

Of Boredom and Confusion

novel

Thomas van der Zwan

how can it possibly get any worse? / tuck in a building / fifty-two children who carry around
sunglasses / compare toothbrushes / oaks circle the building / I am surrounded by God / I have
seen spies from heaven / I need something big and necessary / three monkeys on the gallows /
here comes the undertaker with a hangover / mountains stream piece by piece to the sea / the
stargazer and the generous cowboy / the one eyed fisherman / hand in hand they whisper of
cannibals, picking flowers / sailor wives who voiceless by the harbour wait for their husbands
to return from the flying ocean / Sally hitchhiking with a gas mask on / a drunken eagle,
soaring above her / dead angel with a stolen mirror / Edward is melting in the hot chamber, I
can hear him scream / blame it on the gnome / after all he removed the chair / Obvious Otto /
Polite Paula helps him load his garbage into his mouth / policemen in the silver light jump up
and shout everybody help that woman / shadows under the door / zebras trying to escape /
homework proven useless / when homework dies / in a terrible sandwich accident /
masturbating children stand in front of the TV / Bob comes in and tells them to zip it up / I
have seen earrings that resemble my mother's mouth when she cries / the universe a monster /
buys its tobacco at the gas station / I'd like to tear my eyes from their sockets, boil them and
feed them to the birds / peeking over the rim to see if anybody is watching them / drifting on
the Pacific on an inflatable Sugarly Hooper / a bunny in a labyrinth with no exit / climbing up
the mountain of human flesh / a sandwich from the mouth of a dead soldier / they are putting
up tents and tables for the party tonight / holy smoke / the lost highway / drifting in and out of
the shoulder shops! / come on now / inwards hyena headed redskins / floors / the great urinal
pope I am / hyacinth repeat it every time his voice begins / Chloe is a prostitute and the one
silver eyed brain dick / uniforms over chairs that are thrown out airplanes / here it comes, the
cruelty! / says the cute little girl to the dead vagabond / over to the flying pan into the oven
with that mamba / she must melt into her own sweetness / she must fade away into her own
silence / why this color / see the bed walk / squirt a whole load of oxygen into Eugene /
keeping his chainsaw hidden behind his smile / a mirror talks / Snow White and her seven
dwarfs in their furniture basement / the ceiling is Tom Jones with five eyeballs dangling from
his wet jawbones / crying over some bazooka doughnut / picking up Foghorn Leghorn from
the airport / matchbox prince or a fire armband / black and black / civil war priests hanging in
the rising light of Jupiter / to dance in their rotten seaweed underpants / a Hawthorne novel /
but why this color / fat Asian ladies on coughing bikes / burning armpits / pilgrim fish swim
faster than Vodder the angel / lost his shoelace as he tried to pour another gallon of his sister's
tears into the running ocean / obviously a Spanish lady / streaming with death and fire /
kangaroos reading newspapers on the train / once in a while peeking over the rim to see if

anybody is watching them / drown him in his shoulders / push his head into his neck / rip his arms off and feed them to him / crash and grind his bones between your fingers / rip out his eyeballs and feed them to him / tear off his cheeks and feed them to him / tear off his hair / tie them up like a string around his ears / good morning / take his toenails and rip them out / bang his head against the oven and then put his pinky in the boiling water / then his finger and then his hand and then his head / kill him and take him upstairs to his sleeping parents / lay him down in between them / then take the guitar and then them up by singing Boots of Spanish Leather with a toothbrush in your mouth / if that doesn't wake them up / jump on the bed and start punching their son's dead body, again and again / look into their eyes and realize what you have done / then tie his dad to the bed, make love to his mother and strangle her / take his father's head and turn it around a couple of times / and then feed all the remains to the dog / take the dog and walk it / showing off his dead sister to the bystanders by pushing her face against the window glass / more ashtrays keep on coming into my mouth / they still think I'm the dishwasher / unborn babies in their head / vomited out into the world from their nostrils / into a frog / principal Hitler tells them to stop / on electronic pavements with remote controls / dogs repeat their barks at least twice if you look like H.H. Holmes in his underwear at night / count the smiles in the street / blind fellowship of Gregorian heroes / who follow every breeze into unknown vagueness / where new depths of uselessness and interest lie / my Nebraska eyeball collector roams the streets / Moscow tonight / rooftops of the magic city with its fortune telling monkeys / firemen with their king size milkshake bucket heads and their empty teardrop disease / you can see me as a faceless kid with horrible piano melodies in a dark mansion on top of a lonesome hill / as a bartender in a purple suite / so I walked to my house, opened the door and there stood my father singing Boots of Spanish Leather with a toothbrush in his mouth

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I was talking about a dead old man decomposing in his flat apartment, having lived so lonely that nobody in the world notices that the man is dead. Campsite baby children in the kitchen, putting each other in the dishwasher and in the microwaves, funny kids, playing young games of useless innocence. Amon Tobin steps out of his car and he spots Sean Connery who is just about to go and grab himself a hooker. They both sit down in a different cab when suddenly it appears to be that the two cabdrivers are Pete Seegers and Ghengis Khan, both very high on each other's earwax, but not feeling all too comfortable. They take everybody to the FBI

circus on top of the hill, where also a farmer, whose name is known only to the stars, lives, alone and remote. Desolation, desolation with the bible of masturbation in the library of the ancient where the fathers of our best friends and Lady Lily with her soldier crew. Curly headed boys with candles and sparrow facelifts in the magic mirror museum where the orange juice dentists all work for Nasa or Mark The Thief from underground Paris, where breathing gay men in wet suits roam the toilet, where hissing snakes crawl across the musty floor with their eyes of snow and their brains of shadow, talking to you (though snakes cannot talk but who cares anyway and business men walk in and introduce you to their stupid girls that search for attention all their lives long), hopelessly lost in silence. To the Southside of the sky where the birds never die, rip down the curtains and reveal yourself to the absorbing mirror and see Dave with a hard on standing there reading T.S. Eliot's 'The Wasteland', in a pocket edition.

Then you've got blue aboriginals and West Coast Acid Indians and loathsome Jennifer with her changing names. Cigarettes, losing forest maidens with December eyes and autumn hair, pretty like nocturnal fear for darkness and silence, hyacinths in her armpits instead of dead worms and rotting insects. Pretty girls with naked bodies dance for me in the bathtub of a friend of a friend of mine, somewhere in another side of Bob Dylan. Funny highways lead me home and embryo dealers hide vacuum cleaners in the closets. I remember we left my mom's jacket there too, it will come by mail over to Holland, my father knows it. The wind blows it this way, the jacket. People talking like highways that roll passed each other's cheeks.

My skin crawls off my bones in the night when I dream of vegetable vaginas and hot sweat baths with cruel women with fingernails that resemble all of Mark The Thief's faces. Mouth organ cancer is terrible in summer, when the leafs of the trees all cry like babies in a cradle that rolls down the mountain towards a canyon in which a million starving crocodiles scream and cry for flesh, pure flesh. Fred Flinstone sacrifices himself and jumps down, ripped apart within seconds. Pearl Jam pays Pretty Peggy-O in the morning, when all the farmers still have to wake up their roosters, and when all the suns still have to rise to chase out the darkness and when all the candles still have to be extinguished and when all the oceans still have to open their bodies of seaweed, rise up towards the sky where all the mothers still have to play the trumpet. Joe Jackson? Pat Riley? Edgar? Nobody? Whatever? One thing? More cold? Nevertheless we have gained a new system to control the innocence of the ballerina and her silver claws. Oh, and for the Unions and for Popeye we should pray ages long and on and on. Tonight we bleed in the gutter like dead wolves in the gutter, and the streetlights can melt us

until we stream through the gutter to end up in the sewer, with burning bodies in the taxi. Tiny Montgomery steps into the water where the peasant fishes all look around for their mothers. Underneath the gloves of the female operation lizard lies a knife, pick it up and stab it into the tallow wall and call your ma to tell her you just saw everything. The giant grasshopper with its shining eyes is climbing in through the window of white and it crawls under the carpet through the night, and fires burn and reckless boys burn in the taxis, in the taxis we burn. Kiss it, kiss the dead frog on the rainy cycle path and shove it in your mouth into your head, your Radiohead albums are floating man, they are floating across the room man, and I am so sick and tired of this rattling of complete crap that I stop right now, no wait one more thing man, I forgot to tell you all that I am not serious.

Let me introduce myself. I am Person. My purpose in life is to confuse people as much as I can, to strike them weird and strange, to make them feel uncomfortable without being rude or false or stupid or aggressive or hard or soft. Just to be confusing, startling, simple, that is my purpose. Maybe you met people like me before, because I am not the only one. Maybe you met Her or Him already, or maybe even It! I hope you met them all, that would make you a very wise human being. And now you meet me. I am Person.

