

DISCOVERIES
A Collection of Poems

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A Friendly Smile

We walk timidly,
We walk in the night.
Eaves, wet with rain
Are nowhere in sight.

The dismal tomorrow
Calls us with spite,
It bites, and does shiver
The poor little child.

He cries by himself,
Then shouts for a while,
He's dying, aware
That life can be tough!

Where are you, my friends,
Where are all my dreams?
Alone by the eave,
I'm collecting my tears.

The vast nothingness
Is dark before me
Just as I wanted,
The eave captures me.

So further I walk,
And cold is the rain.
I wear no watch,
In love with the pain.

Farewell, my friends,
Throw your tears at the rain.

October 2005

All that is to happen is
Terrifyingly difficult,
Terrifyingly enormous,
Terrifyingly before me.
All that I have to say is
Terrifyingly small,
Terrifyingly ridiculous,
Terrifyingly by me.
Could you, looking at the dawn,
Guess that it is here?
Smell its idle wind,
And die of cold and fear.

2003

Dopey, ugly, furry,
Round this world I hurry.
Jump I will in this fresh puddle,
So the mud can make me fuddle.

Before 2002

There is a huge river, welling inside us.
The hatred among us,
The hatred before us.
Huge is the wall crashing against us.
Despair below us,
And also, above us.

November, 2003

A Gloomy Song

Oh, dark demons,
Anteroom, shade.
Omnipotent idols,
Tarnished in dread.

Oh, plague-infested kin,
Reeking of lust.
What do you bestow on us
On the drenched dust?

Will there be tomorrow?
Will there be peace?
Our life falters
To a barbarian feast.

Well, I don't believe it.
I hate this world,
In which love perished,
Not saying a word.

I will not run,
And I will not sleep.
I will just die,
Because I didn't speak!

September, 2005

Filth

Filth and havoc!
The world is a dump.
Some miniscule lockup,
Full of squirmy crap.

What am I gonna do,
When, front and back,
I am all covered in goo
And almost a wreck?

People around
Bravely stride in the mud
Waddling barefoot,
Feeling happy in their gut.

Then I thought: OK, why not?
Dive inside,
And then - who knows
What becomes of all the swine?

Spring 1999

Free

Freedom gathers on a paper sheet.
Freedom floats like falling leaves.
Freedom is sweet just like a grain of corn,
Cold to the touch, and walks with no home.

Free from the chains of love.
Free.

You blow with the wind, and then again.
Freedom only watches the spectacle.
If you catch it in your hand,
it will intoxicate you.

There are no free angels.
There's only free beggars.
Free.

November, 2003

The wind blows away,
Leaving behind
Secretive words.

2005

Attempt for a Cliché

A tiny star twinkled out there.
A leaf tore from the thick old branch
And fell into the big warm sea,
Whose frothy waves
Gently caressed the beach
And two pairs of bare feet.

I looked around and further,
Where in the green grass
Two children played
And their happy voices
Ringing above the hedge
Of a tiny cottage
By a playful creek:
Skip, skip, skip.

As I soared a little higher
To take in the crimson sunset
And the distant rocky mountains,
Your image shaped before my gaze.
Ah!?!

What are you?
The whole vast world?
Or are you pure kindness,
Gathered in a tiny piece of art
And a great, big, loving heart?

March, 1999

Of Women in General

I swim in an ocean together
With many other birds of a feather.
I swim ahead with the notion
There is no right track in the ocean!
I met a woman in the shallows
Who was swimming like an arrow.
I met another in the deep
Floating like a seaweed.
What kind of creature a woman is,
And who let her roam the seas?
To me you all are out of reach,
No use to even try and speak!
So, on I swim, satisfied
To leave this silly swarm behind.
I guess I'm better off alone!
And it is best if I don't know.
And since there is no shore in sight,
I guess I'll slowly drown
 tonight.

2001

The thought at the foot
Of the hill of passion:
Is the spirit of love
Denied the compassion?

An angel's smile
And soaring dreams,
An image is sculpted
In eyes full of tears.

I will not ask,
I have no more questions
Since you tore down
My temple's foundations.

Before 2002

No Direction

I'm not afraid to see the sign,
I'm not afraid to stand alone beneath the sun,
I'm not afraid to get off the train,
I'll wave and watch it go
On the platform in the rain.

The fun flew away with the flocks,
It floated on the last of the waves.
The wave which carries us to the rocks.
To the dark, gloomy, sorrowful days.

July, 2004

Conundrum

I crashed into the bars of my freedom.
Look at the night,
Figure the day.

I found my meaning in the beauty of Heaven.
Embrace the sadness,
Deny a dream.

Beautiful!
What is beautiful?

February, 2005

Silly and Unclear

Up.

Up.

Up.

Open your eyes, don't look at your feet.

Up.

Down.

Up.

Close your eyes, shut up, and eat.

Down.

Down.

Up.

Why all the fuss? You don't see, you sleep.

Down,

Man,

And then

You buzz without reason from the abyss.

Shamefaced,

You have something to eat,

And then - back to sleep.

July, 2004

Transitional

The tears of angels deleted the silence,
And blooms again the flower of darkness.
Is somebody smiling, are they leaving ground?
I don't think it happened; emptiness resounds.

Nobody is leaving by force.
Nobody is coming by will,
And although I call,
The forest stands still.
I'm waiting for shades in the darkness,
It is my weird doom.
I don't know if I'm dying or sleeping in my tomb.

So off you go,
Go straight back home.
Your mom has stacked some warm clothes,
Honey and rum.
The forest is stuffy
With continuous burden, as the rain falls.
The ship will sail soon
And I don't know anything, I lost my thorns!

2003

Meaningness and Deadlock

I really want
But I rather don't,
And the syndrome is depressing,
My mind is obsessing.
Run,
Jump,
Meet,
Don't freak.
My thoughts float again to sea,
Then rage in a chaotic frenzy,
Since in my mind the thoughts are plenty,
I think they are all filled with envy.
Don't die,
Don't rest,
Don't fret,
Just go ahead.
Speed is an important agent,
It's the tugboat of advancement.
So run, brother, go ahead,
Even though you're not five yet.
Mommy,
Can I have a tea in bed?

Before 2002

There is something sinister
In this narrow area
There is something burning,
Here somebody was slurring.
There's a sip of lager,
There's a sharp dagger.
A cry, Satan, and willies,
I might be watching a series.

And the clouds above
Far away from us
Slowly creep.

July, 2004

Undaunted

I understand the silence,
I understand the pride,
I understand the morning wind
That sings above the tide.

Bitter expectations,
Smiling faces,
Trials and tribulations,
Lies and disgraces.

Short, but magnificent.
Smart and omnipotent.

What can avert me
From the conclusion
That tomorrow
Is just an illusion?

What can stop me
Spread my wings,
Softly and smoothly
Crushing all things?

Ugly, but gently,
With a face so unkind,
I cry as I'm dying,
But the pain won't subside.

Fog
Arrow
Now

February, 2006

Wonderings

Sloths keep sleeping,
Bells keep ringing,
Birds keep fluttering,
Pears keep ripening.

And me, what do I choose?
The colourful things to abuse?
What do I, what do I choose?

Cows are mooing,
People are spewing,
Garbage is falling,
Planets are revolving!

Look at the near distance,
It is so easy to get the gist.

Seagulls are soaring,
Knives are cutting,
Gutters are gulping,
Volcanoes are venting.

But what do I choose?
The colourful things to seduce?
What do I, what do I choose?

Before 2002

Autumn

Birds flew to the south.
All that's left is gloomy loneliness.
All around.

November, 2004