

Poems & Prose & Songs

**The Shape of Things,
gone for what time ever**

There he was
at a place he used to show up once in a
while,
he and an acquaintance of his,
he didn't know at all yet
and vice versa,
but there seemed to be some liking,
and there was talking, listening, drinking
and having fun
altogether
and for him it was like finally getting rid of
parts
of the loneliness he got so used to before,
'cos there was all of a sudden some
friendliness
and sympathy with someone still unknown.

Very joyful. So to say.

And then an old one of his showed up
with a friend of hers,
pissed and in the same strange mood
she used to get stuck
the decade before
when they'd been together for a couple of
months,
until he finally couldn't stand it anymore.

And he didn't have anything against them
joining in,
neither did that lady he was with,
only that neither of them both expected
what was going to shape up:

some kind of verbal brawl and suicide
he would preferably have avoided,
'cos to have a vulnerable nite like that
innocently spoiled by some dissatisfied
and envious whackos
is always undeserved.

And so it went.

His former one was not to be stopped,
neither by sensible words nor by insults -
and he was definitely not the guy
to turn to physical violence to get anything
straight -
especially since he was more than
convinced
that violence is not only inadmissible and
stupid
but as well tends to make anything even
worse.

You bet.

No way for an old pacifist like him.

So they had to listen to the insults and
stupidity of one he even didn't like too
much before and continued to dislike with
any word and sentence more
coming out between her lips -
even if he started wonder if she didn't start
to hate herself even more than he disliked
her in the meantime, 'cos their own talk
had been dried up,
outta sheer politeness from both sides.

Unfortunately, the sympathetic
atmosphere
of before between his date and himself
innocently went down the drain
the very same time but with increasing
speed.
If he'd only had suggested to change
places ... or anything.

It's always the innocent ones that end up
in the gutter.

Tough, not to get cynical about that.

Did it make sense to himself?
Was he still hoping for some greater
justice?
Some higher force taking care
someplace?

Tends to get even harder with experience.

Of course, after they'd altogether split
and everybody had returned to his or her
way,
the phone rang in the morning and it was
his former one,
trying to apologize - but since he
remembered all too well,
that she'd been the very same some
weeks before
to a common friend of theirs,
she'd been together with for almost a year
-
insulting this one's current girlfriend
for not being good enough for him
and worthless and ugly and bull,

he just forbade her to ever call
or visit or talk to him again.
Just like his pal.

All he could have said instead,
he already did when that first event took
place,
trying to prevent the worst,
her being strangled by a very angry friend
-
so what would a repetition had been good
for?
She'd wasted and spoiled his time as well
as that of a could-(have-)become-a-friend
of his
the very nite before -
no need to give her any more chances.

Nothing against drunks in general,
but being drunk does not excuse
everything -
especially when one admits
that one does not agree with booze.

One oughtta avoid it then.

She'd had her excuses before
and was always excused before -
but not forever.

That's the way it goes.

Hey, he didn't ask for it ...

Was he supposed to be unfair now?
Your guess ...

3 Ladies

Wouldn't have believed a single shit of it,
he had,
if anyone would've told him,
that he would have a split threesome at
the same time -
for a start

all damn fucking happy with it,
so to say,
he himself included,

moreover, it was so damn stupid beautiful
to experience,
so easy
to let it happen

so seducing

as seducing
as himself.

Narcissistic,
miraculously wonderfully incredibly
beautiful.

He pushed his fag in the ashtray,
being fresh from the tub,
hit from the water,
freshly shaven
as well as the one he did the nite before

and he didn't even imagine
that she would let it happen
neither the event that took place after
even
when the decision had fallen
by then.

All of them were so
selfish,
egoistic
and altruistic in that.

It was ne'er less complicated than then.

He sipped his screwdriver
wiping his eyes
sore from too few hours of sleep
and the rain
still knocked at his dusty windows,
playing its own rhythm
and the beat went on ...

After,
he'd go to another living room of his,
looking for even more trouble,
complications and fun,

and,

Hell!

he was looking forward to it.

How would you describe yourself?

1

How would I?, he thought, sitting alone on the bed, sipping on a can of cold beer right outta the icebox. *Would I at all?*

He was cold, freezing cold, sitting in the black gloom of the core of his soul as always when he was reflecting on himself in a desperate mood like this one.

