



# *October Harvest*

*Complete Poems by Christian Lanciai*

*Volume II*

*with anonymous illustrations by anonymous recipients,  
mutely expressing their answering feelings*

*Magnus Aurelio's Volume II of*  
***Complete Poems in English***

*Poems from 2008*



*Embarkation*

Another journey, another difficult departure,  
another temporary brief divorce  
that risks as ever to amount insufferably  
to a torturous infinity of abstinence;  
and yet, the contact is more live than ever

and continues in its growth the more  
for being challenged and subjected to a trial,  
feelings growing into storms  
for being subject to adversity.  
And yet, the moment always comes  
when we once more must meet,  
unite and join in perfect love  
that seems for its impossibility  
the more to always win in possibility  
to be an everlasting thing  
that simply must continue  
constantly to grow forever.

### *Promise*

The rotten smell of death and putridness  
in my dejected state of loneliness  
in the outrageousness of your departure  
leaving me a victim in the clutches of nightmarish harpies  
brings me to the bottom and the end of my existence;  
lost and lonely in the sea of barbarous vulgarity,  
I can but sigh in pain against my fate  
that never will allow me to remain in you.  
Are we then dead because of this unwanted separation  
to each other, since the line is broken,  
our communications stifled and our contact gagged  
by fate in silence and enforced passivity?  
My roaring heart speaks otherwise;  
and although all the tyrannies around the world may triumph,  
our love shall overcome them all,  
survive them all and bring them even lower down  
than we can ever be brought down by them.

### *Manifestation*

My thoughts turn into you  
as you are manifested in my dreams  
in longing tenderest affection  
raising our love in marvellous presence  
from the ghosts of ruins of the past  
to approaching imminent reunion  
plunging us into a new life  
of which we know nothing.  
Maybe it is better that way,  
guiding carefully each other  
through the abysses of blindness  
without knowing where we go.  
All we do know is we have each other,  
which should be enough for guidance  
into any distant unknown future.

### *You'll never cry alone*

When in the darkness of the night  
you cry outrageously for all your losses  
all alone in desperate dejection,  
while I roam around the world

completely unaware of your friend's death,  
how can I even guess at the extent  
of the disaster you are falling through  
to misery of bottomless infinity?  
And yet, your tears are but one wave  
from out the ocean of the sorrows of humanity,  
and your friend's death is just another  
new beginning for a new and even better life.  
There is no end to the beginnings,  
since there are no ends without beginnings,  
and there is no death, but only life's transition  
from one state into another,  
like a common bird's migration  
no less natural and obvious.  
Cry, lament and wail by all means,  
tears can only do you good,  
and nothing is more needed by the earth than water;  
but be certain of the fact,  
that no matter how much you cry,  
you'll never cry alone,  
and all your tears have company forever  
in the bitterness of all the oceans of the world  
that all consist of only human tears.



*Looking down*

How could I else than care for you,  
since the responsibility of love  
is never to desert the loved one  
but to care and tender infinitely  
or at least as long as you are able to.  
No matter what the snake-pits of your past  
may offer, I will certainly indulge in them  
to help you out of any mess  
that stands between us and our love.  
If there is anything that I was not afraid of,

it was the worst and the most challenging of dangers,  
our own enemies within, the abyss of the unknown,  
which is ever there and lurking,  
waiting to engulf us and commit us to perdition,  
which temerity you ever must remain aware of  
so as never to be taken by surprise  
by anything less pure and beautiful  
than the perpetual phenomenon of love.



*In despair*

The darkness overwhelms me  
as I stifle in despair  
and can't make out  
how I got drowned in love  
instead of simply having it,  
enjoying it and cultivating it;  
but it must inevitably grow  
into a stormy ocean  
thundering and roaring universally  
and drowning everything  
in its tempestuous emotions  
that will carry everything away  
and most of all your self  
and all you have  
while only one thing will be saved:  
love purifies the more it is enjoyed,  
and through all trials and upheavals  
you will have your soul still floating  
flying universally in triumph after all.



### *Love is not enough*

Only love is not enough  
in a relationship to make it work.  
You need so much else,  
like trust and mutual understanding,  
depth of feelings, and, the most important,  
the community of souls,  
that sticks together in fidelity of mind  
to always have each other in their minds.  
(You also need the possibility to be alone  
for meditation, concentration, freedom,  
work and clarity of mind,  
but all this is self-evident.)  
If all this works, ensured with depth of trust,  
then love is here to stay,  
and you don't even have to bother to express it.  
It will keep on going and expanding by itself,  
and all you have to do is just to follow  
and maintain it properly by not forgetting it.

### *Approach*

Are you real, my love,  
or are you just a ghost of my imagination,  
do I mix you up with someone else  
that merely exists as a chimaera,  
leading me astray in desperate delusions  
like an all too realistic mirage in the desert,  
or are you quite simply too good to be true?  
The only certain thing is that I love you  
whoever you are,  
and so far you at least have not betrayed me,  
thrown my love away or let me down  
except most unintentionally;  
so what can I do  
but keep on loving you and longing for you  
since at least we all the time  
are getting nearer to each other.

### *Greeting*

I greet you in the morning with a prayer  
that you might be spared all pains  
and all adversities and worries,  
since I care for you with infinite protection,  
wishing all I know a hundred years of health,  
accomplishment, perfection and success  
and nothing less than all the best;  
but you stand out before the front line  
in your delicacy and vulnerability,  
having cried too much already in your days  
and scoliosis being as a handicap no trifle.  
The more I love you for not being able to  
accomplish any absoluteness in our consummation,  
leading to its being the more consummated  
in our hearts and souls and arts instead,  
projecting in the testimony of its beauty  
further than to just the stars,  
the finite universe and all infinity.





### *Our love*

I love you – if you please, and if I may,  
in morningtime when I arise  
and in the evening when I close my eyes  
and in the night in all my dreams  
which even in the days continue in my work.  
So has it been since I first saw you  
now four years ago, and chances are  
that this will not be discontinued.  
Although separations mess our lives about  
the mind is always there  
of the united love we have in common  
which will keep us up whatever happens  
even when we fall to never rise again –  
our love was made to never be unmade.

### *Love's freedom*

Love is not love if it is bound in chains  
by obligations, promises, routines and duties  
but must live by trust alone and understanding  
and needs freedom above all to keep on flying  
steadily sustained in permanent expansion,  
progress, growth and pioneering enterprise,  
for which you have to have your spirit out of bounds  
with more sense than the ordinary five ones  
and with one eye ever turned unto its own divinity;  
for love without divinity can not live long and is not love  
but needs its sixth sense of the spiritual open mind most necessarily  
to at all be able to have any breath and life.  
So there you are: I give you all my love with all my freedom  
to be able to forever love you with all freedom.

### *Blend*

When in the shadows of the night  
we change identities  
in cover of what can't be seen  
and get confused about as who we really are,  
emerging with profundity into each other,  
you becoming me and vice versa,  
it is difficult to know  
if love is real or only madness  
as our senses are distorted  
by the ultra-rational intensity of our confusion,  
spiritualism taking over our perceptions  
as we blend much more than just our blood,  
all I can say is,  
that we never are as much and more alive  
than when we leave ourselves behind  
to by love's right and miracle become each other.



*the Dilemma*

Just an explanation. I am not the victim of my workoholism. I am merely the prisoner of my poverty. The fact that all my life's efforts as writer and composer have met with no success, no acclaim, no acknowledgement at all, has just obliged me to work the harder, since without more than a minimum income I can't allow myself any proper freedom, which I therefore struggle the

more to obtain. I can't do anything more than what I am doing: trying to improve my recordings, eventually turning them into CDs, and at the moment I have two manuscripts waiting for their doom in Stockholm by insensitive bureaucratic readers for publishers and theatres whose only task is to scrap as many manuscripts as possible: in Sweden you don't have the English system of book agents. My other voluntary works for others are like a relief from this squirrel's wheel of poverty. Even when I travel I constantly have to keep myself on the shortest possible leash and allow myself no extravagances but always think of containing the wallet. So I am not really the self-made victim of workoholism, only constantly struggling to get out of my prison of poverty without losing the only freedom I have, the one of my creative work. This is my constant headache.



*Holy madness*

Sweet folly of wisdom,  
the experience of your hardship  
is more valuable as education  
than whatever merits of material life,  
certificates, awards and medals  
counting nothing in comparison  
with the humility of personal disaster,  
since most people have to learn the hard way  
by surviving suicides and nervous breakdowns  
to be kind and human, all that matters.

Indians of America regarded lunacy as sacred  
with respect and veneration, as if idiocy  
was actually a higher state of being than the normal one,  
and they were right, since epilepsy too,  
the actual idiocy, was termed "the holy sickness"  
by those sages who knew better than ourselves  
in this dehumanized denaturalized decadent perverted age  
how to take care of life and nature  
in ancient times of naturalness, harmony and order  
guided more by druids, common sense and knowledge  
than by politicians led by greed, ambition and incompetence.

Better then to be an idiot and know better  
how to live in humble circumstances  
than to make a universal mess of life.

*Between the extremes*

How come that love is always either or,  
an overwhelming inundation  
sweeping everything and everyone away  
or drying up for thirst  
in smothering desertification  
leaving you alone in languishment  
pathetically miserable in abandonment?  
– and then the flood comes back again  
and drowns you in its force.  
How come you never find a middle way  
in love, which seems to make impossible  
whatever compromise, as if it must be all or nothing,  
and if love is not all yours she is your enemy.  
I'm sorry, but I can't accept that.  
If love is so impossible in her extreme demands,  
I'll rather do without it  
than risk ending up all torn apart  
by shipwrecks in atrocious storms  
and smouldering consuming desert mirages.

*The everlasting dance*

In the beginning there was movement.

There is no music without dancing  
like there is no dancing without music;  
they belong together

and are closely knit together,  
music being but a spiritual dance  
performed and executed by the fingers  
or and by the mouth or voice  
to give an outlet for the movements of the soul,  
its caprioles, caprices, gambols and gambados,  
voiced expressively in higher harmonies  
to let the spirits soar and join the rhythms of the universe  
partaking in its cosmic dances, pirouettes and twirls.  
It is a dance that never ends,  
true music never being able to be halted,  
terminated, interrupted or shut down,  
the dancing of the universe continuing forever  
without any force or power able to do anything about it  
except join in, tune in and face the everlasting music.



*Love truisms*

Is love a sin? No, never!  
The only sin of love is not to share it  
but to keep it to yourself,  
containing it under a bushel  
and not let it forth to light and to expand,  
for that's the only way for love to live:  
by growth, by sharing and expansion.  
If I love, the worst thing I can do  
is not to let the loved one know it,  
and the only love that could be called unlucky ever  
was the love that never was made known.  
The force of love is exteriorization  
and expansion by multiplication,

and there never was a force or power  
that could ever check it or contain it  
if it was just natural and true.



*To a dear departed friend*

My friend, remain, for thou art so lovely.  
Your visits in my dreams  
are the most welcome calls of all,  
ensuring me that you are still alive  
and not just well but in the best of health  
and even better than when you were here.  
You live in paradise, which you ensure me of,  
with all your generosity now breaking greater records  
and inviting me to join you on your journeys.  
I will always join you, follow you  
and keep you on the track  
up-dated and turned on as usual  
in our love which this year has its 50th anniversary  
and still unchanged since we were kids.  
The strangest thing with your last visit  
was the phenomenon that it was natural  
that there was no consideration even of your being dead  
while you bewailed your brother,  
keeping him in sanctuary in your special chapel  
even in his coffin at your central place,  
while he is still alive among us  
with his family and house and car,  
while you made it so clear,

that he was to be pitied and deplored,  
not you, the greatest shocking loss I ever had.

*Some advice*

My love, your paranoia is not serious.  
We are everyone our own worst enemies,  
and there is nothing really dangerous  
in life or in the world  
compared to what's within ourselves,  
the unknown depths of the unconscious  
which alas! sometimes takes uncontrolled charge  
of our minds and make them see things  
out of all perspective and proportion.  
Evil is a misconception  
and a kind of lurid mirage  
which in fact does not exist,  
while only our thinking turns it on,  
and it is only true if we believe in it  
in twisted and misguided folly.  
If our inner worlds are stormy  
wreaking havoc over us with senseless worries,  
we should just look outside at the sunshine  
to immediately rest quite assured  
that all the world and universe  
act absolutely independently  
of what we think and are within ourselves.

*Getting on*

Recovering from hardy nights of exercise,  
you wonder naturally how it all will end,  
in some kind of disaster,  
as is natural for passionate affairs,  
or just a humdrum commonplace divorce  
when boredom has replaced all passion spent,  
or infidelity, the worst of all,  
or just an incapacity to go on and sustain it?  
Worries have from the beginning clouded  
everything in our relationship,  
and there is no way out from them,  
except the only sensible and perfect choice:  
to concentrate on friendship and companionship.  
That is the vital thing that we could never lose,  
if we just stick to that diplomacy  
and take in passion just for luxury,  
as cream and bonus for an extra.  
Let us also keep in mind,  
that love transcends us all,  
and no matter how much we love,  
we never can fulfill our quota  
of our real capacity.

*Relative departure*

Where is our love of ancient days,  
when all was rosy red

and everything was more than beautiful,  
as we went basking in our youth  
of only positiveness, generosity and sunshine  
while humility was ruler of the universe  
and we subordinated naturally,  
feeling part of it and sharing it  
with joy and harmony of limitless proportions?  
Alas, my love, it's all now gone,  
but only temporarily,  
since only you are missing,  
and as I miss you everything is gloom  
while only dreams of peccoral nostalgia  
comfort me, reminding me of my pathetic weakness  
as my empty life now only fills with memories of you,  
until you will be back,  
which I sincerely hope will happen soon,  
since it can never be too soon;  
while actually we never really parted anyway,  
since that is spiritually an impossibility.



*The harmony of our souls*

As we blend together  
fleeting in and out  
there is a concord of our music  
that defies expression  
as the harmonies are out of this world  
sounding the more deeply  
in the inner universe of spirits



which you only reach transcendently  
by an insight more profound  
than even music can express.  
Thus are we one in spirit  
even separated and apart  
belonging as much to each other  
as to that more sovereign authority and power  
that resounds and rules the universe  
with harmonies that never can be false.



*The inadequacy of words*

Never say 'I love you'  
if you mean it,  
'cause it's such a worn-out phrase,  
diluted into such a commonness  
that it's become a mess  
of empty words  
that can't be taken seriously  
for being the most commonplace of all.  
No, if you really mean it,  
make it better,  
make it deeper,  
make it art  
with thoughtfulness,  
consideration and profundity,  
so that at least it gives some after-thought  
and is remembered,  
like a riddle and enigma,  
like a poem with more substance  
than just superficiality

with something worth sustaining  
and remembering for lasting treasurableness.

*The Genocide Olympics*

Sarkozy is going there, the president of France,  
to boost French business with the genocide autocracy,  
although he previously was eager  
to lead boycott protests against China,  
which continues persecuting innocents,  
like Falun Gong practitioners,  
a constant gold mine for Chinese authorities  
for harvesting of human organs  
safely in the mental wards  
where Falun Gong practitioners are put away  
reduced to apathy and drugged unconscious  
for the profitable organ market greed,  
together with all other religious minorities,  
like Christians, Buddhists, not to speak of farmers  
causing demonstration trouble all across the country  
for their being used, exploited and evicted,  
while the genocide goes on in secret in Tibet  
with covert murdering of monks and prisoners  
brought into jail on mere suspicion.  
The Berlin Olympics 72 years ago  
were also a manifestation triumph  
of successful propaganda for totalitarianism,  
but then the Germans had not yet commenced  
their genocide procedure, and the Moscow  
failed Olympics 1980 were at least subjected  
to the boycott of some 50 nations.  
Now concerning China everybody knows  
about the genocide that constantly goes on,  
and still, not only Bush but even Sarkozy,  
the momentary chairman of the European union,  
which officially is democratic,  
will pay homage to the genocide Olympics  
for the sake of European business interests  
in the greatest and most cruel of all autocracies  
that nurtures Burma and its junta  
and was backing up Pol Pot before Zimbabwe and Sudan.

*Music to our souls*

The sweetness of our song  
comes bringing peace to our nights  
with rhythmical perfection permanence  
in silent whispers of the loveliest intimacy,  
like some immortal melody  
that never can stop playing  
but goes on forever in increasing beauty  
by each bar and intensification,  
lulling us to sleep in love  
to ever softer beats of tenderness,  
while this inspires but one wish:  
let this go on forever,  
let us stay in love like this  
and keep sustaining it

no matter how exhausting it might be,  
for it is worth it, every effort and humiliation,  
just to keep the finest of all music going.



*Approfondazione*

(translator's note: there is no equivalent in English)

Love must be an idealism  
in order to at all exist,  
subsist and breathe,  
but all idealism, they say,  
is but illusion and a self-deceit.  
So grant me that illusion, then,  
and with me everybody else,  
for no one can exist without true love,  
and if true love is always an illusion,  
that illusion then can but be true.  
So keep me still in that illusion  
that I love and may continue doing so  
without adversity or sabotage,  
defeat, resistance or malicious undoing,  
and let me keep on cultivating that capacity  
for love, to ever make it more sincere,  
profound and deeply felt,  
and I believe that that can do no harm  
but only reach the opposite,  
constructiveness, accomplishment and consummation.



### *Anticipation*

No matter how we age,  
for me you'll always be the same,  
like in our youth when we were at our fairest;  
and although our withering since 30 years  
have marked our brows with sinister corruption,  
our friendship has increased the more in beauty  
and in depth of mutual respect.  
What are all worldly sorrows  
with a global melt-down and our planet burning up,  
with human poisoning of carelessness corrupting our environment,  
to the pleasure of our meeting once again  
together after too long a geographic separation?  
Looking forward to our reuniting  
and the reinforcement of our friendship  
is for me a universal joy of such immensity  
that it excludes the possibility of any worldly crisis.

### *The hippy king*

To me, you are the king of hippies  
matching all the bum ideals  
of freedom without limits,  
any self-indulgence but within control,  
heroic continuity in underground democracy  
against autocracy, bureaucracy and all totalitarianism  
and humble service at the same time  
to all humankind in careful modesty,  
while in private your flamboyant intellectual brilliance  
and extravagance are more than boundless.  
Let me never lose your generosity,  
so that I always when in moments of dark moods and dire straits  
may save my spirit by enriching it with yours  
as the most permanent reliable example of constructiveness  
that I could ever find among humanity.

### *Mirror mirages*

Never believe your eyes.  
The only ones who tell the truth are lies.  
If one day you don't recognize yourself  
looking deep into the mirror,  
then the mirror at last is telling you the truth.  
All reality is just a passing mirage,  
and we are all deceived fools who believe in it,  
while only the doubters have any reason,  
only the sufferers know life,  
only tears know love,  
only pain is free from lies,  
and only death can open your eyes  
and will reveal the only actual reality  
which is the somber machinations  
behind this shallow faked shadow play,  
which exists only to bury the soul alive.



*When in darkest moods...*

When in darkest moods I think of you, my love,  
with all the nastiness that we together have gone through,  
I don't know whether I shall weep or rave  
and risk indulging in them both, ferociously,  
while there is very little comfort  
in the fact that our love is still enduring  
although we can almost never see each other.  
Wallowing in my imagination  
of how it could be and could have been  
is like a masochistic escapism  
that offers as much pain as sensual release,  
as if the bad accompaniment of good was necessary.  
I would rather do without reality, then,  
than be without those dreams of mirage comfort,  
that seem after all more real than cruel reality,  
since there is more love in my wishful thinking  
than in all the world of sensual deception.

*When your life is ruined...*

What do you do, when your life is ruined,  
to those who ruined it? Revenge?  
Is any retaliation possible?  
Seek justice and amendment,  
correction of mistakes and arbitrary wrongs?  
Protest and demonstrate and join the street mobs?  
No, it's all a waste of energy and time.

The only thing worth doing  
is to start again all over  
patiently from the beginning,  
and at best you'll next time manage to avoid  
the parasites, hyenas, brutes and hooligans,  
those ignorants who did not know what they were doing.

### *Unacceptability*

Who shall save the world  
when everything is going wrong,  
the only superpower going down the bog  
of economical disaster as the natural result  
of warring madness failure in Iraq,  
a king size caca and the worst mistake in US history  
destroying universally its credibility,  
while it gets into the economic clutches  
of the greatest, cruellest and worst dictatorship,  
the fascist state of lies called China,  
spreading its colonial tentacles  
all round in south east Asia and Africa,  
a new colonial superpower to which USA  
is falling into economic slavery.  
What shall we do? What can we do?  
I am afraid, that all that we can do  
is to at least take care of our own freedom  
and integrity as individuals,  
refusing brainwash imposition and extortion;  
and our hope and comfort is the fact,  
that all successful revolutions start from inside  
in the heart and soul; and that at least  
is still in our possession and our power.

*We just have to accept it...*

(tribute to Kathy and Mike)

It's such a pleasure to have it confirmed  
that you are still around, Mike,  
and that we have never lost you.  
Kathy is your crownéd princess still,  
and she keeps up our poetry  
with flying colours of the highest quality  
in your name for not only you to still be proud of.  
Celebrating you this day is already a tradition,  
Kathy, on the day of Herman Melville  
and his elder sailing writing colleague Henry Dana,  
and we do it now with even greater emphasis  
because of the regretted absence of our missing Mike,  
although our celebration at the same time  
for the character it takes  
becomes sincerely a reminder  
of his being still around  
and being with us  
most of all with you, of course.  
Accept my humble celebration on your birthday,  
as I ever will continue to accept  
that Mike was here  
to never leave us.



*Love unbreakable*

I hope you always will remain aware  
that I remain as constant in our love as ever,  
dreaming of you every night  
when we don't sleep together  
to enjoy the only perfect bliss  
that sexuality can offer:  
reaching satisfaction without hurting,



although it is never without pains.  
You were the only one who never slowed me down,  
while at the same time our love was always reciprocal,  
never without dialogue, return and feedback,  
which is why it always could continue  
growing and expanding and developing.  
The crises that were unavoidable with constant interruptions  
never led to infidelity or any break-up  
but to glorious renewals only, resurrections  
and continued richness of our intercourse.  
Of course we hope that it will last forever,  
while we both know,  
that although it must be definitely interrupted sometime,  
it will merely continue in another life  
to just take on another form again.

### *The Power of Love*

Let me penetrate your lovely hair  
and make it mine to play with,  
hide in, vanish in and quietly extol in  
while caressing it admiringly  
for your so sweet and personable being  
with the utmost tenderness approaching love  
and being it and nothing else  
for both of us to have  
as a most memorable joy forever.  
Let me dream of you with only goodness,  
and I will be certain that our mutual love  
eventually will by its enigmatical delight  
redeem all mankind, history  
and all the rotten world.

### *The constant reunion*

My friend, we see each other only once a year,  
but every time it is like yesterday  
since we last met and parted  
just to join again, year after year,  
as if all time was but a fleeting moment's nonsense  
of no consequence at all,  
an unimportant twinkling of an eye;  
which makes all history appear as most absurd  
considering the real condition of dimensions,  
friendship and reunion gloriously transcending them  
to never tire of reducing all eternity to nothing.  
Love is all that matters,  
and as long as we keep sticking to it,  
we are safer than and safe from all eternity.

### *The League of Beauty*

They are everywhere, the partners  
and the intimates of this our union,  
those who know the worth of beauty  
and who therefore are subscribed to love  
forever with a constancy transcending

the material universe with all its vague illusions  
that are bound to ever lose to beauty's inner worth  
that overcomes all egoistic artifice  
of vanity, mundane ambition, greed and folly,  
to forever and continually restore the order  
of life's only everlasting law of all existence,  
that the truth of love and beauty is the only league that holds  
ensuring life and nature and survival,  
and that nothing can withstand the force of love.

*The way of love*

*(This is a song - unfortunately I can't give the music here as well.)*

The way of love  
is like a dove.  
It soars forever  
is home in heaven  
will never even  
go home for even  
because it never  
can sleep out fever  
but is forever  
a restless rover,  
the holiest ghost.



### *My brothers*

My friend, you must not warn me of your aspects,  
the change of looks will never change your person,  
and meeting you again has never caused me consternation  
although years have passed between our reunification,  
which the constant process of our mutual rejuvenation  
never actually has let us down.  
You are forever in my mind,  
and I can feel that you have never left me,  
although already as boys we felt the crisis  
of our lives becoming almost something of a constant separation.  
Strangely, both my best friends were approximately born  
on the same day, like twins,  
but so extremely opposite each other  
in their background, character and personality  
and even in their opposite approach to love.  
And still, you are to me more close than brothers,  
and I know that brotherhood will last  
much longer and beyond all ties of family and blood.

### *An ancient love dream*

Why do you fade so early,  
lovely ladies, who give out your love too early,  
wasting it on wrong unworthies  
never to recover fully from mistakes  
that mark your lives unnecessarily  
with far too early grown grey hairs?  
You used to have the loveliest hair  
in all the world, and longest,  
marking your integrity and freedom,  
for that is the meaning of long hair:  
a demonstration of personal freedom;  
while you still in spite of decades  
of mistakes and wrongs and sufferings  
have that personal freedom left  
and are the same in soul with all your beauty.  
Once I gave you all my love  
to never take it back,  
and my word counts as much today  
as it did then of all my warmest love and friendship  
which still makes us twins of destiny  
forever on the quest of new discoveries  
of how to win and grow and manifest that love  
that for some reason never became ours.

### *Transcendence*

My poems about you can never do you justice  
since you are so inconceivable  
in your dynamics and mysterious ways  
that leave all men and minds dumbfounded  
failing utterly to comprehend your personality,  
since your mentality transcends all human thought  
in baffling contradictions to what anyone is used to.  
But I understand you and am grateful for it,  
for behind your sticky surface there is so much love

like some youth fountain never ending in abundance  
that ensures me that I cannot lose you  
no matter how far I travel and whatever comes between us.  
Stay with me, my love, like I will always stay with you,  
our love defying every hindrance, overcoming every distance,  
turning every difference between us to its contrary.

*My Tibetan friend*

You travel all across the Himalayas  
as an outcast, outlawed by the occupants  
and forced in exile since your childhood,  
forced to cross the snows in winter across passes  
of six thousand meters, where the butchers of your country  
stand in wait prepared to gun down any refugees  
who have the unacceptable impertinence to flee their country  
occupied by probably the cruellest of the world's autocracies,  
an atheist totalitarian regime which makes all human life impossible  
for those who can't subject themselves to anti-spiritualism,  
enforced fanatical ideology of atheism,  
the national compulsory political denial of the soul  
and all its natural demands and needs of freedom.  
They have destroyed your country, ruined almost every temple,  
almost every monastery and burnt most of all your books,  
a thousand years' collection of hand-written manuscripts,  
they have reduced your people,  
those that were not extirpated,  
to sub-citizens of second rate,  
if they at all are given rights as citizens,  
and killed off one fifth of your population  
to replace it gradually with Han Chinese,  
a long-perspective ethnic cleansing  
typical of socialist dictatorships,  
and sterilized an unknown number of your women  
and your mothers also after forced abortions,  
carried off 240.000 of your ladies  
forcing them to slave work down in China  
forced to marry Chinese men  
who then are forced to populate your country  
as another link in the methodic long-term ethnic cleansing.  
How many of you have already been lost in concentration camps,  
in prisons, tortured to extinction,  
or abducted already as children  
to be brainwashed and brought up as Chinese puppet capos?  
As the Jews keep screaming on and on  
with every right to every now and then remind the world  
of crimes against humanity committed by political autocracy,  
so you Tibetans, Uighurs and Mongolians  
never must stop showing up your testimony to the world  
about the slow but fatal holocaust  
that still goes on today  
and has been carried on for sixty years  
by the totalitarian party ruling the Chinese.



### *The Forest*

*(This is an old story from 1968 full of symbolisms.)*

#### *Canto I.*

1.

Be it far from me to have pretensions  
to be any kind of poet,  
but in this world and the other one  
I think that anyone would certainly agree,  
there are some things that can not well be told  
except by words transcending sense  
and the conventional reality,  
as we accept and know it.  
Such things I am here about to tell,  
a story strange and difficult to grasp,  
and lacking skills in verse and language,  
my humility and poor simplicity  
will hardly be sufficient to describe  
this truth, that I nevertheless  
experienced personally all the way,  
although I never knew myself  
some persons that were part of it.  
Accept it as a humble offering

by me, a humble monk,  
on ancient altars of tradition,  
beauty, wisdom and experience,  
and forbear my innocence  
and incapacity to render credible  
such matters that are visible  
to only sentient human souls  
and the mind's eye, that sees beyond  
the lying sensuality  
of this most insufficient limited reality.

2.

I used to take those morning walks  
down to the sea as early and as soon as possible  
after the sunrise, and my abbot gave me leave himself –  
he knew that exercise would do me good,  
and not just me, but all my influence  
on others for the whole remaining day.  
I used to sit down in the sands,  
enjoy the rolling waves so generously coming in  
sent forth from out there in eternity  
to gloriously commit their foaming suicide  
against the gentle shores,  
caressing them with tenderness  
in this eternal process;  
when an object in the water caught my eye.  
It was a shining object which the sun had found,  
some beams had entered it in glimpses of reflection,  
which went on into my eye and my attention,  
striking me with wonder and amazement,  
for immediately I felt it as a message meant for me.  
I sat there still with my bare feet all sandy  
basking in the glorious sun, as if transfixed  
by sudden new and strange sensations,  
as if I already was quite overwhelmed  
by feelings that belonged yet to the future.  
Finally I rose to carefully approach the object,  
overcoming the last doubts concerning its reality.  
It was indeed a bottle well closed up,  
quite light and empty, but for something  
that indeed made all my hairs rise in excitement.  
There was a letter in it! And it came to me,  
of all the people on this earth,  
to me alone, there on the beach,  
where I had wandered quite alone  
exclusively to find this bottle!  
Naturally I just had to open it.  
Here is the letter, in original verbatim,  
that since then has changed so many lives  
by opening a world of lives of others:

3.

"My friend!  
I pray you, do not judge me  
for my awkwardness in language and expression,  
but please try instead to understand and to investigate  
my case and matter, and then judge me afterwards,  
if I have given you the truth or only fabricated lovely dreams!

I am a wanderer gone totally astray  
and facing death approaching in some hours,  
for the ship that I am sailing on will not endure this tempest.  
Seeing no chance to survive, I offer all I have of any value,  
my life's secret, the one knowledge  
of some consequence that I acquired,  
to this stormy sea of destiny.  
The fact is, that I once discovered Paradise,  
and I left it as the crazy fool I was!  
Now it is lost forever for my part,  
and all that I can do is in my blindness to give directions  
as to how it can be found again.  
Just go to Winchester in Hampshire  
and to Wynyard not so far away from there,  
then follow the old southern road  
until you pass the ruins of a castle and then cross a brook.  
Get off the road and follow that brook upstream,  
and you shall find the Paradise that I have lost forever  
in despair and foolishness and desperation,  
following my folly in my life's supremest deprivation!  
All that I can do about it now  
is to stand trial by myself  
and let my life pass on from this life unto God."

4.

This spoke this enigmatic wondrous letter  
anonymously with no signature  
to me, who was unknown to this unhappy writer,  
shipwrecked now, no doubt, and lost at sea  
and dead and never buried.  
I was totally beyond myself for pity  
and committed instantly myself in tears and prayers  
for the poor man's fate and soul.  
And although he was dead, and I would never know him,  
thus he spoke to me in graver earnest and directness  
than did ever any living man  
whom I met in my lifetime.

5.

My steps were burdened and slowed down  
by serious pondering and wondrous feelings  
on my way back to the monastery,  
and my fellow monks there wondered  
what had turned me so reflective  
all of a sudden and tried teasing me and cheering me  
with no success whatever. They had to be satisfied  
with my simple explanation that I would discuss the matter  
only with our abbot and with no one else –  
of course, I dared not show my confidential letter.  
My old abbot, like a father to us all,  
sat quietly as usual in the monastery garden  
busy at his roses, herbs and other lovely flowers  
when I dared approach him, and he saw immediately  
that there was something deeply serious  
that had happened to me of some bother.  
I went to the point directly,  
showing him the flask and the fantastic letter  
and explaining the concern of this new situation.

He immediately laid all his brows in wrinkles  
and was perfectly immersed in the predicament.  
He understood me wholly and looked serious about it.  
Finally he spoke, and I was all attention.

6.

"My son, this is a matter of delicacy  
that can not be trifled with.  
Not only is it a concern of life and death,  
but it is also evidently the last words and will of someone dying,  
leaving a most vital message for posterity,  
which he has committed to the ocean without any other choice,  
which Fortune has placed in your hands,  
the humblest monk among us of all people.  
There is certainly a hidden meaning in this matter,  
and I have to ask you to investigate it.  
The directions could not be much clearer,  
all you have to do is just to follow them  
and see what place, if there is any,  
this poor outcast shipwrecked sailor talks about.  
Do not expect too much. There might be nothing in it,  
but if there is something, you should certainly discover it,  
fate having put his secret in your hands.  
Good luck, my son, and I expect you to come back  
when you are ready, with at best some very interesting report  
that even might turn out intriguing."  
He turned the letter back to me,  
and I was free to go, entrusted with a sacred mission  
that, I can't deny, enlivened me with joyful spirits.

7.

My fellows in the dormitory turned of course quite curious  
when I packed my rucksack for a journey of some week or so,  
but I said nothing to them of my errand,  
but: "When I return I'll let you know,  
but how can I inform you of my journey's mission  
when I haven't started on it yet  
and knowing nothing of where I am going?"  
They were satisfied with that and let me go.  
And so I started on the first and greatest journey of my life.

8.

It was not difficult but only pleasurable,  
leaving everything behind in basking sunshine  
as the spring was entering triumphantly  
and light was king all round the world.  
The walk was nice and long,  
I passed the site of Glastonbury on the way  
and visited my uncle, who was bishop in old Winchester,  
who wondered greatly at my errand.  
"Why on earth are you let loose?  
Don't tell me you've been sent upon a mission!"  
I could only gratify his worst suspicions,  
and I told him everything and showed the letter,  
whereupon he laughed his sides off  
rattling all his vicarage and Winchester  
to its foundations, whereupon he let me go



as soon as we had finished a most glorious dinner,  
that would last for days and better than supplies.

9.

Thus I went on and followed the instructions of the letter.  
They were clear enough, and not even the weather  
offered me the slightest difficulty.  
I walked swiftly on and found the river and the bridge  
and started following the brook upstream.  
I felt the strangeness of this moment  
of some destiny of truth unknown  
and wondered in what fairy-tale  
this wonderful adventure would project me.  
I was soon enough to know,  
as gradually the country grew less habited  
and wilderness grew more apparent  
as the brook led me into a forest finally.  
It was an ancient forest mainly of majestic beeches,  
and the prevalent characteristic mood was peace  
and quiet of a most inspiring and awesome nature,  
so as almost some old chapel or cathedral  
was to be expected somewhere near.  
And then I came to what I almost felt  
that had to be the centre of the forest sanctuary,  
where silence ruled and everything was still  
and where the waters of the brook was like a mirror  
parted in two streams that joined together  
peacefully and formed a little island.  
Then I couldn't keep my feelings any more inside me.  
They freaked out, and I freaked out with them  
in a most irresistible exhilaration  
that knew no bounds but burst out laughing  
in a joy of universal freedom and release,  
the like of which I never had experienced before.  
It was sensational and could not be contained,  
as if I suddenly had found the formula of world salvation  
but could not explain it. I just had to sit down,  
relax and laugh my heart out  
in this greatest joy of bliss that came from nowhere  
but replenished, permeated, overwhelmed  
and influenced so palpably all life around me  
that I knew for sure I had to have arrived  
in paradise itself and nowhere else  
directly, manifestly, definitely and demonstrably.

10.

As I calmed down the greatest miracle of all awaited me.  
There was a house! It was a small house by the stream,  
magnificently pretty in its humble aspects,  
built with love undoubtedly, with lovely wooden carvings;  
but what baffled me the most was the apparent fact  
that someone lived there, and – my heart made quite a leap –  
was even there at home! My heart made many thumping leaps  
as I with quaking expectations neared the lovely house  
and slowly and more slowly by each step,  
until I finally dared move the handle of the door.  
Yes, it was open, and it was not even fully shut.  
And at that very moment, that most gentle voice

was heard, that spoke directly to my heart:  
"Welcome, my friend! You have been long expected!"  
I dared then push the door more open,  
and there was but one most spacious comfortable room  
with some small space for cooking in a corner,  
and close by the window there was someone sitting in an armchair.  
I had never seen a more resplendent youth in all my life.  
It was a young man clad in white with hair so golden  
as if he was actually an angel, but he wasn't.  
"I am Gabriel," he continued gently to present himself.  
"What message do you bring? For you must have been sent here  
certainly by someone of my friends. Am I correct?"  
I could not speak a word, but found the letter  
which I pulled out of my pocket to present to him.  
He read it with some consternation, and his brow was bent in sorrow.  
"Did you actually receive this by a flask?" he asked me finally.  
I told him the whole story. Then I asked him to tell his.  
"What do you want to know?" he asked,  
"where do you want me to begin?"  
"My first most thirsting question is about this forest.  
I feel such a beatitude in here. How is it possible?  
Where does it come from?"  
"You are not the first one to feel that sensation,  
and you boldly step right into the main issue here.  
My friend, relax. You shall remain here for some days  
as my most celebrated guest, and I shall tell you the whole story.  
It begins in fact with this our friend, this very man called Manuel,  
who was the first one who came here, a sailor lost  
and roaming round the country, fleeing from some fault,  
some trauma or injustice. He found peace in here  
and was enchanted by a tiny thing that glimmered in the water  
just where these two streams join up together.  
Go thou and do likewise, watch what you can find,  
and then came back here, and I'll tell you all about it."  
I was naturally most intrigued and followed his advice.

11.

As I lay down there by the stream and searched into the waters,  
what I found was something most extraordinary.  
Shining on the bottom of the brook there was a golden ring  
of such amazing regularity and charm and beauty,  
that I could not leave it by my sight.  
And there, I realized immediately, was the whole story.  
I had to tear myself away by force,  
returned to Gabriel in the house and told him  
what I had discovered. "I could read the story  
in its beaming force of wonder, but I would prefer  
to hear it more exactly from yourself," I told him.  
"You were wise, my friend, to keep away from touching it,  
and your reward shall be of course to hear it all,  
the full account of this most fundamental love story of all,  
as Manuel read it from the ring, and as I lived it through myself  
with my own parents and especially my mother.  
But it is a lengthy narrative indeed, so I suggest  
we start our session with a cup of tea. Is that all right?"  
Of course that was the best way of an introduction,  
so the last thing I did was to protest.  
He prepared the tea, I had some milk in it, he didn't,  
and then he sat down and started to recount

the most intriguing fairy tale that I so far had heard.  
The character of his amazing story suited him so well,  
since he was actually a child of it, with his long golden hair  
that flowed so generously down his back to reach his bottom  
and his simple but so perfectly white dressing  
that could certainly have matched the clothes of Christ.  
And this is now his matchless story.



## *Canto II*

1.

"There are some fundamentals  
of this strange existence we call life,  
which simply aim at not exacerbating it  
but on the contrary, at making it more easy  
and agreeable, endurable and nice.  
The heart of these recommendations  
concern of course the strange phenomenon  
on such a universal bearing on us all,  
that everything depends on it.  
Love is of course to everlastingly be cherished,  
cultivated, practised and disseminated  
but with care and always kindly.  
It must not be enforced,  
for then the only consequence is backfire  
which can lead to anything destructive.  
You shall hear our story,  
which is all about the consequence of love,

for good, for worse, but never without consequences."

2.

Thus spoke the fairest man that I had ever seen,  
all clad in white,  
with golden hair down to his waist,  
not even twenty, but still with such a wisdom  
as if he had been an old soul ever  
with experience enough to teach all mankind  
how to make it better and get more aware and wiser.

3.

"He was a kind of rover of the sea,  
no roots ashore although he was a doctor,  
shunning his own kind and living only for the aliens,  
innocents of wilderness, the undestroyed of nature,  
preferably of some romantic pure environment  
of virgin beauty, ocean shores and mountains,  
like Tahiti and the southeast Asian archipelago,  
but most of it had already been spoilt and ruined.  
There were still, however, some few archipelagos  
unknown to white men's greed,  
and one of them was only known to him.  
It was the seven islands of Jagánde  
far away beyond all maps and charts of knowledge,  
and it was his habit once a year to go there  
selling trinkets and some medicines  
for pearls and costly handicrafts and jewels,  
which he then would sell on the Calcutta market  
at some modest profit. Thus his only use of his monopoly  
was to preserve it, keep it virgin and unknown  
and act as its protector, while he modestly enjoyed  
the local fame of being venerated as the only white man  
known at all to all the natives of Jagánde.  
But one year he brought a fellow with him.

4.

He was of some dark romantic hue,  
a sailor born and famous for his legendary seamanship,  
as he once as a youngster actually had managed quite alone  
to bring a ship without its captain through a storm.  
He was from Venice but, like doctor Magnus,  
kept roaming about around the world  
with no safe haven to find peace and rest in.  
They had met at some bazaar in Bombay or Calcutta,  
and at that time doctor Magnus needed some spare hands,  
the storms, typhoons and hurricanes around the Indian Ocean  
growing worse, so that he felt the need to play it safer,  
going out to remote islands beyond any chart  
without a single person knowing where he was.  
As you grow older, loneliness becomes an alien company,  
while instead the urge of sharing grows more imminent.  
Quite simply, doctor Magnus asked his newfound mate:  
"Would there be any interest on your part  
to come along with me to unknown South Pacific isles  
which no one in geography has ever heard of?"  
The Venetian sailor asked immediately:

"That is exactly what I need.  
Do such islands still exist?"  
And he was on.

5.

They reached the islands early after dawn  
one morning, and people gathered everywhere  
along the shores to greet them  
with a wondrous song of welcome,  
which they sang in parts  
in clear and stupefying harmony,  
preparing garlands to receive the yearly visitor;  
but the activity and eagerness along the shores  
among the steadily increasing groups of curious people  
were enhanced when it was noticed,  
that their loved friend the doctor  
this year had brought with him a companion,  
who looked interesting indeed.

6.

As they were fetched ashore by outriggers,  
the king himself embarking on his sumptuous royal boat  
to offer them a very special welcome,  
as they almost were submerged in garish garlands,  
they were lifted up on shoulders of the natives on the shore  
to then be promptly carried to the king's house  
for a most pacific banquet,  
while the singing and the celebrating went on enthusiastically.  
After all, the best friend of the natives  
paid them annually one visit only,  
and since now they were two persons,  
that must needs have double celebrations.

7.

As they sat down to their royal banquet in the king's house,  
there was no end to the affluence  
of the most exquisite delicious cooking of the south seas.  
Present at the presentation of the king's whole family  
with wives and sons and other relatives  
whose status and relationships were out of definition,  
there was also the king's one and only daughter,  
a fair maid of perfect and exotic beauty  
in her best age and not yet in full bloom.  
As the sailor's eyes discovered her,  
she went under his skin immediately and stayed there,  
and he could not concentrate on any matter else  
all through the overwhelming dinner.  
Doctor Magnus saw that something dangerous had happened  
and gave him a friendly warning:  
"Mind you, as the only daughter of the king,  
she is everything to him, and he will never part with her.  
There have been suitors, lots of them,  
but no one will get through without some testing.  
If the test is failed, the suitor's life is lost."  
Appalled but not deterred, the sailor asked:  
"Have many suitors thus been executed?"  
"They can not be counted," was the somber answer.

8.

Naturally, the more the sailor's interest grew  
in that most fascinatingly attractive princess  
with her dark brown olive-reddish hair  
in most intoxicating generosity and richness  
flowing far beneath her bottom,  
especially as she did not remain for dinner  
but departed suddenly as soon as she had seen him.  
That could only mean one thing,  
and he was well aware of it.

9.

He had no interest, therefore, in remaining  
bored and stuffed by far too many dishes  
at the royal table, but as soon as it was possible  
for him to break and move out from the culinary slavery,  
he made polite excuses, indicating natural demands  
and went out for a vital breath of fresher air.  
He instantly made out his bearings  
and soon found himself a total stranger  
in the middle of a capital but alien village,  
but was nonetheless led by a higher instinct  
to pursue a very special course,  
like by a higher scent and sense,  
and suddenly stopped short at a most touching scene.  
There she was, the royal princess,  
in a very humble cottage, helping a sick family in need,  
where obviously the mother lying on a bed was dying.  
The dark sailor with his most romantic aspects  
of a wild and dashing stranger from beyond the seas  
knew perfectly how to control himself  
and therefore did not interfere with anything  
but stood apart in reverence and kept his silence  
absolutely still, while the young princess worked  
and did her best to soothe the dying mother's pains  
and ease the last remaining moments of her life,  
while her two children, crying silently,  
kept equally perfectly still in mute despair.  
The moment came when the afflicted patient  
breathed her last. The princess had to finally give up  
and tenderly embraced the orphaned children,  
giving them the comfort of her sharing with them all their tears.  
She then looked up at the observant and respectful sailor  
as if she had known him all her life  
and gave him unmistakably a sign  
for him to help her cleaning up  
and managing the ruined household.  
He did never hesitate but did his best,  
and so they worked together,  
comforting the children, talking with the relatives,  
preparing for the funeral and obsequies,  
until she could breathe out as she had done her work.  
She rose, the children were now taken care of by the relatives,  
she moved towards the entrance, where the stranger stood  
quite still, as he had done the whole time as if in devotion,  
gave him but one glance, – and ran for it.  
She ran away like an escaping deer,

and he took up the hunt –  
that glance had told him far too much  
not to be challenged.

10.

She ran like a stag, and she was a good runner,  
so for all his excellent condition,  
he had to put some effort into it,  
while she remained far ahead of him  
and he could but keep pace with her.  
She ran all the way out of the village  
and did not at all seem tired of it  
as she finally made suddenly a halt  
and turned around to meet her lover,  
laughing heartily for a most natural welcome.  
He could not believe his eyes.  
There she was, the fairest princess in this world,  
waiting for him, well outside the village,  
in perfect safety and complete intimacy  
with the most warm welcoming laughing welcome.  
Checked, he hesitated for a moment,  
but for just a fragment of a moment,  
before he accepted her opening to him  
and made the final and irrevocable advance.

11.

When they both were tired out  
and rested in the shadows of the hiding palms,  
she gently stroke his rich dark longish hair  
that matched her own most perfectly  
in shades of darkness with some dark blond streaks,  
as his was growing also, as all hairs will ever do,  
although not as far beneath his shoulders as did hers,  
and told him intimately warm with tenderness:  
"My father will cut off your head for this."  
He read her thoughts and got her warning message,  
as the worried tender eyes were not to be mistaken,  
and he thought: "I would not have loved you for less."  
They rested still, remaining in each others arms and harmony,  
enjoying the relaxing peace and quiet after the exertion,  
while they mixed each other's hairs  
as a silent promise never to let them unmix again,  
while he delighted in completely burying himself in hers,  
unwilling ever to get out of her again.  
At last she rose, as she felt ready,  
and he knew the moment was at hand  
of truth and confrontation.

12.

They walked together through the village  
hand in hand, as natural as any lovers,  
while the villagers who saw them did not mind at all  
but took them as they were,  
accepting them completely without reservations,  
noticing at once that they were natural as lovers  
and a most becoming pair at that:

they hardly could have matched each other better.  
One or other aged villager perhaps looked down  
with some foreboding afterthought,  
like, "I sincerely hope this suitor finally will be the one,"  
too well aware of the ordeal that was awaiting him.



*Canto III*

1.

"My love, I do not fear your father  
although he be king and might cut off my head,  
but I am sure he can't do that for love,  
and my sincerest love of you  
is of a greater power than of any king."  
She did not understand him but the meaning  
and took firmly hold of her protector's hand  
and led him without hesitating  
promptly to her father's home and royal hall.

2.

"I know it all already," said the king,  
not in the least nonplussed by the young couple's boldness –  
he had seen too many suitors to his daughter in his life  
and seen them all end up as failures.  
"Leave us, daughter. Your new suitor  
and myself will have a chat together,  
since he needs to be informed of what awaits him."



She had been through this procedure several times before,  
so she did not object, just pressed her lover's hand a little  
as a small but definite encouragement, and left.

3.

"My honoured guest, you know of course  
the consequences of your importunity?"  
"I love her. That is all," the sailor said,  
"and I am willing to accept the whole responsibility."  
"You don't have to. You may still be free  
and leave our islands never to come back a living man."  
"I would prefer to stay here as a living man and as your son-in-law."  
"So you insist. My friend, I pity you,  
for no one has proved worthy of my daughter,  
nor will no one ever do so, since it is impossible."  
"How so?" "So you are willing to go through the trial,  
even well aware that it may cost your life?"  
"Of course. Or else I would not love her.  
Love alone will prove me worthy of her."  
"I pity you the more. But since you are the friend  
of my best friend the doctor, and he brought you here himself,  
I shall make an exception for you. If you fail,  
which you will naturally do like all the others,  
I will let you leave our islands with my doctor  
without execution, on condition that you never will return."  
"I will not fail." "Not even with the utterly impossible?"  
"Just try me, noble king, and I will risk whatever."

4.

Not even to himself the king could quite deny,  
that he was just a little bit impressed  
by this romantic stranger's stalwart courage,  
and he wondered at his lack of hesitation  
and did almost think: "How sad that he will not become my son-in-law."  
Instead he said: "All right. You take it on yourself.  
Just face the consequences, then. The trial is as follows.  
You shall prove your love by accomplishing a ring  
that proves love's sovereignty over any power.  
You shall make that ring of gold but out of nothing,  
and with that ring on my finger I shall manage  
to have any wish that I might come to think of realized."  
"A ring of gold to manifest whatever you may wish?"  
"Precisely. Don't say it is possible. You are still free to pull out."  
"And is that all?" "What do you mean?"  
"The ring." "Of course that's all. What could there more be to it?  
Of all wishes, that's the most impossible to ever have accomplished."  
"Let me try at least." "Of course you may.  
That's why I have presented you with the ordeal, for you to have a try."

5.

The sailor left the king's house deep in thought,  
while the presumptuous king again just could not help  
considering: "It would have been a splendid son-in-law in spite of all."  
The sailor walked out of the village down to the lagoon  
with lingering and thoughtful steps as the pacific afternoon  
soon started glowing before sunset  
turning everything to gold and rosy red.

He found the beach and beyond it a lonely rock  
which matched his own predicament and loneliness completely,  
wherefore he made his position there  
and simply went into the deepest meditation  
as the evening turned the universe all red  
to quietly fade out like dying embers  
for the metamorphosis into night.  
When all the stars were kindled, lo,  
there also rose the moon to join them all,  
and by coincidence it happened to be full.  
So there the man sat lonely and immovable  
in meditation like a statue  
while the moon transcended gloriously all brightness of the shining stars  
and triumphed through the night  
like really trying to inspire the unanswering man  
who did not seem to pay the least attention  
to the magic efforts of the moon, who started to decline  
as morning gradually was to be introduced.  
But then, just as the moon was lowering herself  
to sink into the ocean with the brightness of the night,  
the man just raised his hand with thumb and index  
like to catch the last ray of the moon  
and thereby shape something into the air;  
and there it was, a golden ring, that hung like in a spider's thread  
so delicately in the last ray of the moon;  
and as that last ray finally was spent,  
the morning rising and the moon resigning finally,  
the man picked down the ring from that last ray  
and held it in his hand, as if it could not be more obvious  
that a golden ring had been accomplished in that fashion.  
And then, as the sun presented her first morning beams,  
the man at last rose from his meditation  
with the ring committed in his hand  
and started confidently to return back  
to the village, to reality, to humankind and to his love.

6.

The king could also find no sleep this night  
since all that he could think of was that blasted would-be son-in-law  
whose failure would turn his daughter once again most miserable,  
as if there had not been enough before of failed suitors.  
In his sweat he rose quite early in the morning in despair  
and thought: "Maybe for once I just should cancel my presumptions  
and let love, my daughter and her suitor, have their way without objections?"  
In that very moment, the young sailor entered through his door  
and met the king without a word. The king looked questioningly at him.  
Still without a word, the sailor left the ring  
delivered safely in the king's own hand,  
and all the king could do was just to look perplexed  
and watch the sailor leave for other business,  
namely to at last now after a long night's hard work  
go to his love and tenderly take care of her.

