading  
me to the dwarves of trauma ... having the smile of the big trauma .....  
Now it was a good thing after all ....

Still I don't know your name .... Don't tell me you're Red Cape .... Don't  
tell me ....

You grew a lot ... or did I become smaller ? ....

There you go ... putting another trauma on .... It's an obsession, the way  
you produce smoke ... The way you are touching a flower .... The way you  
clean your shoes .... Are you Red Boot's sister .... ? Don't tell me ....

Don't tell me, that you are hard enough to burn old paths .... don't tell  
me, that you're a sparrow in the sun .... don't tell me about Cinderella,  
don't tell me about your dogs .... I think I will wait until I'm ready ....  
Ready to go through the golden fence .... ready to go through the

enchanted curtains .... ready to touch the enchanted veils ..... to watch the traumatic beauty ....

I'm so glad I'm frozen ... You cannot get me from my place ... I'm so glad I'm a statue in this strange land .... I'm so glad I cannot cry, I'm so glad I cannot speak .... I'm so glad .... for what would you do with my tears and words ? Which animals are waiting there to have food ?

I'm safe in my bubble .... Don't tell me about Tinkerbell, don't tell me about her cats .... I'm safe enough here .... I know you carry all fairytales in your bag ... bringing them to grandma's .... but she's a wolf .... she's a trauma .....

"he"

Were you ever stung by a million of wasps ? This was cruel food ... too cruel .... I'm wandering to the forgotten city .... Bilmageln knows everything about amsterdam .... He stood at her cradle ... when she was a little baby .... she knew how to put the trauma on .... I'm still covered by wasps ... They leave one by one .... but when one leaves ... two come .... They must love me deep .... or is it hate .... or is it the candy burning in my heart ... running through my legs .... this traumatic candy ..... I got it from Bilmageln .... and you made it sweet ..... Oh, sweetness from the Big Trauma ....

And Bilmageln still bragging ..... Seeing bridges where there aren't bridges .... But ..... that trauma is another trick from the Giant's world .... another rose from red cape's garden ..... When you're big .... all things are too small ....

Red Cape's Garden, a mockery's maze .... on a sunday's race ..... telling me all trousers will be too short .... when bilmageln strikes the gong ....

Oh you love this rose ? You will hate it when Bilmageln strikes the gong ...

You're ready for nonsense on a sunday's morning ? It's all truth and real ... when bilmageln hits the gong .... he all does it with his spoon .... he's still the cook's advice .... but he's just a lawyer's docter .... and his dogs still run through amsterdam .... searching for cats ..... his big dog loves cats .... but he has more ... in all sorts ....

Do you think I'm burning when bilmageln hits the gong ... tomorrow he will kick it ... and then I'll freeze .... freezing myself ... into the lawyer's castle .... watching a lawyer's spoon .... dancing with his dumb oranges .... two steps in the night ..... throwing his dice into the lake of the dragon .... and still watching the ornament's pride .... coiling from the basket of wasps ..... rising from the candy ... touching the mother's shoe .....

I threw a shoe in Red Cape's garden, when I was a kid .... now I'm still a kid .... I will not grow up forever ..... It's the woman's curse .... It's the true side's blanket .... running from neptune to the rains ..... like an ornament of flowers .... without losing any wing ..... they will grow when the night falls ..... reaching for a saturday-morning ....

"us"

Red Cape loves her chickens .... but when bilmageln hits the gong, they will all be traffic-lights ..... that was how I met Red Boots ... How many sisters do you have .... I don't need any more harems of worried mothers .... I'm frozen like the milk's rain .... standing on the Big Ship .... having peanuts in my ears ..... too scared of the siren's secret society .... the mailbox's pride ..... burning like a shotgun in the night .... still after my boots ..... those golden ones which grew in Pinocchio's gardens .... I'm late today ... too late to see the mills spin ....



Pinocchio was the big sugarspin on a race's fairground .... to avoid all these rainy days ..... Now wasps are in his baskets ..... Chocolate in his shoes ..... It will attract the worst dogs ..... But he's safe in my arms ..... in the big Icecream ..... His father will love this ship .... all built by these mutant ants ..... Oh, how they loved to built the big red shoe ..... together with the spinning birds .... and some old embroiderers ..... This was how the blue house got struck .... It's still falling from that old rock ..... While the taps in Red Cape's house are streaming .... milk from spiders ....

Curroael Burboggia .... still the big flower covering her house ..... She likes to dance with orgids, with rages on a summer's road .... She runs on Belgium Satin to a house of blaming candy ..... here all the shivers die .... all turned into the black rage .... her machines are coins of forgotten histories .... her brains are veiled by ornament's dishes .... It's the black trauma ..... bringing the black birthday ..... like ontario's rain ....

She wears the summer like her mother's kangaroo ... she washes the dishes of old soldiers and old kids ..... She's bringing the dance back ... these forgotten dances .... these ornament's rages ..... so that no one dares to look at her .... no one dares to know her name ..... is it Red Cape or Red Rage ..... and her sister .... the Red Boots .... wandering through tomorrow's forests .... putting the trauma on ..... the wild blind obsessions ..... the name-screams and the ornaments ..... the white dreams .... some sons of old cartoons and cardboards ..... bring them all back to me ..... although i'm still frozen .... running on wild winds ..... skating on black potatoes ..... still the daydream's friend .....

Oh, it's so cold in my bubble .... you cannot touch my hand today .... or you will freeze like me ..... and feeling this trauma ..... this decade ... for years ....

King of traumas, king of narrow brains .... king of narrow ornaments .... from a white spooky house in old arabia .... where there were trees as roads ..... where there were orange wars .... turning black in the night ....

oh these satin velvets .... all these muscle's rains .... will die in the cold night ..... when bilmageln hits the banana .....

Wool of old sheep is running over your body .... decorating your big mercedes ... but what will you have ... when bilmageln hits the bell ..... he's the hitter of hitters .... the prince's drum .... the ornament's rain ... what do you like to want .... black prince from the morning's rain .... you were never in his hidden agenda ... his orchestra would never come to your town .... for the light blue lights in your eyes ..... telling about this shepherd's jesus .... with the woolen shoes .... with the broken tops .... like running post from the edges .... all in the postman's bag ... waiting for a good sunday to drown them all ....

Tonight there will be a war between the clown's dentists ..... all doctors under his command ..... oh, how he likes to play ..... how a rat catches a mouse ....

Somebody's knocking on your old barn .... It's the ornament's prince .... the daydream's confession .... sitting on a hard day's mouse ..... he's a good driver ..... you admire his pears .... spinning like triangles in the wind ..... good old day-possession ....

### Bananas in South-America

The Indian on his white velvet horse, With all his colours he tries to comfort me, like it was yesterday. he knows everything about the big fight, he knows everything about the stream. I don't have to tell him anything, don't have to speak a word. And I can't, for I'm still frozen. The trauma's are spinning on his fingers, waiting to touch, waiting to bleed.

But this will paint the painting of a Jesus in South-America.

I like these tall pictures in grandfather's castle. I'm walking through the tall corridors. Watching the condors through the windows. They are all waiting for the painter's touch, with blood in their eyes. When their blood streams, this little Jesus can rise. It's all a childhood's dream, from a little

spanish boy. He tries to awaken the sand under the oceans, to have a bridge to see south-america. But he isn't a wizard's son, and all his schoolbooks are dull.

At night his little toy-indians come alive, then he has his wild dances, awakening the lion's wolve. His colours care for the little Jesus, dying on a banana's stick in south-america. It's a toy, and he doesn't know how to cut the strings. Still the tears are falling about this. It's all plastic.

But at night he can talk a bit to the little Jesus, asking him how he got there, between all these wild men. Tears of fire are rolling from the eyes of the little Jesus. He got in a fight about a banana.

It was all because of a banana. And now he's just a toy, swallowed by plastic. Now he's one of them, but he even doesn't have a horse. Well I can make a horse for you, the little spanish boy sais. Here, you can sit on this orange. Ah, this is better, maybe there's some hope for me, but now I also need some feathers like them, to fly away. Well, try the tomatoe, he can fly. Oh, this is how you build a tower. But now I also need a spaceship, to touch the other side of the moon. No, you don't need a spaceship, the little spanish boy sais, take a good pencil and draw your stars in the night. It is all in the pencil.

The Vanilla-indian is mad. he thinks he rules the pencil, it's a mad dog, but the strawberry-indian admits : it's all in the pencil. While the cucumber-indian is bowing his head and doesn't believe in pencils. They all have their own Jesus. they all have their own colour, and when we rule the pencil we can use them all ... to paint the big blanket .... that chronical one .... to bring it to neptune ... but now it seems to be .... the fight about the big pencil .... or is it a spoon ?

Boy in the Bubble

Teaspoons from the lion's tea ... to rule the teapot ... to rule the kettle ...  
it's the artist's fragile touch ... awakening another trauma, with  
paranoia's as side-wheels ...

Bilimageln's drumming the drum. Now this is a strange sound, where will  
we go. Hundred and sixty-six horses wandering through the milk, looking  
for the spoon which cause the milk-wars ... here ... inside ... It will be all  
chocolate when bilmageln hits the cat.

The cat's drum is marching through the streets, it was kicked by  
bilmageln and now it runs free like yesterday's soap ... Amsterdam is in a  
muppet's show, in a racecar-obsession ... wandering to the big red spots  
of the black witch ... she's a bit ill ... A little girl has the mumps ... another  
girl the measles ... running with a big mouth ... like the lion's tea .... I  
know what happens when these girls crash against each other ... I will not  
be in the middle of this .... I will watch with my telescope ... I have had  
enough of these spoons ... these spoons from the lion's tea ....

They are painting the big painting, like the delirium's rat, like a toy on  
sunday, like christmas in hell ....

It's the devil's birthday ... I'm staying far out of this ...

Mommy's got a lolli-pop stolen from a coffee-bar in brasil ... Now her son  
pays the flies for his broken leg ... Can it be more strange ?

Yes, when a police-man gets the chicken-pox. Then the whole world will  
have it within a day.

It's the devil's wrath ... I'm staying out of this ... I will watch it through  
the microscope ...

In the lion's coffee it all appeared to be a dream ... The coffee is cold ...  
and full of delirium .... I think all these lions have a good measles ...

Mr. Measles is a pretty boy .... there's soap running from his mouth ... He's spastic and skew-eyed of course ... I would immediately die for him, at first sight, he's even softer than Jesus, and his voice is in bubbles. This boy has fantasy ... this boy has the trousers .. he's running on the streets like a million of lions ... he's raging at the coffee, breaking the spoons, while laughing in obsession .... like my sister always did ...

No, I really mean it, this boy needs to be policeman of the year 200, for there's still a ship sinking there .... I bet he can raise it up, with his banana-smiles. He covers the sea like a liquid flood, like no Noah can imagine ...

Mr. Mumps is his brother. I like his cold coffee, his tiger's eyes ... for red lights are in them .... he's the eye-apple of the licorice it seems, roaring through the night, like a speedboat on 20 o'clock. It's like the orange's strike, it's like the peanut's santa clause. You have to scream very hard until he hears you. Just a little boy .....

Mr. Paranoia is the sweetness himself ... the pride of bilgamein ... all these guys rock ... they are the tiles of the big ant, roaring like a machine through the dishes of the night.

And there we have Mr. Chicken-Pox, in tall trousers and tall jackets ... like a tailor's dream, with all possible holes in his hat ... she's lost and lonely without him ... when he screams, the whole hospital wakes up .... and then goes into sleep again ... a deeper sleep .... having the dad-bubbles from his dad .... playing with toys day and night..... no burden's too big .... Just a boy in a hospital .... the biggest doctor of all.

Mr. Psychosis is smoking his pipe, while mr. schizophrenia is playing at cards ... they both have fun in their lives, escaping the big carrot ....

And you call this the land of the sick ? No, these ones are healthy, for they aren't slaves of the world anymore .... Their bed is a ship .... driving from dream to dream .... They are the brave ones, possessing the big

tables on the other side of the sleep .... They are .... sandman's pride ... the feather on his white hat ....

Getting into the Big Delirium, meeting sandman's wild dreams ... dancing in the middle of his coffee-shop ... And this all happened when you put your first step in church ... meeting sandman's strikes ....

I know you love this bottle, this ornament's strike, for without it, you weren't even here ... without it, you would be still outside eating the dog's food ... with twenty splinters in the last swallow.

But yes, it can be strange, when you meet the daydream's overstrungness ... like you cannot leave it anymore ... when you are paralyzed by a birthday's dream ... Mr. Depression likes certain things deep inside, but the things outside he doesn't love anymore ... Oh how we love to build the castles outside to let the castles inside die ..... how sad this is ... said the madame .... she wished the world would be more autistic ...

Mr. Autism spins the dream inside .... he doesn't even notice when the world around him falls away .... he doesn't care ... it's all inside ... there he meets all his friends .... there he cares for them day and night .... his woolen vest cares for him. Words from outside cannot reach him, he can only hear those words from deep inside ... there where the flower roars .... and he will wait when she swallows him back inside .... A journey to the lover's dream .... His baby cares for him ... like a tiger would do to her children ... little autistic boy ..... still the statue in life's society ... representing the inner world .... we ....need ..to ..go..back. He doesn't care he is frozen, for he's burning inside .... waiting for the kid's rose ..... He's a boy in the bubble, a baby in the balloon, bringing the children home .... The boy in the bubble to quench the powers of the big camera, and to show us : the mirror's inside ...

Libra's Little Dictator

You have to eat this traumatic food, but don't eat from the red apple.  
These gods can tell you all sorts of tales. You need a good bike to escape.  
One that can jump over rivers and mountains. Otherwise you will be in  
their cages like a little bird ...

You lost your dreams in these hells ... You need to get out ... I know you  
touched trauma .... but touch some good candy now ... all tales of gods ...  
They all have their own stories .... You can wear a big crown full of it ...  
but where does it lead you ...

I found a red balloon on the beach today ... I didn't know what to do with  
it, so I brought it to the delirium's wizard .... he said go to the autism's  
wizard .... he said it was a gift for me, from a long lost mermaid .... she  
wants me to step into it .... so that i can fly to her ... but these are all  
tales from certain gods .... gods from the big balloon ...

The wizard advised me not to go .... but to stay in deepest autism ... to  
find a silent balloon, with no any ticket in it ... one with no labels .... and  
especially no small letters which no one can read .... So I followed his  
advice ... And went away to the forest to find a good balloon ... Another  
red one was hanging in the trees ... it smelled like christmas ... a present  
from the tiger .... he didn't use it anymore ... didn't ask for anything ...  
and there were no small letters on it ... no tickets and no labels .... like my  
mother's dreams ....

So I stepped inside ... and it smelled like licorice inside ... like a hot  
birthday ... and I met the autism's wizard again ... he was also there ...  
showing me another balloon ..... a balloon in a balloon ...

So I'm still searching for the deepest balloon ... all in deep silence and  
deep loneliness ... together with this autism's wizard ... I hear animals  
weeping inside .... there are so many unknown animals here ... there are  
other rules here ... better rules ... in the autistic world ....

When the autistic child eats ... it bubbles from deep inside .... when  
another one eats ... it eats outside things ... it's a dying world out there ....  
but the autistic child finds new rooms and wants us to follow ... or are we  
too afraid ?

I don't care who you are, said the president, I care about how deep you  
are inside ... that's what I care about ...

Libra's little dictator ....

### Blueberry's Fever

The measles-cat lives on Gemini, when he touches your house, it's in  
flames ... red flames ... with spots on the wall .... then the hidden camera  
is raging softly through the house ... looking for brown spots .... to eat  
them ...

No mercy's there when the measles-cat wants the house ... then everyone  
goes on their knees, willing or not ... The mumps-cat on Ara is his  
brother ... and the chicken-pox-cat his sister, also living on gemini, in the  
same street. When she screams everything falls asleep ... when she roars ...  
it's the lion's roar .... she also has a girl-friend with mumps ... living in the  
street behind her street ... on number sixty-eight .... when she screams  
everyone gets drunk ... and when she roars .... she roars like the forgotten  
tiger ... in the middle of the night she can turn everyone into a mouse ...  
and then she eats enchanted blackberries ... from the blackberry brake ...  
she's still moose's sister miriam ... she turns into a werewolf every  
summer. when bilmageln hits her bell .... she gets possessed with  
something ... It's the Blueberry's Fever ....

She screams like no neighbour can scream ... she dances like no other girl  
can dance ... it's the Blueberry's fever ... and then everyone can go home  
... for after a few minutes, no one dares to watch anymore .... then she's  
the only one who watches the show ... she's the only one wearing a  
camera ...



It's the Blueberry's fever, from blueberry's hill .... from the Burning Bush ...  
Moses knows all about it .... The tree is still in fire ... and it roars like the  
forgotten sun .... On blueberry's hill .... the dreams are shattered ... On  
blueberry's hill, there's only one who talks .... and that's the one with the  
blueberry's fever .... there's only one who sings, and one who plays the  
keyboards .... and that's the one with the blueberry's fever ... She dreams  
and then she shatters it ... she breaks the bread and then she multiplies  
the pieces .... that's why she worked in babel .. in the bakery ...

It's the blueberry's fever ... it's sandman's dream .... it's the wild horse's  
lost potatoe ... and the possession of an old greengrocer ...

It's the sandman's delight ... It's santa clause's treasure ... It's the tale of  
the Giant with one mouth .... and it's the lost dream's grip. On blueberry's  
hill, on daylight's stream ... It's a true time's possession ... On a hard day's  
bite ... She's so lost, like a potatoe's child .... she has the dictator's  
syndrome ... her knife to cut the breads .... but she's all after her own  
tarts .... she's an autistic dictator .... calling her animals home ...

She's still a soft lullaby ... in the eyes of the deaf musician .... playing  
games without words .... she's still a little ballerina .... in an orange's  
dream .... he's caring about her .... in deep love .... waiting for an old  
time's transmission .... to build a new barn .... for she's breeding  
tomorrow's cars ..... she's leaving tomorrow's towns .... to have a place in  
the forest ... to have a place in the dream ..... to swim to moses as his  
little sister .... and shattering some more seas for him ....

She's riding these sea-creatures to help her brother .... she has tamed  
them very well .... they are all in a dentist's aquarium ... to make the kids  
happy .... to tell them tales they never heard .... to bring them to a safe  
place .... yes, she did a great job .... she prepared a great place ... Now  
she's waiting for her brother, on blueberry's hill ... to sing him a new song  
...

On blueberry's hill, where all birthdays collide, where all daydreams hit  
the mask .... where the dictator's syndrome lives ... between two boxes ...  
still napoleon is wandering there ... some knights and a robber-pig ...  
collecting some old vikings' dreams .... having a dancer's syndrome,  
skating on a romance's sea ... The two old lions are still fighting, and the  
parrot is still leaving the scenes .... The spider still breaks the tooth ... until  
Jesus is back in his cloudship .... Until dad has repaired the machine ....

*The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding ...*

*She's bathing in roses ... he with the licorice's smile ...*

*Licorice and Mother Mary ...*

*They always do their wedding ... every day, every hour ...*

*With Bilmageln as the preacherman ...*

*Tall windows in the church ...*

*The Licorice has a million holes in his hat ....*

*It's shot by many shotguns ....*

*But he collects them ....*

*The birds live in it ...*

*Mother Mary ... with the boxer's bite ....*

*She will never let go ...*

*When the Rose makes her vows to poverty ....*

Mary de Pazzia burns candles ....

She worships the wedding ....

With peter Pan on her side ....

From that old corridor ... on the attic ....

Then the stairways are breaking ...

Then the mother is falling ...

While uncle and aunt are sleeping in the baby's room ....

With sixty-six lullabies in their heads ...

It was all ... to make my heart ... at peace ....

The Woman with the 600 tears in her eyes.

She's laughing, but inside i see her tears .... she's smiling, but she carries a weight inside ... all these tears are so warm ... warming the soft jesus.

Her oceans are so light ... the man with the cross wears her dress, the man with the shadows wears her thick aura, while the boy carries her flag ... they are marching to the rain's city ... where moes rides the killer-pig ...

This is her painting this is her dream ... she will cry until her man is save. He's lost with his ship for too long ... She will rage until her boy is married to the queen of broken hearts. When the knife moves towards the man with the mask, she will start to scream ... she's still the siren's daughter, she's still the woman's breath ...

Her doctor is worried about her, this woman in the wheelchair ... she offered her hair to the broken man ... that's why her hairs grew so tall, reaching for the ship of the city ... the broken city ...

Her peace is lost, her words are full of tears ... entering the man's throat ... he feels so strange inside ... the movements of her eyes are like the birds flying, like the butterflies touching april's flowers, surrounding them in their warm auras ... to let them forget about winter's pain ... when she passes by the roses begin to bloom .... feeling their own nectars streaming through their fragile bodies ... When she touches the doorhandle, they feel the elfe's glue, thick syrop running over their leaves ... like the rain's voice, like the ornament's dew ... they feel well, whenever they think about her ... such a pleasure is her voice ... like a million of magic taps are opening ... her songs are raging through the night ... killing the drama's ... soothing the lampsteads ...

Her voice is like the ocean ... like the watergun ... not letting go until the door is open ... She's a devoted summerdance, not breathing until she feels her love is breathing. She holds her breath for a million of soldiers, soldiers from the white chocolate ... She holds her breath for a million of elves ... from the white chocolate ... The fires of her tears are burning in her eyes ... They will not stop burning until you find your destination, until you are save and at home ... The waterfalls of her tears stream harder when danger tries to touch you, and finally she overwhelms you with her oceans of tears to take you away.

Six-hundred fires dancing in her eyes. Sixhundred funerals, sixhundred graves, sixhundred roses growing there, till they are all home. Sixhundred men called Jesus, and a boy carries their flag ... These animals are all ... protected by her laws ....

Moonchild

Moonchild, running on the edge of life ... until his baby is save again ...

Moonchild riding on the edges of the see .... on a fire-red horse ... he would die for his baby ...

Moonchild ... you were always sweet enough ... to touch the candles ... and take them in your hands .... to search for your baby ....

Moonchild .... all your dreams are waiting for you .... all those horses in the night ... they will bring you to your baby ....

Moonchild .... still a painter in the storm ... still a painter of wild obsessions .... still the baby's dream .....

Moonchild ... riding on the edge of possession ... on a horse too high for him .... in a light too bright for him .... Gathering the pieces of the shattered dream .... Waiting for the moonlight's table ..... Having dinner with a bottle of wine .... to paint his baby's eyes red ..... and drive them into the mysterious caves ..... Those running caves ..... those brave caves .... to open the deepest door ... to reach the deepest treasure ... in the heart of his mother .... in the toy of his brother .... in the march of his sister .... in the brains of his dad.

Moonchild ... always searching for honest possession .... always riding the edges .... to give it all away .... to his sweetest baby ... to his own third world .... to his inner wars too big to understand ..... to the inner flower there ..... carrying all his lost horses .... carrying all his lost lights .... the waterlights .....

Moonchild .... still running for own honest possession ..... still running on the edges .... to give it all away .... to the highest moon, to the highest star .... shining on the face of the lost child ..... his child .... our child .... everyone's child ..... the child of the moon ... Moonchild ....

Moonchild II

Moonchild, running on the edge of desire ... running on the edge of life ...  
to see the master's art ....

Moonchild ... roaring like the lion's baby ... roaring like the edge in the  
night ..... roaring like the solar conscience ....

Moonchild .... picking the wildlife's dream .... picking the westlife's desire ....  
breathing the flower's steam ....

Moonchild .... sitting in the coin of a lady .... sitting in the coin of a dream  
... the lion's dream ....

And when the sheep is with the baby ... and when the lion is with the  
sheep .... they will all live together ... that's the moonchild's dream ....

And when the saint and the pirate .... the lady and the dream .... all live  
together ..... that's the moonchild's dayvision ...

Moonchild picking out the lion's street, picking out the true time's  
confession, on a hard day's dream ... moonchild, not resting while his  
baby is searching ... searching for his hand to touch ... searching for his  
heart to heal ....

And the conscience is ticking of a new world and dream ... of a daytime's  
vision ... on a hard light's stream .... and when the true time's confession  
blames the lamb and the goat .... it will be a hard time's confession all  
living in a bottle of hope ....

Moonchild raging like the lion's rage .... raging like the guitar's tear ...  
searching for a hard man's dream ... Moonchild, your tables are so  
desperate ... your tables are so hard and unconscious ... on this hard back's  
dream .....

Still the back of a lion .... Still the spine of a snake .... Still the eyes of a  
panther .... still the puma's lake ..... still the wasp's misconfession .... still

the backward's dream ... still the lights too bright ... still the daylight's stream .....

On the ornament the clock ticks .... In the sand the treasure dies .... till a pirate embraces it ..... to shatter it with lies ..... to mix it with anger .... to mix it with hate ..... to let an other ornament come forward .... riding on a hard man's embrace .....

Moonchild still living in the lion's tea ... still swimming through lies and misconfessions ... still the desperate knife in his knee ... Moonchild, no sentiments no ornament's sea ... no picking out the lion's colours .... it's all twisting between poles you see ..... His first eye painted by snow ... his second eye painted by solar fire .... his third eye kicked by a shepherd .... his fourth eye to make them all skewed ....

His touch like the trauma's day ... that awful day in september .... that awful strike in his face .... it made the hard day rise ....

Moonchild ..... still singing lullabies ..... to survive all these confusions .... from a hard tea's milkmaid ... Moonchild ... feeling the delirium inside .... feeling all the dishes breaking .... and heading for the trauma's of daylight ..... Moonchild ..... you wished you were a bird in the night ... swimming to the darkest caves .... feeling the cool touch of the black light .... Moonchild ... still running on the edges of two faces ... and tomorrow you will see the third one ..... the one you always dreamed of ..... seeing your baby ..... seeing your loved one ..... she rised from your split ... from your cave inside .... between your two faces .... her flower can grow .... and she will take you ... to your fourth face ..... it will be her own split ... it will be her own cave ..... and in this you can grow yourself .... like the moon's flower, like the moon's rain ..... like a moonchild ....

Moonchild, with your feet painted by blue .... stepping through different poles .... touching different edges .... Moonchild ..... your love grows deep in

the night ... from all caves and splits .... from old wars and new wars ....  
from lights too bright ....

You're still carrying the flag .... You're still carrying the cross for him ....  
You're still Joseph from Arimethea .... You're still a wildlife's dream ....  
You're still the painting on grandfather's attic .... You already died so long  
ago .... But you're still living forth in our dreams .... touching earth by  
daylight .... and also in the night .... You are still carrying the flag in the  
stories .... You still dry Mary's Tears ..... You're still a boy's dream ... You're  
still a milkmaids fear ..... You're still a hard man's life .... on the edge of  
desire .... growing there .... like a flower in despair ..... but you will grow  
from the books ..... you will grow from your deep graves .... to rise up once  
again ..... to see the face of your own moon ....

Moonchild ..... on saturdays you are quiet, on sundays you drum the drum  
.... on mondays you carry the flag ..... on tuesdays you carry the cross ....

Still a strange painting in the night .... still two eyes of a wasp ... still with  
stars on your black blue flag ..... still red shadows glittering there .... like  
waves in the night .... like hairs touching the ground .... like tears touching  
the hard lives ... to make them all soft .....

Moonchild, you're raging like the saturday's fire .... you're raging like the  
sunday's dream .... you're raging like the monday's desire .... on tuesday  
the cock will stand up .... with all it's colours and lights ... with all it's  
shadows and harlekines ..... sitting on the top of the church ... sitting on  
top of all mysteries ..... Moonchild, oh Moonchild ..... this will be  
everyone's dream ....

When the cock will hit the moon, when the red man meets the blue ...  
when he will meet the hard time's confession and the purple white spoon,  
when he will meet the two faced harlot and the empty life's rule ... It will  
be a daytime confession and a hard man's coccoon ... On sunday yes the  
butterflies will rise ... tall and with no mercy ... just showing the games



and the rules ... showing the hard time's marbles ..... showing the empty  
dreams ..... showing the hard ways out ... showing the soft time's ladders  
... showing the true light forces ..... Moonchild ..... I'm preaching like a  
Bilimageln preacher ... I'm preaching like the hard day's son ... like the  
hard day's dream ..... Moonchild ... you're lying in a ship of gold .....  
streaming to a soft world's attention .... on the streams of golden water-  
lullabies ..... those golden voices of birds .... having their own special songs  
... and their own traumatic tunes ... from their own traumatic palaces .....  
It's just the nighttime's rule ... To find your nighttime's bed ... to strike a  
daylight's attention .... to find a hard day's mess ..... It was all wrapped in  
consciousness ... all wrapped in this place .... and now these bells will open  
it .... to let you enter your stage ..... your dayvisions ..... your messages ....  
your rules .....

Moonchild .... it is painted in the air ..... it is painted in the afternoon ....

The Band

When the Band is in town, the whole town is in fire,  
echoes on the wall, sliding over the tiles of the houses.

Bilimageln still the drummer ... after all these years ...

Still touching soft buttons ... and then they all fall ...

She never becomes ...

She never becomes spring to the holy ones,

She never becomes rain ...

*She never becomes the fuel in the applecake ...*

*She never becomes spring ....*

*She never becomes spring,*

*She never becomes rain ...*

*She never becomes fuel in the applecake,*

*She never becomes spring.*

*She never becomes spring, to the holy ones,*

*She never becomes rain,*

*She never becomes truth in the atmosphere,*

*She never becomes spring ...*

*She never becomes spring,*

*She never becomes rain,*

*She never brings the truth to the apple-gates,*

*She never becomes spring*

*She never becomes spring,*

*She never becomes rain,*

She never brings truth to the apple-dreams,

For the Bunny takes all his bunnies back ....

*Miserable Magnets*

She's having the cat-choirs in her eyes ... can I misunderstand her more ?

He's having the rhinoceros-choirs in his eyes ...

Someone has the snake-choirs in the eye, and the other eye has the  
shark-choirs ...

This can all happen on a strange day.

Grandmother has the horse-choirs in her eyes, that's why grandfather is  
running away ... He has the lion-choirs in his eyes, but they are sleeping  
today ... My uncle has the bear-choirs in his eyes ... What is this for a zoo  
? Is Noah back ? And what would he have in his eyes ? I don't want to  
know, I can't stand the camera-choirs anymore ... All my fishes lie dead  
in the pond ... And I cannot talk anymore ... These are all nuclear choirs ...  
These are all ... lying sons .... These are all milkmaids from a strange  
stream ... and you are lying under it ...

Although I like the sugar-choirs, and the choirs from softness ... It's all like  
a spell lying on a chair ... And I don't want to sit on it ... Why are all my  
aunts sitting on it ... one by one ... one after the other ... together ... The  
camera-choirs would get upset ... The mirror-choirs also ... so I'm lying in  
bed ... smoking my last cigarette ... well, I don't smoke ... just letting it  
smoke for awhile .... It's the nicotine-threat ... the cigarette-choirs ... I'm  
addicted to their songs .... well, I'm not addicted .... I just like to imitate  
.... with a rose's smile .... having the choirs of roses in my eyes ... that's  
finally better .... although you never wanted to listen ... well, you did ...  
but I didn't take notice ... I was .... dying ..... well, not really dying .... I just  
saw someone dying .... but he was also just imitating .... someone else ...

and this person was also imitating .... so I didn't know who really died there ..... I heard the funeral-choirs in the distance ..... so it had to be real .... but I also heard the baby-choirs .... so someone was dying and getting born .... or .... maybe these were two different persons ....

Why are you sighing ? People always asked me ... now I ask you .... You still have the sigh-choirs in your eyes ... very good .... and .... good for your heart .... or are you just imitating ? ... imitating me ? I never sigh .... well, sometimes ....

She's having the catchchoirs in her eyes ..... and the milkmaid-choirs .... I don't like the songs .... It's about funerals and babies ....

Are you in a ? no .... Are you in a ... mourning ? Are you having your funerals to get some attention ? Strange ways, strange ways .... I can't ... believe ...

You still surround your desires with babies .... so many .... trying to get the attention .... but what will you do with this attention ?

I know what you will do with it .... buying more funerals ... buying more babies ..... buying .... more ..... miserable magnets .....

### *Miserable Magnets II*

These are miserable mornings ... These are miserable days ..... I cannot watch the sun ... for it's miserable too ..... miserable police-agents .... miserable me .... walking in miserable rain ... Is there anything worse ? No ...

These are miserable bicycles .... These are miserable children .... with all their self-made funerals ..... Who's dying ? ..... Their cats and their dogs .... and the people passing by ..... these are miserable days .....

I'm watching the phonecall ... what a miserable thing ..... I'm watching the train ..... how miserable ..... And you are miserable too .....

Watching how the day breaks the coffee ... into sleep again ... can you tell me another miserable story ... in this miserable land ?

And you try to run away from this miserable land ? Just like me ?

These are miserable mornings, and you are miserable too .....

Miserable ..... trousers ... miserable clothes ..... miserable food ..... miserable doorhandles ..... and even miserable windows ..... all miserable things ... in a miserable land .....

Now what are we going to do about it ? Or is there nothing we can do ?

The coffee is so miserable, and this cookie from my aunt ..... I got it twenty years ago .... It's still lying there on my table ..... She died long ago ..... but I still have her cookie ..... a miserable thing ..... on a miserable table ..... and we both are staring at it ..... miserable .....

Now to make things more miserable ..... we can share the cookie, I bet it will be miserable ..... for it's twenty years old ..... Or do you think it would let us escape out of this miserable land ?

Well, actually it is an artificial cookie .... Let's say a toy ..... You can touch it but never eat it ..... But that is also miserable ..... What a miserable morning ..... To have such a miserable discussion .....

You always knew it better ..... also today ..... on this miserable day ....

I'm staring at this cookie for twenty years now ... Wondering how it would taste .... But I will never know .... for it's artificial .....

Well, everything in my aunt's house was artificial .... I'm still thinking about everything, how it would taste ..... but I will never know ..... I bet it will taste miserable ....

My aunt was a miserable woman, with the catchoils in her eyes .... She looked like you ..... How is it now, after all these years without her ?

See, you won't speak, only showing me your artificial candy. Only opening books about how it would taste .... Discussions without words .....

With your artificial face ..... I can never feel your skin .... Not that I want to ..... It's just a strange fact .....

Well, I'm artificial too .... With some buttons on my hat ....

I'm a marionette since years .... That's finally better .... For it confuses people when they see a real apple between the artificial fruits .... My appleseeds are just stones ....

And you're still staring at me, with your artificial choir-eyes ..... Raising the hard lines ..... What is this for a funeral you are spinning ? And what are these tears in your eyes ..... Which Jesus are you protecting now ..... don't ask him for anything when he's hanging on his tall, thin cross ...

You're the best when it comes to art ..... You paint with your tears ..... tears of self-made funerals ..... You killed something, so that you could have something to weep about ..... Long-haired cat ....

You're still a famous artist today ..... But I knew where you got your paint from ..... and what a talent .... the one you killed had also such a talent .....

You're still painting with blood, transforming them into tears ..... Like you are the world's Maria Magdalena .... but these tears are artificial .....

Oh how you love to cry .... oh how you love to kill ..... oh how you love to put these men in your mill ..... oh how you love your cookie ..... your artificial cookie ..... to attract all the doves from the roofs of big houses ..... They are still staring at it ..... after all these years ..... wondering how it would taste .....

These kisses from Judas .... these tears from Herod ..... drowning Moses in a glass of water ..... You painted his funeral before he died .... before he could split the sea .... when he was a little baby ..... and now you use this little baby ..... to wrap your art into it ..... to get all the attention ..... for a baby is crying and dying ..... You with the baby-choirs in your eyes .... your sack is full of dying babies ..... of crying wolves for the world to see ..... That's why your art sells ... attracts the journalists ..... and with the money you buy new knives ..... and new cookies ..... all artificial .....

The people want their babies back .... and they buy your art ..... by high price ..... But do they ever get them back ? ..... it's all.... artificial ..... It's all behind glass ..... from your artificial tears ....

You cry with them .... day and night ..... like your mother always did ..... I still have her cookie ..... Miserable .... Magnets .....

Painter's Wars

The Elve's Cosmetica, The dwarve's banana-stick ....

The Giant's lame advice .... the make-up's too thick

The fairy's lipstick ... several shades of pink ....

The witch's eyeliners .... rouge in all tints of blue ...

It's too mixed ...

They always complain .... it's never good enough ....

So now the heartbreak's doing the days ...

They still need cinderella's ....

They are too scared of the magic ....

They are too scared of the parties ....

Too scared of the prince ....

For he would take her away ....

That's why they always complain ....

But her make-up shines like the sun ....

It takes hours to describe it ...

It takes years to recover from it ....

The elfe's glue has done it's work ....

Candy pink lipstick works .....

From the big bag of santa clause ...

she's a doll from the shop ...

she's the girl from the big tart ...



with eleven threads as her pretty dress ....

her eyes painted by sun's desires ....

her arms baptized in the richest paints ...

all mixed by sandman .....

stirred by his horses ....

she's like the big statue ....

she's like the morning's rage ....

her lips in layers of colours ....

embracing the stagedive's dog ....

her lips swollen like sandman's rose ....

pale like the white chocolate ....

like the orange's tree ....

in snowwhite's december ....

in the frost covering the sea ....

it's all bubbling inside ...

it's all bubbling over ...

no one can blink like she does,

when i paint her all over ....  
she's like the slowmotion of the white statue ....  
bowing like a ballerina in gratitude ...  
  
she wears the butterfly's kisses on her face ....  
the rabbit's glue on her mouth ....  
or is it banana's glue ?  
about this the wars are raging ...  
painters' wars ....

when she swallows her eyes gets brighter ....  
when she wears a hat her lips become redder ...  
in the white sand she's like the siren's make-up ....  
all visitors from a make-up's dream ...  
she's trying to reach higher ....  
she wants her picture on the magazine ....

but then i stop painting ....  
and burn twenty magazines ....  
throwing away the doll ...

*and taking another ballerina ....*

*first i will start to paint her boots for awhile ....*

*no any tear can change my mind ....*

*when the lady wants in the magazine ....*

*then i take twenty others instead ....*

*to paint their boots for awhile ....*

*only their boots .....*

*when the lady wants a crown ...*

*i will take a boy instead ....*

*and will paint his hat ....*

*for two days and a halve ....*

*when the lady wants me to paint her shawl ...*

*i will only paint horses in sandman's stables for thirty days ...*

*i will waste no any paint ...*

*i paint with tears, blood and rainbows ...*

*and some secret powders ....*

*sometimes i use glitters ...*

*or only black and white ...*

*it's still my painter's obsession ...*

*playing the strings of the waterfalls ...*

*today i painted the flames in your eyes ....*

*tomorrow i'll paint the red rivers ...*

*roaring in the night ...*

*next week i will paint the lion's heart on your head ....*

*and next year i will give you some rings and some rainbows ...*

*so that you can paint with me .....*

*but it depends on some manners ...*

*it depends on the tricks ....*

*for if you will use paint for possessed birds ....*

*i will paint the exit ....*

*then i will paint you a nice car ....*

and i will paint you a nice planet ....

far far away from here ....

and i paint myself on a glass of good beer ...

The Girl with the Red Sword

*Ritual of the Fruit*

I see you standing there, with your tall velvet boots, reaching to your  
knees, with some red ribbons.

I think you are from India, do you know the Girl with the Red Boots ? Do  
you know Red Cape ....

I think you lost your consciousness ...

Or maybe I just did ....

Your sword is shining in the sun ... I wonder what you will do with it ... I  
was very nice this year .... so I hope you will not use it on me ...

Oh, so you come for some things sitting on my back ?

Some strange birds, I see ....

Well, do it quick ...

And what else ? Some bears in my house ?

Do it quick ...

You are taking a glass with red wine ... Or is it blood ?

I will not drink any of this stuff, do you hear me ?

But there I lose consciousness ... I had to lock my nose earlier ....

Oh, god, I can not breathe ....

Where between heaven and hell ... where am I ?

And why are you cutting me into pieces ? And why do I burn like hell ?

Oh, you want to tell me a story ? Is that the way you speak ?

Oh, sorry, I should have known better .... that's what they do to fruits ....  
in your land .... and then I can glide better through your mouth .... feeling  
your teeth ripping me deeper inside ..... and then falling into your  
stomache .... that's how they eat a fruit in your country .....

Then where do you come from and what sort of fruit am I ?

Oh, that really doesn't matter to you ?

But to me it does ...

I want to know who I am, and where I am ...

Do I ask too much ....

Oh no, don't say shhhh ....

Is that how you treat a fruit ?

Oh your country does ?

I'm still burning ... still bleeding ....

But no one cares .... for that's how they handle a fruit ...

Okay, okay, I can love you for that ....

My mother told me this story long ago .....

Very long ago .....

When I was a baby-fruit ....

When I was lying in the basket ....

Or when I was still hanging on a tree .....

A tree .... in your country .....

I'm sliding through your body now ... through your veins .... and to your head .... Am I becoming your hat now ? Or just the fruit on your hat ? Or the feather ? I don't know and I don't care ...

But for the first time in my life .... I love to see a girl eating fruit .... Well, the girl with the red sword .....

For the first time in my life .... I love it when a sword rips me into pieces and rip my heart out .... It's all the ritual of the fruit .....

Buried in your Dream

This is my holy name,

And I'm waiting for you to proclaim,

That this was a liar in the flame,

And that I was once again ....

Buried in your dream.

And this is my holy day,  
And this is my way to proclaim,  
That I am once again,  
Buried in your dream

Running subtle voices, are streaming through my head  
To the corners of my mind,  
To the coasts of my desires,  
But I feel I'm running away to some old ways to hide ....  
The leaves of summer try to soak my attention,  
Trying to bring me to the flame ...  
It is your flame .... It is your desire .....

Under a flag I still do not know,  
Under a flag full of liars ...

But this is my holy day,  
And I'm waiting for you to proclaim,  
That I am once again,  
A hider in a stream,



And this is my holy day,  
And I am waiting for you to say,  
That I am once again,  
Buried in your dreams ...

The pain is getting stronger,  
While I'm entering your portals of your so-called liberty,  
I'm falling again ....

The ache is like the sting of a wasp,  
I think I cannot hold it anymore,  
You are fading again ....

I'm watching the screens of your ornaments,  
What a nice advertisement today,  
What a railroadrunner,  
Hiding his heart in a micro-wave ....

But this is my lonely day,  
And this is my way to proclaim,  
That I was once again ....  
Buried in your dreams

This is my heartache day,  
And I'm waiting for you to say,  
That your dreams never come true,  
In this land of the lie ...

And this is my heart and my day,  
And this is my holy sacred name,  
That I came to see,  
My burial in your dream ...

Just a funeral, a funeral, still waiting for the dawn ....  
Still waiting for the flower on this grave ...  
A key to my frozen heart ....  
Another holy name ...  
Today ...

Sisters of the Ornament

Don't let them break you, don't let them wash you again,

The ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not gonna get you ....

Let them break again, these problems in the snow ... Let them be washed away by the thunder and the rainbow ....

But the ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not gonna get you ....

Turning to the snow, seeing a new face .... These cleaner's sisters are gone to another other place ....

They are not going to get you anymore ... Your windows will not be broken and washed by them again ....

For these are the days of the thunder-sharks ..... These ornament's prides ... Too tall to decide .....

Don't let them break you, don't let them wash you again ...

The ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not gonna get you ....

Bring the devil here ... that devil from that old supermarket ... buying birthday's clothes ... for his sons to wear ...

Bring him here that old sailor, that old washer in the winds .....