He gave the question some thought. It was a hard one. Difficult.

Hanging around in his flat, the rain caressing the window above his head, candles flickering in their chandeliers, cigarette burning in the ashtray, the can of beer, still covered with water drops from the icebox, he felt pretty depressed again.

The last arguing a couple of nites before had been as anyone he'd ever had with a woman: unnecessary. Stupid. Painful.

It's always been the same. The differences between male and female were much wider than the similarities. He'd probably drink himself to death this way or another just to find peace again, as if ever he'd had any.

Who are you?

Damn, he thought, *if only I knew many things would be a lot easier.*

He lit a fag, trying to get some distance between himself and this question, not really expecting to find some.

Obviously, he smiled bitterly to himself, *the answer depends on the addressee in the first. To myself I do not need to describe myself, 'cos I know all too well who I AM: a weak, cowardish, selfish, jealous, insecure, childish lil' creep, not worth the heel that smashes it.*

And, of course, with a tendency to exaggeration.

To others, of course, it's something different.

There was an ethos, ideals, even hopes and dreams somewhere hidden in the void, scattered and lost - and he clung to it like it was the very last straw, which it probably was - as well as the end of everything.

Seeking the meaning, at least *some* meaning in the desires he had: sex, love, calm, trust, honesty, even truth.

Adorable, all of this. And rarely true.

Whenever you thought, you found love, you soon found it was mere sex, which is not the worst, but better than nothing when it's good. When you came to think you found sex, usually you learned that it wasn't worth even undressing and in addition got a kick in the balls.

Metaphorically, when you were lucky.

Ouch, if not.

But I ain't even started describing anything yet.

He spat on the rug, lit a new cigarette - the last one had itself finished off in the ashtray too early, as it always happens with really good pals, and he uncorked the *Glen Grant* and had a deep gulp right outta the bottle.

So obvious, all of this. And so hidden.

He remembered one gal he once dated, one blonde hell of a porn miracle, some decade ago, and she'd left him when she found he did know himself all too well to give a description of himself - or she couldn't stand it or something else.

There were always reasons to be found if one was looking for them.

Maybe it was just that: Leave and let leave. Or rather: Live and let leave? Leave and let die?

He thought of a quotation from the muse: '*a coward is a man who can foresee the future. a brave man is almost always without imagination*'¹. And the bard had been right so often. Didn't help. He'd been dead now for more'n six years. Big bard. Dead old man.

He drank some more, still avoiding question and answer both.

Who was she?, he wondered. *Why was he of interest to her at all? To anybody?*

Mere reflected incarnation of THEIR hopes, ideals, dreams?

Fears?

A caricature of others feelings?

More of his own.

Tired now.

Go to sleep.

He did. For that nite at least.

¹ Bukowski, Charles, *Tales of Ordinary Madness*. San Francisco: City Lights 1983³. 138.

2

All Dames are alike.
 They reach down your throat
 so they can grab your heart.
 They throw it on the floor and
 they step on it with their high heels.
 They spit on it.
 They shove it in the oven and
 they cook the shit out of it.
 They slice it into little pieces,
 slam it on a hunk of toast and
 they serve it to you.
 And they expect you to say:
 "Thanks, honey, it's delicious."²

Marion had been a lawyer with her own office which she shared with a former lover of hers when we finally fell for each other - I used to be an active drunk, chain smoker and made my money writing freelance for a city magazine.

We were acquainted from meeting for years before we got together and that in the double sense of meaning - for her tendency to nymphomania our first erotic encounter was more than intense - and I straight away moved into her place after.

Both of us more than enjoyed that time, 'cause we didn't only double the time we stayed in bed, but stuck together where- and whenever we were.

A year after something had been lost: I was tired of her nymphomania and she of me and I guess, we both felt true relief when it was over without involving the district attorney.

I listened to her leaving steps outside on the stairs and uncorked my survival bottle. The remainder of the night was silence.

Again, I'd been too good, too kind - disagreeable nice, meaning weak, 'cause she'd been looking for a stereotype constipated macho asshole, which her lawyer partner was and used to be. A reproach, I was pretty used to. Uh oh.

Well.

The articles I'd written the last weeks and months had brought me more than one scold of the editor - correctly, 'cos their quality'd been less than bad. No wonder, when one realizes one fell for the wrong one again.