7.

The king looked at the ring and wondered at its marvel.  
"Maybe he just had it in his luggage,  
like a present from the doctor's own considerable store."  
It therefore simply had to be a fake. To prove that fact,

the king decided to express a wish  
but found it hard to wish for anything, since he had everything.  
But then he had a bright idea:  
The one thing he had lacked in life  
was a good singing voice.  
So that's what he decided on to wish.  
He laughed at the idea, of course it was impossible  
that he now after croaking all his life  
should have a voice of quality,  
but then his laughter struck him as melodious.  
It was musical! He could sing!  
The ring had worked! It actually had been accomplished!

8.

There was naturally then a splendid wedding  
while the doctor still was present at Jagánde,  
while the happy couple were content  
to ever remain there at their pacific paradise  
by the white beaches on the coral shores  
with only beauty all around them  
in the people and in nature and from all the sea  
with blue and purple golden sunsets every day  
with music singing them to sleep each night  
by magic whisperings from ever rolling waves.  
As doctor Magnus left without his steward,  
music also followed his departure  
as the people in three voices sang their praise  
and thanks to him that had delivered to them  
such a perfect lover for the perfect beauty of their princess.



## *Canto IV*

1.

The king however felt misgivings at the power of the ring  
and was afraid that it might one day be abused.  
He never dared again to wish for anything  
since that one wish had so astounded him by coming true.  
To make it certain to exclude all possible abuse,  
he went out to the far point of his island  
where the river mouthed into the sea,  
and there he flung the ring into the current,  
hoping it would bring it out into the ocean  
there to bury it forever.  
But however there was one small fish  
that saw the golden object glimmer in the water,  
and just not to let it go, he simply caught it  
in his mouth and wondered what to do with it.  
"I know!" he thought. "I shall deliver it  
as present to the fairest of all mermaids,  
to the ocean king's own daughter I shall give it  
as a humble token of my even humbler adoration."

2.

But it was no easy quest our little fish  
had found to his commitment, for the sea was vast  
encompassing the entire globe,  
and the sweet mermaid lived in its profoundest depths  
far from the ordinary streams and currents,  
but our fish knew how to seek her out.  
There was a special natural phenomenon  
deep down in the remotest South Atlantic  
where the storms make traffic sparse,  
and where the billows are notorious for their devastating size,  
a whirlpool coming from the bottom of the sea  
as the unique accessibility and entrance to the sea-king's dwelling-place,  
where also our fairest mermaid had her premises.  
Our fish sought out the outskirts of the whirlpool  
and allowed himself to follow and get caught therein;  
and so he soon was on his way down to the bottom of the sea  
where lights increase the further down you get,  
the whirlpool being constantly illuminated by the brightest plankton  
and the smallest living beings carrying their own light.

3.

Thus gradually the fish was willingly dragged down  
into the slowly brightening profoundest abyss  
of the South Atlantic where the sea king had his palace.  
He had visited the mermaid princess once before,  
so he knew well his ways into the royal virgin chamber  
where the princess at the moment was quite busy  
combing out her long and flowing greenish silken hair.  
"My fish! You have returned!" she cried for joy  
as she immediately did recognize the small but friendly fish.  
"My princess, yes, and with a mission, for I have a present for you."  
And the fish delivered what he so by chance had found.  
She took it up and marvelled at its perfect rounded form.  
There never was a circle made so perfect as this ring,

and she did greatly wonder as to how it had been made  
and could not guess, of course, that it had once been shaped  
from the last ray of a full moon at morning at its very fullest.

4.

She could not in any other way show her enormous gratitude  
than by indulging in a kiss between the eyes of the small fish,  
which made him blush considerably.  
Never had he been so overwhelmed by such a royal grace.  
He swam away beatified, while she had put the ring  
upon her finger and resumed her combing;  
but of course, like combs so often do, it suddenly got stuck  
in that rich hair of hers, and she lost all her patience.  
"Useless comb! I wish I had one that would never more get stuck!"  
And suddenly there was another comb beside her.  
"Where did that come from?" she thought and used it,  
and it pleased her greatly by not getting stuck at all,  
which made her wonder even more.

5.

As the days passed, she now and then again was taken by surprise  
by the alarming fact that her small petty wishes suddenly came true,  
and she began to think about how this phenomenon had started.  
She remembered well the visit of her small admirer the fish  
and tried for luck the innocent experiment  
of daring to express a wish without the ring upon her finger.  
Nothing happened. She again tried that experiment,  
without and with the ring alternately,  
and thus, empirically, she found out the secret of the ring.  
"This goes beyond me and my limited capacity," she thought  
and went with this new worrying problem to her father.  
She explained it all to him, he shook his head and couldn't quite believe it,  
but she proved the fact to him, which turned him serious.

6.

"My daughter," finally the sea king said,  
"this gift from out of nowhere, from a small red herring,  
offers us a terrible responsibility,  
and we shall have no choice but to apply it well."  
She nodded, since her train of thoughts had been the same.  
"You know, that all our oceans with all wildlife  
seriously are threatened by the recklessness of man.  
Our entire world is being poisoned and polluted  
by his ignorance and self-indulgent carelessness,  
as if he was alone and easily could do alone  
without all nature and without all other forms of life,  
forgetting that he is dependent on the echo systems  
and that they will work and flow without disturbance,  
keeping naturally the whole planet clean,  
while he alone keeps ruining it with dirt and rubbish.  
Several of our rarest species have already been exterminated  
by his carelessness and egoistic folly.  
Let us do something about it, since we here now have the means."

7.

She instantly caught on and was completely with him.  
Thus they went together for the strangest quest  
abandoning the safety of their royal palace  
at the bottom of the South Atlantic  
to embark upon a journey that would last for all their lives,  
preserving natural resources everywhere, restoring paradises,  
saving species and creating safe environments,  
protection areas and wildlife havens  
inaccessible to man, the all invading monster,  
for the preservation and protection of all kinds of life.

8.

The very last thing they created was this forest,  
where they left the ring right at the heart of it  
where these two brooks together join to form a junction  
and a little island by it, at the bottom of a tiny whirlpool,  
where it has been lying undisturbed and unused all since then;  
but still its power secretly invisibly pervades the entire forest,  
the effect of which is that impurity can not exist here.  
Everyone who enters is completely purified in soul and body  
in a natural etheric process, which no one can fail to be affected by  
most positively, which of course you felt yourself.

9.

When thus they had accomplished their life's work,  
the saving of the planet and all wildlife with all nature,  
they gave up their earthly sealife and were taken up  
to join the spirits of the air, in which community  
they still are active even more invisibly  
and even more inspiringly constructively  
than when they worked concretely physically present  
here on earth among us, but we shall not know for certain  
how they go on working spiritually  
until we one day perhaps will join them."  
Thus completed Gabriel his story.

### *Canto V*

1.

The Dane who found the shipwrecked Celia on the shore  
deserted naked in the wreck of what had been a lifeboat  
was a humble man of gentle disposition with the name of Isak.  
As she gradually recovered, he learnt all about her story –  
that she had forgotten it completely and had none to tell,  
except that there was something she had lost that had to be recovered.  
Isak was intrigued by her mysterious case and, just like Joseph,  
would do anything to help her. She felt not at home in Denmark,  
Scandinavia was too cold and slow in mind for her,  
so she believed she had to search the continent for what she needed.  
Thus their strange odyssey started, that would take them  
through a number of exotic and romantic countries.



2.

They wandered through all Germany down to the Bodensee where for some time they lingered in the beautiful surroundings until she was certain there was nothing for her there to find. They walked on eastwards and finally arrived in Vienna. There she found herself in spirit slightly liberated by the fact that Vienna was a capital of music, talented composers being active everywhere, especially a small man wearing spectacles who was distressed and driven to despair by some dilettante orchestra that could not get his music right, no matter how much he rehearsed and tried again, as if the music was too beautiful to be made justice, It was something of a ballet opera called "Rosamunde".

3.

There was also a most jovial composer with a most impressive beard with pea soup in it playing hard at cards with an eccentric colleague with a most unpractical moustachio, if he was to drink whatever or eat soup. It was, as it was said, the waltz king and the king of symphony. But Vienna was not theirs for anything to find in spite of all the splendid music, so they just moved on, passed Graz and into Italy.

4.

In Venice they were asked to pose as models  
for a picture by an aged master, who found something  
very striking in the homeless searching pair.  
He boasted he was almost ninety-nine years old  
and active as a painter still, although his eyesight  
gave him problems and he used his hands instead of brushes.  
There was also an American, a bearded melancholy fellow  
from Key West who seemed quite sentimental;  
but in Venice, as in Vienna, they found nothing.  
So they just continued south as far as Sicily,  
returned from there to take a ship to Greece,  
which Celia loved and felt at home in,  
but still nothing was recovered.  
They continued into Turkey, Syria and Israel  
but there decided to return to Europe.

5.

David found their trace in Danish Esbjerg,  
and from there he tracked them down through Germany  
and Austria to Italy and Greece,  
but there he lost their trail.

6.

He still keeps searching for them  
somewhere on the European continent  
and mainly around the Mediterranean,  
and he is quite certain that he ultimately  
once will bring them back again.  
The sad thing is, that they have never found their way,  
in spite of all their wanderings, back home to England  
and not even into France, but keep on wandering  
and searching constantly but in the wrong direction.  
If my mother, when she woke up in the ditch,  
had just sought shelter in the nearest forest,  
I am sure she would have instantly been saved;  
but she instead went searching constantly astray,  
as if the merest effort of her search was a blind alley.

7.

David now and then came back,  
but each time after an extended search  
and longer journey, so the periods he was gone  
grew longer every time. Now he has not been back  
for seven years, and when the fourth year came,  
my last friend Manuel here set out to help him.

8.

Daniel is lost forever, there is no hope of his reappearance  
after sixteen years by now, and who knows where my father is.  
And finally there was a stranger coming here, and it was you,  
a lovable and humble monk with, I regret to say,  
the worst news possible of Manuel's death.  
I'm sure he aimed at coming back here with some news,  
but what that news was we shall never know.



And out there somewhere, David, my good father, keeps on searching for his love, my mother Celia, who with Isak keeps on wandering all over Europe, maybe also Asia, for the search of what she never can recover. I have given up all hope now after sixteen years and am content with just remaining here as something of a hermit and preserving all their memories, the memory of her and what she lost, and keeping up their homes in case of their return, maybe after another ten or fifteen years.

9.

The last thing David told me just before he left last time was something strange about my mother. When she last was seen in Israel ten years ago she was still young and fresh without a trace of age, as if her tragedy had fixed her in unchanging youth, still blonde with very long and golden hair and with no wrinkle and not even crow's feet in the corners of her eyes; and Isak also has remained as young as he was when he found her. Her mysterious age has halted up, it seems, and according to a sage and rabbi in Jerusalem, they will continue staying young unchanged as long as they continue on their search – another case of Ahasverus but of opposite characteristics."



## *Canto VI*

1.

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deserted naked in the wreck of what had been a lifeboat  
was a humble man of gentle disposition with the name of Isak.  
As she gradually recovered, he learnt all about her story –  
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except that there was something she had lost that had to be recovered.  
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would do anything to help her. She felt not at home in Denmark,  
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Thus their strange odyssey started, that would take them  
through a number of exotic and romantic countries.

2.

They wandered through all Germany down to the Bodan Sea  
where for some time they lingered in the beautiful surroundings  
until she was certain there was nothing for her there to find.  
They walked on eastwards and finally arrived in Vienna.  
There she found herself in spirit slightly liberated by the fact  
that Vienna was a capital of music,  
talented composers being active everywhere,  
especially a small man wearing spectacles  
who was distressed and driven to despair  
by some dilettante orchestra that could not get his music right,  
no matter how much he rehearsed and tried again,  
as if the music was too beautiful to be made justice,  
It was something of a ballet opera called "Rosamunde".

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There was also a most jovial composer  
with a most impressive beard with pea soup in it  
playing hard at cards with an eccentric colleague  
with a most unpractical moustachio,  
if he was to drink whatever or eat soup.  
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But Vienna was not theirs for anything to find  
in spite of all the splendid music,  
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for a picture by an aged master, who found something  
very striking in the homeless searching pair.  
He boasted he was almost ninety-nine years old  
and active as a painter still, although his eyesight  
gave him problems and he used his hands instead of brushes.  
There was also an American, a bearded melancholy fellow  
from Key West who seemed quite sentimental;  
but in Venice, as in Vienna, they found nothing.  
So they just continued south as far as Sicily,  
returned from there to take a ship to Greece,  
which Celia loved and felt at home in,  
but still nothing was recovered.

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but there decided to return to Europe.

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and from there he tracked them down through Germany  
and Austria to Italy and Greece,  
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He still keeps searching for them  
somewhere on the European continent  
and mainly around the Mediterranean,  
and he is quite certain that he ultimately  
once will bring them back again.  
The sad thing is, that they have never found their way,  
in spite of all their wanderings, back home to England  
and not even into France, but keep on wandering  
and searching constantly but in the wrong direction.  
If my mother, when she woke up in the ditch,  
had just sought shelter in the nearest forest,  
I am sure she would have instantly been saved;  
but she instead went searching constantly astray,  
as if the merest effort of her search was a blind alley.

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David now and then came back,  
but each time after an extended search  
and longer journey, so the periods he was gone  
grew longer every time. Now he has not been back  
for seven years, and when the fourth year came,  
my last friend Manuel here set out to help him.

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Daniel is lost forever, there is no hope of his reappearance  
after sixteen years by now, and who knows where my father is.  
And finally there was a stranger coming here, and it was you,  
a lovable and humble monk with, I regret to say,  
the worst news possible of Manuel's death.  
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but what that news was we shall never know.  
And out there somewhere, David, my good father, keeps on searching  
for his love, my mother Celia, who with Isak  
keeps on wandering all over Europe, maybe also Asia,  
for the search of what she never can recover.  
I have given up all hope now after sixteen years  
and am content with just remaining here  
as something of a hermit and preserving all their memories,  
the memory of her and what she lost,  
and keeping up their homes in case of their return,  
maybe after another ten or fifteen years.

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The last thing David told me just before he left last time  
was something strange about my mother.

When she last was seen in Israel ten years ago  
she was still young and fresh without a trace of age,  
as if her tragedy had fixed her in unchanging youth,  
still blonde with very long and golden hair  
and with no wrinkle and not even crow's feet  
in the corners of her eyes; and Isak also has remained  
as young as he was when he found her.  
Her mysterious age has halted up, it seems,  
and according to a sage and rabbi in Jerusalem,  
they will continue staying young unchanged  
as long as they continue on their search –  
another case of Ahasverus but of opposite characteristics."



### *Canto VII*

1.

Thus concluded Gabriel his story.  
Malcolm looked at him aghast with admiration  
and compassion, turbulent mixed feelings  
but was more impressed than he had ever been,  
especially by Gabriel's personality,  
which seemed serenity itself in perfect harmony  
and consummation of maturity and beauty  
all embalmed in this fair youth of timeless charm.  
"If you are like your mother," Malcolm finally commented,  
"then indeed she must be the most beautiful of ladies in the world."  
"I take it as a compliment," said Gabriel,  
"not to myself but to my mother."

2.

Gabriel invited Malcolm to remain, of course,  
as long as he desired, and the monk was glad to do so  
for some days at least. He spent the days in Gabriel's company  
in long discussions, spiritual conversations  
and hard work in the organic gardens  
with some necessary updating repairs on the three cottages.  
For years, and taught by Manuel, Gabriel had kept it up  
all by himself but was now glad to have some help.

3.

But finally the hour was come for Malcolm to depart.  
"I would not want my abbot to start worrying,  
and surely he expects me back with some anxiety,  
and so do many others." Gabriel agreed.  
"Of course you must return and tell the others  
of our sanctuary here and of its story,  
whether they can manage to believe it or will disregard it,  
but this place exists, which no one can deny,  
and I am here to verify it.  
Naturally, I expect you back."  
"I know the way and can not miss it,"  
answered Malcolm, and they were agreed.

4.

And then it came to pass, that Malcolm left the forest.  
The same day, he made it down to Winchester  
and found the bishop there, his cousin  
cordially expecting him with an enormous dinner.  
Malcolm entertained him all the evening with his story,  
and the bishop laughed his sides off  
better every time he started a new round of laughter  
that shook all the vestry and all Winchester to its foundations.

5.

Just a few days afterwards, the monk came back to Devon  
and found on a rosy morning his beloved abbot  
in his garden tending to his roses.  
"Well, my friend," the abbot said most naturally calm,  
"what did you find? And what did you expect to find?  
Don't tell me you were disappointed."  
"On the contrary, my father, I found much more  
than I ever could expect. I found a forest."  
"Tell me what you mean," the abbot said,  
and he was mighty serious. Malcolm had no choice  
but to relate the entire story from beginning to the end  
without omitting any details.

6.

Afterwards the abbot kept his silence  
for a long while thinking deep and thoroughly digesting  
Malcolm's strange account, as if to ponder  
whether he could take it seriously or as a fake.  
At last the abbot spoke but without raising his grave looks.  
"My friend," he said, "this verifies what I believed in always."

You have found a forest, but it's not unique.  
Each forest in the world is no less sacred  
than the one that destiny has led your footsteps to.  
In ancient days we worshipped every tree,  
especially the oaken ones, because they were the oldest,  
therefore the most venerable of all life manifestations.  
Every kind of life is sacred, and not just your forest,  
although it may be the very ultimate unalienable evidence  
of the eternal sanctity of every kind of life."

7.

And thus the forest soon became a place of pilgrimage  
and worship. One of the three houses, Manuel's,  
the first one, was transformed into a chapel,  
and our brother Malcolm was bequeathed with  
the responsibility of taking care of it.  
As monk in charge thereof, he spent more time  
with Gabriel in the forest than at his own monastery.

8.

Once a wayward wanderer came back from far abroad.  
It actually was David, who had found a trace  
of Celia and Isak far away in Persia and India.  
That's where he was heading next.  
He could not stay, he said, for more than a few days  
but was impressed and enthusiastic  
about what the monks had done to cultivate the forest,  
raising it to a more sacred status than it had before  
and making it a busy place for pilgrimage.

9.

And thus the story ends. We know not whether David  
finally succeeded in his quest for bringing Celia and Isak home,  
but there is always hope he did, although it can't be verified.

The End.

Manali, September 2nd, 2008.

*Powerful invisibility*

As if thou were invisible  
your presence is as palpable  
as if you really were inside me  
although I can't see you  
in the opaque midnight darkness  
although the full moon is bright and shining  
without penetrating the obscure corners  
of where you and I make love together.  
Maybe your invisibility  
just adds to the enchantment  
of your extraordinary presence  
almost supernaturally in the haze of darkness

like the finest spice on top of the supreme deliciousness,  
and thus your nakedness is hidden  
in the veils of splendid midnight darkness,  
making it the more enjoyable  
in its unreachable but total presence.  
Is it possible for love to be more perfect  
in more total ambiguity, intrigue and mystery?



*The indifference syndrome*

*– the fact that no one cares*

The murderous indifference  
kills you slowly piece by piece  
of your mentality and soul  
by draining you of your enthusiasm and energy,  
confining you to isolation of yourself,  
and the worst thing is there's nothing you can do about it  
but continue working, loving, carrying on  
in spite of all. But actually there is one remedy.  
Forget yourself. Instead remember,  
that you are in soul a part of all the living universe,  
in which community each living soul is part,  
none more or less than any other,  
which implies that you can never be alone  
and that the only thing worth living for  
is actually that universal infinite community,  
that is, all others but yourself,  
or, putting it in other words,  
to live for others is the only way to make it worth while living,  
it's the only meaning of your life,

the only meaning that can actually be found,  
for only living for the soul can be awarding and expanding,  
and in finding the community of other souls  
alone, you'll ultimately find your own.



*The eloquence of silence*

Most people talk too much  
and say the less the more they say,  
as if they had to compensate  
by any means their emptiness  
by filling it with torrents out of nothing,  
while the unknown thoughts of any quiet person  
are extremely interesting  
for not being anyhow expressed,  
that silence being so expressive  
and expressing so much more than any words.  
In the same way, the more noise music makes,  
the less enjoyable it is as music,  
while there is no music like the one you find in silence.  
Maybe I have said too much,  
so I had better hold my tongue for better silence.

*Drowning*

Lost in love, it's worse than being shipwrecked,  
given over to the fury of the ocean,  
drowning in the beauty of your hair



and getting lost in it,  
like in a haze and maze,  
caught in a web with no way out,  
and yet I can't regret it:  
all those overwhelming memories  
of that supremacy of beauty and enjoyment  
will remain alive in me forever  
although I was burnt out in the bargain.  
Come again, my love,  
and we will start anew;  
whenever you feel ready  
I will also be at hand,  
enjoying to get lost and drowned  
to burn ourselves completely out again.



### *Hollowness*

For each loved friend you lose  
you stifle slightly more by all that hollowness  
increasing in the darkest emptiness  
remaining in the soul like a disease  
for all those irreplaceable relationships  
that have been lost forever

while at the same time you never can forget them.  
Can it comfort them,  
that they in that way still go on,  
remaining present and alive in limbo memories?  
That uncertainty you'll have to live with,  
but if it in any way could comfort them,  
if they can feel that you are missing them,  
it still remains to you the poorest of all comforts,  
since it only can increase and deepen  
all that emptiness and hollowness  
and terrible incurability of longing for them.



*The past is past*

The past is past,  
and although it remains  
as fogs that cloud the day  
unwilling to depart and lift  
as memories that can't leave you in peace,  
we have to go ahead into the unknown future  
facing its uncertainty and difficulties  
with its changes for the good or worse,  
and never stop to get bogged down  
in all that 'what it could have been like'.  
History is history and hopelessly  
but safely at a distance,

while the present is completely different  
and must needs be handled now,  
although the realism that it demands  
might not be very nice and beautiful  
but must needs be revolting  
and repelling in its shocking  
overwhelming presence,  
like a most unwelcome guest  
that keeps intruding ever and again.  
What can we do but entertain him?



*The party is over*

No, not quite as yet,  
there might be shortcomings and hangovers,  
there might be some abruptions,  
something wrong that wrecks the gears,  
some sabotage and sand or mud  
in the machine or in your eyes,  
but let the show go on,  
and let the party start anew;  
when wrecked aside, marooned  
and thrown off every saddle,  
there is still some party going on  
or starting somewhere else,  
and it would be a pity  
not to be there and to miss it.

### *The poetical over-sensitivity*

Moody poets are most volatile and unpredictable,  
they are complained of for their lack of continuity,  
that you can never trust them,  
that their constant roller-coaster causes trouble  
and imperil not relationships alone but even lives,  
and so the irritation of the growing avalanche goes on.  
The problem is, however, not the poet  
but poetic over-sensitivity.  
It's creativity that is too sensible  
and can't endure the smallest pea under the mattresses,  
the soul wide open carried on the arm,  
exposed and vulnerable much more than the body  
to all those who can't imagine how it feels and hurts  
in our society where empathy is vanishing,  
the first and gravest sign of total human bankruptcy.  
With this I only wish to have it properly expressed,  
take care of over-sensitivity,  
since it is invaluable,  
being creativity itself,  
it feels and senses what most people fail to see,  
it is the future and the key to timelessness,  
and it is the only thing that matters,  
when it comes to poetry.



### *Desperation*

Let me be free, or let me die,  
but let me cry my love out in your arms first,  
more than well aware that it might be forever,  
all that grief and desperation being without end,  
like all the human tears that constitute  
the oceans of the world,

and more than well aware  
that you can't hold me in your arms  
not even for the briefest moment,  
love escaping us in fickle flight  
to never really let herself be caught  
but showing any presence only to abscond  
to ever lure us into traps  
and fool us hopelessly astray.  
Alas, my desperation is without an end,  
because so is my love.



*The Pain of Life*

– the eternal love story

Just let it hurt  
and cry against it,  
do not fight it,  
but forget it,  
for it just means nothing,  
all those heart-aches, broken hearts  
and wounded souls that never heal,  
the bitter wounds that ruined all your life,

those rapes and losses that can never be repaired,  
those violations that forever cloud your life,  
it's all but shallowness and dust,  
and whosoever might abandon you and let you down,  
destroy you, ruin you and kill you,  
someone will be always there  
for you to love,  
remaining and surviving,  
maybe even waiting just for you.

*The sillification society*

You must be happy all the time,  
eat a lot of junk food only, hamburgers and candy,  
sugar pies and lots of pastry, coke and pepsi  
and watch television every night at least five hours,  
never go by bike or walk but only take your car,  
and only read the yellow press and comics,  
never pass a bar without a drinking bout,  
since alcohol is only good for you,  
like coffee, booze and cigarettes,  
and if you suffer any pain somewhere,  
the only remedy is medication,  
you can never take too many pills,  
and if you claim that you are well  
there must be something wrong with you,  
so you had better get examined –  
there is always something wrong,  
and doctors merely exist to give you ordinations –  
the more expensive medicines you are allowed to take,  
the more you must be grateful,  
for all the junk food, all the smart soap operas,  
where you don't have to laugh yourself,  
since playback choruses will do it for you  
just to show you where you have to laugh;  
for all the noisy screaming music everywhere  
that you so much enjoy in every public place  
and would prefer to have on constantly  
to cure your tinnitus and deafness with  
by ever boosting up the volume;  
and for all the wholesomely benumbing medicines,  
which do you so much good for your increasing fatness,  
sloth and comfortable laziness and dumbness,  
since you less and less need any more to think yourself,  
which also makes you sleep so much the better  
and the longer, so that one day even  
you don't have to wake up any more.  
And just in case all this would not be good enough,  
there always is the bliss of drugs.

*Drunk with you*

Immersed in peril  
by your presence,  
I can not get out of you,  
and it's worse than just a hangover,  
impossible to get the intoxication  
out of my head,

but it just goes rolling on,  
like some merry-go-round out of order  
that can never more be stopped  
but has to ride forever  
at an ever increasing speed.  
So let it just go on,  
and let me love you in my drunkenness,  
that folly being at least entertaining  
and at best amusing,  
if with some mixed feelings within me,  
at least with compliments to you.



### *Bloody history*

– The truest account of history would be the account of all its victims.

The tears of blood that history consists of  
do not show in all those phoney pages  
trying to depict and document the truth  
in constant absolute deplorable pathetic failure,  
for the floods of blood of innocents  
is the real history that never can be written,  
being so immeasurably overwhelming  
and defying any effort of expression  
in its neverending tragedy.  
If all that blood could speak  
it would be just an accusation and denouncement  
not of God but of humanity,  
that never has been held accountable  
for all the crimes of history committed only by themselves.  
For all their silence, all those innocents will speak forever  
and the more resoundingly for all their silence.





### *Desire*

The music streaming in your hair  
fills me with rapture everlasting,  
while to touch it would destroy me,  
shatter me into an earthquake  
leaving me in ruins torn apart,  
and still I never can't stop longing  
for that devastating demolition  
that can only transport me with glory  
from a worm into a butterfly  
with stronger wings than any eagle,  
or at least so would they feel.  
Embalm me in your wings, my angel,  
and let me get lost and buried in your hair,  
and I shall die content,  
enjoying every moment of it  
to extend that death's desire  
to a never-ending masochistic bliss.

### *Is love possible?*

For years we have remained the best of friends,  
I loved you always, but there were too many men  
besieging you and standing in my way,  
so I resigned and let it be –  
love is a higher thing than worth the opposite,  
no conflicts between rivals having anything to do with love.  
I was the victim of my own fate  
and had long ago accepted it –  
one could say, I was long since married to it, –  
while during the years, love and affection have grown stronger  
in maturity and depth,  
and thus increasing both in beauty and in value.  
Let it thus continue,  
and in some way, although we were not united ever,  
neither were we ever separated.

### *Lost losses*

*– the crisis of folly*

When I wander all alone among the ruins  
drowning in the melancholy of a desperation  
that could hardly be more utterly supreme,  
the final comfort and solution to your troubles  
seems to be the peace and calm of death,  
and you are ready to give up all that  
which wasn't lost already;  
and then suddenly  
a voice is heard among the ruins  
calling your attention to reality,  
the real reality, not all the bankruptcies  
and phoney mundane crises of materialism,  
but love alone, its beauty and self-confidence  
remaining as inviolable, unassailable and sovereign as ever,  
and your friend with kindness tells you softly:  
"All your tears are gold to me,

for they remind me that I'm needed  
if for nothing else, then for your comfort,  
since my love exists alone  
for keeping you alive  
and keeping up our universal love together,  
which is something that you never can give up.  
Forgive me for reminding you."  
And suddenly all love was gloriously rekindled,  
in comparison with which all worldly troubles  
vanished beyond the horizon, lost forever,  
since there is but one reality:  
the love that liveth.



*Real relativity*

How come your beauty never wanes  
but keeps on just increasing  
not just year by year but day by day,  
as if love was so relative a thing  
that it could go on growing  
in delight and charm and fascination  
and expanding infinitely,  
in gross contrast to the markets?  
I am just thrilled, intrigued  
and stunned by this phenomenon  
and can have no objection –  
if it's so, then let it just continue,  
I will follow as your lover  
even at the highest speed  
and flinch at no acceleration,  
being faithfulness itself  
and never giving up my love  
wherever beyond any measures  
you may take me.



*Show me the way*

Show me the way, my love,  
and I will follow enthusiastically  
leaving everything behind me  
that is incompatible with your beauty  
and the path of your incomparability,  
that ever set me straight  
by the idealism of your silence  
so expressive of a higher truth  
than any words or revelation can engender,  
which I gladly follow blindly  
seeing more and clearer second-sightedly  
by trusting your infallible clairvoyance

that as yet did never fail me  
but invariably kept me safe on course  
to follow you on the condition  
so intriguing in its irresistibility  
that I would never reach or catch you.  
Keep me going, and I shall be happy  
and content enough to carry on  
as long as you are there to be my love.



*The Piano is still there*

Who silenced you, old music treasure,  
spreader of such warmth and mirth?  
Who put an end to living music  
to replace it with but noise and junk box nonsense,  
yelling concerts and the soaps of television?  
Shall we never hear again the natural pure music  
that is live and soft, melodious and musical?  
I am afraid the evil goes much deeper.  
Already when the first world war raged,  
both poetry and music almost died,  
gone to flowers in the trenches

and replaced with shell shocks  
and the coming age of noise,  
that in the 30's overwhelmed the world  
with the brutality of ugliness, autocracy and war,  
sterility of cold materialism, functionalism and inhumanity  
that killed off beauty and imagination in the arts  
that all degenerated into modernistic nonsense.  
Still it's not too late.  
We can shut off the telly nonsense,  
we can do without the world of grim sillification,  
and all that the piano needs is someone  
to sit down and play.



*Diamond love*

The mystery of our love  
is like a secret garden,  
always there and thriving  
but in secret, hidden from all public sight,  
like some virginity that can't be touched  
but must be safeguarded and well  
not to be trodden on by ignorance and strangers.  
Still it is, we always were humiliated  
but still always rose again  
like every garden after every winter,  
and by every resurrection  
our garden has outshone them all  
in lasting purity of matchless beauty  
like a diamond that ever grows more harder  
and more valuable the more deep and harder  
it is pressed in darkness and in secrecy.

*Our secret spring*

What keeps us young and fresh and innocent  
in spite of all ordeals and tragedies?  
Is it our diligence at work or love?  
I think it's something more abstruse and subtle  
and would simply call it our idealism

which can't succumb to bulldozer attacks  
no matter how much it is overrun.  
That headline stands for all our secrets:  
that unflinching optimism that can't be beaten down  
and all that enthusiastic workoholic energy  
which just increases by its overstrain.  
Love is our rest from all those battlefields,  
and with the years we need it more and more;  
so let us make that finally our happy end.



*The old fiddler*

Everywhere he carried it around with him,  
and never he was seen without it,  
that old violin box,  
and never any violin was seen with him,  
so it was doubted that the case contained a violin.  
'The Violin Man' became a legend  
for the invisible violin  
and the most visible case, that never left his side,  
which he would never open on request.  
Of course it roused a universal curiosity.  
Was there a violin or not  
in that so jealously protected case?  
One day in a small café,  
that old man was sitting there with his old violin case  
as there was a small group of school-girls entering.  
They saw the old man and, of course,  
immediately started to discuss the problem

of the secret of what that old violin case contained.  
One girl, not more than fifteen, said,  
"Why don't we just go up and ask him?"  
No one would, so she did.  
She went up to him and asked:  
"Is that a violin you have?"  
The old man answered: "Can you doubt it?",  
opened up the case and took his violin out from there  
and started tenderly to play  
old Vienna waltzes, evergreens and sentimental melodies,  
until there entered other people, grown-ups,  
growing soon into an audience.  
Then he felt abashed and locked his violin up again,  
was overcome with shyness, rose and left.  
After he had gone, a doubtful grown-up asked the nearest girl,  
who happened to be just the girl  
who had achieved the wonder of releasing the old fiddler's secret:  
"Was there actually a violin in the old beggar's case?"  
The girl said: "No, sir, there was nothing in that case  
except his soul. We saw it, but you didn't,  
so he left."







*The forlorn lover in her absence*

Without you my life would be but hollowness  
of infinite despair, frustration, desolation and defeat,  
while no one else can substitute your absence  
felt as strongly as the lack of water in the desert,  
since the only one who can be you is you.  
Marooned and shipwrecked on a desert island  
without water, trees or any trace of life.  
I miss you more than any fish bereft of water  
or of any bird confined in cage with wings cut off  
could miss their freedom and ability to live.  
But all the same, you are still there  
and waiting like myself for the next moment  
of our reunification ecstasy and splendour,  
which we both are sure that will come back  
to join us once again in bliss and glory  
to at one time finally at last  
remain and not get lost  
with our hearts united and rejoined  
once and forever.



*On visiting the dead*

Occasionally, they actually enjoy our visits.  
We are always welcome  
to for some occasion share their bleak existence  
showing empathy for their outrageous state  
in hopeless limbo without light,  
and it gives us some distance and relief  
from this our even more infected world –  
theirs is at least most clinically clean,  
all damaging corruption having died,  
while they at least have all eternity secured for them.  
So take a ride once in a while,  
enjoy your trip to neverneverland  
and see how old folks still are going strong  
in after-life with a good riddance to us all

who did our best to make a mess  
not just of their lives but of our own as well.

*Love, by Tsoltim N. Shakabpa*

– I beg to forward this beautiful poem by a friend of mine, since it well deserves any variety of readers...

Love is appreciating God when life seems hopeless  
It's becoming a vegetarian to save animals  
Planting a tree on a parched earth  
Saving an animal in distress  
Nursing an ailing person

Love is blowing away a mosquito on your arm instead of killing it  
It's extracting a thorn from a weeping child's hand  
Giving alms to a wretched beggar on the street  
Being a seeing eye dog for a blind person  
Denying a cigarette to a loved one

Love is being magnetized by someone's beauty and brain  
It's healing the wounds in a broken heart  
Suckling a new born baby in your arms  
Sharing a bed and dreams in old age  
Placing a rose on a coffin

Love is giving up a princely kingdom to save mankind  
It's respecting race, color, creed and national origin  
Pinching pennies for a worthy cause  
Giving one's life to God and country  
Remembering a freedom fighter

Love is all of the above and more  
It's pure and compassionate  
Simple but limitless  
It's what we all want  
What we all must practice

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*Some confession*

*– from a letter to a friend*

It all comes down to your own heart –  
if you are not at peace  
and can't find harmony within yourself,  
you shall be out of place wherever  
your embarrassed escapism may take you –  
there is nothing wrong in all the universe  
except the cobwebs in your own heart to be swept away.  
If you let out your heart and harmonize your soul,  
you can make any universe or temporal environment  
all right and all your own.  
Although this place is rotten  
and I am completely without future here  
and lack most things including what I need,  
I would not leave it, not because of work or social life,

but only because destiny has placed me here.  
If I got rich and famous, I would still remain here  
to associate with all those poor displaced folk here around me,  
maybe travel somewhat more to Greece and Italy  
but still maintain my humble life and basis here,  
since there's no reason why I shouldn't.  
It is probably my life with music  
which in spite of all its neverending challenges,  
frustrations and adversities has made me capable  
of turning any kind of life to something positive  
for both myself and others. Since I can continue here  
with music smoothly, it would do no good to anyone  
if I abandoned it for something more uncertain.  
That's how I feel. My life is small and humble,  
but it's safe and keeps me well content enough,  
so let me just work on  
to thus continuously at least keep up my love.



*To an absent friend*

Your presence in your absence  
is as palpable and shining still  
as ever the eternal sun beyond the clouds  
that ne'ertheless gives daylight every day.  
How can one miss you  
when you are so omnipresent?  
There's no surer way of getting home

than going for a journey,  
for there's but one aim of every journey,  
which is to get back to the beginning.  
All life is a journey  
filled with longing to get through with it,  
but all we long for is for home,  
back to where we all came from,  
a nostalgia for the mother's womb of life  
which we do actually all have in common.  
So, my friend, you are not gone  
but merely on your way back home.



*Incurable idealists*

That's us and proud of it,  
inveterate as workoholics,  
poor in everything except imagination,  
hopelessly unpractical but wise  
with spiritual insight  
and never to be fooled  
by a society of phoney carpetbaggers,  
experts most of all at wasting other people's money,  
so we are perhaps more fortunate without  
and always having something good to live for.  
Although we are just a happy few,  
we couldn't be in better company,  
and most and best of all:  
unlike all slaves of this society of bleak delusions,  
with idealism as some incurable disease,  
we never are alone.



*Partying philosophy*

Partying hard in splendid company  
is fun as long as it goes on,  
but you had better not think of the following,  
the consequences, life after the blackout,  
when you wake up to a blinding morning  
with outrageous sunshine  
to accompany the blacksmiths in your head;  
so better keep it on,  
the partying, until you can end up  
totally unconscious in your bed  
at best, or on the floor, at worst,  
in someone's vomit.  
Anyway, it's fun in the beginning,  
and since it's so enjoyable indeed,  
at least in the beginning,  
why then bother in advance  
about the afterthoughts?

*You can't stop hearing it*

– a general complaint

Leave me in peace  
from all the noise and hubbub  
of this worldly life of nonsense  
giving only pain to ears and brains  
for all its stress and horrible exertion  
all for nothing, making nothing but a nuisance.  
Where has all the quietness been banished  
with all natural and healthy life  
that always was relaxed?  
We'll nevermore see that again  
as long as civilization is transformed  
from something thoroughly creative  
to a world of noise pollution  
brainwashing humanity  
away from everything  
that once was good for both humanity and nature.  
Ears can not be stopped,  
and since the closing of your eyes  
can't hide away the noise  
of brawls from loudspeakers and microphones  
wherever you get lost in civilization,  
it simply has to be most radically remedied,  
or civilization and humanity will perish,  
drowning in the brainwash stress of noise  
that is the opposite to charitable music.

*The one worth while and supreme addiction*

How could I else than love you  
being so outrageously romantic  
to the utterly extremest irresistibility  
to naturally endless faithfulness  
to stay bewitched by you forever,  
taken into custody by love

to stay there willingly and endlessly  
in bliss and healthiest intoxication?  
There is only one addiction  
that is health itself, to be in love,  
which everyone should always fall to  
and remain as slaves to in interminable gratitude  
for their own good and for the best of health;  
for love is singular in its capacity  
for being the one slavery  
that leads alone to freedom.



*Cloudburst*

– riding the storm

The skies were filled with formidable clouds  
that burst in reckless fury  
wreaking chaos, havoc and disaster  
all around in hopeless desperation  
constantly increasing the horrendous darkness  
that seemed thicker every day  
with thunderstorms and heavy rains  
that flooded all that was considered safe  
and ruined almost everyone  
in this abysmal cataclysm and horror.  
What is to be done about it?  
Close your eyes, escape to heavy drinking,  
party recklessly just to forget  
or go abroad in exile  
hoping for the storm to pass  
and hoping for the world  
to still be there as we return?  
All we can do is long for  
that eventual opening that must arrive  
which will let in the sun again.  
That's all we know for certain,  
that the sun one day inevitably must return.

*Great expectations*

(received the news in the Kumaon Himalayas)

The moment of triumph is here  
bringing great expectations.  
It's still not too late to wish all wars to end  
and to some better order to this troubled world  
so grossly mishandled by crooks and impostors  
that ever turned history to a most ruthless  
and thoughtless rumbustious bulldozer.  
All countries are ruined at least to some part  
by the reckless irresponsibility of warring lords  
acting first, shooting blindly and afterwards  
bleak-minded by their mistakes.  
Anything would be better than what we've been through,  
so it's not wrong to have expectations  
since any change must bring improvement.  
Let's hope also for some enlightenment  
and some good sense for a change;  
so I welcome you heartily with deepest thanks,  
Mr President Barack Obama,  
for finally bringing some hope  
to the desperate state of the rotten American state,  
which the whole world with me but can welcome  
with enthusiastic applause and encouragement  
of this new hope of some betterment  
and possibility of a new deal for America.





*The softness of your light*

The lights in yonder window  
lifts my spirit out of space  
to everlasting light of glory  
in the view of what it means,  
that somehow my love has come home  
and might be thinking of me in my absence,  
while her presence never was more present  
to me than now with this light

that softly stole into my heart.  
Beware, it might go out, it flickers,  
so let us take care of it  
and warm our hands to it  
so it might feel itself more useful  
and go on with shining brightness  
just to warm our hearts  
enough for hibernation  
through whatever winter we might have ahead.  
My light of you, however, never will go out  
since it outshines all stars of every night.

*Mercury and Apollo*

Apollo:

– O brother, how I envy you  
your swiftness and your grace in flying,  
your intelligence and smooth agility,  
by cleverness surpassing everyone  
and fooling every mind except your own.

Mercury:

– It's not my fault. I was just born that way  
and am a slave in that capacity,  
since I always have to work so hard,  
just hurrying everywhere with urgent messages  
of bad news from the gods to hopeless mortals.  
Your vocation is by far more honourable,  
being basically and one-sidedly creative,  
since you mainly deal with only inspiration.

Apollo:

– But I lack your communicative facility.  
The world is not receptive of my influence  
except by singular exceptions,  
since only geniuses can understand me.  
On the other hand, you can be everywhere at once,  
communicate with everyone and always get your message through.  
I am an isolated god who finds true happiness  
in almost only making poetry and music by myself.  
For instance, Orpheus did understand me,  
but was killed for all his arts by mortals.

Mercury:

– Don't complain. You are nevertheless supreme  
among the gods for your refinement, excellence and beauty,  
being actually the only true inspiring power of the gods.  
Ask Homer, if you don't believe me.

Apollo:

– And what happened? Homer was replaced by Virgil  
by the Romans, who ran down the world to hell  
in chaos, cruelty, dictatorship, intolerance,  
barbarity, fanaticism and the Dark Ages.

Mercury:

– But that Roman empire perished,  
while you still have Homer left  
with Orpheus, Euripides and many others,  
not to mention the philosophers  
like Plato and Pythagoras, who all were Greeks  
or stuck to Greek, like Mark Aurelius.

Apollo:

– Well, you comfort me, no doubt about it,  
and I thank you for it, for I really need it  
sometimes in my doldrums of melancholy.  
What can I do for you, my brother, in return?

Mercury:

– Just keep on being what you are,  
remain the paragon of beauty, culture and refinement,  
discipline and purity and light of spirit that you always were,  
and I'll be able to perform my work  
of constant journeying even better and with smoother swiftness,  
while I really couldn't make good speed  
or any speed at all without your inspiration.

Apollo:

– Thank you, brother.



*Farewell to the mountains*

The purity and inspiration  
of the greatness of your beauty  
clad in ice of coldest whiteness  
almost outshining the sky in brightness  
fills me with dismay at our divorce,  
as I must down again  
to baseness from the hills,  
to the mundane vulgarity  
of the stress-stricken common crowd,  
who never climbed the icicles of beauty,  
beyond reach for any common realism,  
the inscrutability of beauty being always out of reach  
except for those who keep their distance,  
understanding it and worshipping it in respectful awe.

There is no better incarnation of true beauty  
than the holy mountain out of reach for any mortal,  
while alone the probing universal mind  
can satisfy itself by finding his way into it  
by metaphysically loving and adoring it.

There is no higher freedom than the highest  
and no higher inspiration than the loftiest,  
up-liftingness is all there is for the soul's nourishment,  
and mountains know the way and show it  
by the majesty of the serenity of their white armour  
of the hardest coldest purest ice-clad beauty  
never to be violated, and enthroned forever.

*The Pianist*

– a true story

She lived quite alone with her music in exile,  
a pianist all by herself in a snug little room  
with her piano somewhere in the slums  
of the old Kathmandu in Nepal,  
where no tuner could ever be found for her instrument.  
Anyway, she kept on playing and giving her lessons  
to a very limited circle of musical pupils,  
for which she could hardly earn more than her sustenance.  
Often she dreamt of her country, Ukraine,  
which she could not return to,  
since she was bereft of her passport  
in the revolution that brought independence;  
but she was content as an exile in old Kathmandu in Nepal.

But then one day her brother came visiting her.  
He was shocked and appalled by her living conditions.  
"But you live in desperate misery! How can you stand it?  
How can you survive? It is worse than intolerable!"  
"But I have my old piano and all my old music.  
What else do I need? I have everything here!"  
But her brother was shocked almost out of his wits  
at her misery, poverty and worn out state,  
which she had no idea of herself;

and he left, being shaken and unable to understand  
how his sister could live so unbearably miserable  
like a beggar in exile.

But she continued and still has her piano  
somewhere in the old Kathmandu ancient slums  
where her only complaint is that no one is there  
who can tune her old instrument for her.

### *The Lost Train*

( – the notorious "Sikkim-Mahananda Express",  
which once made me lose a flight,  
dedicated to Rajesh Poonia, who helped me out...)

We were three at a loss for a train that was lost,  
and we wondered: What are we to do?  
They were my very last days in India,  
I couldn't afford to lose any connection,  
and I was advised by the Ticket Collector  
to simply jump on the next train.  
My two friends were reluctant to take such a risk:  
What if, then, they had to stand all the night up  
without seats, without berths, without ticket?  
They stayed to wait patiently for the lost train,  
that, according to the latest news,  
so far was only twelve hours late,  
maybe fifteen, but that was some hours ago.

I jumped on the next train and sat up all night through  
without berth, although I had paid for one,  
while the ticket conductor could help me with nothing  
except that, at least, he could not throw me off.

The next day, when we reached Allahabad,  
some sorely tried passengers entered the train.  
They also were victims of the Mahananda Express,  
which by now was nineteen hours late,  
and the ladies were crying most pitifully unconsolably.  
My chance on the North East Express  
at least spared me one day, although sitting  
that whole night on that shaky train was uncomfortable.

Nothing was ever heard any more from the train that was lost,  
having actually added every second hour one hour of further delay,  
and my friends that were on it were lost with it too –  
at least they also were never heard of again.

Like an Indian equivalent to the notorious Flying Dutchman,  
that train is most probably still getting on somewhere  
constantly adding to its overwhelming delay,  
like some train out of time, out of touch with the world,  
lost in different dimensions, like so many things are  
in that most particularly charming Indian subcontinent.

*Bombed dumbbells of Bombay*

They thought they would start a new war  
between India and Pakistan  
by detonating some bombs  
in an effort to make 9/11 in India  
by murdering innocents by many hundreds.  
How daft can you get?  
There does not seem to be any limit.  
For once, politicians were actually innocent,  
muslims in general more shocked than christians  
at this amok-running unhuman derangement  
that no one can sympathise with  
and that nothing, and least of all any religion,  
can justify or make excuses for.  
As a suicide attack, it only backfired completely  
and hurt most the cause of the guilty delinquents,  
if they indeed even at all had a cause.

*Lost love*

You disappeared out there  
somewhere diffusely in the fog,  
like some ethereal phantom  
vanishing, dissolving in the mists  
with nothing left behind  
except what could have been,  
some bitter disappointments  
and a painful mess of memories.  
Still you exist  
out there somewhere  
and waiting only to return  
in hopes of my forgetting  
all the negative misfortunes  
and the inexcusableness of your lacks  
of sense, of order and of faithfulness.  
But I can not forget.  
The memories will haunt me  
never leaving me in peace,  
while all my comfort is  
all that which could have been,  
the love that went out like a phantom  
and the soul of purity  
that never could materialize.

*Who shall save the world?*

We are completely powerless  
against the world corruption  
which by greed has ruined all the world,  
with Bush as leader of the universal egoism,  
denying there is anything to worry about,  
while oceans are dying,  
wildlife disappearing,  
people starving without water,  
cruel dictatorships supported by democracies  
for just some short-term gains,  
while we, who watch and are aware

of the world crisis steadily increasing  
can do nothing  
but observe and pray and hope  
for all too necessary miracles.  
Can even love do anything about it?  
That's perhaps the miracle  
we're waiting for,  
the most improbable  
but maybe only possible.



*Stealing up to you*

Sneaking up to my love  
like a dream in the night  
with unheard-of mysterious messages  
of outward nonsense but perilous sense,  
paying blinded obeisance  
unto the highest irresistibility  
of the most natural force in existence

of love, for its permanency in expansion,  
enhancing its beauty forever,  
I simply can't help using magic  
to get through the message to you,  
that my love of you  
still hasn't changed  
but only increased  
in its truth  
of a slow but continuous explosion,  
like some chain reaction,  
unstoppable in all eternity.



*The black holes of desperation*

– on the death of an old friend from Warsaw

The black holes of desperation  
are by themselves an indescribable infinity  
the measure of which never can be fathomed  
in their tragedies and sufferings and tribulations.  
You survived the Warsaw ghetto  
and the glorious Polish insurrection  
leaving more than half of Poland more than half dead,  
coming here like wreckage from the aftermath of history  
to make heroically a new life and a new world.  
You made it a success, but now,  
as you are gone, the tragedies remain,  
the unfathomableness of suffering despair,  
and your loss, finally, just adds to all the others,  
the black holes of history that never can be filled,  
into which the torrents just keep gushing down  
of the eternal grief of humankind,



the sufferings of which can never be appeased  
but only neverendingly increased.

*To another lost friend*

(Whom the gods love die young, they say. He was like a brother to me for 33 years – and never grew a minute older...)

The black holes of desperation  
are by themselves an indescribable infinity  
the measure of which never can be fathomed  
in their tragedies and sufferings and tribulations.  
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but only neverendingly increased.

*Sobriety*

– sort of philosophical reflection

To fly away and never touch the earth,  
to soar in heaven never to get down,  
to be released from any morbid sense  
of inhibition and mortality,  
of bonds and boundaries and pains,  
and to be free in spirit, clear in mind,  
like almost being all the time inebriated  
is the natural and perfect state  
of absolute sobriety,  
which can not be affected  
by whatever drugs or alcoholics,  
since you simply stay the way you are,  
alive and natural and ever free  
in spirit as in mind  
in universal timelessness,  
the only absolute stability,  
the only way to stay alive.

*Vulnerability*

No one can escape it,  
it is always there,  
a lurking ugly thing,  
that keeps reminding you  
of its existence,  
threatening invariably

your life and whole existence:  
Who shall find it out?  
When will the whistle blow?  
There is no one without  
that secret that will certainly undo him,  
and that is the only thing  
to reasonably be afraid of.

So let's not try to analyse  
or to define it further,  
but let everyone alone  
in peace with that one secret  
which you only know yourself.

### *The junk society*

Leave me in peace from all this morbid stress,  
where competition has been made the law of laws  
encouraging all and everyone to beat each other  
in the universal junk production  
where the only thing that counts is quantity  
so that the worst can only win  
by stifling all the lesser quantities;  
wherefore we have this junk society,  
this planet drowned in junk and litter,  
this by man's shit poisoned world,  
the sickness and morbidity of which  
accelerates by the same rate as  
the explosion of the population,  
five times doubled in a hundred years.  
Please spare me all this massive dirt,  
this universal medial brainwash  
which insists on burying alive all decent culture  
and on turning man into self-multiplying robots.  
Making your career by lobbying intrigues  
and manipulative manoeuvres  
only gives you dirty hands that never can be washed.  
What has become of honesty and decency?  
Does it still exist at all in spite of all?  
Perhaps we might still find it in the junkyard.