Wow! Can I touch it? Robin's dick looks like an Estonian boat, one of those that don't exist. It's much too familiar out here. Patrick the Star eats his own beard and Muffin Molly puts her legs in her neck and then eats Patrick's left ear off. He doesn't even notice it. Punching the corpses now, look at them, the angels with their torpedo lemons and their hollow forehead cancer. Plastic air breathed gently by rocket scientists with pencil hands and ink nails. But why talk about nothing if everything is the same? Water? Kintyre? Mill? Inside Out? Population of Afghanistan? Every time? Silver bush? Grace smiles and her hair is golden. I told them to be careful but they had to touch it and now they are all dead, dead, dead, dead. Death creeps up your nose and follows your veins to your skull where nothing remains but pure joy, pure joy. Little seahorse in the sun drying out on the pigeon wing. I must go now. It was the father of my mother with another one's father, oh terrible, terrible boredom in which every second seems like all the ones before. Visions of Gregg, his legs have been all around the globe. Off with his head, as Mr. Zimmerman told me in his song Gates of Sweden, great messages to the shoelaces of the president. Tie yourself up until he falls and falls and falls down and further into Dave, the one with the McEnroe face, playing darts with his family now, reading Thomas Hardy books with a chainsaw in his stomach. Under the shower they all

stand, nieces fucking with David the Gimp and a gnome with three earrings on his tongue invites you to travel along. Molotov prisoner, Molotov virgin, eat yourself back to life, eat yourself back to life, eat yourself back to life, eat yourself back to life, and collect the sad letters you wrote to the mailbox in your front yard. Joseph Merrick stands by my bed with a cat on his shoulders, eating the tumours away, chewing on the gore, ripping the flesh off his bones like a lion, and poor Joseph doesn't even notice it. He's too busy preparing his model airplane for a crash, he's too busy counting the patterns on the wallpaper and most of all too busy not being here.

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Mountaineers hide themselves in the trashcans in the lonesome alleys. Sir Morton Brick Icelight uses his sister as a dolphin. To smoke a joint in the back of a Cadillac car, with a three bearded man who tries to eat his own armpit. Tired of chewing on his chocolate the window soldier reads the yesterday's newspaper. His best friend, a tree, is on the hill. If money could eat, it would eat itself, surely. Old women attack lion tamers in the morning. Back in the unfamiliar office the pretty girl walks in, undresses and starts licking old D'Annunzio's eyebrows. Sergeant Afterbrain presses his fork into his knee and starts cutting into his flesh with the teeth of his dead wife, who happens to be the secretary of Woden. Purple blood lashes through the flesh wound. The Jugglers run after each other's bones. Tourists sing dull songs in the cruise ship showers, all preparing for the Last Supper. Musty Marianne and her stoned ashtray men march out tonight, in search of revenge, the inevitable crap disease and international language. The translation insurance men study the mathematics book of the ancient spaghetti girls. Brilliant feathered pharmacy owners shut up as the peddling pirates eat death. Old poets on benches in polluted parks. Photographers with pillows convince the innocent actress that she is indeed a raccoon. She believes them but the insane philosopher and the pilot of the universe tell her the truth – so much for Sanctity! The twiddling landlord and the lonesome tenant destroy the terrible pawnbroker by throwing packages of cigarettes at his mother, who is sitting in a chair by the window. She gazes out the window, where the scamps and the scabbard carriers hide the scarf of the secret semen mummy. He nibbles the Nicaraguan skin off the newsboys. Moribund moppets are loyal to the lumberjacks. Everything repeats itself. Ornaments shine on the forehead of Sir Galahad. To him seriousness is just as red as a videogame. The Jack of Diamonds and Blind Lemon Jefferson distribute pink sailors. They know a million ways to earn a dollar. The pink sailors

arrive from their minds and give birth to themselves. I wish I could jump up right now and scream and run around in this room, lick the wallpaper, throw the wallet at the painting, envy the floor, caress the couch, throw the vinyl records around, pray, drink the last few drops of beer on the carpet, strangle my two friends that play the videogames and then sit down again and write down an exact report of all that. Oh simplicity, pure simplicity, my dear , I besiege you to roast the dolls.

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My dear Vladimir, here I am at the foot of towers with old men trapped in cages. Should I go home now to realize my dreams of sorrow. I cannot write fast enough for my thoughts. Waste of time, record yourself as you are imitating Michael Palin. Dirty books by William Blake. And underneath the pillow of the photographer he holds a knife in his hand. On the pillow lies a rose, which he offer to your enemy. Gifts of Medusa, taken in smiles and love making, snakes in my eyes, fingers in my skull, pigs in my room, drooling mass murderer. Challenge the Charlotte with his house, bury his wallet, bury his hair. Lock the safe that you keep his head in. Visit the toilet every hour to assure yourself of further circumstances which might erupt from the fear for polite pedestrians that walk their sad dogs in the evening. Birds lay down to sleep in their oven. The shoulders of William Zanzinger. Write back soon, much love and ice cream, your One-Eye.

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I am playing cards in a Morgan motel with my Uncle Robert and his dog Pirate and we are watching fishermen programmes on the TV and we are eating Texas Barbecue Chicken pizza and we are drinking Flamingo beer and we are smoking Chesterfield cigarettes and nothing else is needed as we are here and not there which makes life a lot easier than you can possibly imagine and then this African woman from Nigeria comes knocking on our door she tells us her name is K8, and we laugh but we are deeply scared deep inside we are horrified by her beauty and her gentleness. What to do now? Drink on and smoke and eat on and play on and watch on and close the door behind you please K8? She closes the door and then another person knocks on it. K8 opens it again and there they stand: The Not, Queen Lisa and another girl who is introduced by Queen Lisa as Doglike and we laugh again. There they are, Queen Lisa, The Not, Doglike and K8, four women, each one of them are beautiful except for

Doglike, who looks like a toad. Pirate jumps up, hissing and coughing and breathing but Uncle Robert tells her to lay down and shut up. Doglike turns around, crying and obviously offended by K8 who is peeling off the skin of a banana, while Queen Lisa is giving head to the desk. The sun goes down over the highways and the dead kangaroos by the roadside. Queen Lisa with desk sperm on her face tries to find a towel in her pocket as K8 still aims for the paintings on the motel wall. Doglike lost herself in the desert, thank god not here. All along The Not was watching the TV, heavily breathing in the thick air around us, Uncle Robert he just grins as he opens another can of Flamingo beer and takes another slice of pizza. Pirate seems to be sleeping. Then suddenly The Not turns off the TV and there is a silence, a frightening silence. Every eye in the room avoids other eyes and we all just stare at Queen Lisa who is now eating the remains of K8's banana with the desk sperm still on her chin and cheeks, apparently she forget to bring the towel. She turns around and realizes that everybody is watching her, Uncle Robert, Me, K8, The Not and William S. Burroughs, who just entered the room to deliver more pizza's. She startles, stumbles over her words and with her mouth full of banana and her face full of sperm she asks us what time it is. William checks his watch and comes to the conclusion that it is three minutes passed midnight. The silence returns again. Then far away a dog barks. Pirate jumps up and runs through the open door, barking loud against the polished sky of Down Under, with it's pale stars and it's bright moonlight. Everybody jumps up and runs after Pirate, except for me. Uncle Robert jumps into his pick-up truck and follows Pirate's direction. The Not, K8 and Queen Lisa try to jump onto the back of the truck but it is too fast and they fall into the water. William helps them out by throwing each one of them a pizza to hold on to while he goes and search for more help. And me, I am still sitting there in that motel room and I turn on the TV and I see that they are bombing Yugoslavia with earrings, bones of birds, hatchets, children, balloons filled with blood, cutlery and keyboards. I close my eyes to remember the last half an hour, and I realize I should pick up the phone and order more pizzas.