Two days later the whole began to repeat itself - even in a totally different pattern.

² Steve Martin as Rigby Reardon in *DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID*, 1982

I had a visit from an acquaintance, dropping by for a cup of coffee and some Vodka O and the one or the other screw when we finished talking - and when we awoke together the morning after, she'd already moved in.

Neither of us complained: we'd been flirting each other for years and it promised to be fun - which, I have to admit, it was. For some time.

She was a twentysomething, me a thirtynothing, and somehow, I felt, there was trouble ahead.

Tanja was an incredible cute and good looking chick, humorous and funny, intelligent - somehow - even if she sometimes was a little bit too selfish and narcissist for my taste.

I tried to accept it anyhow.

Worse was my jealousy and feelings of minority, from which I suffered, and she as well, 'cos when ever she entered a building all glances where upon her, and you could bet, at least one guy would walk over to us and tell her "Hey, don't I know you?" - and what drove me crazy was her enjoying this and starting to talk to the guy and changing phone numbers - and actually calling him after, admitting to me that she didn't know him in the first place at all.

She drove me nuts.

And loved it.

Whenever I tried to talk to her, we had an arguing.

She just couldn't stand somebody else having his own mood, or worse, opinion. The whole world belonged to her. And so did I. Unfortunately.

As I said: she drove me nuts.

And loved it.

And I was so tired of it.

Did we love each other?

Yes - and no.

I guess, *LOVE* had two totally different meanings to both of us. Maybe it'd been the same with everyone before - and would be after. Maybe, these differences, these GAPS, were so wide in this case, that they were not only not surveyable, but all the more not to be overcome. I dunno.

Well.

Same as ever.

I was. anyway, pretty depressed. No idea, if she was - or anybody. We didn't talk that much. At least not about earnest topics. Maybe, she was just too flimsy, maybe, I was too deep ... Well.

A reproach I was pretty used to. See above.

Not even drinking would help. Nothing would.

Sipping my can of beer, I wondered if I ever would overcome my complexes, my jealousy, my stiff dick, who had brought me in trouble of this sort so often and certainly would again.

Self hatred did of course help as much as self pity.

Not that I'd supposed it did.

The more I had of this, the less I trusted anybody, the less I could. A vicious circle, dammit, and a real smart one.

It's ever been the same: whenever I thought I'd found the right one, the right thing, I'd overdone it soon - and broke it apart.

A lil' bit too stupid for a world like that one.

Sometimes, when I was feeling even more weak than now, I wondered if anything was worth anything, including me, of course, and I found that there wasn't.

Not that this was of any help.

Nor anything else.

Yep.

Dark Lady

of a long dead spring -
angel outta hell -
hell's angel –
listen to the sound of your wings -
listen to the hiss of your breath -
listen to the growl of your words -

Dark Lady

of a long dead spring -
angel outta hell -
hell's angel –
Make me feel the cold of your stoneblack blood
runnin' thru the veins of my mere existence -

Dark Lady.

Suicide

What the hell did I expect
when it started?

A normal relationship
to a hell of a girl.

I got a hell of a friendship
to a normal pro.

Another mental suicide.
Another brain drain.
Lobotomy.
No kiddin'.

The Nite I met Death -likely

I was deaddrunk

that nite
down in the bar,
where I used to get lost
by that time.

A whole bunch o' people -
dancing,
laughing,
drinking,
lovin' -
a noisy crowd,
like an
indian attack -
like the life broadcasting of
Custer's last stand.

I stood there
next to the barkeeper,
busy havin'
the fifth or
sixth Vodka Lemon
and I really had
a load of bitter thoughts
to swallow
'bout this X-Chick
of mine
likely cuddling

her new one.

Someone
offered me
a cigarette.
I took it,
lit it
and breathed in,
hard,
w/ a gasping sound.

Then I turned around
and realized that
this chick had stepped
aside me -
this blonde one,
w/ pale eyes,
very pale,
hair down to the ass,
slim built,
very slim,
very cute,
very sweet.

She smiled at me
in a very nice
and a very shy way.

I liked that.

Very much.

Maze of Fools

Skyscraping walls
of human flesh and bones,
hills of hair and teeth,
the remains of thousands of years of
history.