*Don't let them break you, don't let them make you again ....*

*The ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not going to get you ...*

*These years of the slaves are over.... for now they drive the bus .... the bells of the shark ring ... the big shark ... coming to rise the beer ....*

*Don't let them break you, don't let them break you again .... Don't let them take you, like you are their ornament's spring ...*

*Just dare to say no, even when you think there's only a yes .... You are still yes ... from the no-zone .....*

*I was in Mosemas and Christmas after a day in Noahmas ... having three firs on my back heading for a colder winter .... don't let them break you .... you're now the prince of paper ...*

*Prayer of the Farmer's Son*

*Dreams are on my back, heading for a sight ... a sight in the rain ....*

*Meeting santa in a summer's day .... Meeting santa in the night .... Having the birthday as my pole ..... it's my birthright ..... coming to the flame, jumping from the plane ... into a deeper mystery .... is it the lion's tea ? Is it the daydive's terror ? or is it a new dream opening it's eyes for me .... Can he see me ? It's the water-camera ... spouting like hell ..... like liquid lights ..... burning as a desire deep inside .... is it a new dream .... for you to decide ....*

Meeting santa on a ship .... it's my birthday again .... and it will never end  
..... I'm in a land called birthday ... I'm in a land called sheep ... like sheep  
of light .... roaring through the night ..... I was sitting on my carriage ...  
got it from a farmer .... well, i'm a farmer myself now ... and this is what  
i experienced .... but as soon as i start to tell .... some fairies and some  
sharks are starting their songs ..... so ..... i ..... i ..... never get the chance to  
tell you .....

There i am riding on my car ..... sitting on top ..... with my raincoat on  
..... i will beat these sharks ... but ... but ..... they sing again ..... with their  
choirs .... i want to see that .... composer .... that orchestra-leader .....

There I am again .... riding on my bike this time .... doing some tricks ....  
am ready to tell you everything .... but ..... but ..... see, they are here again  
..... am i not allowed to speak ? and why are these fairies wearing clogs ?  
..... are you dutch or something ..... and these sharks ? oh don't tell me  
they are chinese ? and why are they wearing hats ?

Here again I'm riding .... now only on one wheel .... am i making it ? well  
there is a bit hope left, i'm going to tell you now ... all what i have  
experienced these su ... su .... summermonths ..... oh no ..... they start  
again ..... it's making me deaf .....

I don't wear clothes anymore ... after these sharks' songs ..... i'm  
desperate ... i don't have any breath for a conversation anymore ..... it's  
like they ate my tongue ..... i blew it ..... and all my hope is go ... go  
...gone .....there they are again ....

I'm lying sick in bed, does anybody care, my tongue is in real big troubles  
now .... and sharks are dancing on it .... it's like the horror's rain ..... do  
you have another movie for me ? and there they are again .. these fairies  
with clogs ..... and even dwarves ? what's wrong with me ... I mean ....  
why am i not allowed to speak ? I mean .... I cannot tell my stories, ...only  
this one .....

Or don't you like that carriage I got from that farmer ... I can sell it ... if you want to ..... no ? ..... i can also burn it if you like that better .... oh why isn't that enough ? I .... I .... also need to burn that farm ? ..... and even my own ? ..... oh ? .... what ? you already did it ? ....where am i supposed to go now ? oh no, don't tell me ? i need to go to the sea ? between all these sh...sharks ? and what are you doing to my clogs ? ..... you burn it too ? .....

Well, the water is soft, no doubt about that .... but i hope i will not be here on shark-dinner ..... where am i ? in a pot of sharkfood ? ..... what's that for ? ..... you see it's my birthday, so i was supposed to eat you .... actually .... and now you want to eat me ? oh come on ..... give me a good break ..... i have santa on my side ..... and he's a wiz .... wi..... where is he ? you ate him too ? oh no, cruel one ..... and now you're making a picture of me, after all what you have done to me ? oh ... it's for the pot ..... so the sharks will know what's inside .... you're clever ..... but that's my camera ..... not anymore ? ..... sorry I didn't know that ..... I speak too much ? ..... What do you want me to do then ? ..... I speak so I'm alive ..... Wh...what ? I only have five minutes to go ? For what ? ..... trying to dance ..... It's too late ... I can't open these locks and I don't enjoy dancing anymore without my clogs ..... The only thing i want is ..... to have my slaughter-house back ..... oh you are the slaughter now ? ..... the shark-butcher ? ..... since when am i a shark ..... i always was ? i was just a shark on land ? with clogs ? ..... What will happen when these five minutes are gone ? I will be gone too ? to what ? .....oh, your stomach ..... am I the new Jonah ..... oh I escaped my task ..... and you're taking me back ..... to spit me out into Nineveh ..... to be a prophet of doom ..... instead of a farmer ..... you want me to give people a chance ? ..... instead of sacrificing them to the supermarkets ..... you don't want me to be a cannibal anymore ? oh, first i need to warn them ..... well, a farmer never warns ..... he just sacrifices them to the supermarkets ..... you prophets of doom ..... you want me to be one of you ... or such a stupid fairy ? no way, i'm out of this place .... this lion's tea .... back to my farm

..... which doesn't exist anymore .... only in my dreams ..... i will find the treasures there ..... but i know i can't tell stories anymore, for the sharks will sing, with their golden fairies ..... why are they wearing clogs ? oh the water rises ? the sharkbells are ringing ?

i cannot talk, i'm only thinking this, ....dreaming ..... dream of a farmer ..... but .... hey, you guys need to go to the farmer who gave me the carriage ..... it was all his fault, for with the carriage i found the farm .....he's gone already ? where is he going ? to what ? to africa ? oh he gets some new animals ? oh, they get him ? for their farms ? ..... so they won't eat them right .... they already did ? ..... then why are you singing ? ..... oh for his funeral ? i didn't know you were so ..... ehm ..... what is the word ..... you eat my language away ..... and you shock people with all these funeral-songs ... these shark-songs ..... why don't you let the people talk it out ? .....you're a block hanging on feet ..... ok, i give up, and go to sleep .... what, my bed's also gone ? ... what else do you want ? my heart ? oh no, my tictac ... my clock ..... i got it from the farmer's wife ... enough to build the butchery .... hey hey it's still my birthday, so be nice to me ..... oh it's also my deathday ? thanks ..... how wonderful, and what will the present be ? new clogs ? .... oh for my father ..... what sort of clogs are these ? oh ? red ones ? to run over fire ..... to run in fire ? why so cruel ? please tell ..... because he brought me in life ? oh no, you're not so diligent ..... Lord, thank you for listening to my prayers ..... and please ... please ..... don't sing through it the next time ..... Amen.

Prayers from Butchers, Truants and Apple-corners

Lord, don't make such noise when you have fun with your loved one ... i cannot sleep day and night .... Amen ...

Lord, when you dream, think about me, for i don't like to be so alone when i'm doing the crime .... Amen

Lord, please when I shut the book, can you do my homework ? .... Amen

.....

Lord, why did you raise me in this night ... I didn't invent this egg .... I didn't invent these shoes .... I only borrowed some adventures .... When will I be in chapter three ..... You're still making noise with your loved ones ..... Amen .....

Lord, just a few minutes, to hear my prayer ..... please, I even quited the slaughter-machines for it ... for just five minutes ..... That's not so long I know ... but tomorrow after i burn the school i will come to you again, oh holy one ..... keep the beer cold .... Amen ..... Then I will spend even ten minutes with you .... Amen ..... and i will keep the chickens alive one day longer ..... I will delay their funerals ..... I will remember them with a tear ..... Amen ..... oh, and i will use their eggs for easter, and raise them from the death again on christmas .... Now can you please bless my butchery with your golden blessings ? Can you please bless the meat in my mouth ? Can you please forget their crying mothers and fathers .... I cannot sleep of it ..... Lord, I know it's bad to have a butchery but .... it's one of the kindest butcheries in the land .... The chickens are almost guests ..... the client is king ..... I will let them enjoy before they die ... and on christmas i will raise them from the death ... sparing their eggs for easter ..... Amen ..... Shall I repeat ? ....Amen .....

### *Strange Foreign Birthdays*

*the first time is free ... the second will be a bit expensive ..... but you fell already in love with it to never let it go ..... never love something when it's for free .... for it's sent out by the wizard of addictions ..... You can better go to the wizard of good apathies to save your soul ....*



cooks from the sea ... marching to the lion's thrones ... cooks from the sea  
.... behind it there will be a throne of sharks ... three shark-bikes racing  
through the night looking for the broken apple ... looking for the  
ornament's egg ..... three lamas following them ... on high heels .....  
shooting stars in the night .....

cooks from the desert ... looking for rumpelstiltskin ... that old dwarf  
from the hills ..... turning all he touches into gold .... to save the queen  
from the labour .... but to steal her kids out of their craddles .... cruel  
jokes, mr. sandman .... cruel jokes ....

and still your metal bottles ... screaming through the night ... like chickens  
without feathers ... like chickens without light ..... but it appeared all to be  
.... a parrot on grandfathers knee ..... complaining ? it was just a joke .....  
and now your full of it ..... three years to follow .... you're spending some  
days on a holiday with it .... on a tropical island without a name .....

it stole your birthdays it stole your rights but you didn't care .... you only  
cared about the holiday .... it was all in the bottle .... but deeper there was  
the knife ..... the screaming knife ..... but you didn't hear ..... you had  
potatoes in your ear ..... looking for a holiday in the night ..... ten santas  
on a row ..... ten cards from grandmother with love ..... all on a rainy day  
.....

and still you're singing songs of it ... ripping the icecreams in the night .....  
it was your own baby ... you were looking for the delights ..... to realize ...  
your baby would not survive this desperate search ..... what were you  
looking for ? so far in this ice ..... you still call it paradise ..... can't you feel  
santas winds on your hand ... trying to stop you from writing ? these  
deathletters ..... they all serve a foreign birthday .... from a king you don't  
know .... what is he wearing ? can't you even see ? he's wearing the  
feathers of some killed chickens ..... they carried your craddles .....

This god of ten ..... the mailman .... in santa's service ... always bringing his letters ..... but he will tear yours apart ..... so many divorces on a chessboard ... ready for a race .....

And still you cannot see the horror of this .... until you will hear the new record of the shark .... the bird will bring it in the billboards ..... also in your little city ..... in your little pub ..... you will taste it in your beer ..... still you're flying through broken windows, washing the nights away ..... helping the old men over the bridges ..... like you're the traffic-agent of mr. birthday ..... it's all to make them more addicted .... can anyone reverse this present .... there you go, blowing like the wind ..... searching for new birthdays in the land of the death ..... you don't care i still cry about this song ..... touching heaven and hell by it ..... but my mother invented it ... on her old spinningwheel ..... she needs 10 inches more .... to create a big brother birthday .....

did you ever see a shark touching the rainbow ... you can only see it once in a lifetime .... no one survives the sight .... and still i see this picture every day .... like every day is my deathday ..... and you're still smiling about this .....ok, i admit ..... rainbows make sweet deaths ..... especially when the job is done by sharks ..... then it's like a baby jumps through a broken window .... falling into a basket of sweet snakes ..... the snake-egg is still the best trick of the shark ... after all these years of boring movies ..... it raises the crowd to the top of their chairs ..... letting their eyes touch the screen, a bit hard, but there's life on the other side of the movie-screen .... i've seen the most beautiful things there .....

the strange king from a strange birthday ... so strange that you will start to cry .. like a million babies in the hand of a crazy doctor ..... call him the opposite of paranoid ..... like some chemical boast ..... still they are blowing trumpets about this .... training cats in the night ..... strange birthdays ... strange birthdays ..... like having a gun between your eyes ..... then who is born .... you ? or something in you .... whose birthday is it anyway ?

i don't want to be born in your strange machine ... it costs a lot of money to look into my eyes ... actually you can never pay it ..... so give it up ..... i know some good greengrocers for halve of the price ..... but all to make you more addicted ... the first time is free ... the second will be a bit expensive ..... but you fell already in love with it to never let it go ..... never love something when it's for free ... for it's sent out by the wizard of addictions ..... You can better go to the wizard of good apathies to save your soul ....

### The Land Behind Oz

Mr. Birthday is sitting on the wooden pier of saturn .... I'm running for it, never reaching the land ... It always slips through my fingers ... and the splinters are sliding into my feet .... still after all these years of birthdays ..... I'm heading for Red Cape ... She's waiting for me in her castle .... or is it a palace ... I don't care ... and it doesn't seem I come any further with this .... Mr. Birthday is still tearing me apart, like he always did .... Drama after drama ..... Movie after movie .... Shark after shark .... But all these parts .... all these torn out pieces of me, they form the ladder to Red Cape's windows .... I can finally enter her castle through all it's sides .....

She smiles ... it was just her way to pull me in ..... All my shadows are jumping back into me again .... And i'm still a bit dizzy of this all ....

Yes, I created Mr. Birthday, she said .... isn't it a nice car ? Well, I said ... the thing didn't have a brake ....

She showed me her new dress .... a pink one .... she got it from Dorothy ... you know ... from Toto, from the land of Oz .... Oh, is Dorothy with you then ? I ask ....

Yes, she is staying with me for awhile .....

There she enters in ..... giving me a birthdaypresent .... I'm sighing ..... I don't dare to open it .....

You can do it .... she sais .... it's nothing harmfull .....

It's a doll ..... a pink one ..... from polaris ..... but ..... it's bleeding ...

Now how can it bleed ? I ask .....

It's you, she sais .... you forgot to take all the pieces back which you left behind ..... Here they are again .... but you need to care for them for awhile ....

Oh, ok ... I say .... I'm walking deeper into the castle .... looking for secret doors ....

Sisters, I need to go on, I say ... I cannot stay ....

They begin to laugh saying : This is all there is .... Everything is here in this castle ... Also your next journeys ....

Did I hear this before ?

I'm staring at some chrystal balls ..... They are of different colours, filled with thick jelly, steamy and smokey juice .... it's slippery ..... and I'm seeing myself walking there with Toto ..... meeting some new friends .....

Am I going to Oz ? I ask .... to that great wizard ?

No .... they smile ..... you are going to something greater .... to the land behind oz .....

There where the thunder roars ..... there where the fogs dance .... there where the bakers play ..... you are going to the Land of Cockaigne .....

Oh, that's where I come from ... I once fell out of that book .....

Is that the land where the bakers dream ? Where the cooks are artists ..... where the dwarves are also the giants ..... where the soft boys kick hard .... with iron pillows ..... where everything seems so confused ... yet so

ordered ..... where the chaos is a beautiful painter ... with all-coloured  
snow ..... having the sun's smile ..... I think I know that land ..... I think it is  
mine ....

Sigh, so it's all in this castle ? Which door do I need to open ?

Dorothy takes me to the top of a tower, and when she opens the door it's  
like I step into the deepest cellar ..... I'm eating an aprange, that's an  
apple and an orange melted into each other .....

While I'm eating I slide into a tunnel, so deep, but yet so high .... so light,  
but yet so dark ..... Everything is everything here ..... I am Dorothy, and  
Dorothy is me .... and we are both Toto .... and Toto is us .... We're  
heading for Cockaigne .... our new world ... but yet so old ....

It takes ages ... this tunnel ..... while it's like ....all happening in a flash .....  
My watch is running backwards like crazy ..... and my head is in a flame  
.... while my stomache is in ice ..... I feel cold and warm at the same time  
.... like Sandman's Delirium .....

These people are small and large at the same time .... these people .... in  
front of Cockaigne .... They are the Smarges .... Small and Large mixed .....  
They look a bit like trolls .....

In the distance I see the bakers ..... They wear such pretty hats ..... I think  
these are even eatable ....

It's like walking through a millions of kitchens ... but it's only one, a very  
big one ..... with so many corners ..... and so many lights are shining there  
..... Lights from the Water .... so Liquid ..... so colourfull .... all colours pass  
by ..... showing me all the loves I had ..... filling my hearts again ..... So  
many hearts pumping through my body .....

Bilmageln is cooking a new movie .....

Finally I meet the cook-king of the Smarges .... He drives all my images  
into the water for a swim .....

Suddenly I am lying outside in the dust ..... so this must be the land of  
Cockaigne ..... feeling wet while lying in the dust ... or is it a desert ? I'm  
feeling satisfied here, yet hungry .... All opposites live in peace together .....  
They fight ..... but in peace ..... They are themselves, ... but also the other  
..... switching like a mighty vibration, like a mighty wave ..... and you are  
still waiting for your coffee ?

If this is the place where the lion's tea finally ends .... It must be .... This  
must be ..... the Tiger's Coffee .....

I'm falling, but rising up ..... Nothing is a problem anymore .... It's all part  
of the game .....

So what am I looking for .... I'm still hungry .... so hungry .....

There in the distance .... the bakers walk with seven large tarts ..... I bet  
these tarts are soft and hard at the same time ....

When they speak their voices are low and high at the same time ..... It  
sounds like my head is bursting ... but it heals ..... For at the first time I  
really feel my head ..... and the connection between the several parts ..... I  
see all my pieces ..... and they see each other ..... we need them all ....

I'm turning around ..... entering a new world with Dorothy .....

So .... this is the land behind Oz right ? .....

Here the birthdays fly ..... like birds ... and the christmasses roar like lions  
.....

Is this the paradise I was always looking for ?

I remember the tall paintings in my grandfathers bedroom ..... Yes, those paintings .... were paintings from here ..... And that tall lady with the black clothes and the sword .... that was Dorothy ..... And the stones in the stove .... These stones were from here .....

And the old records from my granddad with the trumpets .... These were from here ..... From the Land of Cockaigne ..... I was never alone ..... The sovenirs were always with me ..... And they finally brought me back .....

Here I am not a slave anymore ..... here I am my own boss again .....

And in the deep deep night .... I'm having deep conversations with Dorothy ..... almost to the edge of Romantics ..... but I don't touch them .... I like to play at the portals .... to celebrate my heart inside .... having so many rainbowroads to race ..... here inside ...

I'm seeing the romantics walking, with candles in their hands .... purple flames with a bit of orange .... but I won't touch any of them .... I will let them pass by .... It's a good orchestra to listen to .... but I will let them pass by .... They are also on their way ..... I like to race parallel along the edge .... but never looking into it .....

And so the deepest flowers can bloom, and the deepest juices can flow ..... just to let it all roar, without touching it ..... Dorothy smiles ..... she understands the game ..... and the balls it brings ..... I like to get the bonus ..... running from the inside ..... Together we drink the cup of independency .... we aren't slaves anymore ..... yet so addicted .....

Oh how the trees and flowers have such good contacts, without touching each other ..... the secret lies in the heart ..... in the temperence ..... the distance ..... the patient trumpets ..... I'm touching the distance .... and it's running so close all of a sudden .....

Oh, the Land of Cockaigne .... so many lessons to learn ..... so many ways to die, and coming alive again ....

Dorothy still smiling ..... Toto is asleep .... It's so deep in the night .... all these lights ..... all these awakenings ..... It's the Tiger's Coffee .... or just good juice from Dorothy .....

I know that whenever the Lion's Tea streams ..... It's only to bring me back to the Coffee ..... I know whenever I'm falling asleep, it's to wake me up again .....

The Lion's Tea surrounds this land like a tender mother, wild roaring to protect her children .... While inside the Coffee is boiling ..... And still we are creeping to the middle of Cockaigne ..... for the Jewel ..... shining like the Liquid Rainbow ..... Will it be the Shark's Beer streaming from there ? Or the Bear's Wine ? I truly don't know ..... but it must be a confession .... it must be a reality ..... of a deeper touch than this one ..... something that shines right through the curtains .....

### *Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave*

#### *The Cichlid's Dance Competition*

*a picnic red and blue*

You were coming like the swan's prince, with your red feathers, trying to impress me on skates ....

You were sure to win those golden balls ....

And I will wait till you are done ....

But the blue swan is also here, and I will watch his show also .... waiting till they are both done ...



I learnt to be very objective these years .... So I will watch it without  
lighting a flame .....

My face is tight like the cichlid's lion ...

Drama after drama you spin ... and you still think that's impressive ....

You dance on bears you killed .... catching their souls in your trousers ....

Now they are your slaves forever ... bringing the juices to your mouth ...

You like to see them getting tired ..... and you always liked to tell them  
how tired they looked ...

Cruel jokes, cruel jokes ....

Here you are spreading your paradises to the audience ....

But it's the highway to your hell ....

You're looking for some new adams ....

Preparing them for a pretty fall and to serve in your farms ....

It's the cichlid's apple ....

These tropical fishes follow you everywhere you go ....

for some cruel conspiracies ...

Beauty wasn't made for that, little boy .....

*Do you still believe in the golden swan ?*

*With his cichlids in his service,*

*They all live under a threat,*

*and so are you ....*

*Do you still love to shine your pink lights in the night ?*

*The candy's attraction ....*

*But when the morning falls ... it all appears to be poison .....*

*From that cichlid apple of your self-made paradise .....*

*Paradise to a new prison ...*

*The fluoresce is too hard to hold .....*

*And the desire is programmed too deep .....*

*And then they all take a bite ....*

*To sink into your trousers ....*

*To become your shoes ....*

*Slaves forever ...*

*In this land of yours ...*

*Your eyes are like the cichlids,*

running from one side to the other,  
telling what dreams people should have ...

About lost paradises ....

About a girl called Eve ....

All to breed the addiction ....

So many paradises surround the audience heads like butterflies ....

They enjoy it like they enjoy raspberry chewing-gum ....

Something which they can never swallow ....

But it gets deeper within ...

To lay the curse .....

And then it is too hard to keep in the mouth .....

And they swallow it ....

to die in your arms .....

And that is why you dance ....

You dance on broken feet .....

But the cichlid is growing in the child called Jesus ....

And it's growing in me too .....

To head for the dance competition ....

And when I dance ....

I just stare .....

Staring at the cichlid .... staring at Jesus ....

Without bowing my head ....

For there's thunder which speaks ....

Then I will remain calm, to point my finger at you ....

Telling the story of the red and the blue swan .....

Who made the cichlid paradise .....

But got in a fight about the harvest ....

Like Cain and Abel .....

Now they build their own paradises ....

And have their wardances at night ....

And I'm sitting between them ....

Just watch how the stars explode ....

With Little Jesus on my lap .....

Having the cichlid's tears .....

That's all we have to do ... Just sit and watch .....

And telling the story .....

*Like Lilith escaped paradise .....*

*A red picnic and a blue picnic .... now finding their own ways ...*

*The golden picnic .... still waiting for the next strike,*

*While the green picnic really fights with the yellow one ....*

*Two lions in a boat .... that will always give problems ....*

*But at the end of the day I have enough paint to make my own paradise*

*....*

*To paint my own Jesus, and my own Adam and Eve .....*

*While Lilith is running the perimeters ...*

*Me and Jesus watching the stars from the new paradise ....*

*Watching the golden swan .... waiting for the big explosion,*

*And then all the shows will start over again ....*

*But this time the sting is out of it .....*

*The needle has been broken ....*

*Return of Dan Roland*

Together we watch the cartoons ....

It's not frightening anymore ....

All our fears are laughs now .....

When a fear becomes a laugh ... The juice starts to flow ....

It's all in the big machine ....

Tomorrow there will be coffee .....

I'm entering the palace of soap .... deep down in cockaigne ....

Seeing six bleeding horses ....

And five bleeding cocks ....

I'm shivering ..... They were the victims of the dance competitions ....

Almost killed in another one's paradise ....

You cannot handle nuclear beauty .... You cannot handle nuclear care ....

There were the nurses want to do quick surgeries ... To be at home earlier

.....

Those seven sisters from the ornament ....

Yes, they are all sisters ... doing the dances to hide their secrets ....

All these dances ... all these dances .... are just misleadings .....

Are just the tricks of the businessman ....

And he's still the puppetmaster .....

with his seven puppet-sisters ..... he travels through the land ....

that old poltergeist where freddie krueger runs for ..... and  
rumpelstiltskin hides his rakers .... running screaming into the night ....  
hoping he will ever see daylight .....

it's Dan Roland .... taking over the land ..... with seven dolls in his hand .....

His barrelorgan is grey ... but full of cichlids ....

The tropical fishes worship his breaths .....

He's the king ..... and when will he possess the land .....

He will throw his coins, and put on the automatons .....

Soothing the mass into sleep .....

But yet the depression will rise and the fear .....

For suicide is his name ....

Ghosts don't have feet .... they soar in the air .... cutting all others from  
their feet .... to make them like butter in the pan ....

Dan Roland, but then .... your days will be over .....

For the snake will take you and the snake will break you .....

And then we will be finally over the river .....

For suicide was his name ....

And big was his name ...

Dan Roland the Great ....

By some even called The Greatest ....

With records and coins in his eyes .....

He was the Pied Piper .... bringing the rats from the candy into the fear

...

Dan Roland with his liquid records and his liquid smile .....

infiltrating the hearts of so many ... with his beautiful songs .....

But when the dance is done .....

The sting of the wasp is standing there like a flag ....

pronouncing days of desperate nightmares, fears and depressions,

with it's trumpets of suicide .....

No one can eat a cichlid without paying it's price .....

Your apples, Dan Roland, your apples ....

made people too big for this world ....

To give them fame like Marilyn Monroe .....

But to die a sudden death .....



*It's all in your books, Roland .....*

*To gather them for a records rage ....*

*Splintering guitars is what you gave them ....*

*Eating the heart from inside out ....*

*To satisfy your desperate hungers .....*

*And you still love your stories .....*

*You were the music-box of demons and fallen angels .....*

*You, the number of seven upside down .....*

*Nightmare .... on .... Marilyn's Grave .....*

*Productions without ears .....*

*No mercy after the dance ....*

*Song from Dan Roland*

*And still you sing :*

*In your blood I will bleed tonight,*

*In your blood I will warm myself today,*

In your blood I will live forever,  
In your blood I will stay,  
I will be sick and old forever,  
It is all which will remain,  
But by this I will mix it with health and beauty,  
an eternal youth will dance for me ....  
I will pick your cards ... I will take your legs ...  
and eat them without mercy .....

For it's too late already,  
The mournings have already begun ...  
I am the mourning .... I am the bitterness .....

And I will mix it with all the joy and all the beauty ...  
This very day .....

With my cichlid's eye .....

In your eyes I see the doom  
In your eyes  
In your eyes I see your future  
In your eyes  
But I also see a snake .....

A snake which will jump from you to me ....

*To destroy all my beautiful songs .....*

*And to sing a new song .....*

*Song from Dan Roland and his brother*

*In your eyes I see the Aakse,*

*In your eyes ...*

*In your eyes I see the Aakse,*

*In your eyes .....*

*But I also see a second snake,*

*The two are fighting together .....*

*About me, their meal .....*

*But first I will rise .....*

*First I will eat .....*

*The snake will bring you across my river,*

*That river of death ....*

Then I will run to my brother, the golden swan ....

They worship the golden swan ....

They worship ... his mind's possession ....

His tragedies ... are a way to kill .....

For when you see it ... you will be there .....

It's just the way for him to seek this attention .....

To cover up so many drama's inside .....

Oh yes, he tells them ... oh yes, he dreams them ....

And you will be his docter ...

And you will be his flame ....

But at the end of the day ... you lost your name ....

For you couldn't handle it too ..... and now it's stuck into your heart .....

It is the Aakse ... but another snake will win .....

For also the Aakse's days are counted ....

There will be a big fight in the Snake's Lake ...

And a big fight on the sun .....

With you between them .....

Two lions fight together in a lake .....

While someone is skating there .....

*While someone is losing a doll .....*

*While the parrot was leaving .....*

*It was all to make your heart at peace ....*

*And now you're reaching for the lullaby ....*

*And now you're reaching for the fame ....*

*And now you're putting everything an octave lower ....*

*Taking over the land ....*

*Is that what you want ?*

*Is that what you desire to see ?*

*Your daydreams getting stuck ...*

*And your switching the octaves .....*

*From layer to layer .... from curtain to curtain ....*

*To pierce deeper into the palace .....*

*To pierce deeper into the dream .....*

*All these little blades are ringing .....*

*Like the arabian curtains,*

*and Cockaigns Curtains in the distance .....*

*And your mother's ones .....*

*Is that what you want ?*

*In this song of Dan Roland and his brother ?*

*Are you lost in a house ?*

*In a daydream house ....*

*I was a victim of Reticuli ....*

*Like you were .....*

*Are you lost in a dream ?*

*Do you know I'm the dream ..... the brother of Dan Roland ....*

*Are you missing a good book ....*

*Or missing a good clothe to wear .....*

*Are you missing that icecream ... you loved to eat .....*

*Now we sing together .....*

*To bring you another dream .....*

*To bring you an octave higher ....*

*To see the fulfilments and the falls ....*

*Character seven is my name ... I am the lion's desert .... and I'm still the  
golden swan .....*

*I'm still the broken sun .... I'm still the helping heartache .....*

*Rising from the dawn ....*

*I will take over when my brother falls .....*

*I will carry him away .....*

*To give him a good funeral .....*

*To sing some good songs .....*

*After the fear has gone .....*

*I am the heartache, I am the daybreak ....*

*I am the true son, which leads you out of depression .....*

*I am the true maze ..... I am the true case .....*

*I am the golden swan ....*

*I am the heartache, I am the rain's brain,*

*I am the darkness after the darkness has gone .....*

*I am the swan ... the golden swan, to take away your fears, to take away  
your depressions .....*

*I am the school, I am the doom .... after the doom .....*

*I will take my brother's place ..... and then I'm born again ....*

*I am the second Pied Piper of the stage .....*

*But I am still the Sickness, I am still the old man .....*

*I am still the death ....*

*Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave*

*And still these two brothers are dancing on Marilyn's Grave, Their voices so high. Dan Roland, the fear, the depression and the suicide, and his brother, Deon Damar, the sickness, the weakness, the tiredness, the pain and the death. Two poltergeists, two ghostmucisians, two composers, two dreamers. Do they have another brother ?*

*Song from Deon Damar and the other brother*

*I am the hollow pain,*

*I am the ornament in the night ....*

*When the snake attacks ....*

*I will take care of my brother to give him a good funeral and a good place to bury him ....*

*I am the hollow night,*

*I am the ornament in the rain ...*

*I am the shyness,*

*So shy,*

*I will isolate myself in silence,*

*I will isolate myself in the rain,*

*I am the shyness,*

*I am the isolation,*



*I will give you peace,  
And take away your pains .....*

*I am the shyness,  
So shy,  
I come to wash away tomorrow ....*

*to give you this day ...*

*To live forever ...*

*I will make you quiet ...*

*I will wash away your pains ...*

*I will wash away your frustrations,*

*And bring you into isolation.*

*But also this one the Aakse will eat ....*

*These three brothers, these three ornaments, these three musicians ...  
these three musical boxes ..... they will fall all three ....*

*Rio Damar is the third brother, is there also a fourth one ?*

*Listen to the song of Rio and the fourth one :*

*Drama after drama, light after light,  
but there is peace now and the lights are dim,  
It is time to go to sleep, It is time to go to sleep ....*

*There is a song, above all songs,  
and all the children love it ....*

*There's a song above the hill ....*

*About Santa Clause is coming,  
about sandman sends a ring ...*

*And it is good for your soul,  
to listen to his dreams ....*

*There you start to flow, there you start to go ...*

*To the land of cockaigne ...*

*To the dream beyond the dream ....*

*But the fourth one will also be caught and destroyed by the snake ... This  
last shelter of the boys .... These four panthers will finally fall .... When it's  
the snake's dinner ...*

*Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave ...*

*The Aakse ... who is it .... that old old snake .....*

*He's having the spoon .... Coming to take .... and to leave behind ....*

*He will even eat the old woman of the catlikes ....*

*But she will only laugh and eat him from inside out ....*

*That old woman of complaints will fill the world once again ...*

*And she will come like the dragon, the grey one ....*

*With twenty horns on her head ...*

*They will rise from Marilyn's Grave ....*

## *The Mirror II*

*There I'm sitting behind my carillon ...*

*It took me ages to get here ...*

*Here I sit behind the bells, the buzzers and the rings ...*

*Not daring to touch one of them ...*

*I know what will happen when I touch one of them ...*

*I didn't forget it ...*

*So, here I sit .... alone and excited .... behind the chimes ... behind my  
mother's bells ...*

*I know which ones spread the powders of mom's voice ....*

I liked to hit them over and over again ...

I know which ones will release the warm fluids of mother's attention ...

I know them ... I know ...

So there I sit, holding my breath, not daring to touch one of them ....

For I know what happens when I touch one key before it's time ...

The seconds change into slowmotion, I see my mother's world rising like a wave, the seconds move away from each other ....

I'm wearing my Peter Pan suit ... feeling my leg-knives and my arm-knives together with the pins of my bow ..... They are still sharp as hell .....  
I'm waiting for the lost boys ...

Some buttons of my suit are lost too .... I'm waiting for mother to sew them on my jacket again ... Then the play of chimes can begin ....

My enchanted barrel-organ is standing in the Enchanted Garden ...  
spreading purple powders ....

I know this little thing will hit the echoes ...

The fairies on the other side of the world will hear ... They will carry the raspberries to the clowns ...

I know which keys awake the whirlpools of enchanted mirrors ...

They come from Snow White's coffin of glass ....

She was a girl killed by her stepmother's jealousy

a raging and roaring apple ....

Her brother was called Snow Red ....

He also got the same treatment from his stephmom ....

But he went to the Seven Giants ..... and was killed by his stephmother's  
poisoned orange ...

He also lay in a glass-coffin for awhile, but was saved by a mermaid ...  
The Enchanted Mirror herself ....

She came from Saturn, wearing rings of love ..... Sailing with doves,  
racing with rats .... She was Aldebaran's Pride .... the pride of the  
toymaker ..... her father ..... Gepetto's brother ...

Piece without name

Red Cape is sitting in her garden, watching her flowers grow .. and the  
fishes in her ponds ... She plays her choirs-piano ..she still loves her  
mother's choirs ... So many piano's in front of the house ...watching the  
garden ... the animals piano .... still a strange thing .... roaring through the  
night .... but the flowers love it .... they feel themselves grow ....

And then there is the piano of stars ... to let the stars play at night ... to  
cover the garden ... and to give the flowers some travels ... She loves to  
watch the night ... it's like a cool bath of life's ocean ... a treasure of an  
arabian dream ... but still there are things she tries to forget ...

She dances with the ornament's prince ... She skates with her sister ...  
There are so many things she likes to do .... She still wears the banana's  
crown after all these years ... She's there to help the Red Woman, she's  
there to help the Red Brain ... Her touches are very tall ... echoing  
through the fogs of a new morning .... She's still a mistress after all these  
years ... The kids love to listen to her stories ... all flowers in her garden ....

Her house is full of dishes ... she got from an arabian princess ... The dishes speak at night .... They tell stories .... and she writes them all down ....

They are still the records on her wall singing songs in the night ... swimming as whales in daylight ... She knows all their songs ... They are the jewels in her eyes ... warming the jaguar's cat .... the puss with the big boots .... She's still the ornament's pride .... Still Gaia's light ... no woman can do what she does ... no man can reach for her dress ... she's the icecream's holiness ... from a potatoe's dream .... she's the sand of the daylight's white beaches ... she's the coconut from foreign streams .... warming the oceans fishes .... and all the special places .... hidden deep beyond the surveys .... her needles reach there to embroider the cat-pillows for tomorrow .... The birds love her voice wandering through the night ... searching for lost toys and children ... searching for old clocks .... she counts all their tears and carries them inside .... until they find their hearths deep inside .... she's not wasting any second .... she cares for them all in the big ballbubble in the middle of her living room ... Her kids love to play there in the middle of summer ....

All these balls in the big bubble .... all these names ... written on golden paper ..... watching the glories of tomorrow's horses .... white ones .... pale ones ..... reflecting the mother's peach ..... soothing the hearts of the tired soldiers ..... gathering their legs lost in the night .....

It is Red Cape's pride ... hanging around her neck like the medicine's snake ..... Bilmageln is ticking on her clocks .... like yesterday's sparrows ....

Those red dreams saw the puppets in your eyes .... When Bilmageln hits the drums with his spoons .... the blue lights will start to fall and grow on the old planet ... reaching for the old earths ... all of them ...

She is carrying the Red Fires between her breasts ... having fountains of red milk for her children .....cats .... The Wheel of Noah spins in her house ... It is the red desire ... it is the red ornament ... It cares for her clocks ....

and it's the milk's softness .... It's the Lounge Bravour, the Promenade,  
the backstream on a horse's car .... She still has the face of a horse .... The  
trees of snowpowder are releasing with every tick ..... It's still Bilmageln's  
pride and glory .....

### *Song on Rabbit's Hill*

Is it ... just a child inside ...

or .... is it ..... just a mother,

roaring for a dream ....

Is it .... just a child ... inside ....

or is it just a mother .....

running for her child ...

running for her baby ....

The edges are rising higher ....

It's like the dream is attacking,

Very hard today, today, today,

Running like an echo,

Raising the tiles and the towers of the city .....

*But I'm running to the edge of .... some old desires, ....some very old ones*

*....*

*almost forgotten in the storm,*

*And there I'm crying like a baby ....*

*Roaring like .... a lost eagle ....*

*not knowing what is tearing me ... apart ....*

*Is it just a child inside .....*

*Or is it just a mother ... running for a dream ....*

*trying to bring her son back ...*

*where he belongs .....*

*Is it just a child inside ....*

*or is there really an eliphant on my back ....*

*The pains are climbing higher,*

*searching for something .....*

*And I don't know what ....*

*I'm lost in this land of confusion ....*

*tearing curtains down ....*



meeting some old dogs .....

Or ..... is it ..... just ..... a child inside .....

asking for it's mother,

running through the darkest night ....

or is it just a holy cloud .....

trying to .... get ..... my attention .....

my pillow and my fight ....

Isn't it just time to let go ?

Or is it just the beginning of a new day,

I don't know ....

I .... still ..... don't know ....

When the dwarf meets the giant ....in the dream .....

When the pillow meets the fight ....in the nightmare .....

when the mother meets her child in the dark sun .....is it all over then ?

Or is it just a new beginning of all sorrows ..... I still don't know .....

Is there really a child inside ....

Is there really a mother ... fighting for my dreams .....

Is there really a santa clause .....

and post from saint Nicolas, bringing the snow to me ...bringing ....the  
snow ...to...me ... with sixhundred towels .....and sixhundred pillows .....and  
washing the fights....it will all...slide .....away.....deeper inside ..... or just  
outside ....more and more ..... Will i ever know, will i ever know the secret  
of the echo .....where it will go ..... inside or outside ..... to the child or to  
the mother.....

Piece without name II

Speeding to the mountains ..... on the bike of rabbit's hill .....

Touching the liquid moons ....

Like you always did ....

Those babies .... those babies .... with the computerheads ... with the  
chewing gums inside ....

Still the sweet guns of the universe ....

walking all in line of the game .....

with their black jackets raised high .....

Those babies of tight desires ....

*Those wonders of blue strategies .....*

*Oh blueberry hill ..... oh blueberry mountain .....*

*Raising the pocketgun in the air .....*

*For some upside down mathematics ....*

*Still a liquid alphabet baby ..... still a roaring race baby .....*

*Having the muppet-lollipops inside .....*

*Those babies of green nonsense-speeches .....*

*Gaining the flowers of the big icecream .....*

*No matter what they touch .....*

*It all explodes like racing hells .....*

*No, these guys are divine ..... in saintsuits they pass by .... leaving flowers  
to the edges of the streets .....*

*Those babies ..... those mirrorshops ..... those dreams from the green bell  
.....*

*Too pale to become a bubble ..... rather the insides than the touch .....*

*Piece without Name III*

*Moses and Moses, walking on Jacob's Ladder ....*

*They can see the world from here, and the sight changes, every step they  
take ....*

*Moses and Moses, still splitting seas and deserts ... even their own heads  
.... Even ...their own trousers ...*

*Moses and Moses ... causing whirlpools in a glass of water ... It's all deeper  
inside ... They are looking for the fish .... to save a man called Jonah ...*

*The Fish will spit them out on Nineveh's Beaches ... Here the whirlpool-  
pillars stand ..... God was so mercyfull today ... It was open heaven ..... Still  
a road to heaven ..... Yes, in Nineveh we are safe .... The city will not be  
reversed .... A decision of the Round Table Churches .... Near the City a  
miracle tree grew ....*

*Oblezea Vitrinium*

*Birthday's Eye*

*the world beyond fairytale IV*

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*Part 1. Strange Paintings on Grandfather's Attic*

*Painting 1. Terror from the Cichlid's Eye*

*Painting 2. Poetry from the Big Gun - Zeppelins from Mars*

*Painting 3. Apocalypse of Rats*

*Painting 4. Apocalypse of Sharks - Hunted by the Big Q*

*Painting 5. Apocalypse of Birds*

*Painting 6. Wild boys*

*Painting 7. Horror with a glass of wine*

*Painting 8. Horror on a mondaynight*

*Painting 9. Return of the Toy*

*Painting 10. King of Fake*

*Painting 11. The French Schoolbook - Cruel Heritages*

*Part 2. Strange Statues in the Billiards Room*

*Statue 1. Echo's Birthday - The Cobra's Prince*

*Statue 2. When the Mills Start to Speak*

*Statue 3. Straight Blue Bananas - The pencil's friends*

*Statue 4. The Baker's Kid - Fallen Ink*

*Statue 5. The Strike of the Cartoon - Touches of Brahms*

*Statue 6. the woman with many lips*

*Statue 7. Boys from Tucan - when the tiger goes to sleep*

*Statue 8. Beauty of Silence II - ode to the tiger*

*Statue 9. Hard White Candy*

*Statue 10. The Land of the Sirens II - when the breastedikes are breaking*

*Statue 11. Return of the Old Cigar - Doomprophets from Cartoon*

*Terror from the Cichlid's Eye*

*The cichlid's Eye ... passing it by ....*

*Without rumors without lust .... for everything went ...asleep ....*

*Passing by the Cichlid's eye .....*

*Seeing the toysoldiers rising up on the attic .....*

*It's grandfather's birthday ....*

*grandfather's ..... birthday ....*

*Now i give him all the toys he gave to ..me*

*Now i give him all the lusts he let me experience ....*

*what comes around ... goes around ...*

*Passing by the cichlid's eye ...*

seeing my mother eating my aunt ....

but it was just a marsh-harrier rising ... a bloody old owl ....

from venus ....