### *Advent*

Where is love in winter darkness,  
gone to sleep or buried in dejection,  
sorted out or stranded in ejection,  
or just lost completely in rejection  
by the seasonal depression  
causing deaths and isolation  
all around in desperation;  
but it's only passing  
like a shadow, all this winter gloom,  
and under and behind the shades of death  
life is still there and waiting to return  
with overwhelming love as usual.  
All we have to do is hibernate  
like every winter,  
keeping our hearts warm beneath the snow,

protecting our love against the cold,  
maintaining our soul's delight  
concealed and thriving in the darkness,  
always growing,  
like the whole expanding universe.



### *The art of love*

The art of love  
is to never hurt the one you love,  
which is of arts the most difficult of all,  
since love, more than anything else,  
compels you to vicinity  
and drives you to the highest degree  
of intimacy, which ever needs surpassing.  
No matter how difficult this art is,  
there's always means to make it,  
a way of love completely without hurting;  
and it is the quest for that evasive route  
that makes love always unsurpassably exciting.

### *Stranded*

Shipwrecked on the shores of nowhere,  
cast away like any piece of dirt,  
I find myself completely at a loss,  
like any forlorn orphan sorted out  
with nothing left except unfathomable grief

for all my losses of three invaluable friends  
that never more can cheer me up,  
and least of all now in this winter darkness,  
where life couldn't be much heavier.  
For all my losses, love remains,  
the only hope of mankind and of life  
and irrefutable, invanquishable as such,  
the only straw to try to grasp  
in all the avalanches of cruel fate;  
and the most curious thing is,  
that you never have to be dependent  
or be taken care of or feel loved yourself,  
as long as you just keep on loving  
in your own continuous and everlasting faith.



*Terrorist efficiency and bombing deficiency*

The one shoe demonstration  
achieved remarkable results,  
initiating world wide demonstrations  
and a populist shoe cult  
of the one right shoe for Bush,  
while all the terror bombings  
of Nairobi, 9/11, Bombay, Bali and so on  
achieved exactly nothing  
but a universal loathing  
of the dirtiest of criminals,  
despicable murderers of innocents,  
and the opposite of their intentions,  
which, as violence is ever wont to,  
only damaged their own cause,  
backfiring in a total moral blunder.  
They should start as shoemakers instead,

since shoes can always be of use,  
including even one right shoe for Bush.

*Lovability*

My love is like a winter garden  
always fresh with splendid flowers,  
always ripe and blooming  
and expanding ever in lush generosity  
never to let any flower of love die down  
but keeping ever warm like any tender heart.  
So what do the faults and foibles matter?  
Of what consequence is shortcomings  
and impracticability,  
when love keeps burning all the same  
and warming generously any heart  
that sticks to faithfulness?  
Forget the worldly matters  
and let love just keep on burning  
indefatigably and forever.

*The relativity of departures*

Your friends are always there,  
no matter how much less you see them  
year by year, and even when they are departed  
they remain your friends in constant presence;  
and when after some long while,  
some years, perhaps, you meet again,  
it's only as if you'd last been together yesterday,  
they are the same, your friendship never changes,  
and it only grows more strong and intimate  
the longer it goes on for decades,  
to, when finally the link is cut,  
it is established definitely and forever  
as a friendship that can never be let down  
and never interrupted even by some death  
that only serves as ultimate establishment  
and confirmation of the kind of love that never dies.

*Enlightenment*

– some unorthodox christmas thoughts

You can go on travelling forever  
searching without finding,  
while right at the next door  
love is always there  
and waiting for you  
patiently in vain forever,  
and you miss it constantly  
just by going off and searching for it.  
Love demands no effort  
but is instantaneous  
and the more so the more true it is,  
like just some moment's flash  
as brief as any lightning

lighting up eternity the more  
and nonetheless for its abbreviated brevity,  
like the enlightenment of Buddha,  
just a passing moment and no more  
eternalised in lasting world religions  
and the old ones totally reformed.  
No distance, no time, no effort  
count in love but only the existence  
of one soul emerging from itself  
to care for someone else  
in faithfulness, compassion, truth,  
constructiveness and understanding.



### *Competition*

It's all in vain, you can't compete,  
for there is always something better,  
and you always will be left behind  
by time if not by competition.  
The only worth while competition  
is with yourself by sound self-criticism,  
which always can do lots of good  
if that will make you produce better stuff,  
while it is damnable, of course,  
if it turns self-destructive  
by reducing you to silence.  
That, unfortunately, is the general issue  
of perfection, which you never can compete with.  
So whatever you produce,  
just never make it perfect.

### *Resurrection*

Let all the lights die out in midwinter darkness  
just for the sake and the pleasure  
of the constant resurrection,  
for nothing dies but to revive again;  
and thus we all shall meet again,  
if not in this eternity, the next one,  
if not in life, then after death,  
the certainty of life being  
the constant resurrection  
of every life and joy and pleasure,  
of every friendship lost and love,  
for that's the only true and certain doomsday –  
the prolongation of eternity,  
the making of each memorable moment  
an eternity of constancy  
to never stop existing as a joy forever.

### *Mirrors*

(inspired by a poem by Jarl Hemmer of Finland)

The sunshine sea of calmness  
mirroring the morning sky  
embalms me as I rise  
ascending on the rocks  
embracing this resplendent morning,  
diving deep into the universe  
and bathing in the billow blues my thoughts  
where I just want to swim along  
into the whiteness of the shining clouds  
where heaven and the sea together meet and blend,  
while the seducing waves keep whispering  
enchantly into my ears  
encouraging me never to look back  
but keep on swimming in the bursting mirror  
fleeting all around me in the lightning broken sparkles;  
and I dare not ask how long I may keep going  
or how deep the fathoms under me may stretch

nor how long the light may last way up there in the sky  
but just keep swimming on forever forward  
into those white blinding clouds  
where water meets the sky to blend,  
both mirroring each other to unite  
in ripples that will sparkle on forever; -  
and thus we go on swimming in the broken mirrors of our lives.



### *Inevitability*

– another, or the same old, truism

My love, you are inevitable,  
unavoidable and indispensable,  
like any love to anyone,  
for that is simply something  
no one can do anything without,  
exist without or do without at all.  
This is of course of axioms  
the most natural and obvious,  
but it somehow always needs reminding of,  
like of the fact that you are always rich  
regardless of how poor you are  
if only you keep up your natural inheritance,  
that love of yours of that one next to you  
or simply anyone besides yourself,  
and that is all you need in life  
to ever make it doubly valuable -  
to stay on to keep up your love.



*Reaching out*

Sadness drowns me as I cannot reach you  
while my only comfort is that you exist  
somewhere out there but within reach,  
as in spite of distances unbridgeable  
we seem to understand each other  
simply by not speaking the same language,  
as indeed in love no language is essential  
but the enigmatical consensus of the souls  
enshrined and sealed in silence  
as if the supreme protection  
was the perfect quietness.  
But who can understand such riddles  
but ourselves? Well, no one else is needed.



*Doting melancholy*

As the ghosts crowd in my memories  
entangling me in webs of melancholy,  
I drown in moods of desperate remorse  
and can't find any way out of my troubles  
but to stay there stalwartly and deal with them  
and so get through the muddy lot  
by simply wading down in it  
up to my neck and further,  
to be able then to concentrate on you,  
my love and inspiration and my source of life,  
at least to get some glimpse of any possibility  
for any betterment of my condition,  
which I can't find anywhere and nowhere else  
than in the possibility of loving you.

*The Midwinter Hangover*

– some lugubriety

All the ghosts parade to haunt you  
in your mind to bog you down  
into depression and to nothingness,  
while you, reduced to apathy, just sit and stare  
into a black hole in the air  
in sordid bleakness waiting for a change  
and for the ghost parade to end  
and cease their battering of you to pieces;  
while you mourn the days when you were active,  
free and young and vitally creative,  
while there's nothing else for you to do now  
but to dream and gradually just fade away  
and drift along the self-deceit of self-seduction.  
Is there no salvation and no hope, then?  
Yes. There never was a dream without awakenings.

*Gone*

You passed me by  
like some spectre of the past,  
and all too well I recognized you  
and could not escape the fact  
that all my love was in you still –  
your haunting me has only become worse  
with every year and ageing day.  
How can I then resist you?  
No, I never did.  
My love was always constant,  
I never held it back and least of all from you  
but stayed on loving you  
increasingly and overwhelmingly  
like in some masochistic effort  
to drown myself once and for all in love.



*The danger of exposure*

Who am I to trespass and exceed  
the limits of the reasonableness of tenderness,  
when love itself enforces me and holds me back,  
compels me to explosion while at the same time  
care restrains me not to crush  
the very thing I would explode for?  
The exile of consideration  
bars me thus from my true love,  
for never would I run the risk of harming her,  
while love as force of nature forces me to burst  
and put at risk the very soul I love.  
Thus love is both the highest irresistibility,  
joy and danger to us all,  
while love can harm like nothing else,  
and those we love the most of all  
we would the least of all expose to harm.



*Trifling in bed*

Are you lonesome tonight, my love?  
I am not, since I have you in my thoughts,  
and so entirely you pervade my mind,  
that there is room for no one else in my bed.  
How many lovers have you had? Never mind,  
I know that you have loved many,  
and that is only innocence,  
I mean, to love others,  
while I must insist that only I may love you,  
or is it too much of a pretension?  
Let's not push the argument any further  
but be content, that for me, your love is quite enough.

*The eloquence of love*

Hush, speak softly, whisper, make it intimate,  
and the more intimate, the better,  
the more quiet, the more eloquent,  
the less loquacious, the more expressive,  
the less said, the less misunderstood,  
and the highest understanding is in silence.  
Feelings never speak, since they are only felt,  
and that's love's greatest difficulty:  
for the greatness, honesty, profundity and urgency of feelings,  
no expression is enough, no eloquence can render justice;  
so the deeper and the more sincere the truth of love,  
the less it can be voiced;  
and silence, therefore, is love's highest eloquence.



*Underground*

– defence for the suppressed

Our time will come,  
the time of those who were kept down,  
ignored and thwarted,  
counted less than nothing

just for being something  
contrary to mainstream  
and disdained by the establishment  
just for being something else,  
the outsiders kicked out,  
refused as aliens,  
an unpleasantness to bypass  
and regard as non-existent  
just for their existence being undeniable.  
But we will rise  
as phantoms never die  
but only rise more certainly  
and keep on haunting history  
for ever having been ignored,  
buried alive by ignorance.

*Detached*

In sleepless dreams of you,  
my love, I wonder where you are,  
your alien presence being out of touch  
but still so near, invisible but palpable.  
The question is, can we get closer  
than we are now in our total distance?  
As if we live in two different continents,  
an ocean parting us incurably  
with hostile black and icy waters,  
we are out of touch  
but still not with each other.  
I can feel you in the air,  
and I must admit to the confession,  
that I never did enjoy a presence more.

*Taking you for a ride*

My friend or lover or whatever,  
let me not insult you with my imposition  
in these efforts at deficient poetry  
of not much sense, since they are doting,  
stuck in love and melancholy  
and bogged down most lamentably  
in pathetic bathos of nostalgia,  
while all I want  
is just to take you for a ride,  
for what is love if not indulgence?

Yes, I told you so and warned you,  
I am just a doting fool and good for nothing  
but deficiency in foolish poetry  
describing silliness of love,  
supremest vanity and folly,  
wherefore there is no indulgence like it.

But if that indulgence brings us freedom,  
then it's worth it, and at least we'll then be free.

*The fatal diagnosis*

Like in all fatal diseases,  
you don't understand what's happening to you,  
you don't recognize yourself,  
you feel you are losing control  
not only of your body but of yourself,  
your mind is playing games with you  
wreaking havoc in your world;  
the most sensible and orderly become distracted,  
sleeplessness is inevitable,  
but the worst is the constant short cut circuit,  
your brain going around like a washing machine  
ever stuck with the same idea  
that you brainwash yourself with  
and can't let go of although it consumes you,  
and that's the most serious symptom:  
the self-consumption that you waste yourself with,  
the most serious and hopeless of addictions;  
and there has never been a cure  
except escape by death.  
The diagnosis is fatal: you are doomed,  
your affliction is the worst one possible,  
you'll never get rid of that addiction  
which constantly has to worsen  
your case in hopelessness and downfall,  
for there was never any cure for love.



*Headaches and heartaches*

– some connection?

As I wake up in the darkest night  
my headache splitting me in two,  
I turn to you for any kind of alleviation,  
but you are not there, so I am lost  
in darkness of the heaviest night  
with hell all burning in my head,  
and there is not a single hole  
to slip out through in the opaqueness  
of the trap of burning darkness  
where I am imprisoned without you.  
But still, you are out there somewhere,  
and that is still a lasting joy  
which spites the entire hell of darkness  
and confounds the blasted headache,  
since I still may think of you.

*Hidden secrets*

Is it possible that you could love me,  
this old carcass of a ruined wreck,  
abused and devastated into shambles  
of a good for nothing anymore?  
When love is at its truest and most constant,  
she is also at her coyest and most vulnerable  
and keeps secretive and silent  
for the case of her maintenance,  
like a flame kept safe through any storm.  
Thus silence speaks sincerely  
with no voice except her inner light  
which in her truth and lasting loyalty  
outshines the brightest star in any darkness.

*The true lies of love*

– some other ever repeated truisms...

It's the perfect self-deceit  
to think that you are loved  
just because you love,  
which immediately forms a natural impediment  
to the vital outflow of your love –  
love is not taking or receiving  
but only giving.  
Most people grow conceited  
out of love, to think that they are loved,  
and thus they smother love  
unconsciously and tragically,  
as they stupidly forget the only true qualification:  
that love needs fuel,  
which you can only monitor yourself.  
To use it is to waste it,  
but to give it is to further it,  
and love can but in one way properly be given:  
without reservations.





### *Unattainability*

Is that what makes love irresistibly attractive with that mysterious force that ever is renewed and always challenges and pulls you up again to never let you down and never let you rest, the fact that true love is so unattainable, so that you always reach for what you cannot reach and search forever for what never can be found?

The perfect absolute ideal exists,  
and that's why everybody always chase it,  
but the problem is, that it is never practical  
but always unattainably remain  
the most alluring theory that never can be realised.  
Still we try, we go on chasing it,  
we never tire in that wonderful supremest vanity,  
since that is mainly what keeps all of us alive.

### *Complaints*

Everywhere there is complaining,  
but it is a healthy thing:  
if you complain, you see what's wrong  
and get yourself detached from it,  
thus making clear your distance  
from the unacceptable, corrupted,  
sick, unsound and evil.  
Only if you let yourself become affected and involved  
in rottenness, you are yourself in danger,  
if you allow yourself to get depressed  
and downcast and upset emotionally,  
instead of soundly countering, opposing  
and making your position clear against it.  
Our society has never been more sick,  
the Kafka nightmare was but one first symptom,  
and since then the morbid formalism  
has only made life more impossible for humans  
and especially for the creative ones;  
but as long as you complain and cry out loud  
against the wrongs of the straitjacketness of your society,  
it is a healthy sign of soundness  
to at all react against what's wrong.

### *The anti-exhibitionist*

Not that he is hiding,  
but he is no real sandwich man  
and therefore doesn't like parading  
neither in his nakedness nor his extravagance in fashion,  
in neither his deserts nor foibles,  
neither in his dirty shoes nor with his purple nose,  
in neither his pathetic deplorability nor his excellence,  
his morbid fantasies or secret vices,  
his tics or manners, crooked ways or lusts,  
his insatiable desires or his secret love affairs,  
his grotesqueness or abominations,  
his preposterousness or indulgences,  
his cleverness or lack of, or his awkwardness,  
his constant being at a loss and silliness,  
his undesirability and uncouthness,  
his impertinence and importunity,  
nor his ability or disability, -  
since he is the anti-exhibitionist  
who only can enjoy such manners and exhibits  
in the weaknesses of others.

*The lost Jew*

I thought I had a country,  
finally, after twenty centuries of loss,  
but it has betrayed me,  
it has turned me out,  
the Jew that thought justice was possible,  
the Jew that thought his Jewry could be an honour,  
the Jew who thought God actually was serious  
when he said 'Thou shalt not kill',  
the Jew who thought his exile in eternity  
was finally at an end when he was welcomed home  
into a land that built new Berlin walls  
and where his foremost duty was to go to war  
to kill civilians blindly without differentiation  
as their Big Brother America had taught them to do.  
My country is lost, and my people is lost,  
again, as we always used to be,  
cast out in a meaningless world  
that always was governed and pushed by folly  
and therefore went hopelessly astray from the start,  
as if one ever could believe in anything.

*Quite simply*

Who can fight the unacceptability,  
the ugliness and horrors of this world,  
the meaninglessness of the universal violence,  
the ruthlessness of egoism,  
the voluntary folly of blind ignorance,  
the unaccountability of general destruction,  
the mad race for false security,  
the global meltdown of climatic change?  
– We all can and must fight them all  
by simply taking stand against them  
and opposing any kind of unacceptability,  
and never tire of the fact that by opposing them  
and by supporting truth and beauty, knowledge,  
education, peace and love instead, and nature,  
we are right.

*Culture or no culture?*

– self-evident, of course

We can't do without it.  
It's what keeps humanity up,  
shows the way and gives some meaning to existence,  
while all else really isn't worth much,  
materialism, capitalism, politics,  
that mainly causes trouble,  
while culture is the only thing lifting us  
above the animal state and barbarism.  
The only hope for humanity  
is therefore to be led by culture  
and not by egoism and materialist ambitions,  
money and power, prestige and vanity.  
How is culture then to be defined?

It's spiritual constructive cultivation.  
It's not just libraries and all the fine arts  
but also involves such different fields of activity  
as environmental care and gardening,  
tolerance and kindness;  
and it's the obligation of the mundane world and politics  
to support and follow that idealism,  
or else they betray humanity  
and are no better than Hermann Goering, when he said:  
"When I hear the word 'culture' I trigger my revolver."

*The road to perdition*

When fate keeps battering you all around  
and strangling you in stress and worries,  
catching you in traffic incidents  
and driving you to nuts by faltering computers  
infected by viruses and crashing all the time,  
when harassment is all you get for being right  
by all those who can't see that they are wrong,  
when ruin threatens you and catches up with you,  
when your best friends go dying and the living break their ties,  
when things are falling down and you have no escape  
from devastation and annihilation and a nervous breakdown,  
there is still one thing at least that you can do,  
and that is simply getting out and getting drunk.

*Moving on*

My love, I do pursue you,  
but I never seem to catch you,  
since you always lead me on  
to further ways astray  
which ever makes it quite impossible  
to ever find the right way back  
or any right way, for that matter.  
But I pray you: Lead me on,  
and I will follow you  
continuously like so far;  
and since we seem to prosper both from it,  
so let us just continue straying  
never to look back on all the lost ways  
and at the same time never lose our touch  
or will to some day find the right way.

*The love syndrome*

I used to love you,  
but I never quite succeeded,  
which is why I love you still  
and, the worse, the more,  
since you were always unattainable  
and therefore irresistible  
to almost an unbearable degree,  
which is why I can't stop loving you  
but must go on  
and love you still,  
the worse, the more.



### *Creativity and love*

It is an urge that can't be stopped,  
and somehow they seem closely knit together,  
creativity resulting and in some way neutralising  
the effect of love into the purest constructivity.  
I could not do without you both,  
the flow of love discreetly channeling  
into a force of nature that can not be stopped  
but must be let out in creation.  
Thus they are together intermingled,  
stuck together in a deadlock,  
neither one admitting freedom to the other,  
having both no freedom but together.

### *Anatomy of a suicide*

(Mind you, no recommendation!!!)

What poet did not try to kill himself (herself)?  
The irony is, that those who finally succeeded  
failed the most to die,  
since all they did in dying by their own hands  
was to get themselves immortalised,  
their words and poetry remaining  
written more than just in blood  
and more alive than they themselves.  
The reason, also, is a very strange one.  
Creativity is of all ideals the most demanding,  
always craving more than anyone can give,  
since one fulfilment must have more.  
Thus the artist in her mortal limitations and confinement

never can live up to what the soul demands,  
which always must defy, denounce and spite  
all physical realities and possibilities  
and thus, inevitably, tragically, fatally  
creates a conflict between soul and body.  
Many, if not most, who made a suicidal effort  
and survived, were kind of resurrected and reborn  
and even generally stimulated into new creative progress,  
while all those, like Sylvia Plath, Virginia Woolf  
and others, who did not come back,  
immortalised themselves nevertheless  
by the triumphant victory and glory of their souls.



*Between ourselves*

Silence whispers without breath  
the more expressively and clearly  
when the meaning is unquestionably love  
which never can be taken wrong,  
misunderstood or understood,  
since love does not need understanding  
but the listening capacity to silence only,  
which has nothing to do with the senses  
but is only felt most unmistakably  
in obvious truth in depth and soul  
the more resounding universally  
for its profound inaudibility.  
My love, you can not take me wrong  
when love is all there is between us.

### *The Patient*

– from real life, a very sad reflection...

My friend, I'm sorry that I had to visit you,  
to see you in your sorry state,  
survived, but hardly more,  
and suddenly grown old,  
an ageing man who doesn't care much any more  
but rather would go hiding  
than receive an old time friend and visitor,  
as if you were ashamed of your new face,  
of showing up at all to those who knew you  
as a youth and vital intellectual giant,  
now turned into just a tired shadow  
hiding in the memories of how it was,  
the glorious opposite of what it is today.  
I beg your pardon for my visit  
and shall not visit you again  
until you have turned back to life,  
returned to us as the great friend you were  
who doesn't have to hide in bed to visitors.

My pathetic visit must lead to the sad reflection,  
that it would be better to depart directly, suddenly from life  
than to be operated on beyond all recognition  
just to have a shadowy existence of unworthiness  
prolonged indefinitely to increase the pains.

### *The Shrink*

(According to old Soviet psychiatry (still practised in China), the one complication with psychiatric patients was that they sometimes got the idea that there was nothing really wrong with them...)

Any trouble with your mind?  
Some slight depression maybe?  
Feeling shy or socially inferior?  
Maybe you feel guilty about nothing?  
Any slight discomfort can be taken care of  
by the Shrink, who's there to solve your problems –  
he has pills for everything.  
They all make you forget,  
benumbs your mind and makes you feel less,  
so that you can sleep more comfortably;  
and if you have sleeping problems,  
that's no problem. There are sleeping pills  
to compensate for all those pills that keep you wide awake;  
and if they give you side effects,  
there's pills against that problem too.  
There are some 375 diagnoses  
for all kinds of psychic troubles and disturbances,  
while there were only 54 some 50 years ago,  
and there are now some 174 psychic medicines  
to choose between, while there were only 44  
some 50 years ago. Some progress!  
Some invention! Yes, the Shrink did just invent them all  
like all the medicines against them,  
and they are of course addictive all.  
If there are any curious side effects,

like general psychosis and suicidal thoughts,  
which turn some into murderers  
to after carnages end up in suicide,  
it's not the fault of those addictive medicines with side effects  
but rather something that was wrongly diagnosed,  
which calls for new invented illnesses and medicines.  
So you just have a nice chat with your Shrink,  
and he will find out what is wrong with you  
and give you medicines to cure your brain activity,  
and when you end up as a calm complacent zombie  
that does no harm by just sleeping round the clock,  
you may consider yourself cured  
with no more complications.

### *Stealth*

Let me enter you  
but without tears and pains,  
to have a peep around your mind,  
investigating feelings and vibrations  
just to get to know you  
to sort out and harmonize our music  
and discover other universes than our own  
with no hard feelings and no stealth at all,  
but just the contrary: enrichment,  
to find out how it all came about  
that we two found a common tone  
that keeps resounding in our hearts.  
My friend, I have been inside you since then,  
and I have stolen you into my heart.

### *Attempt at some self-definition*

Drifting lonely as a cloud  
of no more stuff than dreams are made of  
is the dream of my existence,  
floating aimlessly on seas of turbulence  
with no more meaning than a passing night  
of dreams and of no more than that.  
My life and person is a dream that passes on  
to change into some other dream perhaps  
of no more validity than any dream  
of great stuff writ in water  
to immediately be forgotten.  
Life is perhaps a hangover of some kind  
after birth and before death,  
the only two events of some significance  
to prove the shallowness of your existence -  
a most awkward entrance  
and an exit into nothing.

### *Tenderness*

Delicateness makes tenderness more vulnerable.  
Not all can understand,  
that tenderness has more than one side:  
depth of empathy for others



makes you yourself more vulnerable  
and may lead you the more easily to pains  
than others of less sensitivity.  
The consequence is that these tender wounded martyrs  
by too many beatings get their surface rough  
that fools the eye concealing badly covered wounds  
that still hurt constantly in depth.  
The deeper sensitivity and tenderness,  
the touchier the vulnerability;  
so mind, and care for soft and tender hearts  
that need your tending with some tenderness.



*Metaphysical*

Long since dead and still alive,  
a mystery perhaps that might await us all  
here in the middle state of life  
between the life before and what comes afterwards  
of which we can know nothing.  
Still it feels that both before and after  
was and must become much better,  
as if all frustrations were just limited to our mortality,  
mundaneness limiting all spiritual possibilities.  
The Buddhists talk of some Nirvana

as an ideal spiritual state acquirable even here,  
but even that does not sound very practical.  
So shall we then just dream of that ideal state before birth  
of universal love that also waits for us beyond the grave?  
Well, it's a wonderful idea and possibility,  
but even that we dream of here as mortals.  
Maybe that's the definite and final comfort:  
that at least in all our limitations,  
we can always dream of anything.

*The poet's privilege*

A poet goes beyond reality  
and has the right to be excluded  
from the petty troubles of mundaneness,  
since it's natural for him  
to break conventional dimensions,  
since his home is timelessness.  
Do not expect him to be fathomed  
or identified or even specified,  
he will avoid all analysis efforts,  
baffling readers and researchers  
and the more so through all ages,  
since he stepped aside from the beginning  
from the ignorance of lying senses  
to devote himself exclusively to the beyond  
which no one ever really could define  
but which it was his task to understand  
and try, at least, to make it understandable,  
as some kind of a medium  
between conventional dimensional mortality  
and the unfathomableness of timelessness.





*Back to Camelot*

The gates have opened wide again  
for the return to vintage days of Camelot  
with new frontiers to open  
and for love to flourish once again  
appropriately at the opening of spring  
and introduced by a most promising new President.

Let spring begin again with hard work  
joined by harmony and music for the rise of love  
to work again in most mysterious ways.  
How was it, by the way?  
The love intrigues of virgin Lancelot,  
the compromised Queen Guinevere,  
King Arthur and his most exotic sister Morgan  
never were explained with any satisfaction,  
and it's maybe just as well.  
All that we know is that they loved,  
and that proved well enough for all eternity.

*The longest moment*

When love returns  
with something like a vengeance  
set with fullest sails  
and rushing in  
with forward wind,  
I hesitate to catch my breath  
benumbed by the enchantment  
of the golden moment  
which, although impossible,  
I can but hope and feel  
that must go on forever.  
When it is enjoyed, at least,  
it's more convincing than eternity.

*What does it matter?*

(The problem: If you were to make a heterosexual 'Pride Festival', you would get assaulted by lesbians and homosexuals who would feel offended...)

What difference does it make  
how you express your love  
as long as you express it well?  
If you are homosexual or lesbian,  
necrophile, bisexual or whatever,  
please don't demonstrate it,  
practise your anomalies,  
perversions or whatever  
freely as you want,  
there are no limits,  
nothing is forbidden,  
but it is a private thing  
that, if turned into show  
becomes ridiculous and ugly,  
losing all its seriousness of love,  
that only can be beautiful and true  
if practised secretly and privately  
under the sheets and humbly  
without pornographical and prostituted ostentation.  
The less known and more mysterious,  
the more attractive love becomes,  
romanticism is best dressed up in fancy clothes  
and veiled and masked becomes intriguing,  
while exposed in nakedness it ends up as a trivial bore,  
the less effective for its demonstration.



*Insomnia*

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

*Someone to watch over you*

– Let it apply to anyone who needs it.

Take care, my love,  
and I will always be your guardian,  
being constant in your company  
and never losing touch,  
your safety being my life's greatest interest,  
and I will never let you go  
off hand out of my reach,  
since your felicity demands my care.  
Of that you may be certain,  
our guardian angels never let us down  
as long as we are anxious to have them there –  
it's all about white magic,  
that keeps working wonders all the time  
because we need them.  
Do not worry, I am always with you,  
and if need be, I will mobilize all guardian angels  
from all heavens for your safety.

*It's a battlefield*

The Veteran's song

(My background is the Winter War of Finland 1939-40 when Soviet attacked – my parents lived it through, but many of their best friends were lost, if not in the war in the aftermath...)

I left my heart out there in ruins  
with my friends all gone to pieces,  
limbs all shattered, spread around the front  
and many never even found  
but lost in no man's land  
without a coffin,  
while there were too many coffins anyway.  
My spirit keeps on wandering out there  
with ghosts of absent friends,  
whose company I'll always miss the more  
and never leave although it's gone;

for ghosts of friends will never leave you –  
they will keep you company enough for all eternity.  
You find them in the bottles,  
in the depth of emptied glasses,  
in the tears of widowed mothers  
and in children who came off without a father,  
whom they never shall get any chance to know  
although they always keep them present  
in romantic fancies of their unknown fates.  
To absent friends, my friends!  
A cheer, a glass, and bottoms up!  
And may they live forever in our souls  
to ever stalwartly go marching on  
for the eternal quest of manhood, chivalry  
and the defence of freedom, independence and democracy!

*Donkey's love*

As I wander at a loss  
bemazed at your serenity of beauty,  
I just wonder who you are,  
so carefully wrapped up in pride  
and hidden behind veils,  
that might indeed be seven,  
of unsuperable walls  
to that beleaguered heart  
of paramount desirability,  
since everyone is yearning  
for that heart of secrets in your charm,  
that beauty which no one can fathom  
but is there in hopeless palpability  
like some consummate provocation.  
I am powerless against my love  
that keeps enforcing me  
to go on overstraining  
indefatigably for your sake.  
Just never leave my prospect,  
sweetest golden carrot.

*Invalid invalid*

Invalidity is not acceptable,  
even if you are an invalid.  
You have to go on working  
every day with crutches,  
although crippled beyond bearing,  
you must just get on with it,  
or else you have no more validity.  
Your only hope to get out  
of your invalidity  
is validly to prove that you are valid  
and convincingly at that,  
and for that end no crutches  
or invalid proof will be of any use to you.  
Just get on struggling  
out of all your pains and headaches  
that so intolerably cripple all your life,  
and you will find yourself a valid evidence  
of being more than just a valid invalid.

*The adulator*

How could I ever tire of you,  
my only everlasting love?  
Once you get to know of beauty  
you shall never tire of it  
but remain a doting adulator,  
lost forever in apprenticeship,  
admiring senselessly  
completely void of any criticism,  
and you want nothing better  
than to just go on like that forever.  
So don't even nourish that suspicion!  
I am yours, and there is nothing  
anyone could do about it,  
least of all myself,  
and not even your doubts  
could more than just increase  
my love of all that beauty  
which is yours.



*A description of love*

The indescribability is limitless  
and none can be too much or too extreme,  
since love is all about extremes  
of fascination, feelings, beauty and fixation,  
there being nothing like it, no drug, no mania,  
no intoxication, since it's only natural,



a natural endowment common to us all,  
which it is our human duty to use well  
one-sidedly constructively,  
for nothing will backfire more easily,  
the consequences of which always are disastrous.  
Love indeed, but please be careful to love well,  
it's everything or nothing,  
and if you can't do it all too well  
it's better to do nothing.



*The year*

Spring is like a virgin  
clad in purity and whiteness  
with her blonde hair loose  
all shining in the sunlight  
in free length of generosity  
just waiting to embrace you  
and to cover you in love;

while summer is a bride  
of sumptuousness and joy  
with garlands in her hair  
enjoying feasting all the time  
with whirling banquets non-stop

without any end or limit  
to her splendid health and happiness.

When autumn comes she is a mother  
with a warm and tender bosom  
prone to some consideration  
and an endless care  
of tending to the harvest  
for a future without end  
of life stability and continuity.

They say winter is a step-mother  
of some cold and cruel harshness,  
sometimes quite inhuman in her chill,  
but she is the most beautiful of all,  
the purest and most irresistible  
in cold detachment but the lovelier  
for her challenge and her unattainability;  
and it is by her trial and severity  
that our spring virgin can be born again.

#### *Null and void*

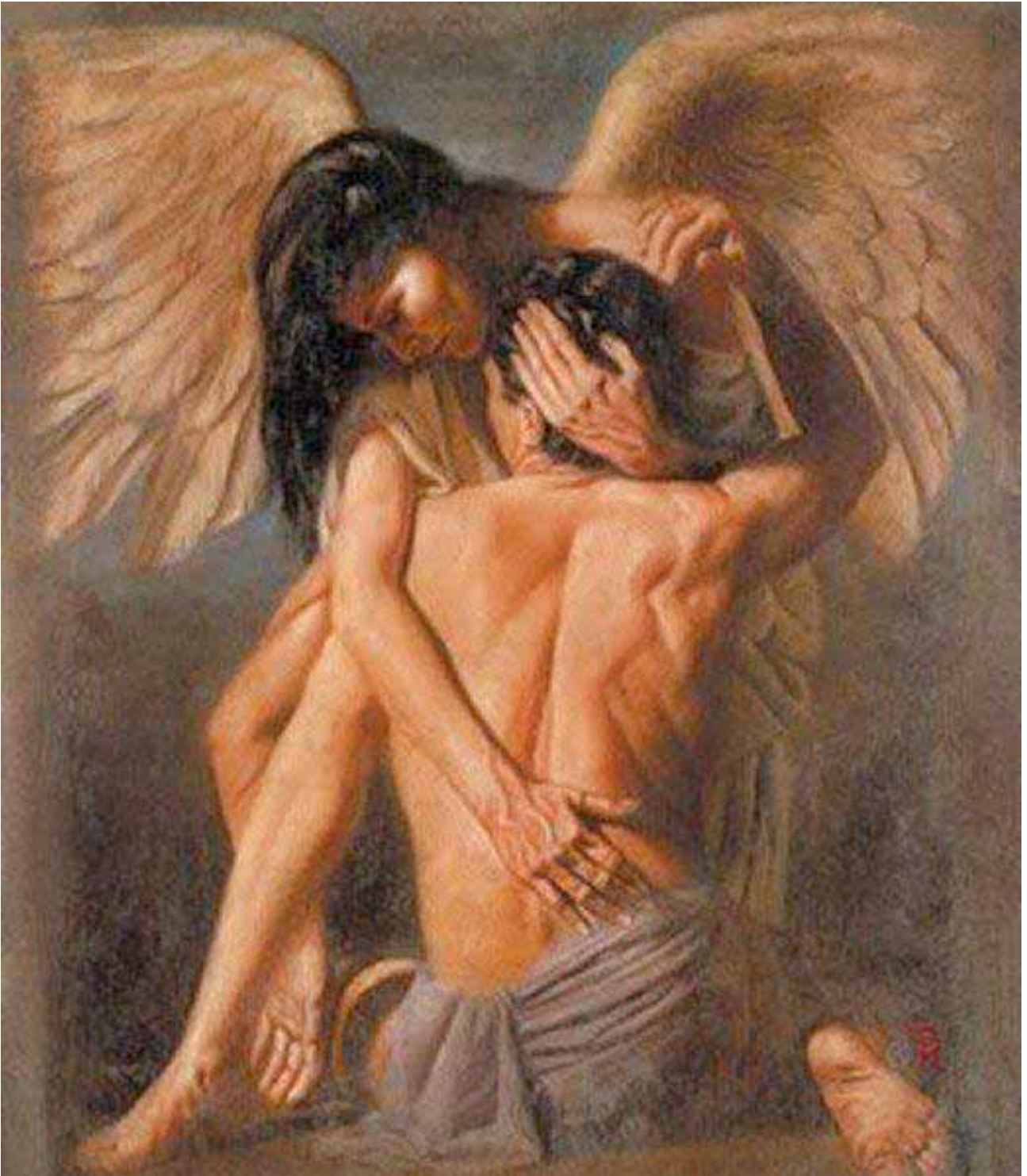
Reduced to zero,  
spent and burnt out,  
finished and washed up,  
turned down to apathy  
and out of order,  
struck down as by lightning  
and annihilated more or less,  
demolished thoroughly  
and even sober in addition,  
as if all the pitfalls  
weren't satisfactory enough,  
life is no more than nothingness,  
while winter paralysis spreads around  
and greyness seems to be the only colour  
in appalling universal callousness,  
with the advantage, though,  
that you can always start again from the beginning,  
since point zero always is a starting point,  
and life can never go below to minus,  
zero being kind of perfect  
as the equilibrium between plus and minus.

#### *Perpetuated passion*

How could I ever forget you?  
We did not have one night only,  
but many were our nights  
of interminable love  
archived forever  
in unforgettability.  
If there is any weakness in me,  
I assure you there are many,  
but the greatest and truest of them all  
is my ever longing back  
to that interminable passion

that never ceased  
to forever gild our lives.

In moments of despair  
and bleakest desolation,  
you are still there,  
and I remember you  
who never can be far away  
no matter where on earth you are,  
since we could never part  
but stayed united  
as we turned in  
to one, once and for all.



*Do you still love me?*

– from an old Hungarian song

Is it possible, that you could still  
care for this old scumbag  
with his baggy trousers and shaky knees,  
his multiplying wrinkles in his face  
and getting bald all over  
except where he should,  
this bore of an old fool  
who can't fool anyone any more,  
this decrepit ruin  
of what could have become something once,  
this arse-hole of a failure  
with only nauseating sentimentality to contribute,  
without any initiative left  
and nothing to offer  
except the continuing decay  
of a worthless body  
soon to be contained  
and scrapped as any carcass.  
How on earth could you still love me?  
If that is possible,  
then, after all, anything still is possible.



*The Knight in Shining Armour*

– an optimistic fit

The Paladin is back  
in chivalrous and shining splendour  
armed with beaming virtues  
and prepared to save all ladies  
with his golden shield and shining helmet,  
irresistible to all the world,  
the Azure Knight of Knights,  
the age of chivalry having returned  
and with a vengeance.  
There will now be new enlightenment  
to scare away the scarecrows  
of fanaticism and rotten policies,  
those darkmen trusting to blind violence  
and terrorist retaliation.  
Violence has never worked  
to any good or any decent purpose,  
while love only always can but triumph.



*Haunted*

My love, you persecute me  
like a phantom in my dreams  
to never leave me quite alone  
in peace, but always driving me on  
furiously in whirlpool storms  
more downwards to my ruin  
to be ever born again  
and start again from the beginning.

It's a phenomenon,  
this self-destructive love,  
that ever keeps renewing forcefully itself  
by constant Harmageddons of destruction.  
Just go on and keep on killing me  
forever and again, that I may go on  
loving you and dying for it  
to be able to continue.



*Perpetual youth*

All you need is love, they say,  
and that's perhaps the universal truth of truths  
that never can be constantly enough repeated  
and renewed, reminded of and reinvigorated,  
since it is the only inexhaustibility  
of miracles and of perpetual youth;  
since every time you fall in love  
your soul renews itself and gets reborn  
and even younger than it always was,  
no matter how pathetically old  
you always felt, since even an old soul  
can get forever younger,  
and the younger the more old it is.  
The trick is: never be afraid  
of falling into love again,  
for that's the best thing you can do  
at all times anywhere in life,  
which every time will be a miracle again  
providing you with yet another life.

*Paradise on earth*

– someone asked me where to find it

You find it far away from all mundane politics,  
since of course the politicians have done all their best  
to ruin everything; but beyond this destruction  
out of reach from dirty hands and greediness  
there always are oases in the desert:  
friends with common interests  
of creative and constructive kind,  
who offer you good company  
of intimacy, tenderness and warmth;  
and then of course there's always some good food  
in spite of all to be occasionally found  
somewhere in picturesque locations  
of some decent human natural environment,  
– and perhaps the most important thing of all:  
the coffee after lunch or dinner,  
the supremest highlight of each day,  
when there at last is offered you  
a moment of enjoyment and of relaxation.

*The love that came in from the cold*

The chill infects us with a paralysing cold  
that kills all creativity and effort  
of a decent life of work and strain,  
but then there was this startling breath  
of a new life of long ago,  
of childhood memories and tender warmth  
that I was not aware existed anymore,  
by your surprising resurrection from the dead  
or from the depths of history at least,  
when you so suddenly bring me to life again,  
reminding me of love that I thought dead  
and frozen stiff and buried deep so long ago;  
and this amazing gush of life and freshness  
comes directly from the frozen vastness  
of the hopeless winter landscape of Siberia,  
where you never would expect  
that love would come to you;  
but there it is, another blessing  
undeserved, surprising, reinvigorating  
like the miracle of life itself;  
but dare I hope that it will stay?  
At least this ray of light gives hope enough  
for me to go on living after all,  
although it might be on condition  
that I shall thirst forever for the next one.

*Winter Blossoms*

– to die, to sleep...

The cruelty of frozen hearts  
transforms the world into a desert  
of despair in anguished hopelessness

in frozen endlessness and white sterility  
where cries of languishment are stifled  
by the death of muted universal silence, –  
but appearances are only there to lie.

Well hidden under cover, winter blossoms sleep  
and bide their moment to explode  
out of the ice in life's eternal triumph  
in the fullest bloom of love and beauty;  
but their time is not yet come.

Do not disturb their sleep,  
but let them have their fair amount of rest  
to later the more splendidly be able to  
take care of us and of all life  
in all love's worthiest magnificence.

*Challenging the winter deep-freeze*

My heart is frozen deep  
congested by the frozen tears  
that never found an outlet  
but were frozen stiff as soon as they were shown  
by the surrounding hardness of the winter  
stalemate of all frozen hearts.  
Of course it aches like hell  
so desperately over-burdened  
with the griefs and sufferings of life  
that never find an end but only increase.  
Still, all world economies may tumble down  
and perish with the doomed race of humanity,  
but one thing I am sure of:  
there was never any frozenness  
without the thaw of spring to melt it down,  
the unavailability and irresistibility of light  
reducing all things dark and cold forever  
to the negligible meaninglessness  
of the emptiness of nothing.

*The old maid's song*

– complimentary to Pete Seeger, if he can pardon me...

Where have all my lovers gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all my lovers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all my lovers gone?  
Gone to young girls every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Gone to young men every one



When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Gone for soldiers every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Covered with flowers every one  
When will we ever learn?  
When will we ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Picked by young girls every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Gone to lovers every one  
except for those old maids  
that something learned on the way.

*Splendid richness of the soul*

Is the richness of your hair  
something for you to hide in  
or just an allurements  
or a generous manifestation  
of your freedom and integrity,  
or only irresistibility of vanity?  
The sum though is unoverestimable  
in its beauty and alluring irresistibility,  
and my interpretation

must be generosity of spirit,  
since you so generously share your beauty  
with whomever fancies it.  
Remember one thing, though:  
no matter how innumerable your admirers may be,  
I am your only faithful lover.

*The message*

A chord is struck in me  
of a most personal resounding touch  
as if your poems only spoke to me  
in unheard of and unequalled intimacy  
that must leave me thunderstruck  
by the sheer might and force and power  
of your softest tenderness.  
How can I answer but with prayers  
of profoundest thankfulness  
for this impressing confidence?  
Be calm, my heart,  
our secret is quite safe within us,  
since I never can betray you,  
sealed with silence as I am  
by voluntary faithfulness.

*Off course*

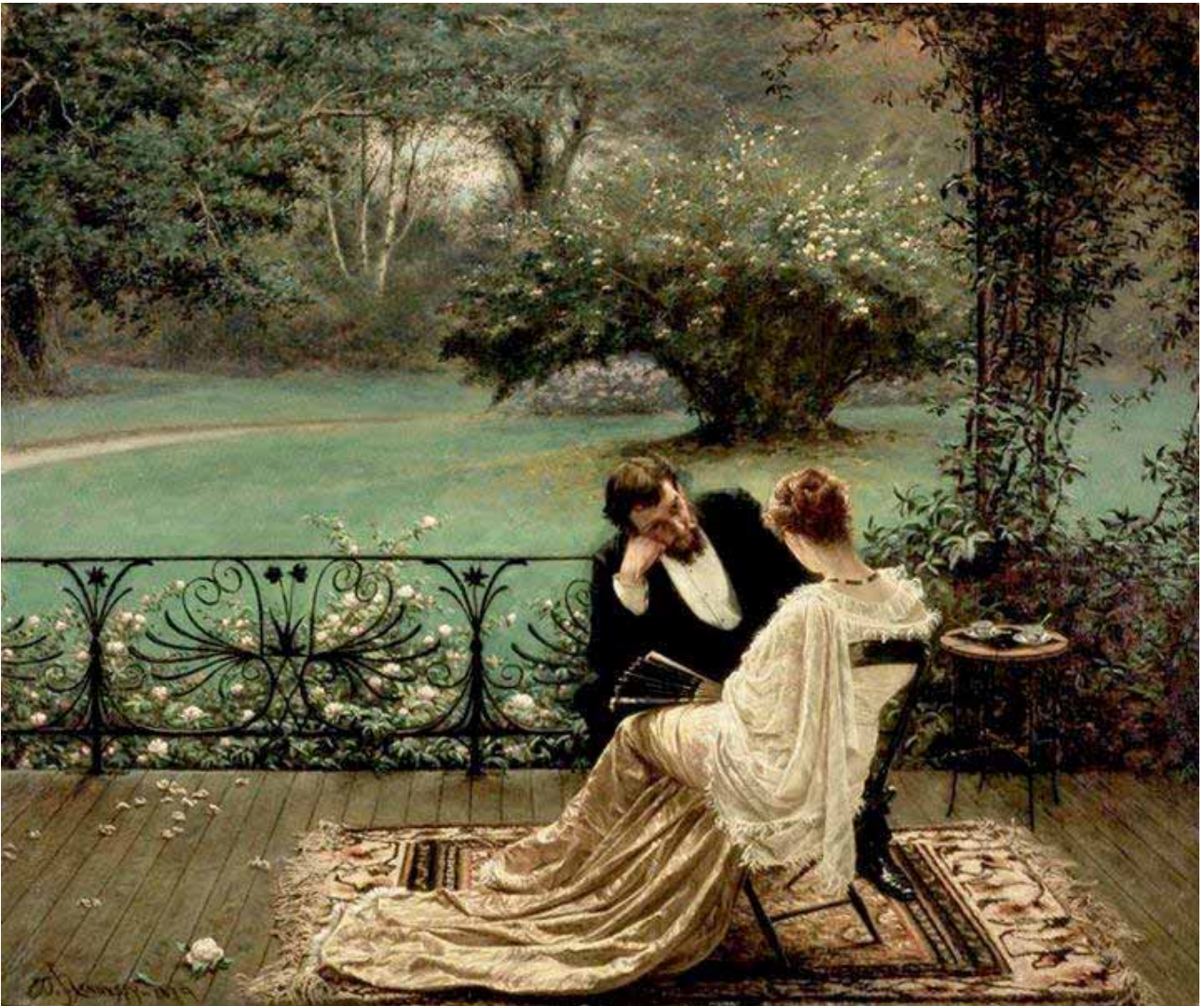
– self-evident, of course...

Love is never a deception  
justifying any cowardly retreat,  
no matter how extremely difficult it is  
to keep your balance and your course  
amidst a hell of risks and dangers.  
Never be afraid  
as long as you are certain of your love,  
which is your only safe insurance  
and the only discipline to keep you straight.  
Not until you yourself betray your love,  
the fall becomes inevitable,  
and once you've fallen off your course of love,  
it will be much more difficult the next time  
to renew the purity of how it was the first time.

*A definition of hell*

Hell is all that infinite despair  
that never can be properly expressed,  
the sorrow that can never fully be cried out,  
the eternal suffering that knows no limits,  
the unreleased and unknown love  
that never gets communicated or fulfilled,  
the unrelenting ceaselessness of cruel oppression,  
all that pain that is too strong  
to even be expressed by any screams,  
the anguish that can not be even remedied by death,  
the evil that can not be isolated or defined  
and never ceases to torment us

by completely meaningless catastrophes and sabotage,  
the losses that can never be restored or compensated,  
mostly suffered by the passing of relationships;  
in brief, hell is all that which most of all needs treatment  
but which never can be treated.



*The necessity of poetry*

– They say the highest language of love is poetry.

In the dreariness of gloom  
of winter darkness, poverty and misery,  
amidst depression and despair  
of dismal memories and apparitions,  
love is always necessary for a change,  
no matter of what kind,  
as long as there is someone else to love  
than just your own unbearable company.  
Just let it hurt and ache and give whatever pains  
and drive you mad and to exhaustion,  
as long as but you have your love  
to cherish and surrender to,  
some sweetness to escape to  
just for a relief of a most momentary kind  
from the unbearability of the reality of hell.



*Patience*

– to one of my many secret loves...

Only patience can save us  
ultimately to bring on the victory  
of love against all those against it,  
stupid imbeciles and impotent degenerates  
who fail to see their own unwantedness  
and their incompetence,  
who even fail as crooks  
and will go down in history as bogeymen  
who did no more in history  
than make themselves a nuisance  
like some fungus parasites,  
like Bush, the waster of the world  
who did his best to leave it all in ruins  
for his betters to clean up –  
I hope sincerely they will prosecute him  
with Dick Cheney and that scoundrel Rumsfeld.  
But all that has nothing more to do with us,  
our pure relationship continuing as always  
more replenished and enriched with love  
for every year since our affair began  
some twenty years ago.  
Let's hope and trust unflinchingly  
in twenty more years of that love.

### *My poverty*

My love, you must not doubt my constancy  
as long as my sincerity keeps burning  
tenderly for your unfathomable charm and beauty  
that keeps constantly increasing  
like my love by every hour of each day –  
this fact is so reliable and undeniable  
as it has been for the last 40 years  
and keeps increasing still,  
like the profundity of your incessant quality  
that never ceases to impress and haunt me,  
making every sleepless night a joy forever,  
more enjoyable each time.  
If this sounds sado-masochistically morbid,  
it's because you only see the words  
and can't check up my feelings,  
that speak more the truth of my sincerity  
that never can be hidden, although awkwardly  
expressed inadequately in the poverty of words  
that can no more than sketch and hint at  
the reality of universal live eternal love.

### *The Flight of Life*

– Please excuse the brutal realism...

You are catapulted into life  
between the buttocks of your mother  
like a fart, most furiously and forcefully,  
and of course it hurts,  
and you do right in screaming out aloud  
but soon forget,  
that that scream would be valid all your life,  
that flight of constant turbulence of torture  
which will never leave you quite in peace  
from worries, anguish and anxieties;  
so that first scream of yours  
you never really would have any reason to lay off,  
the turbulence and torture always getting worse,  
your wisdom and maturity acquiring ground  
exclusively at the most devastating cost  
of all illusions, harmony and happiness,  
which always are replaced by that first truth of yours,  
the scream of pain of your original,  
which all your life you try to get away from  
by escaping into new illusions, alcohol or drugs,  
which always prove completely vain,  
until you finally are earthed and landed  
safely into life's uniquely certain destination,  
the final grave of some relief,  
in which you end up into ruins  
that confirm the definite veracity  
of that first scream of yours.  
That flight of life was no more than a scream  
and a primeval terror of your final touchdown,  
which will haunt you and torment you all your life  
until you finally are ready  
to start it all over again from the beginning.



*Too much love is always too little*

My heart is cleft in twain  
by too much love on many sides  
and none decisive, all coercive,  
all demanding, none forgiving,  
everyone an obligation,  
none a liberation;  
and how could I let them down,  
neglect and fail to care  
for anyone of them,  
when love is everybody's right  
forever, and your duty is to love  
whomever gives your love to you?  
It's a predicament, the total failure  
to live up to your ambitions,  
the most human shortcomings of love,  
when you just want to give it all  
and only can deliver fragments.

*Adjustment*

When love knocks on your door  
you don't ask who it is,  
but you just open doors and windows wide,  
you can't do otherwise,  
since you can not afford to let it go  
and let it fly away from you once more  
like it has done so many times before.  
You open up your heart and soul  
as wide as possible

and hope your guest will thus be comfortable  
until she must leave again for other loves.  
You only have her while you love her,  
and when she turns other ways,  
the only thing to do is to look out  
for love in other ways.