Blackwinged creatures
crawling out of a splatter movie
not yet produced,
gnawing and chewing
the hopes and dreams and wishes
of mankind
as well as
mine.

Teeth clicking on teeth.

Blood 'n guts.
Blood 'n guts.
Blood 'n guts!

Moving inside the maze,
following the bloodred footprints
of the fellas
gotten lost in here before.
Step by step
looking for the exit,
knowing all too well,
there wasn't even an entrance.

Nevertheless
you're moving,
avoiding the bitter thought
of being a sucker and a sod,
torn apart by life as well as anybody else.

No chance for nothing,
Fool.

But
never
do
surrender.

Fall

It's cold outta there,
freezing Death taking
its annual toll, probably.
Damn tough shit,
life itself.

Wondering 'bout the usual drool,
reflecting on the same subject as ever,
focus on a madman's thoughts,
bloodstains in the blink of an eye,
dark eye,
watch and shut yer lids,
just to view the inner void
from a better sight,
glance and wither
under the gloom of
mere nothingness.

Fall.

That's it.

The Hell Behind My Eyes

Purgatory is my thoughts
bad conscience somehow
and the usual paranoia,
kind of expecting the Multiverse to equal
matters in a way;
maybe expecting
Justice,
it there ever was any.

Justify yourself
if you know how.

Tough luck for me
that I don't.

I know fer sure
that Hell as well as Heaven
constitute themselves in our minds.

And Hell is a place or state of mind
I know all too well.

Knock and enter

I was down to a bottle a day
like good ol' Hank -
Bog bless him -
my ptitsa had been so gracious
to call me up
that day -
after I'd given her
several calls of my own -
JAMC sang " ... doesn't matter to me ..."
and they were wrong -
for me -
it did.

I feeled framed
beaten
abused
kicked.

Maybe innocently

but that didn't change nothin.

Upside down.

She still
pretended to be serious
but she
carefully avoided
this little
fourlettered word
I was hoping for.

Ain't much to say.
It's just that ...

Forget it, Jake.
This is Chinatown.

Fucking looks like.

Visions

of your face,
your smile,
your breath,
your eyes -
your love.
Hallucinating
of the best time
ever -
feeling
my tears
as well
as my grin.
Diabolic
and
romantic -
at the same time -
quicker
than the eye.

Just a thought
of purple roses
and a bright blue sky.
Right now.

Typewriter's Vomit

loneliness
to the bones
tears
as leaden as
the sky
above.

Zombies
lurkin' in the corner
of my heart
starin' holes
thru my very eyes
'til I'm totally
blinded
helpless victim
of hated circumstances -

Listenin'
to the sound
of the typewriter
throwin' up
my soul's darkest views -

long lost depression
goddess of despaired &
helpless nites.

I hear your wings
thru my fear.

Just Another Blues

I sat there
on a bench
down in my favourite bar -
working on that Riesling -
being already well done -
not givin' a fuck for it -

I'd had two calls
from her that eve -
and I got the blues -
for no certain reason -
but there it was -
this couple -
me and the blues
and that bottle of wine -

I knew -
it'd turn out bad -
this mixture -
'cos I was pretty thirsty -
mentally -
going to stop myself
from thinking -
about this mess
of a relationship -

"Shall I come?" she asked.
"We could go to a hotel."
I wasn't hot
for lousy hotels

nor for crowded clubs,
pubs 'n' bars -

I was -
heaven knows why -
hot for havin' a
good time w/ her -
naturally -
cool and funny
and relaxed -
at my place
or her's -
ballin' the blues
outta our minds -
fuckin' like blazes -
reading good ol' books -
watchin' TV -
listening to music
of all kinds -
w/out any creepy pimps -
lurking on the threshold -
triggerhappy -
jealous and fucking
envious -
cos it might cost them -
money -

There I sat -
havin' the blues,
'n my drink
and not
a fucking chance
at all.

Gonna Make Your Day

I'm a dirty old fart
Just wanna have some fun
And I don't care 'bout anyone
If you got some brains
Get outta my way
'Cos if you don't
I'm gonna make your day ...

I'm a dirty old fart
'n gonna kick some arse
if you don't seek shelter
you only make it worse
If you got some brains
Get outta my way
'Cos if you don't
I'm gonna make your day ...