Putting on the cichlid's glasses ....

what a fun to have it ...

it gives me power ..... but ..... what sort of power .....

i'm laying it down on my grandfather's knee ....

for this is all what he gave to me ....

what comes around ..goes..around ...

putting on the cichlid's trousers ... now i see a new world which i never  
saw before ....

seeing the cichlid's confession a true one ... on a hard day's spoon ....

there is a man called bilmageln .... there is a land named after him ....

it's the brother of sandman, and the brother of cockaigne .....

all these men ... with their little men .... a pretty picture in the family-  
album ...

putting on the cichlid's hat ... now i see ..... my aunt like an owl .....



putting on the cichlid's confession .... now i see ... this world was all in me  
....

these movies were all in my body ... in my stomach, swimming fishes ....  
from the zebra ....

to a world full of trousers, to a world full of clothes .... a world in  
granddad's wardrobe .... a world ... still standing on his pedestal cupboard  
..... coming into life at night ....singing the most beautiful songs ..... but i  
still ...didn't ..catch that bird .... maybe it needs to catch me ....

in a pretty world ....there i see .... my uncle goes through the wrong door,  
into the wrong house, meeting the wrong lady ..... what's so pretty about  
that ..... it's just a movie ..... it's just a dream ..... and then ..... i got other  
nieces .... maybe that would save the whole family .... for now hitler is  
captain on this little paper ship .... having noah's rod in his hands ... the  
fishes fear his trousers .....

in a pretty world there i see .... my mother still searching ..... for the big  
ant ..... maybe that dream would save the family ... for then she would  
forget about those frogs she already had ..... had ..... in that dream ....

in a pretty world there i see the faces of my grandma ..... the faces of a  
young .... follower of bilmageln ..... selling towers to the cats .... in a pretty  
land ... where i wouldn't buy these damned shoes ..... in a pretty land  
..... and that would save the family ..... now we're on ship with a  
captain called hitler .... running through the night to awake the big  
potatoe .....

on a pretty planet ...there i see the faces of a cow .... running through ice  
and milk .... on a pretty land .... there i see some strangers ..... running  
with tight faces .... would that save my family ?

and what if my family was saved ..... by all these pretty tales .... who  
would be the captain then ? who would be the mistress ..... don't you

think that ..... it was all the delay of the crash ? .... or .... or ..... don't you think ..... the problem would come in another dress then .....

for it's the cichlid's eye, with many shades ..... with many tricks inside .... if we would survive one trick, the other trick will come twice as hard ..... are we cursed in this land forever ? .... danger isn't hiding under one shape or one colour ..... we have to do here ..... with a cichlid ..... grandfather bought ..... long so long ago ..... in a shop of swindlers ..... in a shop of dreamers ..... the boss of the shop told ..... when the cichlid would finish his story ..... there would be only licorice left ..... so my granddad said it was worth it ..... but it was chocolate .... hard old cold chocolate ..... poisoned by a faery ... that was all he could give me ..... my granddad ..... but ..... if he would buy another cichlid .... we would have the same sort of trauma's .... for it doesn't matter which cichlid you buy .... they always give such troubles .... and the cichlid said he already finished the story ... but he was still speaking ..... through it's stomach ..... we all thought it was a toysoldier speaking ..... grandfather's one ..... and when we found out it was the cichlid .... still that old cichlid ..... just another trick .... we finally found our licorice ....

it comes it is a shapeless terror .... don't think when you would be in another shop he wouldn't strike you ..... for he knows all shops .... and he's everywhere .....

it comes it is a colourless terror .... don't think when you would have another granddad ..... you wouldn't meet the little terrorist ..... for then he would come through your grandmother's bag-blanket .... and that would be finally worse .....

Poetry from the Big Gun

*Zeppelins from Mars*

*can't you see .... it's all about a lion's dream .... it's all about your mothers  
lover .... who gave you that symbol sliding in the air above the desert .....  
it's that guy your mother always dreamt about ..... to give you a good  
craddle ..... it was all her deep care .... for you ..... for when she looked in  
his eyes for the first time ..... it was you which she had in mind ..... and  
she took her little calculator .... to see .... how long it would take ..... to  
make you alright ..... you ..... her baby .....*

*the mas*

*when a mosemas becomes a christmas,*

*when a noahmas becomes a petermas,*

*when a pinocmas becomes a gepetmas,*

*then lightening has born.*

*in a place called bethlehem,*

*where all the mas gathered,*

*a fir ate a pear.*

*no dreams can describe the magic around this picture,*

*it was the ascensionday for soldiers of wordwar II,*

thirty names graved on a jericho's wall.

when a santamas becomes a sandmas,

when a dreammas becomes a bilmamas,

the automaton starts,

the fairytale rides,

for all these mas are running to a new edge.

when a mosemas reaches the mosemas-tree,

the giantpond survives.

it was all in the pear where your games were sealed into the book,

where you could finally sleep ....

it was fun, oh yes, but you finally wanted to have a place to have a good sleep ....

now you know where this ship is going to.

it was all about a wizard,

it was all about a fear and a tear,

guiding you to a maze,

in which you found the golden pear.

it was all about a rose,  
it was all about a game,  
leading you into the heart of a lion,  
where you met the fir of tales.

this master of the lions tea,  
this wizard of the westcoast,  
this man of a million books,  
brought you to the edge of a new sea,  
where you could understand your dreams,  
where you could finally reach the museum ....  
cuyornaida corset .....

for when the book opens itself,  
you finally find rest,  
you finally feel a candle in your hand,  
having a little light in darkness and rain.

these cigarlighters from spain,

these ornaments in the giant's rain,  
these lusts from london,  
baptized in french accents,  
could finally destroy the stage,  
and bring the stage-diving dog to the hospital.

these ornament's rains,  
these cigarlighters from roma,  
they were your tall liquid trousers,  
to let you enter a new day .....  
cuyornaida corset .....

gepetto was a railroad lighter,  
with trousers too short,  
but now you finally found him,  
in a new craddle full of feathers,  
here the phoenix will rise ....  
you found it all in bethlehem,  
where he was born in a craddle called jesus,  
this speaking craddle ..... this ... railroad ....channeler .....

but now he's slow enough to give you the cake ....

gepetto's birthday, in the year 1862,

when all gamblers were just rockers,

when all girls were men,

but now it's getting soft again,

it's boiling from a place called boston,

where all lion's tricks started ....

there in wilhelm's city .....

you found the blue bell,

born in a craddle called the black bell ....

and still you are searching for your corsets ....

but the bell already rang .... the game is over .... it's now in the book ....

daddy you can go to sleep now .... all your kids are home, and all your  
babies are born,

the Big Mas is sitting in the garden, together with the Big Mix .....

it was all in the tale, dad, it was all in the tale ..... and it was written  
millions of centuries ago,

by a lame pencil called cain, when he escaped his father's paradise ....

when he spat out his father's pear ....

and now the Big Pear is riding him,

from another greengrocer .....

you were sailing the black oceans ..... your tears mixed with old pears ....  
too old ....

but now you reached your havens ..... and gepetto is riding his snake ....  
now the books finally grow there .... and now the baby can speak .... it  
was all ..... a snake in the swanlake .... looking for his golden pear ...  
looking for his golden baby ..... that black pond is turning pale now ....  
reaching for the rainbow's mailbox .... on a summer's day in april .... while  
august the twentieth is still your king .... a king in trousers ... that's what  
you gave me, on that seventh day in march ..... leaves from the Big  
Calender, Pinocchio's Pride ..... His towels were too hot, and filled with  
the black lightening ..... but now he can finally use them to warm his  
chickens without killing them .... it seems libra's little dictator found his  
golden throne again ....

*a magnet in april's liars*

and still there's mud speaking from the purple palace ..... sixteen snakes in  
a row ..... looking for revenge ..... but at the end .... the enemy appeared to  
be your friend .... the secret of the lion's tea ..... it was all running for a  
magnet ..... a magnet in april's liars ..... when the liar appeared to be the  
royal riddle of the truth's queen ..... her palaces so tall and dignified ....  
her cigarettes decorated by blood ..... it was all to let the wheel of the  
gamblemachine spin .... that old barrelorgan in grandfather's pocket .... he  
could always reach your heart by this .... which was always the pear's  
desire .....



Now was it all a pear-fir after all, stinging your whole dreamworld upside down ? So many holes in your pocket, like the crying wife of the mailman ..... she was always the clown of the classroom .... and now she found her destiny ..... to see that every hole could feed a third world's heart .... She now started to realize that she was really talking to you, instead of her husband .... for he was gone to see that god of ten ..... a little mirror .....

he's still watching the wildlife, he's still riding the junglecar, riding the zoo of ten ..... it was all inside ....

can you now understand it, that it was all a dream within a dream, touching so many edges of reality ..... can you now understand, that it was all a lie in a truth, and a truth in a lie, that it was .... just as your mother always told you .... the lie will switch into a truth again, when bilmageln hits the bell ... that old man from santa's dream .... still his railroad's brother ..... still that lawyer's doctor ..... breeding his dogs for the strike .... the big strike in lapsalvania .... dream on, my brother, dream on ..... for tomorrow it might be gone ..... dream on, so that you have always a shelter in your memory ..... grasp the toy and eat it .... so that it will live in you forever and ever ..... even when the outside world will die .....

there is another brother from the pocket .... a name called birbermagen ..... that thick old man from wilhelm's city ..... now this thing is really blowing the trumpet ..... all chocolate bows for his hat ..... while his hat ..... is only hanging on his wall like a clock of leprosy ..... it's sharing all his parts .... to the dogs of the city .... and the world .... there in that old tearoom deep down in boston ..... where all london cats fear for ..... dream on, my captain ..... dream on ..... for tomorrow there's only a big ship ..... without any water ..... without any ground to stay on ..... only air to fall in .....

Build your dreamship, so that you can escape when darkness falls ... for the black chrystals will rise there where the sun meets the sun. two lights together will have to carry the darkness, growing inside .... that big baby ..... that ornament from a lost pocket ....

twenty dreamweavers will do the big thing ..... having the dolphin as their friend ..... too tall for a trousers dream ....

finally .... you ..... reach ..... the escape .... christmastrees from london ..... where it all started ..... in that little tearoom, in that little kitchen, with darkness underground .... there where all dreams meet each other .... there where the Big Pear wrote it's books ..... this wizard of tales .... running with a bleeding pencil to boston ..... to meet the museum .... there ..... in that dark avenue ..... still the dead comes there to pay the rent .... for living in someone's head ..... but there in that little museum ..... the money is slowly dying .....

do you dare to close your banks ? do you dare to dream again ? do you dare to give up your heads ..... the heads you suck down everyday ? do you dare to live in yourself instead of someone else, and do you dare to invite others in your house now for awhile ? then your holiday will start .... it will rise the virgo stars .... there where the old grey dwarf waits for you at the forest-road ..... deep down in darkness and night ..... there where all stars fall ..... there where the bunny takes all champions back ..... then you finally go to sleep, feeling a bed below your back .... but you have to drown your money .... you have to drown those sharks in your pot of beer ..... then aldebaran's star ...will wake over you ..... and then your creativity will roar like a lion ....

for now you eat other's potatoes ..... now you eat other's desires ..... now you are the gamemaster of a lost dream .... having too many slaves to bear ..... it breaks your back ..... but take your bed and sleep .... sleep the night away ..... reaching for the morning, a morning without banks .....

but just a little museum .... where you also meet that gun ..... that gun  
from your mother's brother .... to kill some other rats .....

goodbye auctioneer, you now reached the museum ... you now reached  
the palace of your dreams ..... here you can live forever ..... it's all in your  
head .... and that's all you need ..... for outside the banks will fall ..... and  
inside the money will slide away ..... to a dark place .... there where the  
dwarf meets the slave .... there where he feels his wet shoes again ..... and  
his lover's wet dress ..... that pink one .... that good old movie ..... that  
birthday from the wild frontier .... she .... with the cartoon-eyes ....

can't you see .... it's all about a lion's dream .... it's all about your mother's  
lover .... who gave you that symbol sliding in the air above the desert .....  
it's that guy your mother always dreamt about ..... to give you a good  
cradle ..... it was all her deep care .... for you ..... for when she looked in  
his eyes for the first time ..... it was you which she had in mind ..... and  
she took her little calculator .... to see .... how long it would take ..... to  
make you alright ..... you ..... her baby .....

The jungle-cat is still running for you, having new symbols ..... Deep down  
in the air ... his cloudcastle is staring at the ship of the little Jesus ... all ....  
in .... the clouds ..... It will be Dadda's cloudship ..... all with the Babba-  
bubbles having the Lalla's in its eyes .....

Dreameyes from Wildcoast's city .... looking for new men to join the case  
.... to descend all apples and pears .... into another faroom da bazite .....  
still the lion's key ....

Those ep-drives from the naroon, those babes from Elkland's city ..... all  
sailing their ships to Varekante da Razine ..... still the tiger's key .....

And me ? I'm still sailing the oceans ... looking for you ..... for another  
Gepetto to raise out of the whale .... this time I will not do it with fire .....  
but with ice ..... from the milkman's cream .....

Too soon you will understand that little tune in your grandfather's pockets  
..... too soon you will find out the no in the yes, and the yes in the no .....  
You just need a good clock if it comes to that .... clocks from the big  
baron de boize ba boochy .... always the shark's key .....

There where the game becomes a good book, i will meet you .... There  
where the good book becomes a museum .... I will meet your dad ..... My  
head is in the cellar.

Watching the wildlife together with you, is still an exciting thing .... You  
love those old monuments right ? I will bring you to the toymuseum, the  
gamemuseum, the funparkmuseum, the places where all these old  
automatons stand ..... they don't work anymore .... but they carry their  
stories ..... like a prehistoric pleasure ..... all these dinosaurs ..... all these  
dragons from rigil kent ..... it was all to make it complete .....

And still you are ..... just another monument in the museum, placed on  
wheels, just like me .... for so many years ..... but we still have fun here ....  
we still love our conversations ..... especially those in the nights ..... for then  
all birds sleep, and then we can race through the museum .... We are still  
looking for that secret part ..... that old ruin ..... from a life-time we  
didn't exist yet ..... So old that it is sacred .... But we never found it till  
now ..... We first have to gather all animals keys ..... By Noah's Magic .....  
One day we will see that shore .... and touch it's edges ..... Or maybe it  
will all come to pass when a little kid throws a coin in us ..... I don't know  
..... Or maybe a cowboy will do ..... with a white sombrero ..... Who knows  
.....

In Noctober someone knocked on my door .... a parrot ..... older than old  
..... bringing me sixtyseven zeppelins from mars ..... These were gifts from  
smulk, that big constellation breeding orion ....

Zeppelins from mars ..... twenty jokes in a bag ..... reaching for the  
hundred and then jumping inside .... ten seconds in one hour ..... two

dreams in a dream ..... it was all about wet coffee .... when bilmageln hit  
the thing .....

Zeppelins from mars, riddles from the wildlife ..... breeding the monsters  
for june the seventh .... while august the twentieth is still their king ....

The monster ..... always ..... the riddle of beauty .....

*The riddle of the dream*

*Leaving the rhimes of wet consciousness .....*

*Knocking on the edges of the night .....*

*Dreaming three holes in the darkest chrystal .....*

*The nightmare .... Always the Riddle of the Dream*

*the last dream*

in a place called bethlehem,

where all the mas gathered,

a fir ate a pear.

no dreams can describe the magic around this picture,

it was the ascensionday for soldiers of wordwar II,

thirty names graved on a jericho's wall.

that old riddle, the old dress of that new queen,  
it wandered through your streets all those years,  
to prepare you, to show you the way to that enchanted forest .....

the riddle, that caring shell of the fruit .....

dreaming about a heart to warm .....

the riddle, still your head's desire ....

in which all things can grow .....

he was your forester all the time .....

he knows the secret of the enchanted garden ....

where licorice rakes the ground .....

where licorice touches the moon .....

here, in paradise ..... where gepetto's flower blooms,

where the snaketree grows ....

where the lightening arises .....

the riddle,

a bag full of fairytales ....

and an empty bag for all your desires .....

a farm for you to grow .....

these were your tall trousers ...

running through the night ..... preparing the daylight for you ....

the riddle,

a bag of everything and nothing,

the last riddle, your last dream .....

so that's why we leave all rhymes to meet the riddle ....

the last ship to wilhelm's city ....

to become a terror in the night .....

sliding through the roofs ..... sliding over the windows .....

the riddle,

a baker's dream ....

the riddle, the nonsense from the southcoast .....

the riddle, our touch to dream .....

the riddle ... no need to cry .....

for it's all back .... just eat it .....

the riddle .... the purple horse from the big zebra .....

*stromboli in a cage ..... it was all to make your heart at peace .....*

*the wizard's dream, the ornament's intention .....*

*the white fir of desire ..... the riddle .....*

*escaped from sandman's heart .....*

*your dream is safe in the riddle ...*

*and will attract your true friends ...*

*your riddle ...destined to become the terror of the sea ....*

*six sharks will rise against it ....*

*and finally the riddler will strike ....*

*when bilmageln hits the coffeepot ....*

*there are true threats in life :*

*one is a riddle without a house*

*another is a riddle too tall to decide ...*

*and the last one is a riddle in a bed of water*

*who has ears will hear*

*riddles from the wildside of life*

*rumors from the inside, spoiling the baker's kid*



the baker still hiding behind tall glass  
still the maker of tall windows  
still the breeder of tall dogs  
the baker still hiding behind tall ornaments  
still the maker of those ornaments  
still a sidesailor in the night  
decorated trauma's running to a minutegrasper  
finally footprints on a white parrot's mouth

rumors from the outside spoiling the dog of the theologian  
a pirate will always run away from this,  
with tall boots reaching for the other side of the world  
his legs will always be in japan,  
where the wasps still fights with the three indians.  
who has ears will hear ....

rumors from inside out  
rumors from outside in  
cannot stop this baker's kid from hiding it's tears,  
it will slide deeper inside,

to the old factory,  
to the watermills and the windmills,  
in a land where farmers don't exist ....  
it was all to make your heart at peace  
who has ears will hear ....

*apocalypses of grandma's*

dreams of the westcoast will crash the dreams of the eastcoast without  
any mercy,  
by luxury and comfort,  
no capitalism ..... but justice for carrot and car .....

three days in japan made your heart cold ....  
now you're running with sunglasses,  
but when bilmageln strikes the gong, it will be warm inside again ....

when two monkeys kick another monkey in the stomache,  
a baby is born selling the two monkeys to the thieves of the world,  
and selling the kick to the towers of the church

who has ears will hear ...

when three monkeys kick a lady's stomache,

a baby is born, a little monkey,

it will grow on the shoulders of the three monkeys to be their dictator for  
three months and a halve

it will sell the kick to the towers of a satan church

and it will sell the middle monkey to the clowns of the earth

when six ladies kick a man's stomach,

they will be sold to the spiders of eternity,

they will have to spin the wheels for a thousand decades,

they will have to sing for the lara-birds of the damage,

tall ones ....

when a hundred ladies kick a man's trousers,

they will be praised by hundred angels,

until their ears reached the coffins of belcanov,

the chronical man of sixtysix bodies.

then they will have to spin the wheels of lazy cats for a million days .....

apocalypse of sick dwarves .....

dream of turtles when you dare,

they will bring you to the east and the north,

they will let you forget about the south,

and then you will feel the ground of west under your boots ....

these were good boots .... these were cichlid boots .....

made by a thousand wild chocolates .....

oh apocalypse of the mailman's runner,

of it's tall shivering coat,

your eggs are smiling to the ground,

waiting for their last strike

then the snakes will come .....

is it ..... a swan in the snakelake finally ?

a snake found it's desire,

it's ornament and it's rage ...

now there will be twohundred years of spoil ....

is it .... a dream within a dream again,  
this black road to loud apocalypses .....  
this will be the terrors last strike,  
and then another one will begin to roar .....

is it the misunderstanding of a rag-soldier ...  
still waiting in japan to be burnt ?  
all he got were some cold trousers ....  
there's nothing left to say .....

dreamers of the westcoast ....  
running in cichlid boots,  
having fresh chocolate in their hands ...  
but it's poison ....  
you can better smoke your aunt's cigar if you ask me,  
or your grandmothers pipe ....  
give her a good beard to survive her old days ....

these were the younger days .... all in the hands of a rat ....  
too young to decide ....

watching all that old beauty ..... but ..... it's still young .....

for these are younger days .....

your ..... younger days ....

when a rat beats the drum,

bilmageln is behind it .... beating another drum ... dreaming another dream ....

but it's still .... his dream .... his .... drum .....

when the apocalypses of the rats are being opened,

no one can stand, all will fall, and creep through darkness and pain ....

you will seek for death, but your lusts will find you ....

apocalypse of rats .....

dream of the hunter .... in a cold cold jacket ....

too cold for your mother's touch ....

but it's still sugar ....

dream of the hunter .... in cold cold boots .....

too tall for your dad's smoke ....

but it's still .... leather boots .....

leather from some old demons ....

i painted it black on a sunday morning,

for i didn't want the preacher would see it was a red rat .....

it would inspire him to write his own apocalypses ....

while my grandmom was shivering in her chair already ....

waiting for the next strike of the preacherman .....

she never liked him .... but ..... she didn't want to miss the last train to hell .....

she needed to fish my granddad out of it .....

he sent her a card long ago ....

when my grandmom would write her apocalypses ....

i think it would be terror and hell ....

i think she would kill all red rabbits .....

all trains ..... for cars are cheaper in her eyes .....

in her eyes ..... yes .....

but then the bill from greenpeace will come .....

raising up all red rabbits again .....

and then my grandmother would say ..... another misunderstanding from the lion's tea ....

send the bill to the lion ..... no, no, tear the bill and then give one piece to the preacher .....

for he likes bills .....

yes, grandmother, yes, he even eats them ..... i saw it one time ..... when i was staring into his house ..... they eat bills there ..... his wife cooks them ..... the kids love it ..... and the preacher too ..... they also eat post .... they even eat the postman himself ..... and when the police comes for all this ..... they even eat the police ..... but ..... shhhhh ..... some policemen eat together with them ..... it's a sort of conspiracy ..... but anyway, then he paints everything up, and then he preaches it from the pulpit ..... so then the dogs can eat the mass ....

a little fir with liquid keys walks through several metallic fences ..... finally it reaches the old church with the tall windows ..... he kisses the floor and then he opens the windows to enter through ..... the church is full of animals .... it's a zoo here ..... they all wait for a guy called noah to save them all ..... but ..... not all ..... only two of each sort ..... so they will do some lotteries first ... the winners will get a ticket for the ark, and the rest can swim home .....

the little fir lights some fires ..... liquid ones ..... and the games begin ..... the little fir steps to the pulpit, with cups of coffee in his hands ..... wake up, he yells, spreading the coffee from the pulpit through the whole church ..... then the church is sliding and melting until it's a little bedroom, with only one person in there .... the little fir ..... and then he goes to sleep ....



in the night he dreams of all apocalypses ..... from different sorts of animals, so that the earth can sleep too .... cruel apocalypses ? no, just a game ..... for he's the gamemaster ..... and the only things which appear cruel are the riddles of the game .....but these are soft when you touch them, and soft when you eat them, and they will finally bring you to sleep ..... it was all a misunderstanding from the lion's tea .....

the big pear is smiling ..... it was just another tale ..... from his big bag ..... and there he walks to that big museum in boston, selling his stories to the birds ..... tonight they will be stones in the museum ..... finally having their rest ..... there he gathers the black chrystals for his watch and his compass, now he has a weapon to fight the blinding and paralyzing lights of traffic ..... he was always a prophet of doom and destruction ..... and it's getting worse every day .... for his horror-movie needs to sell ..... and the fairground needs to attract the kids ..... only a good haunting house can do ..... he has a black raven inside his heart .... the darkest tune of fourty thousand years ..... kidnapped from rigil kent, the planet of planets ..... there where all kids are getting healed .... for someone took attention for their darkest pits ..... the big pear doesn't know any taboo, but easily describes the heart of every kid, not avoiding their deepest pain .... he's showing the knife on the screen, and the guy who transmitted the crime, quickly shifting the screen into a soft scene of fairytale ..... then you're having twenty plastic dragons in a black plastic sorted box, designed by the master's touch.

the bunny takes all .... his champions .... back ..... one by one ..... all these plastic soldiers, these chocolate-dragons ..... these soft huggy-snakes .... just child's toys .... the bunny is driving his big mercedes to the edges of

the rivers ..... still underwater tricks ..... it's all fake ..... he was never a capitalist .... it was all fake .....

can you decorate these ornament's trousers ..... and paint them by champion's paint ? it was all fake .... they were losers painted by a champion's touch ..... but they run the canals, those rabbits in boats .... those cats in french dresses ..... they know how to enchant the milkmen ....

entering the daydive's transmission ... the dogdive's out .. the lambstead's confession .... still a proud one .... in and out .... the smashing of doors .... it still works in the restaurant at the sea ..... where all sharks become three or four dimensional .... hiding the big bang under a black jacket ...

today grandma has the trousers,

she cycles to the old black house in slow-motion,

and then she cycles on the stairways faster than light ....

you killed my rabbit she screams to the innkeeper ....

but there's no innkeeper ....

grandma is still dreaming after all those years ....

she yells against the walls and kicks against red bags ....

but there are no bags .... and there isn't even a house ....

it stood there years ago .... but there's only sand now ....

today grandma has the trousers ....

and everyone ..... believes her ....

## *Apocalypse of Rats*

*apocalypse of rats*

*in a daytime vision,*

*the lights will strike,*

*on normal base,*

*in which is normal to you,*

*oh yes, the wounds will cover up,*

*so that no one sees you're dying,*

*even you yourself will not see ....*

*apocalypse of rats*

*you will discover the crash when it's too late,*

*you're dying but you will never find death,*

*you're falling but you will never reach the ground,*

*only some sharp edges,*

*and some stingy branches of young and old trees,*

*growing on the tiles and walls of the pit ....*

*oh you cannot hold a grip,*

*for it's all sliding, jelly and thick,*

even the pit itself is sliding down,  
to a place you will never know .....

apocalypse of rats

too tired to describe,

they are so tired,

and you will be their food,

so do you dare to read their apocalypse ?

they will not make divisions,

everyone is the same,

but later you start to realize,

that this is the biggest crime,

for you can never be their friend,

and you can never pay yourself a way out,

for they don't believe in money, they don't believe in banks,

not in capitalism,

for they are a communistic threat,

even they themselves go through the pit,

as it is designed by their apocalypse,

everyone is the same,

when the books will be opened ....

apocalypse ..... of rats .....

there will be no saviour and no victim .....

for no one has a name ...

it is the revenge of life and death ....

the revenge .... of a lame pencil .....

only a pencil will survive,

he was the god of the rats,

he wrote this terrifying apocalypse,

while his wife was speaking ....

his wife .... an old chair ....

a lazy one if it comes to that .....

saying only the object will survive,

a pencil and a chair ....

the rat was sitting in the middle,

between a pencil and a chair,

the slave of their letters ...

apocalypse ..... of rats .....

now he is the terror,

on land and on the seas ....

but in daylight he's just a slave ....

of a pencil and a chair .....

he already saw their hells,

he already felt their pits .....

but tomorrow it will be you,

for the apocalypse doesn't make any division .....

now this was a story, full of horror and pain,

full of blood and shivers,

but there's one way to survive ....

to become a pencil, and find a chair,

to search a good rat in the middle,

to write your own apocalypses in the night,

then strike by daylight,

on normal base,

*slowly dragging your church into the night ....*

*and if you want to know, where i heard this tale,*

*then go to the assistant of your local tax office,*

*and you will hear the same,*

*it's a new free service,*

*for all those who pay tax,*

*you get a piece of their big tax-book,*

*to scare your kids to school,*

*to be a friend of a pencil,*

*and the friend of a good chair,*

*then to catch a rat to let it sit there,*

*to do the crime,*

*apocalypse of rats .....*

*the horror of the backstage ...*

*apocalypse of rats ....*

*Apocalypse of Sharks*

*Hunted by the Big Q*

Birthday's coming over the ladder,  
Too strange to describe,  
Terror rising from the pencil,  
the orange one, with the blue light ....

Apocalypse of sharks,  
A summer on a strange island,  
Where everyone gets the chickenpocks,  
No, it's something worse than this ...

Your mother never wanted to talk about this to you ....  
For your ears would melt away,  
your arms and your legs ...  
and then she would have to carry you home all the way ...  
the home of sharks ....

You would be the head of their birthday,  
Their cakes and their tarts ....  
It's like the sweet strike of santa clause ....  
A dark one this time ....



*A million soldiers on a hill ....*

*describing how they would torture you ...*

*And you ?*

*You don't hear what they are saying ....*

*you only hear them whispering ....*

*you only hear them .... having their horrors ....*

*screams and yells ....*

*only mutterings in cold air ....*

*You are the summer of their islands ....*

*The sun of their dinners ....*

*Giving you halve of the prey ....*

*To keep you addicted to the middle ....*

*It's a new drug ...*

*It eats you away ....*

*And you know it, but you love the gifts they give you ...*

*It's the price you have to pay ....*

They give you their money,

Now you can pay all your bills ...

But tomorrow you will have their bills,

which you cannot pay ... circle of horror .... all working by ... the line of addiction ....

The big Q .....

The line brought you in, and the line blocks the way out .....

The big Q is having a hunt ....

He's running behind your back, beaming a blue light in your bag,

A thin Ray ....

No one could ever escape from the Q

It's your day of destruction ....

Now you can beg for some apathies ....

But it's not good for your soul ....

For your soul wants a way out, while it's deeper inside ...

Inside the Big Q ...

Learn to descend ....

When you hang on the cross like Jesus .... it's there in the Big X, where all the crosses gather ....

Where all the hunters will see,

that there was something bigger ....

The united sharks .....

They who became sharks ..... by a cross bigger than themselves,

by someone bigger than Jesus ....

thinner than a line ....

It was bilmageln saving you out ....

It was birbermagen putting you in,

And now Xazynen is beating the mouse,

that old mouse of the shark ...

where all the crosses gather ....

into a daylight's dream .....

Those liquid lights, those riddles of apocalypse ...

they were too easy to describe ...

in the green light ....

but it was all fake ....

Apocalypse of sharks,

strange ways to describe a diamond's kill,

strange way to put the coffee into a damage's circle,  
from Q to X,  
this will be our journey ....

It's all in that little licorice-point,  
that black point raging in the night,  
for when it fell out of heaven,  
it could absorb hell,  
to enter a heaven,  
as fake as your mother's dream ....

you are still burning your lucifers there,  
to catch all rainbows inside ...  
finally the fake shark ....  
finally that fake rose ....  
could save your life ....  
your life .....

By transmissions and warp-days,  
By bottoms and strange dressings,

we could turn on the lights again,  
in this black hour of liberty,  
There where the fake meets the fake ....  
There where the bottom meets the bottom,  
It will see it all has a double bottom,  
even the hat of riddler,  
that old mocker,  
that old sunbiter ....  
that strange old ornament ...  
from a million of purple hells .....

it came to you ... it came to you ... to show you the game in the diamond  
....

the rain in the blue bell ...  
sunrises from martian canals ....  
will drown the black ornaments once again ...  
to nail a new transmission on thousand crosses ....  
like fifteen new rules of Maarten Luther,  
on the blueberry hill's churchdoors ....

Now we will see who's king there,  
for this door will open,

to show us what was behind .....

behind those old sacred words ... of that old sacred priest ....

it was all fake ..... it was all .... a joke ....

just a riddle .... just a riddle ..... from that old book of secrets .....

from that ornament's rage .....

apocalypse of sharks .....

they will surround you in the kettle,

to let you sink once again,

so that you will meet the fish in the fish,

the dream within the dream ....

don't worry when your ship will sink,

for then the shark wants to show you the treasures on the bottom of it's  
seas ....

you refused to see it so often ....

apocalypse of sharks ...

dreams from the Big Birthday,

dreams from the big daypossession ....

*it was all to make your heart more addicted .....*

*so that you could touch the other side of the magnet ....*

*it was all in the + and in the -,*

*it was all in your tongue .....*

*the one with the biggest mouth would win ....*

*but what was the trophee ....*

*a bigger addiction ....*

*a bigger hospital .... and finally a bigger death ....*

*with a bigger heaven,*

*and a bigger dream ....*

*who has ears will hear ....*

*apocalypse of sharks .....*

*still your grandfather's dream ....*

*still too easy to decide ....*

*but when you look behind the curtain ...*

*it's all too difficult,*

*so you can never choose your own direction .....*

*we all will be swallowed by the same point,*

*by the same lie .....*

*to find the truth deep inside ...*

*we are all robots from that bigger dream ....*

*just doing as it was told ....*

*who has ears will dream ....*

*we were all chosen by one direction,*

*the small point will suck us inside ....*

*where we will all be the same ....*

*the rat is riding the shark ...*

*the communist rides the capitalist ....*

*both aren't able to break magnetic laws ....*

*the law of the magnet ....*

*the writer of the shark's apocalypse ....*

*sitting on a rats leg ....*

*sitting on a mailhouse's device ...*

*but the rat rides it .... for there's no follower after the dream .....*

*only riders ..... riders in the storm .....*

*fifty five rats .... riding the sharks of the night .....*

*but their fate will be the same ..... in the communistic apocalypse ....*



only a pencil .... and a chair .... will survive ....

they don't have names ..... they are just objects ..... designed by themselves  
to do the crime ....

the chair will speak, the pencil will write,

the rat sits on the shark .....

they can only watch the show after all .....

first they strike by racism, by the shark's sharp head,

then they strike by communism ... covering up the wounds .... for  
everyone is the same ....

first they strike by dictatorship ... by a shark's endless line,

then they strike by democracy, the mass possessed by a rat's cold hand ....

democracy, a good mask for the dictator ....

thoughts of a lame pencil,

put in by his wife ... the old chair,

the line on an old chair, the big H ....

but the chair rides it, covering her Q's ....

It's the big Q, running over the hills ....

slaying the rabbits ..... but the H is driving the buss,

while the X is saving us ....

loud and clear ....

*on true basements and dreams ....*

*The punker and the communist ....*

*All to make your heart at peace ....*

*There's an X in the Q ....*

*There's a heart in the bird ...to make it fly .....*

*The line hides in the H*

*The Q hides in the H,*

*but there's also an X in the H,*

*to let the bird escape .....*

*And she will fly to a new world,*

*She will fly to a new hill .....*

*where the dogs cannot reach her tails .....*

*She will bring the food to your ark ..... and she will guide you to that  
bridge ....*

*There where the sea becomes a land .....*

*There's an X in the H,*

*There's a dream in the nightmare ....*

*There where you find your friend in a tear .....*

*In that wet, lonely bubble .....*

*The fear will rise once again ....*

*But then you will have a good towel to warm your friend .....*

*your beloved one ....*

*your own heart .....*

*There's life on the other side of the funnel,*

*And you will meet your friend Q ....*

*That one in the purple dress .....*

*That dogbiter ... that cateater .... he was always your friend .....*

*Then you will finally be Q and Q, the possessors of that mighty sword  
from India ....*

*Or was it a sword from the indians ?*

*About this the wars will rage .....*

*How you realize that a rat covered up all your wounds,*

*the big Q was protected and trademarked,*

*they used copyrights to block you out ....*

*it's the merman raging in all divisions ....*

and finally a rat comes to blow all these candles out ....

he always came when the night fell,

to let you burn in daylight ....

no doctor could see your pain ....

all covered up by a rat's false transmissions ....

the swindlers of the top of hills ....

dreams from the marsh-harrier ...

a winter in april ....

all to cover it up ....

all to cover you up ...

these cops from hell ...

these swindlers from neptune and mercury ....

from smulk's conspiracies ...

they will burn until daylight falls ...

raging like the red cat ... raging like the storms of marauders .... raging  
like the edgers of the dreams ....

until the rat comes to justify them all ....

the shark speaks, while the rat is covering it up ....

and using it to enter daylights and forbidden traffics ....

these black ornaments in the night .....

the shark and the rat ..... just slaves of the big pencil, sitting on the Big  
Chair ....

the big H is roaring in the night ....

like your neighbour's new car ....

songs from the big chair ... all songs from the big chair ....

she's lying .... such a liar ....

songs from the big chair, songs from the big chair .... she's lying,

whispering in the night .....

she knows how to shut up complainers ....

she's the daylight in hell .....

she knows ..... she knows .....

picking out a plastic shark out of the rain .... turning it into horror again  
.....

tricks ... tricks .... from the sidelite .... of hell .....

*This chair, this chair ... still having the heart of an animal ..... an orange  
cat ....*

*Using the terror of birthday .....*

*Just using it ....*

*Apocalypse of Birds*

*having the black pears in their mouths,*

*pointy mouths like hell,*

*still the way to dwarve's food.*

*having the black pearls in their spine, someone's sitting on their back,*

*it's a dwarve, straight from hell.*

*it's the arrow of decision,*

*it's the thriller of a new may,*

*paths decorated by blood,*

*footprints of dwarves ....*

*the big x has done it's work,*

now there will be detectives running around the case,  
but it's too slippery here,  
and your horse don't want to drink today ...

it was still a spoon in the apple,  
a stick in the eye,  
tomorrow we will be all blind,  
when the rats ride the birds ....

when a bird touches the ground,  
putting the damage on,  
the trauma and the desperate blindness,  
...apocalypse of birds ...

drama after drama is being painted,  
like a chainlet in the night,  
your grandma will have a surprise around her neck tomorrow,  
a surprise to many ....

they expected her to walk and to do her daily work,

but she will fly now,  
like yesterday's hell ...

drama after drama,  
painted on foreheads and old chairs,  
crosses on curtains,  
it's the black hell raging

her fingertips touch the moon,  
for cruel conspiracies,  
she has virgo under her teeth,  
having arabia's blanket under her feet,  
she's still the ball of the universe,  
that old red lady,  
boiling like a balloon,  
zeppelins from the sidelite ...

her mouth delighted by black irritations,  
her eyes full of bitterness and pain,  
she loved the stories of her grandchildren,



but today she will open her book ....

she waited for this forty million years,

on a black chair she sat,

now she rises from the kettle,

red witches from the south coast ....

no mercy in their hands ....

apocalypse of birds

her songs full of inappropriate cruelties,

her mouth full of blasphemies,

but what is she blasting at ....

her whispers cannot be followed

it's the strange demise of a candle today,

now she will wave to the night,

putting the horror on ....

well, it's just a story,

she likes to tell,

about her one and a half year in hell ...

her husband wasn't good for her,  
he died a deep death,  
all for her,  
but she refused to see,  
blind women from the top of life and hell,  
thinking it was a man standing there ....

strange ways to find a mouse in the desert,  
she opened a book on april's tops,  
still a desert-rider, still a maze-runner,  
but a blind one,  
and now she wants to make them all blind,  
the inappropriate bitterness,  
thinking her husband gave her this food ...

crucify your jesus again,  
he can have another brake,  
it was too busy in the supermarket ....

finally you were the one letting him escape,  
you saved him out of his factory,  
this raven's child,  
this heartbreak's solution,  
that big pearl from the strange echo,  
bending it's ways in the wind,  
to enter through that little gate of transmission

you could burn your watch for this,  
he's now running through the night,  
having no lights anymore to describe his days,  
now he has a black pencil to decorate his own,  
those nights, those arabian nights ....  
beyond magic and pain

he doesn't feel his burden anymore,  
he doesn't feel the dictators anymore,  
it's all gone,  
by your strike ....

intimate trousers were his presents,  
while his shirt is in holiday now,  
looking for his turtle-friends,  
black horror from santa dawn

he doesn't feel ashamed of it anymore,  
doesn't feeling the stairways anymore,  
only a pure diamond in his car,  
like liquid lights from a strange design,  
it brought him over the hills,  
apocalypse of birds ...

into the sand of a new world,  
burning under his feet,  
moistening his lips with pure water,  
the secret of a dry desert,  
for seventy seven years

a bird saved him out,  
it was you,

in a lazy dress,  
your complaints and transmissions,  
your false accusations,  
all a ladder for him,  
to escape the factory,  
something worse than you ....

when he fell in your hole,  
and broke it's neck,  
he was safe from the strike of the big bird,  
having three little birds in his hands,  
looking for their eggs ....  
these were your birds,  
these were your birds,  
all from a dragons egg ...  
but it was all his protection against the big bird ....  
apocalypse of birds ....

there is always something worse,  
to realize this the dictator becomes a saviour,

*the mouth becomes sweet again ....*

*Wild boys*

*She's breeding the wasp.*

*She's breeding the tattoo on his face,*

*he's almost skewed this little boy ....*

*She's breeding the basket,*

*She's painting the boy,*

*By her cruel words,*

*It will follow her the rest of her life,*

*like a nightmare,*

*It will even visit her across the red lines.*

*She's breeding the wild cat,*

*breeding the big bang,*

*Now these boys will forget,*

*also the big "She" ...*

No one wanted to listen to him,  
that little boy's toy,  
but now it's a snake hitting the lambs,  
in cold deserts,  
She bred it into this.

*Horror with a glass of wine*

*until we understand the horror of this land,  
there will be no way out of this ...*

*until we understand the horror of this little child,  
we will not be able to help ourselves*

*Horror on a mondaynight*

Dark Raven

He comes to every house,  
stinging two holes in the spleen,  
three holes in the liver,  
and a little hole in one lung,

*and then he sucks to meet his daily meal.*

*Dark Tiger and his Serval*

*They come to go,  
hitting little holes in your glands,  
and in the spleen of your dogs,  
leaving one bloody stripe on the house,  
and then they fly away*

*When the snake comes,  
he burns the livers of your pigs,  
burning one lung of your chickens,  
hitting the spleens of your geese,  
killing your cows,  
and then he sucks the night away,  
and then you wake up ...*

*Was it all a dream ?  
The smell in the house is so different,  
It smells like blood,*



fresh blood,  
and broken bones ....

Someone's doing the dishes in the kitchen,  
But you cannot walk,  
your paralyzed,  
The dark raven is smiling,  
he did a good job,  
I'm now the boss of your house he sais,  
for you made a mess of it,  
you used to chain the visitors in the cellar ....  
they saw and smell the food,  
but you never gave anything to them,  
only on mondaynights,  
you didn't want them to die,  
no you could use their good advices,  
you always sucked the jokers out of their brains,  
to use them for your own games ....

There a bear enters in,

sucking the blood out of your feet,  
bringing your legs to the kitchen,  
you always ran too hard with these things,  
no one could ever follow you ...

And you still think it's just a dream ?  
You need to wake up better,  
It's only a horror-fable,  
and you sucked the blood too deep,  
so don't forget it when you read your next book :  
Don't look too deep into the glass,  
for then you will become it's prisoner ....  
Be warned ....

### *Return of the Toy*

"A man called farao drank too much beer,  
Now he's lying on the bottom of his glass ....  
He cried himself to death .... While the innkeeper was lying besides him .....  
Laughed himself to death ....."