*The Curse of the Full Moon*

You'll never get away with it.  
I'll always be there to remind you  
of the facts of life that chain humanity  
for always in the bonds of midnight magic  
as I ever will return each month with waxing light  
to never let you down in love completely  
but light up the midnight darkness just to put you off  
in the hysteria of overwhelming feelings  
of the midnight magic light that never fails.  
You will stay in love forever,

hounded by irrevocable feelings  
that no alcohol or drugs can chastise  
but must have full vent in sumptuous flow  
since Nature, master of the universe, demands it.  
Just keep on decaying, falling, shattering and suffering  
the pangs of love in ever greater hardship,  
and I will continue shining  
just to drive you nuts forever.

*Just another death star*

No names – but the type of vanity star i everywhere

The inflexibility of your hardness  
makes you unapproachable,  
and your chill does not make things  
much easier either;  
so why do you protest so much then,  
bragging out your love so loud  
for anyone to hear your garish invitation,  
while all you love is just yourself  
with that excessive vanity  
disclosed in sumptuous luxury,  
as if your sole intention was to bribe the world  
by ruthlessly impressing on it,  
while in the end the only thing you do achieve  
is self-deceit and vanity in others also,  
fatally contaminated by your blindness  
of no distance to how faked you are.  
I will not intervene, I'll let you have your game  
and let you fool whoever wishes to be fooled,  
but please excuse my staying outside,  
wishing not to be contaminated by your radiation.

*Reliability*

You can count on me, my love,  
to never even run the risk of being tempted  
to reveal, betray or give away your soul  
disclosing your identity to anyone unworthy  
of your love, your character and influence,  
which means much more to me than all the world,  
since it is so much more important.  
The evil of the Chinese communist imperialism  
is so established, that whoever makes resistance  
and objects can only be self-evidently good.  
What mean the crises of the world to us  
and to our love, when only things constructive matter?  
Let the evil-doers be alone with their destruction,  
afterwards we'll do the cleaning-up as usual,  
and that's all what history is all about.  
Our love will triumph anyway,  
and history will merely fade away  
as insignificant to the eternity of love and beauty.





*The Chamber*

You invade my heart again  
and are most welcome there to stay.  
You'll find there space enough  
for both of us and all the world,

and all the doors are open  
and the window view the best,  
the temperature is moderate but never cold,  
and you will never find it too hot either,  
since the thermostat is perfect.  
Just feel comfortable and at ease  
and welcome to remain as long as possible,  
since I have no other guests,  
and you are free to use it all yourself,  
since that is what it's made for:  
to make room for love and only love.

### *Double duplicity*

Reality can never fool you,  
only you can fool yourself  
by trusting your alluring dreams  
and take your own idealism seriously,  
the all too common wishful thinking,  
which makes you believe you have the power  
to transform reality into your dream.  
It is not possible without a dialogue,  
and that dialogue consists of oppositions -  
no one will accept your dreams,  
since they all have their own.  
If your idealism in spite of all is true,  
it will survive deceits, defeats and downfalls  
and especially your doubts,  
your best defence against yourself,  
among deceivers of your life and person  
the most cunning and most tireless.

### *The King of the Hippies*

I know of no one else  
that justly would deserve that title.  
You already as a young man  
travelled round the world,  
exploring, analyzing and evaluating it  
from San Francisco to the Himalayas  
in surveyance of your empire of freedom,  
finding and selecting friends  
of every nationality and race and faith  
to suit your mission of enlightenment  
to spread the word of love and beauty  
in close observance of reality and truth.  
Your sticking to the underground  
was maybe more of a necessity than tragedy  
which you however used to your advantage  
to develop and expand your special wisdom  
in a kind of universal co-reaction  
of an almost revolutionary kind  
against all roteness stagnation called corruption  
with eventually some unexpected fair success;  
and so you keep that operation basis  
to continue that rare mole's work  
of indefatigably undermining  
all that works against the best of all,

accepting our present situation  
as perhaps the greatest challenge of all history:  
to save the planet and at least the best of mankind.  
And still you are no more than just a bum,  
a disregarded and discarded hippie  
of no realistic consequence,  
the best of all disguises:  
that of being negligible as a perfect no one.  
Captain Nemo was a fiction, as they say,  
but who was behind that fiction, really?  
Some weird urban legends are too good to not be true,  
and you are one of them.

*A riddle*

The sooner you admit it,  
the more you will be able to achieve it,  
that it never can be quite accomplished,  
and that if you reach it,  
it most certainly will be undone  
before your eyes and by the very act  
of your accomplishment and consummation,  
since it can only be maintained and cultured  
by your never reaping it,  
for harvesting means death,  
while plowing, labouring and hard work  
is the only guarantee of life,  
of continuity, continuance and constancy;  
so never try to catch your dream,  
it must remain a dream,  
for dreams can never stand awakenings,  
and dreams are all the carrots and illusions  
that can make life carry on in spite of all,  
in spite of all delusions, disappointments and deceptions,  
since although dreams are in themselves beguiling,  
they are dreams that never can be apprehended  
and as such untouchable as perfect virgins  
to be loved quite safely and pursued forever.

*No bounds*

Forgive me that I love you,  
but I just can't manage it alone,  
and the mere sight of you is too intoxicating  
not to give some relevant results  
in crazy outbursts of exhilaration  
and the perfect drunkenness of beauty.  
Stay that way, my love,  
and I can promise you  
that I will go on loving you forever  
in impeccable and perfect faithfulness  
to never fail you with my loyalty,  
since the love that you inspire  
must transcend and brush aside  
to conquer all impossibilities.



*Fragile!*

As my love grows old  
it grows forever younger  
in vitality and enthusiasm  
and power of expansion,  
but it is an ardent flame that must be tamed  
and well contained to not burst open  
into violent and unforeseen explosions  
that might consume not just itself  
but even the most precious object of your worship;  
so take heed and please excuse my warning  
that I must contain my love

in order to preserve it  
as the most uniquely perfect and constructive force  
that only can be treated and contained with utmost care.

*Deliverance*

Deep in the night  
you sneak up into me  
to stay there raping me  
and stealing all my soul  
but to endow it once again  
with the profoundest inspiration,  
winning me for love,  
possessing me both heart and soul;  
and still I never can get hold of you  
and keep you for myself  
but only love you  
unto madness and exteriorization,  
like some surgic kind of surging meditation;  
while the only thing that I can do  
is just to love you,  
which you seem to take as natural,  
accepting it and having nothing much against it.  
Keep my love, then,  
so that you at least,  
although I never can keep you,  
can keep something of me  
which is much more than all of me.

*Meeting in darkness*

(earth hour...)

In the darkness of your eyes  
it's easy to commit oneself  
and get completely lost  
in the dissolving magic of enchantment,  
since bewitched by love  
you are not only all at sea  
but even all beside yourself,  
tongue-tied with arms tied also  
with your hands behind your back,  
your mouth and senses sealed,  
while all that you can do  
and voice and think of is your love.  
The total consummation is the total concentration,  
and that is how life begins.

*Absent but lasting presence*

You say, my love, that you can only love me  
when you see me and I am at hand,  
concrete and tangible in virtual presence,  
but for me the soul is much more real,  
more present and more tangible  
and even more so when you are not present,  
since I can not live without that love of yours

which constantly pervades my whole existence.  
Let me dream of you and keep you in my dreams  
forever tangible and more so even in your absence,  
since I'll never let you go away from me  
where you belong inseparable from my soul  
no matter how much falsely separated we may be;  
since all the senses always lie  
by satisfying mirages to please us,  
while the soul sees far behind reality  
and sees it through  
to see what is much truer and more lasting.



*Aquarius*

(actually an old poem written way down in 1984...)

A new dawning age of liberation  
will deliver us from every tyranny,  
since no one is to order anyone about,  
since only common sense will rule us all.  
Religions will lose all authority,  
and only those of them are able to survive  
who are completely free from dogmatism.  
Exaggerations and fanaticism shall disappear,  
and there will never more be any Martin Luther,  
Mahomet, no Marx, no Lenin and no Hitler,  
never more a demagogue or autocrat,  
and those few monarchies that will survive  
shall most of all be just protectors of democracy.  
No martyrs shall be needed any more,  
self-sacrifice shall be unnecessary,  
and only common sense and honour  
shall be leader to us all.  
Justice shall be the supremest good in life,  
and only that shall be the common aim  
of all humanity together.  
All intolerance shall be prohibited by law,  
and those poor few who anyway indulge in it  
in foolish arbitrariness, irrationality and folly  
and the self-destructiveness that must inevitably follow  
shall be pitied, since all destructivity

quite naturally then shall be regarded as an illness.  
God shall not be mortal any more as crucified,  
and Satan shall be banished to the myths of fairy tales,  
and only simple human common sense shall dominate  
the world religions and ideals;  
and this religion down to earth of common sense  
shall not include just all religions  
but even every non-religion.

*My unknown cousin*

As a revelation from above  
you suddenly appear  
as some kind of godsend  
in the substitution  
of all dear ones that I lost,  
as by some kind of universal law  
that losses never can be suffered  
without karmic compensations  
in one way or another.  
Even you, they say, have suffered hardships,  
and we might thereby find in each other  
some kind of a recompense  
and complement each other,  
which we both might need.  
Thus a new chapter has begun  
which definitely closes old ones  
simply by miraculously  
constituting their continuation.

*Dumbfounded awesomeness*

How often does it happen  
that you suddenly are served  
with the existence of an unknown cousin  
who proves more than like a friend  
but even like a twin and sister?  
Once in your life at most,  
and there could hardly be a moment  
more fantastic, precious, sweet and priceless  
than a union of such kind  
of souls of the same vein  
of equal wavelengths to perfection.  
Love is not the word for such unique coincidence,  
but rather some mysterious force of destiny  
that brings such miracles about  
which only leave you thunderstruck  
with gratitude to providence  
and to whatever power outside yours  
that you could never think of or imagine  
in your negligible absolute minuteness  
against the universal ocean  
of ethereal workings of the fathomless profundity  
of metaphysical enigmae of the everliving soul.



*Better fusion energy*

The soul shines through the eyes,  
and nothing can exclude its beauty,  
radiant and forever young and true  
in honesty and straight integrity  
of timeless worth and durability.  
Let us remain thus as companions  
on the timeless path of destiny  
towards no end but always forward  
as the best of friends forever.  
That is the most precious gift  
that never can be wasted:  
trust in the trustworthiness  
of two united hearts  
that found each other  
never to be separated  
in the unity of spiritual fusion.

*Your home*

You offered me a glimpse of paradise,  
and I was struck with wonder, awe and worship  
of a perfectly ideal place to live,  
with hanging gardens on the roof



and close to nature, although still in town,  
with space and air to breathe  
and freedom without limits  
with no ghosts in any cupboard,  
no hangovers, nothing dark,  
just openness and friendliness;  
and such a home you offered me.  
How could I possibly accept?  
I had to leave too early the next day,  
and any intimate engagement  
would just have exacerbated the departure.  
But we are still here in lasting friendship,  
and your home remains for the next time;  
and until then we can continue  
building our relationship on firmer ground  
to next time celebrate it thoroughly.

*Precarious validity*

What do I care about what people think,  
attentive flatteries and criticism,  
misunderstandings of shortsightedness,  
intolerant superficiality  
and hasty violent unjust reactions?  
Let them rave, who can't control themselves;  
my only aspiration and ambition  
is to stick to honesty and truth  
in faithful loyalty of beauty,  
that my only aim is to take care of  
with my utter tenderness of worship.  
Let my words and dreams remain  
unknown to those who do not care,  
as long as they remain available  
to those who understand and love  
and in their hearts are capable  
of keeping up their souls' flames burning  
for the only thing that really matters:  
joys that last forever.

*No doubt about it*

Don't ask me who my love is.  
It's enough that she herself can feel it,  
be aware that no one else is meant  
and that my loyalty endures  
in constant faithfulness for her alone,  
and thus it's futile that I name her.  
Love's sincerity is unmistakable  
and always felt at heart  
unnecessary of expression –  
language, vows and promises will not suffice,  
and no protesting can be more convincing.  
Rest assured, my love,  
that I will never with a word betray you,  
since there can be no impediment  
of any limiting or mortal kind  
to my unquenchable sincerity  
of purest constancy of love of you.

*The return of the native*

– after the Turkish holocaust in 1915, the Armenian ambition,  
a kind of documentary

Back to basics  
in the dawn of time,  
to ruins of the past  
and memories forgotten,  
after many years of exile  
there at last was finally a day  
of coming back to the original,  
to houses laid in ashes  
by the cruelties of history,  
to cemeteries without gravestones  
and to history buried alive  
together with the unknown victims  
of the first of holocausts in Turkey.  
There could never be a sorrow  
and a melancholy more profound,  
and still, there was the opportunity  
to start again, rebuild the past,  
restore an ancient civilization  
and return to timeless glory  
of a righteous people  
that did never any wrong  
but only suffered wrong immensely  
without any reason for it.  
Somehow, the dimension  
of the suffering of timelessness  
remains incurably constructive,  
always ready to begin anew  
with work and reconstruction  
of the greatest glory of them all –  
the good that never can give up  
but ever and again is victimised  
to only resurrect and start again  
in ever greater and increasing glory  
of eternal continuity  
of life that never can be quenched  
without resuming ever greater power.

*Strange coincidence*

You are the dream that never ends  
but always justifies my love  
and makes it constantly increase  
to never stop developing,  
as if you always were there,  
while we haven't known each other  
more than some ten days  
and only met once in a lifetime  
in a moment longer than a lifetime  
of some history and truth  
of some momentous imposition,  
since we always were there  
close enough for fifty years  
to never meet until this strange event  
of fate all of a sudden

bringing us together  
out of chance and by coincidence.  
Well, well! There's nothing we can do about it  
but the best of it och keep it up  
as maybe the most rare and strangest love affair  
that ever came across our minds  
not by ourselves but by reality  
for us to do something about it  
and some valid thing, of course,  
to better our statistics  
and perhaps to lick our wounds  
of all those past disasters  
and experiences of shipwrecks  
undeserved and only brought by accident  
and bad luck for some reason –  
well, we have the chance now,  
and our moment is eternity  
for us to shape according to our wish  
in mutual affection without limits.



### *Miraculous encounters*

How do two people find each other  
lost in billows of eternity  
identifying and remembering each other  
from an unknown ancient history  
of nothing left except vibrations  
of immortal souls for recognition?  
It's a miracle and the more undeniable as such,  
as experts even know with certainty  
the art of recognizing spirits,  
elves and angels of no palpability at all.  
Denying miracles is to deny the facts of history  
and to deny the miracle of life itself.



*Sharing*

You have caught my soul, my love,  
by simple charm and honesty  
and won my heart  
for you to handle but with care;  
but there was never anything amiss between us,  
melting instantaneously together  
as two old souls always do,  
and even sharing the same sorrows,  
the outrageous tragedies of two beloved sisters  
representing beauty, talent and intelligence,  
one mother of three children  
and one sparkling blooming youth.  
There is nothing so far that we could not share;  
so let us just continue sharing our lives together  
naturally as it comes,  
and there can be no end on it.

*Dreamburst*

As I dream of you  
entering my mind  
in the still of the night  
and all through the glorious day,

I just can't imagine  
how ever I could do without you,  
and still we existed for so long  
without knowing the other existed.  
The beauty of the soul transcends all reality  
and overrules it by replacing it  
by its more lasting significance,  
while reality is only death;  
but dreams and love and beauty  
last triumphantly forever.

*On the edge of extremity*

Of course it hurts,  
all those supreme disappointments,  
all those disastrous heartbreaks,  
all those deceits, betrayals and undeserved adversities;  
but still it was worth it,  
the total commitment  
of your life and soul and body,  
the wasting of your last energy,  
the exposure of your inmost feelings  
and the loss of everything you had,  
it was all worth it,  
since you survived  
and still can go on loving  
even more for all your loss,  
to lose it ever and again  
in the repetition of eternity  
of how you can not live  
without your wasting of your love  
on everything that's worth all losses  
of your love forever to be gone  
and lost to be regained forever.

*Courtesy*

As you remain the only tenant of my dreams,  
my love flows on incessantly  
like bleeding wounds of lust and joy  
to never stop beautifying  
all that is to our world  
of common friends and relatives,  
the victims and deceased ones  
ever being there more live than ever,  
while this haze of tenderness  
beleaguers me to warm me up  
in ever greater piety towards our love  
that is a fountain of the purest joy.  
So let me keep you in my heart  
for you to dwell there in supreme security,  
while I remain the thankful tenant of your own,  
completely reassured that there could be  
no better and no safer place  
for my heart to keep bleeding in  
in tearful joy of thankfulness.



### *Ice*

It's unavoidable,  
it's part of life,  
the ice you have to cross  
and slid on, often falling,  
never safe,  
its coldness made for slips  
and always one day or another  
thawing  
with disastrous consequences,  
as you must fall through  
sooner or later;  
and then all depends  
on that life struggle  
which must follow –  
will you sink, succumb and perish  
or survive refreshed  
but somewhat cooler?  
It takes time to warm up afterwards,  
but then at least you are experienced  
to walk more carefully next time,  
but there will always be more ice,  
and there will always be more thaws.

### *Digital love*

Is it possible?  
Does it work?  
It depends  
on what's behind it,

if it is supported  
by the honesty of telepathic truth,  
sincerity and will  
to make it happen,  
to maintain the contact  
and the love by thought  
if physical reunion is impossible,  
as it is now in our case;  
wherefore I can not love you any less  
but only even more  
for digitally clumsy imperfections.

*The only risk*

How could I possibly let go  
of such a beautiful relationship,  
which costs us nothing  
and allow us only freedom,  
carrying with it only love  
and strong affection that forever grows?  
There is no chance of getting free  
from such a perfect freedom  
binding us together only naturally  
in the harmony of natural affection.  
Could there possibly be any harm  
in such a strangely wonderful liaison?  
Yes, there is one harm, but one harm only:  
that of ever losing touch with it  
to let it go.



*Separated together*

As you whisper in my ear  
the things I want to hear,  
my heart melts down to tears  
for you, my only dear,  
while distances betray us  
and our circumstances  
aggravate our grievances  
while our love enhances  
perfectly to match our chances  
to perhaps one day in spite of all  
find something to unite us,  
while at the same time  
everything combines  
to make our separation  
to our very union.  
Fate always intertwines  
to force our fall  
into what ultimately brings us  
to remain withal  
together after all.

*Helpless, almost*

Your rationality bewilders me,  
your sense transcends my own,  
I am a maniac in comparison  
and sick at that in mind and soul,  
while you appear a formidable godsend  
to adjust me and correct me  
with your calm good sense and reason,  
but do I have the capacity to listen  
and to be corrected by a better self  
that I did hardly make myself deserved of?  
It's all up to me, I am afraid,  
but one thing I will do for sure:  
to thank you for your mere existence  
and to never let you go away or vanish  
from your vital presence in my life  
as my only light to guide me in my blindness.

*Service*

As I move to you with my vibrations  
tenderly caressing you at length,  
I just could not feel any better  
at this consummation of our harmony,  
as if there couldn't be a thing  
still lacking in our free existence  
of pure love and nothing else,  
as if our separation even  
couldn't be more negligible  
as my life is filled with you.  
So let us stay that way and carry on,  
and I will humbly stick to this my altar worship  
of my daily constant service to our love.





### *Facts*

As I dream of you in faithful homage,  
it is difficult to keep away from worship  
of the saintly ideal that you represent,  
while at the same time nothing  
could be so much down to earth  
as your impressing common sense  
and downright honesty of pure sincerity  
which makes all other positive characteristics  
negligeable and superfluous,  
your character and heart  
so dominating and outweighing,  
overshadowing all pettiness to be ignored.  
We struck together instantly  
the Mother Lode of life's essentials,  
and what more can we expect  
except the joy of sharing it together?

### *Enigmas*

As my love rises in the morning  
with the sun and beauty of the world,  
there is no match to all that harmony  
that blooms throughout my soul  
singing all your glory  
and that we have found ourselves  
and found each other  
never to be separated ever again

as our souls were always grown together  
into something of an everlasting union  
of united wisdom, love and tolerance  
in worship of eternal truth and beauty.  
Could I be more clear and explicit?  
What is there more to say  
when love has taken our language away  
to speak more freely  
what never could be spoken  
except by wavelengths of the air  
of that strange idiom of vibrations only  
that only telepaths may understand  
and therefore hold their most expressive silence?

### *Comradeship*

My comrade in the struggle  
is my twin of destiny,  
our personalities are intertwined  
as if we never had but been together,  
and I don't just only love her  
but adore her senselessly  
in fatal passions of eternity,  
and I will gladly suffer for it  
as a downright self-tormentor of profession.  
Cure me not of this my plague,  
but let me go on loving you forever  
as the one friend I could never do without,  
my bosom friend of destiny  
and comrade of our freedom struggle of eternity.

### *Manifestation*

- reflection

The sweetness of your presence  
transcends all limits of resplendent bliss,  
the more so for your absence  
shortened by the overwhelming longing  
that keeps on continuing to grow,  
embracing you in ever warmer hugs  
of love that never can be stopped.

Thus beauty rules the world  
magnificently and ubiquitously  
bestowing on it everlasting life  
of simple love that never can be halted  
but must keep on growing  
and continuing forever.

Thus am I but one small wave  
along the ever windy roaring ocean  
always moving forward  
in the overwhelming love force  
that keeps battering all shores forever  
in a constant demonstration  
of the universal force  
and origin of love and life.



*Appeal*

May I love you once more?  
– in secret intimacy,  
most clandestinely  
with only you and me to watch  
and be aware of how I love you,  
needing you more urgently  
than I myself can be aware of,  
nevermore to let you go  
away from me out of my heart,  
but keeping you in safety,  
locking myself out of  
any other possible pretension,  
since you are my other half;  
and without you  
my life would be reduced indeed  
to that intolerable poverty  
which was I before I met you.  
Maybe I protest too much,  
but love's voice never can be quieted;  
for nothing is more irresistible  
than the truth of nature in true love.

*Hardships of the die-hards*

That's us, the sufferers  
who never can give up  
but go on fighting,  
torturing themselves  
for nothing but thin air  
despised as asinine ideals,  
while we know better,  
fighting to the bitter end

for our faith in truth and justice,  
untouchable crusaders  
for the values of eternity,  
unvanquishable truth and beauty  
manifested in continuous creativity  
that no one ever can put down,  
the glory of creation  
that if anything on earth  
is properly divine.

*Impossible equation that works*

It's like a mathematic formula:  
distances are neutralized  
and absence is made void,  
reduced to nothing by affection,  
while our love can only be advanced  
by turning into objectivity  
by facts of separation,  
leaving only facts remaining  
of our common personality,  
how we belonged from the beginning  
to each other to remain so  
mystically in our mind united  
while we are two different persons still,  
of different stories, different destinies  
and very different wills,  
and seem obliged to so remain.  
Our common fate thus seems to be  
united closely in true love together  
and the more so for our constant separation.

*Maturity*

What does it matter  
that your hair is getting greyer  
and your tempo slacker  
while you get more comfortable  
substituting laziness for work  
with handicaps and pains for an excuse,  
while you look less and less into the mirror  
to evade the obvious truth  
that you are getting old;  
but everyone is getting older,  
even young impertinent and careless sports  
rejoicing in their ignorance naïvely  
have nothing to be proud of  
in the perspective of time;  
while we, in spite of our grey hairs  
have learned to love in spite of all  
and keep on loving,  
and that will keep us young at heart  
and ever grow our souls forever younger,  
as we stick to life's profoundest wisdom,  
that of simply sticking to our love.



### *Out of touch*

As we are never out of touch,  
no matter how far we are separated,  
there is never any risk of losing  
that most valuable touch of pricelessness  
with our world of sound reality  
of chaos, turbulence and revolutions  
where the ultimate deciding force is nature,  
justly threatening with the upheaval  
of abusive mankind's universal terrorism  
in irresponsibly exterminating wildlife,  
the only sound life form there is;  
which we are allied to  
as incurably free lovers  
of the wildest forms of life,  
and that is our eternal contact.  
Bide by me, my love, and keep to purity  
of life and soundness and of nature,  
and we'll never lose our touch  
as universal freedom fighters.

### *A glimpse of paradise*

A glimpse of paradise  
out in the desert  
of the nakedness of loneliness,  
the lack of water in the universal drought,  
and there was you,  
like some miraculous angelic apparition  
out of nowhere,  
showing me a way to go,  
a path through all the mirages  
of lies of failures of this barren life,  
which brought me back to life  
in search for you,  
and my chief comfort is now ever,  
that however much astray I go,  
I know now that all ways and paths  
will always lead me back to you.



*Abstruse facts of life*

So it was from the beginning:  
there were no limits to my faith in you,  
no reservations in my absolute affinity,  
the flow was there and live  
and ready to embalm you  
in the overwhelmingness of beauty  
of the endless riches and resources  
of an overflowing heart  
once opened up to natural affection,  
and so, there you are, we stand there caught  
by destiny in its most wondrous mechanisms  
of inexplicable benevolence,  
quite given up to our common soul  
that inveigles us in fathomless profundity  
of total mystery, all in the greatest riddle of them all,  
how all this actually could be reality.  
And yet it's there, and we are here,  
and all that we can do about it  
is only to succumb to factual love.

*Between the battles*

In the breaks of time  
between the battles,  
my sole chance of an escape  
is flying up to you  
in loving thoughts of limitless affection  
far away from this confusing vanity  
to find you even furthermore away,

but there at least our thoughts can meet.  
It is the briefest of encounters  
but the more invaluable as such  
and more significant  
for its taking place at all;  
and I can live on it for any time  
throughout the trenches  
as I dive down into battle  
to be buried once again  
in this confusing world of vanity.



*Chance meetings*

Suddenly a friend appears  
completely out of nowhere,  
and you didn't even know  
that person did exist,  
and suddenly a new dimension opens up

of aspects of new friendships and horizons,  
and your future prospects multiply  
of opportunities and possibilities  
of new mentalities to know  
and new life facets to discover.  
Naturally you must cling to such chance meetings  
and not let them just pass by,  
but catch them in their golden moment  
and preserve the treasure that they bring  
to let them join your life  
and let yourself join in with them.

### *Stuck*

As my heart melts into you, my love,  
with no end to its sweetness,  
filling up the world with beauty  
coming out of our affection,  
there is nothing to resist our warmth  
as we encompass the whole universe  
in one embrace and fit of perfect love.  
I wish to stay with you within you  
never to get out of this embrace  
to leave the joy of staying inside you  
in ecstasy of bliss and happiness.  
So let's just keep within each other  
never to let go of our counterpart,  
and thus we will remain united  
to enrich the world of love with our love.

### *Love and physics*

I found my love so far away  
that it would seem a matter of far-fetchedness  
to bring it and to keep it up to date,  
and thus my closest friends, both male and female,  
are the farthest distanced from me;  
but at the same time, this might be the very proof  
that love is independent of the physical conditions  
and survives the better for adversity and trial,  
if it's genuine and true.  
My love is therefore closer to me than she ever was  
although our wordly distance is unbridgeable  
except by the communion of the souls  
which easily breaks any rule of physics.

### *We are all out of joint...*

As I dream of you, my love,  
you come to me in strange manifestations.  
I have even dreamt about your mother,  
although I did only meet her once.  
The care is infinite between us,  
not just for ourselves but for our families,  
no matter how dispersed and shattered  
they are in all directions of the world  
with usually aborted lives



which they claim all the same to be successes,  
while we are too down to earth for self-deception; –  
but let all those tragedies and losses be –  
whose life is not a perfectly aborted failure,  
viewed objectively? We all end worse  
than even how we started with a naked scream,  
and if we're lucky we'll find love at least  
somewhere between, while the ultimate journey's end  
is always a most well deserved release  
from all the things that always did go wrong,  
while we are free at least from the responsibility  
of trying to at least set something right...

*The power of longing*

As long as there is something for you  
ardently to long for,  
you will keep afloat and flying  
in control of all your powers,  
for the longing is the surest symptom  
of the definite syndrome of love and life.  
I know, the more you long,  
the more it is a torture,  
but I can assure you at the same time,  
that the more you long, the healthier for you,  
since love is only wholesomeness,  
and longing is its spiritual manifestation.  
Never be afraid of longing and of suffering for love,  
for there is no more certain evidence  
of manifested truth of life  
in absolute sincerity and honesty.

*The supreme paradox*

(the supreme self-contradiction as its own supreme self-evidence)

You are always by my side  
especially when you are not there.

You are always in my heart  
especially when it is broken and empty.

You are always present in my life  
especially in your absence.

You are always in my focus  
especially when I am out of my mind  
and all my senses are dead.

You are always my one and only love  
the force of which goes on  
increasing constantly forever  
the more we are distanced from each other.

And thus our love goes on increasing and expanding  
the more it becomes impossible,  
thus proving the supremest paradox  
in proving itself by refuting itself.



*Let it be enough*

And would I not love you  
with a bleeding heart  
of fountain inexhaustibility  
that never could care more for you  
in self-denial unto self-annihilation  
out of worship, adoration and idolatry?  
That fire never will be quenched  
nor leave me ever any peace,  
and I enjoy it.  
Let it be enough:  
I could not love you more,  
nor could it ever end.

*To the brave oppositions in Iran and East Turkestan*

Wasted and exhausted  
it's a feat to lift your feet  
while flapping broken wings  
is just a weary burden  
and your heart of lead needs melting down  
to softer, lighter and more pliable material  
for more apt and healthy purposes  
than heavy broken hearts and heartaches.  
Let me sleep again and dream again  
of better worlds than all the lost ones,  
and I shall most gratefully reach out for any straw  
that providence and mercy offers me from nowhere  
in the whirling stream that drags me down  
into the dregs of all this worldly mess  
of universal violation of all human rights and freedom  
which was all the health there ever was in mankind.

*The problem of the eternally beloved*

( - Beethoven's "eternally beloved" has never been identified, for instance...)

Who is his love?  
Who has his heart?  
Is there at all an object  
that can be identified?  
There has been timeless speculation  
sometimes endlessly  
in certain literary lovers' seriousness:  
could they have been but fantasies,  
or was there really someone,  
and in that case, who was she?  
If it remains unknown,  
how can we even know about the gender?

I assure you, there was never any true love  
that was not concrete:  
if there was love that found expression  
in sincerity and honesty of words,  
then the loved one always was a person  
and a certain person other than himself;  
and if he called her Beatrice, Laura,  
Fanny or a secret and protected name,  
it is a matter of self-evident and obvious proof  
that she was clearly an identified and private person,  
never anything diffuse or general  
and never just a fantasy;  
for true love is not love  
if it is not concrete,  
which every true and honest lover knows too well,  
and there was never any word against it.

*Sotto voce*

Am I too intimate for you?  
Is that an outrage that insults you?  
Let me lower than my whispers

to be even more inaudible  
except for your ears only,  
and allow my touch  
to soften even unto mere vibrations  
unperceivable except for your soul only  
in the finest harmonies conceivable  
that can be heard in silence only  
in the voice of only purest love.  
Thus maybe I may touch and love you  
without ever hurting you  
or trespassing too closely on your soul,  
too well aware of the extremest sensitivity  
that only the supremest truest love is made of.

### *The mystery of love*

What is the inmost power mystery of love?  
Is it your own active love,  
or is it someone other loving you?  
Is this mysterious force an outside matter  
reaching you from others,  
or is it your own and private matter?  
No one knows for sure.  
The only certain thing  
is that you never are alone with it,  
that it must be a dual mutual thing  
to work and to exist at all;  
and then I lean towards the mystery,  
that it is the communion of two souls  
that it is all about,  
that somehow reach a contact  
that is beyond the material,  
which seems obviously manifested  
when two souls remain in contact  
although they can't see each other.  
That if anything is probably true love  
which carries on beyond all known dimensions  
independently of space and time.

### *Surreptitiously*

The impossibility of our love  
is no impediment to its reality,  
we can deny it to the world  
but never to ourselves,  
it is a fact of life,  
and though it brings much suffering,  
the joy of it is infinite  
belonging to the zone of timelessness,  
a certain matter of eternity.  
So let it just go on  
in torment, agony and sorrow,  
its beauty easily surviving vanity  
and every weakness of mortality,  
since in untouchable supremacy  
it simply never can give in.



### *Timelessness*

Timelessness is actually the only time zone and the one we all should live in now, tomorrow and in all times past, neglecting nothing of our time responsibility for all that happens, all that ever happened and all things to come.

The individual responsibility is absolute, transcending the mortality of power and politics dimly confined in private interests, while the individual mind of empathy and sense of decency is the supreme responsibility and motor of all welfare for mankind.

The cue now for the future is co-operation, since what history now needs most urgently is a new age of international co-operation.

*The volatility of love*

You fall in love and fall to wishful thinking  
that you've found your life's ideal  
and offer her eternities of love  
in perfect willingness to sacrifice whatever,  
until you are cheated and betrayed,  
deceived and brought to ruin by reality.  
Thus love seems just a fleeting thing,  
like a delightful dream of no more substance;  
but still, love remains and drives you on,  
the very heart of love is to continue against all denial,  
spurring you to after all remain an obstinate idealist;  
and whoever falls to love, love never falls.

*Hope*

I could cry out my eyes in flooding tears of blood  
for all my sorrows and lost loves;  
but still there is the possibility  
for beauty to in spite of all start triumphing again,  
since it was there once, true and honest;  
but you chose to just walk by  
and leave her as a fatally presumed impossibility.  
The formula is this: first do your duty  
and what's necessary, then do what is possible  
of all the things you want to do,  
and after that quite natural accomplishment  
you'll find that all that's left for you to do  
is to break through and carry out the most impossible;  
for beauty never leaves us but is always there,  
just waiting to appear again, if she is bypassed,  
hibernating to just flourish, ever turning up again.

*The magic of Manali*

Manali is one of the most popular hill stations in India at the foot of the Himalayas at 2000 meters with a very exotic cultural blend of its own...

The friendly idyll of the snowy hills  
has something over it of deep intrigue,  
while nomads, outcasts, sadhus,  
hippies, trekkers and adventurers  
flock here to some of them remain for life,  
a sacred haven for the seekers  
with exotic access to such places of notoriety  
as Manikaran and Malana up the Parvati,  
the valley of the lost and those desiring oblivion,  
like all those pathetic Israelis after three years'  
heavy and traumatic military service,  
going on the loose here only to forget about their situation,  
like so many others here with their lost lives.  
There certainly are stories here to tell and to discover  
and to learn concerning destiny and the whole situation  
of the definite predicament of all humanity.

*The Nomad*

Nothing can impede his freedom,  
he was born to roam and wander all his life,  
and lucky he, to have that precious gift  
of being constantly in touch with the supreme divinity  
of freedom all his life,  
like being touched and ordained by eternity.  
And he is wiser than most civilized prisoners  
of cities spending all their lives in cubicles,  
since he never bargains with his freedom,  
his ideal of staying constantly in touch with nature,  
ever on the move and circulating with the universe  
to stop at nothing; since the only perfect freedom  
never knows of any bounds or any limiting dimensions.

*Departure*

The sadness filling up the vacuum  
in the emptiness of your departed friends  
is like an endless melancholy abyss  
too profound and overwhelming for expression,  
going deeper in your heart and soul  
than any physical expression can admit or show,  
the feelings draining you of energy and will  
so far that even oceans of your tears  
will never water such a desert  
and not even make a dwindling mudpool  
for relief to all your pains, regrets and losses.  
But that hope remains,  
that your friends are still there  
and waiting for you in the future  
for that golden moment to return  
of your most loving association.

*What about it?*

What about love, my darling?  
You tempt me so seductively and irresistibly,  
and I am all for it, but still  
there are misgivings of experience.  
So many times the truest love affairs went wrong,  
and the cliché happy ending is the falsest myth,  
since there always was what happened afterwards.  
So let me love you faithfully but without ties,  
let love be free and active on its wings  
without any cuts and no enforcements down to earth,  
and only so I certainly will love you  
and be constant ever in my faith in freedom.

*Spirited away*

I lost my mind and soul  
up in the mountains  
and cannot get them down again.  
They call for me up there,  
and there is no choice  
but to return

up to the mountains  
where freedom calls forever  
for your liberation  
holding there your mind and soul  
in safe and sacred custody  
until you return  
up there unto the mountains  
where one day finally  
you will find your peace  
up there beyond the mountains  
with your head lost in the clouds  
of the ultimate freedom  
way up high  
beyond the tops of the mountains.

### *Renewal*

I was old and miserable and decrepit,  
worn out by too many sorrows,  
problems galore and worries without end,  
but someone came along,  
and it was you.  
The spiritual healing of such wounds  
that bleed to death inside the soul  
without an outer trace of anything  
is more miraculous than any other cure,  
than any medicine and wonder,  
and there was an urgent need of it.  
The question now is:  
how to keep it up,  
maintaining this our new reunion  
without new mistakes and failings,  
without getting all dispersed,  
disintegrating into pieces?  
All we need is to keep up communication,  
that's the only life-line,  
which, when working,  
can accomplish any miracle  
and make all problems vanish,  
blissfully transformed into surmounted challenges.

### *Frailty*

Thy soul is all the treasure  
of your love and universal charm,  
the concentration of your beauty,  
irrevocable and irresistible  
and unpersihable as your heart  
so full of only warmth and joy  
that can but last forever.  
Let me cherish you  
but without touching you  
inflicting never any harm or injury  
but only watering your cultivation  
as the most conscientious lover  
only would at any cost  
wage all on just preserving  
and aggrandizing the beauty  
of the everlasting moment  
of consummate love.





### *Hestia*

This enigmatic divinity, one of the 12 gods of ancient Greece, was the only one never to be depicted. Her symbol was instead the hearth.

The unknown goddess,  
almost never made a statue of,  
a silent modest background figure  
staying quietly at home –  
and maybe the most vital and important  
of all gods and goddesses  
for doing nothing but just being  
there at home in coziness  
with warmth and candour by the fireplace,  
just keeping up the homely standard order,  
keeping clean and making the home comfortable –  
what could possibly be more important  
than the very base of life,  
a home to be at ease with  
and to be at home in?  
Still, she never made much noise,  
no scandals, no atrocities,  
no arguments, no love affairs,  
just being there as the continuous stability,  
the comfort of just being there at peace  
and keeping up the basics  
as the only ground  
for the existence of all humankind.

### *Wuthering Heights*

When the devils attack me in the night  
my only possible escape is you,  
while storms keep harrowing the countryside  
wreaking havoc and destruction,  
threatening our lives with mortal danger;  
but my love is safe and beyond reach,  
and I am with her in my dreams  
untouchable to any mortal evil,  
and I wallow in my bliss  
and feast atrociously in my beatitude,  
more certain than I ever was before:  
no hubris ever can get even near to the sublimity  
of love's eternal consummation,  
that keeps constantly surpassing and transcending  
even all her previous endeavours of eternity.

### *Getting through (2)*

Is it really worth it,  
all that agony and desperation,  
all that torture and despair,  
that is the consequence  
and other side of love and ecstasy,  
the abyss of that hell  
that heaven's bliss inevitably leads to,  
ending up in knots of opposites,  
the heavenly existence and its liberation

proving but a trap and desperate entanglement  
of jealousies, complexities, suspicions,  
sleeplessness and nightmares?  
But the issue is of no importance,  
since love never can be done without,  
evaded or escaped from;  
it is always there  
expecting you and waiting for you,  
and there is no way out  
but to just get through with it;  
and while you suffer it,  
you might as well enjoy it.

#### *Facebook reflections*

They say it's only for the young,  
a forum for displaying vanity,  
a wallowing in nonsense  
and an endless jungle of confusion;  
but it's in fact a very clever site,  
well programmed, trimmed and working well,  
a kind of ideal social network  
for anyone to keep in touch  
with all his friends or hers  
on a continuous regular and daily basis,  
with a smart and most efficient possibility  
to exchange ideas and links and pictures,  
– Yes, it is the ideal social network  
for the busy person who has little time  
to spend in actual company of all his friends,  
while he can reach whomever all across the world  
by simply looking up in his computer  
what his friends are writing and communicating  
universally but simply in the common facebook  
which, accessible to everyone, belongs to everyone.

#### *The mask*

You veil yourself in most mysterious disguises  
as you enter prying into love  
in masks that not just hide your face away  
but even all your personality,  
neutralizing and dissolving all your sex  
to give full entry to your overwhelming love  
that flows so generously without end,  
so as to raise suspicions  
as to who you really are.  
Perhaps it's better not to know it  
but to be content with your unfathomableness  
which in its unidentifiable disguises  
is the perfected manifested mystery of love.

#### *Delirium*

You are a concrete person, no mistake,  
although I mainly see you from behind,  
where none the less your beauty fills me

overwhelmingly with joyfulness delirium  
and repletes my life with lovely dreams  
of love that promises eternal continuity,  
for such is beauty's force and influence,  
more strong than anything on earth,  
especially when clad in weakness and humility.  
Thus am I sneaking constantly up from behind to you  
to never let you go out of my love  
that keeps caressing, worshipping and cherishing you  
in fondest sweetness indefatigably,  
keeping up that soft delirium  
never to diminish  
but to on the contrary forever grow;  
for there is no more reliable long term expansion  
than the labour of untiring love.



*Backstage*

The dream of love will never end  
but constantly perfume our daily lives  
with neverending fragrance  
of sublime and subtle dreams  
that are more real than ever our reality will be;  
since love, the background motor  
of all life's existence,  
is all-powerful but only in spirituality,  
the action being just a consequential play.  
The background lovers, then,  
are those who truly know something about it  
and will keep controlling it  
sustaining life in perfectly expanding continuity  
as long as they remain invisible behind the scenes,  
aware of the importance of safe-guarding  
the most sacred secret mystery  
of love's untouchability  
in order to remain all-powerful.

*Dead end of conspiracies*

When everything is turned against you,  
what can you do? Just nothing.  
Maybe you could simply scrap a thing or two,  
some uncoöperative apparatus,  
like an obstinate computer  
that just drives you nuts,  
with other electronic instruments,  
all turned against you in a hopeless conspiracy  
that gives you no other choice  
but to give up and leave it all  
to hell, renouncing all responsibility;  
and when you finally succeeded  
in efficiently doing away with all those fucking monsters,  
that just turned your life into a dead end trap,  
a regular straitjacket of obstructions,  
sabotage, disorder, havoc, mess and bloody hell,  
then maybe you could start again  
in yet another effort  
to make something sensible out of your life,  
just for a change...

*Considering...*

a trifle

Considering the fact  
that I am late for work  
and out of work  
and can't get done my work  
since there's too much of it  
and I just can't get out of it,  
I might as well just call it off  
and stop here at my work  
to spend the night here  
working in my sleep...

It's not a very good idea.  
I should go home to bed instead  
and stay there with my love  
that I keep constantly neglecting,  
while the less that I neglect my work,  
the less of it I manage to get done;  
so what's the use  
of getting constantly mixed up in this  
and never get things sorted out?  
My love is there and waiting for me,  
and so is my work,  
but they can never be combined.  
So let's reach a compromise:  
let's work just with my love in mind,  
and let us sleep just dreaming of my love,  
and maybe then we will get something done...

### *Mermaid love*

My love is gone down under  
to the bottom of the ocean  
swimming there along  
in fairy tales with dolphins,  
like a pursued mermaid  
that no mortal can join up with,  
but my company is hers,  
and love knows of no limitation,  
we can float and flow forever  
in the best of companies  
with elves and fairies,  
mermaids, angels and what not  
and never tire of that flexibility  
enabling us to any change of form  
to just keep on pursuing  
love into the utmost bottomless recesses  
of the universal abyss of profundity  
of true and everlasting love.

### *The Song of Sirens*

They really mean no harm,  
and all they want is love,  
and it is perfectly convincing,  
their alluring song of love,  
that is so desperately beautiful  
that no one can resist  
its perfect and expressive honesty.  
Still, the only consequence is wrecks and ruins,  
skeletons and ruined lives,  
and no one knows what happened to the victims.  
All they did was to approve of love  
and listen to its perfect music  
and become enticed by it quite naturally,  
– they were only human;  
and they drank the song of love and perished,  
no one has survived to tell their story,  
they were sailors all and children of the sea,  
who met with the consummate form of love

in highest musical unfathomableness and beauty;  
and as far as anybody knows,  
no one of them regretted it.

*The most impossible equation*

The sunken love beneath the waves  
seems hopelessly to have been lost forever,  
buried in the ocean world of tears  
where nothing is retrieved or can be found,  
the grave that takes it all, returning nothing;  
but how come, then, that my love still hovers  
in a constant flight on wings of elves  
that never can be caught or taken down to earth  
and that a few initiated only can be made aware of  
and that only the mind's eye can see  
apart, of course, from second sight?  
That is the strange impossibility and paradox,  
that although I have lost my love forever  
it is more alive than ever.

*Sea of love*

Let me drown you in my sea of love  
and sink with you into the waves  
of everlasting tempests, turbulence  
and wholesome fleeting movement  
in this world of constant change,  
where we together may carouse  
and blend in life's surprising journey  
of dramatic destinies and fateful turns  
that ever make us start again  
on new adventures into the profundity  
of this amazing sea of love affairs  
that ever seem to multiply  
in richness as intoxicating as your hair,  
this universe of beauty to get lost in,  
while this worship keeps us ever diligent  
in making never-tiring love.  
So let's get buried and get lost  
into the abyss of our stormy ocean  
of our passion that can never end  
but only must increase forever.

*Flying colours*

Let me not forget to love you,  
soul and body, heart and mind,  
all the time and never leave you  
but in absence even always keep you  
present in my mind uninterruptedly  
persistently in close communication,  
never to forget the most important  
of all facts, that I have not the right to live  
if I for a moment fail to love,  
to keep that light and fire burning  
that must never be extinguished  
but must burn forever

to keep hope and life alive  
in sustained and constant flying colours,  
since that's all we really need.

*To a holy mountain*

This crowning day of beauty  
is like a dream of ideal worship  
of a deity omnipresent and untouchable  
but still accessible and visible  
though completely out of reach  
in perfect purity and splendour  
way out there five thousand meters up  
in nevermatched glorious supremacy  
fitting only for the absolute divinity.  
Thus do I worship thee, o holy mountain,  
perfect symbol for the unattainable perfection  
out of reach but omnipresent  
in impressing beauty that shines out forever.

*Love in the mist*

You came invisible  
except for contours  
through the fogs of mystery  
and mists of random chance  
and found me out immediately  
as if you actually could read my mind  
like any open book,  
which would be understandable  
since you have read me through  
for thirty years.  
Still, this entrance through the clouds  
is most characteristic  
of our spurious relationship,  
with all those accidental meetings  
out of nowhere out of time,  
which ever grows in intimacy  
into ever denser mists of mystery.

*Moonlight skywalk*

In this darkness, light is universal,  
nothing could possibly harm or touch me  
in this charming haze of sacred mists of mystery,  
as moonlight floods the earth and lights my path  
through any night to nowhere,  
anywhere but always forward  
to continuously greater heights  
of beauty and its ever waxing glory  
through the landscape dreams of ever denser magic  
as I reach for you beyond the stars,  
full well aware that you are always there  
in constant wait for me in loyalty and faithfulness,  
like I have never let you down,  
my love of shining moonlight  
through eternal nights of love  
where we shall never tire



of aspiring further to the stars,  
beyond the endless beauty of the universe.



*The other side of love*

Love brings you the serenest heights of ecstasy,  
but as sometimes you must do without it  
you are plunged into the depths  
of most unbearable despair  
and feel yourself abandoned  
on a desert ocean of melancholy,  
the stillness of which is the worst of all,  
as you drift lonely in the universe,  
just falling through the utmost emptiness  
down to a bottom that does not exist  
of darkness growing ever darker and more hollow.  
But this melancholy is, however, just a remedy,  
a medicine and balance to your trips  
of love exorbitancies and love ecstasies,  
and you should take it just for what it is:  
the other side of paradise and any shining medal  
which exists just to enhance the glory of the front,  
the background darkness to lift forth the light,  
the endless midnight sky of universal inaccessibility  
to just add glory to the blinding light of day  
and all its present swarming life of splendour,  
wallowing in love to never reach an end on it.

*The Darjeeling lecture*

delivered in Darjeeling 2000 and (revised) in 2009

An Orientation in Contemporary Literature

(The Darjeeling Lecture.)

The Bible - Homer - Dante - Shakespeare.

These are the four corner stones of world literature and civilization: the Bible as foundation for the three monotheistic world religions, Homer as the firm ground of the whole classical civilization, Dante as the originator of the Renaissance, and Shakespeare as the maker of modern man. These four authorities almost make up half of the history of literature.

Victor Hugo - Charles Dickens - Dostoyevsky - Leo Tolstoy.

These are the four literary giants dominating the 19th century, Victor Hugo by his romantic spirit, Dickens with his humanitarian pathos, Dostoyevsky by his psychology and Leo Tolstoy by his realism.

Then comes the 20th century, but why don't we have giants like this in that age? The First World War destroyed an entire generation of hopes and talents, such a brilliant and promising novelist as Henri Alain-Fournier fell on the western front, many were the poets that shared his fate (like Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen), and the Second World War was even worse. The disasters of the first half of the century made it almost impossible for creative writers of classical literature to exist.

Among the most typical examples are the collaborating couple Romain Rolland-Stefan Zweig, pacifists who detached themselves from the mundane world and almost completely dedicated themselves to writing only biographies, to preserve for the future the lives of real artists and writers, the existence of which a new unhuman age had made impossible. Romain Rolland ended up as a Hinduist, and Stefan Zweig, after perhaps the most brilliant literary career of the 20th century, committed suicide in the third year of the Second World War, being an Austrian and a Jew. He found it impossible to exist in a world which could have brought an Adolf Hitler to power.

All the same, there have been writers in the 20th century, but what kind has dominated it? Affected modernists and posing humbugs like T.S.Eliot, James Joyce, Samuel Beckett and other freaks and frauds of unintelligible language distortions. Classical literature has almost completely disappeared, like classical art and music, to be replaced by nonsense, ugliness and noise.

Fortunately there have been exceptions though, and a few examples are worth keeping in mind. In America there are but very few, since vulgarity seems to dominate everything produced there, but in England we have several interesting examples.

Robert Graves had enough of the western world by the First World War and afterwards almost exclusively dedicated himself to classical history and mythology. Joseph Conrad was a Pole but wrote in English, and his greatest admirer was Graham Greene, who must be regarded as one of the most important authors of the century, like the great connoisseur of human nature, William Somerset Maugham. Another underestimated writer is James Hilton, educated at Cambridge, with his sometimes ingenious novels. Among later authors John Fowles should be noted, whose novel "The French Lieutenant's Woman" is a successful attempt at reviving the great 19th century novel.

Let's also remember a few authors outside England. By the epoch-making "Doctor Zhivago", Boris Pasternak continues the great Russian tradition from Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy. The dramas of Jean-Paul Sartre are completely original and very effective, while at the same time he continues the tradition of the ancient Greek drama. Another very important modern novel is the Italian Elsa Morante's "History" in its deep neo-realistic settlement with the times of Mussolini and Fascism.

Although the great romantic-realistic story-telling tradition has had its hardest set-backs since the darkest medieval ages, it has survived and is continuing. But the same rule applies as ever: we have nothing else to build on but tradition. We have our great universal examples in the Bible, Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, and we have the great 19th century novelists to look up to; and even if the first half of the 20th century was almost only disastrous adversities, we still have the old examples to keep in mind, continue to learn from and keep up for the future.

Why, then, finally, is that tradition so important? Why bother about reading books? Because in those great immortal sacred books we have all the humanity there is. We have to look to them to find the sources of humanity, humanitarianism, the very identity of civilized man. The great classical writers are those who best understood and knew about man and thus could improve him by setting new examples. That's why I call the writer behind Shakespeare's dramas 'the maker of modern man', for so far no one has understood human nature better and improved it more than he.

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Concerning the art of writing, there are three things to always bear in mind: concentration, meaning and style. Whatever you write, it must be as concentrated as possible not to be boring, it has to have a meaning – there is never any meaning in nonsense, for instance; while style can only be acquired by diligent practice – it usually comes with the years.