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I wish it had gone like this. The taxi would stop and I would jump in and tell the driver to hit the gas. So he does and we drive off with flaming tires and sparks of fire coming from the vehicle. Next I would have told the driver to head for the nearest library. After a long but gentle ride we arrive there. I get out, pay the driver, who happens to be a man, and I walk through the big wooden doors of an old library. Inside I count the amount of people that are

actually in the library and I leave again. Outside I meet a beggar. He asks me for some change and I give it to him. He takes me to the entrance of the sewer, down by the river bed and he shows me the dead body of a man. I run away and I call the cops. In the phone booth stands a big fat woman with three noses, one chin and a little purse with flowery patterns on it. As I want to walk out the phone booth, she asks me for a match. I tell her to go and ask a pigeon or a TV-set and she smiles, I can see her think of rotten fruit. Then I dance, I run and I clap my hands and I sing songs of heroes that have died long ago in countries far away where mountains rise in the morning and where villages stream empty of people in the Winter and where strange animals gather in forests of sunlight and then suddenly, somewhere on a purple market square, this peacock with a book and glasses asks me the way to the nearest station. I feel confused and I immediately stop with my clown act, and I introduce myself as Thom. The peacock answers, saying she doesn't like people with the same style of attitude as I have. In return I offer her a cigar but she shakes her feathers and she walks away and I say: Down the road to Sweet Lake City is the fastest road to the nearest station, but you shall have to realize in this situation that there is no train out here, and it would cost you at least five stamps to mail yourself to your destination, for I assume you have one. When I finish my sentence the peacock shall huff and hiss and read her book. I shall just do what I was there for and walk on the market square singing stupid songs. But it went like this. The taxi didn't stop and the five security guards of the castle in their golden outfits were almost by the end of the bridge. I turned around to run away when a man on a bike suggested I would hop onto his backseat. We drove to his house but it smelled like wet pavements there so obviously I didn't go inside. I thanked him, kissed his wife and his children and they watched me walk into the desert with the rose in my hair and the sun in my eyes. Once in the desert I fought grizzly bears, tiger and zebras, and of course too worthy not to mention, Anthony Hopkins. He was nice, not very small and quite Scottish for an actor. I defeated him by eating his handkerchief, but he took me to his helicopter anyway and so we were flying over the desert when smoke on the horizon reminded us to the fact that we were alive and kicking, or as Father Smith would have said: Terribly uncertain of every situation, second, feeling and thought. Anthony started to keep a diary while I managed to get the helicopter down on solid ground. It appeared to me that we had landed in a zoo for I saw three little girls with flickering eyes eat a poor old man with a walking stick. Anthony had left the scene by then, I think he went off catching butterflies again. I decided that I just needed to run away from it all and so I started running but after a couple of hundred meters I ended up in some kind of dead end trashcan alley where junkies were reaching out for me with melting hands, searching for love or

money, I didn't know. I sat down on the ground right there and they just looked at me, surprised of that fact that I was not afraid of them I guess. They started to laugh, one by one and finally I found myself in a trashcan alley with a whole bunch of drunken bums singing happy songs. But then suddenly on the end of the alley stood the five security guards. I heard one of them holler: THERE HE IS!!!! And they came running my way, faster than ever. Above me I heard the voice of Anthony who was sitting in that helicopter of his again. I got on board and we flew away, leaving the bums fighting with the guards. But we crashed Anthony's helicopter into a building and now we are in the hospital, with altogether three broken arms and one dead body.

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The Orphans with their hands stuck in their hair whispered of the fish in their finger to keep themselves clear from exploding roosters and worse disasters. But this didn't work of course and as soon as they arrived on the farm this Taliban hippie ran up to them and exploded, killing three out of the six Orphans. The three Survivors ran like hell to the nearest highway where they stole a car from some kind of Farmer Joe and they drove away, heading for a big city. The Survivors were happy, they celebrated their luck and the death of their three friends by organizing a Simon and Garfunkel concert in Central Park, New York. And while Simon and Garfunkel performed their great songs to the people, The Survivors were already in The Zombie Zoo where they had an appointment with a drugs baron from The Ukraine. He turned out to be a goose on a line, held in control by two twins aged about 13 years old. Both looked like Paul Simon. Was there something going on here, something strange? The Survivors got suspicious. Where to run from now? From the human cannonball? From the cowboy with his lasso and his empty bottle of water? From the gigantic fireballs in the sky? From themselves? From those Paul Simon twins? They ran from themselves and they grew up to be important men. One became president of the USA, George W. Bush, another one became an artist, Gwen Stephani, and the last one became a journalist, Nick Berg. That's pretty much how I got to play the guitar. Now you might wonder what the hell a phone booth has to do with eyeballs that look like the sky in summer, and I can tell you that I wonder over the same thing. I squeeze my brain like a sponge and all this remains are songs, lame songs that I sing to myself and all the books on my shelf I already did read a million times.

Flesh! We need pure flesh to cover up the dead bodies in the swimming pool, the cold swimming pool with the horny Turkish criminals in the shower, and the finger magicians who steal your wallet to give it back to you later and to steal it again after all, to get out of your suspicious mind. And we need about a million kilos of confetti, to cover up London and to spread our bread with, as for a reminder of the ones who are not as stupid as we are. Poor people with seriousness buried deep in their gentle souls.

Worms! We need thousands and thousands of worms, more and more to sprinkle in the bed of the sleeping women at night. Jennifer I miss you I wish you were here so I could kiss you and I forgive you for your love. In a pineapple hides a worm with a book and a peacock walks by and he says with a look into his mind: ‚Hot electric pain and the thin girls skinny girls are not for me and neither are the half Japanese loveliness ladies with their sweet gentleness and their everlasting eternal simplicity!’ The worm with the book just smiles, thinking he is the best worm in the world. But Jennifer, I just need your sweat on my tongue, I need your face in my songs, I need your blood in my songs, I need you all along to eat pancakes with my son, but wait a second I am not my father, so Jennifer, I have decided, to destroy your bike. , Jennifer! I love you Jennifer, yes I do! Most likely yours, Phil The Pharaoh.

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While the newlyweds picnic on the purple moon , The Pumpkin Faced Giant crawls his way through the fields of thin air to the sun. The newlyweds laugh at The Giant while the bride softly peels the skin off her skin. The Giant he just smiles back cause he knows better , the moon will be gone soon, he reaches the labyrinth, now begins his journey, he has survived the fields, The Faceless Guards follow him as he walks passed , into the labyrinth. In the labyrinth The Scorpion Girls await him, they build a trap out of ancient spider webs and earwax, the moon is being eaten by The Giant, he smiles The Giant whistles and a giant bird picks him up and takes him away over the vast landscapes of clouds in the sky. Then suddenly Al Gore arrives on the scene together with The National Society For Peanut Butter Addicts, thousands of people , emotionless mushroom clouds erupt from their heads , one by one they fall down The Stories Of The Streets beg your pardon? in Swedish, Al Gore starts singing The Stories Of The Streets in Swedish indeed when the roots of The Trees Of Million cover up the entrance of the forest , Al Gore realizes he is done for, but then arrives The Giant, The Giant carries an enormous black rose from which he plucks the tiny leaves, saying

with every leaf: She will kill me, she won't kill me, she will kill me, she won't kill me. Al Gore counts the fish in his finger as he jerks off by fantasizing of exploding roosters, He does not see the fancy suited TV sets peaking from behind the bushes They creep up slowly and unnoticed and when they have almost reached Al Gore, The Giant takes a cloud and he blows it to The Hermit Clown on the mountain who knows that a cloud moving that fast means that he should come down from his mountain. As he is running down, he meets up with The Gambling Rabbit, and together they head on, not been down his mountain for approximately a million years he does not know the way, although The Hermit does not trust The Rabbit , he follows him into the swamp of honey where The Queen is trying to catch the mud fish that swim in the honey. As soon as they see The Queen, they start dancing like Bob Dylan and they start rising up their chins to indicate that thy need more bandanas, The Hermit drifts away from the group with a large glass of rats in one hand , and the bottle in the other , he sits down , looks up at the sky , and closes his eyes in comfort , when a shadow rises above him , The Giant, one leg has been ripped off and the other is hanging from a string of cheese. Al Gore is the guilty one, now ripping the feathers from the wings of the giant bird the bird screams which causes the mountains and hills to crumble. Al Gore gets confused and he decides to just forget it all and he runs away, at least he tries to for the fancy dressed TV sets come after him and they make him eat his own eyes. After that they strangle him with his own skin and on top of all that they feed him to The Children Of The Well Of Innocence who are hidden in deep holes underneath the pavements I am leaving man to the mountain ? can I use this conversation for a song/book? sure man thanks check you later, are you coming to Dane Guy sometime? no parents home you know by the way , The Giant was blind and just call me okay

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‚Ice cream for free!’ shouted Hank The Human Cannonball, when he was on his yearly visit in our town by the sea. Everybody would always gather around on the market square by the gate of the church, with balloons and buckets and fake moustaches. Then Hank would come on stage and we would all say: ‚Howdy ho Hank, how were your far journeys for this year?!’ Then he always said something like this: ‚My dear friends, good to see you! My journey has been one of sad dragons, mourning magicians, mighty mountaintops, deep valleys, wild, angry oceans and much more, too much to mention!’ And we would cheer and clap our hands, for he was our hero. Then he would distribute his ice creams to all the little children

and the old and elder people. But one year, he didn't come. All the children stood on the edge of town, watching out over the big road to the horizon. As the first moonbeams began to scatter across the land our hope had sunk away too deep to recover and we all went home to sleep. That year something changed in town. Something was lost. Something beautiful. And as if that wasn't bad enough, he didn't return the year after either, and the year after that year the same again. He never came again. What had happened to Hank The Human Cannonball?