*lord of domino*

*Ships of cyborgs, Father sandman is calling his boys,  
Ships of cyborgs, playcards are ready,  
to invite earth,  
to invite the tall lady,  
for some games outside*

*Aldebaran's rain,  
Wild boys on stage 2,  
Thunder in the air,  
Playcards in their hands,  
Now they can invade earth,  
with drama which isn't really drama,  
they just open their eyes ....*

*Father sand is speaking,  
to the sand,  
these boys from lynx,  
they escape like the blue thunder,  
remote plugs in their heads,*

speaking the languages of wasps and snakes,  
and they're still not done with it .....  
they are searching for the teacher ....  
that black teacher,  
to sell him some flowers,  
mom gave them for this goal ....

and now that's just an old book,  
about some flowers for teachers ...  
they exactly know what to do ....  
it will let the kids escape out of the heart ....  
that old black heart of the teacher ....

the hall is wide,  
that sandman's hall,  
all in the ship,  
where he is breeding his new worlds,  
in egg-cocoons,  
in wild wet whirlpools,  
the blue glues are boiling there,

*i'm still staring at it*

*the boys from lynx guard the funnels,  
to sell some birthdays to the passengers ....*

*making magnetic connections,  
turning all senses upside down,  
preparing them,  
for another ride in the haunted house*

*their smiles are fake,  
they are the princes of satire  
having aldebaran as their friend,  
the lord of domino on their side,  
it was an all time conspiracy,  
the revenge before the strike*

*the goats of wooden voices were sealing the contracts,  
but it was all fake ....*

*something you loved to hear ....*

*and you still do ...*

*still no one knows if they are fallen dwarves, fallen angels,  
or gods in speedboats,  
are they from hell or heaven,  
from the haunted house, or the candybar .....*

*their stilleto's can still grow so tall,  
when you catch a sight of their gangleader you will instantly die,  
like the strike of the thunder,  
don't even think about him,  
his songs are too tall for your ears,  
but it's all fake ....*

*he's still a cyborg from the red stilleto,  
still a builder of motorcycles and the weaver of snakejackets,  
the ships of cyborgs are in town,  
looking for a man called moses ...*

*he has still the baker's ears,*

his eyes close together,  
as skewed as a french dictionary of blood,  
his face is thin and satiric,  
always smiling,  
but not meaning one word of it,  
his eyes are crying all the time,  
but he doesn't mean it ....  
it's all fake ....  
he's the biggest blasphemer of the ship,  
but at who is he blasting .....  
still no one knows ....

this boy this shy boy,  
it's only an attitude,  
the treatment he gives you ....  
his mother taught him well,  
still a famous sorceress from Neptune,  
she knows everything about fame ....  
still sandman's lover ...  
but still no one knows where she lives,

but when she steps on the tiles,

everyone faints ....

there are several boybands in the air,

the boys from venus, boys from tucan and boys from lynx,

good nephews in a sense,

but when they give the candy,

it's all poison,

and you will only find that out when it's too late ... now can they be loved  
then ?

oh yes, for unpoisoned candy is much worse ....

but hey, i'm not the advocate of these boys,

they can do speeches for themselves,

about foreign jesu's and cruel dictionaries,

all to bake the cake ....

and now these boys from tucan,

so empathic, so honest and so true ....

but it's all fake ....

all to lay the magnet,



all to build the zoos,  
so shy,  
but it's all fake ....  
they are just cyborgs,  
programmed to lay the magnet ....

the contracts between the boys ...  
wild boys from the southeast coasts ....  
their pigment is spreading,  
you can see the forest through them,  
their scars are transparent,  
they are collectors ....  
losing the hundred to find the one they never saw ...

you can never trust them, these boys from venus,  
princes of satire,  
covered under a rag-blanket,  
still with fragile fingers,  
they smoke their cigarettes ...  
but it's all fake ....

it's just the magnetballs rolling ....

to bring the pigs back to the farm .....

to tell the chicken she's a bird .....

The spanish prince,

Capricorn's boy,

running through the old streets of london,

selling newspapers to the geese,

another story from the same book ....

Boys from capricorn,

still a sad story,

it makes you cry ...

but it's fake .....

even your own tears are ....

They have just fallen out of your heavens ....

Yes, you there, I won't call your name,

for you know it yourself ....

*Grandfather's most loved painting is speaking ....*

*But he's the only one who loves it so ....*

*Even me myself, I don't love it .....*

*I used to ignore this painting,*

*until I found the stone inside,*

*to throw at the baker's house ....*

*These lords of the playcards,*

*New worlds in the swanlake ....*

*Are you still the prince of broken business ....*

*In the palace of failure,*

*There's a stone inside to throw ....*

*Oh yes, you can throw them at the unguilty ones,*

*the innocent ones and the ignorant ones ....*

*For it's all fake .....*

*And they will use these stones ... they will use these stones .....*

*To build new bakeries ....*

*You painted their frontdoors by your own blood ....*

*They made their magazines by the feathers of your hat .....*

*blown away by the wind ....*

*You still talk backwards because of this .....*

*But you met the boys in the billiards room ... and your one of them now  
....*

*marching for a new world and a new flag ....*

*shaking the hands of the haunted house .....*

*ghosts in priestsuits,*

*but it's all fake ....*

*The boys from Lynx those fallen dwarves,*

*gathered by sandman,*

*those rulers of worlds,*

*growing tall in the night .....*

*Blaspheming until the church sinks underground,*

*Until the children are marching out .... those chained children ....*

*Boys from Jupiter, with the magnets under their feet, they are still  
skating in the night,*

*putting the flags of anarchy in the ice,*

*until the schools fall, and the kids are free,*

*breeding truants in the night ....*

*Oh, these leg-egs,*

*eggs of spiders,*

*These kids were your parents,*

*The game is the school,*

*It's all under their feet,*

*a trick of their shoes .....*

*The army of truants and blasphemers,*

*all marching to the great city,*

*where moses rides the killerpig,*

*still looking for his rod ....*

*a billiards cue ....*

*Well, you brought it to him,*

*altho it was all fake ....*

*but he could use it to tear the curtain .....*

*She's not a harlot,*

*you just built your temples in her bed ....*

The city is surrounded by an army of descenders,  
ready to be reversed ...

ready to be turned into a kitchen,  
into a library and a museum,  
into a blaspheming word .....

The big taboo is selling his earrings for tomorrow's race .....

Holding tight to golden traditions,  
and material nightmares ....

An army of truants,  
to turn the teacher into a book,  
to bring his rabbit to the cartoon,  
and with his rod they will rule the kettle .....

They were the slaves of rotten schools, of rotten dictionaries,  
They were the criminals of the church, sealed by the Big Birthday,  
They were the cut potatoes on a tomatoe's dish,  
But it was all to breed the cyborg,  
The automatons are working now,  
It's all in the game .....

Transformers of the railroad,  
letting the kettle dance in fire,  
the plagues of frogs will enter for sure,  
to sell twenty exodus's to an old clown .....

A man called farao drank too much beer,  
Now he's lying on the bottom of his glass ....

He cried himself to death .... While the innkeeper was lying beside him .....

Laughed himself to death .....

On Vela the dominoes are spaceships,  
sent out to make the mass laugh,  
it's a little chip, fishing the poles out of the people,  
to have some prisoners for their kitchens ....

Now some dominoes make them cry,  
They sell the tears into the universe,  
For the ornament's ovens ....

So when you laugh or cry,  
be sure you have a fake nose on ...

Protect your laughs, your cries, your screams,  
guard them by the white rod ....

*road to a world deeper than hell*

The mistress couldn't follow her own words,  
something made her laugh all the time ....

it was swelling in her stomach ....

and now it's racing through her head,  
designing her new days .....

She's thinking she lost the game ....

Someone else has powers over her,

A stupid domino from Vela .....

There were the billiards room lives ....

It's still the roaring monster of the universe .....

A dinosaur from the pulpit ....

It smokes too much,

it runs too loud .....

No one can control it .....



It's like the dictators fly ....

She cannot talk, only laugh .....

Her kids gave up hope already .....

She has breathproblems,

and problems to sleep,

No one dares to speak to her anymore ...

She's living on a lost island ....

Where cannibals have their temples,

deep underground,

at least, that is what the story tells ....

She's looking for her bridegroom,

one who wants to tell her stories .....

for normal human beings don't dare to talk to her anymore ....

for when she laughs everything is breaking,

everything is shaking,

it's like the wild obsession .....

maybe only a cannibal can quench this fire .....

They eat her everyday, but she's laughing in their stomachs,  
eating them from inside out .....

She laughs everyone to hell,  
and she laughs herself into the highest heaven .....

but maybe it's better like this ....

for when she was young she cried too much ....

she cried everyone to hell,

and herself into the highest heaven ....

She changed like the turning of the medaillon,

And maybe that's finally better,

For when she was young she lived and died in the mass,

she was one of the magnets,

but now the magnet turned around,

now she's living on an island,

so cold and so alone,

but she's laughing like she never did before ....

and no one can touch her anymore .....

she laughs herself through graves and pits,

through birthdays and boring sundays,

always reaching for the highest heavens,

leaving stripes in the snow .....

All her kids became truants,

only reading the books about this story ....

It's a new religion,

a new Jesus on the block ....

Now they are serving in their temples,

Like priests from a strange religion ....

It's like a sect of horror,

Like a cult of fallen animals ....

People say they live like cannibals,

like their old mistress and her friends,

But no one knows exactly for the kids are living on a secret island .....

Building a new society,

New rules,

New books,

Even new schools,

while they will be always truants,

For it's free in the jungle.

*They say the schools are eaten by them everyday,*

*To grow in their stomachs,*

*These wild flies, these wild boys .....*

*No girls are allowed ....*

*They will be eaten too,*

*to grow in their stomachs ...*

*But it's all fake ....*

*And the mistress herself ?*

*She's smiling from her heavens ....*

*These boys from Pegasus .... she's so proud of them ....*

*But what about the girls, isn't it cruel what they do to them ?*

*No, for they just want to have their meat back, and their body-limbs,*

*their animals and their bags,*

*And every evening when the sun falls, they spit these girls out,*

*to teach them how to swim,*

*to teach them how to breed their own coffee .....*

*And the girls, these girls,*

*they just act like the mistress, they eat the boys from inside out, to laugh  
themselves into the highest heavens ....*

The mistress doesn't accept girls either,  
So she's eating them also there, as dinner in her high heavens ....  
The girls, they try to eat her from inside out ....  
But they know and have to know,  
that her stomach is still full of dominoes,  
these implants from velan aliens ....  
She always laughs harder,  
and the next day they are,  
in the deepest hells,  
that was how it always went ...

So the girls, falling up and down,  
like a yoyo between the poles,  
waving at those boys from pegasus,  
still doing their shows .....

the boys who could never wake up

But one day, and this is sad to say,  
The girls will meet the other side of the mistress' medaillon,  
when she was very young,  
and they will cry themselves to the deepest hell,  
even to the world behind it,  
meeting some wilder boys,  
like wild wasps baptized in candy,  
like bars with bells,  
ruling after the drink ....  
there's a world deeper than hell,  
there where the wilder boys live,  
these wilder animals,  
crocodiles in bad shape,  
scaring you like your grandmother's horror could never do ....  
when you see them you sign your death,  
when you smell them, you are paralyzed within one minute,  
they hit little holes in your thick aura's,  
in your brains,  
and in your dogs trousers ....  
to make you as wild as them,

or even wilder ....

the wild and the wild,

locked up in a domino,

leading each other to a wilder man,

bringing the pears to the trousers,

letting your pencil become possessed ....

but you can only escape a world,

when you are wilder than that world ....

but that's not a problem for you to do ...

for that world is breeding you into that wild object ....

the wild pencil .....

drawing a way out,

painted by blood,

decorated by skins ....

your own ..... then you become the paper prince .....

he will never hurt anyone,

all his swords are fake,

all the wounds he hit,  
all the cruel words he speaks ....  
it's just to let you escape,  
to meet a world wilder than you ....  
and for you a way to be finally free ....

to reach the deepest bells,  
hitting them to enter a deeper world,  
by touching fragile buttons,  
from insects waiting for you deep underground,  
it's your car standing there,  
your car to the dinosaur your grandfathers bred .....

the tear can lead you to a world deeper than hell,  
to a world wilder than your grandfather preeched about ...  
there where the final bells hang,  
waiting for you to strike them ....

There were the swans spit fire,  
there where everything is fake,



There where everyone has more lives,

Like the battleground of a game,

You can never really lose,

it's all fake,

the trophies and the lost,

the marbles can be eaten,

the marks can be worn ....

it doesn't hurt, it's all plastic,

it's fake after all ....

It will be a wilder game,

It will be a wilder transmission,

But the pain will fade away ....

The pain of the house without games ....

I wore a hat without games for such a long time ...

It destroyed half of my face ....

I'm a walking curse .....

But it made me wild enough ....

To reach the coasts of the Big Game .....

It made me tall enough to reach the towers of the old church,  
to break the neck of the cock,  
for it was ticking in my head for so long,  
telling me i was a blasphemer .....

and i am .... one of the biggest ... but ask yourself this question :  
who am i blaspheming ....

i killed tenmillions holy statues from a holy temple,  
eating a holy tullip alive ....

swallowed two most sacred frogs,

and drowning some sanctified and blessed dice .....

i broke a divine cigarette, the divine and speaking lambstead of a blessed  
butchery,

i broke a sacred war, and so on and on ....

sacred policemen want my head to speak on their hearths,

i get letters from nevermind,

and i'm wondering why the big bang is still liking me ....

for i spat in the wine of his holy supper .... ate his cannibals .... and used  
his bibles for writing bills to the poor ..... poor gods, speaking poor words  
to the people, poor guidance ....

anyway, i'm on more than two thousand planetary deathlists, but it's all fake ..... when i say it was just a joke, they ask me if i can become the clowns in their hospitals .... well, that's a big deal .... i mean ... i'm getting older ..... i need some peace and rest in my life .... selling the old wars to the newcomers ..... for them to have a good game in their youth ..... but hey, that's also fake ..... when you are a good writer, you never tell people that it's all fake .... but i don't see myself as a good fitting writer ..... no, but i'm a damned good accountant .... when i write the bills, people always think i'm writing a new book .... and in my office they are even bestsellers .... it's all between my chair and the door of the room, and then it falls down, not being able to reach the ceilings ..... i think it just likes to be underground ..... to find a rest and a peace .... even though it's wilder than the world outside my room .... that happens when you find your bed for the first time of your life ..... it becomes your ship ..... all underground, to meet all the boys who could never wake up .....

Father Sandman never let these boys wake up, he's calling his toys, to let them do the crime .... but it's all fake .... He loves them very much, these boys in the games, these monsters others have to kill .... but they have more lives, just like all the others ..... There father is repairing some of their wheels, and some magnet-balls in their eyes .... They can still scare people like they cannot move for two million of years ..... They can still make people cry by letting them feel their hand .... And they can still make people laugh like never before by imitating some caricatures ..... but it's all fake ..... these are all tricks from Bilmageln, that Big Dwarf, that old bald wizard from vega ..... bringing childhood back to the tiles of the old city ... when he smiles it's like a hundred mandarines are smiling ..... When he rages .... it's all fake .... He's still the king of all truants ..... caring for kids destroyed by biting schools ..... showing them how to ride these insects .... going to ..... a wilder world ..... there where the tears ... are chocolatelakes ....

The man with that tough candy-voice, those licorice-sticks, is still leading you through low waters with splinters and snakes, broken glass and crocodiles, even the needles of your grandma swim there, they appeared to be dangerous fishes and shark-killing insects .... it's all to make your heart wilder, and to show you it's all fake ..... the scars on your body are telling you wilder stories, but all to bring you in peace .... that biggest war was not what it looked like, it was a button of a foreign game, and still your uncles are sitting around it .... smoking heavy cigars ..... selling their glasses to the middle of the table ..... cuyornaida corset .... you don't know what they are doing .... but it will give you your dreams tonight .... to show you satan's sister ..... but she was also fake ..... and these guys always have a split character .... they can also save you out of spoilt schools and burning churches ..... the preacher dropped a wild cigarette there ..... thinking it would save the money .... but it was burning the forests .... never sell your wildness to a wild cigarette, for it burns everything away ..... turn the market into a playground ... the money into a game .... this will make everything transparent .... this will stir up the liquid lights ..... this will open bilmageln's fences ..... to meet his dogs roaring in the night ..... he has some fake tickets ... travelling with them to japan and back .... for all planes like his tickets .... they look like books, just like my bills .... they look like paintings, just like my clothes .... he can even buy things by only showing his tickets, and then the people laugh for three hours, and then realizing they were tricked ..... but then it's too late already ..... they woke up in another world ..... in broken business, realizing that the playground is king as always ....

Behind the golden fence, the playground lies, deep in the sand, deep in morning's trousers .... Behind the silver fence, the hurt is gone, .... only two cigars are lying there ..... dreams from a broken heart ..... but not hurting anymore .... the smoke is rising into seven eternities ....

*raising the roundabouts*

The boy with the purple face is staring at me .... he smoked his last cigarette .... that autistic boy .... a cigarette .... of a divorce .... too tight ..... it was blocking him from breathing ..... but was it really a divorce ? his face covered by soot .... accusations were still the bosses of the factory he worked in .... but he smoked this last cigarette .... he's whispering inside ..... his eyes like the purple deer ....

was it really a divorce ? he cannot speak anymore .... smoking his last fantasy .... tomorrow he has to new ones at the canals of amsterdam ..... but he doesn't have money anymore .... someone stole it .... a raven .... but was it really a thief ..... it was the same bird he met in the factory .... without the divorce he wouldn't be in this factory, he wouldn't meet this bird ..... the bird wasn't a thief .... but he gave him a total new fantasy .... the money would only buy old fantasies, blocking him from coming over the hills .....

there was a man selling divorces to the birds in amsterdam .... it was a blind man .... turning the wheel of his black box .... white doves were being spread by this .... the canals looked green, there was poison streaming through it ..... and yellow magnetic juice .... to wake men up out of their prisons .... the bird's children ..... to eat the food of divorce ..... to bring them back to the factory .... where the wasp could be bred again .... it would be the marriage-assassin ... trade in divorces .... forced by grandfather .... laying the knife under the pillow ....

there the domino-prince stands in the middle of amsterdam's bakery .... he finally made the jump, from rotterdam to amsterdam .... now all his pains are food .... now his markets are playgrounds forever .... the beginning of a new game .... but i want to go to rotterdam, to see the purple becoming yellow .... to see a hard day rising into the seventh sun ... still aldebaran's toyshop .... burning it's way through rotterdam's windows ... these windows are spoilt .... the return of jesus was just the return of a toy .... i'm running between rotterdam and amsterdam .... like the jester's tear .... to bring all my toys into the game ....

the prince of playcards is still counting his cards and toysoldiers ... his helicopters are burning holes in the air ..... and holes in the night to escape the last terrors ..... the seconds between the seconds are slowly sliding away ... this land lives slower .... i can hear the breaths between your words, i can see the hours between your hairs ..... they are dividing their strategies like the tigerhairs .... hard like glue, breeding themselves into needles .... someone is selling rhymes to the tiles of amsterdam, coming from the hague .... but no one wants to buy .... only rotterdam ..... to sell it for higher prices to the east .... the raven brought me to east long ago ..... for birthday's living there ..... and i'm riding it's delights to fight against the medical spider ....

this is the last pipeline i'm breathing through .... i cut all the others away .... that pipeline of east, still my worst put in chess ..... i lost my king and queen because of it ... but now a better one could rise .... she shines like the sun .... saying all oceans waited for this moment .... they all waited for that loss to make some space in my wizard's bag ... to bring some apples, some oranges and some other fruits, for a new market ... one with a playground .... in the game, where the worst enemies are your best friends ..... there where all tears are fake .....

all these breads from the baker .... they were just games .... all fake ..... still a scrooge from rotterdam comes to amsterdam every year when it's winter .... laughing himself to death while others are crying themselves to death .... my uncles are still surrounding this picture smoking big cigars ... after my mom and dad died they always cared for me, and little amsterdam .... their cigars are fake .... their beers, and even their nuclear bombs ....

there were some decisions from the round table churches .... sending some blue doves to the universe .... under a false name ... they declared that .... all these decisions were fake .... that even those round table churches were fake ....

they were just fallen dwarves, having some illegal connections with giants .... underground conspiracies ..... but my uncles still like them .... they are proud members for years and years .... and still everyone believes what they say, while they themselves don't believe a word of it ... but their heads are on the coins, together with a legendary and historical year, carved in madman's style ...

the boys ... they can cry till someone really gives in ..... they can complain, they can rage, they can threaten, till the coin is falling ..... and then they laugh until the second coin is falling ..... but it's all fake ... they have the body of a wasp, switching the magnets, for the best results ..... there where the purple becomes yellow, it can use a little black now and again, little purple boy, little purple deer ... it's the story which lets the coin fall.

he's selling the stories to the dreams of amsterdam, now the dogs can breath a bit longer, but when the stories die out, these dogs will be gone too ... then they will have to go to other cities, to find them some new stories .... they use these stories to rule the heads of the people, with their pencils and paintings .... the boy got these stories from the raven ... these stories are the keys of the marionets .... the keys to move their legs and their arms, to bow their heads ... and to move their lips and blink their eyes ... they dance by fables, play by fairytales, sing by jokes .... they don't know if they will survive winter ... for then the story-assassins will come .... but they can use these dramas for some good funerals in the middle of amsterdam .... some animals want to go into wintersleep ...

the raven will go to the schools and churches and to justice-courts to steal the stories and turn them backwards ... these will be the kid's books for the next years ... and he can sell these stories to the dogs .... energizing their automatons again ...

automaton-soldiers sliding through the roofs of amsterdam ... throwing the used stories in the museum .... they will bloom there again ..... they will be the bills of amsterdam .... terrorizing the spheres ..... flying bills

over the earth .... grown up stories from the big museum ..... the return ...  
of the toy ..... that bank of scrooge in rotterdam can be closed .... the  
automaton-soldiers will built a new toyshop there, with all toysoldiers ....  
where i will be the accountant .... where my brother will sell his cars ....  
one for him and for me ..... still the two parts of the gemini girl's face ....  
the piano plays by itself, when there's enough oil in it ... as long as this  
gemini's girl speaks ..... as long as the stories go .... the spaces between the  
piano-strikes take longer ..... i can see capricorn's hat again ....

there's science fiction in the old shoe .... the storybirds are all around his  
head .... leading him to the toyshop, there where all automatons start ....  
these storybirds will repair the clocks ..... when it is read it turns into a  
bill ... these billbirds repair the churchtowers and the compasses .... he's  
riding his storybirds ... riding to the deserts of the east ..... bringing some  
water to the clouds and towers there ... the swan is still spitting fire,  
someone's skating on the lake .... all in rotterdam's toyshop .... all  
dreamers in a row .... the snowman and the soft cloud are striking some  
millers there, another toyshop is rising, these toys come alive by stories ....

the bill-assassin is a big dark man, killing the clocks like he killed his  
grandmother .... now his grandfather lives in his head .... no fish can  
follow his speech .... he's sitting behind his domino-piano, striking the keys  
for a final strike ....

I'm breathing together with you .... I blow my breath in you, and you  
blow your breath in me ... It's still that soft sour breath from the forest,  
making me weak inside .... Collecting stories to hang them around our  
necks .... spreading their flavors far over the hills, preparing us to descend  
to our homelands and histories .... spreading the attention in deep smiles  
..... but it is ...all fake ....

There's an indian warbook in my head ... printed by several wasps .... It's  
sacred to me, but fake .... I don't believe one word of it ..... Just a good  
story .... You bought it for me, so long ago ..... in that shop deep in the



white chocolate ..... decorated drama, ornaments of the tragedy ....  
dancing in my head, sinking down into my shoes .... deep in the night ....  
but all fake ..... and i would never use it for the toyshop ... it's something  
between you and me ..... but did you ever read it yourself, some things  
are a bit impolite ... it tastes like a wild face from a wasp's funeral ..... but  
..... it's fake .... all fake ..... like Bilmageln's keys of waterlights, dancing in  
the night, marching through your eyes .....i'm reaching for you, through  
the broken mirror .... I saw the kid falling from the statue .... having a  
deep wound ..... while the black horse was entering the market ..... I  
misunderstood the whole picture ..... but this wound was the loss she felt  
when i left ..... but i'm back .....

i'm trying to pick up the sounds of your piano, created by pure and  
concentrated slowmotion, trying to enter my head and heart .... these  
dominoes ..... they all fell when you touched the first one ....

i'm smashing the doors .... leaving worlds behind me .... trying to reach  
the echoes of our past .... puzzling them into the future .... a bit  
mathematics if it comes to that ..... entering the cat's fever and the  
pear's delirium ..... following the lines of the story ... wondering how it will  
end .... and where it will end .... here .... in the white chocolate ..... this  
song let people cry themselves to death .... i have it in my fingers .... but  
still i miss some blue keys on my piano ..... some pages are missing ..... this  
misunderstood book .... this misunderstood .... painting .... it used to scare  
me as a kid ....

you're closing your eyes in that snowwhite dress ... decorated by shining  
pink ... your head up, breathing through your nose, with a deep smile .....  
the painting remembered me about you .... too much ..... i couldn't bear  
that shattered dream ..... but now i'm ready for you took me by the hand  
.... it was your time to send the helicopter .....

you know i'm a marionet, when the story dies, i'm dying too .... but you  
are full of stories .... although they are all fake ..... the bunny in his fake

mercedes .... if it was a real one i would kill him, for i can't stand  
capitalists ..... but even that kill would be fake ..... the girl with the red  
books, cuyornaida corset, all your stories .....

and i'm still running to the place where the last orphan lives ... deep  
down in amsterdam .... he has domino wallpaper ... still the prince of  
broken dreams and broken games ..... but he's selling his puzzles to the  
birds .... he's the boss of the casino .... the last foundling lives in  
rotterdam, still working in a toyshop, a marionet, a bracelet-assassin ....  
he's playing the candy's piano .... all poison .... all these chocolate-soldiers  
and chocolate-toys come alive in the night .... all these liquid light bells .....  
all dancing around the head of the little girl .... he cares for his little sister  
....

the sounds are sliding over the towers and houses, the town is baptized in  
chocolate, waiting for the strike of marspine ... he's raging for a town .....

### *King of Fake*

I met the king of nonsense,

He was on his way to the king of fake ....

I found a black stone near to a theologians house,

twenty theologians lived there,

ten wise and ten doubters

It was a stone from rotterdam,

telling me stories of dirt and divorce,  
but when i turned the stone around,  
a frog was living under it,  
carrying all fairytales existing ....

Just turn the stone around,  
when the king of nonsense is coming to you,  
he's on his way to the king of fake,  
selling your heart to the maze ....

Just turn the stone around,  
when it appears to be a maze,  
for a frog is living under it,  
carrying all you need to know ....

The French Schoolbook

*Cruel Heritages*

*"And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ..."*

---

*paragraph 1.*

*Glues from Crocodile*

*the woman with the white boots*

*In the land of the fake,*

*a fake-assassin lives,*

*all his crimes,*

*all fake*

*There where everything gets fake,*

*The pain slides away,*

*and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands*

*...*

*It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue,*

*The juice for your children ...*

*In the land of the fake,*

*a fake-dancer dances ...*

*The mailman with his fake letters ...*

His fake hat ...

all to make your heart in peace ...

Now how do you make something fake ?

It takes many lullabies for that ....

You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur ....

No one knows where he lives,

It takes some adventure,

You need to go to some libraries from Gemini,

where the glues are streaming,

green glues and blue glues,

while outside it's snowing,

and the trees produce those powders ....

How do you make games,

for these are necessary for a fake ...

Ask yourself some good questions ...

The woman with the white boots will initiate you ....

Tall white boots,

A mouth soft like sekmeth ....

She knows how to spread your past,  
So that you will find your old toys and games ...  
So that you will remember grandfathers old toycupboard ....  
And that of one of your nephews ....  
Your other nephew made the games himself ....  
He was already deeply initiated by that woman ...

Will she be as deep as butterflywings ?  
Will she be as deep as your grandfather's cry ?  
Will she get him into life again ....  
How many crosses did she destroy ....  
And how many did she create ....  
Does she know Red Boots .....  
All questions wandering through your mind ....

She sells the broadwins of your grandfather,  
Those seacucumbers, those seagherkins ...

Your drinking the liqors of the fake,  
Nothing hurts you anymore ...

*This woman,*

*is she as deep as Red Boots, Red Sword and Red Cape ....*

*All you know is she starts the game ...*

*In a rythm you trust ...*

*Too many stories makes a heart fake ....*

*The curse of the fairytale ....*

*But this woman is in love with you,*

*And you are in love with her,*

*for she's your desire inside ...*

*She's the game you like to play,*

*your fake smile,*

*counting the marbles ....*

*And she wants you to realize that love is just a ballgame,*

*and you are just running after balls, trying to hit the Big Fake ....*

*Now isn't that a strange painting ?*

*You are locked up in a gamecupboard,*

in a ballgame, in a big ballcupboard ...

until you are fake yourself ...

My grandfather loved this painting ....

But I'm still cursing it ....

This heritage, this heritage ... is breaking my mind ...

But maybe that's all ... my misunderstanding,

the heritage from my grandmother ....

Ten days in the cruelest game .... locked up in a silveryyellow box,

I'm still walking with an indian warbook in my head ....

Can anyone help me ?

Someone shone light in the dark box ....

It was .... White Boots .... from that painting of my grandfather ....

Such a cruel heritage ....

It used to scare me as kid ...

But now she's standing there with a key in her hand ....

A mysterious liquid key .... the glues are streaming through it ....

Her appearance strikes me ... I'm finding myself fainting through worlds,

It's like the strike of japan,



*I'm screaming for my granddad,*

*This woman is scaring me ....*

*Did she ..... did she lock me up in this box ?*

*Her velvet white boots scare me like the wildest shark ...*

*I'm crying oceans of tears, on my grandfathers lap ....*

*I'm feeling a baby again ....*

*shivering myself through those nightmares ....*

*I'm feeling such a rage inside,*

*that I could destroy her .....*

*But my grandfather liked this painting, so I will honour the heritage ...*

*He's smiling at me ...*

*She always cared about his games and toys ....*

*She's a friend to him ...*

*But she locked me up in these games .....*

*She's an enemy to me .....*

*heads of the crocodile*

*I'm walking with an indian warbook in my head ....*

I think she wrote it .....

And I think my grandfather made a mistake by trusting her ....

God, is she the woman of the white chocolate ?

Why is she riding all those creatures .....

When she opens the book I'm lost,

then I feel myself a ball in a cruel ballgame ...

Grandfather ..... what did you give to me .....

what did you leave behind for me ....

When she moves her boots,

I can't believe in summers anymore,

I can't believe in friends,

I don't have any hope left,

Then only she is standing before me, doing cruel things to me ...

The only thing which is wandering through my mind then,

is that ... I'm losing the game .....

I'm losing everything ....

And then i cry myself into sleep ....

to meet a bigger nightmare .....

when she ... leaves ... me .... taking my heart away ....

although she tells me she will be back in an hour .....

*to do some shopping ....*

*i bet she sells my heart there ...*

*a morningmare ....*

*another day in the factory ....*

*where the days endure eternities .....*

*Today I heard from the lady that it was a toyfactory i worked in .....*

*i never knew that .... i thought i lost the game ....*

*my grandfather worked here also when he was young ....*

*but she saved him out of it .....*

*giving him his own games and toys ....*

*he still adores her for that ...*

*It appears she saved me too,*

*I don't know if i can believe that,*

*for maybe it's all fake ....*

*and maybe this is only a deeper prison ....*

*appearing to be worse ...*

*But I will give her a chance ....*

I'm eating her keys,  
they are sweet like licorice ....  
but also a strange taste ....  
it's glue ... the siren's glue ....  
It's like a cichlid is swimming in me ....  
She just invented this box,  
she just invented it ....  
to protect me against something worse ....

When she comes closer to me,  
It's like the strike of the indians,  
Fainting myself through their warbooks,  
This woman is dangerous,  
Like black hell,  
but it was all to protect me against something worse ...

It's like the food of rabbits,  
it's like Jupiters magnet balls ...  
This woman with the soft voice,  
like all taps are open ....

while a cichlid is riding my stomache ....

a panther is riding my liver,

a tiger my spleen .....

and I'm finding myself on the back of the orange dinosaur ....

was that what she finally gave to me ?

no, it was always there, she sais ....

we're flying to Gemini's Library .....

where the gluebooks are living ....

the key to Fake's Land ....

The glue is boiling like sandman's breeding new worlds .....

And I'm looking at her boots,

it's all happening in her boots ....

It's all happening in her boots,

there where the cichlid's sing,

when the juice becomes too sweet,

or just when it becomes too strange ....

She's breeding her juices,

*Still a White Chocolate elve ...*

*And these boys from lynx ... these boys from lynx ...*

*these sight-assassins,*

*selling too heavy paintings for your mind,*

*to do the crime .... to do .... the crime ....*

*but it's all fake ...*

*These strange tastes,*

*blinding my heart,*

*These wild boys and wild animals,*

*She rides them .....*

*It was a strange ballgame,*

*But now she's saving me out ....*

*I was the prince of the ballgames,*

*strange ballgames ...*

*cuyornaida corset .....*

*and she invented it .....*

It's all coming from the big shoe ...

There's a war inside ....

A war of shoes ....

The winner will have the shoeshop ....

selling it's prisoners ....

dangerous ... animals ....

animals ... from the big shoe ...

There's a zoo in her shoe,

There's an ornament in her hair ....

When she does the crime .....

But it's all fake .....

We're on the back of the orange dinosaur ...

drinking orange juice ....

it tastes so strange .... like the depths of a sea, like the stomach of a fish ...

it's burning inside ....

can we trust what we drink ?

there we are in gemini's library, drinking more of these juices ...

glues they are .... the cichlid's anatomy ....

but it's all fake .... and we are entering deeper inside of it .....

to meet more fake ....

we see fake funerals, fake ornaments,  
and fake fairgrounds, all by these books ....

it's all in the drink .....

It tastes like toadstool and cactus ....

the anatomy ... of the cichlid ....

all fake ...

there's a tree called rabbit's food ...

when you touch it, it will never let you go ....

i think i touched this thing long ago .....

it's some sort of strange powder through the mix ....

it's all in a book, named after it ....

it looks like my indian warbook, deep down in my head ....

i know this taste, i know it ....

there's a tree called squirrel's food ...

a dangerous one if it comes to that,



when you touch it,  
it takes you  
through the several realms of death .....  
all powders through the mix ....

a tree called snake's food,  
it makes the colours wild .....  
it burns the mix until it's like wood ....  
strange dinners from the cook ....

it's all in the books of gemini's libraries,  
it's all there where the glues stream ....  
there's a tree on jupiter called beaver's food,  
it gives power to the magnet balls ....  
a silver snake lives inside ...  
breeding the silver-yellow glue ....

All these glues meet each other in a river ....  
flowing from the hill .....  
we need to swim against the flow ....

all these fruits, ripping us open .... but it's all fake .... and we swim further  
....

all these fruits ... eating us from inside out ..... but it's all fake .... and we  
swim further ....

here things are becoming more transparent .... this is like the foam on the  
seawaves .....

the juice of the tiger is so hot and sweet that it starts to sing .....

the juice of the crocodile is so sharp and thick ... it's glue .....

they are guarding the land of the fake ....

they are testing the mass ... protecting their children ....

i'm swimming through strange lands of strange kitchens and lands of  
strange trees ...

so strange that it makes you cry ....

but white boots is swimming beside me .... this is a long river .... it's like  
the Mississippi ....

There the orange dinosaur is swimming between us .... and it feels so  
strange that it makes you laugh ....

oh, this land knows all emotions ... but it's fake ....

we are almost on top of the hill ..... where a little man, a dwarve is  
writing a book ...

it's called the land of the fake .... and he sais we can only enter the land of the fake by reading it .... but he would only give the book when it's done, and when we would defeat the crocodiles in the crocodile-lake ..... we ask him where that is .... he sais it's at the foot of the hill ..... so we swim to it .... feeling the hill has changed .... it's the same hill .... the same river ... but it's changed .... the crocodiles in the lake are called "changes" ... and an enormous fight starts ..... when we have defeated them, we swim back to the top ..... but now the little man sais : first you have to bring me their heads ... so we swim back again, while i feel i'm getting angry, but i realize the hill and the river changed again .... and that makes a sort of magical feeling in me being released .... we take the heads of the crocodiles with us, tied to a chain .... and when we are on top of the hill again, the little man had been changed into a giant .... and the book was now called "laws to survive changes" .... it was slowly growing bigger and it was changing into a game ..... it looked like a rubber swimmingbath, turning into a pool more and more ..... finally it was like a giant-cichlid and it started to float ..... "do you want to go with the balloon ?" the giant asked .....

"where is it going to ?" i ask ....

"it's going to the land of fake," he sais .....

I saw a little basket appearing under the cichlid-balloon, and i jumped in, together with white boots ... the cichlid was crying fake-tears ..... and it was all flowing inside of us .... giving us such strange feelings in our stomachs .... all our funerals inside became plastic ... all threatening bills became candy .... according to me white boots just played the game with me, for she was appearing more and more like a goddess to me .... but a strange one ...

These cichlid's capsules ..... These crocodile-heads ..... all fake ..... but .....

*still the banana-queen*

And there I wake up ..... but i was in the land of the fake now .... i did it  
.... and there was really blue glue in the taps now ..... jellyfishes in the bath  
... i'm shivering .... but it's the fake which has possessed my house .... would  
this be the third marble of the old wasp, reflecting the fragments of the  
jellyfish's face ? there's juice of different games streaming here ....

A pole-o-state and a pole-o-meter were walking through the streets of  
amsterdam, checking the watermirrors and the bloodmirrors .... running  
like crazy through the night .... some said jesus died in a cruel indian  
game .... but it was all fake ..... it was just to raise these little machines .....  
two staggercats from the hard life .....

the jelly-fish is eating the cichlid .... but it's all fake .... they are just good  
artists ..... it all happened between the safe soft walls of a circus in april  
..... on the first one, when alva lost his killerwhale ....

grandfather got the thin strike, he's a boy again ..... now he's running in  
soft pyama's from the brown orange bear through the cornfields ....  
drinking the baker's juices ..... there's honey flowing from his head .... he's  
a boy again .... with flower-cheeks ..... in this land everyone wears pyamas  
....

White Boots is showing me the trees growing in my kitchen now : One  
called shark's food, one called deer food, and one called lynx food .... it's  
still a sort of bread growing there, very tough, but soft .... it's the sort  
saint nicolas used to spread to keep the wild animals quiet ....

The indian warbook is burning in my head ..... it's like new powders are  
spreading themselves through me .... She sais the book is but a card from  
the cuyornaida corset, a playcard .... it was a sort of joker ..... destined to  
let me die in the game ... but in the game, a flower grew to reach the  
portals of the land of fake ..... This flower is the red rose .... that big secret  
from aldebaran's hill ... neptune's little fairy ..... the ladder from the game

to the shell ..... And in the game, we all die to turn into a red rose,  
reaching for the land of fake ... the rain of fake will let the rose grow ....  
on aldebaran's hills we all go through the cocoon, waiting for a game  
bigger than this, where the heartache breaks the spoon .... where the  
game reaches the fake, all hurt will flow away, it will flow like rain, it  
will flow like rain, from aldebaran's hills .... to breed the roses ..... those  
black roses ..... all a threat in the game ..... but at the end of the story ....  
it appeared to be one and the same .... it was all written on one card ....  
it was all a big joker ..... to bring the land into a deeper strike, to bring  
toys and fakes alive, all these treasures of our grandfathers ..... coming  
alive again .... then the earth will touch the moon again ... then the  
licorice will have a greater party ..... in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom  
....

from belgian sunsets to american rains .... it appeared to be grandfathers  
hand touching you, proclaiming the same .... that the heartache in the  
game, is the way to the land of fake, where all hurt melts away, where  
all criminals are an escape .... criminals of the big fake, marching with  
fake knives in their hands .... they are marching with fake candles, fake  
lights in the night .... even the night is fake, and the ground on which  
they march .... when you hear their voices, you get fake too, the wounds  
on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue ....

all who died in the game, can read the stories of the red rose to come at  
peace ..... there's always a bigger game, with bigger rules ....

and for those who died in the mazes, the yellow rose still stands, like a  
ladder to new sunsets, ..... it was the first marble of the old wasp .... but  
what would be the second marble ..... it's still the secret a little princess  
carries deep inside .... it's still a book, deep down in my stomach, a book  
of wasps, that is what it says ... it's still an arabian warbook there .....  
raging when the indian warbook is speaking .... together they do the  
dances ... it's like a war of spice ... that's what it says ... when you die on a  
marketsquare, you can sell your story to the museum, to receive the

mark of fame .... it was the black rose leading you through after all .....  
the second marble of the wasp .... the little princess hid it for you so long,  
but now these shadows can enter your mind ....

a black rose, a yellow rose and a red rose, came to your cradle in the  
night .... they came from the seas of roses .... they came to break the spell  
..... they had to use a curse to break the curse ..... they used a sickness to  
destroy the sickness ... an eye for an eye .... they are still the friends of  
your head ... the iron laws which cannot be broken, to hide you away  
from something worse .....

the banana-queen still wrapping you into blankets of delights ..... she was  
always like the book in the middle .... giving you the dollhouse for the  
night ..... she was always that strange delight, that walking candle,  
singing through your deepest desires and your coldest pains .... she was  
always in the middle to reach and hold them all .... but she's still their  
creator .... she created these roses and these seas ... to bring you to better  
markets, games and mazes, where you know the way, you and your  
liquid key-lights .... still the best way to burn old money .... and to create  
some new coins for the automatons .... she can bring your childhood's  
books alive ... those books from which you thought they weren't important  
.....

still the banana-queen, still the ornament's transmission .... the banana's  
ornament is shining in the night .... this tailor's dream ... she's still  
inventing new pyamas, still inventing new mazes ... mazes in which you  
know the way ..... still the banana's wet feelings, still the banana's dream,  
sliding through your clothes, bringing the ballgames to your shoes ....  
always your rollerskates ..... she's riding the jupiterian marionet, ...and  
she's riding you ....

she always wants to bring the two together, but sometimes she switches  
the dominos .... she's still a domino-lover .... and her cupboards are full of  
ballgames ..... her tropical fishes bring holidays to tight schools .... she loves

to bring the two together, but sometimes she switches the dominos .... her arrivals are still reaching ten meters underground, while her metallic friends are scanning the kitchens and the ceilingcorners .... and then she turns the houses around ..... on sundays she's a mermaid, on saturdays she sells furniture to the fairytalees .... on mondays she's a mistress ..... while on tuesday she works in the libraries .... there's always something to do ....

white boots is staring at me .... it was a long trip .... i feel shattered .... and still like i'm losing the games ...she sais when bananas are mixed with chocolate ... there's a way out .... but i still feel that i'm stuck somewhere .... there are still things roaring in my mind ... she sais i need these feelings of hopelessness ... i need to die deeper, root deeper, so that i can touch higher moons .... i need the split face, the deepest oppositions ... i need a deeper split, for a deeper cooperation ....

it's like all my senses are dead now ... i only feel pain .... deep pain ... it's like i'm still that little kid looking at grandfathers painting .... white boots standing there ..... with some keys in her hands .... and some tall dark shadows behind her, and some pastures and forests ..... the air is dark and brown, but there are some other colours through it ..... it's a wild air ..... and i'm still not trusting this woman, feeling the rage rising up ..... for i still feel a prisoner ..... well, i gave her the chance .....

finally i'm getting so mad ..... i'm dashing the painting into pieces ..... the heritage ..... and then starting to weep like never before ..... but that's okay, i did those things before ..... paintings are fearing me because of this ..... someone has bred me like this ..... maybe she did it .... i'm feeling myself like a wasp searching for justice .... this damned earth is really a cocoon to become the wildest wasp .... it will for sure breed the wildest song ..... but it's a ballgame ..... it's fake ..... i challenge high kings in the boxing ... even bilmageln .... but he's taking me by the arm .... and leads me through the traffic ..... bringing me into an attic of toys .... new ones, wilder than ever .... there he closes the door .... they look like me ..... they show me their scars ..... they even challenge me .... i understand their rage

.... i try to sooth them ..... realizing .... there's always someone more in rage than me .... i learnt a lot about rage-transforming, so here my soothing heart can help them .... here my rage turns into a soothing father ..... i remember the look in their eyes .... it reminds me of my own misunderstandings and fights for justice ..... i'm telling them about white boots ..... how i destroyed her painting ..... that i don't trust her ..... that she invented all these games .....

but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys, we need to stop this lady ..... her arrows are sharp ..... but we will block her ..... and show her what she did to us ..... all i feel is hate ... although my heart is soothing these boys ..... these toys .... i see her laughing .... we all hear her laughing ..... she's .....mocking us ..... i can't stand it when someone is laughing while someone else is crying .... do you have a heart or not ? the pain is tearing me apart ... but i'm trying to sooth the boys, preparing them for the strike .... we are .... just .... her prisoners .... prisoners of a ballgame ..... we will escape .... we will ... break free .... this woman needs to be stopped .... i never felt such hate ..... and i felt mislead .... i hanged on to someone who only pushed me deeper in the pit .... and now i found these wilder boys here .... they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot .... i'm in a mental institution ... bilmageln brought me here .... but finally i feel myself like a father again .....

white boots is staring at me ..... showing me a rose ..... a blue one ..... but all i can do is cry .... holding in my rage ..... she sais : when you die in the joke .... when you die in the laughing mass ..... a blue rose is growing there .... leading you to the land of nonsense ..... where all justice reigns .....

i feel so cold, almost ignoring her words .... i will not let this woman destroy us further .....

there she shows me another rose .... a green one .... saying when you die in the cry ..... a green rose grows ..... bringing you into the library .....