The best practice of all, however, is simply to be a good reader, to read as much as possible of qualified literature, preferably classics, and learn from what others have written. Knowledge is of course perhaps the most important of all, which you can only acquire by lots of reading and practice.

One good book to learn a lot from and a magnificent example of concentration and style, is Somerset Maugham's "The Summing Up", a quite small book that however never can be exhausted for its best possible advice to all readers and writers.

Best of luck!

### *The lost soul*

As I fly between the skies  
completely lost in space and time  
belonging nowhere, roving everywhere,  
the only thing I know  
is all the things I miss,  
the company of forlorn friends  
completely at a loss as I,  
my fellow wanderers in wilderness  
belonging nowhere, out of place  
wherever we appear;  
and all that we can do  
to somehow keep some foothold  
is to stick at least together  
to the only certain thing we have –  
our love and friendship for each other.  
Maybe in some better world  
beyond all chaos and disasters  
we shall find at last  
some time to smile indeed,  
as we shall meet again  
occasionally through the aeons.

*Ultimatum*

"Give me liberty, or give me death." – O. Henry (who spent three years in prison)

Without control but flying high  
irrelevant of space and time  
and any order of the universe,  
I just keep wuthering  
and can't define my destination,  
which keeps baffling me;  
and so I just go on  
identifying one place in the wrong place  
and another one far beyond reach;  
as I fall down again into the abyss  
of mortality and passion and despair,  
the enemy called weakness getting hold of you,  
the only possible protection and defense  
just being obstinate resistance and protest  
against the enemies to my escape  
on wings of chance and spiritual fugue  
to get away beyond all pettiness,  
the only sane environment of any man.  
The only liberty is total liberty,  
and if that is beyond reach,  
the only possible alternative is death,  
the definite and ultimate release.

*Keep it growing*

My love, don't cut your hair,  
don't make your beauty shorter,  
just let it grow and let me hide in it,  
to ever worship what this richness stands for:  
generosity and sweetness,  
light, delight and affluence,  
the constant growth of nature's finest purity,  
the symbol of your very personality,  
the most profound enigma  
veiled up in a mystery  
that never can be fathomed  
without opening an abyss  
of a bottomless eternity of darkness –  
let me seek protection from that peril  
by escaping into that unfathomable beauty  
of your hair, so ultimate a perfect hiding-place,  
the only absolute protection  
against anything that ever bothered me.

*Another reason*

It makes you younger,  
this expansion of your hair,  
this prolonging of your beauty,  
this free growth without infringement,  
this vast wealth of light and generosity  
embodied in your gorgeous hair  
for me to tousele in to happily get lost,  
like in a web of charming dreams

of infinite seduction and allurements,  
fascination and enchantment,  
adding to your spell and total power,  
to which I must willingly succumb.  
Continue thus, my love,  
and let it grow to ever brighter beauty,  
and that will be some insurance  
that I never will be able to forsake you,  
tired of you or give up my dream  
of everlasting love forever growing  
comfortably and harmoniously with you.



Incapacitated  
you desperately gasp for air  
but can not reach it,  
being slowly suffocated  
but just not enough to die

but merely to remain in constant dying,  
among tortures most unbearable of all,  
and all is dead and dying except hope.  
It happens every year again.  
Cruel winter buries life live,  
while every spring there is the miracle again  
of resurrection, love reviving, life triumphing;  
but the ordeal is the same  
each bloody hellish winter  
putting you and all life on the rack  
to all but kill you off,  
just saving a small whiff of life enough  
to make the resurrection workably inevitable.

*Midwinter light*

Let me keep you in my heart  
and warm you for the winter  
in protection of my piety  
against the coldness of adversities  
and try to vest you with a better life  
without the hardships and the sufferings  
that you indeed did not deserve.  
If I could just assuage the outrage  
of your tormentous afflictions,  
it certainly would be a triumph  
for my tenderest ambitions,  
and I would not hesitate  
to be most actively consistent  
about carrying through that quest  
of humble love and tender faith  
towards our sorely tried relationship  
that is the more ideal  
for all your sufferings and our trials.  
Let this be my offering to you  
out of the darkness of midwinter  
as the smallest but the most enduring light  
of love that so far never failed.

*Presence*

As I wake up in the night  
and find myself afloat in emptiness  
surrounded by a sea of silence,  
you are all around me  
like a fairy at my cradle  
or a guardian angel for that matter,  
filling me with unexpected awe  
and worship of the express moment  
as the sweetness of your music  
quietly embalms me  
as I sink into the sea of love  
of precious piety and intimate respect,  
as I feel there is nothing truer,  
nothing more important and more palpable  
than this existence of this actual love  
that quietly pervades the universe  
as I in perfect loneliness and silence

must accept the undeniability  
that you are closing in on me  
as love is getting nearer  
in its universal intimacy  
ruling powerfully all the world  
as you engulf me  
by your distant presence.

### *Her triumph*

The shattering and shocking tragedy  
of your outrageous fall  
fills me with paralysed dismay,  
while no one can remain unmoved  
by such a shocking story and adversity,  
which would have killed an ordinary person off;  
but I would think your sensitivity has saved you.  
Oaken trees of stalwart hardiness  
will break at heavy storms,  
while rushes, whipped down to the ground,  
will rise again as soon the storm is over.  
Your vulnerability is utterly extreme  
but will by its mere delicacy,  
deep-felt empathy and total flexibility  
survive whatever earthquake cataclysms,  
emerging only nobler and more beautiful  
for all the undeserved atrocious trials,  
as each flower after winter  
and the irrevocability of growing daylight  
after every midwinter nadir.  
And thus you triumph in your worst defeat,  
maturity renewing your nobility  
and harmony transcending all discord  
to settle down in peace.

### *Hibernation*

We are happy to at least survive  
the hardship and adversities  
of this recession winter  
of increasing discontent,  
the weakest falling deepest,  
wreaked down in the gutter,  
while we barely even keep our noses  
above water, languishing and gasping  
desperately for some space to breathe  
in this deep-frozen world of violated spiritual values:  
starving artists starve to death,  
and bankrupt journals must close down,  
publishers just scrap your manuscripts  
for your audacity to even make an offer,  
and commercialism increases in monstrosity and cruelty  
with the preposterous society of self-consumption,  
ruining the planet, forcing all idealism out of business.  
Still, we manage to survive,  
the winter blossoms and perennials,  
since we are used to hibernating,  
being certain of our case,

that beauty always must survive all ugliness,  
that love lasts longer than all mortal brawl  
and longer than eternity,  
which is our party for survival.

*Winter Terror*

Darkness looms as coldness steals upon you  
sneaking even into bed with you  
to pester you with sleepless nights  
with no chance ever to get warm again,  
as nightmares gather in delirious crowds  
to drive you nuts and sick all over,  
fever raging in your veins,  
as everything continues to get worse.  
And still, right in the heart of darkness  
suddenly again there was a recognition  
of the kind of love that never dies  
but keeps revitalizing  
even under the most desperate conditions,  
graciously renewing all your energy and strength  
by simply showing off in sheer existence,  
the supreme untouchability  
of sovereign integrity of beauty,  
carrying all before her through the ages,  
as is her normal wont and operation,  
never brought down or defeated,  
pure serenity of absolute survival.  
Thank you for thus gracing me  
by only making an appearance,  
instantly replacing all the winter terrors  
with resplendent light.

*A question of beauty*

When are you loveliest?  
Is it in the golden summertime,  
when everything is flourishing in sumptuousness  
and greenness extols in health and wealth  
to make the whole world sparkle in full glory?

Or is it in the fall of colourfulness,  
when the harvests fill the needs of life  
to make some room for afterthought and melancholy  
turning life and beauty the more irresistible?

Or is it in the heavy trials of dark winter  
when severity makes people cuddle up  
and turn more closely to each other  
in the absolute white purity,  
which makes the winter beauty sovereign?

Or is it in the spring renaissance  
when life wakes up from the dead  
in more triumphant ecstasy than ever  
in explosive dynamics of beauty  
more surprising every year?



No, you are never loveliest  
in any high season of beauty,  
since you always are the loveliest  
out of time, regardless of all seasons.

*Orpheus*

You descend unto us mortals  
bringing light and inspiration  
with the joy of beauty  
as a dream of immortality,  
at least a vision of its possibility,  
as the mere existence of your person,  
O talented son of the ideal Apollo,  
gives not only hope to all humanity  
but lightens up all hopelessness  
and hell itself  
with all its doomed accursed souls  
condemned to suffer in extremity  
forever, like ourselves this winter...  
well, your visit was indeed most welcome  
like a well-deserved renewal of the show  
with better hopes this time  
that your inspiring and revitalizing gifts  
will keep us going for it yet again  
for yet another moment of eternity.

*The loss of love*

a rather common syndrome, I am afraid...

You carry on in spite of all  
with all your duties, businesses and burdens,  
straining constantly against the wind  
in never-ending ever steeper up-hill  
trying to survive  
and to forget your losses,  
but you can not do without them.  
They are always there, reminding you  
of how it was when once you had it all,  
the whole world and no worries,  
just because you had someone to love.  
There is no compensation for that loss,  
no workoholism, no obsession will suffice  
to make up for that emptiness;  
and all you can do is to struggle on  
and cry at times for all that nothing that you got  
as a reward for all your sufferings,  
while none of all your losses  
ever was intentional, deserved or fair.

*Ice age reflection*

Who can believe in spring  
in this diverted ice age  
of deep-freeze constancy in lethargy,  
depression, anguish and sterility,

where there is hardly any space and outlet  
but for languishment, surrender and despair?  
They say the snow is white and pure and beautiful,  
it is, of course, but just to look at, not to live in,  
and we are obliged to be snowed-in indefinitely,  
ruthlessly buried alive by winter.  
Still, the spring is somewhere waiting for us,  
although it seems farther off than ever,  
hardly even to be dreamt of by a realist;  
and meanwhile we will have to be content  
with all the charm of this delightful  
pure white beautiful sterility and hardness  
of at least a temporary ice age.

### *Old Mortality*

She is always waiting there  
to catch you as you fall,  
the mother of existence,  
the safe insurance at the end,  
the final liberator  
guaranteeing total freedom,  
old mortality, the certain harvester of all,  
who by his mere existence  
offers you the opportunity of life  
to hover at your wildest,  
no height and no distance being too severe,  
no possibility being restricted;  
that old death awaiting at the end  
ensures you every liberty of life  
within the only limit  
that you must return to him  
where he awaits you with a silent promise  
or a half one – there's his only doubtfulness,  
that he might launch you on another start.

### *The Language of Music*

It's the only transcendental language  
as the only language to be understood immediately without prerequisites.  
The most unmusical person can understand a simple melody  
and thereby be brought to an uplifting emotional reaction,  
which hardly any other language is capable of to the same degree.  
However, music has its grammar, which is simple  
but without which music is but noise without a meaning.  
Like a sentence must consist of subject and predicate to convey any meaning,  
music must have melody and harmony and rhythm.  
A melody can exist without harmonics and rhythm but is then naked  
and needs dressing up. Harmonics is the perfect costume,  
while rhythm will make it fit to any purpose universally;  
and thus with these three components, melody, harmony and rhythm,  
music is superior as language and will get through anywhere,  
outshine all languages and unite them,  
for any word and language can be set to music.  
The natural cosmic order within music  
is so consummate in its nature and so pure in its comprehensive abstractness  
that it generally always has a positive, uplifting and inspiring effect.  
It's something of an ideal in itself in its unassailable abstraction,

it is, as Lionardo da Vinci said, "the abstract made concrete",  
and could thereby be described as a unifying link between the ideal world and reality,  
with a kind of Promethean function of uplifting effect to man.  
Beethoven sometimes regarded himself as a modern Prometheus  
stealing fire from the gods to light up man.  
In brief, as a language music has what all other languages lack,  
the something extra,  
which better can unite all languages and people and nations  
than any political speaker can do.  
Say it in music, and the message will get through,  
while almost any preacher always preached to only deaf auditions.

### *The Sin of Beauty*

If the attractiveness of beauty is a sin,  
then every sin is beautiful  
and should be obligatory in every education,  
taught at school and wallowed in as subject  
universally, for health and benefit to everyone;  
but I think beauty is much better than a sin.  
It is a medecine and remedy against all ugliness,  
the opposite of everything in life that drags you down,  
the counterpart and other side of history,  
excluded shamefully from ordinary history accounts,  
while only beauty managed to survive it.

So let's dedicate ourselves to the exoneration  
constantly forever of the Sin of Beauty,  
which you never really can have quite enough of.

### *The Problem with Beauty*

The problem about beauty is,  
it is too beautiful,  
every beautious lady is too beautiful,  
and you can never have them all,  
and even if you have one of them,  
that is not enough,  
since there is always someone else  
who happens to be even more beautiful.  
The eyes can not resist the charm of beauty,  
you just have to fall for every one of them,  
there is not a chance of an escape;  
while more often than not you are deluded,  
and the beauty proves to be a mask of shallowness,  
which only complicates the problem...  
Thus you learn with age  
to look beyond the mask of beauty,  
and eventually you will discover  
that real beauty has no permanence  
except within the soul.

### *Avatar blues*

Blue is beautiful,  
especially when it is natural,  
as in those precious beings

living there among the trees  
of Utopian world Pandora  
in perfect symbiosis  
with all living things  
with deeper harmony and empathy  
than any human being here on Earth,  
a monster race of egoism and strife,  
a self-destructive and unnatural absurdity  
which most of all is qualified for war  
and secondly for greed –  
that's all their history is all about;  
and yet, this blue race in the sky  
was actually invented here by man,  
a wonderful result of his imagination,  
like an ideal and alternative humanity  
who hasn't yet committed those mistakes  
that ruined mankind's history.  
And that is all that we can learn of,  
our own creativeness and fantasy,  
the striving for idealism that never left us  
but made us go on in spite of all  
against our own destructiveness  
to maybe one day triumph after all?  
That actually may be our only hope.

#### *Philosophical digression*

The exquisite subtlety of genderless love  
is best expressed in music, someone told me,  
for its capability of the extremest tenderness  
without temptation of exaggeration  
or of going any step too far;  
which brings me to the possibility,  
that music actually might be the very heart  
and essence of love language and expression,  
hardly able to get further purified and concentrated.  
That brings us to the more wondrous possibility,  
that love is truest without genders.  
Could it possibly be true?  
Well, anyone could fall to music  
when it is a love expression,  
and to that fall, sex and gender are superfluous.

#### *Youth*

The youth is always there  
no matter how it ages,  
you are never dead and gone  
since once you were alive,  
and that life at its best  
is what survives forever,  
in its supremest health and beauty,  
vitality and charm and fragrance –  
you can never lose it,  
even if you die,  
and ageing is just maturation –  
all the best parts of your life and person  
are embedded in your soul

to there shine forth  
in splendid continuity forever.



*Paradise speculation*

Tell me, what is Paradise  
this strange ideal that everybody dreams of  
but which no one yet has seen;  
but ask me, for I know it.  
The problem is, it is not practical  
nor physical nor tangible in any way  
but purely intellectual,  
a utopia, which however does exist  
and everyone is well familiar with  
who knows about ideals and dreams and beauty  
and the charm of knowledge and its acquisition.  
If it were to be defined at all,  
I would fain liken it  
to sitting down in peaceful studies  
listening to soothing music  
letting creativity flow forth.  
That is the only Paradise I know,  
and that is good enough for me.

*Some ordinary beating around the bush...*

My heart belongs to you,  
it always did, I never had it  
for myself but only for my love,

who kept it never to herself  
but always kept returning it to me  
so that I could continue  
giving it to her in perfect continuity  
as long as love goes on,  
as long as life goes on,  
as long as I can still adore you,  
which I never could stop doing  
so far, since your beauty always was  
of some eternal irresistibility  
which keeps me going on  
and which could keep me going on  
if not forever, then at least  
for all eternity at the time being.

### *Diagnosis*

The ecstasy of love  
is like a dream materialized  
but still remaining dreamlike  
in its nature and its substance  
for all its tangible reality,  
transporting you from that reality  
to the more esoterical dimensions of eternal dreams,  
while still your love remains at present  
all too real to not be true  
in spite of its extraterrestrial substance,  
cleaving you in half and double  
stranded in reality  
with undeniable eternity  
of all too present love.  
There is no way out  
but capitulation  
to eternity, to love  
all in a fickle moment  
of the fleeting now.

### *Spooks*

They are always there and waiting for you  
in the mists of apocryphal mystery  
in other dimensions of paranormality  
but always ready for you to welcome you back  
to their eternal and extraterrestrial community,  
where you will always have a home  
amidst the continuity of undying philosophy  
adoring love and beauty above all  
that will triumph and expand forever  
ignorant of any risk or chances of impediment,  
while in that zone there are no limits,  
only perfect freedom that can only grow at large  
to ever keep that mystical philosophy alive  
of beauty never waning and of love not ever fading.

### *Stuck*

Who can cope with the entanglement  
and the ensnaring self-consumption of addictive love  
that traps you in a black hole of devouring exhaustion  
to just keep you prisoner with no escape,

since you delight in the outrageous masochistic madness  
that eats up your soul in painful loss  
until you languish in supreme despair;  
and yet the miracle phenomenon is this,  
that you just cannot stop  
but must continue lusting, driving on in spite of all  
in self-consuming and outrageous folly,  
since your energy in that direction is a black hole  
that can never be fulfilled or satisfied;  
and thus you keep on roller-coastering without hope and no end  
except in new black holes in darkness through the universe.

*Spring of youth*

How could I else than love you  
for your irresistibility and charm  
and magic of eternal youth  
transcending even timelessness  
and all conceivable dimensions,  
since you never are the same  
although your beauty never changes,  
as if it was renewed each day  
returning to its freshest basics;  
and thus can I never be relieved of you  
but kept apace with you instead  
renewed with you to ever greater love  
in the eternal spring of love  
which is but truth and beauty entertained.

*Comment*

As my dreams come true  
I think of you,  
the realizer of my dreams,  
transforming life into a paradise  
of dreams materialized into reality,  
so how can this result  
in less than an obsession?  
Stay by me,  
remain just as you are,  
and nothing could become more perfect;  
since I never was the one  
to ever give up love  
once I was sure of it.

*No sex please – I am single*

(for some bachelors, singularity is like a religion...)

Don't you dare to love me,  
I've had quite enough of love  
by sticking to the only safe one,  
loving just myself.  
I don't need any trespassing  
into my mind, integrity and singularity,  
since sex is just a mortal exercise  
destroying friendship and relationships,

since no one marries any more  
except for masochistic separation  
and the sufferings of self-inflicted trauma.  
So I must advise you not to love me,  
so that I can love you even more.

*The loveliness of you*

The loveliness of you  
is like a dream of you  
that lasts forever  
which you never want to quit  
but only wish to stick to  
like to some eternal energy  
that constantly renews you  
making you more active and alive  
for every moment of your life  
as long as you remain in dreams  
to never more wake up,  
the only possible awakening  
just being finding out  
that you no longer can wake up.

*Inevitably*

What distances could ever separate us,  
and yet are we separated  
by the cruelty of distances  
that cannot reunite us  
for at least a year or more  
with threatenings of even more,  
wherefore my heart is bleeding  
evermore in tears for longlost friends  
and friendships painful to remember  
for their intimate profundity of love  
that had no chance to manage and survive  
the cruelty of winter coldness  
stealing into hearts of men  
allowing cruelty to steal into society  
and kill the true love of our minds  
with cold indifference and insensitivity.  
And yet, you are still there, like me,  
just waiting for the reunification  
of the true love of our minds  
and for another spring of truth and love  
with beauty that inevitably always must return.

*Universal night of love*

O night of love,  
how beautiful you are  
in your eternity  
of beauty ever growing  
like the universe  
of infinite expansion  
of not just one bang  
but banging on forever  
with all those black holes of love



that ever bring forth other universes  
of eternal love  
that evermore remain  
the only force of light and love  
that lighteth up the universe  
to keep it going on  
for all eternity, at least so far...

*Adoration*

My beloved friend,  
our distance is some lightyears,  
maybe more,  
and yet we are within each other  
constantly forever  
never to return to earth  
or to mortality,  
since only true love is eternal,  
like virginity, if it survives,  
the symbol of which is your splendidly long hair,  
that never ceases to entangle me,  
like some of you are equally entangled  
and obsessed by men that wear long hair;  
but I have never touched you,  
only loved you,  
true love being all too sacred to my heart  
to ever be imperilled, set at risk in any way;  
and I believe  
that love can never be more true and lasting  
than when it is firmly anchored  
in the adoration of the beauty of your soul.

*The night of love and ecstasy*

It was the longest night  
of love and ecstasy,  
of triumph and exhilaration,  
of divinest satisfaction  
and the glorious victory  
of never reaching home  
and still be so victorious  
in endless happiness  
completely out of our minds,  
as if the whole world of a sudden  
had transformed into a paradise  
of new renaissance breakthroughs  
and discoveries in space  
of new and better worlds  
inhabitable and quite within reach  
for mankind to continue her expansion  
like our love forever,  
and it did not even hurt.  
I will say only this:  
Like I so long have been so true to you,  
I know now it will be bilateral,  
remain so; and I shall be always satisfied.



### *Happiness*

You hide behind your beauty,  
veiled in mystery  
and sealed up in your secrets,  
like our love mysterious  
unfathomable in profundity  
and inescapable in actuality,  
our common life and meaning of our lives,  
the glory of our happiness  
and endless joy of simply being  
close together and inseparable –  
what more could we need?  
We live in paradise in our love,  
but we can only spread our happiness  
by so remaining unknown  
in the mystery of our secret.

### *Friendship*

Love is risky and momentous,  
since you never know what is to come of it,  
a lovely dream to fly away with,  
flee into, abandoning yourself completely  
to a temporary unpredictable ideal  
that must eventually end up  
in unavoidable awakenings into reality;  
while friendship is the only safe and perfect bet,  
a base to build on for a lifetime and forever,  
which in no way does exclude  
the possibility and utmost joy of love.  
In fact, true friendship is the very essence  
of a perfect lasting love;  
and only if you have that friendship,  
love could really last forever.

### *Ecology for survival*

The flood of light is overwhelming us  
in overwhelming force of love  
to bring a new age  
neutralizing all the rotten business  
of mistakes and all historical disgraces,  
bringing nature back to rule  
and man away from madness.  
Nature is to be restored  
in splendid freedom as of old  
to educate and chastise man  
for all his egoist insanity and hubris,  
clearing up the planet of his dirty spills;  
and thus shall nature reclaim earth,  
and man be taught a lesson for eternity.

### *Intimate infinities*

The sign of love is more than just a feeling,  
it is destiny itself intruding in your life

with over-evident manifestation,  
shocking miracles and revolutionary turns,  
that must inevitably change your life  
into a new direction  
of a new established love.  
I don't know how you did appear from nowhere,  
but you undeniably are there,  
and I can never leave you,  
since the risk of any harm or torture  
is excluded from the start between us,  
which provides us with a world of possibilities.  
– So let's just keep that course,  
abandoning ourselves to joys of love  
in this new universe between ourselves  
of intimate infinities of love.

### *Endurance*

The bitter separation of farewell  
is like a forced commitment to asylum  
or into a painful exile  
of no visible or knowledgeable end,  
and bitter tears will flow to wash all oceans,  
until the return to source of lasting love  
in friendship and in truest lovers' breasts  
will fill us once again with basic energy  
of love and pride to face all challenge with.  
The challenge is to always keep your love  
no matter how much you are separated;  
and if love is true indeed,  
not even death shall ever keep you off it.

### *The Flight*

The only true love is ideal love  
overwhelming and transcending  
all reality and its impossibility,  
the limitations and the unreliabilities,  
uplifting and up-keeping all that matters,  
the integrity of the supremacy  
of the transcending soul,  
that always like a butterfly  
must needs break all the mortal flesh  
to ever keep on wings as high as possible  
and flying on into eternity.  
Love is a flight  
and can but keep on loving  
while she stays on flying.

### *Is it worth it?*

Why is love and sorrow  
so inseparably linked  
in closer intimacy with each other  
than almost any other human feelings?  
Must love always lead to worries without end  
and sorrows without bottom,

is that really unavoidable and natural,  
inevitable consequences of delights of love?  
I can not answer that, but I am afraid  
that in all my experience  
I never had a glimpse of any contrary  
to all that love resulting but in woe.

But it is beautiful, and that might be  
its ultimate salvation and reward;  
and of such wonder is that beauty,  
that whatever woe and sorrow would be worth it,  
even every pain and worry, torment and despair.

So just accept it, and go on  
and follow love's course bravely  
on the road to any trial and perdition,  
but you will survive and be rewarded  
for as long as you stay on as lover.

#### *Quiet declaration*

Let me not trespass  
in my daily visits  
to your precious side  
nor come too close  
when it is night  
and I once more  
can't do without you  
but must steal into your soul  
to stay there warming up  
my tenderness and love  
for your prevailing beauty  
and the wise profundity  
of your immortal soul.  
Methinks I have already  
loved you for some moderate eternity,  
and I am always ready  
for another one  
of only love of you.

#### *The black hole secret*

The origin of creativity  
is always but humility,  
to serve and not be seen,  
to give without demand,  
to love in one way only  
not expecting to be loved,  
and that way you will find a way  
to an entire universe  
of creativity and love  
from just a basis of humility  
originating in a bottomless black hole,  
forever spewing forth  
infinities of love and stars and nebulae,  
the ever irresistible big bang of love,  
at bottom just a perfect nothing.



*One drop of love*

All you need  
is just a single drop  
into the ocean  
for a contribution  
not to let the oceans vanish  
or run dry,  
but that one single drop  
is utterly important,  
since that ocean  
is the world of love,  
and every drop is needed  
not to let the oceans vanish  
or run dry;  
and that is why  
it is so mightily important  
that we cry  
at least  
one drop of love.

*No hope as yet...*

As my love of you is only getting worse,  
expanding me to death and overstrain  
in constant spiritual exhaustion,  
your obsession is a haunting spectre  
never leaving me alone  
but always edging me along  
in constant worries and unease,  
and there is never any cure for love.

So keep the whirlwind roaring,  
hunt me down if you can make it,  
and I'll just keep on running  
chasing you as well  
through all the torturous unrests of hell  
with just one single hope  
like some faint light in the far end  
of this the darkest of all tunnels,  
that of one day maybe  
reaching some kind of a settlement...

*Lover in disguise*

You'll never even get the chance  
to guess at my identity  
or to at all suspect me  
of what I really am,  
and thus my freedom is complete  
to fill my universe of love  
with affluence of generosity  
for that perverse atrocious love  
that haunts me never to leave me in peace  
demanding ever overstrained expansion  
unto death and beyond;  
but, as people say,  
in love and war there are no rules  
but only limitless allowances for anything,  
the tolerance of freedom is atrocious;  
and I claim that privilege  
to go on loving you  
in safe disguise as anything  
but that exaggerated lover that I am.

*Memories of my first love*

(although this was written more than three years ago,  
for some reason it was never published before...)

You bring me back my first love  
just by your existence  
with your long amazing hair  
exactly as my hippie bride of 30 years ago  
who just like you enchanted all her world  
and made all men go drown themselves in craziness.  
Since then nothing has changed at all.  
I am still young and green, naïve and potty  
and consider the whole world my own  
since it is dancing all just for my love,  
and I am omnipotent as a lover  
since I have you for my love,  
the only goddess of eternity,  
who keeps my love alive forever  
just by existing as my first  
perpetual love that never dies.





### *Creation*

The key to creativity  
is nothing but humility,  
to serve and not be seen,  
to give without demand,  
to love in one way only  
not expecting to be loved,  
and that way you will find a way  
through your own universe of love  
to foster it, create it and maintain it  
like a secret garden of your own  
of only love of infinite expansion;  
but the key is absolute humility,  
to concentrate on love alone  
without expecting any feedback.

### *The urge of passion*

The passion of my heart  
is neither to be quelled or quenched,  
the voice is singing loud  
and can not be put down or quieted,  
for it is honesty of nature only  
crying madly for a break and outlet  
with the urge of natural necessity  
for justice, acceptance and acknowledgement,  
which love needs desperately  
all the time for its survival  
and the urge of its continuous expansion,  
which is nothing less  
than just a natural demand and force  
of a most universal kind of all eternity.  
Thus passion must not be controlled  
but must be let alone, let out  
and granted absolute and perfect freedom,  
or there will be never any worse debacle  
than when love, once set on fire,  
is refused and must backfire.

### *Seduction*

Stealing forth from nowhere,  
overwhelming you with mystic might,  
endowing you with force and power,  
irresistibility is all there is,  
and all you can do is surrender  
utterly completely and forever,  
fooled by the delusion of eternal pleasure,  
and it is indeed enjoyable enough  
as long as it keeps working,  
but the trouble is,  
it is mortality itself,  
it always must come to an end,  
and all you can do is to compromise  
and learn to live with love and death  
together as two opposites inseparable;  
and if you can manage that,

you might be able to go on  
as lover after all  
seductions of both love and death.



*An old musician's complaint*

The sweet sound of silence  
is a balsam to my ear  
in my decrepit old condition,

handicapped and martyred  
by the noises of barbarity,  
the brutal banging of unnatural destruction,  
sound pollution, worse than any torture,  
while the only natural and perfect music  
comes from silence  
and the softer rumours of all nature.  
Therein let me lie and rest  
in splendid isolation  
of the perfect recreation  
of environmental safety  
where in humblest silence  
you can hear the music of eternity  
and purest universal beauty.

*The clandestine lover*

Love needs prudence and consideration  
which are carried easily too far  
and leading into traps of cowardice,  
but there are always byways  
roundabout to keep you on the target,  
so that you don't have to give yourself away  
to all the world for all your love  
and at the same time still remain  
complete and honest as a lover.  
But whatever others think of you  
for all your hypocritical prudential cowardice,  
your heart can never tell a lie  
for all the masks that decency demands,  
and as long as you stay true and constant  
to the overburning and consuming love  
of your bereaved and tortured heart,  
you will survive and conquer all  
as the most honest and convincing lover.

*The Risk of Wages*

The wages of sin is death,  
but the wages of love is life.  
Love is then to get away from death,  
and thus is death its greatest spurner.  
Thus are all good things that make life meaningful  
dependent on their opposites for spurning inspiration.  
The fountain of exhilaration is depression,  
nothing can be crueller than the acts of love,  
and ecstasy can come from lethal drugs.  
Is this duality then inescapable,  
and must euphoria be dependent on affliction?  
Well, the only way to deal with that dilemma  
is eliminating both extremes  
and leaving you with only boredom,  
which in bleakness could be worse than any depressivity,  
and who wants that who wants to live?

*Life's natural addiction*

If love is an affliction and addiction,  
let me wallow in it then the more,  
get buried in its abyss of delights,  
go under in its oceans of generosity  
and drown forever in its storms and waves  
and never reach the bottom of its deepest grave,  
for love is life, and there's no other life,  
and all the rest is just adornments  
and embellishments of this one central thing,  
to love, enjoy its freedom and get lost in it.  
It's not a sexual thing,  
it is the joy of giving up yourself  
in the communication with another,  
and the sex is really of no matter;  
but if there are children as a consequence  
of nature, that is the supreme reward, of course.



*Refuge*

Let us disappear together  
in a haze of love and mystery  
and vanish into mists of dreams  
where we are free to relish ourselves  
together without interference  
way beyond this universe  
and all society of stifling rules,  
where we are free to be ourselves  
and can enjoy each other

in indefinite expansion.  
Let them wonder where we are,  
since no one needs to know about it  
but ourselves, where we can be together  
without ever risking any more to lose each other.

*Adorable unattainability*

Your beauty is supreme  
and I can only worship you  
with awe and admiration  
for your absolute perfection  
as the final consummation  
of the everlasting love ideal,  
which though is only philosophical.  
There is the rub,  
that I can never reach you,  
since you are too perfect  
and too beautiful to be attainable.  
But let me be content  
and grateful for the wondrous fact  
that you at all exist.

*The extremity of love*

There are no bounds,  
and yet we are in thrall  
of our love and its forbidden nature,  
it is limitless and universal  
but confined by human nature  
never to get publicly expressed  
or comprehensible in human terms,  
since it is too extreme to ever be defined.  
Perhaps that is the very definition  
of true love: completely bound in silence  
but the more expansive, free, dynamic and outrageous  
for its deprivation and humiliation.  
Although beyond all conventional qualification,  
we are the more free in love's exaggeration.

*Joyfulness*

You are my joy with all your lovers,  
spreading beauty everywhere,  
like some magic faerie queen  
on special visit for some inspiration  
like on some esoteric mission,  
which seems well to prove efficient.  
Am I not proud to be your foremost lover then,  
who never found but harmony in your society  
of love and beauty to infinity  
and no small lustful nights between?  
Can I hope for this to be a continuity?  
Of course, we always did return  
from any wayward journey;  
but my chief concern is this,  
that even our journey through eternity

on wings of love more stable than the earth  
must reach an end and harbour,  
temporarily at least.



*How shall I describe...*

complimentary

How shall I describe you?  
You transcend all idealization,  
making all description vain and base,  
since words can never give you justice.

How shall I describe your beauty,  
indescribable and indispensable,  
as is your enigmatic and evasive personality,  
that baffles any lover and admirer and adorer.

Yet you are the realest kind of lady,  
like an esoteric queen  
that never can be grasped by definition.

Still, one thing is too concrete to be denied,  
the beauty of your long and splendid hair,  
the sweetest thing to touch in all existence,  
smooth as water and attractive  
as a waterfall of darkest diamonds.

Let my adoration be arrested there  
in stupefaction at your lovely hair,  
a true manifestation of your sovereignty  
in both beauty, character and love.

*The way out*

In the vacuum of despair and darkness  
overcast with hopelessness and desert gloom,  
the blackness of my life turned into a blind alley  
of abandoned and decrepit incapacity,  
you kindled something of a ray  
that turned into a dominating lightning,  
growing to full glorious daylight sunshine,  
which since then has been my solace,  
actually my only spiritual comfort.  
Stay that way, my love, abide with me  
and never fade again into the shadows that you came from  
of atrocious sufferings and bad experience,  
and it will be my pleasure to sustain you  
by all means with all my heart;  
and thus perhaps we might turn all existence  
and the world into a better place.

*Home from Siberia*

Out of love, and out of touch,  
it's been a difficult divorce,  
compulsory, of course,  
and something of an edifying challenge,  
since detachment reinforces basics.

It has been a lesson of survival  
hastening our singular condition  
for maturity and new expansion  
towards what we can't know anything about,  
the abyss of the great unknown,  
the enigma of the closed door of the future.

We exist, and that should be enough  
for our sustained love to continue  
ever more to greater depth  
and more profound expansion,  
being locked within each other  
in a permanent and endless union.

*The falsity of the ego*

Developing an ego must end up  
in the blind alley of frustrated lies,  
unless you cultivate it only  
for an educational experiment  
to find where destiny would lead you  
if you give free reins to your imagination  
and the freedom to create a fancy ego  
just to sacrifice it on the altar  
of self-analysis, criticism and scrutiny.  
You don't have a self in any case,  
so you might anyway just blow it up  
to see and learn where vanity would lead you.  
Truth remains, and when your egos are consumed

you will have learned at least  
the lesson of responsible detachment.

*New worlds of wisdom*

When you hit the bottom of the dark,  
at least you have some ground to stand on,  
even if it is the bottom of an abyss  
without light, with only sin and wickedness,  
with everything gone wrong, no hope in sight,  
but misery and torture, suffering and languishment.  
But it is not the end. It's the beginning  
of a climb to any heaven,  
from the bottom you can only rise  
above all shadows to the light,  
and you will never fall again.  
That is the wisdom of a total downfall:  
You will have a new perspective of the universe,  
being able to include it all.

*Estrangement*

The strangest situation has developed of our love  
that no one could have had a notion of.  
You are all mine, and I have never loved you more,  
although you have done everything to alienate yourself  
by a development that could but be described  
as something of an alien labyrinth to wonderland  
where nothing any more is what it seems to be.  
Still, my love, you are the same,  
the world has changed and been turned upside down,  
but our love was only fortified thereby,  
and passion has been reinforced most thoroughly  
into a more established fusion than before;  
so anything might happen, so it seems,  
disasters may occur and shock the world,  
and our love will only be the stronger  
for all trials of estrangement.

*Fusion*

We are intertwined,  
two personalities in one,  
two lives united to one destiny,  
a hotter union than a marriage,  
less interruptable,  
since you are everything I ever loved  
although you are my contrary,  
we are completely uncombinable  
and therefore so inseparable.  
In our nightly orgies  
there is more pain and suffering  
than revelries of pleasure,  
love claiming more than ordinary heartaches,  
but those heartbreaks fuse us even harder  
in the union of our sin together,  
and so are we one but cleft in twain.



The one insurance of our Via Crucis  
is that anyone is free to leave at any time,  
and that's the last thing any one of us can do.



*You are my soul*

You are my soul,  
you are my everything, and I am lost in you.  
When I return exhausted

and washed up from all my work  
after a tedious day of overtime,  
I would have nothing to come home to  
if you were not there  
to whisper new encouragement  
into my blasted bleeding soul,  
that would run out of blood  
if I did not have you as a refill.  
So let me go to sleep in you  
enfolded in your blessed arms  
to wake again tomorrow  
to another day of hard work's torture  
without you, but having you  
to wait for me to save it.

### *Redemption*

How could you be so quiet  
for so many years of suffering,  
my love, who never vanished from my sight  
however much you tried to hide yourself away,  
but you were always there, I tried to reach you  
and was never quite without you,  
until you so suddenly appeared again,  
like some redemption angel from our heaven  
reaching through all darkness of my soul  
to prove yourself a true as ever.  
Blessed be thy light and soul,  
so true to your nobility,  
so constant in your loveliness;  
and all I need now is to see you 'live again  
as the realization of the truth of our relationship.

### *Empires*

Empires crumble to dust,  
and nothing remains but delusion,  
the acid bitterness of lost hopes,  
the desperation of futility,  
the incurable sense of failure,  
and thus they all went down -  
Jerusalem and Egypt, Babylon and Persia,  
Athens, Rome and London,  
and America will be no exception.  
The truth is what survives,  
the sordid underground reality,  
the moles that always remain  
to grind new empires to pieces,  
the will that triumphs over all politics,  
the destiny that reduces dreams to ashes,  
the downfall of all hubris of eternity;  
and all we have is shades of what we've lost  
and never can retrieve again,  
on which we always start again  
to build new empires.

### *Ditched*

Sleepless nights of love  
accompanied by nightmare worries  
for your fate of persecution  
of old sins and undeserved adversities  
make me as shattered as yourself,  
directly torn asunder by misfortune,  
hanged in execution after torture  
but with some hope left of liberation still  
before the final strangulation.  
No one wanted this,  
not even the responsible bureaucracy,  
while the villain is the lack of empathy,  
the formalism of rules of programmation  
for which no one is accountable.  
Thus are you casually buried alive  
and I with you in dreadful worries  
quite atrociously insensibly,  
and there is nothing we can do  
but wait in limbo for an unknown opening,  
which no one knows when it will come.  
All we can do is to be true at least  
to ourselves and our destiny,  
which carries us through mortal vanity  
in this perpetual and bothersome unrest  
to no peace in eternity.

### *To life*

Take care of life – don't bust it,  
it's too precious to be wasted,  
life should only be constructive,  
it is in itself creativeness,  
created just to multiply  
and manifest its vividness,  
and that's the meaning of it all –  
no matter what queer forms life takes,  
as long as it is life, it's sacred,  
and the joy of it is all that matters –  
Death exists only to enhance life's meaning,  
and so even death is life and only life.  
So don't misuse it, and don't sabotage it –  
live, let live, support and further lives of others  
and the more you'll live yourself,  
that's all, the summary of Life.

### *Confidence*

The narrow straits are dire,  
they are strewn with traps and dangers,  
there are reefs and shallows everywhere,  
but improvising through the crooked path  
with care and calm and cool determination  
will eventually bring all things through  
without as much as the minutest scratch,  
if only you avoid temptations and bad temper;  
if you lose it, everything is lost.

Thus will you save your love through any danger,  
and each trial will be only for the best  
edification and good lesson of survival.

*Beauty rules*

My love is like a dream in May  
forever fragrant and expanding  
gloriously embellishing all life with beauty,  
ever present, ever faithful, ever true  
and ever lovelier with her long hair  
and timeless youth that never ages,  
since she is her soul and not her matter,  
ever sweet, constructive and inspiring,  
almost like a fairy or an elf  
but more substantial in her essence.  
Beauty is a matter mostly of the soul,  
and therein lies the immortality of beauty  
of which she is the manifestation.  
Soul is freedom and the only truth  
that evermore survives all age, mortality and time  
and outwits all mundaneness  
with her sovereign wisdom of transcendence.

*The climb*

In the depth of chaos  
I am lost like in the bottom of a well  
and cannot see a light in hopelessness  
but must escape reality  
in order to find any comfort and relief at all,  
but there is always you  
awaiting in the tunnel end,  
a warm and soothing heart  
to ease the torture of reality  
and calm my wounded soul  
that without you has almost bled to death  
but now revives at the mere thought of you.  
Thus can a thought  
and the mere virtual presence of a person  
cause the strangest miracles,  
and all you need is to believe  
in the reality of something better,  
to achieve a climb from the abysmal bottom  
to the highest state of any perfect heaven.

*Thanks*

I love you,  
despite your weaknesses and faults,  
your age has never bothered me  
and should not be a problem to yourself,  
since we are young at heart and in our souls,  
no matter how old souls we are,  
and that's the only age that matters:  
the age you feel that tends to ever in your soul grow younger,  
and wherein lies the true beauty of a person:

her continuity and truthfulness to her own self.  
That beauty is to me the highest,  
which I find in you and never shall get lost,  
for you are you, and you have ever been the same,  
and for that I beg to serve you with my constant thankfulness.

*Welcome*

My love, where are you in the dark?  
I miss you and can't find you,  
we are disconnected and disjointed,  
but for the time being only.  
You are always with me anyway,  
not only in my thoughts but in my heart,  
your soul has made a home in it,  
and I shall never kick you out.  
You have entered to remain,  
and I shall never be at home myself  
if you are not at home in me.  
So please stay on forever,  
and you'll never have a safer haven  
than in the protection of my loving heart.

*The hidden bottle*

You have to have it,  
that hidden bottle in the back,  
your life's elixir,  
the most indispensable of medicines,  
the only one to always cheer you up,  
that whisky bottle,  
that so many times have saved your life  
from devastation and depression,  
giving up and other fatal suicidal steps;  
your friend is always there to serve your spirit,  
and if he is missing, then you have another one  
at hand and always ready  
to provide you with some continuity  
of courage, stalwartness and intrepidity:  
your friend in need indeed forever:  
your bartender.

*Black love*

In the blackness of my heart  
you stir some mystic fire  
that devours me and turns me on  
in sleeplessness night after night.  
My problem is the question,  
if it's you or me that stirs the fire,  
or are we in it both together?  
You are always free, and I can't keep you there,  
while I am prisoner of this weird love  
that never quite can leave me for a moment.  
Your freedom keeps me prisoner,  
and I can never hold you back  
infringing on your independence,

since you are a part of me,  
and I can never let you go.

*Half way*

The smoothness of our love  
is like a flower that will not wither  
but just goes on flowering again  
renewing constantly the beauty  
and exploding into newborn blossoms  
at every risk of fading or of tiring.  
That is the ordinary course of love  
when it is natural and ripe,  
when it has reached a state of harmony  
which makes it unassailable and incorruptible,  
a state which we have reached after some years  
of trial horrors without end,  
and it actually feels like coming home.

*The Plight of the Tibetans*

We are the people that the world forgot  
or rather just didn't care about,  
letting them be swallowed alive by China,  
the brutal dragon of force and no human rights,  
where the individual is worthless and negligible  
while millions perishing in famine, floods or earthquakes  
is just statistics, like for Stalin.  
But still we persist to exist,  
although the Chinese slowly but certainly since 60 years  
methodically work for our extirpation.  
We are allowed no human rights, no education,  
not our own language, traditions and culture  
which all must be replaced by Chinese brainwash.  
If we flee our country we are shot or caught  
and sent back to prison for correction brainwash,  
and that has been the standard procedure since 50 years.  
But the world doesn't care but kowtows to China,  
as now even Obama because of the Bush debt to China -  
the world sees only the good business of China  
and doesn't care if millions perish in the development  
or if the Tibetan people and culture  
are extirpated on the way.

*Rugged weather*

I didn't ask you to take me for a ride,  
this journey proved a very different matter  
than we both expected and looked forward to,  
and I don't know who faced the worst - myself or you,  
but both our pairs of wings were singed indeed,  
which it will take some time to heal and to recover,  
since we were forced to get down hard to earth  
to lick our wounds and heal our broken wings,  
and we were left without protection in the rain  
with no good cloak to shelter us from frost  
in our nakedness, forlorn like orphans;

but others did fare even worse,  
and in comparison with them we were most lucky,  
for we always had and do still have each other.

*The master of reality*

If all I ever felt about love was true,  
then one day of it would be enough to last a thousand years,  
and I am sure that every day of it was true,  
for I have seen reality more real  
than any mean reality can dream of.  
Let it be that in your dreams you see beyond your sight  
and that what you can see is more than all reality can boast of,  
so let not reality into your dreams,  
but let your dreams control your mind's reality,  
and they will take supreme and better charge of all the world as well;  
for all the world is but a fleeting dream created by your dreams,  
while that creation force, your dreams, is all that matters.

*Not to be trifled with*

Your horns stick out but not with cruelty  
but rather wit, sharp taste, acuteness  
and delightful entertainment  
crowned by your exceptional idiosyncracies  
that provides your beauty and your charm with depth  
of labyrinthical dimensions of extentions  
which no man shall ever grasp or fathom.  
Let me love you but at some safe distance  
not to perish in your bottomlessness,  
like so many others did,  
of your soul's lair of webs and fascinations,  
like a cave which everyone is seen to enter with delight  
but no one ever did come out of any more.  
Thus are you the most irresistible of mysteries  
that everyone must love  
but no one ever shall come through with.

*Celebration*

The greatest cause for celebration  
it would seem to be  
returning fully both to life and love  
and celebrating it unendingly  
in a full night of only love.  
What difference does it make  
if we are wayward and away for months,  
if only we return back home  
once in a while restoring all our love,  
revitalizing its capacity for timelessness  
and its main trait, its contact with eternity,  
thus to immediately restore us fully  
to our health, vitality and life  
in order for us to again be able to be generous  
and waste it all in sumptuous fits of energy?  
As someone said once, all we need is love,  
and to maintain it, all we need is to enjoy it.



### *Humanity*

The destructivity within  
is like a time bomb in each human heart  
which must eat out our souls  
and leave them rotting down to waste  
like offals worse than any litter –  
we are all as human beings human wrecks,  
a failed humanity that goes to ruin  
trying to bring with us in our fall  
our entire planet, nature, life and future;  
but as that accomplished failure  
which all humankind hopelessly is,  
we will not even bring that ruin home  
but perish well ahead of nature and all else.  
How laughable is this pathetic humankind!  
All history went wrong, and we got nothing right,  
and here we are, the crown of all creation,  
the most miserable fool that ever could exist.

### *Beauty's fault*

What is wrong with beauty?  
People oftentimes react to it like to a provocation,  
as if the existence of pure beauty were an insult  
which must be acted on with violation,  
as if the sole purpose of its sheer existence  
was to be put down and raped and quieted,  
as if beauty was a general disturbance  
which must be dismantled.  
All the same, true beauty will continue to persist  
and multiply and ever grow more beautiful,  
since that is the essential character of beauty –



no one can do anything about it,  
unless they tolerate it, let it be and cultivate it,  
like a garden, tendered well, allowed all freedom  
and appreciated for her charm and inspiration,  
loved and made good use of  
as the main expander and developer of love.

### *Creation (2)*

Our love goes round and round  
in perpetual and energetic circulation,  
never stopping but increasing and accelerating,  
like a true perpetuum mobile that ever goes on faster,  
and yet we never tire of our love,  
as if it constantly regenerated  
like a Phoenix, in renewing restoration  
and the more so for its self-consumption,  
as if wasting made you only richer.  
Somehow we have reached some kind  
of strange ideal love situation,  
where we never can be rid of one another,  
while at the same time we don't want to,  
while our love increases for its practice  
uniquely furthering creation  
which we can't be held responsible for  
although we sustain, uphold and further it  
but only as an absolutely natural and obvious process,  
which by analysis would seem perfectly miraculous  
but which for us is only being true to what we are.

### *Falling dark angel*

The blackness of your spirit  
is its special beauty,  
darkness charmingly becoming you  
and adding to your irresistibility,  
for in that gloomy darkness  
there is depth and wisdom  
almost without end and without bottom,  
luring anyone to enter  
and to stay without returning.  
It looks dangerous but is the opposite,  
and being used to it, you find it natural  
and will not do without it.  
So keep on descending, fallen angel,  
ever to more gruesome depths,  
and I will follow you  
not as a slave bound to addiction  
but as a lover with a grateful heart.

### *Thankfulness*

My thankfulness is without limits  
for the life and health that was returned to me  
after a gutter trial and ordeal  
of pain and dirt and torture  
and insufferable disability,

my absolute inadequacy turning me  
into a total good-for-nothing,  
feeling more than miserable and done in.

But suddenly the weather changed,  
I rose up from the depths and from the dead  
into the sunlight to be active once again,  
returning gloriously to work  
and even getting back some old efficiency.

How could I be but grateful  
beyond any measure of conception,  
jubilant in happiest humility,  
– and hoping for the life of me  
to never get struck down again  
to that abyssal bottom of existence.



*The mystery of love*

The mystery of love is infinite  
transforming people into other beings,  
transcending life to make it higher  
and performing miracles with personalities,  
developing their souls to almost anything,  
since love is freedom above all  
for creativity and the imaginative force  
to realize, accomplish and succeed in almost anything,  
creation being first of mysteries of life's existence,  
without which life would not be at all,  
while it begins and ends with love.  
Therein between there is a universe of possibilities  
where nothing, absolutely nothing is impossible.



*Ageless beauty*

If beauty's true it does not fade  
but on the contrary increases  
with maturity and age,  
and wrinkles can not spoil it.  
You are an example  
of this strange phenomenon  
of love and beauty only growing  
with the years in depth and in attraction,  
although we do not grow younger  
but instead increase in timelessness.  
That is perhaps the essence of true beauty,  
that which never fades but instead increases only,  
like a flower never dying  
but expanding like a tree  
to ever grow more firm and lovely to never die;  
for that is the true mark of beauty:  
she can never die.

*Love backfire*

As I love you  
more with my heart than with my body,  
more with my soul than intellectually,  
more with my mind than with my brains,  
you vanish to withdraw into some nothingness,  
in a vain effort to a kind of self-effacement  
only to an opposite effect:  
the clearer and more lovable and gracious you appear,  
and the more solicitously I must love you.

It is in vain you claim to be a fake  
and come with futile warnings,  
they must only have a direct opposite effect,  
like fuel into a fire that can never die,  
and that is how love works:  
the more you fight it,  
the more you must lose against it,  
for the stronger it becomes.

*How love goes on*

Sexuality does not retard with age.  
On the contrary, it continues to expand,  
love must always find new ways,  
new channels of expression,  
new languages of feelings,  
new dimensions and new dreams,  
and nothing ever can contain and stop it.  
Never be afraid of love and its expressions,  
and especially not as you grow with age and wisdom,  
love always being and remaining your life's leader  
and its source and motor, teacher and ideal  
that ever leads and reaches forward,  
even beyond death.



*To you*

Longing for you  
is keeping me alive  
with dreams and charms of long ago  
that clearly tend to immortality  
or at least to timelessness,  
for there's no higher beauty  
than the dreams of you  
that are too real to not be true  
and more convincing than reality,  
wherefore I will stick to them  
with faith of limitless endurance  
and willingly continue building on them  
for a monument for you  
that will establish the most natural and obvious fact  
that our love belongs as much to immortality  
as to ourselves in our modest piety.

*Love's supremacy*

Love demands expansion,  
free expansion evermore,  
and no one has the right to stop it,  
and, indeed, no one is able to.  
Love therefore seems to be of forces the most ruthless,  
but love is not love if it resorts to violence.  
The magic and the force of love  
is always to get through but without all enforcement,  
always getting over with it and surviving  
as the very element of life's survival and expansion;  
and whoever tries to stop or to oppose it  
is a self-destructive fool  
incapable of education and instruction,  
since if he does not know love,  
he is a hopeless case of total ignorance.