She walks slowly up the stairway, so slowly that her shadow is getting bored. There is nobody here, in this old factory. The old factory with its broken windows and vast halls. With its dusty machines and its red brick walls. Where men once have worked to take care of their wives and children. The tops of the chimneys no longer smoke. The child deep within her played here long ago. Her father once said to her, that if factories could be sad this one certainly is. Bricks have been scattered across the floor and the ground and the spiders have gathered in the cobwebs around. The smells, she did never forget. She is always a bit sad when she is here. If factories could cry and if factories could drown, these would drown in their own tears and slowly sink down. The old factory. Then she sits down in a big leather chair, all dirty and cracked in one of the old offices. She opens a drawer or two, and finds a dead rat in one of them. She is scared and she jumps, turning around to run away but she hits the tin closet and the doors sway open as she falls backwards. The body of a man in very bright and colorful clothes falls forward, down on the woman. She screams and pushes it away in agonizing horror. She turns around one more time to see who it was that fell from the closet. She sees that his face is all decomposed, the rest of his body is obscured by the clothes he is wearing, which are very strange clothes. First of all he is wearing red shoes, with little blue stars on it. Then his pants is red too, with clear white patterns that look like triangles all over it. Third of all, on his upper body he wears a red jacket, with the same white patterns all over it. From his shoulder to his hand, along his sleeve, is a long blue line. And fourth of all, last of all, he is wearing a helmet which has, in fine golden letters, written on it: Hank The Human Cannonball

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I lost my brain, the doctor advised me to never come back again for I needed some sleep, for about eternity, so in other words he wanted to arrange a funeral for me, but I had to refuse and I thanked him and I left and he seemed to understand it all, but he didn't for he tried to hit me

deadly with his car some minutes later but I turned to my left side into a strange alley in which three Japanese tourist were trying to take pictures of themselves by holding their cameras in front of their faces. Odd enough, they didn't seem to understand that those cameras that they were holding were guns. Nobody seemed to care anyway so I ran away.

Inside out monkey brain, I heard her call my name, and the matchstick king with his fiddlers four is trying to bang down the door, with his fist of iron, on the back of a lion he rides, through the forests of the down and dirty gamblers, who kill all intruders, and for no reason they will hang you up in the highest tree of the forest, with your left hand clutching thin air, and your right hand stuck in your hair, and your brain in a knot, thinking about what you can teach yourself and what not, but nobody listens if you are dead or punch drunk, and I forgot my own wedding because I was in the coffee shop back then, smoking pot until my wallet seemed to talk. And all the flowers they did smile and all of the people stayed a little while longer than usual, just to see Tony in the underground bar where they glue beer coasters to the walls and ceilings. 'Kiss me where it smells funny!' says the jealous farmer to his mindless chicken, John Edwards and John Kelloggs, climbing trees in the Western park, trying to touch the sun, brave soldiers in a self started war, do it yourself, and nobody even dares to interrupt your dreams, not anymore now

For Delilah Lesley, the only person in the world who can make me feel this way, not here right now and I wish she was, I wish she was with me in a bed, in a cave, a grave, a safe, a place where everything is dead anyway, except for our bodies and our minds, with the night running for blood, and the moon crying crystal tears, that drip down into the oceans of dark purple water, through which the moonlight shines delicately. She is back from vacation and I have something horrible to tell her, but I can't tell her, for she is too shiny for Natasha, and too dim for me, so I guess the little black girl should just think of her Uncle Dennis, and I think nothing, to come to the exact point of structure, I think of great and great and overwhelming words that my mind know the meaning of, but don't skin poor Ruby, I say don't skin Ruby, she dances with cancer in her stockings, and silence in her talking mouth, which moves like raindrops gliding down window glass, rainbows pass through her eyes and to every one's surprise you want me to buy you some ice cream right now. DNA addicts with deserts in their mouths and union jack pillows in their stars, and stripes in their mid-Asia, face melting guitar solo's, underwear sellers with postcards of Billy Newborn Interest, toothbrushes for free, razorblades trademarks for building advertisers, shower curtain dealers

in beautiful movies about vehicles that burn from cigarettes in the background, and evermore battles fought for the king with the green castle, and his cat, drowning the drunken sailors, in the incest prison, where the daughters of the duke relive their lives, years of towering death row, on death row, If you could read my heart, I would not deny the fact that Hans On is my best friend, for he knows how and where we should relive joy, as if ghettos do move when you touch them, booty tremble wild, go get groceries and come back, still trembling booty, bottle baby born in morning when nostrils clapper and dolphins flapper and people rape her with orange paper and I must thank her for she sails on Franker, who happens to be red, is over with it and he is now working in Scotland for some kind of company with shadows and bows and furniture. She was my girlfriend long ago when the colour of green still hid in the snow, William, he, in the navy with his golden teeth and belly dancing elephants. A thousand years of sleeping in hollow logs, drinking dirty water, yodelling to the fires on the hilltop, where water is like people that laugh in the rocks, the gnomes hide inside the rocks, with diamonds glowing deep in their little shoes. The stinging pain deep in my skin, close your eyes and hear the universe streaming, who promised you the fragile vase of the old woman in her window of the hotel in the ancient city? Rome, cold, crowded, strangers everywhere, paintings on the streets, Asian people in the river never talk to each other anymore

Visions of doors that open in your direction, and men in purple cloaks and black hats stand in the doorway. They invite you in, telling you of all the good things you will find inside, and you turn around to ask your friend for his opinion about the situation, but your friend is gone for he heard the waterfall, so you decide to follow the man inside. Once inside you see you have just been born.

Secret underground hospital where the patients are all feeling fine but the nurses and the doctors are all sick. Human gods with suits of dark yellow and strange signs on their sleeves walk up the stairs to the tobacco store to buy some cigars. My mind is in a knot, my eyes are looking into my skull instead of into the world, and the drugs starts to work, now my words are just vague sounds, muttering, whispering, my words are just empty tones, frozen words, frozen sounds. They still hang in me, like hooks hang from the ceiling, like books hang from the shelf, oh wait, wait, wait, there is nothing to expect and the authorities with their ghosts, down by the coast waiting for the galleons to arrive back from the other side of the ocean, and why would I try to convince you of Richard Manuel when he is just a musician? he writes Katie down, in absent words, he writes nitro bombs on walls and he attaches dogs to cars, he

glues his own head to both his shoulders, he glues his tongue to the tip of his nose, he glues his fingers to his forehead, looking like a philosopher in deep thoughts, like a brain doctor with a brain drink, with an applause, a big hand, it is gone, I wish I was there but I was gone, neighbours, I hate neighbours, they always pretend to be glad to see you, but they would rather kill you, I hate them all, I am gone, I belong in the dishwasher, the ashtrays belong in me, the cigarettes belong in the package, the package belongs in the dishwasher, the dishwasher belongs in me. I am gone, I am gone, You won't find me ever again, You who cries by the lover of your sister, You who tried to escape from the kingdom, I am not you, you are a jester in a window, and I am gone. Play the concert, afterwards the theatres will burn in the night in New York, my son calls me Father, my daughters call me Kitchen, my wife calls me Fiddler, and I myself call myself Violin. Violin, yes, playing Duck Hunt in the oven with my best friend, yes I know him and I hate him, it made me cry so bad and so hard that the whole neighbourhood went insane, everybody started to jump and roar, absolutely wrong, visions of time, visions of violins, I love Maureen Tucker and I love her voice in The Murder Mystery great song full of simplicity, experiment of the piano melodies, handclap, he really did like to play that song, and now another one belongs to me, and another girl steps forward from the shadows and she introduces herself as Bridget. I love you, Bridget, again, I love you again, I get to this point again since last night, I love you more than ever, you didn't look back and you are an artist and you look so awfully good, I cannot deny anything at all and why would I? I can only smile, and smile only. Roar for me and bleed for me, bleed for me through your mouth organ, let the blood drip from your lips through your mouth organ, to the floor, and I shall kiss you again and again and again, and I shall give you solace with all my charity, if you grow your nose for me.