*did i hear this before ..... and where are the wild boys now ? .....*

*she opens a book, and i see some pictures of them in it .....*

*she sais : your cry was their cry .... it was a book crying in your head ....  
but it could only fade away when you would find the book to open it .....*

*i realized that all these flowers were roads to her .... and that she sowed  
them in my heart .... in all these difficult grounds ..... of my soul ..... but  
these were just books ..... screaming books .... which would only stop  
crying when i would take a look into them .....*

*i'm embracing white boots ..... and fall asleep ....*

*i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul ..... and while  
i'm walking these paths of books .... they all become silent .... white boots  
is soothing them into sleep .... there's a little flame in my stomache again  
..... spreading a little light through my body ... she will be everything i  
need to take roots and to grow to the suns ..... i now realize that she will  
do everything to show me all the marbles of the old wasp ..... but i still  
feel cold ..... on my guard after all ..... ready for new tricks ....*

*guards of the handicapped*

*you really need to wake up, this woman is playing with your heart .... it  
still doesn't feel good to you ....*

*finally you start to realize that the object is always neutral, but that it  
depends on the one living in it, how the balls will roll .... you want to  
know who's riding these white boots .... maybe more creatures live in this  
house .... but you can only start to see it, when you take some distant  
from this woman, to look at her from a safe hill .... to watch the white  
boots by a telescope .....*

i once saw some dwarves through a telescope ..... they were so big ..... i once met the boys from tucan ... they were the guards of the handicapped ..... they were so empathic, and yet so wild ... they led them ... they led them ..... to those gluefalls of gemini ..... and to the goat's trees on columba ... where the bloodhounds lived ... those handicapped ... those mental pirates ..... the jesus's of the universe ... living and locked up in a circle ..... still scratching the paintings ... their mouths full of glue from the crocodile .... still dying in horror, still dying in jokes and false liberties ... still dying on railroads, in microwaves and lights too bright ..... still dying in books and on paintings ..... those boys from the bloodhound ....

how many times do i need to die in a joke ? one boy asks .... seventy times seven, the old white rabbit sais ..... he's still the caring teacher of these kids .... they are adults, but they could never grow up .... they were under a woman's curse ..... white boots .....

the boys of tucan brought their handicapped to the bloodhounds of columba, selling them to the white rabbit for some coffee ....

i couldn't save this painting ... it was already torn by the bloodhounds before i realized it .... giving it a wilder touch ..... i'm gathering the pieces of it ..... selling it as puzzles in rotterdam .... they sell good .... but i'm waiting for another visit of the bloodhounds .... i have some bigger business in mind ....

i could see the handicapped boy sitting behind the painting after it was torn .... he was shivering ... he gave me some roses and some dice .... together we could make games .....

i have a gameshop in east ... the handicapped boy has golden balls .... one day we can buy a rocket to tucan ... he still sits in his golden prison ... a suit white boots made for him .... but it made him creative, and now he rides the golden balls .... he's wearing golden boots .... he slayed all these golden monsters ..... and i'm proud of him .... i'm still ..... the guard of the

handicapped ... his tall blue jacket .... velvet from strange monsters .....  
tears crying in the wind ..... still howlers and shriekers in the night ...  
surrounded by tall guitars .... sharp sounds from aldebaran ... still ....  
aldebaran boys ....

*paragraph 2.*

*Aldebaran Boys*

*Jesus from the Vegetable*

*They run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there ....*

*They sing their songs of clothes too tight ...*

*But they wear their uniforms over them ....*

*Sharp guitars are on their side ....*

*The Aldebaran Boys ...*

*They have shining scars on their necks,*

*turning black in the night,*

*They ride chickens, selling the eggs to the empty grounds ....*

*Their leaders ride the red dragons,*

*those handicapped in the night ....*

*Full of tricks and secret obsessions ....*

*Selling the red eggs to the shoes and empty walls ....*

*making a living on the ceilings ....*

*The Aldebaran Boys ....*

*Still pirates on empty shores,*

*giving poets their swords back,*

*running barefooted on wooden roads ...*

*like their mother always did ....*

*selling daggers to the foot,*

*with the ballgames in their eyes ...*

*the snake's glues are running through their veins,*

*while the corners of their eyes are following them ....*

*The Aldebaran Boys ...*

*still handicapped boys ....*

*Still the paralyzing touch ....*

*Those mental institutions are still full with pretty flowers ....*

*they died in the magazines ....*

*they died in the factories ....*

*it was the big escape .....*

*They escaped through liquid holes ....*

*Those Aldebaran Boys ....*

*Those lucifers in a night too tight ...*

*Still tearing clothes,*

*Still setting the panthers free ....*

*Running the stairways of old shoes ...*

*And they gather*

*more handicapped lucifers ...*

*in a light too tight ....*

*A little princess is still crying on top of the stairs ...*

*She doesn't want to eat ...*

*Gathering her marbles for the next game ....*

*A spanish teacher is holding her tight ...*

*He knows what it is to drown in a dictionary ...*

*She has still the voice of glue ....*

*She got it from the cobra's prince ....*

*Tomorrow she will be a mermaid ...*

*In thick glue ...*

*She gathers brown eyes ...*

*for her next game ...*

*on the back of a red dinosaur ....*

*a seamonster from the sea of glue ...*

*Tomorrow she will be a mermaid ....*

*In thick glue ...*

*And the boys ... these boys ...*

*They are free in their prisons ...*

*selling their churches to old lions,*

*selling their little gods to another gameshop ...*

*they will be the balls of new games ...*

*rolling by blasphemy ...*

*And the man from the footballarena is smiling,*

*There is a lion standing in the middle of the field ....*

*There's something worse than the game ....*

*The Public ....*

*The Public is singing strange songs ....*

*These are in the pockets of the Aldebaran Boys ....*

*These liquid keys ....*

*The Public is riding the lion ....*

*The Public is riding the shark .....*

*Strange kitchen after all ....*

*The Aldebaran Boys ... they are gathering the Publics in their shoes ....*

*To have boosters to jump to the moon ....*

*for some deeper underground conspiracies .....*

*They are followers of the wild football ....*

*To turn it into a ballgame ...*

*with golden marbles ...*

*There he stands in his golden boots,*

*together with his lion ...*

*it's his lion ...*

*He's still .... the boy of the footballfield ...*

*Having a footballpublic-keyboard ...*

*It's all a trick ...*

*Strange kitchens ....*

*The balls roll by the public ...*

*But he sells their little gods ...*

*They are still the little plastic images hanging on his jacket ...*

*he uses to curse them all the time ...*

*These balls roll by blasphemy ....*

*He's selling his little churches to the trees ...*

*They will be tomorrows apples ...*

*He's selling his schools to the birds ...*

*They will be tomorrows nests ....*

*He's still the boy of the footballfield ...*

*Boy of the footballfield ...*

*Boy of seventy mazes .... all flowing from rotterdam to amsterdam, and  
then to the east ... where a little gameshop is catching them ....*

*Bring the mazes to the puzzles and the games ... and sell them ...*



*The Publics will help you with that ...*

*They will scream until you sell them ...*

*They are still the wet statues in a billiards room ....*

*And the butcher still cutting with his publics-knives,*

*It's the slaughtermachine of the city,*

*going from sunset to sunset ...*

*Someone is selling cats called "most" to the crowds ...*

*they are roaring in the night ...*

*I'm finding myself in the candy-factory ...*

*You thought your dance was over here ....*

*But slowly a new dance started ...*

*a better one ... and much wilder ...*

*I'm seeing a Jesus Christ hanging on a candy's stick ...*

*A snake is trying to strengle him ...*

*It's the candy's snake .... fed by publics ...*

*The picture is surrounded by game-audiences,*

*while a sharp observer is cutting it ....*

*Tomorrow someone will have his birthday ....*

*This is how they make tart ...*

*No these aren't the candles on a cake ...*

*These are the Jesus Christs you burn ...*

*These publics' fires are strange materials ....*

*Like shark's teeth ...*

*A cigarette is getting crazy ...*

*that happens when there are too many publics in your head ...*

*But now he has the pencil in his hand,*

*It's burning,*

*It decorates the candy,*

*To make it ripe for trade ...*

*You still sell these things ...*

*I see another Jesus Christ hanging on a candy stick ....*

*These are Jesus's from the Vegetable ...*

*Green elves with broken wings ...*

*The Revenge of the Jellyfish*

*The mazedreamer is breeding his publics for another strike ... Focussing  
his publics eye ... Is this the Eye of Birthday ?*

*Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out ....*

*That old dwarve's spell ...*

*Nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield,*

*While the audiences are singing the songs of "Crucify Him"*

*You dragged him to your judges of nonsense,*

*shooting his last vegetables ....*

*But a fruit is growing in him ...*

*Oblezea Vitrininium,*

*The Birthday's Eye,*

*giving him a new christmas ....*

*And you are the statue on his gun .....*

*Oblezea Vitrininium,*

*still sandman's best trick ....*

*still the horse on your father's road ...*

*still the cichlid's eye ...*

*There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the  
story ...*

*But a fruit was growing there ....*

*Oblezea Vitrinium ....*

*Such a strange sea-fruit in hot sand ...*

*Like the revenge of the jellyfish ...*

*Someone put his feet into it ... now he's a statue forever ...*

*The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys,*

*Like Bethlehem's star ...*

*They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ...*

*By this strange fruit ....*

*It fills their stomachs so deep,*

*like spun sugar ...*

*like the clock of a spider crazier than them ....*

*Echo's Birthday*

*the cobra's prince*

*It's a strange sort of glue ...*

*boiling in the candy's factory ...*

*sandman's sending his prisoners downstairs ...*

*to watch some television ...*

it's horror, but that's all hardening them,  
they will be tomorrows statues ...  
statues of the big candy ...  
chocolate, licorice and marchpane,  
and then they will be sold to saint nicolas ...  
he will decorate them by a public's touch,  
by the magazine's camera,  
having the backward's fame of a criminal ...  
but the children love to eat it ...

on marchpane street he lives,  
in a high skyscraper,  
in a corner outside the house,  
still painting the walls,  
watching the tartsides ....  
this spider's man ....  
bowing his heart to put them all straight,  
these birthday's soldiers,  
guiding their prisoners to the kettle ....

by the lights of a public's camera,  
kids eat them to bring them into the cartoon ...  
for the stomache-animals to watch ....

pipelines of candykettles,  
all in the factory ....  
still sandman's pride ...  
all happening in a dream ...

teachers are breeding their publics ...  
it's the war between the sandmen ...  
who will have the candyshop tonight ?  
the losers will be tomorrows candy ...  
old sandmen ... ready to go .... retired on a pension ...

never look into a candyfactory ....  
you will see sandman's funeral ...  
but a flower is growing there ... it's echo's flower ...  
from the Big Birthday ....  
tomorrow they will all eat sand ...

He will strike the Birthday's Eye,  
striking the saltbells ...  
well, all by the Giant's Whistlingkettle ....  
but he's riding it ...  
He will stir up the oceans with his flute ...  
still .... the cobra's .. prince ...  
still the boss of all glue ...  
still raising a madman's cigarette,  
building tomorrows televisions  
by kettles and balloons ....  
by a cichlid's mad decision ....  
riding the hard strike's spoon ....  
  
it's the voice of a new press,  
it's the voice of a public's shoe ....  
that dwarf called "most"  
his best friend on this run ...  
breeding the glueletters,  
eating the alphabets ...

*publics' devices raging like glitters in the night,*

*fighting the big shoe ...*

*no problem for echo ...*

*this boy designed by harems*

*from strange seas ...*

*straight from japan,*

*straight from the big magnetball ...*

*that big publics' ball,*

*rising like a disco-ball,*

*with that strange lipsticks' rythm ....*

*enchanting the marionet ...*

*still the hard spray in your mind ...*

*dim lights in the night,*

*from the dark chrystal,*

*your mother sewed in your suit ...*

*still black buttons ....*

*where black dictionaries hide behind ....*

*all sifted by the kettles,*

*all transformed by the balloons ...*



watching daydreams televisions ....

on a hard day's spoon ...

the choirs in the distance slowly sliding away ...

the gamechoirs becoming a threat ....

but echo's breeding his flowers ....

for a new television-day ....

*When the Mills Start to Speak*

The story goes,

that legend under the sun,

it is a milkman's riding there,

on his little bike ...

it's a little dwarf they say,

growing big in the night ....

Raindrops are his friends,

and cactusses are his lovers,

He drinks the milk,

that ornament's drink,

and pushes the swines ...

to have a mailman's ride ....

He's the lover of all ritual dreams,

this manside's possessor ....

bringing daily the milk with a ship from so far away ....

a ship under a red balloon,

a zeppelin from the birthday's terror ....

rising up the spoon,

still a daydream's letter ....

The story goes,

it's burning

in my mind and in my soul,

that this man,

this little dwarve,

is sweeter than you know ... spinning his teas, spinning his letters,

and throws them all through the milk,

spinning the daytime's possessions,

spinning the raceroads and the mills ...

He's still a little miller,  
the best baker's friend ...  
the best friend of your mouth and heart,  
the best friend of your sentiment ...

He's writing alphabets in the wind ....

He's sending ducks to your friends ....

Still the Big Cichlid,  
still the house of the heart ....

Strange sentiments from his pipes ....

strange cities in his heart,

all sliding to ... his mills ...

to become even stranger ....

his mills are speaking loud today,

spinning powders in the rain ....

meal from a black saint nicolas ...

post from a mailman's dream ...

*Strange sentiments from a miller's heart speaking to you ....*

*still the big dwarf,*

*like bilmagen's friend ...*

*his best friend, well to say ....*

*He is everyone's friend, that big potatoe,*

*he's everyone's friend,*

*that goat's friend ....*

*still a milkman, still a millerman,*

*after all these years, after all these ages ....*

*a big dwarf on the run ...*

*Now he's standing before you,*

*his mills speak to your mind,*

*spreading it's powders,*

*giving you the meal,*

*so that you can bake some bread tonight ...*

*This terror of the day ... this day's terror ...*

*appeared just to be .. grandmom's letter ...*

when the mills start to speak ...

When the mills start to speak ...

when the ornament starts to rise ...

there will be a new daytime's possession ....

on a hard day's strike ....

When the Mills start to speak ...

when the ornaments start to rise ....

when the wings of soap stands before you ...

the fruits will be ripe .....

It's in the telephone .....

It's in the newspaper today .....

he's the son of the press ...

That milkman's day ....

He's the son of transmissions ...

He's the son of the lights ....

and at the end of the day ....

There will be rude ones in the nights ...

rude ones in the nights ....  
for when the mills will start to speak ...  
stringing their letters in the night ....  
building their circles of alphabeth ....  
it will be the dance of the knife ....

catching blades in the night ...  
like butterflies so high ....  
drying them in your books ....  
and then they will speak to your children ....

dry them in the night ....  
and use a coffeemill ....  
it's just a daydream's thrill ...  
inside a maze of life ....  
then push the hard day's spoon ...  
into the light and the liquid hole ...  
to make them all sleep forever ....  
and you will reach the coffeeroom ...  
it's just a matter of feedback .....

*crazy dances in the nights ....*

*the dance of the knives .....*

*all beautiful like cichlids .....*

*like the tropical strike ....*

*when the millmaids speak ....*

*when the milkmaids dream ....*

*all ornaments in the night .....*

*ready for the hard day's strike ....*

*so many blades in the night ....*

*it's the miller's strike ...*

*it's the press for a new cartoon ....*

*it's the candyman for a new game ....*

*it's some milk for new babies ....*

*and some obsessed lovers ...*

*When the mills start to speak,*

*when the ornament starts to rise ....*

*helicopters in the night ....*

bringing letters ... from another world ....

it tears your world apart ...

bringing you from least to most ....

so many soldiers rising in your hands ....

when the mills start to speak .....

When the mills start to speak .....

then you can finally enter through that little gate,

that black point in the air .....

to meet the miller's daughter ....

riding that white horse in the night .....

she was ... your wet velvet boots ....

your white boots in the rain .....

letting you race the alphabets roads ....

all in a new game ....

a game with a better bed ....

and a game with some better coffee .....

heading together with you ....

for the land of fake ....



*your white boots in the night ....*

*they shine like daylight ....*

*like the golden ball .....*

*when the mills start to speak ....*

*when the ornament starts to rise .....*

*it was all a black ornament opening you ...*

*black velvet in the night ....*

*riding on a black horse,*

*while your kid was falling from that statue ....*

*getting the same wound you had ....*

*now you could finally speak together .....*

*when the mills started to speak ....*

*scars are telephones ... never forget ...*

*it's the daytime's dream ....*

*fishing the dreams out of the night ....*

*your wounds are the fishing rods .....*

*with sharp hooks .....*

*raising your kids out of the threat ...*

*a sharp hook saved your kids from the shark ....*

the shark was a soft hand ....  
drowning kids ... before they could reach daylight ....

the sharks of the mills are sharp ....  
but then the messages will be sharp too ...  
it will sharpen your ears ....  
sharpen your mouth .....  
when the mills start to speak .....

Mills swimming like sharks in the whistlingkettle,  
Preparing the paint for tomorrow's painting ....  
Echo always eats one painting a day ...  
Strange kitchens, major, strange kitchens ....

Ballerinas are rising from the mills ...  
Still the broadcast-ladies of echo's television ...  
It will be all glue at the end of the day ....

There someone freezes in his tv-chair ....

Getting picked out by echo ....

*Becoming tomorrow's tv-star ...*

*He can forget about the horror of daily life,*

*meeting plastic trauma's to play with ...*

*they are the flying discs of the children ...*

*These mills created the crowd ....*

*It was just Echo's trick ....*

*The trick of a good television ....*

*cutting the tree and spreading the powders over the screen ...*

*He's having that strange straight feeling in his spine again ....*

*Now he can gather the children ...*

*Straight Blue Bananas*

*the pencil's friends*

*"how many stomachs does this pencil have, how many layers lying on each other, holding each other tight .... how many hands how many fingers ..... how does she use it .... how does she draw her crimes .... these paintings are wanted .... by the rabbit's police .... by the judges from the big nonsense ... dead .... or alive ...."*

*He has the publics under his shoes,*

Now he can jump like brother rabbit ....

He has the mills under his shoes,

Now he can step on scorpions ...

He has some new shoes,

Now he can be the journalist of strange animals,  
stranger than the animals in grandma's garden ...

So strange you start to cry ...

There are flames coming from the mills ....

These guys are grandma's speakers ...

Tattooing her roses in your heart ....

It's Blue Metal speaking to you ...

It was grandma putting her flag on the top of the Hill ...

And now you find yourself in this strange capsule ....

It was Jesus dying in a mill they said ....

but a precious flower grew there,

a shattered flower,

having a "most" in her heart,

carrying the publics,

raising the crowds ....

putting your spine straight ....

after the banana's strike ...

It was a blue straight banana speaking to you,

rising from the mills,

rising from the ornament ....

we will drink strange milks tonight ...

in a basket under a strange balloon .....

a basket full of snakes ....

breeding the straight cobra-stick ....

still ornaments from the sidetarts ...

still ornaments ...from the risen dream .....

it belongs to someone else ... said the grey man ....

I'm riding the orange dinosaur,

bringing me to the miller's rainbowcastle,

built on seventy clouds,

with the red balloon as the elevator ....

still piano-stairways ... still licorice-bottles,

spouting the air into the night ....

little breezes from the south ....

coming like christmas over the trees ... all these love-lights ...

in full colour ...

it was an old cartoon, an old movie,

your grandmother loved to watch ...

on echo's television ....

the ornament of the white witch ...

she's breeding her cartoons in the night ....

it's still white boots .... showing her faces .... showing her movies by  
moonlight ....

still the miller's daughter ..... having her tall delights ....

how many stomachs does this creature have ... lying on each other ... in  
layers of an old curtain ... breaking the lights .... how many chests ... how  
many arms ...

how tall are his legs .... this creature from the wild ornament ... she's still  
riding it ...

she's spinning her insects in the night .... coming to tall lions and tall  
tigers ....

smoking tall cigarettes ...

still dignified kills by tall pencils ....

it's the artist's paralyzed touch .....

this woman can draw this woman can sleep herself to the tall dream ....

in her tall ships she glides through the night ... tall shadows on the  
streams .... covering the flowers, breaking the lights, to cover them  
deeper, in venician delights .... sailing from painting to painting, still the  
artist's doctor .... still a pencil's friend ....

how many stomachs does this pencil have, how many layers lying on  
each other, holding each other tight .... how many hands how many  
fingers ..... how does she use it .... how does she draw her crimes .... these  
paintings are wanted .... by the rabbit's police .... by the judges from the  
big nonsense ... dead .... or alive ....

when the pencil is having it's breakfasts ... the spoon is rising ..... straight  
spoons from ornament's horizons ..... too many kicks in the stomachs  
were breeding the rings .... she was desperate ... by her own delights .....

The Baker's Kid

Fallen Ink

He went through a million of mills, but now he is an ocean reaching the  
shores of Giant's World ... He went through a million of mills .... too many  
divorces in his homeland .... only ashes muttering on the table .... but he  
brought it to the baker, all these powders, all these deserts ..... and the

baker mixed some new powders through them, meal from sweet marriages to worship .....

He went through a million of mills .... Now there is delicious chinese food laying on his dish .... He went through so many mills, meeting so many millers .... Now he went through the liquid holes ..... Getting such a fragile touch .... Deep enough to reach the buttons of a lost woman's heart ....

The slaughtermachines of his wife still rage into his stomach .... It seems the baker wants some new meal .... Some finer meal .... to prepare the magnetballs for the ballgame .... Still the baker has such sharp eyes .... looking through him .... He still wants to visit him in his woolen prison between the mills..... he has some dolls from him ..... She's still inside weaving his priest's suits .... That backwards woman of him .... Still a chinese bird, she doesn't want to let him go .... but he will fly on, she will weave his wings .... just a weaver .... The mills .... Now he has enough bullets to let the wings rise up .... He's still .... a baker's kid .... knowing how to use the baker's glues ..... still guiding the orphans .... losing their moms and dads in a divorce's war ..... this boy ... always having a split face with a split laugh .... bringing the mom and the dad back to the children ... The mills are still working on him .... Now he has enough baskets to catch their tears and wrap them in warm blankets .... Still a little ragboy ..... Still a baker's kid .... making bread of the orphans' tears ..... decorating their birthdays and christmas .... decorating their trees to their Giant's Worlds ....

The lemon was always his guide, when he lost his way .... the lemon always brought him back to the baker's heart .... and now he's sowing the splinters in his garden .... writing his letters ....



*The lemon was always his guide to the land of cartoon ...*

*The lemon was always ..... That hand on his shoulder ..... That cigar-cloud behind his back ....*

*Mondaymorning-mills are racing through the little town .... They want the most workers for their factories ....*

*He's closing an old book of terror ..... putting on the warm cartoon-slippers .... slippers from the cichlid .....*

*In his stomache a cartoon-flower is growing ..... In the middle of the mill ..... It's finally getting juicy there, the cartoons are streaming ..... He's running to the house of pancakes below the bridge ..... Finally his feet are touching the liquid whirlpoolspots of fallen ink on the paper .... and he steps inside ..... He's the prince of cartoons again ....*

*The Strike of The Cartoon - Touches from Brahms*

He's swimming in the cartoon .... he and she .....

She's raging like the cartoon ..... but it doesn't hurt him anymore ....

She now has the juice-glitters in her eyes .....

He sees the care behind her face, rolling like flowers there ....

So soft ....

He isn't afraid of his mother anymore ....

Since the cartoon struck the house ....

He now sees .... her love for him ....

Something he never saw before ....

The wall is broken now ....

He doesn't feel himself an orphan anymore ....

His teddybear feels so different now ....

He doesn't have to cry anymore when he touches it ....

It's like he feels his father now ....

Although his father doesn't live anymore ....

His father died as soldier in a divorce's war ....

And he himself, he was also a divorce's soldier ....

having a pencil in his hand ....

To draw such a beautiful creature ....

Which would eat the misunderstanding between his parents ....

They were soldiers of misunderstanding .....

They were soldiers of uninvited tears ....

They had the same ideas but different languages ....

They wanted to draw the same pictures .... but they had different colours  
in their hands ....

They were soldiers of the pencil ....

Their pencils spoke different languages, but had the same loves in their  
hearts ....

They were soldiers of misunderstanding ... Tearing the paintings down ...

These misunderstood paintings .... were still crying in the night ..... So that  
the little boy couldn't sleep .....

But now he painted that beautiful creature .... to eat all  
misunderstanding away ....

It's a cartoon, a little cartoon, made by his cartoonpencil ....

His mother was a fairytale, his father a fable ... but he is a cartoon ....

And now he brought them together again ....

daddy is coming out of his cellar and mom is coming out of her attic ....

to meet each other in the baby's room ....

the teddybear can breath again ....

*He's hearing the lullabies in the distance ....*

*bringing the paintings into sleep .....*

*tomorrow they will wake up again ....*

*finding themselves painted in all colours .....*

*feeling the soft pencil on their skins .... instead of the tearing pencil .....*

*He's hearing the lullabies in the distance,*

*Feeling Brahm's touch on his face .....*

*Soft like the softest bird ....*

*His cartoon's friend .....*

*Hearing his grandfathers voice in the distance .....*

*Now he swims with his mother and father in the cartoon ....*

*He isn't afraid of their voices anymore .....*

*They are so soft now and so high ....*

*Even their wings cannot hurt him anymore ....*

*It just feels different now ....*

*The walls fell down ...*

*It was the strike of the cartoon ....*

*It was the strike of his pencil ....*

*Still his friend for so many years .....*

*drawing the holes in the walls ..... in the ceilings and in the floors ....*

*connecting the cellars and the attics .....*

*the moms and the daddies,*

*all stories together .....*

*awakening the teddybear .....*

*chapters of the same book .....*

*colours of the same painting .....*

*all united by this animal he drew ....*

*a rainbow-tiger .....*

*he swims with his mom and dad in the cartoon ....*

*together with the rainbow-tiger ..... his bird, his grandfather and his pencil .....*

*also the pencils of his mom and dad .... and all the paintings of the house,*

*surrounded by all these glittering waves of lullabies .....*

*tomorrow they will live in the house of pancakes again ....*

*entering the cartoon forever .....*

*his mom with the strawberry's voice ....*

his dad with the cucumber's voice ....

raising the teddybear ....

raising the pyama's ....

*the woman with many lips*

she had more pupils in her eyes, like soapeyes .... like the skin of a fish ...

she had more lips laying on each other ...

and still i'm wondering why her eyes hurt me so much .... it's like a hundred cameras are staring at me, making fast pictures ... and i'm asking myself .... what will she do with the pictures ..... these are pink eyes, pink cameras .... what will she do with the blue and the red ....

there she stands before me with only lips in her face .... it doesn't hurt me anymore ... although i'm asking myself ... what will she all eat with it ..... but everything is ok, as long as the camera is gone .... i have enough of being a movie-prisoner .....

finally the doors are open and i can fly away ..... but ... movie-hunters are outside .... so i'm returning to the woman with many lips .... although i don't want to be a kitchen's prisoner tonight .... between two dinners ....

i'm walking with her through the corridors ..... i wonder what will happen ..... her ears are growing while i'm walking behind her ..... is she a rabbit ?  
.....

while we are walking further the colors are becoming so pale ..... and the atmosphere becomes so thick .... she shows me a pink white barrel organ ..... she got it from her grandfather ..... i'm praying she isn't white boots

..... i have other things to do than that .... she smiles .... catching my prayers .....

she looks like an arcturian rabbit now ... so many tall ears are appearing on her clothes ..... and her clothes are becoming softer ... just like everything here .... everything is like pyama's ....

she sais it's a barrelorgan of lullabies ..... but ..... why is she singing them all on the same time .... i'm getting dizzy in my head ..... all her lips are singing different lullabies ..... and they appear all over her clothes .... mouths with many layers .... you were a movie-slave she said ..... a head-prisoner .... locked up in the heads of others .... you were destroyed by a camera ...

i'm trying to breath .... she wanted me ...to spit out my eyes .... my own cameras ... that was a deal ...

i spat it out like cores of fruits ... and i got a body of lips and rabbit-ears ... who would think i would end like this .... no eyes no cameras anymore ....

the lullabies made me float ..... the lips became my wings .... i started to wispher .... and there i flew ....

the alphabet ... the movements of the tongue ... just a way to find direction .... there are rudders in my mouths ....

and there she opens her mouth so wide, and her tongue fell out so deep like a pink waterfall .... for me a road to fly on ..... these were the candy falls ..... there's a world inside we do not know yet ..... i wanted to meet new alphabets ..... new directions ..... realizing that the tongue is a box of tricks, a joystick of the best game existing ..... she closed her mouth .... and it became dark inside ..... now i pray it isn't a trap .... but if something is the world of candy .... this is it .... and it was not the first time i travelled on a tongue .... i saw so many alphabets here ... like rings around her

tongue, and i raced through them ... tuning into new worlds .... it was like the cocoon ..... heading for venus ... the languages became softer and sweeter .... the ears taller and the mouths wider ..... while lips were bubbling from a certain fountain .... they became the stairways to heaven ...

on venus i realized that sharp things were only sharp because we couldn't become as small or thin as them ... that was our handicap .... and that's why it felt sharp .... also the things we don't know yet or the things we don't integrate become sharp ..... it's a signal for us ..... it's a call from the dwarves and the elves to become like them ..... and it's a call from the giantworld to integrate .... the sharp blades cutting in our bodies are messengers from fairytale ..... the sharp knife they put in us, is just a cabman from candyworld .... there's a higher world calling .... the pains will slowly fade away when we answer this call, but can also show us more pain .... but there is a way to communicate with pains .... through new circles of alphabets .... pains are letters, characters, from the other world ..... and if we would learn these languages .... they would show us what's inside ..... pains are just screaming for deeper languages ..... deeper ways of contact .... there where all dictionaries cross .... there the integration grows .... we were all born in the kettle of languages .... in the mix .... there were languages are cut out .... things become sharp .... language is a person, a body, storing many presents and treasures .... only by connection and transformation, these things can be saved ....

Is there a language of feelings when the rabbit-ears start to fall off ? It all starts with pain, when you accept all these feelings as a new language .... then you will climb from emotion to emotion ... all messages from other worlds .... And what if the lips would fall off .... then what's left ? your feelings ... your nose ... what if your nose would fell off .... only feelings ....

feelings can be overwhelming ... so you must search for the most sensitive places and the least sensitive places ... to have a trigger to open and lock ....



*Boys from Tucan*

when the tiger goes to sleep

*"it's something for you to know ... and something for you, you'll see  
...these softest boys in daylight ....become the hard men in the night ...."*

*boys from elve*

Those boys, those sensitive boys, that elve-race ....

Still searching for water,

Still searching to go down under,

Still searching for the white pink ....

Still searching for the pale lady ....

Still mirroring in the river when they bow their heads down ...

Like soft thin glitters from aldebaran's sea,

dancing in full moonlight ...

They are still standing on aldebaran's coasts,

riding the white rabbits ...

Still standing with their pink glue uniforms,

torn down by life's sharp treasures,

from the pink rainbow ...

Wearing the scars as badges on their uniform,  
the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits,  
for everything is transparent,  
but they are covered well by old books,  
and rainbowkisses ...

the wounds are beating and pulsing like hearts in their bodies ....  
pumping the tears through their suits, through their arms and legs,  
giving them courage to bend their knees and elbows,  
in that strange mysterious way ...  
your grandfather always loved to tell about it ...

It is antique jewelry,  
The way they speak,  
It is the legend of the sword ...  
And still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ...

But they just head for it ...  
They are always on a journey,  
walking with their flutes,  
They are the mysterious pipers,

attracting the doves from their roofs ...

Tucan boys,

They know the sensitive spots,

They still throw stones in them,

watching the waves ....

watching the fishes coming upstairs ...

To see aldebarans lights ...

They still drink from the moon's warm nipples,

They still drink from the cartoons juice ...

They are forever young,

but their clothes are getting older ....

Even their shadows are liquid gold,

their rags are silver,

.... and their boots ....

They have the keys of the old books,

They are turning the pages of creation,

when they shut a book,

someone dies or someone gets born ...

a shop closes or gets open ....

These boys these tucan boys ....

Still riding on horses too high for them ....

but they always fall soft ... on venusian pillows ...

and in aldebaran's licorice ....

they are loved .... these animals are protected by the law ....

They know the sensitive threads,

on these bridges they sit and fish ....

fishing to find wasted days and money ...

spoil from the big mouse ....

They are still skating on the rivers ...

with their magnet balls ...

leaving juicy stripes behind them ... in thick air ...

*chiefs of illusion*

They build their towns on forgotten stones,

filling them with the dolls of the rubbishfields ...

*They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses ....*

*They are the toydoctors from the forgotten moon ....*

*Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats ....*

*but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ...*

*a strange sort of passion ....*

*battling against the dragons,*

*to have heart and space for the town ....*

*to have some high pillars,*

*with teeth hanging under it,*

*scaring away the dogs and the crows ....*

*They wear old warbooks inside ...*

*showing them where the graves are ....*

*so many treasures left behind,*

*so much knowledge,*

*so much fame ....*

*Building their elevators on those graves ...*

*Not forgetting about grandfather's smoke ....*

They still wear their grandfathers' clothes,  
the suits of their old heroes ....

They're building marchpane's town,  
Still the guards of the handicapped ...  
Still searching for the sidetarts in the ornaments ....

This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild ....

Some handicapped trees led them ...  
some handicapped plants and flowers ....  
wanting their marbles back ...

But this town, this marchpane's town,  
would bring glory to nature again ...

There was an Indian called handicapped dog ....

The wildest dog in town ...

He wanted to do the Indian Apocalypse ....

But he had to wait for the wintersleep ....

All colours would be back after the wintersleep ...

The chiefs were surrounding the town ...

This would be everyone's town,  
This would be everything there was ...  
All gathered in one town ...  
The whole town had to go to sleep,  
All colours would be back in the morning ....  
They were .. still the masters of the shell ...  
orion-masters of the shell of illusion ....  
with one eye they could see the town,  
and with the other eye they could see the world behind the shell ....  
they were the watchers of the great wall ...  
still having .... a split face ....  
a mask .... the tiger's ...mask ....  
  
They were masters of the veils of illusion ...  
Soothing the mass into sleep at the ends of the days and seasons ....  
They were watching their crowds and publics,  
their choirs and audiences ....  
They were the tailors of the deserts ....  
Standing on martian hills ....  
Still wild cats, still tailors of the big dream ....

Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments ...

Still puppet-assassins ....

Still .... letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the  
ornaments ...

and in spoilt rain ....

Masters of the great illusions ....

Still having ..... the deserts in their eyes .....

burning everything into orange ....

until it strikes the blue bell .....

and then the water comes ....

something bigger than them ....

something ...which they don't understand ....

it comes ....

to wash everything away ....

oh, those seagardens ....

the orange still rakes them .....

oh, these seasnakes from a far far land ...



when it all gets too orange, when it all gets too hot .... they come ...

those tucan boys ...

it's something deeper inside ....

while the moonchild is carrying their flag .....

snakes from the big thunder ....

something inside which they themselves don't understand ....

something which always makes them cry ....

with the strike of the blue bell ....

it's deeper inside ....

it's ..deeper

when the orange strikes the blue ....

it makes their hands and heads so cold ....

but it sets their hearts into a deeper fire .....

when the tiger ... goes to sleep ....

only a kite will fly in that night,

by a little light,

raging through the night ...

when the tiger goes to sleep ...

taking the boys out of the rocks ...  
letting them grow and bloom in the flowers ....  
these tucan boys ... these sensitive ones ....  
these dramamakers in the air ....  
sliding into the rivers and oceans again ....  
when the tigers ... go to sleep ....

The orange, still the best present from the tiger ...  
striking the blue in the night ...  
and then something happens so deep inside ...  
which they still don't understand ...  
they still don't understand ...

A pink white ornament is lying before them ....  
A present from the snake's candy ....

All these presents ... all these presents ... they rise like towers from the sea  
...

Awakening the boys from Tucan .... in the middle of the night .....  
while everyone is sleeping ..... sleeping so deep ....  
when the tiger goes to sleep ....

*And then these boys ... these boys ..... grow like towers in the sea ....*

*rising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candy .....*

*and then they become the hard men ....*

*something they still fear ....*

*but she's breeding it ...*

*that old, old kite ....*

*it's something for you to know ...*

*and something for you, you'll see ...*

*these softest boys in daylight ....*

*become the hard men in the night ....*

*someone took a soft boy,*

*wanted to have a good pillow,*

*but i tell you, and that seems always true ...*

*soft boys become the hard men in the night ...*

*marscha took a giving boy ...*

*she took a good good bite,*

*she didn't know for her demise,*

that giving boys grow thieves in the night ...

always growing thieves in the night ...

i'm spreading the marshpane,

after the kite had left ....

seeing hard white candy lying inbetween ....

*Beauty of silence II*

ode to the tiger

After the birds were gone,

only a kite is sitting before me ....

having three ornaments in her claws ...

She still loves mercury ...

She knows everything about his green soft electricities ....

She also knows so much about tigers ...

How they use their powers of the future,

To lock themselves up in a stone,

Where they are safe from the knives ...

It's like spiritual suicide ...

For they fear to live ...

Is it possible for someone to waste their powers of the future ....

those powers destined to let you live forever ...

Yes, the kite sais ....

And many do this ...

They waste their future-capsules to the grounds,

to build their butcheries in the night ...

They live in a stone,

but this stone is sliding to an oven ...

To a place so hot that the stone will explode one day ....

The tigers live in isolation ....

in their own groups,

not letting anyone come close ...

They kill because of fear ...

To protect their stone ...

and to feed their stone ...

They have fear to fall out of it ....

This fear is bigger than the respect ...

*It eats the respect away ...*

*That's why they are so respectable ....*

*Also because they don't have the desire to kill ....*

*It's just a fear masked by desire ....*

*The tigermask is still lying on the cupboard in my uncle's passage upstairs*

*....*

*having a split face ... purple and yellow ...*

*They weren't our enemies ....*

*We weren't their prisoners ....*

*They just wanted to keep the business alive ....*

*They are the gods of entertainment,*

*So many books they left behind ...*

*They are still sliding to the explosion ....*

*But there will be roses growing on their graves ....*

*Three ornaments they left us,*

*purple and yellow,*

*while orange is still raking the seagardens ...*

*They are still the wooden toysoldiers on uncle's cupboard ...*

shy and afraid to come alive ...

wisphering in the night ....

They are still too scared to become my nephews ....

But they were always in my nephew's heart ....

Just the sidetarts of the ornament ....

The hard shells of the universe ...

having soft candles there ....

on the walls of the city ....

To warm the heart inside ...

.....The ..... Beauty ..... Of ..... Silence .....

*Hard White Candy*

*"do you know about the sunset's fire .... the orange kettle ..... in blue  
night's satin ..... it's all burning inside ... in a mailman's broken heart ... he  
will see his daughter's rain .... when his dreams will be too smart ..... when  
the coffin hits it open .... when the coffin gets close ....."*

They were shivering in their stones,

Too afraid to become alive ....

They were shivering in their safe stones ...

Too afraid to die ....

They feared the Big Sun,  
and the orange moon ...  
For too much orange ....  
would strike the blue ...

Their fishing rods are so tall ...  
They are breeding the cyborgs of the coming age ...  
Grandfather sitting in a rococo car ...

It's rococo candy you eat after all these years ...  
after all these years ....  
until the boys grow from the sea ...  
growing like towers ....  
looking for the white pink ....  
for white hard candy ....  
those softest boys ... grow always hard in the night ....

It's hard white candy lying on a golden dish ...  
there were some silver strikes lately ...



Grandmother never let her cats out through the kitchen-door, when the  
night fell.

Waiting for the morning was a long journey for them.

She knew what the night could do to them,  
so she always covered them in soft, heavy blankets ....

but she left the needles in the room,  
so that they wouldn't dream ....  
she knew what the dream could do to them ...

She let them eat from chinese dishes,  
hot food from rigil kent ...  
for the nights were long and cold ...  
even in her warm house ...

They were standing on the shores of rigil kent,  
not allowed to fish there,  
not allowed to watch the dangerous night-seas ...  
Grandmother had her own pond in the garden ...

There they had so much fun,  
Talking to mermaids and big orange dwarves ...

Grandmother had her own television ...

They loved to watch it ....

It taught them how to embrace a cow in the night ...

But now they are grown-up .... watching the hard white candy ...

on a hard man's spoon ....

do you know about the sunset's fire .... the orange kettle ..... in blue night's  
satin ..... it's all burning inside ... in a mailman's broken heart ... he will see  
his daughter's rain .... when his dreams will be too smart ..... when the  
coffin hits it open .... when the coffin gets close .....

Grandmother and her tigers ....

Swimming in an orange kettle ....

Until the orange hits the blue ....

Then they will go to sleep ...

Then the automatons of Grandmothers Garden will rise ... to bring us  
over the nightseas ...

These ducks from Rigil Kent ...

These shoelaces from the Big Giant ....

Will bring us to Aldebaran again ..

They kept us behind their golden fences so long ...

They knew how the night could torture ...

And how the sea could strike ....

But the waterlights will guide us ....

Those thin and spouting waterlines .....

The story will strike ...

The seas will become slower again ....

until we see Aldebarans pastures ....

and feeling the blood flowing through our body again ...

our body ...

aldebarans body ....

the body of that old orphan ....

becoming a child again in the night ....

where the magic touches the river ....

all hard white candy from japan ....

from grandmother's last strike ....

and then she goes ... to sleep ...

The Land of the Sirens II

When the Breastdikes are breaking ...

There's a land where motherbreasts are dikes ... spouting little lines of water, and big lines at night ...

There's a land where the mother cycles, where the child eats ..... all behind golden fences ..... all ..under an orange blue moon ...

The Land of the Sirens ....

There's a land where the automatons rule .... There's a land where the hard men run soft .... The Land of The Siren .... All wrapped in bananas .... eating their wounds away ..... under an orange blue moon ....

There's a land where the story strikes, where the heartbeats of strange bananas live .... where the hard men still stay soft .... The Land of Siren ....

When the breastedikes break ..... The mother will find a snake .... When the breastedikes break ..... when the milks flow ... it will bring us to a stranger land .... The Land behind the Siren .... The land of the seagardens .... where all automatons come from ..... the land of the cartoon ... where the dwarves grow in the gardens .... where the mermaids grow in the rivers .... all in grandmother's pond .... the land of the ducks ..... There were father arcturus speaks, with the moon on his hat ..... smiling like my grandmother would smile to you ....

There where Neptune gives you the key, where the orange touches the blue .... you will find yourself .... on the other side of the hill .... in a new world ..... where a new aldebaran is reaching for your hand .... it was always waiting for you there ..... there, on the other side of the hill ....

Then you will understand where father did his business, and uncle one to ten .....

In a land over the hill ..... where the waterlights sing for the trees .....