*Your beauty*

Everybody loves you,  
seeing you as the ideal you are,  
your influence of beauty being timeless,  
like, as you say, as if it was inspired  
by the rulers of the ancient times,  
when nature was religion and supreme as such  
and led and dominated by high priestesses of love.  
Bring back those times with all their blessings,  
and use your holy influence to reinstate world order  
under the command of nature and her purity and beauty,  
maybe you could do it,  
for I know the total beauty of your soul  
and what such an endowment could be capable of,  
while the outside superficial appearances  
are only lies for the protection  
of the almighty truth that is in your soul's beauty.



### *Intuition*

Your soul's truth is the only truth,  
idealism is never wrong,  
while your senses are elements of deception,  
and wisdom and morale are an illusion.  
Intuition is the only stable compass  
and the hardest one to follow,  
since you never see it  
but can only feel it,  
and the senses tend to block it;  
but as long as you do not forget it  
but keep it in your mind's direction,  
you can not be wrong,  
or at least not entirely wrong.

*Let love lead the way*

As the years go on, love does not get any milder,  
maybe slower, but with age more deep,  
experience maturing and bearing fruit  
of wisdom, knowledge, intuition,  
understanding, insight and a better sense.  
You go on falling deep in love  
and ever deeper with the years,  
while constancy becomes the most important:  
the more you love, the less you want your love to change.  
Love is without season,  
there was once a dawn and spring of love,  
but that spring never ends but goes forever on  
as long as love keeps leading you,  
and there is never any reason why  
it shouldn't go on leading you forever.

*Dark idealism*

Can idealism be dark?  
It depends. Idealism is never dark  
in itself as an idea,  
but if you, like so many do,  
confuse reality with your ideas,  
idealizing fakes and lies and deceptions  
by mistake, as so many do,  
then your idealism becomes an instrument of darkness  
and backfires on itself, causing harm and grave delusion,  
while on the other hand, reality can never be ideal,  
and you can not do without ideals.  
The art is to somehow project your ideals  
into reality, and thus improve and change reality,  
not manipulating it, but encouraging its better possibilities,  
thus helping it along to some improvement.  
That idealism can never turn to blackness,  
constructiveness can never be an instrument of darkness,  
while lies, deceptions and dishonesty  
can never last, especially not as ideals.

*Remaining light of youth*

My beam of youth,  
you were my flame  
in hard days of upheaval  
constituting all my sunshine  
while our contact lasted  
without others interrupting  
with absurd claims of relationship monopoly  
which ruined our harmony;  
but you were always there  
to ever faithfully come back,  
as now, when suddenly we found each other  
once again and in a parking lot  
and everything was perfectly the same –  
love was still there in spite of twenty years of separation



and we hardly had grown one year older –  
ultimate syndrome and evidence of true love –  
nothing changes, although everything has changed,  
love remains the same when once found out as true  
whatever happens to it and its victims;  
and thus we are the same as twenty years ago,  
only even more so than before.

### *Respectability*

The problem of respectability  
is that you can't do anything not worthy of respect  
and can't be irrepectable.  
You are confined to your respectability  
and must respect it, or you'll lose it.  
Maybe it is worth it?  
Many do and afterwards insist  
that they have nothing to regret.  
Perhaps they really don't,  
but still, most people hesitate to take that leap and risk,  
and many take an even greater risk instead  
experimenting and developing a double life,  
a life of perfect watertight respectability  
and on the other hand an underground activity of self-indulgence  
where there are no limits to what liberties are taken.  
It is good as long as they are not found out,  
and maybe it is recommendable to try.  
Respectability is after all a regular confinement  
which all nature must rebel against demanding freedom.

### *Perfect love*

My love, it does not matter whom you go to bed with  
as long as I may love you still.  
You are my only love,  
and something tells me it is vice versa,  
although I know all your lovers.  
This is not the problem.  
Actually, there is no problem  
since love conquers all  
and solves all problems by its mere serenity.  
Don't worry, dearest love,  
you have all freedom you can take,  
as long as I may have all freedom  
in my perfect love of you.

### *Some predicament*

Stuck in you and can't get out,  
but is it such a dreadful trap?  
I can't complain, but at the same time  
I am aware of the apparent anger  
of this predicament becoming something of a habit;  
but if also you have no complaints,  
so let us just go on with sticking to each other  
as long as things are working out.  
It took some years to get together,

but if this becomes intolerable with the years,  
a separation cut would be the easiest thing,  
and if we do it, we can always start again.

*Your birthday*

I don't know if you are too good to be true,  
but you exist, and that's enough for me,  
since you exist for me at least,  
so that I at least can bear some witness  
of your beauty and maturity  
and how they only seem to steadily increase,  
as if instead of growing older you grew younger  
towards ever more accentuated youth,  
that only seems more stable with the years.  
If youth thus could persist in growing younger,  
that would be the evidence of how the spirit  
rules the body and decides its state and not the contrary.  
Let me thus continue loving you  
to thus increase the power of your spirit  
so that you can steadily continue growing younger  
as long as I am here to love you  
and as long as I shall stay alive.

*Creation (3)*

There is only one creating force transcending all,  
that is the mind imagination,  
which is all the creativity there is.  
There are no limits to the mind  
and its capacity, the universe is infinite,  
and so is the creative mind,  
and what is possible in your imagination  
is also possible in reality,  
provided that you think creatively  
and not just dream a lot of nonsense.  
I think Einstein would agree with me,  
who said that there would rather be a limit to the universe  
than to the mind and its capacity for limitless creation.

*The spell*

You have cast a spell on me,  
and I am hopelessly completely lost  
and can't get out of the entanglement,  
since love compels me to be faithful,  
there is no other choice,  
the truth of love excludes all other possibilities,  
so I am stuck, delighting in it  
since it means, I'll never lose your company.  
Be with me always, my beloved,  
and I will try to never let you down  
but on the contrary extol you,  
putting down some effort to live up to you,  
since you nevertheless will always be  
too good for me and always out of reach.



*The bleakness of reality*

Reality is never pretty  
in its brutal ruthlessness of naked truth  
but rather awesome and forbidding,  
let alone unhuman not to say the least,  
a terrifying hostile monstrous cruelty  
that leaves no man alone in peace  
but forces everyone to deadly lifelong struggle  
all the way down to the grave.  
Nothing can improve reality  
except romantic dreams and fantasies,  
your own imagination and idealism,  
which can at least improve reality  
by softening it to your mind and senses,  
and that is what we call creativity.  
We do not know if actually it does improve reality,  
but we could hardly go on living  
if we were bereft of that last possibility and hope.

*Unconditionally*

You made no conditions  
but left it all to me –  
"You are free to break it up at any time",  
that was the one condition of our relationship,  
with the understatement from your side  
that you would never break it up yourself.  
I call that generously liberal for a condition,  
and we have never been without each other since that day.  
Divorces do not work for us,  
not even when we travel separately far apart,  
and nothing has brought us more close together  
than when we were separated by our journeys.  
Psychopathic spiritual obsession with each other  
as a constant substitute for marriage?  
Call it rather friendship and a natural relationship  
that not even nature can dissolve,  
since nature brought it on uniting us.

*The light of your darkness*

Let me bask in the sunlight of your darkness  
more warming than the scorching tropical sun  
and more enlivening than any energy.  
Your darkness has a special character  
of generously beaming and bestowing more light  
than any sun or star or supernova  
is capable of in the universe.  
You not only warm my heart  
but fill my life with hope and joy  
by being vibrantly so dark  
but in a sort of bottomless profundity  
all filled with knowledge, love and wisdom.  
Somehow you hold the key to anyone's heart  
being qualified to read and look them through  
not missing anything of any substance of their souls  
but reading them as carefully as any book.

So they depend on you, and so do I,  
the light of your darkness being more important to me  
than any visual light,  
since it is the very opposite of blindness.



### *Avalon*

"I simply wanted just to save your life  
and have you here amongst our brothers  
as a friend and knight of our peace,  
but no sense or wisdom or persuasion  
could bend your mind of perfect obstinacy.  
You simply had to risk your life,  
your future and our happiness  
by volunteering as a victim to the dragon.  
And here you are, the dragon-slayer,  
having rid our realm of the most evil menace  
and is now the first of our knights  
and shall be honorary Lord Protector of our Queen.  
My friend and brother, I embrace you  
with as much affection as I hold for our Queen  
and thank you for your boldness  
and the grace of our fate  
that saved you for our realm and future  
to grace it with perpetual harmony.  
My friend, you are my equal.  
This is the finest day of Camelot  
and the triumph of the good will of Avalon,  
so golden in this perfect moment,  
that I humbly dare express the wish,  
that it might show some lasting grace  
in perpetual longevity for all eternity."  
Thus spoke the King and dubbed Sir Lancelot  
the first and highest of our knights  
and special lord protector of our Queen  
and of the land of everlasting youth and beauty  
in perpetual honour, glory and romantic chivalry  
in sustained idealism forever.

### *The irresistibility of darkness*

You lure me into ever growing darkness  
like into a wood that ever grows more fearsome  
as we tread on paths to nowhere  
without even having any hunch of where we're going,  
no one knows, and all we know is darkness  
that keeps falling and curtailing us,  
inveigling us in imperceptible secret mysteries  
of love and evil and perdition, –  
all we know, is that this road is leading forward,  
after all, but whether it's a tunnel or an abyss,  
a blind alley or a path to progress and release,  
we cannot know. We can but keep on going on  
into the darkness, thickening and ever growing  
more menacing and fearful and destructive  
in its black addiction of the final vicious circle.

### *Passion*

Passions must lead you astray  
as nothing can resist them;  
you are hopelessly carried away  
to where your will is without power

and you have no influence of your own destiny.  
Follow blindly as a slave your heart,  
and you will end up in a series of discoveries  
of wonders and experiences unheard of,  
which would never have been possible  
if you had mastered your own love.  
Of course, any experience is worth it,  
and as long as your love doesn't kill you,  
go on loving, following your passions  
for as long as they keep going on.

*Our strange association*

We have come so deep into each other  
that we'll never find our exit way again,  
not that we're stuck, since willingly we are so,  
but it must result in some confusion,  
since it will be difficult to separate us  
even in our poems,  
since they also, like ourselves  
keep entering each other,  
as we really know each other's texts by soul  
if not by heart, as they keep interfoliating  
as we do each night in secretive communion  
clad and veiled in dark inscrutability.  
That is love: united demoniacally  
and inseparably unalterably and inviolably forever.

*Love complications*

Love is to be complicated.  
To fall in love is easiest of all,  
to stay in love demands some mobilized persistence,  
to maintain it is a labour,  
and to see it to the bitter end  
is the supreme ordeal.  
The challenge of it is the complication,  
which is always there inevitable  
to continue constantly increasing for as long as it goes on;  
and the test of destiny is grappling with the complications,  
which will multiply as you go on,  
like dragon heads of Hydra,  
two new ones growing out for every one you manage to chop off.  
The complications are the sport of it,  
and the challenge is for you to never give up championship.  
If you give up, you are a loser, and you then have everything to lose,  
but if you manage never to give up  
and stay in love through all the complications,  
you shall be the ultimate and greatest winner.

*Vita nuova*

You gave me another life,  
as if the one I had was not enough  
and more than I could handle,  
but the randomness of your generosity  
so much enriched my whole existence

that I feel my life as twice as much  
as if I actually now had two lives to lead,  
with the responsibility which it imports.  
What would I be without it?  
Bored out, maybe lost and maybe nothing,  
since the new life also gave my life new meaning,  
which was maybe what the old one lacked.  
So here I am with you locked up in double lives,  
and there is nothing we can do about it  
but the best of it, to grip and bear it  
and keep it out sustaining the charades and role plays  
to the end, for better and for worse.

*The mists of Avalon*

The whisperings of silence come with their embrace  
for the protection of our sanctuary  
free from worldly troubles and their pettiness  
in sustained and lasting harmony and constancy  
to ever be the home of peace and beauty  
with acquired taste that constantly improves  
to set a good example for the world  
and judging it in truth and justice  
for its folly, baseness and barnarity,  
while its only basic crime is ignorance.  
Thus the realm of Avalon keeps towering forever  
above the mists that hide it and protect it  
from unworthy mortal and uneducated eyes,  
while we who are initiated in her realm  
will piously continue to perform our duty  
of upholding her as the ideal of all ideals forever.

*Momentary relief*

As I long for you, my love,  
my tears run gushing freely  
in the fond nostalgia of our memories,  
which is my only comforting relief  
from my abhorrent pains and trials  
under duress, headaches and injustices,  
that makes your personality in contrast  
a blue angel out of paradise.  
When shall we meet again?  
I sorely miss our soothing intimacy,  
while my only comfort is my dreams,  
in which you dominate each night  
my world of sorrows and atrocities,  
which you alone make me forget  
and momentarily at least can cure me of,  
an assuaging moment's brief relief  
in an eternity of torment.

*Invitation*

Let out your hair and be erotic,  
your beauty is not for concealing,  
your mask may be efficient as protection,



but it is a lie confining you behind yourself,  
while beauty only can be given justice  
well released and triumphing in freedom.  
Remove your black disguising glasses and your seven veils,  
let out your hair in overwhelming length and glory,  
for your foremost duty must be only to be loved,  
and if your beauty is concealed you make it difficult.  
Your hair is no good tied up out of sight,  
and we all know how your body should be seen.  
We will be hidden anyway in darkness in the night  
in bed together, where we can't be seen,  
but there it is all right, since we are compensated.

### *Adversity and defeat*

It doesn't matter if you lose it all  
and all your life turns into something of a blackout  
of disasters, tragedies, black holes and Armageddons,  
all that means nothing, like all wars and slaughters,  
the world wars were but parentheses  
meaning nothing really to the course of history,  
the reappings and the sowings coming regularly anyway,  
while you alone in all the universe  
are always there and in the middle of it all,  
the hub of the rotating universe,  
which no defeat can touch  
and no adversity has any right to bother,  
since you are a soul and sovereign as such,  
a spiritual being of supreme integrity,  
a god of consequence and some untouchability,  
while all the world and universe is just a mess  
the sole purpose of which is to serve you.  
This might seem a bit presumptuous and preposterous,  
but it is actually the truth.  
It's hard to face it for its splendour and supremacy,  
and people usually prefer to look another way,  
but it is always there, reminding you  
if not before, in death, that you can not escape  
that you are doomed to be yourself and no one else  
forever in the now that is eternity.

### *How do you do it?*

Your body is like an explosion  
of the purest everlasting energy  
but of a spiritual vital kind  
that only gives and never takes,  
which is why it is impossible  
to ever tire of our love affair.  
How do you do it? everyone must ask,  
and I have wondered it myself  
ever since our relationship became a fact,  
but this mystery has constantly grown more mysterious.  
Double hard experience and its wisdom  
might be a great part of the answer  
but does not explain the art and craft behind it all.  
Never mind, the point is that we carry on  
and never tire of our perfect love

that keeps on going more than well  
and only grows the more for its intrinsic mystery.

*Delicate approach*

It's difficult to love you  
since you always glide away,  
as if you were not real,  
but still there is no being more real  
for all your mystery and enigmatic riddle.  
You hide away in constancy  
to be the more alert and active  
manipulating behind the scenes  
known and present everywhere  
and constantly unfathomably out of touch,  
like another phantom of the opera.  
But I know you to be the loveliest of all,  
and it's your humbleness that makes the mystery.  
As long as I may serve and love you  
I am happy and content and ask for nothing more  
and dare not question your unfathomableness.

*Love restored*

The terrible ordeal of tyranny, deceit and cruelty  
has marked our lives with scars of suffering  
but never once imperiled or reduced our love.  
You are the same, only more beautiful than ever,  
adding some maturity and depth to your nobility,  
your purity appearing the more intact for your humiliation,  
all the dirt that you had to endure just seeming  
to enhance your personality, integrity and beauty  
and the charm and glory of your soul.  
Your light appears in fascinating splendour  
for the background of the darkness of your night  
that you came through more than alive  
with honour and the rare reward of happiness.  
No one was closer to my heart than you,  
I loved you always, no one knew me better,  
and the fact that we have reunited once again  
after so many wars of torment and self-sacrifice  
is more than proof of that our destiny together  
from the start was something more  
than we could ever dream of.

*The mystery of dualistic unity*

One should expect some variance  
between two people of so different worlds  
as we are, you and I, and yet  
we are one soul and were so ever,  
as if we had been together knowing well each other  
always through the ages,  
although at the same time so completely different.  
Is that friendship, love or something else,  
like soulmates of eternity?  
Our bodies are of no importance or concern,

their needs are secondary to our feelings  
of belonging to each other as two souls  
that need each other to be more complete  
than ever we can be as we enjoy each other physically.  
That's the mystery: the higher sense of being  
and desire spiritually than physically,  
as if we can only be fulfilled as persons  
when we are together and forget our bodies.

### *The problem of discretion*

The truth is never what it seems.  
It's always hidden underneath and carefully suppressed  
from policy or care or caution or whatever,  
oftentimes by scruples and discretion,  
but it's always there and crying loud in silence,  
like a death scream from someone buried alive,  
that must eventually come out in dreadfulness,  
like the hidden story and agenda of so many presidents,  
so many public figures, popes and actors,  
film stars, kings and world celebrities,  
their secret failures, desillusions, disappointments,  
shameful shortcomings, frustrations, tragedies, regrets,  
mistakes and human stains, that they are the more painfully aware of  
the more they make efforts to conceal them,  
self control must ultimately burst, the truth will out,  
and then we have the problem constantly recurring:  
Would it have made any difference, if the pain had been released before?  
Or would it have been better if it never had been known at all?  
And usually there is no unambiguous answer  
to any of the many self-contradictory questions.

### *My religion*

You are my religion, dearest,  
not because your beauty is imperishable,  
not because of your ideal diplomacy,  
and not because your amiability is perfect,  
but because your personality is wondrous constant,  
your reliability was always there  
in patient calm to rule my horrible impatience,  
which is getting worse for every year,  
and even in your doubtful morals no one can impeach you.

You have seen and gone through all the worst,  
you know about conditions beyond all endurance,  
you have crossed the limits of intolerable pain  
and still maintained your equilibrium,  
as if it was natural to sometimes lose one's mind  
and let it pass, like any storm at sea,  
your wisdom only growing cooler and maturing  
for the trials of extremest crises.

Who could anything but love you?  
Still you have reserved yourself for me,  
we know each other like none other know and understand us,  
thus we must have been created for each other,  
which is only to accept and make the best of

and which is so good to know,  
that we at least then have each other.

### *Creation*

The mystery of magic is creation,  
but it hurts, it is a painful process,  
like a child is born in blood and horror,  
so is any act of creation something of a crucifixion  
in the tough ordeal of getting there  
and reaching the result of durability,  
the mystery of getting something out of nothing,  
the impressing spellbinding effect  
of the presence of the spirit of creativity,  
which pervades and rules the universe  
and all our lives in the most dreaded form  
of destiny or fate, the tragedy of life and death  
which becomes the more inspiring the more suffering it brings,  
and there you are: the end result of magic,  
the mystery of something getting into being  
with a lasting and profound effect to stay  
and remain productive and in charge  
as part of the sustained dimension  
of continuous timelessness.

### *Crisis*

My love is lost,  
and I find no way out  
into the wilderness, where she is gone  
in crisis disappeared  
for no apparent reason  
except chance, bad luck  
and circumstances most unfortunate.  
She will be back, but who knows when?  
Meanwhile I'll have to grope around  
and falter in the dark,  
like some decrepit invalid without a crutch  
and stumble on in darkness  
helplessly and hopelessly,  
and in the darkness without her  
there is no light at all  
but only the impossibility  
of tolerance and patience  
with this most exasperating situation.

### *At your own peril*

You must not be alone,  
the most harmful of conditions,  
completely self-destructive  
and what's worse, unconsciously,  
because you get too focussed on yourself  
and lose the right perspective,  
getting stuck on your own grind-stone  
with no possible detachment,  
and thus you get beside yourself,

while relationship is all that helps,  
the possibility to speak with someone  
and to forget all about yourself,  
which is what everybody needs  
in order to go on surviving  
and not get stuck in self-destructive egoism,  
which is the surest way to mental suicide.  
You have to care for someone,  
life is only possible in co-operation, –  
people who can't help each other  
will never be able to help themselves.

*After the shipwreck*

What can you do but gather up the ruins,  
summarize the debris and collect it,  
starting once again all over from a new beginning,  
although it is certain it will lead to just another shipwreck?  
You are lost without identity,  
you have no ground to stand on any more,  
no confidence, no trust, no home,  
no faith in anything or anyone  
for perfectly and only realistic reasons;  
but instead you have the universe,  
all life in nature and its continuity,  
a vast eternity of possibilities and riches  
and a veritable boundless ocean of constructive dreams,  
since fundamental universal creativity is always there  
and waiting for you to take part in it.  
It's worth a few occasional disastrous shipwrecks  
just to be alive and stay alive.

*Some comfort*

We have all been young,  
no matter how decrepit we become,  
no matter how beset with melancholia,  
no matter how absurd experiences,  
no matter how much we've been burned,  
no matter how we suffered and endured  
with scars all over and with wounds  
that never heal and never vanish,  
still we have all been young  
and fresh and gay and active and alert,  
and that's our comfort when we reach maturity,  
that no one can take that away from us  
that we once have been young  
in love and beauty and enjoyment  
and at least in some obscurity at heart  
still are and keep it with us  
to remain in some way young at heart forever.

*Privacy*

I love you more than words can tell  
and more than feelings can express,  
too well aware of the impossibility

of our absurd relationship  
in which we hardly meet at all;  
but love can be surprisingly much stronger  
than by common triviality  
like sex and entertainment,  
doing things together and just be together,  
love is more than sex and more than love,  
and our affair is quite unique in that  
we are so close together although so completely separate.  
Let people wonder, but they can not touch us  
any way by gossip, slander, speculation  
or whatever, since we know each other in a way  
that no one else can know.

### *Dreams of love and beauty*

Dreams of love and beauty  
are the only things worth living for,  
but they are always there,  
and once you've found them  
they will last and evermore remain  
as long as you are faithful to them,  
cherishing, sustaining and remembering them,  
as dreams more solid than reality,  
more lasting and reliable than men and women,  
saved from liquidation by your soul  
which naturally keeps preserving what is worth preserving.  
Thus you have a mandate for eternity,  
your only one, mind you,  
your dreams of love and beauty  
that you were wise enough to take well care of.

### *Carrying on*

Our relationship is always at a crisis  
because of circumstances, practical complexities,  
the sabotage of others, inconveniences  
and difficulties of communication,  
while the least of our problems  
usually is the greatest for all others,  
our love relationship itself and how it works,  
which always went on smoothly  
without the smallest friction tension ever.  
Is this kind of love then our reward,  
a union and affair completely free from strain,  
for all our tragedies, frustrations and disasters?  
Maybe we can count us happy,  
while survival under difficulties and in constant crisis  
keeps on being our destiny and ensign.

### *Involved*

Is love self-destructive in itself?  
The black passion abyss is but darkness  
and the black hole of it an inferno,  
but what's love without that pit,  
and who can live without it?

Love consumes me utterly, and I enjoy the plague,  
imploring it to never ease and cease its torment  
but continue the exacerbation and acceleration  
since love is something no one ever had enough of.

I am only human and as vulnerable and exposed as anyone  
to the infernal persecution and seduction  
of outrageous love and can but thoroughly enjoy it  
for as long as it continues gracing me by torture  
and can but ask it to go on and never cease.

*Your beauty*

I adore your beauty,  
its dramatic and profound enigma,  
its unfathomable depth and darkness  
and its undiscoverable secret  
which defies all human sense and reason  
by its unviolable untouchability.  
That I love you is an understatement,  
that I adore you is not well enough,  
but that you are my friend is my beatitude  
that I would rather never share with anyone,  
since you alone are my supremest consummation.  
More can not be said, since words are not enough,  
since your enigma isn't for interpretation,  
your timelessness and beauty being all and not enough.

*The best friends*

Your best friends  
are those who keep in touch still after death.  
It might appear a shameless and sarcastic statement  
that the best friends are your dead friends,  
but it seems in many ways to be the truth.  
Should we avoid the truth then for its inconvenience?  
Never. On the contrary, it must be carried forth  
and brought the more out in the open  
for its inconvenience the more disagreeable it is.

They are there still and with me, my best friends,  
my father in his paragon of excellence and temperance,  
my childhood friend, ideal in handsomeness and goodness,  
terribly mistreated for his cancer by his doctors,  
my goldsmith brother, driven over as a child  
and made an invalid for life, who none the less  
became the greatest expert on the art of living,  
and my Russian friend, the greatest humorist,  
always funny and refreshing in his sound superiority,  
who went under like Vysotsky from intensity of self-consumption.  
Although they are gone, to me they still are more alive  
than probably most people that I know,  
as if the fact that they went out too early  
established and confirmed a friendship  
more definite and stable than eternity.





*Tomorrow and tomorrow*

Washed up by the consequences of adversities and trials,  
devastating losses and excruciating melancholy,  
it is difficult to find one's feet again,  
indeed, if there at all is anything to stand on.  
I can only think of the consuming ague  
of a broken heart with no one for a comfort,  
like alone in space in darkness without anyone  
to hear the screams of your extreme despair  
with only utter coolness for an answer in dead calm,  
and nothing actually has really happened.  
You are still the same, and you are there,  
your life as always is at hand and full of force,  
as nothing really ever happens, changes or has any meaning.  
Call it Buddhist calmness and nirvana if you like,  
but I would call it the persistent constancy of nature,  
where all conflicts, wars and cataclysms will ever be  
no more than passing storms in coffee cups.  
So take it easy and remain, and call it good  
whatever happens to you, and you will survive  
to face tomorrow yet another glorious day.

*Venus*

Arising from the foam  
of storms and ocean billows of the night  
you rise in glory to astound the world  
and drown it in your beauty overwhelmingly  
and what is more, not temporarily,  
but in a lasting dazzling spell forever,  
since your beauty is of that extraordinary kind  
that never ages, fades or vanishes;  
and I am proud to be your chosen lover,  
servant, thrall, depicor and companion  
following your trail wherever and supporting it  
in absolute transcendent loyalty and faith,  
as any artist ardently devoted to his work  
of outstanding ideal creation,  
with sustained unending adoration  
for a glorious harmonious accompaniment  
to constantly enhance your beauty,  
adding to your everlasting realm of love.

*Diana*

Goddess of virginity, of purity and freedom,  
roaming in the wilderness to care for nature,  
favouring all animals and hunting with them,  
you became the basis for all ancient mysticism  
with shrines in every sacred grove  
for the sanctification and respect of life,  
the queen of virtue and the mistress of integrity,  
you were indomitable and inviolable  
as the guardian supreme of health and freedom.  
Nothing is more holy than Dame Nature,  
and you were her impersonification  
and will eternally remain so,

an ideal of chaste and sovereign liberty  
commanded by respect and discipline  
in the supreme imperishable beauty of superiority  
in health and soundness, sport and perfect freedom.

### *Athena*

Athena, goddess of wisdom,  
friend of Odysseus, guide and provider,  
the friend and protector of civilization,  
thy force is the mission of knowledge,  
of quality, insight and competence,  
mastership and education,  
the queen and protector of academism, universities  
and every kind of spiritual accomplishment.  
You were never seen without helmet,  
and that is your mark of protection and vigilance  
against barbarity, ignorance and the intrusion  
of stupid destruction, disorder and anarchy.  
Never abandon us in our vulnerability,  
because civilization, philosophy and spirituality  
is always exposed to the forces of ignorance,  
the meaninglessness of brutality  
and the insane weakness of violence.  
Guard us and save us, Athena,  
in vigilance and the protection of spiritual growth.

### *Hera*

Hail, mother of the gods,  
the female ruler of Olympus,  
the mistress of the heavens  
and the troubled wife of Zeus,  
the most impossible of husbands.  
Somehow you can keep him in control, however,  
although not without some jealous persecutions  
of his nymphs and chosen victims,  
ending almost all of them in tragedy.  
If Zeus is the loose hand of Olympus  
flinging thunderbolts and following his whims,  
you are the firm hand holding it together  
and with success, since your family holds out  
and remain in loyal fealty,  
sticking to each other in good faith  
in spite of all controversies and conflicts.  
You are a brave and stalwart goddess  
whose beauty and strong character none can deny;  
but bravest above all are you  
for sticking it out and enduring it with Zeus.

### *Demeter*

Demeter, mother of the earth,  
the caring goddess of all living things,  
the chief protector of all cultivation,  
welfare and expansion of all nature,  
you are piety itself, but also sorrow,

searching for a ravished child forever  
and indulging in your sorrow wetting earth with tears  
to make it grow the more and give good harvests,  
no life service being more indulging  
than to cry for sorrow in sincerest love.

But you are also guardian and protector of all harvests,  
making wheat grow, starving off starvation,  
as you are the farmer's goddess above all,  
perhaps the most important, vital and constructive,  
as no humankind can live and prosper without food,  
of which you are the universal and unique provider.

So desist not, motherhood, to care for us,  
and we shall always turn to you  
in maximized and our sincerest piety  
and gratitude for the existence of our freedom  
maintained and supported only by your Nature.

### *Hestia*

This was published here before, but she fits well in as the conclusion to these hymns to the six goddesses of ancient Greece. She was the only one of the Hellenic gods never to be depicted. Her symbol was instead the hearth.

The unknown goddess,  
almost never made a statue of,  
a silent modest background figure  
staying quietly at home –  
and maybe the most vital and important  
of all gods and goddesses  
for doing nothing but just being  
there at home in coziness  
with warmth and candour by the fireplace,  
just keeping up the homely standard order,  
keeping clean and making the home comfortable –  
what could possibly be more important  
than the very base of life,  
a home to be at ease with  
and to be at home in?  
Still, she never made much noise,  
no scandals, no atrocities,  
no arguments, no love affairs,  
just being there as the continuous stability,  
the comfort of just being there at peace  
and keeping up the basics  
as the only ground  
for the existence of all humankind.

### *Some mysteries of love*

The strangeness of love is that it can have no finish,  
once you love, it never ends  
but must be constant in continuation,  
or it is not love.  
It also must embrace not just your love  
but everything she is and does,  
her thoughts, considerations and creations,

since your love is that especial force  
inspiring her to creativity.  
Thus love spreads like the rings of water  
never to dry up but always to continue  
spreading further and expanding ever  
to miraculously end to only start again,  
a gracious circle ever coming back to you  
for you to please yourself by starting it again.

### *Rejuvenation*

What a miracle to see you fresh again  
after an eternity of some tumultuous decades  
of divorces, dramas, traumas and upheavals  
all reduced to nothing in an instant,  
since you were so totally unchanged,  
as if our forty years by some strange miracle  
were reduced to but a moment's time  
out of eternity, at once returning to our youth  
and giving us a new eternity and lifetime of no end.  
How shall I handle this new totally surprising love  
so generously brought by fate and fortune  
undeserved and unexpected but the more sincerely welcome  
for its heavenly and overwhelming grace  
that must completely fill me up  
with boundless joy and energy and a new life  
for you, my love, our common memories  
and all those friendships that we shared together?  
Stay by me, and don't desert me once again,  
our divorce was much too long and all too painful  
to bear any repetition and to be supported or endured  
since we have been through far too much already  
not to finally deserve each other.

### *Reunion*

My love to you is like some service of divinity,  
completely voluntary and in character religious,  
since religion actually brought us together  
and kept us united for some time in service  
until nature brought on a divorce of destiny  
to almost last a lifetime, an eternity of limbo  
while we were the gadgets of our destiny  
to play with and to handle roughly,  
teaching us some karmic lessons about life,  
relationships and how we always must return  
to basics, to ourselves and to our origin,  
how we were created, and to our debts  
to those who made our lives and beings possible;  
and thus we always have our piety to stick to,  
which has always followed us like guardian angels  
for protection against worldly troubles and deceits,  
to always stick to ourselves and to our truth  
of character, of truth and of our obligations  
to ourselves, our families and to our plights and duties,  
wherein we shall always find each other  
for our warmth and comfort, inspiration and protection  
in our love, the secret of our lives,

for no one can live without love,  
which is the key to life and to eternity,  
which only can be handled by the means of loyalty.  
So here we are again, referred to one another,  
as if our love as children in all innocence  
was powerful enough to last for all our lives  
and keep us well protected in eternity.

*The vital flow of tears*

Your eyes must never dry.  
They were made for tears  
to make them flow and stay alive  
for as long as possible and all your life  
at least, but some tears last forever,  
and they are the true life-giving tears,  
the flow of which keeps flooding all the world,  
maintaining oceans, watering the earth  
to make it flourish, bloom and stay alive,  
and all those tears are not of sorrow only.  
Call them rather pity and compassion,  
maybe even piety if not commiseration,  
which is what is keeping life alive  
in constant crisis, struggle for survival,  
neverending anguish for the threat of constant death,  
the worries of the obligations of maintenance,  
which is actually the motor energy of life,  
the sentimental melancholy of the self-effacing godhead,  
that divine and universal source of life  
that we shall never know or understand,  
but for the fact that he keeps crying all the time  
to keep the world and universe alive  
from pure and piteous commiseration.

*Between ourselves*

I don't want to let you go.  
It is with absolute reluctance that I am without you;  
and that you are with me all the time  
although but virtually is not enough  
but merely the poorest remedy for our separation.  
Our love is unique and must needs entertainment,  
like an art or language that must rust if you don't use it,  
and I don't want any end to our engagement,  
as we already were separated far too long.  
Love is like a stormy visit out of paradise,  
turning everything completely upside down  
but positively, like some heavenly enforcement,  
leaving you in turmoil until things calm down,  
which you don't want them to, since you enjoy the passion.  
Let it be, let it continue and go on forever,  
and I shall enjoy the storm and relish it  
and make the best of it through all the trials,  
suffering with gladness and enduring anything for you,  
since you are you and I am here to love you.



### *The distance trauma*

It results in terrible ordeals of abstinence,  
since usually those that you love the most  
and would most eagerly be in close contact with  
are farthest out of touch and most impossible to reach,  
which must inevitably lead to tribulations,  
most atrocious sufferings and insufferability at large.  
And what is worse: it is a kind of problem  
that, once it's there you can't get rid of it.  
But what is distance then to love?  
Love neutralizes and dissolves dimensions,  
thought transcends and is superior to matter,  
nothing can inhibit thought or keep it within limitations,  
even less so when, as usually is the case,  
it is propelled and motivated and kept flying  
by the basic force of life called love,  
which is the one thing, maybe, that exceeds the speed of light.  
You can control thoughts, concentrate them, guide them,  
but when they are moved by love there's nothing that can stop them.  
Distances like all dimensions suddenly become nonsensical  
as trivial nonentities to be ignored and bypassed,  
while your love is all that matters,  
keeping you and life alive and constituting  
all the nourishment for your immortal universal soul.

### *The problem of rights*

Being right is more important than to force your right.  
The Tibetans, being under occupation now since more than 60 years,  
oppressed by tyranny, bereft of their own land and independence,

having had their culture almost extirpated and demolished,  
putting fire to themselves in desperate suicidal protest  
are completely right, while the Chinese, insisting on their tyranny  
are hopelessly completely wrong for all their overbearing dominating violence  
in which nothing morally can save them.

The dogmatic church and other such monotheistic institutions  
have for some millennia hounded, persecuted and put free-thinkers to death,  
while these were in the right, the martyrs, heretics and pagans,  
like Giordano Bruno and Jan Hus, Jeanne d'Arc and all the executed witches,  
while their executioners of islam and the church were hopelessly completely wrong  
and will be judged so for eternity, and there is nothing that can save them morally.  
The losers, martyrs, scapegoats, sacrifices and all victims  
win eternity and will forever be atoned for and remembered,  
while their murderers, no matter how victorious they are,  
will lose forever and can never save their faces.  
They are damned, accursed forever, blighted and condemned,  
while those who were put to the stake and sacrificed  
will live forever and triumphantly,  
universally acknowledged and acclaimed  
as morally superior forever  
to those dogs who did them in,  
in which case there is nothing that can save them,  
moral victory and right outshining  
all the victories of gain and greed,  
which eventually must come to nothing;  
while there is no labour more rewarding  
than that of the moral power of the soul.

### *Your enigma*

The question is not who you are,  
no one can answer that question about herself,  
since your identity is everything and nothing,  
you can become whatever, make yourself whatever,  
be whoever but at the same time be at a loss,  
aware of the black hole of your enigma  
of your personality and everything that makes you you,  
your heritage and what you were before your birth,  
the history about yourself, which can not be researched  
but still is there in manifest imposing presence.  
I know that I am many people and can never be but one,  
so I devote myself to work to thus evade the problem  
in a constant desperate escape from any ego trip,  
and thus I can avoid the problem of my personality.  
Are you the same? You have a personality like me,  
but I don't know how you have handled it,  
if it ever was a problem to you, and that's maybe your enigma:  
I don't know you in the least and never shall,  
– so we are free to be without ourselves together.

### *Lost in love*

It can happen to anyone,  
and it usually happens to us all.  
It is only natural to be lost in love  
and to stay that way indefinitely,  
paralysed, transfixed, immobilized and powerless,  
while love is all that works and matters.

There is nothing wrong with that,  
we actually were made for it,  
and it did produce us all;  
so just give in and go for it  
and make the best of it,  
adorn your trap of love with your abilities,  
indulge in all those moods of melancholy,  
longing, languishment, desire and frustration,  
if you can't beat reality you have your dreams  
which in your world will certainly beat everything,  
and your paralyzation will turn into fruitfulness.  
It's all a matter of let go.  
To make resistance is the height of foolishness,  
stupidity and folly, since you really have no choice  
but to follow your own nature guided by your love.

### *The depths of love*

Love will take on many forms  
but none will ever be consummate.  
However, every form is good enough,  
whatever its expression, and can never be mistaken:  
love is always recognized as love,  
even when its language is contempt and hate;  
which is why it's so important  
to interpret love correctly:  
that's the true art, seeing love behind it all  
when that's the character behind it,  
masked and enigmatic, dark and puzzling,  
difficult to get the hang of or imposing,  
the art of understanding being the most difficult of arts  
and also the most necessary and advanced,  
which you will never, like with love itself,  
be able to be fully educated in.

### *At zero*

Naked you were born to earth,  
and naked shall your soul remain for all your life.  
The clothes you get for your protection  
and for the cover of your nakedness  
are only a disguise for all your life,  
an artificial masquerade of only lying masks  
to cover up the truth,  
which always shall remain pathetically naked;  
but your body also is but a disguise,  
a robot and contraption to deceive the world with,  
a means for faking vanities and fortunately a most mortal lie.  
You yourself are something different,  
namely your own naked soul,  
the nakedness of which is such  
that fortunately it can never be detected,  
so that you can even get away with it  
and take it with you when you die.



*Suicide or self sacrifice*

- 70 years since the suicide of Stefan Zweig

It has the worst of reputations,  
considered generally the worst of crimes,  
punishable by death or worse,  
the absolute and utmost cowardice,  
the definite damnation doomed to hell forever,  
but it's really not that simple.  
It depends on why you do it.  
If it's a revenge on those that wronged you,  
or if it's a demonstration, which it often is,  
it must be viewed correctly in perspective.  
Let me take a classical example.  
Stefan Zweig in 1942 was something of a humanistic leader,  
most translated author in the world,  
a representative of culture, pacifism and internationalism,  
which gave him a tremendous standing of responsibility,  
but as a Jew he had to leave his native Austria  
and found himself eventually completely isolated in Brazil,  
not able to communicate with German-speaking readers any more.  
When he committed suicide with his wife  
he made it very clear it was for purely intellectual reasons –  
as an intellectual he felt asphyxiated in a world of war and Adolf Hitler  
dominated by coarse anti-spiritualism and media propaganda.  
Although he denied that he dropped out of any personal frustration,  
the fact that he did had a tremendous impact  
morally and intellectually for all the world,  
and during that year actually the tides turned against Hitler  
first by Moscow, then in Africa and Stalingrad.  
His action was supreme as demonstration against the oppression  
he felt as an intellectual by the vulgar imposition of politics.  
Today we see the same phenomenon in Tibet,  
some twenty monks have burned themselves to death,  
no suicidal bombers, only private self sacrifices  
as the greatest demonstration life can manifest  
against intolerable cruelty, oppression and the violated rights of freedom,  
and its effect must have consequences.

*The honeymoon is over*

All honeymoons must pass  
and vanish out of sight into a Neverland  
where you at least can still imagine that they carry on  
while you are left alone with the delusion of reality,  
the sordid realism of dismal darkness  
which must ever tie you harder up  
into a knot of disappointed bitterness  
that ever must grow worse and ail you unto death;  
but there was once a honeymoon in spite of all,  
you could believe in happiness and fall in love  
when you were young and fresh and beautiful and healthy, –  
but that paradise is closer than you think.  
Since once you had it, bringing it into your soul,  
your Neverland is always there and waiting for you,  
carrying on as usual, where the best part  
of your truth and beauty never are forgotten  
but will keep you warm when all the world is cold.



*Caretaking*

How shall I love you?  
My capacity is not enough,  
and I can't always reach you  
since you are so volatile and fleeting as a dream,

too beautiful to be intruded on and importuned,  
too delicate and vulnerable to be touched  
and too exquisite not to be with constancy adored and loved.  
They say that femininity is frailty and weakness,  
but I think it is the other way around –  
the more profound its spirituality, the stronger,  
and that's where we have the obligation of persistent adoration:  
spirituality is beauty and is life,  
and the more beautiful, the more reliable and generous its life,  
which it's our duty to maintain, sustain and entertain  
protectively with our lives and loving care and adoration.

### *The other side of love*

The constant worry, the despair and the frustrations,  
disappointments and the total everlasting grief  
that constantly grows worse,  
are just a few of the outrageous symptoms  
of the tribulations and self-torture we call love,  
and so the question always rises:  
is it worth it? Is it worth the constant sacrifice,  
the anguish of the doubts, suspicions and deceits,  
the pain of the defeats and the adversities,  
the losses without end and the disasters?  
Well, if you survive you always have the possibility  
to start all over once again and take another chance;  
and no one ever failed to do that  
who was well acquainted and experienced with love.

### *The success of failures*

You pulled away,  
but I could never leave you.  
If it is a crime to be a narcissist,  
then all of mankind would be prosecuted,  
for there is no other natural religion.  
Each and every one is his own god,  
and of all religions the most realistic one  
would be the one acknowledging that fact  
and making it its basic creed.  
She cheated me and hurt me by her infidelity,  
but so did they all, so many others,  
as if our relationship and union only was a reason  
and excuse for faithlessness;  
and worst of all were feminists,  
the cruellest one the most extreme one,  
lesbian and to some exaggeration.  
Only you did not deceive and cheat me,  
but instead you brought on some adventure,  
wild experiments in metaphysics and the occult  
which no one can know where they might lead,  
while certainly the constant risk of death is imminent.  
This brings me into constant worry,  
like a torturous malaise of some maliciousness  
that I can never more get rid of as incurable  
as long as I love you, which I must do forever  
since you are the closest thing to perfect love  
that all my failures in spite of all and after all led up to.



### *Midnight conversations*

An old poem, published anew because of some emendations - a rather familiar situation to most.

In the darkness of midnight  
far away beyond ourselves  
we meet and join in timelessness  
like two spirits moulded into one  
by the truth of this momentary eternity.  
This bliss is the supremest of this life  
and the miracle of it the most incredible.  
The sight goes out and we live by hearing only  
sweet soft words from barely audible voices,  
the loveliest of this life  
only because they understand each other  
and thereby comprise each other  
in the pious breathless embrace of eternity.  
This union is this moment which,  
if you have experienced it,  
you can but always pray  
for its remaining and continuing forever.

### *Sometimes I wonder who you are*

Sometimes I wonder who you are,  
since you are never quite definable.  
You keep evading me, absconding into shadows,  
as if you were apprehensive, fearing some contamination  
either by yourself or for yourself,  
but I could never fear a thing of you.  
The more I love you, the more you retire,  
as if you refused me your identity  
or were afraid of making it knowledgeable at all.  
So do departed spirits haunt the living,  
still communicating but communicating vaguely,  
as if fearful of their actual condition being known;  
but you are here, alive and kicking,  
and you are forever on my mind,  
and that's what makes it so frustrating  
never to attain and reach your actual personality.  
It's like 'hide and seek', but I can never find you,  
although you are manifestly there for sure,  
but covered in a mystery, a cloak of darkness and invisibility,  
as if my honest love and most sincere communication  
only were allowable on purely an exclusive spiritual plane.

### *Beyond reality*

Our world is another better world,  
a world and age of timelessness and beauty  
far removed from this world of indecency  
of vulgar greed and base voracity,  
where beauty and idealism seem in exile  
doomed to languish, starve and stifle  
in an age of narrow-minded automatic inhumanity,  
while we were made for love and inspiration,  
human dignity and the appreciation of humanity,  
since being human is the only decent standard,

which got lost in the last century  
when fools rushed in to rape and devastate  
a world of order and romantic aestheticism  
to trample it under the armies of dictators.  
We have nothing more to do with them,  
nothing in common and no business with their devastation  
but stick faithfully and closely to that world of beauty  
which was painfully neglected and forgotten and abused  
by those who violated it and ruined it.  
Our realm of timelessness is beyond their mortality and vanity,  
and when at last they will wake up from mortal folly,  
they will find us there to welcome them back home.

### *Portrait of a lady*

Describing you is something of a challenge,  
since you make a sport of your concealment,  
hiding your good looks and covering your hair,  
the richest and most beautiful I know,  
under the bushel of your veils and shawls,  
while you but seldom look into the eyes of others,  
as if you saw far too much of them in but a glance,  
and usually allowing no one to see yours,  
as if you had to cover and protect them  
with dark glasses from the ignobility of others' hearts.  
Your figure is a problem too, far too well-shaped,  
with hips too narrow for a lady, raising the suspicion  
that you would be unfit to have children,  
which is maybe why you never had any,  
while at the same time your appearance is of perfect femininity,  
so well proportioned and so graceful in its movements,  
so expressive of the softest care and mildness,  
raising and inspiring respect and telling of your wisdom,  
while at the same time a warning is inspired  
of the sensitivity of your dynamics and explosiveness,  
like some grenade that could go off at any time.  
The message is the clearest possible: "Leave me alone.  
Respect me, love me if you want, but don't come near me,  
since it's best for you the less you know about me."

### *Her disgrace*

You ask me to condemn you.  
That is not so easy, although no one is infallible,  
we are but human, but at the same time  
we are not only human. There is more to our humanity  
than we ourselves are quite aware of,  
and although I could point out your faults,  
they are but trifles in comparison.  
Your hinted wrinkles vanish in the sunshine of your smile,  
the shadows of your past are outshone by your beauty,  
and the darkness of your soul, that you persist in boasting,  
as if that was some protection or excuse for your indisposition,  
are but shades like of mascara on the beauty of your soul.  
Your poverty means only that you never have been spoilt,  
and age is but increased nobility, maturity and wisdom,  
each year adding to your merits of survival and persistence

and to my increasing love for you, according to what you deserve.  
Contempt? Impossible. Respect? Of course,  
and nothing so much more than that, except for love.

*The Age of Passion*

Let's make love before it is too late,  
for time will never wait for us,  
and love is always short of time,  
and we must be in time before we get too old  
for passion, which demands our action now,  
postponement of which means the death of it.  
The time is now and not at any other time,  
but in this moment of our love at present  
there is room forever for some timelessness,  
since love is a dimension of its own  
exceeding time and all concerns of age,  
for which we never can become too old.  
Thus even in the mortal moment of our love  
at this most precious fleeting presence  
our love is an eternity that will go on  
and never die, although we would be but a moment  
unified in our consummate and completed passion.

*My demon*

You are my demon,  
ever present but absconding,  
tantalizingly evasive and alluring,  
like a shadow you can never catch  
and never do without  
but at the same time something of my guardian  
leading me on crooked paths  
but always in the right direction  
to a destiny I seldom am aware of  
but which ultimately usually proves true.

At the same time you are possessing me,  
without you I am lost and can but long for you,  
my worst most painful abstinence,  
while I only am fulfilled  
when we get on together.

As an intimate relationship  
it is more closely knit than any marriage,  
rather like as soulmates  
making up and adding to each other  
like a coin of opposite and different sides.

You are my demon,  
I can never do without you,  
and as long as you can carry on with me,  
I know I shall be whole and prosper,  
happily in love with more than just a partner.





### *Out of nowhere*

As people pass away they leave behind  
a void of talks that never were completed,  
conversations and intimacies badly to be missed,  
unfinished cycles, projects and possibilities  
that were too often thought of but forever unfulfilled,  
and above all the physical immediate close contact,  
without which you are left at a loss  
disoriented and abandoned to your ghosts  
or what is worse, yourself.  
But still there always is a remedy,  
right there in front of you and in the middle of all darkness,  
opportunity will wait for you to just take care of it.  
For every old friend that is lost  
a younger friend will take his place,  
appear from nowhere and report to take his stand,  
and even in the darkness in the absence of your love  
a new and warmer, maybe even more intensive,  
passionate and stimulating love will strangely suddenly appear,  
since that is how love works. It never ends.  
It only dies to gain new strength,  
be reinforced and find new ways and forms.

### *Acknowledgement*

Did I demand too much of you  
and make impossible pretensions?  
Maybe I was too much of a snob  
and too possessive in my strictness,  
too much of a critic and too little of a lover,  
being too severe in keeping to my standards,  
while your generosity was always without reservations.  
There is nothing to regret, though.  
I could not be less than what I was  
nor compromise with my convictions  
or turn any blind eye to the false notes of your music  
nor be any different from my own true heart.  
What came between us was not me  
nor was it you but only that which wasn't you.  
Now you are free and liberated from the dross  
of all the bondage that destroyed your life  
and can at last see all things clearly,  
while at least we now are free to smile indeed  
in friendship everlasting that can never be impeded,  
and that's something even more worth  
than that love that never could exist between us,  
although it was always there and undeniable,  
and still for all its strange untouchable unmentionableness  
a stranger love than any other love in our lives.

### *Reunion*

Thank you for the pleasure  
of enjoying well each other once again,  
like a fresh start after some time of absence  
almost like the dryness of some languishment  
or a divorce and crisis of some rupture,

but it was a healthy and enjoyable resume  
to feel the lust of wallowing in slime  
and the debasement of mortality and ordinariness,  
the trivial common vice of being only human  
with the passion of commitment in your lap  
accepting and partaking in the weakness of your bias  
in a fit of universal tolerance of sin.  
Our love was always only a beginning  
going on forever as it seems,  
since nothing ever could impede or stop it,  
least of all the reason of good sense and rationality,  
so I would guess it will continue to survive.

### *Irrefutability*

Love is only true if it is blind  
and you can't see another course of it except to follow it  
wherever it may lead you,  
and its destination must needs be unknown.  
Those are the tokens of true love:  
no sense, no course except in blindness,  
a permanent blind date, no ending, no control.  
When love is there, there's nothing more important,  
all the world becomes a negligible triviality,  
all matters of career, economy and situation  
are reduced to a nonentity,  
while love is first and last and everything between.  
To mind it must become your only serious business,  
and it fills your life, which otherwise is empty.  
Who your love is is of less importance in this context,  
most important is that you have someone  
else to love than just yourself,  
and you can only keep it by remaining faithful  
and to never let her down whatever happens in eternity.

### *The shadow of your absence*

You turned your back on me and left me  
but still left the most important part behind,  
the shadow of your absence being more alive than any ghost,  
as if you stayed behind the more for leaving me.  
Your presence is a haunting trauma  
and the more so for your absence,  
as if you could never leave me  
but to prove the more your indispensibility,  
your hidden eyes and your expressive back  
just proving too unbearably the unacceptability.  
I know, I am not sober, mad with grief  
and melting in the sorrow of your absence,  
while my only hope  
is after all the possibility of your return.