It's just an attitude
Gotta used to so much
If you mess around w/ me
You gonna get beaten up
If you got some brains
Get outta my way
'Cos if you don't
I'm gonna make your day ...

Slutcore

Water corpse clown's make-up
 Pretty white smile,
 Full of shit
 All of the time

You wanna be

Slutcore

U can't make it

And no one's gonna take it

You wanna be

Slutcore

U can't make it

And no one's gonna take it

Not at all.

Boring driss

Dripping form your lips

Makes one puke

Just to listen to it

Dress and disguise

That's been all that counted

Not as if anyone cared for it

You wanna be

Slutcore

U can't make it

And no one's gonna take it

You wanna be

Slutcore

U can't make it

And no one's gonna take it

Not at all.

Full of shit

All of the time

Enjoyous like a carcraash

Not even worth a Dime

The last sign of interest

One has about you

Is nothing less than

getting rid of the truth

You wanna be

Slutcore

U can't make it

And no one's gonna take it

You wanna be

Slutcore

U can't make it

And no one's gonna take it

Not at all.

Sad Drinking At Home

Self pitying my poor lost soul,

having the very last glass of a great white
Pessac-Leognan and tiny little thoughts
hurt feelings
and sore eyes.

Losing a perspective
is always bitter.

Horizon is gone.
Sun hidden behind forever.

As ever.

Pour yourself another one
and swallow your bitter thoughts -
not your pride -
not this time

again.

6.1.2001

Did you have your fun today?

Did you have your fun today?

Thanx to the NRA.

Thanx to all the guns around

They are where the trouble ground'.

You did you have your fun today.

Shot your pals and went "Hooray",

You liked that thudding sound,

When they all fell to the ground.

Blood all over

Aint that fun?

Deep red stains

In the winter sun

Focus your aim with your AK 47

Blow your teachers brains to heaven

Get a grip on your M16

Shoot one or two of that stupid teens

Did you have your fun today?

Thanx to the NRA.

Thanx to all the guns around

Bring your trouble underground.

Blood all over

Aint that fun?

Deep red stains

In the winter sun

Dead Eyes

Your Eyes are so blue,
and as empty as dead,
for so many years,

make-up-framed
and as sad as you,
just so sad.

No smile on your lips,
for so many years

and I wonder why,
and I don't,
for I know it,
at least

buried within your pain and fears,
is what joy you knew,

when the world was new,
and your glance was still alive,

not as dead as today,
bye bye,

look forward to your upcoming
hell.

Dead Eyes.

29.11.02

Home Fucking Is Killing Prostitution

Sitting home,
all alone,

only the tuner as company,
and feeling fine,

'cos there's nothing more to see,
not tonite,

no fear, nor anger, nor fright,
not tonite

just fun and joy,
have some more drinks,
start to toy,

yourself
and just enjoy

your lust.

Wanking for peace,
is like fucking for virginity.

Blow yourself,
if you're lucky enough

to make it.

Lucky one.

29.11.02

Momma

At your age
You're still a kid,
Poor kid,

For as long as I know you
You still make me sick,
Soo sick.

And I don't wanna be
A vegetable like you

You're life's so shitty
Poor bitch
Drown in your self pity,
Please, make it quick.

And I don't wanna be
A vegetable like you

Fuck you!

And I would hate to be
A vegetable like you

Fuck you!

I'd fucking hate to have
Anything in common with you.

Fuck you!

6.12.2002

All American Sky

The American way.

On a nite like that
 Blood molten sky
 Had too much o' booze
 You are already too high.

And kill.

Kill.

Kill.

Kill.

You're dressed up sharply
 Feeling all too tough
 Your mood is heavy
 You gonna take no stuff

From noone

On a nite like that
 Blood molten sky
 Your parents are gone
 And your time is nigh

Holster your gun
 And get into your boots
 You gonna have some fun
 Going back to the roots

Of God's own country

On a nite like that
 Blood molten sky
 The Streets are empty
 You wonder why?

Keep on going
 Search the track
 Til you find somebody
 You are gonna crack

dumbness is crap

your stupidity is infinite -
your ignorance is just pure shit,
mankind is a hopeless case
I wanna puke
all over the place

*dumbness is crap
makes me wanna throw up
dumbness is crap
dumbness is crap*

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