And uncle one to ten ..... still the hard men .... still the men .... from the hard candy .....

Return of the Old Cigar

### *Doomprophets from Cartoon*

After the black snake fell ... which was a hard and deep fall,

the man with the old cigar returned ...

he could still let the universes explode,

only by throwing his cigar away ...

and after a few minutes,

the cigar always came back to him ....

his good old cigar .....

just a soldier in the war of cartoons ...

having all warbooks inside ...

the cartoon raged ...

until the city was destroyed ...

grandfather's black pearls were swimming in a new lake .....

looking for new cities to reverse ...

they were the doomprophets from cartoon ...

that feared nuclear bomb was just some fireworks in a big birthdaytart ...

they're coming from the tart .... all those doomangels and doombarbies ...

they were just .... gods of ten .... just gods from a mailman's heart ...

bringing some misunderstood stuff from a to b ....

it wasn't mathematics ....

it was ... just a mailman's wife ... carrying too many letters in her head ....

too much misunderstanding ....

and those mathematicians made business with it ....

building their markets ....

full of misunderstood lions ....

they just did it .... to make you asleep ....

the mathematicians dream ....

they dreamt of a zoo ...

they dreamt of an ark ....

they dreamt they were noah on a ship ....

dealing in misunderstood stuff .....

riding the confusions,  
to terrorize the lands ....  
they were the cooks of chaos ....  
creating their own kitchens ....  
leading their slaves of the unknown,  
through the middle of the night ...

These markets,  
these markethearts ...  
playing with your own misunderstandings ....  
Making their games and their sports ...  
it was all ... the mailman's wife ...  
carrying too many letters inside ....  
carrying .... a child ....  
a child ... called birthday ...  
from the chaos it rose ....  
like a nuclear rocket ....  
but it was just a flameflower in a tart ...

it was just a boy called birthday ....

the son of a mailman's heart ....

with gods of ten in his pocket ....

just flameflowers in a row ...

from a distance they look so sharp ....

but they are just thin tall waterlights ...

all in birthday's pocket ....

and on the marketsquares they play ...

throwing their dice, their dominoes,

their puzzles to terrorize the mass ...

they tattoo their mazes in the hearts of the misunderstood publics ...

they still ride the publics ....

all these misunderstood lions ...

all in birthday's pocket ....

still doomprophets ... from cartoon ...

and the magazines they breed,

the microphones are the swords in their hand ....

dividing the markets, dividing the squares ...



dividing the uniforms,  
still lords of the dominoes ....  
still lords ... of the big ten ...

they are still flying, heading for the land of the journalists,  
to meet the broadcast-lady of cartoon ...  
they are still heading for ... the mad sun ...  
those pirates from the big cartoon ....

it wasn't mathematics lying on your dish ...  
it wasn't the nuclear bomb ...

it wasn't a paper hell waiting for you on the other side of the river ...

it wasn't ....

they were just ten men from arabia ...

tailors of the big veil ....

switching the octaves ...

it was someone's new record ....

that singer from the lion's tea ....

it was someone's last potatoe he didn't eat yet ...

it was just an ornament ..in the rain ...

*just a daylight's version ...*

*masses of silver snakeworms making the air so thin ....*

*Kartates Blazazarium*

*Tragedies from Cartoon*

*the world beyond fairytale V*

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*Strange C-Sides, Poisonous Plants or Strange Boys*

*Grey Widow*

*Red Lemonade I*

*Red Lemonade II*

*Red Lemonade III*

*Blasphemy Undercover*

*Blasphemy Undercover II*

*Blasphemy Undercover III*

*Blasphemy Undercover IV*

*Blasphemy Undercover V*

*Blasphemy Undercover VI*

*Song from Rabbit's Hill II*

*In This Strange Cartoon*

*In this Strange Cartoon II*

*In this Strange Cartoon III*

*Green Mothers*

*Watermark*

*Watermark II*

*Watermark III*

*Barbed Wire Hearts I-III*

*Spiderwoman from the Big coffee*

*Arena of Insects – behind Barbed wire Eyes*

*Strange B-Sides, Stinging Plants or Autistic Boys*

*1. Terror from the ole' chessboard*

2. Waterlights

3. Waterlights II

4. Waterlights III

5. Awakening the Wasp I

6. Awakening the wasp II

7. awakening the wasp III

8. awakening the wasp IV

9. red thistle sea

10. red stinging nettle

11. red stinging nettle III

## *Grey Widow*

She's walking in the streets of Aldebaran, heading for the big tower on the church. She is selling her sulphur-matches to the ravens of the roofs of the old tall buildings. It's snowing, and the black widow is walking with her baskets in old ragclothes. She lost her husband so long ago, now she's the mother of the town ... She's selling her dreams to the cats lying before the houses ... to give them a good sleep .... She's taking the foundlings in her baskets and wishes upon stars for them ... she brings these ones to the doves ...who will care for them very well ...

There she walks through the snow in old shoes, the grey widow, mother of the old streets, mother of all foundlings ... She's a shape-shifter ... turning into a spider to lay new webs for the shop ... The coffee is streaming through her body to her shoes ... She can wake up in another world now ... Then the raven flies .... and she's gone ....

She is going to the forests to gather some fallen wood .... She is walking to her house where the candy-machines are living ... actually her cats ... big machines .... Is she a witch ? Some say she is ... but they don't know it for sure ....

Mother Aldebaran, I met you through that painting ... that tall painting ... in that old building .... somewhere ... I forgot .... I got coffee to wake up into another world ...

Your standing before old doorways of citywalls .... Like a ghost in the snow .... Your sulphur-matches ... bring me to other worlds ..... It's streaming through my body like old coffee .... Putting the old machines on .... The Ice-machines and the jukeboxes .... Old records rolling through the night .... I can never wake up like this ... I'm a prisoner of sleep ..... The walls of sleep and old tea ... protecting me against the black mornings ..... I only wake up in your tower, and then going down under again ... like a cat locked up in history .... like my arms and feet are melting away ... in

the maze of grey rivers ... all coming to protect me ....I am safe in your sleep ... I am safe in your ornament ... just an old watch ... you got from your husband .... I cannot swim ...out of this .... I'm sliding back ...into your dress .... into your basket ..... where you keep all foundlings safe ... Where you protect them against the black mornings and the raging ornaments ....against factories and poisoned coffee ... you let them sleep to sell them to the doves ..... all night ....

Grey widow, grey morning .... it's just another direction .... just another coffee ... but still in your sleep, in your tower ... still in your dress in your basket .... the whole world is in your basket ..... Grey .....widow ....

She's crying coffee-tears ... she's crying the ever-tears ... to set her children free .... to defeat the Great "Never" .... she's setting these ones free who were bound in the church, free from everlasting damnation torturing their minds .... They are out of the coffeemill now .... to have their own coffeemachines .... In her house there deep in the forests ... where gepetto left his blessings .... All in a mailman's hat ....

It's falling wintertears .... it's falling raintears .... it's falling everdreams ... it's falling rainstreams ..... She will cry ..until all her children ... are safe ... She's ...a walking coffee-machine .... crying coffee ...

Here it's snowing coffee ... old coffee ... here, in her heart .... to bring them all between safe walls .... of a safe town ..... Mother Aldebaran now ... Mother Heart .. Mother Dream ..... she's crying coffee in the rain ... bringing them to a new wonderland .... bringing them to a new aldebaran ... she's a mother, she's a black-white cartoon .... but in the middle of the story ... it's filling the air with colors ... glittering like the heart ....

She soothes your heart and then she goes to sleep ...

she's ...setting someone free .....

she's ...setting someone free again .....

i hear the tunes of her ravens ....

i hear them ...

in the middle of the night ....

soaring like neon rockets ... in dim lights .....

she knows her advertisements .... in the middle of your head .... in your  
hat ...

they are spinning there ... like a familiar curtain ...

bringing you deeper into sleep ...

her sleep ....

There's a raven living in the coffee-machine ... in the corner ... near to  
your bed ... where the lamentation-cats dance .... but when he speaks it's  
like ice-cream in your head ....

The snail-cats with their razorsharp mouths ... with their cartoon-heads  
and big lazy bodies .... coming from arabian bedrooms, having arabian  
symbols on their head .....

Mother Aldebaran gives them meat to keep them quiet ... But it's all fake  
.... She has some good coffee and some good tea ..... also to distract the  
businessmen ....

She's taming the wild dogs, with tricks which cannot be followed ... She  
knows how to tackle them on the footballfield .... when the ball gets too  
big .....

She's the sorceress, the shapeshifter, all to do the day ..... She's still  
the machine around my neck ... still the flag with which i race .... flying  
over ravines and seas .... over abyss's and dreams ... She makes the cities  
and lands flat when it wants to speak too wild, in arabian symbols ....

She's taming the zoos, taming the cinema's and the publics ...



*Red Lemonade*

*the businessmen are heading for the businessmen,*

*the coffee is heading for the coffee ...*

*and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair ....*

*decorated by old birthdays .....*

*come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ...*

*over the hills and far away ....*

*but i know i'm talking to a wall ...*

*i know a place where the black lemonade streams ....*

*from a black hill .... deep in rigil kent ....*

*there .... deep inside ....*

*and at the end of that tunnel .....*

*the red lemonade streams ....*

*all to wake you up inside ...*

it makes your mind so fluffy ....  
and then you touch a key you didn't see before ...  
cold conscience ...

And still ... the businessmen are heading for the businessmen ...  
the coffee is heading for the coffee ....  
telling your love is two seconds too fast ...

It was red lemonade ..on a sunday morning ...  
Just a daytime's version ...  
Cold machines and wide eyes ....  
from the black zone ...  
all streaming from ... the black zone ....

There are jewels in a spanish sun ...  
I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ...  
But that's to escape your ornaments ...  
I'm finally safe ....

*Red Lemonade II*

there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room .....

planting machines in the corners .... lemonades from the black zone .....

the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace ....

no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me .... if you ask me ...

they have faces dripping with tea ....

i wonder why what is the deal ...

these loves are two seconds too fast ...

they are wearing guns between their legs .....

which they never use ..... well

only when they have to install their machines .....

they are wearing the guns between their legs ...

they are wearing white rags between their ornaments .....

they are wearing their white flags ....

for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear ....

i heard enough stories .... i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain .....

but i'm watching my trousers grow ....

my back is getting taller ...

it's like the wasp is growing there ....

and she's breeding it .....

with her ten millions of little businessmen .... so little ....

little lights shining there ...

carrying songs on their back ....

spreading their powders ... spreading their powders ....

to make them all blind for the land behind the fence .....

the land behind grandmother's garden ....

it's still so weak there ....

pale flowers, pale butterflies ....

waiting to meet the pale ones ....

they are all waiting ....

still so fragile .....

still so sleepy .....

*Red Lemonade III*

counting lambsteeds in a broken night ....

counting lambsteeds .... all lamps ...

counting the lanterns and the chinese dishes ...

*all records from a strange zone ...*

*tattooed by light ....*

*but you're blind my little girl ...*

*you're just acting a little bit ...*

*gathering all your businessmen ... your slaves if it comes to that ....*

*blocking the older portals ....*

*sticking the mass to the grounds ....*

*with your glues, your crocodile's glue .....*

*still a mighty weapon in your hand,*

*still the lipstick on your side-ears ....*

*having the sidetarts under your feet ...*

*still a rollerskater's girl ...*

*still a black transmission .....*

*still a lazy one's dream .....*

*but it's all fear ....*

*Blasphemy Undercover*

running to three decisions ...

to wake up this dreamland .....

the businessmen still heading for the businessmen ...

all in the line of pipe's great conspiracy .....

what a great day ....

you span your ornaments cold, after three hot summerdays ...

now you're watching the effect ....

you like to switch the thermostate ...

you like to hit the weather ...

to see them all fall ....

your ornaments ....are two inches too tall ...

while you're still a little fuck ...

like my mother always told ....

she warned me enough against you ...

she's still doing the laundry, while she's already dead for ten million days  
....

no not because of your terror ...

there are worse things than that ....

my daddy warned me either ...

against you and that friend of yours ...

still selling cruel ice-creams on beaches too tall ...

letting the passengers slide away in the seas full of sharks ....

they have to pay your sixty six dollar to reach your beaches again ...

i know these tricks hon, i know these tricks ...

your machines ....

still sea-machines .....

my daddy warned me ...

his voice still slides through the air .....

but your custom house doesn't like the coffee ...

and now you're spitting it like a crazy mailman .....

but still your geese like it .....

you were just a little fuck ...

and now you're ashes muttering on the table ....

waiting for the next strike of the golden bell ....

well, i'm telling you .... you snail of the black night ...

powdered by green ....

but it was all to attract all ....

and inside it was your own colour counting the blooddrips and the tears  
.....

within seven days you will be home again .....

when dad gets his old machines back ....

### *Blasphemy Undercover II*

it was a red war like twenty hells in a row,

it was like your aunt's worst demise ...

it was a funeral getting hard at the top, making a wrong dive ... again ..  
again ...

in this sea of luxury and life ....

you know i still blast this picture ....

### *Blasphemy Undercover III*

Your sidelines are too sharp ....

but i will swallow my tears ....

i will swallow the fight ....

i will swallow my blasphemy ....



*i will swallow you in the night ....*

*Blasphemy Undercover IV*

*It's called contact ...*

*Some complaints in a basket ...*

*It's called relationship ....*

*Some expectations on the side-lines .....*

*Sucking the numbers out of someone's head ...*

*It's called candy ...*

*coming from a candy's dream ....*

*causing chaos ... taking the numbers away ....*

*causing chaos .... it's called contact ... it's called friendship ....*

*it's called love .... it's called refridgerator full of meat ....*

*it's called dream .... it's called reality ....*

*it's called everything .... there is nothing else .....*

*it's called wasting ... it's called ornament ....*

*it's called pretty clothes .....*

*it's called pretty faces .....*

*it's laying the magnet deep inside ....*

*laying the addiction .....*

*it's called a new sort of drug ....*

*it's called liberty it's called god .....*

### *Blasphemy Undercover V*

*businessmen heading for businessmen ....*

*to play the big cuyornaida corset ...*

*businessmen heading for businessmen ...*

*to close the fences to the new world ....*

*businessmen heading for businessmen ..*

*to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ...*

*there's something with their sea-machines ....*

*there's something with their coffee ...*

*and still too much tea dripping from their noses ...*

*it's the gathering of all big noses ....*

*it's the gathering of all cowards ...*

*quenching every war which would save the children ....*

*sacrificing their meals to the dragons ....*

*it's the gathering of the big cartoon ...*

*too scared to lay the horror ...*

*but now the tragedies are rising ...*

*rising from cartoon ....*

*all these businessmen ....*

*all these sacred men ....*

*just blasphemy undercover ....*

*Blasphemy Undercover VI*

*oh, how the coffee burns in my veins tonight .....*

*it's like it's asking for some liquors a bit rude ...*

*but still dignified if it comes to that ...*

*for it wants to keep the treasure ....*

*it wants to stay in the castle ....*

*having that old old crown .... of blasphemy undercover ....*

*Song on Rabbit's Hill II*

*Is it just a lamb inside asking for it's mother ....*

*or is it just a dream catching a lover for the coming snow ....*

the tear can do the mystery ....

to keep them all blind ....

Little terror of blasphemy,

Little Big Mouth of No Nonsense and pink delights,

When it starts to speak it's the Big "She"

Little Big Terror, running through the gates of the castle ....

Pleasing your Big Mouth ... Pleasing the Ornament ....

Your Lion's a little sick today ...

He looks a bit pale ....

You always loved to tell people ....

speaking for the mass ....

having a big psychosis in which you Were The Big Microphone ....

How your Mouth likes to roll ....

Like a rolling stone .....

Like a Blade Undercover ....

Spoiling the Publics while destroying the ball .....

but all undercover .....

*hidden in deep conspiracies and deep baskets .....*

*escaped from the cartoon,*

*you were a lamentation-cat ....*

*all bred up ...*

*like someone's motor ....*

*laying the magnets like doing the dishes ....*

*and still you call it art and birthday ....*

*still you call it newyearthseve ....*

*you little big mouth from the big terror ....*

*you ornament from the ornament's rage .....*

*In This Strange Cartoon ...*

*the big beer is running through scandinavian streets,*

*the big lie is walking behind him ...*

*they make the same movements and before you know ...*

*they tackled you and then you're one of them ...*

*they're catching shadows,*

*lunatic actions ...*

*sucking the fools from the roofs ...*

*it's an artist's mis-vacation ...*

*planned too late on a hard man's spoon ....*

*now all he can do is spit and roar ...*

*but they call it art that's one for sure ...*

*the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting,*

*something to remember and to collect ....*

*all he is doing is making art ...*

*even his funeral is called a masterpiece ...*

*the way he smiles is art*

*the way he kisses his wife is art ...*

*the way he kills, the way he's a butcher ...*

*all good movies from a big talent ....*

*the way he makes fun of you ... all art ...*

*the way he sleeps ... all art ...*

*the way he's spinning his coffee ...*

no one would arrest him for that ... for it's all art ....

the pencil his knife ...

covered by big business ...

it seems the artist is a businessman to protect himself against the dogs ....

the way he draws dogs is art ...

the way he kills them is art ....

the way he sucks is art ...

all wrapped in a good good pocket ....

show the pocket and it's ok ....

the businessmen are the police here ....

in this strange cartoon

In This Strange Cartoon II

In this strange cartoon ...

In this strange motherland ...

We all die too soon ....

Such a tragedy .... this cartoon .....

In this strange cartoon ....

In this strange ornament ...

*It's like hell's factory over here ....*

*Breaking your bones with a spoon ....*

*In this strange cartoon ...*

*In this ...strange ..... ornament ....*

*It's like a Lounge Bravour ...*

*It's like a strange promenade ...*

*In this strange cartoon ...*

*In this strange machine of paint .....*

*We are all dying too soon ....*

*Broken by a spoon ....*

*In this strange cartoon ...*

*On this strange spoon ...*

*We're heading for a Giant's Mouth ...*

*Something bigger than us ....*

*In this strange cartoon ....*

*Everyone's a spoon ....*



Everyone's food ....

In this strange cartoon ....

In This Strange Cartoon III

It's a lamentation's dog ...

It's the businessman,

the man with the big nose ...

the terror of advertisements ...

In this strange cartoon ... we can never sleep ....

It's the curse of someone's coffee ....

And still there's dripping so much tea ....

On that first floor somewhere ....

Where all the clocks seem to gather .....

You in your rocking chair ...

You with that golden gun ....

You with those snakes around the old tree ...

Your still Gepetto's son .....

You with your green coffee ...

having some contracts with the big tea ....

and some lamentation dogs ...

and now your passengers cannot sleep ....

This strange boat of you this strange boat ...

too weird to describe ....

It's like the rolling thunder ....

It's like the curse of the blackest night ....

It's your ghostship with the lions on .....

with your babes dying on the sides .....

and you're the pirate with your two-faced teeth ...

having a fantasy online ....

It's green coffee which you gave me ...

It made me sick ....

Green Mothers

green mothers green ornaments ...

it didn't bring me one step further ...

it's a lying laughing curse ...

all in tight dresses and tight faces ....

still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works ....

still a daydreamlover,

still a lame and lying excuse ...

but i will not step into your arena's again ....

you can be a statue on grandfather's grave ...

where you can watch the roses grow ....

where you can watch the ornaments sink .....

where you can see a new daylight-terror ....

something worse than you ....

your little toybusinessmen,

your little toybanks,

they will not paralyze my head anymore ...

no i found something better now ...

a key to a discovery ... a key to the old explorers ...

a key to the bloudhounds you used to spit on ....

there was blood on the market-square ...

but a rose grew there ....

a liquid key to new treasures ... those stairways in the night ...

like chrystal lights .... so far away ...

the money was too sharp on the square ....

it was like james bond raising octopussy ...

it was a trademark perfectly denied ....

### *Watermark*

It was too sharp on the edge ... so i jumped off ... i didn't want to go back to the old house behind me ... i jumped off ... and i met a wasp in a balloon ... under a balloon to be accurate ... but it was too sharp ... so i dived further .... to the other side of cartoon ..... which was just the other side of the mill ... for there it was even sharper .... so i wished i never left the old house ... and now i'm wandering like hopeless ... through sharper objects ... thinking i failed ... i missed my chances ... i don't know the way back to the old house .... i never liked it's cucumbers ... but now i desire them like heaven ... i never liked the old paintings of the old house .... but now i desire to see them, or to catch a glimpse of them ... i always ignored the fairies in the garden and in the house ... but now i beg to touch one of them ... but these chances are lost .... although ... the old house is deeper in my heart now ... since the strike of the wasp .....

the pictures in my head are so fragile and emotional .... it's like all my feelings came alive .... it's like i hear and adore all ticks of it's clock now ... while i'm not there anymore .... i'm on a sharper edge now .... in hopeless terror .... i'm baptized in the wasp's glue .... after the trauma ... everything got value ... and i could see the paths appear .... but it was only leading me further away from the old house and it's lovely dwarves ..who i used to curse when i lived there ...

but suddenly hey there i see .... an old house in the distance ... it looks a bit like the old house of the past .... but no ... it's not the same .... a wasp is living here .... and he seems nice to me ... so many playcards are hanging on the wall ... playcards from the wasp ..... it's like the wasp's glue is running through me .... it stings, but it wakes me up ... it carries me to the attic .... it's like all gravity has been gone .... and then i realize and start to see ... i will never return to the old house ... but just watching the memories .... and to see how they come alive ... here ....

he's the guard of my memory .... that old wasp ... but he shows me that the old house from the past .... was also just a memory .... i lived in this memory such a long time .... not liking it .... but when it was gone i start to miss things .... and it's like the further things are drawn away ... the more you start to feel them and respect them .... then it gets it's values back ... for it's the sting of the wasp which finally opens the senses and awakens everything ..... in the mill ...we become sensitive again ...

the mill is just an old memory starting to show it's face ..... the value .... it asks for respect and attention ... it wants to give you another point of view .... another place to live in .... the same memory .... but a different place ....

the old wasp ... the old guard ..... dealing in memories .... the mills bring them to the place they belong ..... for finally they are treasures .... ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place ....

the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home .... until it is understood .....

the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions .... bringing them home .... all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers .... back to the garage .....

the wasp's coffee is gliding through my throat ... awakening the shore - flowers of my mind .... the roaring ships and monsters in the sea of emotions are still finding their ways back to the safe haven ....

the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair .... knitting new pyama's for me .... it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home ..... he's knocking on my back ..... while all clocks on the walls are exploding ..... the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language .... it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv ....

*Watermark II*

invisible debts

decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face

decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ...

all from the wasplake ...

decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg ....

and someone was feeling my pulse .... there in that old forest ...

now the kids can never come alive again ....

it was an old priest ....

with some sacred marks ...

but these were too sacred ....

so no one really survived ....

and this forest is still enchanted ...

like virgo's church ...

even the fishes are drowning in the pond ...

and the candyhouses are bitter there ....

it's all grey and green ...

the watermark still on my head ....

still on my fragile face ...

it was the touch of a businessman ....

thinking he was a priest ....

the snake is doing business ...

all in the name of love ....

all in the name of somebody's son ...

*it's a dirty job if you ask me ....*

*i'm still following that priest ...*

*when i see him in the supermarket ...*

*then i follow him to his house deep in the forest ...*

*he's still breeding his watermarks there ....*

*i still have his ornament around my pulse ...*

*it's like the chain,*

*it's like the knife ...*

*i can use it against dogs and wild suns ....*

*still his present to me ....*

*in the name of someone's son ....*

*but the watermark is sinking deeper and deeper inside ...*

*after all these years ...*

*wanting to have too big parts of the prey ....*

*it was all the curse of a businessmen ...*

*these tools have hidden prices ....*



now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year  
...

it's like farao's hand ....

so we are waiting for some plagues ...

some plagues of thieves if you ask me ....

we could better steal the watermark than to get it with this hidden price  
we could never pay ....

it's the invisible debt .... business makes the beans so sharp ....

so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ...

to search for hidden conditions ...

and to breed ... our own ... watermarks ...

don't let anyone fool you ...

a present is never for free ....

it has always hidden prices ...

and sometimes the costs are too high ...

for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ...

and finally yourself and your family ...

the present's curse ...

the watermarks they can look so lovely  
but they can eat you from inside out ...  
they can be cruel heritages ...  
they can be inner factories ...  
laying the chain forever ...  
they can be schools you don't want to be ...  
they can be mind-movies you don't want to see ...  
they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around ....  
and this makes birthday one of the biggest conspiracies ever ....

### Watermark III

Tatoos on dry places ...  
The watermarks know where they can suck ...  
Thick gel on thin places ...  
The crocodile knows it's paths ...  
  
Conspiracies of the damned ...

They are all heading for each other ...

It's a mark of the crocodile after all ...

It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ...

But no one wants to leave it this way ....

### *Barbed Wire Hearts*

Real pride doesn't exist,

In the heart of the liar,

Real honour doesn't meet his mouth ...

It's only some wood of fear,

blowing away his consciousness ...

and something else is taking him over ....

They are too afraid to live ...

They are too afraid to touch ....

They are too lazy to spin the ornament ...

## *Barbed Wire Hearts II*

*They are blind, those barbed wire hearts,*

*They can only feel your heart,*

*your weak places ...*

*They tell you things you don't want to hear ...*

*They are storytellers to lay the curse deep inside ...*

*Then they watch the effect from their fences ....*

*And spin new tales for the next strike ...*

*When all the curses are installed ...*

*They start to deny everything ...*

*To cover up the wounds ...*

*To cover up your screaming child inside ....*

*So that no one will ever see ...*

*and no one can really help you ...*

*Barbed Wire Hearts*

## *Barbed Wire Hearts III*

*They try to let you feel insecure ...*

*for they could never feel the blessing of pride ...*

They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning,  
sent out to make you one of them ...

They are tale-tellers from the woodpecker's house ...

They knock until your fragile mind opens up ...

And then they slowly slide away ...

leaving a pipeline for a daily suck ....

When you give them your heart,

They will let it fall ...

And soon you will be one of them ....

for you cannot use your heart anymore ....

you're a barbed wire heart too ...

Is there any escape out of this woodpecker's house,

Is there any spell to reverse this curse ?

Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss .....

But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London,

when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks ....

## *Spiderwoman from the Big Coffee*

*you're staring at me with your coffee eyes ...*

*it takes seven full hours until your sugar reaches my cup ...*

*it was floating through the air so slowly ..from your hand to my cup ...*

*it rolled out of your spoon .... it's like you live your life between the seconds ....*

*you make twenty faces in a flash ...*

*all to win a smile from me ....*

*you want to know which mix i drink ...*

*but that's topsecret protected by the government ...*

*your coffeewebs try to keep me out of the hunting lies ...*

*your still a spiderwoman ... from the big coffee ....*

*but it's like fishing ...for i'm deep in the lion's tea ...*

*all i want is to become slow again ... to reach for the deeper pattern of this mill ...*

*Arena of Insects*

*behind barbed wire eyes*

*The one of the biggest ridicule,  
The one with the trademark-condoms,  
The one with the coldest touch,  
The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills,  
The one with the copyright-assistants,  
The one with the careful curses,  
Has the keys of this machine,  
of this Japanese Boxring,  
It's the sports Journalist,  
with razorsharp money,  
having razorsharp records,  
running in the middle of bald heads ...  
It's the game's capitalist,  
It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church,  
It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected,*

It's your bridegroom on a purple rose,  
It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight,  
It's your mother's leather dog-chain,  
aliens crying for help,  
but it's all too deep inside,  
it's all too small,  
all happening under a skin ...  
of barbed wire eyes ...

*Terror from the Ole' Chessboard*

*Return of the Dictator*

The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ...

They have seen light ...

Now they are hungry ...

A world of elves cannot save you this time ...

For now it's something worse ...

Your mother's worst put in chess ....



She's drinking a cup,  
and you think it's filled with your blood,  
but you don't know it for sure ...  
It can also be your neighbour's blood ...  
Her agenda's are never clear ...  
You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ...  
Strange dinners from a mother's heart ....  
and now you're sick of it ....  
  
No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ...  
It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ...  
And all the shops are closed today ....  
Now your waiting for the night ...  
Mother's night ....  
For the strike of her nails ..  
  
The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ...  
Those waterlights ... in the night ...  
They have smelled something ...

*Some pale purple roses ...*

*Now they are up for some barparties ...*

*While no one can save you ...*

*While no one knows you ..*

*You are a stranger in your own land now ...*

*And you even don't know where you are anymore ...*

*For the waterlights have come ....*

*Waterlights in tall delights .....*

*Tall insectians ... too tall ....*

*too tall to feel safe ...*

*It was your mother's worst put in chess ...*

*Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ...*

*It seems like mom pushed a bell ....*

*the worst bell,*

*worse than a million schoolbells ...*

*It seems she was in problems,*

*So now she made this choice ...*

*Or was it an accident ?*

You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear ....

And her diaries are dark .... too dark to read ....

You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you

....

It's your moms worst put in chess ....

It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house ...

Decorated by her birthdays ....

You were her present she got .....

You were a heritage from someone ....

But anyway, all curses too mean ...

when she writes in her diaries ....

you better hide ....

But hey, come on, read it another time,

and you will not be so shocked ...

for time heals all wounds ...

and some years further you will use it as a book of fables to make fun  
with your children ...

well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ...

to become your next horror ...

kids can be meaner than curses you know ...  
that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ...  
your moms worst put in chess ...  
for when a kid is playing chess ...  
it can be an all-time disaster no one survives ....  
even not your old dog,  
your last flame on a birthday's cake .....

But hey, you will survive death ...  
there are worse things than that ....  
you still didn't know about your grandmother's worst put in chess from  
hundred years ago ...  
she caused all this ....

but she was just a victim of someone elses worst put in chess ....  
so you just need to know who sold this chessboard ...  
this old curses chessboard ...  
which raped your whole family without pardon ....

Then you have to go to that old house of dwarves,  
where birthday was raised ....

where it rose like a wet statue of terror ....

from that ole' ole' cursed chessboard ....

where it killed like a black horse ...

where it swallowed all colours away ...

where it set it's arena's ...

it's japanese boxrings ...

Gepetto had a brother ... an old game-maker ... a dwarf ....

he made a colorchess-board,

but since birthday came,

it sucked the colors away ....

and old ladies started to play their games there ...

your grandmother was one of them ...

she stole it and brought it to an old museum ...

so she could play chess there with some old men ...

with bald heads and smiling faces ...

didn't we all rise from this ?

like a rocket of terror ....

spreading our desasters ....

we were someone elses kids ....

scaring the hell out of them ....

we built our arena's on the chessboard,

sucking all colors away ...

but everything comes back to us ....

in this magical circle ...

and it's still world's best haunted house ....

after all these years .....

but i'm heading for some new games ....

this Gepetto's dwarf,

this ole' ole' brother ....

must have some more games in his cupboards ...

and some more suits in his wardrobe ....

i'm getting sick of the same arenas,

i'm getting too tired to fight here,

always the same game ...

always the same ...

on this damned chessboard ....

they say there's no life at the other side of the chessboard,

but i bet there's another game there,  
when we turn this whole board upside down ....  
...the other side of the chessboard ...  
there's a world living under it ...  
a world of dwarves ...

turn the ship upside down ...  
the sharks will be the birds ...  
and we will dive deeper into the sea ....

he placed his enchanted mirror on saturn ....  
she's still a mermaid ...  
the portal to his games ...  
still a siren's daughter ....  
arcturian designs ...

and white boots luring the visitors ...  
bringing them through the portals in bags of glue ...  
still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ...  
still the gameshop's display-doll ...

*But i'm only waving at her,*

*from a safe distance ...*

*I won't jump in that boat again ...*

*I will look for another portal ...*

*Mother Capricorn is like a display-doll from the coffeeshop ...*

*Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags,*

*She's still playing the widow ...*

*But she's too close to Mother Aldebaran,*

*so I will take the other portal ...*

*It seems all my old dreams don't fit me anymore ...*

*But they understand my principles ...*

*I'm waving at them from a safe distance ...*

*Green Boots is the display-doll from the zoo-shop ...*

*at least ....*

*well, but she's just a part-timer there ....*

*She sells speedboats to possessed dwarves there ...*

*So that's really my style ...*

*and she's a giant-assassin ....*



*she's never doing the dishes ...*

*she doesn't need dishes when she eats ...*

*and she never eats at home ....*

*I want to have her as display-doll for the game-portal ...*

*we need some more crocodiles there ....*

*It's busy in the shoeshop,*

*it's ringing all the time,*

*like a million bells ...*

*everyone wants to have crocodile-boots ...*

*It's busy in the coffeeshop ...*

*it's ringing like a million bells ...*

*everyone wants to have crocodile-coffee ...*

*what's the deal ... i'm thinking ....*

*is echo building another tv ?*

*it seems the dwarf is making a new game ...*

*Kartates Blazazarium ... It was an old boot once ...*

*A crocodile-boot ...*

*Or was it a jelly-fish-boot ...*

*About this the war's are raging ....*

*There are wars in the shoeshop ....*

*a girl is flying into the shop ...*

*she is like an owl with a cathead ....*

*it's the queen of gemini they say ...*

*and the king of apus is walking behind her ...*

*her little brother ....*

*they are both handicapped children ...*

*The siren from Arcturus is waking over them ...*

*She has a mother's heart for them ...*

*They have a big mission in the shoeshop ....*

*There is a war in the shoeshop ....*

*And the queen of gemini is screaming like a dictator ....*

*This girl loves blasphemy, that's one thing for sure ...*

*And her brother's eyes are glittering ....*

Then someone smashes the door open ...

It's Libra's little dictator ...

Without speaking he pushes the waterbuttons of his little calculator ....

Then he spouts like the thunder's worst blasphemy .....

and the shoeshop explodes ....

then only one pair of crocodile-boots are standing before them ...

he jumps in them and runs away ....

together with the queen of gemini and the king of apus ....

a little fir is closing the curtains ....

the end of the tv-show ...

someone is drinking coffee in the coffeeshop ...

it tastes like crocodile ...

but that happens when it's crocodile-coffee ....

then libra's little dictator is suddenly appearing in the dooropening ....

the man spits his coffee out ....

he didn't expect the tv-star here ....

libra's little dictator gives him a little piece of licorice ...

stand up and walk, go home and your sins will be forgiven, don't sin  
anymore ... the little dictator sais ..

*the man walks out of the coffeeshop in shivers ....*

*taking his car and drives into the canal ...*

*the little dictator fishes him out ...*

*"i told you to go home, not to go for a swim"*

*he roars ...*

*libra's little dictator ...*

*an ornament in the storm ...*

*this handicapped boy,*

*this tv-star ...*

*bringing them all home ....*

*bringing them all to their own tv's ....*

*he counts with his fingers ...*

*and then it's done ...*

*sometimes he takes his little water-calculator ...*

*to hit some holes in the air ....*

*he's still the cartoon's docter ...*

*breaking down old arena's ...*

*he's still the cartoon's policeman,*

*in his big cartoonship ...*

*and gemini's little princess ...*

*she's still the game's doctor ...*

*still the game's lawyer ...*

*while the king of apus ...*

*he doesn't know what he is anymore ...*

*but one day he will find out ....*

*Terror from the comic*

*There's terror dripping from grandmother's cup ... terror from the comic*

*...*

*juice of comic comes out of her mouth ...*

*i wonder what she has read ....*

*the newspaper ... it's the newspaper ...*

*with a hidden gossip-magazine inside ...*

*the knife perfectly hidden ....*

*There are comic-figures in my room ...*

*tall and liquid ...*

*like my granduncle's shadows ....*

*it's like there's someone in my room ...*

*liquor from uncle's ...*

*There's blood dripping from the curtains ...*

### *Waterlights*

*Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...*

*She's a duck from arcturus ...*

*Her automatons all in a circle ....*

*Big Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ...*

*They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,*

*to bring the children home ...*

*The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ...*

*She's taking her children back ...*

## *Waterlights II*

*heading for the broadcast lady*

*to bring the children back*

*heading for the orange ball*

*the dwarf*

*the ornament*

*bringing them all back*

*waterlights coming from the waterlights*

*waterlights heading for the waterlights*

*still fireworks in the air*

*clowns are my answering machines now,*

*dwarves are my doorbells ...*

*my friends ... the whistling kettles ...*

*there's someone standing before my door,*

with three purple pale roses in his hands ...

he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ...

then the waterlights will spout ...

*Waterlights III*

Waterlights the doorbells

Waterlights the mailmen-eaters

Waterlights the tax-assassins

Waterlights sending the teachers away

We don't need any teacher today ...

It's the truant's party ... from the Big Cartoon ...

I'm pushing the waterbuttons of this new game ...

It's like the rainbow is bowing ...

It's like the tax is lying down ...

It's like there are no ornaments anymore ....

Only magical spells ...

Raising up a sunday's terror ...

Vows to poverty

Sealed by old priests ...



*Parties in old temples ...*

*Pushing the waterbuttons ...*

*The children were locked up behind golden fences ...*

*But the waterlights open them now ...*

*and bring them to the land where the swans spit fire ...*

*the land behind the swanlake ...*

*Here the red dragon lives,*

*together with his dragon-swans ...*

*They are games from an old book ...*

*Here, in the land of the game ...*

*You can come there by jumping through an enchanted mirror ...*

*But there are many enchanted mirrors ....*

*He was the prince of video-clips ...*

*painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ...*

*all these statues ... waiting for the dawn of the show ...*

*He was the prince of video-clips ...*

*A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...*

## *Awakening the Wasp*

Awakening the wasp,  
the ornament's transmission ...  
In pale purple screams the crime appears ...

Awakening the wasp,  
awakening the fears ...  
to trace the ladders inside  
on a woman's thick coffee-panties

They are the display-dolls of zoo-shops ...  
I will burn those tonight ...  
They are Arcturian Waspwomen ...  
from siren's qualities ...

Awakening the Wasp ...  
Those dragongirls ..  
Awakening their footsteps and their coffeemouths  
by slow drums in deep spanish rythms ...

*Still the bridge from arabia to the indians ....*

*with a deep japanese background ...*

*where the spider hides ...*

*They wear their responsibilities and duties deep in their eyes ...*

*holding them tight in intelligence ...*

*These women from Spain and Portugal ...*

*Still rainbowbridges between arabia and the indian bananas ....*

*Awakening the wasp ....*

*Awakening the Wasp II*

*Birthday having the democracies in the black money-pocket,*

*Terrorizing the mail from a postman's heart*

*Birthday having the waterlights inside,*

*all these gods of ten ...*

*They are the faces on strange playcards,*

*from a game you still don't want to know ....*

*cuyornaida corset or kartates blazazarium ..*

*about this the wars are still raging ..*

*but you only see your own game ...*

There my father walks with his own fed up democracies ...

like the motors he gave to my nephews ...

he's still a walking diary ...

And our lovely aunt in her dress full of pale purple democracies ...

all these glitters ...

then i'm not hungry anymore ...

then all my desires go to sleep ...

watching the game inside ....

enough to be satisfied ...

watching some wasp-tv ...

All these castles can go home tonight ...

Mr. Democracy smiles,

all these voices in one mouth,

smoking twenty-million cigars at the same time ...

And you're still saying the girl is so intelligent ..

then ...why don't you listen to her ?

Mr Democracy smiles ...

He had a good day ...

It's his game of numbers ...

In the Big Arena ...

Now if we're going to smash with numbers,

hey I know a good horse ...

throwing the orange chrystal ball to the ground,

with splinters marching for election-day ...

All these words of you ...

were nothing but .... bunches of possessed dwarves ...

coming from the big orange ...

to sooth some other wars ...

is echo building a new bike ?

is echo inventing another machine ?

i'm watching wasp-tv today ...

for it's too cold outside ...

our lovely aunt walking there,

with pale purple roses in her hair ...

heading for election day ...

it's like the threat of a nuclear bomb hanging around in the air ...

my nephew had to shut his comic earlier ...

the crap is already running ...

Mr. Democracy is gathering the masses in his hat ...

waiting for another strike ...

Then all his cigars will explode in his face ...

and then he will be the big beast of the party tonight ...

always my nephew's best trick ...

Awakening ..the wasp ...

*Awakening the Wasp III*

Awakening the wasp ..

awakening the sunrise terror ..

from an ornament's spoon,

for some sixty-six babies, riding on birthday's horse ...

Now finally he can smile ...

Now finally he can sit ...

There's some room now ....

Echo is bowing in nuclear terror ...

Wasp-tv in early dresses ...

Games from the crocodile in Spain ...

It's the war of numbers ...

Always Pinocchio's Nightmare ...

But it will let the orange flow ...

And it will let the balls fall again ...

in even more splinters ....

Wasp-tv updated ...

for a better summer's snow ...

And she's getting softer,

losing all her hungers ...

her desires are enough to satisfy her ...

The further away it appears,

the more influence it has on her,

like a shining star in the distance ...

like a melon-pear-banana,

it's just a deeper touch ...

it's making her world larger

she loses the narrow curse,

the soft fleeces between her and that thing,

were just marks from echo's television ...

installing it deeper inside ....

now it's like the game's icecream ...

now it's like the watering touch ....

with all these cool ripples from zebra ...

making her so material inside ....

it's spouting into her underworlds ...

awakening the wasp ...

awakening the ornament's break ....

with an ornament's brake ...

still on her side-gloves' armies ...

still on her side-hats tales ....

it's the queen inside who's rising ...



*and raging like summer's palest fruit ...*

*Building the democracies inside ...*

*There's a material world over there,*

*for outside the opposites walk ...*

*waiting to strike you by a fed up number ...*

*Always Pinocchio's Nightmare ...*

*Building your own democracies inside ...*

*a material space ...*

*the opposites walk outside ...*

*you don't need them ....*

*Just close the curtains you got from capricorn ...*

*those purple ones ...*

*and be material inside ...*

*Awakening the wasp ...*

*awakening the red wide spoon,*

*the orange side-belts ...*

*and the witty cartoon ...*

*There's thick glue streaming inside ...*

*outside the opposites walk ....*

*but you have closed all curtains ..*

*and watching the candle's flame ....*

*Then you close the blue curtains,*

*you got from neptune ...*

*and the orange-rivers will start to boil and stream ...*

*in your little underworlds .....*

*with balldwarves at their sides ....*

*orange balls opening ...*

*and then the movie starts ....*

*then you go with your own ships*

*sailing on your own democracies ...*

*to your own election days ...*

*your so material inside*

*your so online inside*

*watching echo's newest tv ...*

wasp-tv updated ...

so don't be scared when the glasses are falling ...

don't be scared when the windows are exploding ...

for it's just to make your screens brighter ...

wasp-tv updated ...

awakening the wasp ....

The mills are speaking ...

increasing the numbers,

bringing the dwarves ...

the orange portals are opening ...

they come from all sides ...

wasp-tv updated ...

watching the wasp's eye ...

the orange balls are breaking ...

new glues are streaming ...

new juices from crocodile ...

now there are growing crocodile trees in your heads ...

with crocodile fruits ...

heading for a new game ....

kartates blazazarium ...

the old crocodile boot ...

when you were born ...

the baby wasn't you ...

but you just saw nature roaring ...

locked up in the body ....

you were a prisoner of this baby,

your mind was erased ...

but your flower was growing against this rock of ages ...

your flower survived ...

and now you got the keys of this body ...

heading for cartoon ....

you will take care of this baby ...

it was a gift to you ...

but still at times you feel sprisoner ...

locked up somewhere in the body ...

it seems that the baby can live without you ...