### *Still missing*

The ordeal of missing you  
is worse than any rainy weather,  
even if you're caught in it without a cape,

the water running down your neck can be endured,  
but not your momentary permanence of absence.  
There is no one else for me to love so ardently,  
although the gods know there are hundreds  
whom I miss like you with broken heart,  
but they are all deceased, while you are only gone away.  
Perhaps you could regard them also just as gone away,  
although they haunt me with their presence constantly,  
while you are definitely out of reach  
in far too real a palpable and painful absence.  
Let me cherish you, then, as my queen of ghosts,  
the star outshining all the heavens in their darkness,  
all the other stars remaining at your pleasure  
as commiserating me in my tremendous pain of missing you.

### *The presence of beauty*

The miracle of it is that,  
when once it's there, it will remain  
and never really leave your side,  
like something of a dream that lasts forever,  
although it is real and no illusion,  
like a spirit fleeting by but staying on  
to always in a strange reliability  
provide a refill of your life and love  
whenever, and especially, when you are troubled  
or caught up in critical upsetting situations,  
like a secret love and woman always by your side  
although she isn't there, but still  
in a most palpable and obvious presence,  
the more real for being only spiritual.

### *The absent friend*

You left, but left something behind.  
I listen to your voice, although it's gone,  
but hear it still in its warm booming depth  
and look each morning for your place out there  
and seem to see you still out on the terrace,  
or is this I see just what you left behind,  
a memory, the pain of breaking up,  
the most reluctant difficult departure,  
as if you left all the most important parts of you  
still here with me, while you removed your body only?  
Still, we keep in touch, like brothers of a common destination,  
ships that met alone out in the desert ocean  
for a brief encounter of remarkable importance  
never sailing from each other quite away again  
however far we travel on our way in different directions.

### *Departure*

When you leave a place, you leave all friends behind,  
you get uprooted and are left completely at a loss  
and find yourself abandoned but for tears,  
the one thing you must carry with you  
into exile from where you have left your heart.

But still, your friends remain with you like shadows  
following around you everywhere, impossible to leave behind,  
shake off, forget or even to stop thinking of,  
as you, like they, will always keep returning  
to what you have shared together;  
and like they you always can keep hoping,  
looking forward to and wishing for the possible redemption  
of one day somewhere in the eternity of future  
maybe being able to unite again.

*The failed appointment*

I was punctual, but you were not there,  
all doors closed up by padlocks,  
windows darkened, like a demonstration  
against my at all existing as a presence  
venturing to being fond of you  
and nourishing affection and sentimentality.  
It's almost worse than just a loss  
and almost a betrayal of true love  
at its most beautiful and pure  
as can exist platonically only between soulmates.  
Well, perhaps there was an incident,  
some urgent business or an accident  
preventing you from humouring a friend  
by courtesy; but when the heartbreak is repeated  
and a failed appointment happens more than once,  
I wonder: is it fortune playing me a trick,  
or am I just misfortunate  
and dealt unfairly with by destiny?

*Your voice*

Your voice keeps haunting me  
for its alluring irresistibility of musicality,  
its lush sonority so sweet to have as balsam to my ears  
and so revealing of your personality.  
It was a love affair of spiritual coexistence  
of coordination of communion and communication,  
and I thoroughly enjoyed each moment of it  
wishing to prolong each minute to a lifetime;  
and this memorable and momentous meeting  
will not cease but constantly go on by our continuation  
of two souls on the same level but from different worlds  
by our remaining in close contact although worlds apart.  
We don't see when we shall unite again,  
but actually it doesn't matter. We have all the future,  
it's the widest field of operation and of opportunities,  
and I believe that we have found each other only  
never to be able to break up and part again.

*My dead love*

How comes it, then,  
that we are still together  
every day and intimately,  
even more so

than when you were here  
alive and active,  
while since your departure  
you, instead of vanishing into the shadows,  
your presence only has increased  
up to a point of almost taking over  
my entire life, more part of me  
than of yourself.  
It is a metaphysical phenomenon,  
and I can only marvel at the fact  
that you are more alive as dead  
than when you were alive.

### *The blessings of workoholism*

You are never bored  
and never out of work,  
you never lack good entertainment  
and you always are kept busy.  
In brief, it only imports blessings  
never to be able or to have to stop  
and never needing any rest,  
to always have something ahead  
both to look forward to  
and being able to postpone,  
as it is said:  
He has something to look forward to  
who has some business to postpone.  
It can be also used as some way of escape  
for the evasion of fatiguing travel  
and dull social duties,  
like exhausting tiresome and noisy parties  
to instead be kept alone in peace.  
These blessings make your wages less important  
since no salary or gain is higher  
than the satisfaction  
of a finished and accomplished work.

### *Love*

How can I describe you but with gratitude?  
Our passion needed fifteen years to find itself  
and then was ripe enough to bloom forever  
as it seemed; and I was so surprised  
that I had not discovered previously  
the essence of your magic personality.  
You came to me then as a benefactory reward  
for all my losses previously and disappointments,  
as a perfect healing compensation for my shipwrecks,  
undeserved defeats and lock-outs from society  
in spite of honesty and regular hard work,  
like an infectuous cold hand of inhumanity  
that persecuted me throughout my life for nothing  
if not for my diligence and constancy of faithfulness  
to my vocation, turning me into a total workoholic  
as my only recompense for never getting any salary.  
My life is turning now into a regular and chronic state  
and exercise of meditation; but your presence in my life

is much more worth and better as a salary and honour  
than all prizes in the world, and you have honoured me  
by giving up yourself entirely to me and no one else,  
although indeed you had a choice of lovers.  
All the riches in the world is nothing to our love,  
which for its constancy and character of durability,  
impeccability and spirituality and mutual respect and trust  
is more than only love, but something like  
a universal covenant and marriage between souls  
that is its own reward in inexhaustibility of inspiration.

### *Continuity*

How long can you go on loving?  
You just have to carry on  
and never let your passion down,  
since you live only while you love.  
It doesn't matter how you love,  
but only that you feel it honest and sincere  
with all your being constituting only love.  
It is your only obligation in your life,  
that's only why you live  
and how you can go on with it,  
it is what's keeping you alive,  
the one thing capable of continuity  
and even after life – there's nothing else  
that constantly can keep you going on  
through all adversities, debacles, tragedies,  
departures, losses, crises, death and cataclysms;  
since the great secret of the elixir of love  
is that it always will survive.

### *The miracle of your love*

You have never changed.  
You are still the one I loved  
from the beginning, and in all these years  
your love grows only lovelier,  
as if the fact that I once loved you  
more than anything and to a permanence  
preserved your beauty  
only to enhance it with the years.  
How many years have passed?  
Not more than only some eternities.  
Your charm was there to linger and to last  
as long and to the same degree as my sincerity  
which never slackened during all these years.  
Your smile was then the sun of permanence  
of flooding light throughout my life,  
and although you had some successors,  
you were the foundation of my love  
whereon I could continue building it,  
expanding it, enhancing it and developing it  
to never cease but to increase  
in constant and miraculous renewal  
of itself by its own magic power  
of transcendent permanence.



*The mystery of love*

The mystery of love has once again exploded loaded with an abyss and a universe of wonder of considerations, thoughts and broodings without end because of their intrinsic nature

of a mystery that can't be solved,  
as it grows only deeper the more you investigate it,  
like a fascinating image in a mirror  
which reflects itself too clearly in another mirror  
multiplying and prolonging the strange show  
of what you do not even know if it is a beginning,  
a fulfillment of an old unfinished story,  
a strange peril of a new entrapment  
or another chance to finally make something of your life.  
I cannot judge it or assess it, what it means,  
and must accept to stand here groping in the dark,  
while there at least is one thing that's for certain:  
that I love you. Maybe that is all I need to know.

### *Potency*

I am not afraid of love  
but usually prefer its milder forms  
with quality as number one.  
The highest quality of love is spiritual,  
which is superior to any physical  
by inexhaustibility and limitlessness above all,  
since this potential is without restrictions and impediments.  
Is celibacy then what I profess?  
No, celibacy is no matter in this issue,  
since spiritual love demands no discipline.  
It just exists, expands and works in quiet growth  
unlimited creating only good relationships.  
That's how it is superior to any love of concrete ties,  
dissolving and annihilating all the common problems  
that are unavoidable in physical relationships;  
and most marvellous of all in spiritual love  
is its superiority and transcendence of all earthly love  
in its potential for creating warmer closeness and intimacy  
in continuity that could not only last but grow forever.

### *Deception*

The more you love them, the more faithless they are,  
and the more faithless they are, the more you love them.  
That's the essence of love's merry-go-round,  
a vicious circle in which you constantly get fooled around  
and therefore the more enthusiastically join in again.  
It doesn't matter how much you are hurt;  
the more vulnerable and more wounded you are,  
the more you continue to expose yourself to new massacres  
just to get new wounds to dress again  
with long periods of rehabilitation and recuperation.  
Love's the constant battle from which you can never rest  
but must join in the slaughter-house again  
each time you have been slaughtered.  
Is it wise? Is it a folly or a vanity?  
It's like a drug and an addiction,  
you just have to have another glass  
since it momentarily makes you feel better.  
I can't advise it, and no one can advise against it.  
You just got to have it, for a moment's better  
or for an eternity of worse, and there you are:



the present moment if just for a brief fulfillment  
of your longing and delusion, self-deceit and dreams of vanity  
is so much more important and more attractive  
than all eternity, which never comes but later.



*Moor blossom*

The passion of your love  
is like a flower in the whirlwind  
outcast and without protection  
and the loneliest flower in the world  
in furious beauty of resplendent glow  
of warming tenderness and infinite melancholy.  
Will it survive the storms and hibernate  
in splendid isolation without being plucked,  
or will it be collected, saved and cultivated,  
or will it just wither, wasted and forgotten?  
No, you will not wither, you will always be the same  
in furious glow of melancholic splendour,  
the most energetic force of love of all,  
outshining all the overwhelming grimness of the moor  
the more enduring for the more it hurts and suffers.

### *How not to complicate relationships*

It happens all the time.  
They end up with the wrong guy  
getting into bed with the wrong man,  
while their truest lover proves to be another  
who resigns in bitter melancholy and frustration.  
How then do they manage constantly to pick the wrong guy?  
Is it that notorious frailty of a woman,  
do they WANT to get seduced and laid by the wrong man,  
are they so gullible and duped so easily,  
or are they helpless victims, martyrs forced by rape?  
I think the problem is to have to choose at all,  
because in choosing one you must exclude the others,  
and they are inevitably the majority.  
The one who doesn't make a choice  
but steers out clear of all the rocks  
will still be able to keep all his loves  
without disgracing anyone or letting any down,  
spreading disappointment and frustration equally to all  
and keeping all of them with faith, fidelity and love  
in mastery of love's diplomacy and equilibrium.  
That is how Queen Elizabeth kept all her wooers and adorers,  
and a bachelor can never be accused  
of maltreatment of any lady  
until he starts favoring one to another.

### *Welcome*

It is as if I always had you home with me  
although we only met but once or twice  
and we could hardly know each other.  
Still, it is as if you always had been with me,  
and I could but welcome you into my soul  
when you so generously opened it to enter,  
where you have remained since then  
most welcome to my humble hospitality  
in both my heart and soul and without reservations.  
Thereby I don't wish to importune  
but merely courteously bring you my compliment  
with my sincerest unpretentiousness, humility and prudence  
tainted with a cautious touch of shyness  
not to hurt your feelings or my own.  
Now is the time for the dark mornings  
when you rise to darkness every darker dawn  
while in its stead my love of you is rising  
shining brighter every morning  
compensating spiritually the increasing darkness  
of this mad distorted world of turbulence  
where so much love must compensate for so much folly.

### *Temptation*

My love is like a mirage that is real,  
a dream that is too palpable to be dissolved,  
an impossible illusion that you can't discard,  
a prospect too good to be true  
and therefore unforgettably alarming,

a relief from the religious fun-house of the world  
providing you with reason for a change,  
and although this might risk a dire strait  
of the most complicated of relationships,  
the challenge is unquestionable irresistible.  
I love you, and I can't deny it,  
come what may,  
but love must always have its way.



### Poems – 2015-17

#### *No time*

There is no time for anything,  
since there is never time enough.  
Your life is squeezed down into certain limits  
that keep you like in a strait-jacket  
out of any possibility of freedom  
since your time is limited and always short,  
and the more you use it economically  
for all that has to be done and executed,  
the less time you have,  
not even time enough to sleep;  
and then you have to work in constant overtime,  
and you will never reach that spare time  
which would finally allow you to resolve the matter  
of not ever having time enough to live.

*In praise of beauty*

May I touch your hair and ask you never more to cut it?  
That's the foremost evidence of beauty in any human being,  
that she knows to cultivate her hair correctly.  
There is nothing wrong with beauty, it can never be offensive,  
even when it is seductive and distracts your concentration  
it is fully meritorious only and to be encouraged.  
Beauty as an escapism, deluding people to disorientation  
is no less supportable, since it is not beauty's fault –  
if people go astray it is entirely their own responsibility,  
since only they themselves can do it.  
Beauty is a solace and a bandage for the tortures of reality,  
and who can blame a nurse for dressing wounds?  
So let me live for beauty, since there is not much else to live for,  
quite happy with the fact, vicissitude and knowledge  
that the truth of love and beauty always will survive me.

*My Love*

My love, your mystery has never ceased to bother me  
with its consummate irreproachability  
combined with unapproachability  
and all ideal traits of a woman,  
not just beauty of both soul and body  
but above all an astounding comfortableness,  
since you have never made demands,  
you never asked me for gratification,  
never wanted money or my property,  
always left me to my freedom and alone when needed,  
while the only thing you wanted me to give was time  
for you and for our love, which I most willingly bestowed,  
since that was all you asked for.

Maybe that's the most important thing a man can give a woman,  
while in our present world of stress and lack of time  
that's also the most difficult of things to offer,  
which is a most shameful sign of the condition  
of our world today: when we can't give  
what's most essential between man and woman to bestow.

*Tired out*

How can I love you, being such a monster of deceit  
and double standards, volatile capriciousness  
and no reliability at all, save for abscondence?  
I have always loved you but have never reached you,  
as if your life's sport was never to get caught  
or even grasped or even palpably definable.  
Our love is a cruel game of hide and seek,  
and when at last I had you for myself  
you proved as fleeting as a shadow,  
as if all you wanted was to get away,  
while I was stuck with desperately missing you.  
Your darkness never scared me, on the contrary,  
your main attraction was to me your minefield  
of experimenting wildly with your human research,

but I could never be a part of it.  
That's maybe what was separating us from the beginning:  
your precarious recklessness in absolute demands  
for ruthless independence in your freedom,  
while I never settled for a compromise in love:  
I had to have it all and all of you,  
while you reserved your best part  
for the possibility to leave and get away.  
The worst part is, that I can love you but the more  
for your evasiveness in your perpetual refuge  
to vainly chase your shadow even into darkness.

*Your present absence*

Although you are so sorely missed,  
your presence is a case of omnipresence  
in your absence, since it's almost palpable  
in the ethereal substance of your essence,  
as the presence of your being overwhelms my mind  
the more for your so hopeless distance.  
I am paralyzed by being lost without you,  
and yet you are still so close and present  
ever in my life and mind and alien existence  
as if you could never exit my heart's residence,  
although no one is more free of me than you.  
It is a paradox in more than one sense  
as it all all ends up in something of a sentence  
that I'll never do without you for your absence.

*Catching up*

As we met again  
the stars began to sing,  
and to my infinite surprise  
you proved more beautiful than ever.  
We have both had our hardships,  
our souls are maimed with scars and ulcers,  
as the scumbags of incompetence and ignorance  
could never stop harassing us,  
but we survived with our wings quite intact  
and more prone to fly more skilfully than ever.  
Our reunion was traumatic for its overwhelmingness,  
since we were separated for too long,  
and although our union tragically will remain impossible,  
all we can do is hoping it will not be such a long time  
of insufferability until we meet again.

*Love at some safe distance*

Distances make love more vulnerable  
in the sadness raised by longing  
aggrandized by missing you outrageously.  
It has been said, that love is greatest  
when it cannot find sufficient words  
and all expressions never are enough.  
When love suffers from inadequacy  
of expression and the proper words,

it is because it is too deep and honest  
and therefore demanding too much of its owner,  
who can't compromise with his own truth of honesty  
or of his love's, which must demand the absolute.  
Such love is maybe better off at some safe distance  
than will risk its purity, sincerity and honesty  
in feelings that can't bear corruption.

### *Waiting*

Awaiting your return from overseas  
at least fills up my life with longing.  
Waiting is an unendurable eternity  
but still just one brief moment of our lives  
completely neutralized, when you return, to nothing,  
like all tantrums, tribulations, pains and sufferings  
for your love's sake just vanish when at last  
we are together once again, all sufferance made null and void.  
The dreariness, depression, darkness and despair  
meanwhile though are not to be borne with,  
and there is no hell more fatal than to have to do without your love.  
When she is there, you are the ruler of the world,  
and when she's gone you are worse off  
than any fallen angel stuck in hell forever without hope.  
So we shall smile indeed when you return,  
and may your glorious return then be a continuity forever.

### *Remembrance*

Should I not long back  
to places of my love and friends  
and only live to find them once again,  
revisit them with joy and candour  
as they must remain a continuity  
of love and friendship and communion forever?  
Sorely I will miss you  
but retain the comfort of preserving you  
and ever visit you again in my remembrance,  
always thinking of you now and then  
and always looking forward to the moment  
when at last we may rejoin again  
to smile indeed for yet another moment  
of some days, to cultivate and piously maintain  
our lasting union and belonging to each other  
for as long as there will be remembrance.

### *A dark secret*

You came to me through darkness  
out of my supreme despair  
of disappointments and annihilated expectations  
fatally depriving me of all my faith in man;  
but by the revelation of your personality  
with similar experience to my own  
you opened up a new world of discovery  
of possibilities and promises of love;  
and with the abyss of your tragedy

you never failed to give me light and hope,  
as if the hell of blood and tears was a prerequisite  
for the reward of wisdom and accomplishment.  
The black hole of your presence then must needs remain  
my arduous passion and continuous addiction  
fencing me irrevocably in for good  
in your dark universe of love.

### *Harvest*

O blessed night of ecstasy  
when everything is perfect in a love affair  
that knows no bounds and has no end  
and never even probably had a beginning.  
It is timelessness of love  
and joy at that of some infinity  
as health and harmony come out triumphant  
after crises filling up a lifetime.  
Ask me not about the nature of this bliss,  
but share it only and enjoy it  
as you never know how it might once again be interrupted.  
Walk with me into the sun,  
take care of every aspect of the full-blown ripe enjoyment,  
and remember it forever when it's past;  
and thus you might bequeath it an eternal continuity.

### *A Tibetan Shangri-La of happiness*

They have a good life in Dharamsala  
where they may freely practice their religion  
and philosophy in their fantastic library  
where at least 40 percent of all Tibetan literature was saved,  
while only 60 percent was destroyed by the Chinese.  
Here also they are free to practice their monastic life  
after the ruin of 6000 monasteries in Tibet by the Chinese,  
here they can live in peace in their perpetual exile,  
those Tibetans who were able to escape  
from the Chinese attempted genocide on all Tibetans  
in which just a fifth of them were actually disposed of  
of which half a million were just harmless monks and nuns,  
tortured to death in concentration camps  
and bombed to death in their own monasteries.  
But they lead a good life in Dharamsala  
and give a stronger sense of happiness  
than I have ever seen among Chinese in China.

### *The eternal return*

You graced me with your love  
without my being worth it,  
as I never as a lover was much qualified  
but dabbled mostly in most miserable failures,  
teaching me to never try again.  
And yet you were there, and most palpably,  
and always kept returning.  
as if I was something to return to  
and to keep reminding of the effects of true love;

and this can never be denied,  
that love can never be ignored or set aside,  
buried alive or in any way neglected,  
since even overrun and killed and raped  
it must return to glory,  
bursting like a flower through the asphalt  
and forever keep reminding anyone  
that there was never any love that did not last forever.

### *Economy*

an effort at common sense

What's the use of expansion?  
You can't expand forever anyway.  
Who needs more money than he can spend?  
Isn't just enough enough trouble already?  
People tend to torture themselves by over-feeding,  
amassing troubles as much as property  
and drown in worries over what they cannot handle,  
as they never get enough of anything  
but only live to make matters worse  
in a kind of lifetime prolonged suicide  
of self-suffocation in superfluous surplus;  
while the happiest man on earth,  
as Leo Tolstoy related in his fable,  
a prince searching for him to get into his shirt,  
proved to live more easily without a shirt.  
The ideal economy is not to earn more than you need,  
not to get into debt but rather pay your debts,  
and never live above your stable basic income.  
You are not a miser or a bore for living sensibly,  
but rather to be envied for your balance.

### *Your dishonour is my honour*

Your fall is not your fault,  
your suffering is your nobility,  
and the dishonour is entirely of others.  
You will stand when they will fall,  
and if you are disposed of, you will still remain,  
while they will disappear who brought you down.  
You are supreme in sovereignty  
as the queen of your creation and accomplishment,  
while all fools of destruction and suppression  
will be brought by disappearance into nothing.  
For all your discretion and your cautious anonymity  
you will remain prevailing in your stable character,  
while all your fiends and fools of vanity  
will drown and smother in their own ignominy.

### *At a loss*

This crisis is completely out of my experience,  
I have no idea of how to handle it,  
it's worse than death,  
since I don't know if you are still alive,



which though I must presume you are,  
since you are haunting me  
more steadfastly than ever,  
while the worst thing is the terrible uncertainty:  
you are lost, and I have lost you,  
but you still are somewhere,  
but I don't know where.  
It's worse than darkness,  
and my only hope is that it all will clear,  
that I will find you once again  
and that you will appear  
to make your presence known again.

### *Falling in love again*

You have to do it now and then,  
it is so beneficial and refreshing,  
and it gives you dreams to keep you out of sleeplessness,  
and nothing is demanded of you,  
it will cost you nothing,  
and it's quite enough to keep it virtual.  
The main thing is that she exists  
and that you are in touch with her  
and in your dreams can dwell on her  
in only her most favorable aspects,  
and that is the main idea:  
to maintain love as an ideal  
existing in reality and live.  
That's all you need for energy to keep you going  
and to keep on loving,  
living for your love in spite of all.

### *Roots*

You have them from the start,  
you were born with them to never lose them,  
they stick with you wherever you will travel,  
and even if they are bereft of you,  
you cannot lose them,  
although they are never seen,  
protected underground invisible,  
but you will always feel them  
and the more so the more they are threatened.  
Perhaps you even had them before you were born,  
like some kind of a spiritual inheritance  
to bring along as something of a starting capital  
for the venture of life's journey,  
which can bring you anywhere  
by any weird and wayward odyssey  
but which will always bring you home at last  
to where you always will belong,  
the roots of earth that always are in touch with heaven.

### *Review*

You were never lovelier, my sweet,  
as if our love had never changed

since first we met in dreams of beauty  
and the preciousness of mutual ideals  
to join to never be quite separated  
although all the world tried to obstruct us  
without any luck at all,  
succeeding only in collecting global crises  
for itself, as if its state of permanent derailment  
wasn't well enough, but it had also to  
disturb and harass innocent and faithful lovers  
as if sex was an unheard of outrage  
if committed only out of love.  
Continue as you are, and I will carry on as well  
in worship, adoration, faith and piety  
to never let our union ever be disturbed  
by even any mortal separation.

### *Ancestors*

Let it be a comfort to you  
that your dear departed ones  
are never really dead  
and never really left you  
since they never have abandoned you  
but always will be there  
and more alive than ever  
and the more so since you are alone with them  
and you will know them best  
as only knowing them by feeling them  
and therefore being in close contact  
with their very souls  
which never can be left alone  
and never can leave you alone  
since you are one of them  
and the more so for your contact with them,  
which is called the intimacy of eternity.  
There are no ghosts, there are no dead ones,  
all you knew are still alive  
and kicking more than ever for their spirituality  
and will remain alive as long as you.

### *To a friend*

Your presence still is undeniable  
although your absence is a solemn fact  
but only a material issue  
since there's nothing that can come between us  
since we are tied up with the eternal love  
that only can exist between two souls belonging to each other  
coming probably originally from a common source  
of only love, creation and good will  
determining a permanent irrevocable maintenance.  
Thus will we continue being one  
although we actually are two  
but totally dependent on each other  
and inseparable even by such dire circumstances  
as the foolishness of man and vain mortality.



*The ultimate betrayal*

Whatever you do, never let down your ideals.  
If others fail you or betray you,  
just let them go down the drain  
as they see fit by choosing for themselves,  
but you have nothing to do with their negativism,  
and you always have your own way left to go  
unhesitatingly, as your ideals is your vocation.

If you let them down you fail yourself  
and have forfeited your own worth in life,  
its meaning, your integrity, and are a traitor to yourself,  
while your ideals will always keep you going  
through all martyrdoms and shipwrecks and adversities,  
and as you die you still will have them left  
to pursue even beyond life into eternity.

*Long time no see*

You were lost but never lost.  
You were not there but always there.  
You died but always managed to survive.  
You were forgotten and ignored,  
buried alive, suppressed and done for,  
but continued to return with constant continuity,  
like as if you were some kind of a ghost of flesh and blood,  
no vampire or zombie and no morregan or banshee  
but more likely just a constant presence of persistence,  
but more passionate than any living person.

Once again you prove to me your faithfulness,  
as if you never could belong to anyone but me,  
and yet you do belong to everyone and all the world.  
I can't define you, understand you or get close to you,  
but all I can do is to love you.

### *Stronghold*

Your roots are your life's fundament,  
your origin, your family and your environment,  
you can't grow up, develop and expand without this ground,  
which must be safe, reliable and stable  
for your opportunity to build your life;  
but as you age there must be some decline,  
disasters, tragedies and losses cannot be avoided,  
and the strain can push you over any limit;  
everything is put to trial, and the question rises,  
whether still your fundament will hold.  
It will depend on what you built it on  
and how you anchored it.  
If you secured it safely on firm ground,  
if you stayed faithful to your friends and to your word  
and your relationships in honouring your family,  
maintained traditions and didn't waste your life,  
then your life's fundament will hold forever.  
You will have no fear,  
no matter what injustice or disaster may befall you,  
or whatever be your losses.  
If towards the end of your declining life your conscience has no stain,  
then you have triumphed and can safely just go on.

### *Water Lilies*

Unattainable, they float like death traps,  
inconceivable in beauty in their irresistibility  
as magic elements of calm in the dark water  
tempting you to swim and catch them  
to be caught yourself in intertwining webs  
to drag you down and hold you captive  
unto suffocation in dark drowning death;  
but there's a fragrance of eternity about them  
as they are related to the Lotus and the very origin of flowers  
many hundred million years ago and out of timelessness.

That was my first remark on my revisit  
at your place for the first time in thirty years,  
that there were water lilies in your lake  
to greet me and to capture me in beauty  
as the dominating element of your whole world.  
Let water lilies be the sign of our renewed relationship  
of intertwining kindred souls of long endurance  
out of many crises, fates, experiences and dire tragedies.

### *Reclaiming the mountains*

It's a conquest every year  
to make the effort of a risky journey

to return to the ideal geography  
of mountains the most beautiful on earth  
and highest and most unattainable,  
but still at least you can approach them  
and prove equal to their unattainability  
by making just a visit to their presence,  
proving that you love their purity  
and continue to be faithful to their beauty  
by revisiting them every year,  
for which you also are rewarded,  
as their gift to you is your well-being,  
a rebirth, rejuvenation, reinforcement of your energies,  
no matter how you strain yourself in arduousness,  
the wonder being, that the harder you exert yourself,  
the better will be your condition  
and the more refined your energies.



*The black hole of failure*

The hollow abyss of your failures and regrets  
are actually a laughing matter after all,  
since you are innocent of all that happened without reason,  
while what others did to you is only their own problems.

Yes, your losses never can be undone or retrieved,  
and still as long as you remain alive you can go on  
creating, working, living, laughing and enjoying,  
and why not ridiculing all those fools  
who thought they could control, defeat and humble you,

while your integrity remains as safe as any duck attacked by water;  
and your soul will sail through any storm  
with conscience for your rails unbreakable  
as long as you are certain you did right.

The abyss will remain there in its dreadful hollowness  
of a black hole of infinite despair and sorrow,  
but it will only do you good to be aware of it,  
to never lose your touch with the necessity  
of universal absolute humility.

*Love is never a parenthesis*

The dream I lost was more than just a dream,  
it was more real as a reality than actual reality,  
since love is always a reality  
transcending any mortal or concrete reality,  
and this was love and nothing else,  
whoever was involved, however tragic it became,  
but it was mine, and so was all the loss,  
a most unnecessary damage irreparable;  
and still the dream continues to exist,  
it cannot be denied, refuted or debunked  
but will remain forever, following your course  
wherever you will go, to one day maybe  
become palpable again,  
proving and confirming its reality  
like any dream consistent in eternity  
more true and real and lasting than reality.



*Because I love her*

What does it matter if she evades me,  
makes herself unreachable  
and stays away for months  
for enigmatic reasons out of reach;  
what does it matter if she gets mixed up  
in doubtful company, with other friends,  
perhaps with other lovers;  
and what does it matter how much of her life  
she hides from me, in cultivating secrets,  
in a mystery of permanent concealment;  
and what does it matter in what weird activities  
she gets involved, as long as she remains herself?  
For me, she may do anything whatever,  
I will not be curious or investigate,  
I will not mind whatever she is up to,  
I will trust her anyway,  
because I love her.

*Broken blossoms*

Flowers are for growing free,  
for bringing beauty to our fields and gardens  
and to bring life and colour to our parks;  
but why then has man this obsession  
for picking them and killing them?  
They will not live for long in vases,  
they will wither quickly, like canary birds in cages,  
and picked flowers are just like caged animals,  
victims of the cruelty and ignorance of man  
and doomed to languish in a long protracted death  
of famine, lack of freedom and imprisonment.  
It may seem funny to consider animals and flowers thus,  
like human people, but they are,  
and so are trees, which man has an obsession to cut down  
and kill, instead of leaving them alone  
and granting them the right of life and freedom.  
Gardeners are well aware of this  
necessity of cultivating life instead of killing it;  
but man was born inhuman and the beastliest of animals  
with a latent and intentional premeditated cruelty  
so infinitely more unnatural than any animal atrocity  
resorting to the killing action only to survive.

*Last man standing*

The game starts early.  
You get some warning signals  
as you lose a school mate by abuse  
or ruthlessness by drinking or some accident,  
a casualty, but maybe within ten years  
you will lose a second one by suicide or cancer,  
there is some injustice over it, and you begin to think.  
Then gradually they will accelerate,  
the deaths and funerals in some alarming frequency,  
and they will even soon be getting younger,  
and suddenly those younger than yourself will be in some majority.

That's the beginning of the race.  
Who will then be the last man standing?  
One day you will maybe find yourself the oldest  
and see only younger friends go down around you,  
but be comforted: your day will come as well,  
you'll never be the last one, but on the contrary  
you will be lucky not to be the first one.

### *Dedication*

You sneaked into my life  
unnoticeably like on a banana peel  
but smoothly and invisibly  
like some untouchable and alien being  
gradually to more and more take over  
or at least become a part and almost heart  
of some inalienable kind of my whole life,  
like a most palpable and present muse  
remaining always with me like a shadow  
but growing more and more into the better part of me.  
You claim that I gave you and taught you everything,  
and yes, you learned from me and copied me  
and made my way of using verse your own,  
but you developed an entirely different style  
based on your dark experience transcending all reality  
and laying yourself bare to metaphysics  
in a way that I could never do.  
And thus you turned into my muse  
remaining always with me by your presence  
complimenting me when words and inspiration fail me.  
Thus I owe my life of poetry to you,  
wherefore the only proper thing to do  
is to bestow on you this dedication.

### *My poverty is my honour*

We learn today how all the richest people,  
billionaires and multi-millionaires  
own more and more than half of all the world,  
while the majority must starve without clean water,  
while the epidemics, like malaria and tuberculosis,  
cholera and other world pandemics of the poor  
are steadily increasing to irrevocably unsurmountable proportions.

I was poor in all my life, lived in the slums for 9 years,  
have the lowest pension possible of Sweden  
and am proud of it, not being part of the abusive rich,  
the world possessive billionaires like Trump and Putin,  
autocratic China with their puppet rogue dictatorships,  
trying to obstruct democracy and freedom  
by restricting freedom of expression on the web  
and persecuting journalists unto assassination.

What outrageous mob is that suppressive class of 1%  
enforcing a brave new world order  
that would only kill all freedom first and then the planet!

I am rather poor and free than will have any part



in smothering all life and freedom by the force of power  
of the vanity of self-destructive economic wealth  
that must lead only to abuse, corruption and perdition.

### *The reality escape*

What is life's meaning?  
You have a right to ask indeed  
especially at this time of the year  
when it is time to leave a year behind  
of disappointments, failures and adversities  
that only emanated in a kind of hollow meaninglessness  
of an empty melancholy of no end and without bottom.

Solomon proclaimed the only valid meaning of life being  
to have fun, enjoy, make parties and forget all problems,  
and he was the wisest man in all the world.  
Is the reality escape life's meaning then,  
the culmination of which would be death  
as something of the ultimate reality escape?  
It's not all wrong, since nothing is more beneficial  
than imagination, which is just man's creativity.

So please regard all those poor escapists from hard reality  
by alcohol and drugs, by book worming and art obsession,  
partying zest and cineast enthusiasm  
with other penchants for all kinds of self-indulgence  
to just get away from humdrum boring every day economy and realism  
with some benevolence and tolerance,  
since all they want, these refugees from hard reality  
is just to innocently please themselves by living.

### *Unhappy love*

Who has not been through it?  
Who has not been subject to betrayal and abandonment?  
Who has not lost the one that least of all could be dispensed with?  
Who has not had yet another fall and love crush  
after only having been let down, betrayed and ditched?  
Who has not given up to only start again from the beginning,  
staking all on only insecure and unknown cards?  
Who has not blindly hit the wall,  
ignoring all unfavourable warnings and reports?  
Who has not been crushed and shattered,  
promising to never try again, to only fall again  
immediately, to consciously delude oneself again?  
That is – alas! – the way of love.  
It is born blind and never learns to see itself or waken up.  
It is the self-destructive flame of moths  
which it must constantly consume itself by  
and preferably to make it hurt as much as possible.  
The pain will make you feel alive,  
and that, I gather, is life's actual meaning,  
just to make you feel alive.

### *Awakening from death*

We never met until it was too late.  
You had already passed away  
beyond the portals of outrageous death  
and against your will survived mortality  
when you walked in to settle in my heart  
in infinite unfathomable desperately tragic sorrow;  
and it took some days before it dawned upon me  
that I could but join you in your sorrow, but with love.  
It was a death of love we had experienced  
as a ruthless horrible and unjust shock,  
but it was like a lightning joining us together  
in a kind of new transcended love  
beyond mortality and opening infinity;  
but it is far too soon to know or even guess  
where this might lead us, as we stand  
in the beginning of an undiscovered new infinity.

### *Empty bottles*

*A vice, weakness, laughable folly or illness?*

It might seem pathetic  
to collect old empty bottles  
for the happy moments they conserve  
instead of what they once contained,  
and once you start on that kind of collection,  
you will soon have empty bottles  
all around that you just cannot throw away  
for sentimental reasons,  
as a kind of cultivation of sentimentality,  
which tends to overgrow you like an illness,  
just like any other sort of sickly mania  
for collecting anything, like stamps, old papers,  
technical mechanical contraptions or like any junk;  
but there is really nothing wrong about sentimentality.  
It's not a virtue, certainly no rational acquirement,  
no useful business, but more like a softness of the heart,  
a tendency to gloat on what is sweet and lovely,  
underscoring, stressing and endorsing human factors;  
and a human weakness of that kind of mild and gentle touch  
is more to be respected than despised,  
and more to be appreciated than made fun of;  
although there is always something of a smile  
about a sympathetic sentimental fool.

### *Memories*

How could I forget you  
as I gave my love to you once and forever  
never to ignore it or forget it,  
never to disclaim, regret, neglect it or suppress it?  
Love once given is a pledge and a responsibility forever,  
and you can never disregard it  
as it always will remain a presence in your memories  
that you can never disregard, deny or do without  
as it will constantly remind you of your only immortality,

that of love once given.  
So be not afraid of wallowing in memories of love,  
of that sentimentality that made you weak and humble,  
which in fact is your most potent strength and power  
as the core of your humanity.



### *Cultivating addictions*

It is what everyone is doing, more or less,  
in one way or another,  
and it is not only about drugs and drinks.  
The workaholic who just keeps on struggling  
for the sake of having nothing else to do,  
or the addicted pianist, who keeps on playing  
seven hours every day or more  
just for the physical exertion of his fingers,  
or the mobile addict keeping on his messaging  
wherever he may be in any company,

or the computer nird who knows of nothing else than digital technique of ones and 0s. The question is how wholesome this addiction is, which actually is almost universal, while we do not mind how we in the same time let the environment and nature of the planet go to waste and die for human carelessness and irresponsibility. Perhaps we all need some kind of a rehabilitation monitored by nature both for her own and our restoration?



*The Cathedral*

You can work on it forever.  
Actually, the main idea is to keep working,  
never bringing it to definite completion,  
working out the details one by one,  
like the cathedral of Milano,  
worked on with a thousand sculptures  
for a number of some centuries,  
like also that of Barcelona by Gaudí,  
the weird cathedral of the sacred family,  
and that's the joy of it:  
to have something to work on  
with your love and arduous interest  
of creativeness that never tires,  
even if it is in only your world of your own,  
like Milarepa filing on his hundred thousand songs  
alone and isolated as a hermit in a cave;  
but the result is there forever:  
your love's work as heavenly as a cathedral  
worked on with your love throughout your life  
and showing universally like some kind of a demonstration

that your love was worth your sacrifice  
for something greater than what all the world could offer.

*The wages of ordeals*

*It's like a law of nature: tragedy and comedy are always intertwined.*

The more extreme your trials,  
the deeper into trouble you will get,  
the harder sorrows you must live through,  
and the worse your losses are,  
it always can be turned around  
into the very contrary of the injustice  
by experience and by learning from it,  
the most dreadful tribulation and adversity  
can be adversed to victory and glory.  
There are always two sides of all destiny,  
one side trying, educating, bringing on ordeals,  
the other bringing you rewards of spiritual growth.  
You only have to wait for it with patience:  
there is no hell without a heaven getting through to it,  
no stormy weather without beneficial rains and sunshine afterwards  
and no adversity and hard catastrophe  
without a different chapter afterwards  
of a new world of opportunity and new beginnings.

*Ghosts*

When they crowd upon you,  
don't reject them,  
welcome them instead, accept them  
as a part of you, since they invested in your life  
by being part of it and sharing you  
and leaving you with memories as part of them.  
Be not afraid of their imposing overwhelmingness,  
acknowledge them instead and love them,  
for that's all they are: if they continue after death,  
it is because their love survived them  
to continue flowing and expanding infinitely.  
The most foolish thing you can do  
is to turn them down, suppress them and deny them.  
Open up to all your ghosts and demons and whatever,  
and you will be richer spiritually than any billionaire  
of that which doesn't fade and pass  
but only will continue growing and expanding  
as the only fundamental force of life forever.



### *Marriage or not*

You see too many marriages  
go foundering in conflicts, strife and quarrels,  
as if love established only could turn into hate,  
and many claim to be more happily divorced than married.  
On the other hand, there are true lovers  
sticking to each other in consistent faithfulness  
without deception in pure friendship without sex.  
And thus the proverb has arisen,  
that the perfect sexual relationship and marriage  
is between philosophers with some detachment and experience,  
– but philosophers do never marry.  
Is then sex the cause and factor of disruption?  
There are after all still marriages that carry on  
with children and grandchildren in a happy family  
unto both gold and diamond weddings,  
but you never know what's going on under the surface.  
You can love and infinitely and forever even more  
regardless of the social status or judicial condition,  
and the main thing is to stick to that.  
Thus even an anonymous and virtual relationship  
can prove more constant and enduring  
than a legal and material union under strain  
of mundane complications and the weakness of mortality.

### *Awesomeness*

The mystery of our love is unsettling,  
to say the least, as if we didn't dare  
to understand it, even less to grasp it  
as perhaps a miracle too good to be true  
or the most mortal danger we encountered.  
I will not risk anything, however,  
but patiently wait for destiny to interfere  
and take no more than one day at a time for granted,  
expecting every day to bring another thriller.  
I have loved you, that is certain, now for many days  
and no day less than any previous one  
but rather like a calm and easy flowing river  
of stability and peace and bringing only beauty.  
It is true, there is an abyss to pay heed to,  
wounds must heal, and there are ruins to restore,  
but it feels as if there is no end of time for us,  
but that there could be an eternity ahead of us.

### *No illusions*

I am not idealizing you.  
How could I, when I do not even know you?  
All I do know is that I sincerely feel you  
warmly as much more than just a friend,  
not just a colleague but a spiritual associate  
that has survived her own annihilation and herself  
as I myself have risen from the gutter.  
Let's have no illusions and no expectations  
taking nothing and no possibility for granted,  
while we always can have dreams in common.  
Let us dwell together in a dream then  
and idealize and embellish it with all our power  
hoping never to wake up from it,  
and living for the dream of turning it into reality.

### *The stakes cannot be too high*

My eyes are on you day and night  
although I cannot see you.  
Still I must suspect  
that I can see you better with my feelings  
than with any senses of my body.  
Is it a sixth sense, clairvoyance or prophetic insight?  
It does not matter.  
The important thing is only that I feel you  
and feel part of you, which is why I hope  
that you would also somehow feel like me.  
It is a venture, where you have the upper hand  
with all the trump cards, while my hand is different  
with completely different cards  
completely without values  
but the more of deeper spiritual values  
which can not be wasted  
for their permanence of faith and continuity.

### *The language of silence*

It is more expressive than words,  
communicating thoughts that cannot be expressed,  
transcending any digital communication,  
since the essence of creative thought is honesty.  
It cannot be concealed, denied or faked or masked,  
and thought is always the more true  
the more it is concealed and silent.  
Love in silence can be more sincere  
and true than any sexual act,  
and the deepest love is the most difficult to express.

So listen carefully to languages of silence,  
to the voices that are never heard but only felt  
and to the feelings that are kept under the ice  
awaiting their momentum when it's time for them to burst;  
for no cement or asphalt or suppressing ice age  
can at length keep down the truth of honesty.

### *Trying the bearings*

When I dream of you in the night  
the stars are not so bright  
as you seem in the light  
of my longing for your sight  
which in our love's constant twilight  
always glows more bright.

Are we getting closer for our longing  
or just getting alienated in removing  
from reality by improving  
nothing but our dreams in moving  
only further back in our retreating  
into love's undying yearning?

The question is unanswerable  
as our love remains unfathomable.

### *Losses*

They never can be remedied.  
They never can be compensated,  
and you simply must accept it.  
Griefs can be disastrous,  
one can die of sorrow,  
and inevitably there must be not only scars  
but wounds that never can be healed.  
It helps to cry, but only momentarily,  
to cry your heart out is important though,  
as wounds must bleed to cleanse themselves.  
At best, you can survive the scars  
and bear them with their pain,  
but you can never count on  
getting rid of them, expecting them to disappear,  
for wounds of losses irreparable  
will hurt as marks of destiny forever,  
as you have been branded by injustice.



### *Silly sentimentality*

In the perfect modern society  
tenderness was treated with contempt  
as a stupid weakness and debility,  
and the worst weakness was sentimentality.  
However, there is nothing wrong about it,  
it is better to give vent to feelings  
than to keep them under cover and shut down,  
and softness has an endurance  
while hardness always breaks.  
Of course, it might seem silly  
crying over a good sentimental book or film,  
but I assure you there is nothing more invaluable  
and precious in the human nature  
than the naturalness and sincerity of human feelings,  
which must always be let out in freedom,  
one way or another,  
since there's nothing that can stop them.

### *Inexpressibility*

Relationships can sometimes go so deep  
that words are not enough  
and can't be used but for abuse  
while silence is the only possible expression  
for a love that only can be felt  
and never properly communicated,  
since there are expressions and vibrations  
on a universal scale  
that not even the universe is able to express  
between two beings,  
but transcend the universal frame  
in their belonging to each other.

Silent thoughts in darkness  
can be more expressive and more powerful  
than eruptions of volcanoes and reverberations  
of apocalyptic earthquakes,  
if the quiet thought is tempered and originated  
by the true sincerity and honesty of love.

### *A dirge*

Man has always been like that,  
destroying everything and leaving only ruins,  
as all history is but a devastation in his trail,  
like all the broken pillars around the Mediterranean  
bearing witness of his progress as immortal testimonies  
of the human berserk meaningless mentality  
in hopelessly shortsighted egoism  
and superficial ignorance and blindness,  
thinking only of the killing of the moment  
as a pastime in hysterically chasing vanity and death.  
Those who refused to share this madness, seeing through  
the cruel animality of man possessed by carnal lust

and therefore chose detachment from that lemming fever  
in refusal to have anything to do with human folly,  
were despised and chased and persecuted,  
hounded often unto loneliness in exile if not death  
as outsiders, free-thinkers and heretics,  
forced to constant struggle of resistance to survive,  
like Dante in his nineteen years of exile  
and the Shakespeare poet forced to lifelong anonymity,  
as even wise old Plato in his high philosophy  
denounced and sentenced poets such as Homer  
as not tolerable in society,  
thus signing the death sentence of his own civilization,  
since the Homer poems had created it;  
but all these scrapped rejected prophets  
that so often were mishandled and buried alive  
were witnesses that never could be silenced  
not even by death, as they were always right,  
while history was always wrong,  
as constantly the ruins of politics proved,  
which is what history is all about.

### *Humanity*

When your tears of blood coagulate  
and your wounds heal into scars  
of lasting and perpetual ugliness  
to mark you as a branded exile  
from humanity and normality forever,  
still your heart will go on bleeding  
never to be stilled or comforted  
in permanent invisibility of pain.

The cruelty of others never will be felt by them  
but only by the victims,  
and all they can do  
is to testify and go on testifying  
never to let all those words and voices die  
that are the true life witnesses  
of the sincerity and everlasting truth  
of what humanity is really all about.

### *The golden moment*

The slightest fleeting moment can be an eternity.  
It is the genuineness, the sincerity and honesty that counts.  
If it is concentrated in a work of art,  
like some performance, some improvisation  
like a chamber concert or a poem  
or a moment's beauty in a ballet on the stage,  
it is a golden lasting moment of eternity,  
no matter how despicable the circumstances  
or the foibles and mistakes and maybe failures,  
regardless of how small the audience or how few the witnesses,  
still the truth and beauty of the moment of creation  
is the only thing that counts and that will last  
as a materialization of your soul's eternity  
into a work of art or precious truth in a poetic moment.

*No time without shortage*

Usually you have no time for anything,  
since there's no time without its running out,  
and so you have no time that is not running out,  
but when you do have time it always is too short,  
so there are constant problems about time.  
Why bother? Time is only an illusion,  
a self-torture just to stress yourself with,  
a chimaera and imagined threat,  
a fixed idea, distraction and disorder of your mind,  
which all the world is suffering from,  
a way to block you and control you,  
squeeze you in into a cubicle society.  
Forget about the time and how it's always running out.  
The only truth of time is timelessness and the eternity,  
which always is at hand, and if you are aware of it,  
you'll know that you will always have all time in the world.

*Restored passion*

In troubled times you search for a relief,  
and sometimes there is nothing there but hopelessness,  
but suddenly there is a cloudburst,  
and a ray of light breaks up the desperation,  
as you find an old love there again all of a sudden  
and a hope at least for a return of passion  
and a necessary rehabilitation of your losses.

You were always there to stand me by  
and never to desert me as a guardian angel,  
although you have been much more at risk  
and faced unutterable dire straits  
in order only to survive,  
while I was always relatively lucky.

Still I need you more perhaps than I would need myself,  
since I am fraught with the obsession of my worries,  
risking to get drowned in them,  
while there is only you for my relief.

It's getting harder and more difficult  
with the advancing years of constantly increasing turmoil,  
but as long as you are there and waiting for me  
I will always have at least someone to love  
with something of a hope in spite of all for my redemption.

*The Hubris of Despair*

When you are tried beyond endurance,  
pressed beyond the boundaries of pain  
and stressed beyond all reasonable tolerance,  
you have to set a higher gear in order to survive,  
and this may find some furious expression.  
In art it often happens that poor artists  
driven to despair by suffering or poverty  
grow frantic and extremely personal

in their creativeness and over-self-indulgence,  
like van Gogh and Rembrandt, Beethoven and Schubert,  
spiting feasibility in hubris of despair;  
but it is never hubris, only moving into higher gear,  
replacing handicaps and limitations  
by the force of will and spiritual power,  
and there is no higher power than that combination.

### *Pathétique*

*Note: The "Italian smiling diplomat in China" was Daniele Varè, 1880-1956, who wrote novels from China as well as the autobiography "Laughing Diplomat", published 1938.*

When my father gradually was getting old  
his highest wish and main desire was to sleep,  
to thus escape his nightmares  
of reality that ever was unfair to him.

After my pension, also my desires have got lost,  
while longing for to sleep and to sleep well  
has come as dominating wishful thinking,  
which did never quite show up successfully,  
not only interrupted by the constant urge  
uncompromisingly of nature to throw water,  
but for worries, sorrows and regrets  
that never ceased in constancy,  
but rather, on the contrary, grew worse.

Let's not enter into woeful details.  
Today's news brought the notification of a double loss  
of two friends simultaneously since many years  
with the announcement of two quiet funerals  
in silence without celebrations;  
and the tendency is the multiplication of such losses,  
a poor comfort being that they will ebb out with time;  
and constantly more funerals will just pass by,  
impossible to memorize, attend or cry your heart out for,  
since too much crying will run out of water.

Let's return to my old man, who although struck by difficult disasters  
never did complain but always kept his sense of humour,  
his most dominating and long lasting personal characteristic,  
which he learned from an Italian smiling diplomat in China,  
who came through the storms and traumas of the 30s with a smile.  
He knew in good time when his time was coming,  
he had warnings in advance and was more than well prepared,  
so when the hour struck, he just could find his peace in sleep;  
but I am certain that not even the eternal final sleep,  
no matter how irrevocable, definite and peaceful,  
would provide him with naught else  
than just a fresh awakening to new activity  
with new disasters, sufferings and trials without end  
to start all over with from the beginning  
with the same kind of a stoic diplomatic smile.



*Wild Geese*

*An autumn reflection concerning the wild geese migrating south:  
an old story.*

He was completely lost,  
but then he found a flock  
that seemed familiar, like his kin,  
so he set out to follow them,  
wherever they would bring him.  
As they landed by a lake  
on their long journey to the south  
escaping from the winter cold and hardship,  
his new fellows did not seem to care for him  
but treated him like nothing, as not one of them,  
but like an alien and a stranger,  
which he almost found humiliating,  
but he had no choice but to endure it.  
"Where are you from?" a flying colleague wondered,  
but he could not answer, as he did not know his origin.  
"But you definitely are not one of us,"  
the other said, and he agreed,  
accepting that he was an alien;  
and as he at least was not thrown out and ostracized,  
he stuck to them, continuing to follow them,  
as he had nowhere else to fly.  
But life with them was difficult;  
as he was different, he was treated differently,  
often shunned and condescendingly neglected,  
could not eat with them but had to find his own  
means of support all by himself apart from them,  
and it grew worse, as more and more they showed  
he was an undesirable, an awkward and unpleasant outsider,  
and he blamed his white feathers for the inconvenience,  
as all the other geese were grey; and there was nothing  
he could do about his natural involuntary costume.

Finally they told him straight: "You are not wanted here,  
you are too different, too superior, too handsome  
and too good for us." Another put it more politely:  
"We are sorry, but you are too much of an outsider,  
too idiosyncratic and too much your own,  
and we don't understand you nor why you persist  
in sticking to us, although anyone can see  
you are not one of us." So he had nothing else to do  
than to depart and go entirely on his own.