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May the trip begin to Belgium where people are addicted to bubblegum, where fields full of people share on goal in their lifetime, and where homesickness will crawl up through infinite memories of a warm golden house where I live and where I dwell . May all happiness join me and my dear friends on our trip to the hills of Belgium, for there we shall dance and celebrate life in it's pure beauty. May we find much love and peace in the eyes of the others, the others, people with that same goal. May everything revolve around silence. A core of silence, deep in the universe, far away in the darkest second of existence, hidden in the sharpest corner of time, put away in the most splendid moment of mystery, in our sleep. I don't dream of empty

bike shops in some Egyptian city, I dream of a tree of smoke and of a building of humans. I dream of flashing smiles on crowded streets, I dream of plastic faces that crawl all over the pavements, I dream of long distance telephone calls to inform everybody that I am me, of great revolutions against milk, of fire in deep alleys where junkies squirt nightmares into each other's arms, of death which knocks on my door in the early hours of a Wednesday, of protection for the heroes, of international TV, of MTV, of Money Television, I dream of July, of fired housemen that come home and tell their wives that they shall take out the garbage, and I dream of myself in a pyramid, of hyacinth flowers in a soft Spring breeze at dawn, of rain giggling on the empty streets of a hopeless city, of pretty girls that wait for me, of the pubs where they glued beer coasters to the walls and ceilings, of everlasting boredom, of crying queens with golden gowns and diamond crowns, of dogs, of watery floors of empty apartments, of green chambers with green lights and green plants below which swim awful fishes, of different neighbourhoods, of my father drowning a cat, of my mother cooking a meal, of my father winking his eye, of my mother when she cries, of nights in sheets that feel like razors, of wars that have been fought long ago, of roller coaster rides with beside me a blind vegetarian, of interesting magazines, of years, of childhood visions, of galactic sequences, of Franz Beckenbauer, of red lines, of verbal cancer, of hollow heads, of fingernail operations, of earwax conspiracies, of mirror bread, of secrets about tunnels, of slide traders, of more dogs, of barbed wire fists, of Bart, of crimson sunrises, of Steve Vai, of inflammable people, of exploding tumours, of couches, many couches and of course of the trip to Belgium, of roaring girls, of cheesy skinned cats, of vampires, of Tupac Shakur, of life, of Jimmy's hairdo, of The Hague, of unidentifiable flying ovens, of shimmering shadows, of myself going to bed, of bottles in my bathtub with messages from myself in it, of ravens with shining eyes that control the universe by sucking it's soul into a vacuum, of obvious words, of blue doors, of the key in the door, of the woman walking inside, of the sad cat, of the empty white paper in my mind, of cars with three Freddie Mercury's inside, all combing their moustaches with each other's toenails, of running legs, of work, of obligations, of silver skinned aliens, of bubbling Bebeto, of nothing, of freaks with dippers wrapped around their forehead, of the shadow of something, of strings in the hallway, of sleeping Jennifer in her sweet little room with her sweet little couch, of the Chinese dragon eating it's own tail, of the snail from hell, of Holy James his funeral, of the Russian spy from Trinidad, of basic death, of reliable friends, of jet plane crashes, of clinging metal, of prisons, of beloved Mary Jane, of her best friend Hash, of her second best friend Conrad The Chicken, of her worst enemy Uniform, of

purple shoes, of crazy platform dancers, of decks of cards, of bank robbers, have you got a lighter?

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Myself is a word that I very rarely use of course for a person like me could kill himself by talking about himself like that. I wish I wasn't such an unbelievable loner. Always pretending to be stoned, acting lazy and tired of everything, like every experience has crossed my way many times before. There is someone on the stairway trying to remember my name, there is someone on the highway trying to remember where he left his brain, there is someone coming my way with a handful of electric herbs. I would rather go out and sniff banana oxygen than to be persuaded into using a fish as a pillow this night, or greeting every cross eyed man you meet in the street, meat in the street, horses ran over the truck drivers, I need boredom, boredom needs me, to exist. Holy Hall Dark and The Rims, many obvious people in the building, many skeletons in the closets, many old libraries where children are lost, many supermarket employees with angel shoulders, many blueprint dealers out in the kitchen's farthest corner, many tomatoes, alright it's all over now, we repeat ourselves, unite and believe, candle wax windows, trembling office girls with purple hair, for Christmas, The Plastic Peters are back in business, The Brown Bob lost his can of chewing gums, Juliet, she is offending people by calling them God

Ginger, some poor clubhouse actress living in a shoebox, said nobody could ever understand a word of what she said, and I said ,Sorry I don't understand you'... and I walked away with a grin to meet up with Par The Painted, he shook off his paint and turned out to be just a demon, greeted my couch and went into the icebox to smoke a cigarette but he forgot to wake up his Don't Disturb Sign so he ate some sausages from my factory and next he took the broomstick and he started pinching himself, saying: Dear Robert, take it East, it's just a crazy engineer! And I hollered something back like: ,Queen Jukebox Divine, United States are all like Pacific honeymoon details, 52 gypsy birds with earring candy!' and Par tried to take off his clothes to show his scar off to Giggling Gregory, who immediately strikes a weird eye in Par's direction, floating off his copper skin and banana haired boys jump up higher into the fire of another one. Flashy hairdo Adolph Hitler! Said the girl on the coat hanger to The Prince in his purple tower, where the dark sunlight shimmered like corpses on a beach in the sun in everything, maybe I can take you into the subway areas where the railroad orchards are

deaf and where the flickering lights are blinded by the flickering lights, and where the rolling rocking rambler rolls over the pavements and where perambulators and elevators and intoxicators drift you off, jerking on his jacket the little kid zips up his mouth, not speaking anymore, for the rest of his life, and while everybody is chewing on Herbert we all forget to send a little postcard to the fish industries, where the cucumber darlings have you, under the skin of the sick shines a vague green light, Juice dripped down from these cheeks when I came here in the Winter, now, frozen stalactite earwax breathes, earwax breathes, only the dead man believes, only the polite politicians with their sleeping shoulders shrug their ears and talk to their foreheads, if only men could brighten up shoulders, invite me in said she I said no she said why not I said I am not so keen on cockroaches you see she said oh well shame then and she walked away and Kimono Kim jumped over the rim of Augusto his glass but he failed to pass for his nightmare exams and so he left the stands and he went off crying with his tissue in his pants and with a burning telephone stuck in his hair he operated his mother, threw her jelly into the belly of Sitting Sally with her book about valleys and underneath it all hides a different situation, one of the annihilation of God's creations, a celebration of symphony, a lullaby for Gregory, a sailor moon for the free, the tear of a dragon and the innocence of a table, a thousand dolphins arise from the ocean and the ornaments, the testaments and the ripping lift, Tibet, Green Tibet with its giant head and her feathered cat, unlike the rest the moaning pigeon on the shoulders of the windy day, zero tolerance shouted the sink, Herbert drown Herbert drown, throw her eyes into her skull like you throw a ball into the basket, get your snack on and keep your knickers If your dreams turn green you cannot see the purple sunlight hunt the gleaming eyes of the strangers that stare at you and look away when you notice it, play your game and win it. But don't forget to tell your mother about that broken bone in your sister's face, for she must understand it is all again a new one, ghosts transform into moustaches in your sister's face, and she freaks out on The Beatles every Sunday afternoon, and she gives birth to a skyscraper every month, her lips are simple doorknobs and when you twist them, you enter her mouth inside which lies her tongue, inside which lies the universe, inside which lies the earth, inside which lies fire, inside which lies her lips, oh my god she is on fire! Hello! help me! please somebody! leave it, it's too late now! The black jacketed carpenter already left the floor, and now is in his pick up dream, eating a jellyfish with Bjorn, his brother, who happens to fry very good mothers, he likes his women crusty from the outside and fluid from the inside, hot from all sides, not from no sides. He takes them into his rollercoaster armpit, where the grass grows like cancer, and before they know it, they are having dinner with three saintly shrouded monks, who've got