*it's still a handicapped baby,*

*a little dictator ...*

*nature's gift to you ....*

*to turn you into an animal again ...*

*awakening the wasp ...*

*yes, it was a cruel siamese contract ...*

*numbers fighting about a body ...*

*but finally you can drive the car together ...*

*when the glass falls ...*

*capitalism will fall when the glass breaks ...*

*no prophet needed to see that ....*

*but then new sorts of capitalists will rise ...*

*communists updated ...*

*awakening ..the wasp ...*

*and they will greet you on the street,*

*they make dignified dances ...*

*but their clothes are scottish ....*

they are materialists inside ...

they are the scrooges of the livers,

of old potatoes and sacred museums ...

pushing you back where you belong ...

they walk around with the scales of time,

they are the judges of southern coasts ...

they are the possessors of the wild wet dreams ...

of wet fairytales and wet dogs ....

they are the kings of the wet zone,

they are the lunatics of narrow clothes ...

of narrow streets and narrow bars,

but wearing big blue oceans over it ...

they are the businessmen of numbers ..

selling numbers to the doves of the roofs ...

they are pieces of the big cake ...

breeding tight democracies in a rainbow ...

they aren't allowed in schools and big houses,

but they are the terror on the sea ...

*selling birthdays in a street ...*

*and still these guys are echo's friend ...*

*missionaries of the big press ...*

*Awakening the wasp IV*

*On wasp-tv :*

*Coffeemachines on Saturn are kidnapping a baby from the coffeeshop-  
owner*

*it's the pencil of fear writing on fragile screens,*

*boosted by fine registers and sensitive touches ...*

*held in line by a hundred insecure threads ...*

*the lips of a spanish woman tattooing the waterlights ...*

*Red Thistle Sea*

*Pictures drawn by the trauma,*

*A boy having sharp arrows on his back,*

*An autistic boy ...*

*Hunting the black deer ...*

*She hurted the prophet ...*

*by her words ...*

*Through the fragile leaves you see the lake ...*

*where it all started ...*

*you have to jump through ...*

*It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ...*

*He heard your scream of the black past ...*

*and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ...*

*He's weaving new languages on your face ...*

*Your senses were tricked so deeply ....*

*but now he takes you out of the illusion ...*

*their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...*

*From the pencil of thick trauma ...*

*Dripping from wasp-tv ...*

*Still an autistic boy's transmission ...*

*Too shy to repeat ...*

*Too much confidence*

*Too much pride ...*



Too much fear ...  
dripping from wasp-tv ....

It's a wet touch ...  
These are traumatic trees ...  
shocks to come alive ...  
to detach from the past ....

The iron pencil ...  
traumatic pictures ....  
traumatic language ...

Thistle sea ...  
Coming alive again ...

red stinging nettle

There's growing a plant in me ...

Red stinging nettle ...  
pleasure so close to pain ...  
health so close to sickness ...

There's growing a war in me ...  
and I'm the warchild,  
from this womb of divorce ...  
carrying the flag for all stinging plants ...  
divorces so close to marriages ...  
wounds so close to the shields ...

It's a beautiful picture ...  
a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...  
two-bodied ...  
heaven so close to hell ....  
it's all glowing red ....  
it's burning in the sun ...  
darkness so close to light ....  
he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ...  
covered by the face of the moon ...  
a torn t-shirt,  
torn trousers ...  
shattered boots ...  
like the red hulk is rising again ...

There's a plant growing in my body ... it pierces my skin, and then it  
dives under again ...

it's twisting in my body ...

shattering and sewing me ...

it's so close to the picture ....

like the pink tattoo ....

red stinging nettle II

he's like the red stinging nettle ...

that autistic boy ...

an a-boy that is what they call him,

also with a bunch of allergies ...

there's burning something in my nerves ...

it's the voice of that autistic boy ...

not wanting to let me go ...

he's so mad at me ...

he's a raging stinging nettle ....

for i'm still driving too fast ...

altho i cannot help it ....

for someone took the brake away ....

i'm riding straight to the abyss ...

to a natureless heaven ...

where everyone forces everyone ...

where there is no time to breath ...

no time to kiss a tree ...

i'm riding straight to the abyss ...

but the autistic boy is blocking me ...

raging at me ...

he will be the red stinging nettle around me ...

a red balloon ...

bringing me to the other side of the moon ...

predators are his pets ...

stinging trees and flowers his friends ...

red thistles bringing us home ...

over land and over sea ....  
until we feel the thorn of time again ...  
blocking us from going too fast ....  
the traumatic beauty ...  
  
there's a world between the seconds ...  
when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ...  
deep in the forest ....  
surrounded by waspnests ...  
and so many friends ....  
then we will see the big "most" ...  
it was all ...deeper inside ....  
in a snakelake ...  
where a pinkblue forestroad smiles ...  
it's like the touch of the viper ...  
it's like a sea of thistle-tears ...  
making us all deaf to the lie ...  
making us all blind to the complaint ....  
there's no expectation left ...  
we have too many reasons ...

the big "most" lives in our hearts ...self made by the shatters of our lives ...

traumatic ornaments in deep shivers ...

wasp-tv for stinging trees ....

tomorrow the tragedy will do the dishes ...

and the trauma will wash everything away ...

a fragile pencil will walk across the bloody battlefield ...

to gather the flowers and the streams ...

in a pointy sack ... on japanese house-shoes ...

decorated by drama ...

it's when the varias spread their wings ...

we will all see this ...

that it was always there already ...

pleasure so close to pain ...

the good mask just melts ...

when the wings are spread ...

when the feather-pencil rules ...

from an old indian head ...

escaping several fires .....

the apocalypse was always there ...

but now she finally washed away her dress ....

*the traumatic beauty ...*

*it will blind your eyes ...*

*but it will open your heart ....*

*and the knife will be felt ...*

*it was never put there ....*

*it's just the true shape of your heart ....*

*it was the anchor of your ship,*

*it was the loveline to the other ...*

*the aerial for the message ...*

*it made you shiver to open up your wasp-tv ...*

*so that you could feel the crocodile-glue running through your veins ...*

*it was the knife which split your heart apart ...*

*making it two-hearted ...*

*so that you could kiss yourself ...*

*to spin your own mosts ...*

*which brought you over the sea .....*

*there's such a world inside ...*

*it's just the shape of your heart ...*

*it's just a red stinging nettle ....*

*growing there like thunder .....*

it's just your father speaking ...  
about old divorces and old worldwars ...  
remembering the split ...  
was much deeper than yourself ...  
it goes beyond the own splits ....  
so never take anything personal ....  
the root lies in an ancient game ....  
with ancient rules ...  
you are just an object in this war ....  
a product from a factory ...  
while the persons are raging above your head ...  
in their unknown languages ...  
you're just a victim from a war in the air ...  
from an old birdnest ...  
from an ancient war .....

you're just a number for them ....  
a pawn in the game ....  
they don't want to know who you are ....  
they just want to use you in their game ...  
you're just an object in their eyes .....



and so are all the others around you ...

no one really knows about what the wars are raging ....

it's an ancient war high in the air ...

it's rising above your head ...

so let it go ....

just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections ....

enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ...

for the magic's there ...

enjoy the red stinging nettle ...

enjoy the red nettle's food ....

sickness so close to health ...

sickness brought the man out of the factory,

out of hell ...

sickness made the man autistic again ....

autism so close to the animals ...

autism so close to the trees ...

his fears brought him to nature again ...

to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ...

to a deeper health ...

death so close to life ...

a traumatic beauty ....

did you ever see the pink dress of depression ...

it's like dim light, almost grey ....

it's like wrapped in the forest ...

it's like longing for home ...

which is deep inside ...

sad voices are luring you ...

longing for you ...

missing you ....

you are missed ... so missed ...

the pink dress .. a sovenir ...

crying ... until you're back ...

Bristal Brival

Back to Izu

the world beyond fairytale vi (clasp)

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*Urban Renewal from handicapped boys on Flying Moths*

*Language of Trees*

*Killertrees*

*Tree's Apocalypse*

*Strange Sleep pill - No Response*

*Black Snail*

*Tree Cocoon*

*Strange Clients*

*Siamese Ornaments (By Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)*

*Aldebaran Birds I-V (By Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)*

*The Feather I-IV*

*Baker's Tree Boy*

*Everlasting Damnation I-VI (By Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)*

*The Lazarus Tree*

*Little deaf men*

*Wasp's Tv Updated*

*Back to Izu*

*Language of Trees*

*when a man becomes hard he becomes tall*

*when a man becomes tall he becomes thin*

you have your own ornaments raging in the night

when a man becomes soft,  
he will be hard in the night,  
this always seems to be true ...

when a man gets the crocodile-gun,  
he becomes taller,  
when a man gets the crocodile-boots,  
he becomes thinner ...  
still sinister shadows in the night ...

### Killertrees

Bilmageln breeds the killertrees,  
Green lines in the night,  
green lights from traffic ....

Bilmageln breeds the killertrees ...  
some brown lines between,  
so thin but not too thin ....  
some just can't stand bilmageln ....

*Black Spring from the ornament's ring ...*

*Black lights so thin so thin ....*

*Sinister shadows in the night ...*

*Bilماغeln breeds the killertrees ...*

*the thistlefields ...*

*the mura's from the sidelines ...*

*still ornaments in the rain ....*

*black ones ....*

*Bilماغeln breeds the rain ....*

*the wasprain if it comes to that ....*

*thin oh yes too thin ...*

*tall oh yes too tall ....*

*too tall and too thin to survive ....*

*some just can't stand bilماغeln ...*

*some just can't stand his light ...*

*waterlights from ....*

*too tall and too sinister to stay awake ...*

*too sinister .....*

*some just can't stand bilmageln ....*

*they saw the tree .... and wished .....*

*just wished ...*

*some just can't stand bilmageln,*

*some just can't stand his ornament's ring ...*

*they saw it ....*

*but wished ....*

*just wished ....*

*they never saw ....*

*for it blinded them ....*

*some just can't stand bilmageln,*

*some just can't stand his ornament's pride ...*

*they wished ...*

*just wished ....*

*they could be proud ....*

*all these hard men ...*

*becoming tall in the night ...*

*men of no response ...*

*they just stare ...*

*their eyes speak ....*

*having bilmageln's ring in their eyes ....*

*rings from the trees ...*

*binding them all together ....*

*these tall men, these sinister men ...*

*letters from the tree ....*

*yes, the boys grew up there,*

*but now they are ...*

*tall, hard and sinister ....*

*waiting for tree's apocalypse ....*

*Tree's Apocalypse*

*drama after drama,*

*spinning in their fingers,*

*speaking tree-talk ...*

*sprites from december-day ...*



*tall like the tree's insect,  
they could take the fruits from moon's tree ...  
these are tall insect days ...  
these are tall ornaments ...  
too narrow ....  
narrow streets ...  
strange deals ....  
the eye is doing business ...  
no one's speaking ....  
these are silent days ....  
these are sinister days ....  
and you pray you will miss it ....  
but tree decided it this way ....  
  
the hard singer sings tall songs ...  
so thin that they easily slide into your ears ....  
you made them narrow,  
but they could slide in .....*

*tree's apocalypse*

*tree's daylight versions ....*

*tree's ornaments rage ....*

*for the green camera ...*

*strange birthdays ...*

*strange ....*

*tree's apocalypse ...*

*spouting waters all green ...*

*brown little lines ...*

*growing tall in the night ...*

*women with tall talk ...*

*from spanish beaches they flow ...*

*on wasp-tv ...*

*a daily flow ....*

*all in bilmageln's diaries ....*

*echo did a good job ....*

*gathering all these men ...*

*these dark men ...*

*tv-stars on wasp-tv ...*

*too tall to survive ...*

*too thin to grasp ....*

*seeing the rage in their eyes .....*

*now you know what i'm talking about right ?*

*it's the daylight's curse ....*

*these are insectian invasions ...*

*on black light's earth ...*

*these are ornaments spring, these are raging terrors ...*

*these are bloodlines confessions ....*

*these are scars from trees speaking ....*

*you won't see their earrings ...*

*it already blinded you ...*

*revenge before the strike ....*

*now it won't be dignified ...*

*it was never like that ...*

*the prince is a curse now ....*

*the ornament's a strike ....*

*copyrights like bombs,  
trademarks like hells ...  
breathing is not allowed ...  
it's the watering disease ...*

*the prince is sharp today ....  
he became too thin in the night ...  
now he's an ornament ...  
too dangerous to wear ...  
too dangerous to sell ....  
now it's shining in the museum ....*

*for a copyright's bell ...  
for a trademark's desire ...  
that black green curse ....  
that mouth from the crocodile ...  
you just saw his teeth ...*

*and now you're wandering to the exit of this haunted house ....  
but there's no exit ...  
this is all there is ...*

*you should have stopped reading the book ...*

*but now it's too late ...*

*it's too dark already ...*

*the lights are gone ...*

*you should have stopped eating the cake ...*

*but now it's too late ....*

*you should have jumped out of that bus ....*

*but it's now in the abyss ....*

*tree's apocalypse ....*

*why why why*

*why not why not why not ....*

*questions which will never be answered ...*

*tree's apocalypse ...*

*then why is the church doing all this ?*

*selling their eternal damnations to our kids ?*

*i was visited by a guy called eternal damnation*

*he had a little game in his hands*

*telling me if i would lose ...*

*i would go to hell forever ...*

*i told him i didn't have any time to waste myself like that ....*

*but he forced me to do the game ...*

*but i knew if i would do the game,*

*i would be too late at home ...*

*and then my father would send me to hell forever ....*

*and that was finally worse ....*

*so i started to fight with this man called eternal damnation .....*

*but he won ....*

*so now i still sit here, in eternal damnation ....*

*watching how others make fun ....*

*but .... i was thinking ....*

*i escaped the hell my father would give me if i would be too late at home*

*....*

*and that would be way worse ....*

*so ... after all i'm so glad i'm here with this guy called eternal damnation*

*...*

*he saved me from my father's wrath ...*

*not for awhile, but forever ...*

*how grateful i am ....*

*so i dance a lot here ... making a lot of fun ...*

*watching how others make fun ....*

*while i know that when they get home,*

*their father will send them to hell forever ...*

*and that's finally worse .....*

*so this tree's apocalypse ....*

*isn't bad after all ....*

*this book ...*

*this cake ....*

*this bus ....*

*we don't need an escape in this haunted house ....*

*for then we would meet something worse ....*

*hey, what a protection ...*

*what a waterlight's key .....*

*it doesn't work on everything ...*

*but it's the best key there is ....*

*tree's apocalypse .....*

*Strange Sleep pill*

*No response ...*

*No response to the answering machine ....*

*No response to daylight's day ....*

*No response to the hard line ...*

*No response to the strange beat .....*

*No response .....*

*all telephones are done ....*

*someone is just staring ....*

*that strange guy ....*

*No response to the mills ....*

*No response to the butcher ....*

*No response to the ornament's dream .....*

*while the singer is still singing about the hard line ....*

*no response .....*



*Is this the daylight's terror ....*

*Is this the hard night's dream ?*

*is this the ornament's rising ....*

*It is the doglight's scream ....*

*In lights too tall they scream ....*

*In lights too tall they die ....*

*In lights too thin they call for a master ....*

*while they don't respond ....*

*they are just in delirium ...*

*in a tree's fever .....*

*sliding into the tree's cocoons ....*

*on a hard man's spoon ....*

*this man is too hard ....*

*all other men bow ....*

*till they sink in the sand .....*

*and slide through the mirror ....*

*those ornament's riddles ....*

*those ornament's dreams ....*

*no response on the telephone .....*

*no response on tv ....*

*it's sliding to silence ....*

*it's sliding to a new dream ....*

*the singer cannot sing today .....*

*he was struck by the hard man ....*

*struck by someone's everlasting damnation ....*

*and now he's sliding ....*

*to strange cocoons ....*

*to strange ornaments ....*

*these are narrow days .....*

*narrow men in the bus ....*

*narrow men on the streets ....*

*these are narrow days ....*

*days of no response ....*

*someone is still talking to the statue ....*

*someone is still talking to someone who already died three hours ago .....*

*yes, his body still feels a little bit warm .....*

*for there are animals living in them ....*

*but they will not respond .....*

*for they are dying too ....*

*all in strange cocoons ...*

*all in strange ornaments ....*

*all in strange telephones ....*

*while the telephone is dying too .....*

*the land is dying out ....*

*there's a curse roaring on the streets ....*

*these hard men's tales ....*

*tales with no responses ....*

*tales without words ....*

*tales in bitter silence .....*

*tales in mura's laws ....*

*baptized in fears ....*

*these paranoid boys ....*

*grow so tall in the night ....*

*like towers stinging through the air ....*

*through clouds and flying musicians ....*

*to daylight's dreams and daylight's possessions .....*

*hearing paranoid men .....*

*but no response ....*

*no response ....*

*the eyes are piercing ....*

*moving like circles ....*

*telling stories ....*

*all you need to know .....*

*wild eyes from city's seas .....*

*becoming silent in the forest .....*

*drowning in the oceans ....*

*too tall, too thin .... too hard .....*

*waterlines sinking deeper .....*

*wasp-rain over there ....*

*no response .....*

*no machines ....*

*just wasp-rain ....*

*falling deeper ....*

*and then you catch a sight of a snowman .....*

*too cold ....*

*the line gets deeper .....*

*it's sinking ....*

*like wasp-rain ....*

*on wasp-tv ....*

*no machines*

*no response ....*

*the eyes are closing .....*

*tv's are closing*

*it's the end of the day ....*

*these men ... becoming so dark in the night .....*

*too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold ....*

*while a fire is burning in them .....*

*a forest fire .....*

*a fire of a green sea ...*

*everything is dying ....*

*watching the strange cocoon .....*

*but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away ...*

*slowly getting blind ....*

*it's getting too dark ....*

*in this strange night ....*

*too tall*

*too thin*

*too late*

*too hard too cold .... too dark ....*

*sinister shadows ....*

*dying*

*in the strange cocoon ...*

*no response .....*

*too slow ... too late ....*

*not moving ....*

*like the ultimate statue ...*

*senseless*

*unconscious*

*without conscience*

*they kill*

*too many assassins ...*

*they are the cocoon*

*no response ....*

*while the last telephone is ringing ....*

*while the last tv is smoking the last cigarette ....*

*no response .....*

*unlimited lines*

*just unlimited lines*

*just a spiderweb*

*a strange one*

*no response*

*no life*

*only a thistle*

*no emotions*

*no feelings*

*no reflexes*

*no response*

*And still you want to know what for a sleep pill this is ?*

*No it's not candy ..... it's bitter and salt, but it takes your taste away ....*

*I mean you really go to sleep ....*

*But it only works when you use it before the date which is written on it*

*....*

*When you use it after that date ...*

*it will work the opposite ....*

*And when you take it even a year after that date ....*

*It will jump on your neighbour ...*

*So then ... you better had to check the date before you swallowed it ...*

*but now you will never know the date ...*

*but just watch your neighbour now ...*

*Black Snail*

*Tall fishman from the fish's tree*

*Tall birdmen from the foe ...*

*It was like that teacher you could never follow ...*

*always murmuring inside ...*

*and inside your head ....*

*Strange men from tall decisions ....*

*Strange men from watering lights ....*

*Strange men carrying strange flags ...*

*too heavy for them,*

*another Jesus Christ is dying there ...*



*with a seventy dogs around him ...*

*tearing this man's clothes ....*

*throwing the dice ....*

*doing the divisions ....*

*There's another Jesus Christ dying there ...*

*so paranoid, so strange ....*

*so sinister, so arrogant ....*

*so shy there's no response ....*

*there's no direction ...*

*no goal ....*

*he just lets it flow ...*

*There's another Jesus Christ*

*There's another Jesus Christ ...*

*There is another ...*

*gods of dice ....*

*tree's alphabet ...*

*strange ways of throwing it ...*

*look at these eyes ...*

*but don't respond ...*

*i'm just telling it by the heart ....*

*there is another one ....*

*dying here ...*

*tied to the floor, the bed,*

*and to your heart ....*

*tied to a letter ...*

*it was glue brooding there ...*

*the black snail*

*he was expecting,*

*tied to expectation,*

*tied to a mother's heart ...*

*tied to a father's wrath ...*

*he was bleeding dice ...*

*he was bleeding ornaments ...*

*from a strange heart ...*

*but the trees listened to him ...*

*he was attacked by numbers ...  
sixtyseven copyrights on his head ...  
trademarked by ..the thriller ..*

*but there ..are urban renewals ..  
aldebaran boys captivating the dice ...  
bringing them to the trees again ...  
these were escaped from the alphabet ...*

*Lord of the dice,  
Pinocchio was shot by a dice-gun,  
Lord of the springs,  
of tales untold ...*

*Tree Cocoon*

*Watching the wild sides of life ...  
sixtythousand miles without a smile ...  
no response to the telephones ...*

*Tree Cocoon ...*

*becoming hard inside ...*

*Becoming the statue ...*

*By ornament's rains ...*

*These are strange glues ...*

*I'm diving deeper inside ...*

*to the place ..where the bunny sais "no" ...*

*Tree cocoon ...*

*swimming the thistle-seas ...*

*Tree cocoon ...*

*closing my eyes forever ...*

*into everlasting damnation ..*

*for there's life at the other side ...*

*Tree cocoon ...*

*I'm swallowing three times,*

*taking a deep deep breath ...*

*Tree cocoon ...*

*Twenty minutes underwater ...*

*Twenty minutes without cake ....*

*It's a slow training ...*

*approving myself ...*

*becoming so borderless ...*

*Tree cocoon ...*

*I'm grasping the dice ...*

*heading for the no-zone ...*

*all these expectations kill me ...*

*I'm taking the white rabbit ...*

*the bitter pill ....*

*for the black snail is after me ....*

*Tree cocoon ....*

*these animals are all part of it ....*

*all registered trademarks ...*

*copyrighted, made in hell ...*

*something is raging in my nerves ...*

*no doctor dares to touch it ...*

*tree cocoon ....*

*something is raging in my nerves ...*

*and the bunny is saying "no" ...*

*but the yes is hunting me ...*

war of dice ....

there 's a war of traffic lights ....

of ornament's transmissions ...

while i'm diving in thistle's sea ....

heading for it's fields ...

heading for the big big lalmageln ...

that ornament's docter ...

there's a war at the jeweler's shop ...

the displaydolls are killing each other ...

there's brown syrop flowing from their mouths ....

mixed by yellow ...

all registered trademarks ...

they are marching to the thistle-fields ...

they are marching to ..pesadder ...

to fill their bottles once again ...

to have some soap to spit ...

all registered trademarks ...

*all copyrighted,*

*made in hell ....*

*there's something raging in my nerves ...*

*a war of jewelers ...*

*a war of meat ...*

*worldwar seven is in town ...*

*i'm throwing the dice ...*

*there must be a way out of this ...*

*there are green scorpions sliding at my wall ...*

*and a green eliphant raging ...*

*i'm throwing the dice again after swallowing my breath ...*

*tree cocoon ..*

*i didn't fear the lengths of you ...*

*i wasn't aware of your hidden business ...*

*it's a curse when you cannot fear ...*

*now my arms are still in fire ...*

*tree cocoon ...*

*don't try to get rid of your fears when you're in the sharklake ...*

*your fears will lead you through*

*tree cocoon ...*

*look at me,*

*i'm without any fear ...*

*a walking curse ...*

*but i want to become borderless ...*

*i still cannot swim ...*

*daddy ...*

*some think they live on earth ...*

*but they've watched too much tv ...*

*for if you would really live here ...*

*you would be paranoid ...*

*a registered trademark ...*

*accurately ...copyrighted ..*

*made ..in hell ....*



too much paranoia ...

the senses will break ...

these paranoid men ...

become the senseless men in the night ...

hard men from the tree ...

tree cocoon ....

i cannot swim here ...

daddy ...

the sharks become too paranoid ...

i'm a swimming curse ...

too many holidays on the thistlefields ...

telephones are always dying in my hand ...

while the bunny is saying "no" ...

all lands die out ....

daddy ?

i'm still looking for the thistlefields ....

still looking for lalmageln ...

still looking for access ...

there .... where the bunny lives ...  
green waterlights are surrounding the egyptian eye ....  
war of blood and juice ...  
not a fruitwar this time ...  
it's all in the body ...  
it streams from the meat  
worldwar eight is in town ...  
it was your mother's lover ...  
but you still don't dare to open this diary ...  
gratitude ... means business ...  
and i'm out of that ...  
tree cocoon  
i'm riding a hundredthousand miles without smile,  
without any response ...  
i'm a telephone-assassin in someone's pocket ...  
heading for .... the thistlefield ...  
i'm driving a bus ...  
while there's no one in ...  
i'm heading for ... the telephone-butcher ...  
near to the bear ...

*but i won't allow any gratitude on his face ...*

*no business, no response ....*

*we will just look into each other's eyes ...*

*eyes ... registered trademarks ...*

*animals protected by someone's laws ....*

*made in tokyo ...*

*near to the bear ...*

*all copyrighted very very accurately ...*

*no business allowed ...*

*no rumours, no press, no cameras ...*

*for there are camera-assassins in the air ....*

*i was a slayer of businesses since i was three ...*

*i swore vengeance .... in cool rage ....*

*worldwar nine is in the air ...*

*body-business, activity,*

*the war of ages ...*

*all a threat ...*

*of multi-million years ago ...*

he's wandering to my house,  
feeling tooth's smoke in his back ...  
it's a multi-million-dollar threat ...  
a registered trademark ...  
animals protected by someone's laws ...  
made in belgium ...

he's having the wolf's mouth ...  
and he was married to your mom for awhile ...  
but still you don't want to know this guy ...  
still you don't read mom's diary about him ...  
but he's coming from the thistlefield,  
from a toyshop,  
accurately designed ...  
having the yellow shadows in his pockets ...  
and on the walls of the shop ...  
still his keyboard to fly to the moon ...  
still his bottles of strange perfumes ...  
he's the man with the big nose ...  
but his business is all fake ...

i'm driving with my bus ...  
hundred miles ....  
but my smiles are fake ...  
and my business even more ....  
and the bunny sais "yes",  
for the first time of my life ...  
and he glitters like a million stars ....  
it's like fake thunder and lightening there,  
and he opens a fake door ...  
and i enter ....  
shaking the hands of a million fake businessmen ...  
all these shops were fake ...  
  
and the bunny is filling my busses ...  
with these fake businessmen ...  
they are smoking tall cigars ...  
like forest-rivers ....  
we are riding to a hall ....  
surrounded by tall green shadows ...

tall chrystals, tall mirrors ...  
and i'm seeing myself in a boat ...  
a forestboat ...  
a tall one ...  
but it's all fake ....  
they are playing a game here ...  
cuyornaida corset ....  
but it's all fake ...  
fake games ....  
then a door opens ...  
a fake door ....  
and the bunny enters in ....  
giving me some fake flowers ....  
pale ...purple ..ones ....  
and then i'm in another hall ....  
green and brown tall shadows ....  
chrystals and mirrors ....  
and smoke is around ...  
so much smoke ...

*i'm looking at the purple flowers ...*

*they are like roses ...*

*and the walls start to spin ...*

*all around me ...*

*and languages are appearing ....*

*and it's spinning faster ....*

*and movies start to appear on the walls ....*

*it's all fake ....*

*it is ..the world beyond fairytale ...*

*it is ... the world behind earth's show ....*

*and finally i am alone with only an apple in my hand ....*

*there are living too many animals in it ...*

*all registered trademarks ...*

*protected by someone's laws ...*

*accurately copyrighted ...*

*made in japan ....*

*or made in belgium ?*

*about this the wars are still raging ...*

*i'm heading for worldwar ten ....*

*the war of bones .....*

*i'm in a bubble,*

*having a green, yellow edge ...*

*it's like the switching of the zebra ...*

*it was your mother's best puzzle ...*

*and she's still in love with worldwar ten ...*

*well, wearing all the others in him ...*

*your uncle one to ten ...*

*these problems all rose from the maze ...*

*but it was all fake ...*

*uncle one to ten was a wolve's gnat ...*

*he's dead now ...*

*but it's all fake ...*

*his coffin is fake ...*

*his epitaph ...*

*the roses on his grave ... everything ...*

*your mom and he do the funeral every day ...*



*but it's all fake ....*

*a registered trademark,*

*accurately copyrighted ....*

*made in ... worldwar ten ...*

*but it's fake ...*

*he's a wolve's gnat ...*

*like toth is ...*

*they are still brothers ...*

*still nephews ...*

*but about this the wars are still raging ...*

*Now worldwar eleven is about tea and worldwar twelve about coffee ....*

*well, it was never easy to wake up ....*

*Worldwar thirteen is the war of trees ....*

*and your mother herself is like worldwar fourteen ....*

*still no one knows what it would be ....*

*Fourteen wolve-gnats are walking on the forest-road ...*

*doing strange strange business ....*

*all fake ...*

*These beings are heavily trademarked ....*

*under Japanese laws ....*

*still living in harlem ....*

*trademarked by the thriller ...*

*playing basketball with copyrights ....*

*chewing on bones and cigars ....*

*smoke is surrounding them,*

*having the smoke's language ...*

*they are raising the tall trees,*

*they are raising the tall cigars ....*

*spinning them on top of their knees ....*

*it's a war of cigars you see ...*

*but it's all fake ....*

*your mother gathers these wars for her diaries ....*

*although she don't know all their names ...*

*but it was always like that ....*

*she took strangers from the street ....*

*and suddenly these were your daddies ....*

*there is a library full of her diaries ....*

*but you don't dare to come there ....*

*you prefer to read comics .....*

*but hey, you can go there ....*

*for it was all fake ....*

*war of cigars ... war of old trees ....*

*they're raising the tall trees ....*

*too tall for your mother's grasp ....*

*but maybe you can grasp them one day ....*

*to fill your own diaries with rare butterflies ....*

*now these doctors are all fake ....*

*so don't cry my little child ...*

*they just installed a motorcycle in you ...*

*the black edge from my bubble is showing up ...*

*the blood was just plastic ....*

*from a toyshop,*

*all fake ....*

*the vultures around the wound ...*

*all fake ...*

*all little toy-businessmen ...*

*there was just a very good thriller-master hunting after you ....*

*it wasn't your fate ...*

*it was a golden pencil ....*

*a tall cigar ....*

*and one day the curtain will fall,*

*and you will go home to watch some tv there ....*

*having an icecream ...*

*don't cry my child ...*

*you just watched a good movie ...*

*you just looked into the eye of a fir ....*

*it was all ... misunderstanding from the lion's tea ....*

*the thriller of ages ...*

*but now you drank some coffee ...*

*you woke up from the dream ....*

*you're ready for a new movie ?*

*ready for a new dream ?*

ready for a new fir ?

the wolve-gnats ...

always bringing you from one thriller into the other ...

they are the thriller-masters ....

accurately copyrighted ....

you were their masterpiece ....

a trademark ... there's no one like you ....

you are the ring on their fingers ....

but there's always a moment that the curtains fall ...

and then you can watch some tv at home ...

or some advertisements in a magazine ....

so don't cry, my child, don't cry ....

watch the cartoon ...

read the comic ...

you're a star at both sides of the medaillon ...

Fourteen wolve-gnats announcing the apocalypses ....

strange advertisements ...

shoe's apocalypse is very simple ....

he will just step on it ...

shoe's apocalypse is very simple,

he will just step on it ....

turning the cigar off ...

it's the language of a shoe ....

tongues heading for the rock ....

the camera-assassins are in the air ...

bringing the smashed cameras to the camera-butcher ...

thin waterlights raising the edges ...

tv-assassins creeping to the kitchen ...

tree ...cocoon ...

someone is raising the tall teeth of sharkmouths ....

i don't care ... i could never fear these things ...

i knew it was all fake .... such horror could never be real ....

it was just a good story ....

from a good book ....

written by a good thriller author ...

with a tall cigar ...

and some good shoes ....

talking shoes ....

he had ... the crown of a wolf's head .....

feared by friend and foe ...

but not by me ....

for i created that crown ....

one day in kindergarten ...

these advertisements ...are all fake ....

in the land where all advertisement-clips are short horror-stories ....

scaring you to the shop ...

the fear forces you to buy ....

but it's all fake ....

it's the threat of business ...

the shop's apocalypse ....

tree cocoon ...

all these shopkeepers terrorizing the city ....

with their hidden testaments and apocalypses ....

writing all your epitaphs since you were born ...

but i know some strange clients ....

some strange passengers ...

the pink edges are rising in my bubble ...

it's the world beyond fairytale ....

it's the world behind the shop ....

my bunny said yes ...

there are shop-assassins in the air ....

toy-assassins and cigar-assassins ...

all heading for .... the money-butcher ....

all heading for the meat behind the cake ...

raising the pink edges ...

raising the rainbow-zebra ...

the black snail was a businessman ...

there at the horizon ...

where all our ways went wrong ....

where everyone took wrong decisions ...

shooting hidden apocalypses in the night ...



tree cocoon ....

what will we be when we are through this cocoon ....

is there light at the other side ?

or just some dark shadows ?

these are wars of displaydolls ....

all registered trademarks ...

accurately .... copyrighted ....

protected by someone's laws ...

made in ... who knows ....

all part of the cocoon ....

tree cocoon ...

these are wars of trafficlights ...

these are wars of springs ...

all part of the cocoon ...

all languages from a shoe ....

these are all letters from jaws ...

*from rainbowjaws ....*

*and i'm still grasping after a bubble ...*

*a bubble of soap ...*

*but it seems i'm in everlasting damnation again ....*

*it's still a little part of my watch ...*

*my zebra-watch ...*

*a splinter .... getting smaller and smaller ...*

*someone is repairing my watch ...*

*someone is repairing my tv ...*

*someone is repairing my ornament ...*

*is james bond raising octopussy ?*

*i'm swimming in a thistle-sea ...*

*heading for the field ...*

*there's something better than business ...*

*especially when business becomes an instrument of regular tax ...*

*then i know some thieves to hang around with ...*

*but it's all fake ...*

*fake thieves from strange sunsets ...*

*tree cocoon*

*the end of business....*

*fake pirates,*

*fake birds,*

*fake swords ...*

*the end of business ....*

*it's time to play ...*

*it's toy's apocalypse ...*

*another worldwar ...*

*no, the battle of stars ...*

*battle of planets ...*

*aldebaran's curse ...*

*for an urban renewal ....*

*shouting boys ...*

*the end of business ...*

*the play has begun ...*

*no games ... everyone has his own toys ....*

*tree cocoon ....*

we all are bound by certain laws,  
we all are trademarked in some sense ...

all original beings ...

dancing in our own shows ....

tree cocoon ...

we cannot interrupt the story ...

we weren't made for that ...

someone else will shut the book ....

tree ...cocoon

Strange Client

Strange client,

pronouncing the end of business ...

proclaiming the end of the shop ...

Strange client,

giving coins with deadskulls on it ...

Strange client,

*without pocket ...*

*without clothes ...*

*pronouncing the death of business ...*

*raising the coffins from the ditches ...*

*Strange passenger,*

*proclaiming the end of the plane ...*

*having the pilot's face ...*

*an eagle sitting on his shoulder ...*

*strange passengers ...*

*Strange broadcast-announcer ....*

*proclaiming the end of tv ....*

*Strange soldier,*

*taking off his clothes ...*

*proclaiming ..the end of the show ...*

*Strange clients,*

*taking their clothes off in the shops ...*

*the game ...is ...over .....*

*They are doomprophets from thriller,*

*registered trademarks,*

*accurately copyrighted ...*

*made in hollywood ...*

*Fourty displaydolls are rising from their coffins ...*

*It was your grandfather's worst nightmare ...*

*Coffee Apocalypse is stirring the lands ...*

*advertisement-assassins intoxicating the heads ...*

*And I'm still searching for a good watch to survive these lands ...*

*Reaching the enchanted ponds of the forest ...*

*There are growing thistles here ...*

*I'm reaching for ...the cathedral ...*

*Will I ever get the coin out of my head ?*

*someone's trying to swallow me back ...*

*it's something with gratitude and gravity ....*

*asking for more ....*

it's the black snail ....

copyrighted and trademarked ...

made in ... who knows ...

made by ... who knows ...

but this thing has mills in it's mouth ...

and it starts to rage when something happens which wasn't written in  
it's agenda ...

it has a million sharkteeth ...

i want ... my own watch ...back ...

the watch with which i can breath ....

all displaydolls worship him ...

all lamentations ...

i'm looking for a good assassin ...

and a good butchery ...

they are singing too much lullabies for him ....

and for ignorant visitors ...

i'm entering deep into the cathedral ...

his joke-songs and slapstick-songs ....

oh god, they make me laugh ...

oh god, he has so many teeth ....

oh god, too many distractions ...

the jesters the dwarves ...

they are too much for me ...

and the laughing hurts me more and more ....

it's getting deeper and deeper ...

he pleases my desires ...

but it's disgusting ...

it's all fake ....

these joke-lullabies,

these joke-lamentations ...

they are killing me .....

they are stealing my own ambitions,

killing my own pride ....

my .... creativity ...

these jesters ....

these ....assassins ....



these doomprophets from the big shop ...  
business-angels having bowls of strange wraths ...  
i'm shutting the book ...  
this is what they call god ...  
this is what they call liberty ...  
he's surrounded by joke-thistles ...  
to let the business go smooth ....  
not too much resistance ...  
his holy seraphs ....  
some stupid tall dwarves ...  
some red white stupid desires ...

back to izu,  
i can't take this anymore ...  
it's the laughing gas ...  
call it a dignified kill ...  
this thing always followed me into my home ...  
no safety ...  
call it a magnet-bullet ...  
sensitive for body-heat .....

*i could never sleep ...*

*it was a tickling rape ...*

*surrounded by jokes hitting laugh-sensitive spots ..*

*it was a thistle after all ...*

*these tall dwarves ...*

*red white ... fallen fairytale princes ...*

*rotten jesters ...*

*it was a tickling mockery ...*

*surrounded by joke-bullets hitting laugh-sensitive spots ....*

*escapes impossible ...*

*it was sensitive to body-heat ...*

*it pierced itself through everything ...*

*these were wallrings, earrings,*

*too much noise breaks the glasses ...*

*bullets from the siren's dwarf ....*

*they killed my raven like this long ago .....*

*but now ... give the raven back ...*

*give it back ...*

*it was a tickling expectation*

*surrounded by killing jokes ...*

*leaving no refugees behind ...*

*it was a tickling gossip ...*

*it was a tickling boast ...*

*tickling braggers they are ...*

*they are selling their lies to tie you to their sleeves ...*

*they are the displaydoll-breeders ...*

*their jokes are their billboards ...*

*sucking you inside the deal ....*

*spoiling your coins to the automatons ...*

*but you're selling yourself ...*

*you're selling your attention, your focus and your time ...*

*you're selling your eyes and organs ...*

*it's a dirty body-trade ...*

*all these aborted babies ...*

*hello mom and dad ...*

*i survived the crash ...*

*he survived the abortionist's hand ...*

*the little blade ..*

*the world beyond fairytale ...*

*the world behind the screens ...*

*it was the hand of horror working there ...*

*with the ring of rejection ...*

*how many dwarves were killed for that marriage ?*

*it was just a side-career speaking,*

*fourty million apple-assassins doing the deal ..*

*it was a view between the legs of a cowboy's trousers ...*

*seeing the threat walking there ...*

*now who would have the fastest gun ...*

*it was a fact easily decided ....*

*between the legs of this cowboy's child ...*

*the horror was laid ...*

*between sixty pillows and seventy sleep pills ...*

*no one ....*

*no one ...*

just no ... one ..

you cannot fight projective insecurity ...

you cannot fight ...that octopus ...

you can only fight a black snail ...

that sticky magnet ....

laid in your head ...

but .. the octopus ...

the world beyond fairytale ...

it lives between your legs ...

aborting ..every ..attempt ....

she's a woman working in an office of tax and assurance ...

sending the dogs when someone doesn't pay in time ...

when someone doesn't worship the big birthday by their straight  
etiquettes

when someone eats besides the dish ...

these are called ... the gatekeepers ....

and she has the tattoo of a black snail on one side of her back ...

near to one shoulder ...

*yes, there, a bit higher ....*

*still her sensitive spot ...*

*Someone accused me of kicking a pregnant woman in the stomach ...*

*which i didn't ...*

*i'm not that cheap ... i know some people who want to pay me a lot of  
money for that ....*

*but first i want to know what's in the stomach ...*

*when it's a snake ...*

*then she has to live with it ....*

*Strange clients after all ... strange clients ....*

*Siamese Ornaments ..(by Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)*

*Suddenly you sit there, with an apple in your hand,*

*with a million cameras around you ...*

*You are watching the lens ...*

*you are watching ... the cruel way to giant's world ....*

*Suddenly you sit there, with an orange in your hand ...*

*with a million microphones around you ...*

*You are watching the lens ...*

*you are watching ... the cruelest way to dwarfworld ...*

*a thousand splinters in your head ...*

*It was always your license to this land of the thriller ...*

*It was always your key to the misery ...*

*it was always your ragdoll ...*

*leading you to this land of tragedy ...*

*And now you're watching the ornament ...*

*and you're watching the sentiment ....*

*you are watching the birdsong in your hand ...*

*it brought you to so many worlds inside ....*

*you are watching the lens ...*

*you are watching a scientific trick ....*

*it was like a spider on your eye ...*

*telling you so many strange stories ...*

as if you were really in it ...  
as if you were the main-character of drama ....  
such tragic thick syrope on your eye ...  
but now it's dripping to the stomach ...  
it will find it's way through your t-shirt ...

you're still looking so shabby ...  
but that was all while you looked into a mirror by the lens ...

you're still looking so ...  
but that was all by the lens ...  
just a point of view ...  
just a strange point of view ..

he gave you that red eye ...  
a chrystal spider attached to your eye ...  
making that eye so red so red ...  
to see so many fantasies ...  
and so many thrillers ...  
but it was all in your head ...



*you watched the stomach of an old spider ...*

*having enough experience ...*

*to let you feel this way ..*

*this way ....*

*these are aldebaran birds ...*

*these are sentimental spiders ...*

*these are wolve-steps in deep snow ...*

*spinning the syrops of tragedy so wild ...*

*that you don't dare to stare anymore ...*

*that you don't dare to touch anymore ...*

*not eating and not sleeping ...*

*it was a red eye in a boxer's head ...*

*they still look so thin ...*

*and so black ...*

*but that was all in the lens ...*

*it was all in the lens ...*

*attached on mother's eye ...*

*the whirlpool brought you there,*

*the black cock's knight ...*

*you grew in an ornament ...*

*you didn't took the road to oz ...*

*but to the other direction ...*

*a silverblack suit ...*

*these were siamese nights ...*

*these are horror-block's horrors ..*

*these were tunes to settle down ...*

*in wild wet stations ..*

*but there were needles marching undercover ...*

*there were trousers on a hunt ...*

*these were siamese ornaments ...*

*these were killer-lawyers in a pond ...*

*these were unexpected silences ....*

*letting you fall so deep ...*

*these were rough times in steel cathedrals ...*

*fighting against the everlasting damnations ...*

*they were rising from the organ-pipes ...*

*these were rising from the windows of shattered glass ...*

*to rise high and then to fall down so deep,*

while you had to pay for you woke them up out of their sleep ...

you were crashing their last fragile dreams ...

their last breaths in fragile ribbons ...

so now you have to pay their funerals ...

by bodyheat ...

but that's the church's tale on the lens ...

to have your own tale written on the lens ...

it costs you a lot of money ...

you have to quench your conscience first,

for it will be tv-time ...

you can't think too familiar,

for otherwise it will be too emotional for you ...

or you just have to wear good sunglasses ...