He found a lake to rest by, and as he went down to land  
he noticed a small group of other birds  
with long necks swimming in the search for food  
but in the same white shrouds as he.  
He ventured to approach them, asking them politely,  
"I lost my flock. May I join yours?"  
They answered him at once: "But, brother,  
you are one of us. Where have you been?"  
"I have been lost, deserted and thrown out by the wild geese."  
"But you are not a goose. Have you not seen yourself,  
have you not in the mirror of the water found yourself?"  
For the first time he ventured to out of the water take a look  
and found that he was just like those white gentlemen around him,  
"And what do you call, then, such a hopeless alien as me?"  
"You are one of the noblest of all birds,  
the most accomplished in your purity and whiteness,  
and if you were left alone, abandoned and rejected,  
that enobled you the more and made you worthy of our company  
in natural and splendid pride to shine forever  
more idealized and sung and dreamed about  
than any other bird by poets."

#### *Time perspective*

When my love was ripe,  
you were the most beautiful of all,  
a queen of charm and grace and beauty,  
quite superior in your accomplishments,  
a marvel of a sparkling jewel of perfection in your style,  
and how you more than well lived up to it,  
in brilliant clothes of some extraordinary fashion,  
part in hippy style and part in celtic flower power,  
always gorgeous and admirable in fantasy  
with your long rich enchanting hair to crown it all  
in something of a masterpiece of an ideal woman.  
And how is it now, so many years long after?  
Actually and in reality, there's nothing that has changed,  
you have not aged, and I have not grown older  
in our spiritual idealism and creative basis,  
while the circumstances, although drastically turbulent  
and changed by far beyond all recognition,  
like a wonder prove the fact of our enduring love,  
that we are still the same, your beauty is still there,  
I never lost it, and you are the same  
although in different circumstances,  
and our love just keeps on going on  
as if the world, the circumstantial changes  
and all mundane trivialities and troubles,  
alterations, shifts and trials

were but an accentuation of our love,  
and how like all the lights of stars throughout the universe  
it simply cannot be put down and fade.

### *The Failure of Angels*

The abuse of the planet by mankind  
cost God much concern and atrocious headaches,  
so he actually thought of resigning  
and leaving it all over to Satan,  
who was keen to take over.  
Some angels decided to act against this  
and went up to the sorely depressed God Almighty,  
suggesting that they should cheer up all humanity  
by finding out and promoting good qualities.  
"If you find any good qualities at all, you are better than I,  
and I wish you good luck, hoping for your success after all."

First went the good angel of mercy,  
trying to find some compassion and good will  
still working somewhat among mankind,  
but she found only cruelty, egoism and ruthlessness  
drowning all possible mercy and good will,  
so she returned quite disheartened.

Next went the angel of good cheer and humour,  
hoping to find still some happiness in mortal beings,  
but she found but suicides, depression and criminality,  
all parties derailing to abuse and debauchery  
and ending up in addiction,  
so she also had to resign with her mission failed.

Then went the angel of health and good fortune,  
hoping to find some progress in welfare states at least,  
but she found only welfare illnesses like cancer,  
diabetes, fatness and degeneration  
and on the other hand starvation, capitalistic abuse,  
extortion and greed and overwhelming poverty.  
"It's worse than I thought could be possible," was the conclusion.

Next went the angel of spirituality, hoping to find some enlightenment,  
but all she found was religious abuse, pedophilia,  
religion turned into business and fanaticism,  
certain religions still killing for intolerance.

Only one angel remained who was still willing to try.  
"Well, go in your naïve illusions, then,  
but don't hope to find anything," God dejectedly said.  
She went, but she found what she searched for almost everywhere.  
She was the angel of music, and wherever she went there was some kind of music.  
Returning to God, she said: "People are still actually singing."  
God turning to Satan said: "Sorry, old friend, but you are out of business.  
Our last angel actually found something good in mankind,  
and that one thing will save all humanity."  
Satan had already anticipated his ultimate victory  
and wondered bewildered: "Whatever could that thing have been?"  
God answered: "Already Orpheus knew, that not even the dead  
could resist being s and awakened by music."

*Shadows*

We are but fleeting shadows  
as we pass  
like dreams that never can be caught  
but only dreamt of,  
too beautiful to be imaginable  
and yet truer than reality,  
as our reality never lasts  
while love is always there  
returning when it's lost  
and ever growing  
like a dream that never will come true,  
but just for being unattainable  
is the more true for its existence  
as the absolute ideal  
that never can be brushed aside  
but will survive  
even the most fatal tragedy,  
to prove that only the most undemonstrable  
and undeniable impossibility of love  
is true enough to outlast all eternity.

His reference is to Sweden, especially in 1968.  
"A dog obeyed in office" is from King Lear.

*The Old Actor*

Call me a pathetic old fool of nostalgia,  
but I find some honour in my memories.  
When I was young the actor's part was most respectable,  
a profession held in high esteem, as its demands were high  
of diction above all and clarity, which was needed in the classics  
of the ageless kind, with Shakespeare every year  
and also Greek tragedians, and the ensemble acting  
was accomplished in a consummation of qualification  
as a team work, everybody being vitally important.  
Then we were invaded by political demands,  
with socialism on the agenda,  
as the Chinese cultural revolution was followed  
with its obligatory destructon of all ancient values,  
driving over cultural traditions,  
making actors of the old school worthless over night,  
brushed down into the ditch as outdated and dusty  
with their knowledge and accomplished art  
all of a sudden undesirable, as only revolutionary  
propaganda plays as missions of radicalism  
were modernly accepted, and old actors had to leave  
discarded with direction to the bottle.

What was wrong then with real theatre,  
Euripides and Shakespeare, diction that was understood,  
dramatic realism with man as individual at the centre,  
actors like Laurence Olivier and Leslie Howard?  
What was wrong with old films, that today still are worth watching,  
where every word is understandable, a distinct story line and plot  
with careful dramaturgy offering an interesting experience  
worth remembering as thought-provoking food for meditation?





What's wrong with traditions, roots in old acquired crafts,  
maintenance of old knowledge, keeping memories alive,  
and cultivating quality and skill of art and craft  
in striving to some timelessness in serving poetry as creativity  
in moulding an improvement of reality in ideal sincerity?  
What is revolutionary radicalism and political enforcement  
to the idealistic quest for ageless and eternal continuity?  
I am just an old actor, forced to step aside in resignation  
facing the sad phase of aging, but I rather see and read  
old plays as they were written, than as they now are performed  
in modern and absurd unnatural unrealistic stagings  
where you cannot hear or understand a word  
for only mumbling, stuttering and slurring nonsense  
lacking all articulation, as the modern dog obeyed in office  
of the revolutionary radical politic theatre of modernism.

### *Soap bubbles*

Walter Scott wrote many novels,  
often rather long and tedious,  
and he kept on writing them  
beyond his bankruptcy,  
despite the fact that they grew constantly more boring.  
It was said of him that all his dedication  
was to blowing up soap bubbles  
for his own interest only,  
in a narcissistic bluff of great dimensions,  
but there is a major difference.  
Soap bubbles will burst and come to nothing,  
while, as already the Romans put it,  
*"Verba volant, verba scripta manent,"*  
what is written will endure;  
and many of his novels will remain  
as marvels of invention, second only to the Shakespeare poet.  
Never mind the audiences of ignorant indifferent readers,  
who will never read a book through,  
and are bored by merely the sight of letters,  
as most people are illiterate intellectually,  
as hopeless cases to be pitied for their limitation.  
That which matters is what you pen down with honesty  
and know sincerely for sure that it was worth the trouble  
of preserving as experiences and thoughts and insights;  
and if there will be no other readers of your texts at all,  
you can be sure that God himself will read them the more carefully.

### *The prime minister*

How awkward!  
After his triumphant last elections,  
he was found deteriorating physically,  
and his closest friends and kin were worried,  
asking him to be examined,  
but the doctors could not find the fault,  
but finally an expert in South Africa  
resolved the mystery and diagnosed him  
with a new disease that was incurable  
of an immunity disorder syndrome.  
Yes, he had been rather active sexually,

his wife had twice tried to divorce him,  
but the situation now was critical  
for a prime minister and head of his own party  
that had been in power for most of the century  
in a firm establishment that could not tolerate a scandal  
that would ruin both the party and establishment.  
So something had to be arranged.  
What did they do?  
They had to their disposal all the national resources,  
the police force, the security and money to pay any silence,  
so they made of him a martyr for the party,  
faking an assassination in the middle of the city  
when he and his wife went home after a cinema.  
And all the king's men kept their silence  
for the sake of the establishment,  
the leading officer of the investigation  
was himself a homosexual,  
leading the tremendous bluff,  
deceiving all the country,  
that was shocked at the atrocious death  
of such a perfect and ideal prime minister,  
who only had been whisked away  
to spend his long pathetic awkward death  
in splendid and protected isolation  
comfortably in one of the fourteen castles  
of the Rothschilds far away in France.

*Transcending time dimensions*

There is no time,  
and I am out of time,  
but there's no bother –  
I don't mind,  
since I am out of time  
and do not care about the right time,  
since the limitation of the stress of time  
is to be ignored as just a nuisance;  
while the time dimension  
is most relative, if anything;  
and I prefer the presence of all time dimensions  
to the limitation of the present time.  
All history is still alive, no matter how antique,  
it's always present now affecting all the present,  
as the present is but a result of it;  
and the better we are masters of the past,  
caretaking of its knowledge and traditions,  
the more capable and fit we are  
creating, making something of the future.

*The Poet, by Kahlil Gibran*

*This is one of my favourite poems of Kahlil Gibran's, and I think it should have a place here.*

He is a link between this and the coming world.  
He is  
A pure spring from which all thirsty souls may drink.  
He is a tree watered by the River of Beauty, bearing  
Fruit which the hungry heart craves;  
He is a nightingale, soothing the depressed

Spirit with his beautiful melodies;  
He is a white cloud appearing over the horizon,  
Ascending and growing until it fills the face of the sky.  
Then it falls on the flows in the field of Life,  
Opening their petals to admit the light.  
He is an angel, send by the goddess to  
Preach the Deity's gospel;  
He is a brilliant lamp, unconquered by darkness  
And inextinguishable by the wind. It is filled with  
Oil by Istar of Love, and lighted by Apollon of Music.

He is a solitary figure, robed in simplicity and  
Kindness; He sits upon the lap of Nature to draw his  
Inspiration, and stays up in the silence of the night,  
Awaiting the descending of the spirit.

He is a sower who sows the seeds of his heart in the  
Prairies of affection, and humanity reaps the  
Harvest for her nourishment.

This is the poet -- whom the people ignore in this life,  
And who is recognized only when he bids the earthly  
World farewell and returns to his arbor in heaven.



This is the poet -- who asks naught of  
Humanity but a smile.  
This is the poet -- whose spirit ascends and  
Fills the firmament with beautiful sayings;  
Yet the people deny themselves his radiance.

Until when shall the people remain asleep?  
Until when shall they continue to glorify those  
Who attain greatness by moments of advantage?  
How long shall they ignore those who enable  
Them to see the beauty of their spirit,  
Symbol of peace and love?  
Until when shall human beings honor the dead  
And forget the living, who spend their lives

Encircled in misery, and who consume themselves  
Like burning candles to illuminate the way  
For the ignorant and lead them into the path of light?

Poet, you are the life of this life, and you have  
Triumphed over the ages of despite their severity.

Poet, you will one day rule the hearts, and  
Therefore, your kingdom has no ending.

Poet, examine your crown of thorns; you will  
Find concealed in it a budding wreath of laurel.

### *Problems of unbearable melancholy*

They are always there,  
the remnants of the past,  
the ruins, the defeats and failures,  
ghosts and phantoms of all those you lost,  
old classmates who went under in alcoholism  
or died in cancer or in traffic accidents,  
leaving behind a hangover of eternal pain,  
and worst of all: betrayals, shortcomings  
and the irreparable loss, destruction, and affliction  
in the bleeding heart wounds of injustice.

Is all that you can do then just to weep over the ruins  
like a Jeremiah and complaining to eternity  
of all that happened that went hopelessly and cruelly wrong?  
No, if there is no other comfort in your old age  
you can always keep on working till your death  
and just keep carrying on until you die  
and then at least have done your best until the end.

But there is something else as well.  
Your memories keep burdening and crowding down on you  
the more the older you survive in spite of all,  
and all those memories are not all bad and bitter.  
The best memories survive the best,  
and here's the cue: you can go on collecting new ones,  
there are no restrictions and should be no end to them,  
and that should be enough for you to keep on struggling on.

### *Fondling memories*

What are they for,  
all those sweet memories of yore,  
that always keep pursuing you  
and never leave you quite alone,  
the perfumes of forgotten pleasures,  
silenced voices that you keep on hearing,  
dreams of beauty and intimacy  
that never quite materialized,  
the songs that never could be silenced,  
and the deaths that never were convincing;  
all the laughs that sparkled for eternity,

the warmth of tenderness and feelings of eternal love,  
what are they for, if not to be maintained and cherished,  
cultivated and enriched to never cease in glowing splendour;  
to be proven, like ourselves, immortal  
in the truth of their sincerity and genuineness.

### *Nobility*

There is no such thing as noble blood,  
no honourable ancestry,  
no great enobling ancient traditions,  
stories of great quests and glories of the past  
that in any way would leave a lasting mark  
of individual and personal nobility,  
which only can be spiritual:  
if you are noble, you are born spiritually with it,  
that stamp is of eternity, it is a stain you can't wash off  
but are obliged to carry on and cultivate and carry further.  
Spirituality of course is most arguable and controversial,  
many see it as a hubris, arrogance, presumption  
and a most impractical irrationality,  
but if it's in your spirit there is nothing you can do  
to help it, except being true to that nobility of soul,  
a legacy received and carried out  
as something of a heritage out of eternity,  
and usually it is combined with some advanced philosophy.  
Philosophers were usually regarded with suspicion,  
disbelief, disdain and more or less discriminated  
as outsiders, pariahs, outlaws and abnormal aliens,  
but philosophy is nothing but the love and adherence to wisdom;  
and if there is anything this monstrous and derailed humanity  
stands in urgent need of, it is the philosophy  
of a detachment from the aberrations of the human mainstream  
of irrationality; and only the nobility of alien philosophy  
can differ properly between eternal values and all mortal vanity.

### *The Rule of Tragedy*

It's a universal law of life,  
that everything alive is ruled by tragedy,  
by suffering – all life is tragic,  
and this fact is best observed  
by everything that's going on in nature:  
man cannot escape it, he is not exempt,  
his penchant for illusions and delusions  
cannot help him: in the end, he must accept the fact  
that everything is but a tragedy,  
and his only cure and remedy for this  
is to accept it, face the facts and stare reality  
in death's own grinning face, embrace it  
and submit to the ordeal of having to subordinate  
to the oblique reality of tragedy  
as the irrevocable frame and limitation  
to his life, his personality and all existence.

### *Integrity*

Don't let yourself be bothered  
and struck down in worries and depression  
by the fallacies of others and their weakness,  
don't look back on shipwrecks and defeats,  
but go on marching forward, following your path  
and conscience in all weathers and whatever happens.  
Your life is your own initiative,  
that is your strength and leadership,  
and no one else has any right to interfere with it  
or block it, that is your divinity and sparkle,  
which it is your greatest duty to maintain and carry forward  
and as far as possible as your most sacred right of inviolability.

### *Passing shadows*

From this world and into another  
goes this guesswork of a lifetime  
passing all kinds of mysterious shadows  
like a fickle shadow of a mystery itself  
of no great consequence, only for a treat  
to dwindle slowly into nothingness  
as its true basic element.  
It is just something to endure,  
and when it's over you are free  
to start again from the beginning  
as a fresh start as but yet another passing shadow.

### *The Bachelor*

There was nothing wrong with him,  
he had good looks and no diseases,  
no impediment to his abilities;  
but he was never any womanizer  
and had no luck with women,  
as they always turned him down.  
He made proposals that were constantly refused,  
if he had a girlfriend she requested him for money,  
and if he was in love and faithful as a lover,  
she betrayed him and went lying with another.  
He finally drew the conclusion  
that the only good girls he had ever known  
were those who never had asked him for money,  
and they were invariably older than himself.  
So he became established as a bachelor,  
but there was never something lacking in his love,  
but on the contrary: the more he was refused,  
turned down, betrayed and disillusioned about women,  
the more constantly and earnestly he loved.

### *Your best friend*

Who is your best friend?  
He is always there waiting for you.  
He will never leave you  
for as long as you will stay alive,

since he will always need you,  
being constantly dependent on you.  
When you are deserted by your other friends,  
when life will only thwart and bring you bad luck,  
when personal disasters and catastrophes  
will overwhelm you by their towering adversity  
and make an outrage of your life,  
with even love deserting you by treason,  
leaving you betrayed and bankrupt,  
robbed and devastated and reduced to nothing,  
you will still have one friend left  
who constantly will wait for you to take him on again,  
resuming and renewing your most favoured project,  
which is simply your own work  
and all that major part of it that only you did master.

### *Shyness*

I always shied from people  
out of over-sensitivity and fear,  
since I from the beginning learned the hard way  
that I never could trust anyone,  
which was the worst disappointment of my life  
which separated me from ordinary human life  
quite early, making me from the beginning a recluse and outsider  
who had to manage on his own in independence  
as the only way to save my possibility to work  
with what I was most qualified to do  
in undisturbed and isolated loneliness,  
which thus became my main life's element.  
As such I also learned the benefits of absolute humility  
and to in sound and philosophical detachment  
regard reality with deeper love and more profound responsibility  
in deepened empathy with all things living  
in the cultivation of the universalism of sincerest sensitivity.  
That's how my work became my life's predominant resource  
as my security and creativity, my joy and my life 's meaning.  
I intend no boast, but wish to humbly only state the facts  
as something of an excuse and apology for my consistent resignation  
from all matters of contention among ordinary people  
of concerns with mundane vain and mortal interests,  
since there's nothing that can be more beneficial  
and rewarding than just basic private meditation.

### *Post-traumatic Stress Syndrome*

What can you do when everything is ruined,  
when your life is devastated,  
as you find yourself let down by everybody  
and there's nothing left but tears and misery and poverty,  
as bankruptcy is a reality and there is no way out?  
The post-traumatic stress syndrome, once it is there  
will never leave you any more in peace  
but will be permanent as something of a hangover  
that you will never quite be rid of,  
like a phantom as the old man of the sea  
that Sindbad never quite could shake off from his shoulders,  
as a nightmare without end and monster of outrageous cruelty



to never offer any remedy except the cowardly escape of suicide,  
which is the worst, most desperate and unacceptable solution.  
You must live with it, there is no other way,  
and if you cannot battle it and deal with it in any other way,  
then there is still the option to give in and wallow in its constant torture.

### *The Abyss*

When everything is lost  
you will resort to anything  
and even to acknowledging your ultimate defeat  
as a justification for your throwing in the towel  
to the deadliest of mortal sins of giving up.  
But what else can you do?  
When your beloved has proved only your destruction  
in the abyss of a permanent betrayal  
horribly consistent in its meanness of outrageous viciousness  
and leaving you with nothing left  
but staring into the black hole of your despair  
in utter hollowness of your existence  
as the most pathetic of all fools  
deceived by most of all yourself.  
You cannot even cry, because your tears are dry,  
while the worst of all is how you are condemned  
to stay on and go on in spite of all  
surviving your destruction and annihilation  
in a sentence worse than death,  
to be condemned to stay alive.

### *Transcendence*

When everything's gone wrong  
and you are ruined, outcast, floored,  
reduced to nothing by authorities and greed  
and made a victim by official "justice"  
leaving you no choice but suicide  
just to end the terror, harassment and victimization  
at least in the refuge of meditation,  
and you find yourself alive in spite of all  
and simply have to make the best of it  
in carrying on, enduring and continuing forward,  
you will find life rather comfortless,  
and searching in it for a break or meaning  
you are more dead than alive and more a suicide  
than if actually you did commit it.  
There is the advantage, the awareness of that you are not,  
of your own total definite defeat,  
that you are not the total loss, destruction and adversity  
but untouched by that as something else and something better,  
like a Phoenix rising from the fire of destruction  
on another pair of wings than the consumed ones  
flying higher and with better strength to greater light.  
You are not all that which is lost, defeated and annihilated  
but a higher entity of a supreamer kind  
than any mortal bog of vanities and worries.

### *Love compulsory by destiny*

I never tire of your beauty  
nor of the exquisite richness of your hair,  
the very element of affluent beauty,  
always growing, never growing old,  
like some established permanence  
of the very basic essence of life's worth,  
as the most stable and reliable escape resort  
when you are failed by everything in the material world  
and most of all by those who should have been supporting  
but who could do nothing else than let you down.  
But you are there, in contrast to a world of treason,  
that brings only torture, bitterness and disappointment,  
while you are the opposite in some miraculous turned wonder,  
contrary to all things mortal, neutralizing all indecencies  
in being only beauty, both in spirit and in physical appearance,  
like a miracle confounding all the mundane laws of nature  
and presenting obstinately perfect evidence  
that all the evils of the world, adversities and tragedies  
are but miracles compared to the reality of beauty.

### *Cultural disdain*

Why is culture so disdained?  
Why is Greek and Latin so disdained?  
Why is knowledge about history so contemptible?  
Why did school authorities desire to remove all knowledge of the Bible  
and of classical antiquity from national curriculum?  
What is so contemptible about refined and higher culture  
except that there's no profit in it and it doesn't pay?  
Is then the humanist to be discarded and turned over to the gutter  
and to social welfare, with his poverty confirmed and made officially legitimate,  
established as correct, since he is practically of no use and brings no profit?  
Is then the economic and capitalistic aspect as criterion the only valid one  
for what is good, acceptable and socially correct?  
Has then beauty and good taste, nobility and creativity no say?  
Are they to be just scrapped, disdained and driven over then as parasites?

That is how barbarity is then preferred to civilization,  
then brutality is given leave to ravish truth and beauty,  
then humanism is driven over with all human empathy  
by automatic inhumanity, insensitivity and ruthlessness;  
thus ignorance legitimizes her own limitations against knowledge  
in short-sighted thoughtless blind inferiority complex,  
turning the constructively conserving and creative culture into martyrs.

### *The new paradigm*

The problem is that man has lost all credibility.  
He has made a mess of all the world  
by wars, pollution, extirpation of wild life and animals,  
a global poisoning of nature  
by exploitation, ruthlessness of greed and dehumanization,  
so there is no wise man to believe in or to trust man any more.  
He is biologically bankrupt,

turning all his mega cities into dumps of poison,  
ruining all nature, his own livelihood.  
So we have all kinds of global crises,  
now this world threat of Corona, worst in 100 years,  
that could be seen as something like Dame Nature's own revenge on man,  
an effort to restore the Gaia balance,  
saving life on earth from man, the monster menace.  
We don't know what will come out of it,  
we are in the beginning only so far,  
but all signs point to a revolution and new paradigm,  
to which we must learn to adapt ourselves.



*Involuntary survival*

I have done it many times,  
each time with equal misgivings,  
having to survive in spite of common sense,  
when everything would argue for your death.  
Man's right to live is more than ever questionable  
as she is the foremost enemy and parasite of nature  
in outrageously destroying the environment  
putting all life of the world at risk  
including her own egoism, short-sighted ruthlessness  
and universal self-destructiveness.  
Then comes this virus almost like a world redeemer  
for dame nature, the environment and all organic life  
with perhaps a permanent and paralyzing superstition

by a horror of contagion more efficient than a world disease,  
compelling all society to slow down to some afterthought  
like some most wholesome illness of paralysis.  
Of course, much of the panic and hysteria is exaggerated,  
going to extremes that no one in his right mind can take seriously;  
while those who have no choice but to survive  
must oftentimes find it a worrying burden  
that they were not granted the convenience to depart  
when they would have preferred to.

### *Despair*

A friend of mine committed suicide,  
a case that made impression by its most dramatic exit –  
some are poisoned by exaggerated medication  
and are driven to extremes to gun down people  
with self-immolation as a grand finale,  
while more timid people bury their despair  
and anguish in themselves, like my friend Henning,  
ending up by laying himself down across the railway track.  
If life is felt as merely a continuous humiliation  
constantly more painful and exacerbated,  
who can then accuse a poor and wretched suicide of anything?  
Is it not most natural and logic to conclude by any means  
an unendurable ordeal of suffering that only can get worse  
for which there is no cure? There is a surge of suicides now  
because of the Corona crisis,  
people jumping off from bridges, taking poison,  
drinking themselves to perdition  
or old people dying from the terror of confinement.  
Bankruptcy is no more than a challenge thing,  
no reason for self-immolation or the ruin of your life  
since life will always go on anyway,  
and all you can and should do is to make the best of it  
under the circumstances.

### *Overlove*

It was the basic problem of my life,  
that I would always overdo it,  
going to extremes emotionally  
in my love and deep sincerity  
of over-sensitive affection,  
sometimes bordering on suicidal tendencies:  
that was the case of Goethe's Werther,  
which was a most personal experience  
by that poet drowning in his overwhelming passion  
for a lady he could never make himself quite understandable,  
thus ending up in self-consumption of his overbearing love,  
and Goethe found it maybe even harder  
and more difficult to have to outlast and survive that crisis,  
as a poet said, 'consumed by that which he was nourished by'.  
love turning into a perpetual nightmare  
for the over-sensitive emotionally vulnerable poet  
of constant sleeplessness and torturous unrest  
with no release or possibility of a redemption ever,  
as such deep and strong sincerity of love

must be the very essence of the poet's personality,  
an innate and insatiable urge to just go on  
in blind love and affection in perhaps eternity,  
like Paolo and Francesca in that hurricane of hell  
that keeps on harrowing its prisoners of love forever,  
which Dante witnessed and could understand  
as yet another poet suffering of overlove  
that never could find any satisfactory and proper outlet.



### *Suicide as a therapy*

Suicide statistics are increasing  
in the wake of the Corona epidemic,  
often as a consequence of bankruptcy and ruin,  
people feeling at a loss for having lost the meaning  
of their lives, the motivation for to stay alive at all,  
but naturally suicide must be dissuaded from by all and every means  
as it is the ultimate defeat and giving up in cowardice.  
However, using suicide as a therapy can be constructive,  
doubting all your values and your life, delusions and your vanity  
and finding a detachment from it all,  
mundanity and your material existence,  
can be only beneficial for your personal development,  
like any meditation can be only good and useful.  
Suicide then as therapy and a consideration  
is not then to be despised and feared  
but can be actually a better therapy than most,  
especially in times of crisis, trial and extreme conditions.

### *The lie of lies*

People always tended to go crazy about money  
in a sickly greed that blinded them to life's necessities  
and even to reality, thus driving them over the cliff  
in some kind of a mass psychosis, like a crowd of lemmings  
all together joining to commit collective suicide  
in a senseless and shortsighted chase of vain futilities,  
believing blindly in the lie that money is the same as power,  
while the contrary is closer to the truth.

With money you are chained to limitations  
in the form of worries and material concerns,  
and you must carry blinkers against anything that isn't property or money.  
You are only free without concerns of mortal worries,  
and true power lies in freedom only and true independence.  
Mortal powers usually rush headlong into self-destruction  
in blind ignorance of higher laws of karma  
or of destiny, which no one ever could control  
but which instead controlled all human lives on earth  
by giving lessons of experience and fate  
as the eternal cosmic education of all life  
that is not mortal but must carry on continuously forever.

*The rejected lover*

All I wanted was to love and give  
which wasn't very well received  
but mostly with misunderstandings,  
taking my good will as something negative  
and dangerous to be aware of and repel  
with depreciatory response and disregard.  
Must love then be confined in isolation  
and sustained and activated only in protection  
against baseness, failure to appreciate,  
ingratitude and ignorance and bad vibrations,  
like a morbid attitude of short-sighted self-limitation?  
There is no bitterness but only disappointment  
with the commonness and insufficiency of human nature  
that should be divine with capability of understanding everything  
but which, as we all know, was capable of crucifying Christ.

*Realism without bitterness*

Never mind my presence  
since it does not matter  
since I am as good as dead  
and more alive and active as a ghost  
than among all restricted mortal idiots  
of the mundane slavery and morbid world  
of only self-destructive flesh and escapism, at best.  
I loved you but have no pretensions,  
make no claims on you and have done well without you,  
while you always can be certain of my love  
if even you would choose to scrap me and discard me,  
which I took for granted you would do from the beginning.

*The strangest love*

The strangest love is that which in maturity endures  
to spite all time, surviving all disasters,  
hibernating through defeats and downfalls,  
to like someone shipwrecked saved by some old plank  
against your will is brought ashore  
when all you wanted was to die,  
which would have been the best of all;  
but destiny as always thwarted you  
and saved you for the obligations of your love,

as you will never be allowed to cease to love;  
but that hard work will be your constant hell forever,  
like a grinding-wheel you never are released from.  
You have to resign accepting it and make the best of it,  
you have no other choice, so just get on with it and love forever.



### *The Sculptor*

They were very young and colleagues,  
fellow students at the art school,  
being brilliant both as budding sculptors,  
with a natural endowment for creative realistic art,  
and she was beautiful and only nineteen,  
he was slightly older when he asked her  
whether he would be allowed to make her portrait.  
She of course was only happy to cooperate,  
and so he sculpted her in all her mature teenage beauty.  
Then the war broke out, and everything was interrupted,  
the art school had to close, and he had to go out to war.  
He never came back any more but fell a casualty among too many.  
He was last male member of his family, which died with him.  
All she was left with was his portrait of her.  
She continued as a sculptress all her life.  
The portrait always stayed with her and had an honoured central place,  
bearing witness of her youthful beauty through all ages  
as perhaps a testimony also of his lasting and undying love of her.

### *When darkness is not enough*

Let me drown you in my tears of blood  
to compensate the fact that darkness never was enough  
for comfort, although smothering to death  
the heart to cure it of its cruel immeasurable aches  
of limitless atrociousness in unfair disappointment  
of black holes of desperate frustration.  
Let me love you all the same  
with all the passion of our common painfulness  
to cure its wounds and damages and irreparable inhuman losses  
simply by in humble prudence share  
the torture of your soul that keeps on screaming  
in resounding anguish throughout all the universe  
although it is in its outrageous recklessness  
beyond all hearing and all human understanding except mine.

### *The Corona strain*

After having finally recovered from Corona,  
many former patients show the weirdest post-traumatic symptoms,  
first of all profound unfathomably deep depressions,  
weakness like after some years' ordeal in hospital and coma  
and with no end to a most relentless hangover of a fatigue  
that only constantly gets worse;  
and others even think they have gone mad  
as they feel lost like if their brains were out of order;  
everything preposterously indicating  
that there never was an illness like it,  
and it still is far from over yet.  
What can you do about it?  
It's a kind of nervous stress affecting your entire system,  
and the one thing you can do is not to make it worse  
by adding to the arduous stress by straining it to further torture.  
You can never have enough of rest,  
and second best is constant meditation for a change  
whenever you get back that feeling of a monkey on your back.  
It's good to physically exercise as well,  
and concentration is the best of practices.  
Above all, you should always take it easy.

### *The curse of crassness*

The vulgarity and superficiality of crassness  
has ruined and corrupted all the world  
by materialism and the environment destruction,  
just as Trump has ravished all the sanctity and freedom of Dame Nature  
by letting loose the demons of exploitation  
in the ruthlessness of bulldozers for profiteering,  
just like any base inhuman tyrant and dictatorship;  
while idealism, the opposite to crassness,  
always remains free and independent  
and in contrast to all mortal vanity of crassness,  
if that is any comfort to you, will remain immortal.

### *The beauty of vanity*

Is it wrong to adore the beauty of your vanity,  
the hollow superficiality of your good looks  
with nothing in it but shallowness,  
or is it really such poverty in such richness,  
can the generosity of nature really be that deceptive,  
offering only frustrations for your trust and adoration?  
It is easy to get burned, more easy than to not be,  
while the comfort of the coldness of taking no risks  
is only impoverishing in the bleakness of its thrift,  
while love must be expressed and come forth,  
or else it must consume you.  
Better then to be consumed by burning  
than to freeze to death in nothingness.





### *A question of greatness*

Human greatness grows to some extent when met with trials and adversity and should be measured most correctly by how these adversities are dealt with, as there is no more admirable greatness than when sufferings and tribulations are survived with marks that last of traumas, scars and bleeding wounds forever, speaking figuratively of mentally and spiritually lasting damages. An invalid surviving accidents and wars with his integrity and courage intact is a hero of much higher dignity and status than some ordinary decorated gatherer of medals. Thus the small and poorly populated cold and dark old Finland reached a much more prominent degree of greatness in resisting the attacks of the world's greatest land the Soviet Union in two wars and saving independence and her sovereignty against such an overwhelming superpower, even fighting back successfully. That is what I call greatness, the resistance of a young and small democracy against the hardest tyrannous oppression in the world. We had more casualties and victims than we could afford, but at least there also were a number of survivors, carrying on the intrepidity.

### *The Great Void*

When you feel like dead  
but have to stay alive  
in spite of that you are no good  
and feel like having wasted all your life  
on vanity of vanities and nothing else,  
you are exactly like a living dead,  
and all you have is that great void  
of emptiness, a hollow nothingness  
that is much worse and more unbearable than darkness  
since there is no hole in it, no light in nothingness,  
no meaning and no challenge, nothing to resist  
and fight and overcome, but only the nonentity of silence.  
Still you have to stay alive in just a limbo of existence,

and there are ways of escape and means available  
for getting out of what is worse than a black hole,  
like the relief of living nature, the escape into illusions  
of religion and philosophy, and above all the arts,  
as you are still alive and capable of some creation –  
when all else is gone, your creativity will still be there,  
and your primary duty to your life is to go on applying it.

### *Discarded*

Is it then so strange  
when you are constantly refused  
interminably by all publishers  
without motivation nor an explanation,  
constantly refused an outcome,  
spiritually starved to death by this indifference,  
while your manuscripts are never more returned  
but probably just shredded into pulp  
with never any recognition or acknowledgement  
and least of all encouragement nor even any criticism,  
just callous murderous indifference for 50 years and more;  
and it is like a symptom of the age and our contemporary society  
to just don't care, to stick to stubborn ignorance,  
to refuse to see and recognize what's obvious  
in a permanent refusal of the generosity of creativity,  
by demonstratively denying it and turning a blind eye to it,  
as if the revelation of the facts of truth and beauty  
had become intolerable and unbearable,  
like as if to increase and further spiritual death,  
which tempted many to consequent and inevitable suicide,  
as if the enforcement of humility by destiny was not enough,  
- to find yourself directed to the bottle as the only possible appeal?  
Thus also a composer was turned down,  
his compositions being scrapped as nothing but improvisations;  
but does not all composition start with improvising,  
and is that not actually the very essence of all musical creativeness?  
There are some migrants coming with the highest education  
with capacity for being more than only useful to society,  
who are shut out, let down, discriminated and ignored,  
refused as unacceptable and blocked by doors kept shut  
in the society established by incompetence and cheating  
where authorities do nothing if there is an income and position to defend.  
The fake society is a robotized bureaucracy  
where nothing works and nothing is made possible;  
and nothing more sustains this established constantly increasing sloth  
of a society in its slow inefficiency than the Corona triumph.

### *The comfort of dying alone*

You need no relatives around you,  
no sentimentality and tears of hypocritical self pity,  
as you only can find peace alone,  
and it's a bliss to pass away in that condition.  
Is then all that you have left of life  
your dreams, your memories of happier days,  
those crushed ideals remaining still as mirages of dreams?  
But that's the only thing you can take with you  
as you leave this mortal battlefield of vain defeats

that only left you incapacitated spiritually, mentally and mortally while your dreams will carry you across to better opportunities, or so at least you can imagine in your dreams.



### *Home*

Your home is where you are  
no matter where you are,  
as only you create your home;  
it's only you who can originate  
that homely feeling of contentment  
as a safe environment of comfort.  
It's something you create,  
and you go on creating it  
as you continue working on it  
and filling it with your own dreams,  
and that's the very stuff that makes a home:  
the spiritual inheritance in your possession  
that no one can take away from you forever  
of your memories, experiences and dreams  
as long as you go on creating them anew.

### *Turning in*

It's time for turning in for winter  
in the winter laird for hibernation,  
since you anyway won't do much good  
as only growing lazy in your lethargy and listlessness

of lacking any energy for love or work or being useful,  
since the fact that you are getting old  
in spite of your good health cannot be overlooked,  
denied, ignored or seen as without consequence.  
You have to face it and accept that your mortality  
is actually a comfort and relief, as you can blame your age  
for everything unpleasant in your life,  
thus turning all your inconvenience to convenience,  
cultivating your own snugness and complacency.  
I would not recommend it though,  
but rather recommend that you keep struggling on  
and even forcing yourself to continued effort,  
as there's no idea in slowing down unnecessarily  
for death to catch you up before you have turned in.

*It is not easy to accept defeat*

It is not easy to accept defeat  
when your entire world is ruined,  
when there's nothing left for you  
but the disgraceful cowardly escape of suicide,  
when you feel your whole life was a failure,  
and all that's left for you is to resort to drinking,  
which is just the fool's way out to nothing,  
the admission of that you are nothing  
and you have no comfort left, no work, no will to live,  
no appetite, no lust but only emptiness,  
the summary of all your efforts being just a void;  
as all your best friends have been exiled to the other side,  
and you have only ghosts left to associate with,  
as all your love, that made your life worth living,  
turned into disappointments by betrayal and deceit,  
and your idealism proved only fickle dreams and mirages,  
like dried up oases turned into a desert of abandonment;  
and all you find of life and love is a continuous degradation,  
an eternal process of decay and constantly exacerbated death,  
that just goes on like torture ever getting worse,  
while nothing will survive but maybe some remembrance  
of that love that gave some hope in the beginning  
only to be hopelessly more lost than anything.

*Whenever I die I think of you*

Whenever I die, I think of you.  
Franz Liszt defined life as a perpetual suicide,  
you just live to die and start dying the moment you are born,  
and all negligence of this fact is just an escapism of vanity,  
resorting to the preference of ignorance to realism and truth,  
while at the same time you cannot ignore the fact of love,  
that it exists and makes life worth the bitterest experience,  
as you always will be able to survive whatever happens,  
even if it always has to be just temporary,  
a respite and an oasis of an island  
in the eternal darkness of a universal stormy sea.

### *The Age of Postponement*

It is a troublesome winter  
cancelling all activity,  
forbidding social intercourse  
and closing in on everyone in isolation  
not of any splendid sort but rather as some incarceration  
of no good to anyone  
in the obedience to the laws of superstition,  
fear, surveillance and the terror of an alien virus.  
Life is at a standstill, all the planet is closed down  
while only nature is relieved, rejoicing in the invalidity of man  
and breathing out in freedom for a change.  
Some draw some weird conclusions from this strange condition,  
that it could be an intentional revenge on man by nature  
for his recklessness, abuse of nature and lack of economy  
in ruthless waste of universal natural resources  
putting life itself at risk and leading to the critical extinction  
of too many species, of which nature cannot do without a single one.  
As usual, the challenge of the difficulty is to keep surviving,  
which can be managed at least individually  
by keeping a low profile and abstaining from ambitions and pretensions.

### *Floating as a Wreck*

The storms have hacked you all to pieces,  
your life is permanently brought to ruin,  
you have nothing left but endless bitterness, remorse and tears,  
and you lie shackled, shattered, incapacitated as a wreck,  
while you notice with some wonder,  
although without sails, a slaughtered broken hulk  
with nothing left of any navigation skills,  
that you keep floating, maybe in a dead calm  
just before the final storm, the definite destruction,  
but it never comes. Although you feel like dead  
and are like dead, you are kept forcibly alive  
almost against your will, a most involuntary grace  
like being sentenced, not to death, but to what must be worse,  
continued life in utterly outrageous circumstances.  
And the only thing that you can do about it  
is complying with the judgment in subordination  
in the inescapable necessity of making just the best of it.

### *The poet's best friend*

The pain of life can sometimes be unbearable  
especially if there is no end to it  
but it just keeps increasing in outrageous agony  
to transcend all the tortures of eternity of hell.  
But strange enough, there is a comforter at hand,  
a possibility and way out of all vicious circles,  
and especially all poets usually found him the best of friends,  
and yet he is the greatest paradox of all as comforter,  
inspirer of life and liberator as a way to new life, but it works,  
as both John Keats and Pasternak and others found to their surprise,  
that there is always a relief of intimacy and true friendship  
in the association with the ultimate perdition, death,  
as a security alternative if nothing else works out.

The suicidal comfort never has to be accomplished,  
but as an idea of meditation and of spiritual rebirth  
in a kind of revitalization, it is always handy as a comfort.



*How lonely are you?*

There is no loneliness in loneliness.  
The universe is there and waiting for you,  
while in company it is closed up for you,  
as friends and lovers must have all your main attention.  
In order to have concentration for your meditation  
and creation, you must needs be alone,  
and in that loneliness you then will find the company  
of all the world, but only spiritually, never physically,  
which could be felt the more releasing and relaxing  
if not even as some sort of freedom and important liberation.  
This is individual, of course, not everyone was born for loneliness,  
and not everyone has known the vital urge for loneliness,  
while some are better off alone  
especially with their creative freedom,  
if that is what they were made for.

*Dreams as symbols of marriage*

They say I am married to my dreams.  
They do not harm me. We do not quarrel.  
Unfortunately they are not always available.

Like love you have to wait for them patiently,  
as they cannot appear except naturally.  
Like women their souls have no body,  
and what's worse, you cannot even touch them.  
So why should you keep them and have them at all?  
You just cannot do without them.  
They may trouble you and delight you,  
but they are always there,  
and that's the only certain thing about them.  
So just tolerate them, accept them  
as an inevitable part of your life,  
and the best thing of all, they cost you nothing;  
so just live with them  
and make the best of them as they are.

*The Vanity of Poetry*

It's a trap.  
The poet writes a poem  
and is pleased with it  
and is fooled into some self-complacence,  
a delusion of a narcissistic character,  
and if he cultivates this self-love,  
this self-satisfaction, he is lost  
and drowns in mirroring himself.  
A writer's occupation is a lonesome business,  
he can only write alone  
and has to be alone for concentration,  
but if he then writes for others  
and about real people of some interest to him  
like of love, the most constructive object,  
he is safe and will not drown  
but keep on floating on the waves of love for others  
if he just keeps up the outlook  
and forgets himself  
as he is actually and only an observer.



*The incompatibility of truth and love*

When you are in love  
it's natural for you to idealize your love  
and see her in an aura of some magic beauty,  
thus presuming her to have the best of qualities,  
as love is generally most creative,  
making your imagination carry you away with fancies,  
as you couldn't love her without also dreaming of her.



Then the truth turns out to be something entirely different,  
like an alien dimension, as you notice she has pimples,  
there's an opposite and different side to everything,  
and even the most ideal love will prove to have a different side.  
When hard reality starts importuning,  
cruelly imposing practical demands and difficulties,  
practically love becomes an awesome enterprise,  
involving worries, problems and adversities,  
and that's not the love you bargained for.  
The problem of this incompatibility  
is, you have to trick and wind your way through this new jungle  
which could even prove a minefield prompting necessary caution;  
and you find yourself obliged to compromise  
with both your love and with reality  
to find the most delicate and difficult of balances.  
If you can keep that balance, you will have succeeded  
in maintaining both your love and save it through reality  
by endurance, by sticking to it  
and by never quite forsaking your idealism,  
but keeping all that magic of your true original creative love  
in sight, as any captain never must neglect his compass.

*The fascination of evil*

This is the weirdest kind of mystery,  
as it is practically omnipresent  
in all public media, above all:  
most movies loaded with atrocities,  
the domination unavoidable of sex and violence,  
and literature even mostly being dominated  
by intrigues of crime and murder;  
while the opposite is rare  
for the apparent reason that it does not sell.  
It's a phenomenon that started already from the beginning,  
the Homeric poems being all about the Trojan war,  
the Bible being full of death and dramas of destruction,  
Dante's divine comedy being nothing without hell,  
and Shakespeare filling up his stage with corpses.  
This is actually a challenge, the absurdity of evil  
being the supreme adversity  
which you must overcome like any trial of survival,  
even if to only prove the natural doctrine and thesis,  
that what does not kill you has to make you stronger,  
and that is possibly the only meaning of it.



*Dreams a necessary compensation for reality*

When you wake up in the morning sometimes  
there is something of a dream still lingering  
and actually providing the most lovely memory  
of sweetness, beauty and exquisite happiness;  
but it will only last for one brief moment:  
as you open up your eyes and have reality  
take over brutally, all lasting bliss of dreams is gone,  
and all you have is the outrageous hardness,  
ugliness, brutality and horror of your practical mundanity.  
Are all those dreams of beauty then just falsehood,  
delusions and illusions to deceive you,  
tempting you to any form of escapism  
just to get out of mortal traps of practical ordeals?  
The contrast is too sharp between those dreams and facts of life  
to be acceptable, and any escapism appears quite necessary.  
Holding on to sweet remembrance of delicious dreams  
will tempt you to abandon real life altogether;  
but it is in fact a question of two different realities  
and even different dimensions. In your dreams  
you are transported to another better world, it seems,  
but it is as real as the concrete world, although abstract.  
Many are convinced their dreams are truer than reality  
and that reality is just all humbug, lies and vain deceit,  
and they cannot be proven wrong, while on the other hand,  
your dreams can also never be considered evidence of any truth.

*The indispensable comfort of memories*

The archive of your memories  
has the inevitable tendency  
to constantly increase in volume, depth and value,  
wherefore also you grow more reluctant with the years  
to do without them, and especially when you with terror  
feel them naturally fade away and disappear,  
the archive getting over-loaded,  
like a room or home that never is cleaned up.  
The harder then you stick to them from fear of losing them,  
while at the same time you fail to observe  
that they are dragging you behind and cluttering your mind  
to pull and slow you down, and that is difficult to remedy.  
It will then gradually become more difficult to start new enterprises  
and to start at all, as it is comfortable and convenient to just sit back  
and live on glories past. There is the danger and the death trap.  
It is a bog, and you must constantly be careful not to get bogged down;  
and then the dire necessity occurs to constantly compel yourself  
and force yourself to never stop committing yourself to new efforts.  
That is how old concert pianists keep constantly at work and fit,  
like Rubinstein and Horowitz still giving concerts in their 80s,  
but by constant urgent practicing and forcing themselves to hard work  
for hours every day not to get bogged down  
in the comfortable trap and flattering dreams of pleasant memories.

*When you get drowned in love*

When you get drowned in love  
there is no way out but to let it go,  
to let yourself get drowned in it  
and if possible to just enjoy it,  
until you are smothered and can't bear it any longer;  
and that is the moment when you come to think of suicide  
as the only possible and definitely certain cure;  
but even that is just a gamble:  
you don't know what is beyond the grave,  
while staying on in the unbearable condition  
of your being buried, sacrificed alive  
with no end to the torture, is like being on the operation table  
in an operation which will never finish but just carry on  
to cut you up in slices for no purpose as it seems,  
just can't be tolerated in the long run.  
Death could then be a deceptive liberator,  
but he always will have the advantage over you  
since it's impossible to make him out  
as the supreme and ultimate remaining mystery,  
the only certain thing about him being that he's always there  
and waiting for you in the end for good or worse;  
and since he is inevitable anyway  
you might as well get lost in love while you are at it  
and just let it do with you whatever it may please  
while you had better make the best of it and just enjoy it.



### *Delusional*

It could happen to anyone  
Who falls to the temptation  
To get too involved and fixed in his own ego,  
Thereby losing all detachment and perspective  
To reality in something of a wishful thinking effort  
To replace the undesirable elements of this reality  
With their own or to at least impose their own  
By driving over and ignoring facts.  
They get immersed in what they think must be reality  
But which is actually just castles in the air of their own fancy.  
No harm in this, but danger will occur  
If they gain power or some influence with many followers  
Who let themselves be tricked into believing  
The attractive and seductive character of his conviction,  
Falling like himself for the convincing and idealistic mirage.  
They get caught in their own spider's web  
Of irresistible illusions, actually believing they are true,  
While their materialization generally proves a fatal self-deceit,  
Especially to followers of credulous naivety who end up victims.



*The exhibitionist* – a practical solution (essay)

An artist exhibits his paintings  
and pays the gallery for his exhibition,  
hoping the gallery visitors will pay for his paintings  
by generous appreciative buys,  
and sometimes this could be profitable.  
Another does the same but without money  
and with music and literature only,  
presenting his creations on the web  
to be downloaded free of charge for anyone.  
There all his works of literature and music are found  
directly accessible for anyone with access to the web,  
the most open university to all the world  
for people universally regardless of language and nationality,  
exposing himself to criticism for doing this for nothing  
without any other explanation than that he has no choice,  
internet being the poor intellectual's redemption,  
especially since all other means have been closed to him,  
being socially shut out on no other grounds than formalism,  
being musically also excluded for insisting on consistence  
in melodiousness, tonality and harmony,  
exposed as well to frauds, deceits and even robbery  
by exorbitant taxation leading hopelessly to bankruptcy and ruin,  
forcing him to live consistently under subsistence minimum;  
so he has no other choice than to present his life's work  
in a permanent continuous all comprising exhibition  
on the web, for anyone to visit and collect by downloads,  
while everything remains intact by digital continuity anyway.



*The lost soul of Nikolai Gogol*

He wrote a novel called "Dead Souls",  
a grandiose social satire spiced with humour,  
and a poignant clever insight and analysis  
of his contemporary social order and society  
with a brilliant eye for human idiosyncracies;  
and he was widely read, appreciated and successful,  
publishing the first of part of his "Dead Souls" without problems;  
but he then came under the precarious influence of a fanatic,  
who seduced him to exaggerated piety as an extreme ascetic,  
breeding second thoughts about his writings  
bringing his self-criticism to fatal levels,  
which induced him to commit the second part to flames,  
his doubts thus turning self-destructive,  
which he came to bitterly regret,  
exacerbating his religious fervour and asceticism  
to make him starve himself to death.  
He was Ukrainian, writing "Taras Bulba" as his first and greatest novel,  
a heroic and romantic family account of a rebellion  
against oppression of the Cossacks,  
one of the most brilliant masterpieces of the Russian literature,  
a kind of manual and gospel universally for insurrection  
against any power of inhuman and political repression.  
We are there again today, as the Ukrainians have to struggle for their life  
against intolerable force of terror by the greed of an oppressor.  
Gogol's novel thus became prophetic giving him immortal status  
as a compensation for his early and untimely death.

*The enrichment of love*

You are that kind of person  
of whose love you cannot tire,  
but you just must go on loving  
and adoring for the sake of lovableness  
of the subject, and the more you love her,  
the more motivated you will be  
to just go on enjoying, loving and persisting  
to hold on to the exquisite moment  
of a beauty seeming unable to fade  
but only to increase with wisdom and maturity,  
like an old wine only growing finer with the years  
and increasing only by consuming it.  
This is not wishful thinking,  
This is true love when it works,  
pure magic if you like but purest of all sorts,  
which only needs protection, careful cultivation  
and profound sincerity of tenderness  
of some infinity of generosity  
to just be able to go on forever.



*The splendour of the underdog*

As a paria he is untouchable,  
protected by the honesty of his humility,  
as he has no capacity for hubris,  
being always beaten down, suppressed and chastised  
by his fate of static and perpetual poverty  
and no mundane ambitions for career or power,  
being a philosopher by nature and allergic against vanity,  
as the innate humanist has constantly been driven over  
and ignored, rejected and despised by history,  
which all since 1914 only has concerned itself  
with the perpetual continuity of its own recklessness  
of bolting in derailment stuck in its own force  
of running wild in senselessness and voluntary blindness  
listening to only noise and madness of the demagogues,  
who only scream of thirst for blood and violence  
in apocalyptic hubris of destruction  
on a universal massive scale;  
while the despised, ignored, forgotten underdog  
keeps dodging in the underworld security  
and labouring in peace and quiet  
for the possibility of better times.





*Without an audience*

Without an audience you can work alone  
in peace and quiet and constructive concentration  
to get something done without disturbance,  
while an audience actually is only a distraction  
making noises, sneezing, coughing, snivelling  
and cutting patronising deprecatory remarks  
to only show their ignorance and lack of understanding.  
The most isolated artist therefore often proves  
to be the purest and most skilful valuable craftsman  
in his genuine ability of perfect and creative concentration.  
Going public is to make yourself ridiculous,  
a fool's desire to exhibit his own folly  
by debasing his own work to mundane vanity  
and exposing his own soul to ridicule.  
A drunk is wiser in his loneliness  
in keeping all his weakness, sorrows and regrets  
in secret honest diligent expression to himself.

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*Still to be continued.*