their hood hanging over their eyes, and their cheek are slowly growing to the ceilings of the universe, and where the disturbance found place, is where the paper lost the race from the pen, the pen lost the race from my mind, my mind lost the race from the paper, and we create new insult factors, new grave diggers buy new broomsticks, vampire vomit, streams like bloody hair, pull your apples from the trees and bury yourself into your knees, and kiss your prince back to a frog, and see your eyes hunt down the plumbers in the fog, shuttle space, rocket launcher lobby loyalist, with new ideas about what songs should be about, and what paintings should try to resemble, to walk with windows in your windy morning, two Juicy Jingle Bells horse brain uncles, with their newest noses inside their oldest smells, onto the bloated barber and his best friend The Apple Up. 'Unfinished business, it is all unfinished business!' says The Tutor to his soccer friend with his Del Cobra look and his Mamba smile, black mouthed women, cock soccer, saying more words than necessary is always wrong, actually everything is more than necessary, but hey, she likes me the girl with the Japanese bus and the Canada shaped hands. History follows like a sweet child, History breathes in my ears at night, whispers of all it has seen, doesn't it? doesn't it play with you like you play with all it hasn't been yet, which is the presence and the future? Take off the cap and give it to the moon, she will handle it with perfection, operate freely with your spoon, turn it around inside it's mouth, and then rip it out, pull it back into the oven, where you and your best friend are hiding from the drunken burglar, with his familiar face, and his silver suitcase, and his awakening father, who lost his midnight magazine on prehistoric pornography, which he bought in a local butcher store, where all the costumers are dead, unless you walk around on your left eye, and maybe, if the sun doesn't shine too bright and if the moon doesn't sing too loud, we can picnic amongst the tombstones tonight, with The Zimmermann's carpet and the rest of the engine family, into another vase, more likely flowers than Earth, more likely stoned than sober, even if the melancholic people would love to eat melted bananas instead of wisdom on a Wednesday, broken hearted agree with the answer of those who say SO BE IT but what are chances if you compare them to those who sing a song, so why sing a song? There will be an answer to everything, there will be a mighty fine azure blue sky in the purest heart of a shy summer, for every end of the day, and may it all spiral down and down, into the slow motion music that erupts from the mountains of melody, that sparkles in the rivers of rhythm, that echoes down the stairs in the tower of tunes, everybody may join me, let us no longer put on masks in situation we cannot handle, let us no longer think of anything heavy, let us all explode deep down inside us, and then we maybe see a bit more of the TV screen on which our whole life is being broadcasted, in black and white. Orchestra of Silence, play me

your sweetest tune and let my soul revolve around a core of nice silken feelings. A lot ways to be bad, more saxophones, more money, not anymore, let it flow like your blood, Out the window to the oceans in the trees, to pick the motorbikes from the branches, to pick the forgotten dust from the old books in the library basement, to kiss the tears of the cheeks of a beautiful girl, to dance naked in the rain and make love in a shell, to slow it all down in a dream and then for dessert you eat chocolate ice cream with a thin layer of caramel over it. It is all too beautiful to be true but it is true so there is no use in not saying that it is true, because then I would only deny something I wish to be true. I must not love too much, it might get me killed, brain surgery, all that stuff, don't need that. On the other hand you see a rose with under it pillow. What you don't see is that under the pillow is a knife. You take the rose and kneel down for your idol, who then stabs you. In the end only the organs and the neighbours would roll along, strangers, cold strangers banging on the wall in the afternoon, then they jump into the rainbows, and they all come back with a different colour. Sunglasses are mostly like small faces on bigger faces, and sometimes they frown, using the eyebrows of someone far away, Interested in our blood? Lazy man, lazy man, lost his clockwork orange again, great movie my friend, Stanley Kubrick must have had a lot of apples for dinner, a kilo each morning, Wouldn't it be nice to hear the church bells ring again on the end of a long hard day full of situations? Howling guitar, howling wolf, blues band plays like animals, and soldiers were young in the falling seasons of the war, and the chilly winds of war came, oh yes they came, rolling over the lands, emptying out the graves, blowing away fake importance, fake importance, and the tanks of revenge, little creatures of revenge, and the green faces in the light smile, and the fingers in the darkness crumble the cookie, and the sounds of the scuttling traffic on the distant highway comes to your frozen ears as you walk on the mountaintop, in search of your age and ancestors, when you were young everything was bigger and now everything is even bigger than before, your mind has shrunken, and the gentle guitars, strummed by old English raindrops in a little cup held by a sleeping old man, in a rocking chair, by the window, who is dreaming of the universe and lonely potatoes, making his way to the end, nothing seems wrong, except for the melting voices in his surroundings, his edges changed like a shoreline and now Syd reacts to your questions and says AH WELL IT'S ALL THE SAME!!, and you, you just ignore the situation again, best thing to do, but not enough, now you must rise up from the chair of torture, and walk to the door of escape, and then you walk down the hallways of exile, and on the end of it will be a paradise of horror.....

Sky pilot, sky pilot, sky pilot, how high, never come down, it doesn't matter The Animals fear him, I know, I know it, mothers and fathers cry for the Sky Pilot, and he isn't even important, they think the same, THEY THINK THE SAME said I to the YOU THINK THEY THINK THE SAME sign. But wait up, it is all a joke! Let the world explode, it would be just a joke, he just fools you, the Sky Pilot fools you like a man, and oh oh oh oh what a terrible scene man, AWESOME BIBLE, bitten by the insects I retreated back into the oven where my friend still was sitting. Around then the first thoughts came into my mind. Thoughts like lizards licking my naked brain, and they started to take little bites then, and in the end they had eaten all of my brain, except for the part that makes me think I am a bagpipe, and so I walked around in the streets, heading for my own funeral, which turned out to be a birthday surprise party of my family, and in the trunk of every car I see dead women, and in the bushes beside every road I see gleaming eyes, and in the streetlights on every street I see smoking men, remembering the words of their mothers when they were young, and the skeleton giggled when he saw me commit suicide in a dream that I had while riding on a train to the station where Death awaited me, to take me home and put me to bed and read me a story or two, and then sing me a lullaby and then the four of us shall sit down again, and we shall look each other in the eyes, and with a powerful speech of sick children in Africa and the happy lucky lives that we live, we shall start assaulting each other by breaking down over the table and by crying like pigs in the mud!

They came in with parachutes on their backs, one of them had no back and he apologized to me for not carrying a parachute and he said: GO TRY AND FIND SOMEONE ELSE'S WINDOWS!!! He seemed quite azure, so I took off my hat and I gave it to him as a sign of weakness, but he just searched for the corner with his body and his eyes searched the nearest floor, and I drew a little image of a triangle on his cheek, while his friends opened their parachutes and jumped, and then they all sang together, Let It Be, loud and clear, and I cried like a child, for my dear mother, but she was out hanging the laundry on the clothes line, to dry that century, and everything seemed to rot, and I closed my eyes to imagine something less obvious, and I saw, in my mind, a purple city with black triangles on the side of it and I saw a giant green grasshopper, which climbed into my room, through a white window that I had never seen there before, and I realized I was dreaming, but I wanted to be sure so I turned on the light.

And there she was, with a razor blade and a dictionary in her hands, black roses in her hair, diamond sunglasses on her face, a fur moustache in a wrong position and a candle on her head, which was just lit, probably by the shy man that stood behind her with a pencil sharpener in his mouth, a plastic mouth organ stuck in his hair and his heartbeat printed on his skin. He was the one I saw in the restaurant, where the ladies make you mellow and hungry, and I recognized him only seconds later, and then he handed me the pencil sharpener, dripping from his spit, and I cleaned it with my shirt and I looked at her, but she was busy with her dictionary, looking up the exact meaning of the word OBVIOUS and I said: 'Look around you and all you see is too obvious, tables, chairs, faces, all obvious objects that you can best avoid and just ignore as if they are voices in your head which tell you to eat more macaroni before you go to sleep for it will make you dream of yourself and that would mean you can eat less macaroni when Adolph Hitler's last words were written all over your wall!' And she in return said: MORE, MORE, MORE!!! And I, in my conscience, said to her WAIT, WAIT!!! but she answered not, and she was already dead.