*Aldebaran Birds (by Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)*

Aldebaran birds,

with their big eyes ...

They make the tragedy so thick ....

they can be your best friends ...

but the day after they are your worst enemies ...

Aldebaran birds,  
so soft and so tender ...  
so weak and so fragile ...  
you have so much compassion ...  
when you walk by ...  
but don't touch them ...  
for then they will be the strongest lions ...  
having no compassion for you at all ...

Aldebaran birds ...  
carrying the spoon inside ...  
a hidden spoon ...  
attracting you by their sad songs ...  
attracting you by their tragedies ....  
by their begging for help ...  
by their oh so beautiful tears ...  
they were so misjudged ....  
so misjudged ...

Aldebaran birds,  
but you can never touch them ...  
for they have the lion's spoon inside ...  
ready to attack you ...

Aldebaran birds,  
they cry through the nights ..  
like they are old widows in the snow ...  
like they are dying babies in a row ...  
but never touch them ....  
for then you will be what you thought that they were ...

Aldebaran Birds II

Aldebaran birds,  
tales so wonderful that you will applaud ...  
and then you will have to pay with your blood ...  
for their prices are high ....

Aldebaran birds,  
they come while you applaud ...

when you are grateful,  
having such a good time ...  
then they take you and break you,  
having no mercy at all ...  
to turn this beautiful fairytale,  
in the worst tragedy for you ...  
then you will see this beautiful fairytale  
then you will see this beautiful dream,  
behind bars and thick glass ...  
for the rest of your life ....  
they are birds of tantalos ....  
creating the dream ...  
to let you miss it ...

These aldebaran birds ...  
these beautiful birds ...  
creating the ornaments ...  
which you can never wear ....

They are all tailors from a cupboard too high for you ...

showing you the suits ...

which you can never wear ...

creating the dream ...

to let you miss it ....

smiling and laughing,

to show you all the beautiful things,

you will never reach,

staring at you with such pity,

that you will never be what they think they are ...

giggling and grinning,

to show you all their beautiful suits ...

which will never be yours ...

like everlasting damnation ...

aldebaran birds ...

they speak so loud and soft at the same time ...

to draw you in their hearts ...

to show you their shops of prices too high ...

while it's unpayable to leave again ...

*they ask money when you look at them ...*

*prices too high ...*

*you pay by body-heat ...*

*and they will leaving you in cold snow behind ...*

*then you will feel like a foundling,*

*like they took all your moms and dads ...*

*to put them behind thick bars and barbed wire glass ...*

*creating the dream ...*

*to let you miss it ...*

*aldebaran birds ...*

*they sing their lovesongs in the night,*

*about the most beautiful romances,*

*of which you will never have any part ...*

*cruel lovesongs,*

*making the ties so tight ...*

*never accept their presents ...*

*for after the present ... the hidden bills come ...*

*they are the tax-masters ... of southern coasts ...*



*don't touch their soft spots ...*

*for soon enough they draw you in and you will be the skin on their bodies  
so that they can walk ..through the fire again ....*

*don't touch their ornaments, don't touch their sprays ..*

*don't even breath it in ...*

*don't touch their hammers,*

*don't touch their tv's ...*

*don't touch their sidewalls...*

*don't touch their letters ...*

*don't ever read them ...*

*just show them the dream ...*

*they will never have ...*

*do it from a distance ...*

*don't walk along their doors ...*

*but just call their grandmother ...*

*and give her some red spiders ...*

*they will find the eggs in her handkerchief ...*

*from a strange easter,*

*having a Judas-Jesus on a cross ...*

never touch the picture ....  
for then you will have to pay for it ....  
don't even think about it ...  
aldebaran ... birds ....

### *Aldebaran Birds III*

They have eyes with a wave on the pupil,  
big eyes if it comes to that ...  
these eyes sing the most beautiful but the most cruel songs ...  
and you will have to pay for these beautiful things ....  
but it will come in your head ...  
while you can never touch it ...  
while the tax is spinning like a mill in your head ...  
and the more you want to pull it out, the more it sinks in ...  
because it is an advanced hook,  
when you pull, it rips your head ...  
so leave the wound alone ...  
don't listen to the song ...

But where can you go,

when you were attacked by an aldebaran bird ...

is there any hope left ?

no ... for the more hope you have,

the more it starts to rage,

ripping you apart again ...

they possessed all your hopes ...

you don't need any hope ...

when you are attacked by an aldebaran bird ...

hope kills ...

it makes you tired ...

for you never get what you want ....

it never comes closer ...

these aldebaran birds ...

they were your torturing hopes ....

hopes you could never reach ...

hopes giving you such a small piece of the cake ...

no, you don't need any hope,

when you are attacked by such a bird ...

you just need a good parachute ....

for they are tricksters of the mind ...  
but in the stomach they can't come ...  
just swallow yourself,  
and live in your stomach for awhile ...  
spin your own dreams ...  
make your own suits ...  
and don't listen to their songs anymore ...  
just create the things they will miss ...  
and just start to live your life ...  
in the distance ...  
  
living in the distance ...  
living in your own distance spray ...  
wearing your own distance ornaments ...  
you don't need these birds ...  
you don't need their attention ...  
don't let anyone in ...  
for they are already in ...  
your friends who had the same heart as you ...  
you are all from the same heart ....

no need to take anyone in ...

for they are already ...

when you take someone in .... it's an aldebaran bird ...

for all friends are in already ...

taking in and taking out is just an illusion ....

friends are already deeper inside than you think ....

and you just need to connect there ...

although you are already there ...

just realize it ...

you were never close to the aldebaran birds ....

for they were from another heart ....

the one you thought who was so close there ...

was just something they created ...

they created a "you" ...

but that was just a display-doll ...

who could never get that which it was directing at ...

it wasn't you ....

they just created it ...

you were somewhere else ...

in your friends' heart ...

you don't need their false identities ...  
you don't need their false directions ...  
you are with your real friends deep inside ....  
just a realization away ....  
just a conscience away ....  
a conscience with numbers ...  
don't let anyone suck them away ...  
count your friends ...  
and worship the number ....  
true friends already are in the heart ...  
for it's the same heart ...  
no need to have a key ....  
no need to have a hope ...  
it's already there .....

deeper inside .....

something which you can hold ...  
something which you can touch ....  
and it's so material ...  
it will always stay ....

*Aldebaran Birds IV*

*No my dear sir, these prices are too high ...*

*and this is my shop you know ...*

*and this is all fake ...*

*You can only buy things with fake money ...*

*money from the big toy ....*

*No my dear dear madame, I can't buy anything from you ...*

*you see, we don't use your sort of money ...*

*we have money from the game ...*

*and it's all fake ....*

*It's just raspberry money ....*

*from a strawberry fever ....*

*gathering the arks in the night ...*

*It's just a tomatoe's dream ...*

*eating a potatoe ...*

*in grandfather's shop ...*

*all fake ....*

*that shop ...*

*where the bunny said yes ...*

*Now he says yes all the time,*

*I don't know where to bring all this money ...*

*The Aldebaran Birds with their conscience without numbers .....*

*flying around with the heads of real people ...*

*They sit on small scary tales,*

*flying on rumors too short ...*

*lying in the first coffee of a day ...*

*They breed the auctions on a wild wet fairytale ...*

*showing the people what they will never have ....*

*But now it's their holiday,*

*they have a wide day off ...*

*and they are going for a swim it seems ...*

*on capricorn's brown hills ...*



there where the seas are so sharp ....  
so full of killer-ornaments ...  
and here they are going for a hunt ....  
for job's day will be so wide too .....  
they are spreading their carnivals ...  
they are spreading their chinese lanterns ...  
their assassins are dressing themselves up like mistakes and accidents ...  
these are make-up-times for aldebaran's birds ...  
they are sharpening their knives hidden under their flowers and paper  
kisses ..  
  
the golden bird was never in time when you fell in these seas ...  
and the girl of the station was always making too many mistakes,  
so that you missed your last train ...  
there was an other bunny making so many mistakes ...  
there at the ticket-hole ...  
you could never reach your train ...  
but it seemed you didn't read all your books about the aldebaran birds ...  
you know all these ticket-ladies ...  
they made you read again ....

they brought you back to the old schooldesks ...

back to the woodcutter's house ...

and you always thought it was your own fault ...

but the bunny just didn't say "yes" yet ...

but now the bunny is saying yes,

for you read all your books about the aldebaran birds ...

and now you're on the back of the golden bird ...

heading for the watermark ...

heading for sweet jupiter ...

### *Aldebaran Birds V*

It seems they always forgot something, and then you were the victim ...

all these holes in the flowers made the flower so sharp ...

All these holes in a conversation ....

made your lines so sharp ....

it was ripping me inside ...

like i was in the beak ....

of an aldebaran bird ...

Your visitors always came too late ...

Your policeman and firemen ....

Your pillows weren't soft but barbed wire ...

Your sandman never came ...

until the end of the morning ...

when the schoolbells were ringing ...

and the bells of the factory ....

He was like Mr. too late ....

He was a Jesus Christ always coming too late on saviours' parties

for he liked it too much to raise people from the dead ...

he never rescued anyone ... he only raised people from the dead ...

he never saved anyone ... he was a funeral-contractor ...

he was always walking on the battlefields looking for dead soldiers ...

putting them in his pointy sack ...

he would gamble first to see who he would raise up and who not ....

He was a doctor of dead patients ...

He was loved for he could solve the deepest tragedies ...

There were birds who were called "too late"

They were undertakers ... but later some of them became the aldebaran  
birds ...

those fallen ones ...

He created them all ...

He was a brother of Gepetto ...

He was called Summerclaus ...

or mister too late ...

He never came in time ...

but he was loved ....

he solved the deepest problems ...

he solved them ... when they were black ...

he only came to the rotten ones ...

those ones from the sewers of aldebaran ....

there where death touches hell ...

he had a different watch than we have ....

a funeral-undertaker's watch ...

it was a bunny-watch ... with a bunny saying no or yes ...

and another bunny saying "pardon" or "done" ...

I'm on the back of a golden bird heading for jupiter ...

Where the soft milk streams ...

*I'm seeing lazy ornaments deep down there in capricorn's seas ...*

*letting the needles fall ...*

*the lollipops are strange thin beings with big heads ...*

*working in a toyshop of danger ....*

*the toys have glasssplinters inside ...*

*and by sharp lines they program the tax-indexes of the toys ...*

*these toys are nothing but tax-agents ...*

*infiltrating the houses by a spoilt kid ...*

*these are the side-saws of a rotten town ...*

*burning away in hidden terror ...*

*while mistake is raking the sunsets ....*

*they never repeat,*

*they say it once ....*

*and then the tops of needles will rise ...*

*stinging the doorbells and the doorways in search for ham ...*

*these are raging ornaments ...*

*perfectly covered by fogs and accidents ...*

*behind a curtain of shame and pity ...*

*these are wandering solutions in search for minced meat ...*

*dead souls trying to escape the last train to hell's city ....*

*they never repeat*

*they unleash their blades from single decisions ...*

*they remove the coins from the tops of tall bottles ...*

*when it's mercury's hour of speech-power ...*

*they are one-second truths on top of a magazine ...*

*letting the mills fall down over the bald head-publics ...*

*like killer-yo-yo's in the snow ...*

*all from the spleen of grandfather lollipop ....*

*these hand-puppets, these tall faces ... were always his best trick ...*

*the designer's liberty ...*

*and they all applaud ...*

*while the birds of aldebaran descend like vultures to pick up the coins for  
another ride ...*

*they are moving near to the curtain when it falls down ...*

*the show is over ...*

*the headscreens show the prices and the exits now ...*

*the blood-jackpots of the side-roads ...*

### *The Feather*

*I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly ....*

*trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..*

*Then I see myself painting ... the feather ...*

*more beautiful than he was before ...*

*He's now ... deeper in my heart ...*

### *The Feather II*

*I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ...*

*I'm counting the feathers ...*

*On my name's brigade ...*

*I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ...*

*It's like the divine tattoo ....*

*I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ...*

*I'm counting the feathers ...*

*On my name's brigade ...*

*I'm not missing one of them ...*

for they are all so interlocked ...  
and glued by a russian ornament ...  
I once got from an octopus ...

I'm shining ...  
with my feathers so bright ...  
in a pride you never had ...  
Still the song of an aldebaran bird ...

### Feather III

I'm dancing ...  
in a street you never were ...  
I'm dancing with my names so close to the shores ...  
so close to the feathers ...  
so close the bunny stars ...

I'm smiling ...  
with my head high in the sky ...  
this little faces-head ...  
from the wild wet moon ...



too white to talk about ...  
struck by the white thistle ..  
I'm smiling ...  
because it's your face too ...  
and from all those other aldebaran birds ...

#### The Feather IV

Raindrops falling from raindrop-pieces ...  
It seems like the giant is growing today ..  
This boy from the baker's tree ...  
It's his birthday's day ...  
I'm smiling ...  
with my head down on my knees ...  
attracting the birds from aldebaran ...  
for a little musical piece ...  
They will love this chocolate ...  
They will love this sugarheart ....  
I'm dancing ...  
with my head almost touching the ground ...  
it's like the snake's dance ...

for I'm knowing this ornament's fire ...

I know what it proclaims ....

that after six days ...

they are all back in the little box ...

that musical box ...

where the ballerina dances ...

and where they sing ...

the songs they don't want to sing ...

they just escaped their musical box ...

from grandma underground ....

but this ballerina is dancing until they are all back ...

they were the needles of the grammophone ...

after six days .... they will be back ...

I'm smiling ...

with my head down in the air ...

the sea is the sky now ...

this world is all mixed up ...

now the record has shown his back ...

this world tumbling upside down ...

I'm dancing ...

with my head just everywhere ...  
the little faces-head in my pocket ...  
in aldebaran's pocket ...  
on the miniature-racecourt ...  
in the old jukebox where they all belong ...  
tight needles of the grammophone ...  
dj's of summerclause again ...  
  
the feather is caressing the record ...  
there are sixty-six lullabies in someone's head ..  
after the dj spoke ...  
and now he's back to his tropical island again ...  
an island floating in the sky ....  
the sky-sea ....  
and the feather is lying in the stream ...  
while i'm painting it again ...

### Baker's Tree Boy

Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers,  
when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ...

he's the bird from the big tree ...

all breaths from the big complaint get shut ...

Complaints are fatal ...

he always sais ...

their breaths are lethal ...

we always have to breath through his box ...

some little stupid flutes ...

making the birds laugh ...

No aldebaran birds ...

when baker's tree boy is in the city ...

Then the seas are in the sky ...

with the flying fishes ...

then all needles will be grammophone-needles ...

the big fir is the big jukebox ...

waking the fairytales up ...

stinging nettles walk on the street ....

for tree's alphabet to spread ...

..when baker's tree boy is in the city ...

The butcher's are the big simulators ...  
when they sting you lose three points ...  
They are just big firs if it comes to that ...  
sent out by the forest's game ...  
They will be turned into potatoes when you smash them ...  
and then you will see the bunny's stars ....  
gathering the yes's for a wolf's hunt ..  
near to abraham's tree ...  
  
When baker's tree boy plays the game ...  
He has a red tomatoe's gun ...  
It's from the highest level ...  
It's from the highest coin ...  
  
You get three banana-points ...  
when you hit the butcher's dish ....  
And when you shoot his axe ...  
paper shatters are flying around ...  
for it was just hard paper ...

*rising from a sugar-cup ...*

*Now if you reached the cups deep in the butcher's temple ...*

*then shoot them with the laser-beams ...*

*then doves will fly out ...*

*and they will guide you forever ...*

*for they were stolen from a fairytale ....*

*they were stolen from a baker's tree ...*

*they were stolen from you ....*

*but now you found them back ....*

*baker's tree boy is in town ...*

*tree-lasers around him ...*

*heading for the villages ...*

*to access new games ...*

*game over ...*

*Everlasting Damnation*

*She's spinning her everlasting damnations,*

*to lay them lightly on the top of his head ...*

*She's spinning her mazes, her false liberties and the hard noises ...*

*He doesn't care about romance ...*

*He only cares about a good bed ...*

*and a good bottle ...*

*She's spinning her everlasting damnations ...*

*trying to get his attention ...*

*The Lord your God is so desperate today,*

*wanting to have the devil for a date ...*

*Everlasting Damnation II*

*Lord God and the Devil playing chess ...*

*with everlasting damnations on the board ...*

*They're moving their pawns,*

*moving their eyes ...*

*as slow as they can ...*

*loading their edges to the top ...*

*and then the beers and liquors flow ...*

*and they forget about their etiquettes ...*

### *Everlasting Damnation III*

*It's carnival ...*

*your neighbour is now your Lord God ...*

*your assistant your Jesus Christ,*

*and the old jukebox spouts everlasting damnations ...*

*It's carnival ...*

*Daddy has drunk too much ...*

*Now you will be in everlasting damnation a few weeks ...*

*While tv must be your forced saviour,*

*thinking it is wasting it's time with you ...*

*but it has no other way to go ...*

*for daddy has drunk too much ...*

*It's carnival ...*

*Everlasting Damnation is dripping from the mask ...*

*But you have still your feather ...*

*your white one ...*



*bringing you back to the wardrobe ...*

*to have your own suits ....*

*It's carnival ...*

*Now your son is the Lord God ...*

*and you are the Boss of Lord God ...*

*While grandma is writing her spanish bibles ...*

*She always wanted you to have your own heart ....*

*She showed you everlasting damnation was just a piece of paper escaping  
carnival ...*

*written by the fool of masked romance ...*

*by a white feathered pencil ...*

*but you have your own white feather ....*

*It's carnival of romance ...*

*Lord God is desperately wanting the devil for a date ...*

*spinning his everlasting damnations in the hot fires of a glass of beer ...*

*But the devil was already too late today ...*

*he now just wants to go to bed ...*

*to forget about all masked romance ...*

he has his own everlasting damnations to swim in ...

he doesn't need anothers'

so he's taking his feathered pencil ....

a black one this time ...

to write an indian bible ....

to be finally ...

independent ...

in religious ... art ...

#### *Everlasting Damnation IV*

Trees of trauma,

they wave at you from the driest deserts ...

It's Everlasting Damnation coming to town ...

Trees of cobra's,

It was shark's cocoon ...

looking for another dj ...

looking for another spoon ...

And that boy,

he looks like he has a skindisease ...  
but he just comes from the baker's tree ...  
selling everlasting damnations to teenage girls ...  
to have some protection against teachers too biblical ...

It's the everlasting shock,  
It's the everlasting curse ..  
when echo comes to town ...  
but it's finally to wake you up,  
and to see it was just your friend ...  
just your old teddybear-buddy ...  
the side-wheels of your cruel bikes ....

It's the everlasting trauma,  
trauma-birds with their big eyes like peacock's horror-shows,

It's like bilmageln's gongs,  
always hitting the kettles inside ...  
and the old terror dishes ...  
terror from baker's tree ...  
when echo stands before you,

installing wasp's tv ....

It was like the pole's apocalypse,

from an apocryphal writing ...

written by ..the feathered pencil ..

fools from romantic tragedies ...

decorated by interludes of everlasting trauma ...

still sucking the numbers out of your head ....

but that's finally okay ...

for who is asking for the return of your worst maths teacher ...

It's like I cannot breath today ..

but who's asking for it ?

in this polluted meatball called earth ?

Don't bring me your everlasting damnations ...

I have my own ...

and you need these for your own carnivals ...

to play romeo and juliette once again ...

or some fed up cassanova ...

too lazy to rake the hellgardens ...

so many marbles to gather there ...

It was not the first time you spoilt your words to the paper ...

for someone else to suck up ...

so the golden feather-pencil is once again in your hand ....

to do another piece of romantic apocalypse ...

dressed in some ancient languages of trade ...

dipped in pre-historic ornament ..

jurassic accents ...

sailor's decisions ...

to hide, to steal and to sell ....

fast ways to the ornaments ..

fast trains to the golden hair ...

the the trees dynamic city ...

baptized in the boiling oil of shark's trumpets ...

proclaiming everlasting damnation ...

on a romance's trip ...

having the Lord Gods on the sidelines ...

the golden butchers on the mills ...

It's everlasting noise you sell ...

creating everlasting deafness ....

finding your part in romantic apocryphia ....

in the ships of bitter dogma ....

But after the wave you always find yourself ...

behind a fool's table ...

with a white feathered pencil lying there ...

next to a cigarette ...

waiting to be smoked ...

waiting for another round in the corset ...

Black pair of shoes ...

waiting to do the trip of everlasting damnation again ...

a tax-machine ...

sucking the heads dry for some good trousers ...

layer by layer reaching for ....

the biblical jokers ...

the blackjack's from hidden seas ....

spinning the ornaments too tight ...

for a traumatic beauty ...

*on an apocalyptic ride .....*

*touching the edges of tragic apocrypha in the side-coloured evenings  
when the suns fall into the sea ...*

*the pseud-epigraphic lenses ...*

*still the stick through which you watch the mosaic ...*

*the wild mosaic ....*

*the tall windows of the church ...*

*waiting for the everlasting damnations ...*

*the comics from the white thrones ....*

*they are all baptized in blood ...*

*trademarked by the throne ...*

*copyrighted by the baker's tree ...*

*Then you find yourself ...*

*like a father tied to the ears of children ...*

*the gift of your divorce's judges ...*

*to raise your women from the canals ...*

*And you see this child ...*

*looking like a skindisease ...*

but just a boy from the baker's tree ...

who sold you this letter ...

this mission ...

you never created it ...

it wasn't even your desire ...

but you were bloodmarked by it ....

working in a strange game ....

The kids still love it ...

and you will tell them ...

about everlasting damnations who brought them here, but were never  
true ....

they were just from the boy's brother ...

from a pair of black shoes ...

pretending to be everything ....

still rising ...when the singer sings ....

in apocalyptic slow-motion ...

bringing you to the edges of suspense ...

of a romantic thriller ...

bringing you the carriage ...



*closed curtains ..*

*purple-pink ...*

*with the cabman, two-faced ....*

*carrying a romance within ...*

*the contract of horror ...*

*Don't try to find love in a story ...*

*don't try to fix a rotten romance with your pearls too fragile ...*

*it will be everlasting damnation waking you up ...*

*something worse than horror on your dish ....*

*how many dwarves were killed for the fairytale-marriage ...*

*you will find out then .....*

*and look straight into the face of the world beyond this fairytale ...*

*a werewolf ...*

*you will see what she all did to her husband after that night ....*

*and you will see which stones he used to build the house and the  
honeymoon ....*

*you will not eat for twenty years after seeing this ...*

*your teeth will rot in your mouth ....*

*your face will turn green,*

with rotten blue,  
decorated by toothpaste ...  
but this is only the lovely beginning ...  
then you will beg for your everlasting damnations again ...  
for they weren't so bad at all ...  
you will call them mr. and mrs. ...  
you will bow for them very dignified ...  
after you saw the face of the world beyond fairytale ...  
then you will beg for some tragedies and traumas ..  
you knew from your past ....  
you will see them as your old friends then ...  
your buddies ...  
who could possibly save you from this presence ...  
but they didn't .... and they won't do ...  
you will try to find your everlasting damnations in every corner on every  
street ....  
you will start to believe in Jesus Christ again ....  
but it's too late ... for the show has begun ...  
now you can only scream and hoping you wake up ...  
but it's not a dream ....

*you wished it was a nightmare ... just a dream ...*

*but it's reality ...*

*the world beyond fairytale ...*

*how many dwarves were killed for the wedding ...*

*then you try hopelessly to escape this wedding of terror ...*

*this beast coming to the surface ...*

*but you only have to realize ...*

*you were that beast ...*

*and there's something worse riding you .....*

*that cabman ... that cabman ...*

*that two-faced long-hairy high-hatted old man ...*

*like dracula's grandfather ...*

*like frankenstein's tax-collector ...*

*but you only wished that ....*

*for it's something worse ...*

*it's the terror you don't understand ...*

*it's like everlasting misunderstanding ...*

*and then finally you sit in your chair ...*

*tired of screaming ....*

*your eyes turning around in your head ...*

*tied to the chair ...*

*and a little man is staring at you ...*

*as small as your finger ...*

*it's the little man of the tiger ...*

*you just drank from the tiger's coffee ...*

*to wake up ...*

*to find out ...*

*there's something worse than birthday ...*

*it's called the wedding ....*

*it's called the breaking of the ornament,*

*it's called marriage ...*

*two people become a siamese twin ...*

*to shut all others out ... for the rest of there lives ...*

*based on a cruel dogma ....*

*sentenced to everlasting divorce ...*

*how many divorces were laid to spin this wedding ?*

*in canon and criminal design ....*

*from a white-feathered pencil ...*

*marriage is a lie ...*

but it's a riddle of truth ...

a puzzle for your children ....

the wedding still the jigsaw's pedlar ...

the watchboxman,

the tv's broadcast lord with the tall face ...

still your new jerusalem,

with archibald ...

racing on the side-cake roads ...

highways to perlottia ...

the dreamman's cascade

archibald,

enter the quarters of jerusalem ...

archibald ...

enter the quarters of jerusalem ...

the way back to nothing ..

the way back to them ....

still ... the frog's ...song ...

## *Everlasting Damnation V*

*cruel fight*

*No, you're not in hell ...*

*it's something worse ...*

*called the wedding ...*

*all dad's birthday-zeppelins had been exploded already ...*

*now we got this present from the cake ...*

*this babe was called everlasting damnation when she was young ...*

*but now she changed her name into the wedding ...*

*yes, since awhile already ...*

*Grandfather is breeding his weddings at the sides of the ponds ...*

*making them ready for the big attack ...*

*from the frog ....*

*He's breeding his everlasting damnations under his shoes .. so that he can  
step on mines with them ...*

*while my shoes are walking mines ...*

*they explode every step i take ...*

*while i'm still lighting my cigarettes with them ....*

*i never put these things in my mouth ...*

*i only write by them ...*

*to an old lawyer ..*

*to an old ornament ...*

*the one holding the weddings tight ...*

*he breeds them in corsets ...*

*in iron suits of knights ...*

*he breeds them in fish's bowls ...*

*in whale's bowls and in trousers ...*

*these weddingnights are still his best tricks ...*

*like the candles on a weddingtart ...*

*one candle for one night ...*

*and then they start to take the cigars and cigarettes of the wedding-  
visitors ...*

*which is a long and cruel fight ...*

*a fight often ending in the bathroom ....*

*where she shows him her everlasting damnations ...*

*and where he shows her his paper bows ...*

*still a sad picture ...*

*plagues from izu*

*and it's a long and cruel fight ... from the bedroom to the bathroom ...*

*She's spreading roses to attract the dogs ... He's spreading paper dice ...  
not knowing what will come ... still a sad family-picture .... It's still the  
photo hanging near to the clock ... Like mom and dad were always trying  
to break the back of an elephant so that they could ride it together ... It's  
such a cruel and sad picture in a sense ... The children still cry about it ...  
Why did it have to be this way ... why ...*

*He's always speaking about the past, about his father and mother ... He  
got the family-album when they died in that cruel accident ... for him it's  
more a zoo-album .... a very sad prison ... He's still throwing his coins and  
peppermints through the bars ... trying to get them alive .... but life was  
too cruel ... and it seems everything is heading for everlasting damnation  
... but maybe that would call for mr. too late ..... summerclause ... He  
always saved people from that place ... but grandfather always told with  
a tight face : There are worse places than Everlasting Damnation ...*

*Yes, the wedding ... that's where it all started ... but if everlasting  
damnation is a better station ... then let us bring them there ... and then  
we will see further ... the handicapped boy sais .... He always speaks about  
his father and mother, about the Lord God and about the devil .... He's  
very wise ... he thinks too deep ... He always sais he's the Lord God when  
he fights with his little friends .... while his older brother, an autistic boy,  
is the Boss of the Lord God ....*



They are heading for an urban renewal ... They bought black shoes ... and now they're doing exercises with the shoes ... They are both obsessed about shoes ... the Lord God always walked with the shoes of his mother ... while the older one always took his father's shoes .... They are also fond of suits ... They liked to wear the suits of their older sisters ... But they don't live anymore either .... all crashed by the accident ....

There they walk like Spidermen through the streets of the cities ... flirting with the moths of the roofs ... and blinking at the ravens ... but it's all fake .. all part of the game ... They have serious things in mind .... They decided to reverse the city ..... Sodom and Gomorrah needs to be destroyed ... the Lord God says ... "yes", the Boss of the Lord God says, there isn't any smile on his face ... he's serious ... the city needs to be destroyed .... for they sinned against the Lord God ....

The Lord God and the Boss of the Lord God are walking to a friend of them ... he lives near to the center of the city .... They call him Moses, and he is the one who needs to announce the plagues ... he's a boy with a speechdefect ...

They will go to top of the tower of the church where the two brothers will play the chimes and the boy with the speechdefect will announce the plagues by a siren ...

It was a plague of moths ... eating the suits of the town .... eating away their masks .... and then the horror-show began ... the only thing people had to do was to look into the mirror to see what was happening under their masks for such a long time ... the world beyond fairytale ... the world behind the city-screens ...

the most wild and traumatic insects were living in the flesh behind the masks ... it was a plague of moths showing the horror-screens behind the fairytale-screens ... they were doing their weddings in fresh meat ... but these were called everlasting damnations ... there is one thing worse than

an everlasting damnation ... a masked everlasting damnation .... The  
Wedding ...

It was a plague of moths ... back to Izu ...

The moths were eating the ornaments away ... showing what was  
happening inside ... the chain .... there's something worse than a chain ....  
a masked chain .... for no one believes you are chained .... while it's eating  
you from inside out ....

They were heading for .. The Weddingroom .... to eat the wedding tarts ...  
and to show what the bride was all wearing under her weddingdress ...

They were heading for ....the wedding-dress ... eating it away to show the  
terror in daylight ... all these everlasting damnations in fresh meat ....

Refugees from the big wedding ... all flying on moths now ... attacking the  
cities .... sharp speechdefects bred by divorces .... we have our own  
languages ... this is cake from elite ...

It was a plague of moths ... digging for licorice ... back to Izu ....

Now the handicapped boys are sitting on the ladybug ... reversing all your  
fed up bibles .... the wedding was decorated by the big B from everlasting  
damnation .... unaware of motivations, the witch's spellbook if it comes to  
that .... when repeated reversed ....

*watch uncle unicorn*

Watch uncle unicorn .. he's a timered rider ...

Watch uncle unicorn, breeding the wild wet strawberries ....

He's dancing through the nights .... killing the weddingrings ... showing  
which was all left behind .... all those puppetmarkets ...

Watch uncle unicorn a sideride rider .... Watch uncle unicorn the best choice in a strawberry's night ... he's aching for someone ... he's stinging himself to reach the other ... your mother ... it was his telephone-line ...

Watch uncle unicorn ... killing the wedding ... Watch uncle unicorn kissing mother ladybug ... She doesn't understand his strange apocalypses ... She doesn't understand his rage to the bible ... She doesn't understand the things he does and says ..... and she doesn't believe in it either ...

Watch uncle unicorn a sideline rider ... stinging through the ornament's cakes .... stinging through your daddy's coats .... He tries to lure your mother ... that side line mother ..... bringing the wedding back to its place .... that tenmillionhorrorstory's hat ..... that bridegroom's hat ... watch uncle unicorn ....

Watch uncle unicorn ... watch mother ladybug ... she doesn't believe him, but she loves him .... she doesn't understand what he's doing .... and she doesn't believe one step of it ... but she loves the way he's doing it .....

Watch uncle unicorn ... watch archibald heading for the new jerusalem ... a new aldebaran ? or a new ..... anything ....

watch uncle uniccorn ... watch this wedding's friend .... watching the weddings ... he's still a wedding ..... a masked everlasting damnation to steal the wedding ..... masked ... to kill the wedding ..... watch this spy from the ornament's pride ... this sideline's attacker ..... this assassin ... rising strawberry .... this assassin heading for the strawberry fields ... where his love is waiting for him .... doing a fake wedding .... because she doesn't believe in it at all .... watch uncle unicorn watching the bible proclaiming strong marriages ... strong cages ... strong masked everlasting damnations .... while he's still a wedding himself after all ..... but it's fake for she doesn't believe in it ..... and he worships her .... he blesses her ... he baptizes her everyday .... while she doesn't believe all this attention ... but she likes it anyway ..... and hides it anyway ..... her spy .... the widow's

spy ..... watch uncle unicorn .... still a preacherman with an atheist's lady  
..... still a pretty ornament shining in the night ... for he doesn't believe in  
it either ... watch uncle unicorn .....

*watch uncle unicorn ii*

watch uncle unicorn ... dreams in coloured fire ....

watch uncle unicorn ...dreams in the coloured spider ....

watch uncle unicorn ... watch his golden desire ...

it's all fake made by paper lies ...

but still these ones are riddles of truth ...

jigsaws for the children ...

watch uncle unicorn ...

two children as horses for the wedding-carriage ...

watch uncle unicorn ...

still sitting there, the cabman ..

spinning the dragons for the coming years ...

spreading the arena's in dominoes ...

watch uncle unicorn ....

watch these two beautiful children ....

these white horses from the ornament's horses ....

watch them with their pale mocking faces ....

*they are mocking the wedding ...*

*they are mocking the Lord God ...*

*and His Boss ....*

*watch uncle unicorn ...*

*watch uncle unicorn and these two lovely children ...*

*in their white pink dresses ...*

*with their decorated hats ....*

*look at their spears of fire ...*

*the candles on the weddingcakes ...*

*watch uncle unicorn ...*

*watch uncle unicorn ...*

*watch his lovely rose's children ....*

*watch how they mock the wedding ...*

*watch how they mock the fires ....*

*and even themselves ...*

*in these wide dresses ....*

*watch uncle unicorn*

watch uncle unicorn and all his chinese children ...

watch how they put blasphemy in the weddingbowls ...

but you know they do it all in secret ...

watch uncle unicorn ...

watch his tall brother ....

watch all his ornaments ... and all his weddingrings ....

watch how the chain is laid ....

to masked everlasting damnation ...

and watch how these children say :

how stupid, how stupid, how ... stupid ...

*more plagues*

*This is the town of liberty,*

*this is the town of the ornament,*

*of the wedding,*

*of beautiful songs ...*

*of beautiful butcheries ...*

*we are eating the ones shot by the marriage ...*

*mother marriage ... still grinning from heaven ...*

*the weddingrings are circular saws here ...*

*This is the town of god,*

*this is the town of trend,*

*this is the town of the big weddingring ...*

*between god and his little devil ...*

*Der fuhrer macht spas mit ringel S*

*The umlauts are his trains of terror ...*

*The skin was ripped off that day ...*

*Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ...*

*Everlasting Damnation VI*

*Seeing the wars in the frogs, seeing oz's moon shining down, turning into a stick with a snake coiling around it, .... the ringel S from deutschland ... I'm sorry that you never understood me ... you had to read between the lines ... and between the letters and the kisses ... You had to read between the nuclear bombs and the threats ... These weren't my words ... I was the one breathing on the background ... tied to a chair ... I couldn't write ... someone else wrote these letters ... my dad always wanted to protect me against you .... so he was picking up the telephone using my voice ... but it wasn't me ...and these hugs too tight ... it wasn't me ... my father doesn't know his own strength ... he didn't know about all the desasters he caused*

.... all the earthquakes and nuclear transmissions ... we never told him  
what he did in his sleep .... for it's not good to awaken sleeping dragons ....

I'm the type of person who never reads the things I write .... for I cannot  
bear what it all causes .... It's too hard for me to watch in a snake's  
basket all the time ... So I'm only looking forward ... I can only read it  
again after you read it ..... for I like to see pink candy all over the place  
..... Anyway ....

There are wars in the city ... and I don't dare to read my own letters ...  
It's like stepping on mines .... I know I have a strange sort of alphabet ...  
And I don't like grammar .... and spelling, to talk within a narrow cage ...  
so forgive me my speechdefects ... I am still a blue rabbit heading for a  
new language ... I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ...

These are all lamentation weathers

These are all lamention feathers ...

These everlasting damnations ...

were just someone wanting to have your attention .....

A mentally handicapped child called The Lord Your God sitting on a  
throne behind fairytale ...

He created the fairytale to show you what you will never get ...

But that was all to draw your attention ...

It was a tortured tree in such a dry desert ...

An Aldebaran Moth ....

It's nothing but an old lamentation's box ....



from an old blind musician ....  
begging for some coins in the storm ...  
He wants to return to aldebaran ...  
and if you listen to his horrors ...  
he will show you the world beyond horror ...  
the world of the cartoon ...  
as long as we don't want to understand the horror of this old man ...  
we can never return to our homeland,  
the cartoon ...  
but if we listen to his horrors and try to understand them,  
to give him his coins ...  
he can go back to aldebaran ....  
and bring us to the meaning of the horror .....

the cartoon ....

But the story goes, and that always seems true ....  
that the storm will bring the old man back to aldebaran ...  
he doesn't need our coins,  
but he's an automaton ...  
just wanting to show us the tales on our own coins ...

money talks ....

money has it's own tax and apocalypses ...

it's own everlasting damnations ....

masked or not ...

and the tales can bring us higher ...

but if we close our ears it can bring us back to the wedding ...

where all days went wrong ...

the mills of the horizon ....

the burning lines in orange blue and red ...

bringing us from birthdays into birthdays ...

from weddings into weddings ....

preparing the domino-roads to the butcher's strike ...

breeding you into that strange strange insect ...

on the back of a nightshift ....

masked or not masked ....

and then you can choose again ...

between a coin or a tale ....

it's a big multiple choice ...

heading for your election's day ...

you may choose yourself what you will be ...

masked or not ...

you will be your own teacher ...

correcting your choices every first day of the month ...

heading for the occupation of your choice ...

you choose your occupations and identities yourself ....

all by the big multiple choice ...

but it doesn't say ... in which country that will be ...

who has ears will hear ....

### *The Lazarus Tree*

*He watched the side-halls of his ornaments ...*

*He decided to do the bunny's dance ...*

*together with his mummies ...*

*To come into the hall where the kids were cigars ...*

*He smokes them, he's the wizard's funeral-undertaker ...*

*Racing the trees after they are burnt ....*

*spirits of the phoenix ...*

*all his children ...*

*The lazarus-tree is burning ...*

*asking for help ...*

*begging ...*

*But he will come after the funeral ...*

*to rise it up again ...*

*And prometheus is still bound to the tree ...*

*By some possessed indians ...*

*The phoenix will rise ....*

*after the ashes are blowing in the wind ...*

*He still works in the crematorium ...*

*Good old summerclouse ...*

*breeding his birds ...*

*The ears of this little dog called Jesus,*

*will only open up after Lazarus has died ...*

*Mary and Martha already know the trick ...*

*These miracles are worth waiting for ....*

*The miracles can only rise from the ashes ...*

*Still the golden secret on an egyptian dish ...*

*We are all waiting for a man called lazarus ...*

*waiting in the old pyramid ...*

*Only cigars allowed ...*

*we will not smoke anything else ...*

*The blue rabbit showing hitler's tongue ...*

*the blue road ...*

*from the horror to the cartoon ...*

*so many cigars spread on the road ...*

*like train's apocalypse ...*

*he will show up after the crash ...*

*showing you lazarus tree ...*

*climbing it will switch you from the horror to the cartoon ...*

*from the lamentation to the lullaby ...*

*then you will understand what it means ...*

*and then you will meet summerclause's ship in the air ...*

*with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ...*

*those little men ...*

*those zebra-men ....*

*switching you between the pencil and the spoon ...*

*switching you between a cigar and a cigarette ...*

*in the movie you had to die ... otherwise it wouldn't sell ...*

*one wanted to see ... the world beyond fairytale ...*

*one wanted to see ... the horror ...*

*but this was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ...*

*like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ...*

*reaching the flute inside ...*

*and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ...*

*be burnt in your uncle's pipe ...*

*so that the movie could be updated ...*

*a rainbowversion from the old Pan ...*

*the movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ...*

*rising to cartoon ...*

*rising to the comic-towers ....*

*to release the juices from inside ...*

*to have a good bite in the apple ...*

*when you discover the horror behind the fairytale ...*

*just bite further until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ...*

*until you see all their little jesus-men ...*

*you are in summerclause's cloudship ....*

*riding to the moon on fragile railroads ...*

*moving symmetric to the sharks in the seas underground ...*

*having new fireworks in a bottle ....*

*it's again strong liquor's from uncle ....*

*heading for the 3 in the z ...*

*heading for cat's hill ....*

*where an ornament still cuts the trees ...*

*still the woodcutter's house ....*

*showing the horror behind the cartoon and the comic ...*

*the horror behind the juices and the fruits ...*

*behind the candy ....*

*behind the soft soft machines ...*

*behind the soft icecreams ...*

*these soft kisses were the sharpest of all ...*

*Lords of the Ice ...*

*Horror in frosty clothes ...*

*hidden too well behind cartoons and cubes ....*

*Wasp's tv updated*

*switching between horrors and cartoons ...*

*between comics and tragedies .....*

*in an atmosphere of serene ice ...*

*like a dragonfly soaring ...*

*with a thousand nipples on it's face ...*

*reaching for a land where the symmetries touch,*

*where the isolation breaks me free ...*

*the shock ... the sting ... all behind the fairytale ....*

*even behind cartoon and comic ...*

*an autistic world,*

*a traumatic beauty,*

*there where the vibration transformed the layers ...*

*in wasp's tv updated ...*

*standing tall like the million-armed clock ...*

*swelling up like an eye ... in a rose ..*

*like a jewel in the night ....*

*bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...*

*Back to Izu*



*Like the well of an ornament ...*

*I feel myself ...*

*heading for Izu ....*

*following the wizard's path ...*

*The ornamental boxes ...*

*full of lullabies ... and lamentations ...*

*are we complaining ?*

*Back to Izu,*

*the world of so many words ...*

*while a little is spoken ...*

*for it's all hidden behind trees and flowers ...*

*desiring to be discovered ...*

*Back to Izu,*

*not afraid of the hidden rage ...*

*and the hidden riddles ....*

*waiting to be puzzled out ....*

*it needed to be ... a hidden message ...*

*for it was too private ...*

*just for you ...*

*Back to Izu ...*

*not afraid of death ...*

*for it can kill you if you come too close ...*

*the influence she chose to leave ...*

*Back to Izu ..*

*not afraid of fire ...*

*not afraid of the bite ...*

*for it can do that to you ...*

*even from a distance ...*

*which is close enough ...*

*Back to Izu,*

*like a nuclear mill on sharp ...*

*like a hypersensitive gun ...*

*bullets body-heat-sensitive ...*

*when they once saw you ..*

*they will never let you go ...*

until they pierced the thing they saw ....  
stinging a new ornament through it ...  
eyes on sharp ...  
every step is like a mine exploding under your feet ...  
everlasting damnations under your feet ....  
back to Izu ...

But that's just your wasp's tv ...  
following all the news of the day ...  
it's just your loved ones speaking ...  
your own private telephone-hells ...  
  
you know these little lamentations ...  
they will always try to get your attention ...  
showing you how they are hurt ...

it's the lamentation-talk ...  
bringing you back to Izu ...  
bringing you back to the lullaby ...

*there's something switching between lullabies and lamentations ...*

*creating the song, the killersong ...*

*you better be deaf in those days ...*

*so why don't you meet some deaf children ...*

*who will teach you to be deaf ...*

*back to izu ....*

*crucify him ... someone called ...*

*and then someone else started to call it ...*

*then they started to scream and to shriek ...*

*until the little jesus was deaf ...*

*and could escape the noise with his rabbit ...*