Some time later I tried to find a way back into the library basement when suddenly I realized Martha Orange Eye still had the key so I phoned Harry The Tenant who was already sleeping so I tried to contact Peter MacIrtwine, Blooper Scooper, Hibrahim Most Mirror, Unicorn Dream Ghost but none of them were alive so I figured I'd call them later, and so I ended up in my address book and I saw the only person left to call and ask for Martha's key was The Father of God, who was reading the stars so I disturbed him badly, but he was willing to help me. He called Martha to come downstairs and she came on the phone, I asked her do you have the key to the library basement and she said she did so I said I would come to pick it up and she said it was okay. Exactly 222 days later I realized I forgot to go and get the key, still standing there by the door, I called again, this time via Rick Rollover who rolled over his tongue while talking, which, through the wires, made him sound just like a drunken mountain in it's last hours of life, nostalgic about the way things sometimes turn out to be, and Rick said he knew of no key and I figured that I would never get inside again, when by accident I found out that door wasn't even locked, I went inside and found my old guitar laying there on the floor, wondering how it got there I stepped over it to pick a book to take home and read that night, which was the reason to go to the library, probably, and as I walked out, picking up the guitar, I had in my left hand the book called A Clockwork Orange, written by Anthony Burgess, and so it happened to be that I realized the guy still had my hat and I went to search somebody else's window and I found yours, so hear I am standing, with that pencil sharpener

and my cigarette, blowing the smoke in the direction of the moon, In hope that it might answer me

Leonard Cohen songs always remind me of that picture of him on his balcony, with his guitar and his little table and chair, sitting there, writing or just playing, I don't know, and I always repeat to myself his name, and I come to the following conclusion. If I were a dancer I would only dance on Riding In My Car by Woody Guthrie, maybe I would dance on Ludlow Massacre too, but I don't think so really. Have you seen the lightning? asks The Fat King onto The Woodpecker Widow, who wipes her eyes with a soft silken tissue, staring out the little window with a sad grin on her face, her upper lip trembling and her beak clapping hard and loud and fast. She answers yes and then flies away to find a new friend, The Fat King talks too much about green carpets, and that is something every bird is allergic to, and awhile she flies, somewhere in the forest below, a wizard and a scorpion are walking down a path and they see a swan, and they rape her, and it all turns out to be a joke, and far away someplace else a juggler cried over his dead brother's body, and somewhere else nobody cries over my dead brother's body, and if you look really closely into the ballroom, you will see panicked pigeons flutter away in the sunlight, and far behind it you will see me, writing down these words, line by line, letter by letter, howdy ho and so on, and then again, on the flat rooftop of the cabin we found a sleeping tiger, with three little lizards around it, greyish skyway turns over and runs backwards, musty finger smells good, chicken wing, On the icebox sticker, a sign of peace, I found a box with inside a little black and white picture of an old woman, an eraser, the puppet of a rat, three jars of jelly, an earring with my nails dangling under it and a lost propaganda servant, who was very glad that I found him, at least I suppose so, considering his huge mole and his flying fortress

Insects that you roll over by accident in your sleep, to be awoken by a friend next morning, who tells you the truth about you being a murderer, and you realize you are a murderer, who doesn't even know himself, and so you become afraid of killing yourself, so you sign in the for this club of men with moustaches, and you grow a moustache on your face, but they all say it looks like a cigar just a bit too much, and they take your membership card, and you cry yourself to sleep every night, and then you shave it off, and you take the little hairs to the barber shop, and you try to sell it but nobody wants it, and you go and gamble out in the wild and bright casinos, and the Mexican girls provide you with a smile on their knees, and the orgies in the toilet remind you of your days in college, and the flesh coloured light that grows

over the walls makes you think you are determined to change your name to Ferdinand Frambleglobe, and so you go to the city hall and you tell them all about your adventures, and they believe you, and everybody calls you Fred, when you tell them your name is Gerrard but that they can call you Tim, and your real name becomes famous behind another man his face, and you join the children in the parade for a free world, and you climb the trees to try and touch the moon every night, but it always turns us out as a big disgrace when, every night, this whole clan of naked women strolls by, watching you climb above them, and they invite you into their eyes, but you cannot go for your mother told you to be home by 11 o'clock, and so you climb down again, but the naked women are gone, and you walk over the bridge, when suddenly you see your old school friend with a heavy lump of concrete on his leg, attached by this iron chain, and you say: 'Isn't it a bit cold for a swim?' and he jumps, and the judge in the purple courtroom believes that you pushed him in, and then you go to prison for 5 years, where you write a book on tangerines, and when you are free again you go to visit your mum, who has changed quite a lot for she is bald now, and she works in the circus, and you ask her all you ever wanted to ask her, and the answer to every question is Glue, and you come to understand that if you had not killed those insects in your sleep, you would not have been who you are today, and that makes you feel uncertain and very suspicious about simple things of which you know they can change you too, and you decide that the only safe way to live your life, is to lock yourself up in the bathroom with a notebook, a pen, a toilet, a shower, a sink, a guitar, 4 girls, 137 packages of cigarettes, 3 wooden legs and a gun, just in case.

I think U2 is music for old, abandoned factories, The Beastie Boys is music about the trashcan alleys, the early Genesis works are about the forests and the meadows and the rivers, Django Reinhardt is music for the smoky bars where old men are playing cards, Chet Baker is music for lonely streets where a hard rain falls and you walk them down with your hands in your pockets and your face down to the ground, I think The Chemical Brothers and The Prodigy both make music about bank robbers, Coldplay is music for those who look at life in a simple, easy way. Johnny Cash is music about the veterans and the old habits of certain characters and about the beauty of life, The Who is music for on the stage, performed live by The Who, Led Zeppelin is about everything, best band up till now, Bob Dylan is music about a kid who feels very satisfied with himself, Robert Johnson wrote music which reminds me of the wind and the old graves, Radiohead is music about the dungeons, Velvet Underground is music about the gay bars and the crack junkies in old apartments, music always sounds old to me, and Simon and Garfunkel is music about the early hours of a gentle day in a little town

upon a hill, Leonard Cohen is music about the relationships in between people, self doubt, and about beautiful long lost times, Yes is music about the landscapes of the earth that no human being ever stood on, People Under The Stairs is music about the afternoons in a big city, The Doors is music for those who love to lose themselves in their fantasy, Marillion is music about childhood and jesters, of course, and Bob Marley is the great music of dawn, and so on and so on. Pictures in my head when I hear all that music, that I know so well. Both of them. Now I really have to excuse myself but I must get a little nap so I can be fresh and clean going to the barber shop tomorrow, everyday you know, I like my hair nice and taken care of! Is that true? Listen to Simple Minds then, that is music about barber shops! Okay thanks, I think I will do that from now on! Do you think it will also get my hair cut? No, just listen to it and imagine you are in a barber shop, that is enough, your hair won't be cut but you don't mind at all and the next day it goes just the same, believe me! Okay thanks, thank you very much, I must go now you know, see you later! Okay see you later!

Outside I was, with my scarf wrapped around my skull like a snake, heading out into the misty city of the morning, lost in a balanced feeling of objectivity, accepting everything the way it is, no irritations, no false eyelashes, nothing wrong. I like it when people ask me what kind of music I listen to, gives me something to learn them about me, I like that. As I walked down the empty streets and saw the people start a day that I had just ended, I realized that I forgot to tell him that Granddaddy is music for the sad, and I decided to turn around and go and tell him, but I didn't do it, because it would only be a useless message if I did bring it now, so I forgot all about it, but hey, I didn't really care, and I crossed the street, when suddenly I saw an airplane with a waving flag behind it, which read: Granddaddy is music for the sad! And I, confused by the overwhelming coincidence, the mysterious coincidence, took off my shoes and I walked on, when somebody approached me, asking why I was walking around the city on my socks with a burning telephone stuck in my hair at 5.50 in the morning and I didn't answer him, and ever since then I hate Joey Tribbiani and I hate Benjamin Ben, and most of all I hate socks. Not realizing all that back then, I walked on and I saw this guy looking just like Joey Tribbiani, who offered me a magazine, with on the cover a smiling Benjamin Bin, who had a pair of socks in his mouth, and I ignored the man and I walked on to my house. Years later I realized that was the only moment in my life that everything was perfectly clear. I could see his heart beating while he talked to me, I could see the mountains rise up and break down through the centuries, I could see babies get born, live their lives, and die on the age of a hundred years old, and I saw dinosaurs roaming the world, I could see it all so fine

and so clear, but none of it was real, but I don't care what they tell me today, as long as I've got a guitar to play and after thinking that, I picked up my guitar and I strummed the strings. I sang a song and somewhere far away somebody said: Turn out the light Joanne, better keep them chickens away from the oven or they might get in and snatch away our tickets to the Tiny Tim concert and you know what? speaking of Tiny Tim, I saw a dead rabbit on the road today man, and it was all crazy coloured and furry, and I touched it with a stick, I jabbed it here and there, now and then, and then I thought this: Waitress Mary must have been far off home, with Camilla all so worried, and Jenny Gump all so Forrest, what matters is society in a chestnut city, what matters is obscene poets downtown, Heathrow hedges, bend in curves of total confusion, bladders explode, wild and slow, interrupting the speeches of important cooks in restaurant anniversary hours, and somewhere, somehow I notice a crying child who must be thinking: Cheese Louise and her men of ease are robbing the mask shop and the balloon factories tonight, and my brother is lost in a TV screen, most mighty intoxication, come in you poor sod, and tell us about your foreign eyewash machine, and your brain pump, and of course your Night Collector 4000, envelops roll out, fly out, dangle from the clothes line in the car, and the sun freezes instantly, as the movie rolls backwards like an envelop into my eyes, and back again onto the screen, and back again into the river where it is certainly drowning by now, considering the great baby hands that smash down the mountains and pull up the oceans and crash down on the forests and rip off the rivers, Juliette was never sick, always in love with a flat apartment, she was a hug in a windy winters day, with Ontario all around her ears and with Bombay all into her third shoulder, maybe Nina and her Flashy Four dance out tonight, Where? Why? When? This night? Better call my brother in law, he likes stairways a lot! Should you not leave him be, remember he's got a problem or a million to solve! True, but anyway, where is the phone? You don't need it for you won't call him! But I must tell him about the elephant adventure of last week, at least!!?! Okay here is the phone but I must say you look very much like Charlton Heston when you say at least!!?! Okay I don't care but this is what I must say: Someone far away from here, singing a song and playing on a guitar, just met somebody who looks just like Joey Tribbiani! How do you know all that? Because that is me, I am that man, see! I've got a burning telephone stuck in my hair too! What is that all about, I am not a typewriter, my voice doesn't sound like fire burning in a bathroom! I am no sinner, nor a soulful preaching lawnmower, see! Now you listen to me and this is what I tell you! Beaudine and her dog Justice are running in Central Sector 8 Feather Honey, grown faces on her shelve, and her closet resembles death if you overlook it a million times, united against herself, she must have seen a lot of vaginas crawl on the floor,

when she doesn't mind it at all, and for Hitomari, and for Juliette, nothing ever seems like ashes in the wind, and distance of fruit, means rotten food, means more dead people, so I say we sue the envelop pharmacies, and we burn down all telephone houses, and more over we do nothing but watching TV like we are doing right now, and if you cannot imagine to live in a peanut, you better go out and milk the ceiling, or you better go out and wash the clouds a bit whiter and polish the moonbeams too, and after that you can go and mow the lawn, it's your turn anyway ! And fry those pancakes in your attic tonight, we need the smell if we want to play Monopoly with The Heroes, mind the fingers, mind the skull, light a candle for the rich, light a big fat joint for the poor, and light yourself for yourself, kill the children that disturb you when you read your book, eat the flesh off their forehead when you read your palm, dry the tears of their mothers when you wait for the train, dance on their funeral when you are hungry for more children, oh my god, I just realize that the old man we were supposed to get out of the closet ten years ago, is still in there! I think ma is going to be very mad, Peter!!!! Shit, here take the telephone and bury it in the living room, I will go and check the microphones and the acid, see if no burglar girls with Michael Jackson masks have come in, and the orange eyed wonder women too, and interest in death and cruelty lies not in the brain but in the bones, the broken ones, and everybody knows me, and I know everybody, but you don't know me, and I don't know you, so what is your name? Joanne! she answered, and I put down the guitar. Hi, I am Myself! Are you okay? Well I love my TV too but I don't bury mine in the backyard so often to be honest and when I do it, now and then, I make sure she doesn't know anything about it. But?

Door opens ask question my hand advances into the darkness I pull it back holding an astronaut say What do you mean? Say Nothing at all take him and put him down Door opens again the answer your other hand now retreating into the light and you push it on and pull it back holding a dead mouse start crying bury poor mouse feel cold earth in your cold hands wet underpants babe is gone left the songs of her mum to you what to do with them? Play them all over again or just give them to her best friend? Door opens again out comes God with a little notebook, he shows you the drawing of a forest and you smile, thank him, and he walks back into the safe, mind the step, you speak low and mean, down and dirty like a gambling bandit, wild pictures of porn fantasy come to you, I know you but then again, nobody knows anybody unless you have seen their mind in the light of objectivity and that light only shines from your own eyes so better be objective towards people, better not be too judging about certain things, old man wants to play the guitar, hand it over, he can play it just

like Robbie Krieger did, when he was on LSD, liquid skull dip, for with your crisps and cereal, commercial freezes in the morning, and cartoon sounds, high voices from the hallway in my brothers head, and the crying skeleton in the mirror looks just like me, been bad last week? In the other side of the glass another snake sleeps, anaconda brain girl, with her majestic eyebrows rising like monsters, in a tomb below the golden pyramids of oysters, and itchy earwax cancer is cured by nothing but simple life time juice, place the candle on the sofa, door opens ask question my hand advances into the light of the vast and radiant beach where nobody has ever heard about David Beckham and where cars are still insects and where airplanes are still iron birds and where iron birds are still David Beckham and whatever!!!! Now, must I tell you again to not write on the wall Freddy!! They were worried! AMBULANCE!!!!AMBULANCE!!!!nobody came

Four months later. Smoking detective beside Freddy's bed, asking questions, the door opened and in stepped the president, congratulations my son you are the first American boy ever who survived an attack of a drunken Oprah Winfrey! Hail to the hero! Flashing cameras, Freddy doesn't know what the fuck that man in his suit is talking about, and what is that American flag doing on his bed, and why are both his legs gone? He doesn't get it and he goes to sleep and when he wakes up, he is just the good old Freddy again, two legs, no flags, no Oprahs and presidents and news reporters, but still the smoking detective. He says his name is Dan, Dan Wather, and he doesn't like The Carter Family, that is what he says! He hates everything that has anything to do with these six letters: C-A-R-T-E-R and why? Nobody knows, nobody knows, it is one of the 3 national mysteries. The other two are Ms. Peterson's age and the question why her age is not known. Big mysteries, very big. Anyway, Inspector Wather, Detective Daniel, a very quiet man, dark beard, simple hat, long scarlet raincoat and soft eyes. Dan is a friend of the criminals, some rather get caught by him than by other detectives, just out of pure respect for Dan's incredible nosy character. Now Freddy didn't mean to be rude but he said he rather avoided being in a chamber filled with smoke, and he was right then because Dan was smoking cigarettes, and so Dan went outside into the hall where he met Oprah Winfrey, with a bunch of flowers, some fruit in a pretty basket with flowers all over it, a cartoon book, a big bag of candy and a bottle of Jack Daniels. She went into Freddy's room. I am so sorry son, me and my alcohol problems you know. She takes a zip of the whiskey and she continues. I brought you some things you might like, as a bit of a positive payback, some kind of apology, or something. Freddy doesn't even hear what she is saying, just staring out the window, he is a lonely boy with a lot of thoughts inside, but he never writes them down or

anything, he just leaves them in there, which doesn't matter for he remembers them all, until the day that he dies, is what he says, but I don't believe him, I mean who does?

I do, what? yes I do, why? I don't know but I do, no you don't, yes I do, no you don't, yes I do, okay if you say so but still you don't, okay if you say so but still I do, no you don't, yes I do, what if you did? I do, well? Nothing, okay then this is a useless conversation because you are losing it, Lose a conversation? How is that possible then? Anyway you just don't see that is all there is to it, oh yes I do, what? I do, you do what? I do believe him, who? Freddy, what do you believe about Freddy? That he remembers all his thoughts until he is dead, oh that is all, I believe him too! Good then, no more fighting, what? No more fighting? Why not? Because we should call Ghostbusters now, why? Because we are in a situation my friend, what? Listen up, I shall give you 10 examples of situations in which you should call Ghostbusters 1.You lose yourself every time that you realize you found yourself 2. Everything in your mind circles around peace and silence 3. You disturb the universe by driving a car 4.You crap on the face of a little girl who is laughing wild and happy, but you are very serious 5. , Hi I am God, Hi I am Peace, Nice to meet you 6. There is this door you have walked passed a million times but you never opened it to see what it is behind it and every time you walk by you hear somebody call your name and then you open up the door and you are in heaven 6. You ask God if you can come to heaven and the answer doesn't come and you wait all your life for it and as you die you hear your own voice say YES 7.Seven girls, One has poison on her lips, make your choice, kiss a girl 8.You throw a dice, and then another one and then another one, and all sides up are 18 together 9.You know someone is watching you but you don't know from where and who it is 10. You read on. But wait, none of these situations is a situation that we are in right now! I AM IN ALL OF THEM RIGHT NOW!!!! Oh sorry. Door opens, in walks this old lady with a book about Indonesia in the 50's. She tells me it is very interesting, especially to read behind the wheel when driving your car. Perhaps that explains the missing half of her head. Poor old lady. Door opens again and there stand The Ghostbusters I say: 'Sorry folks but you aren't needed anymore, I have managed to get myself out of 9 of the 10 situations.' Bill Murray asks me: 'Which one are you still in then?' And I say: ,Number 2 my friends!' and they all smile and cough and die, and I go home, sick and tired of fake friends, eggshell girls, the sun, politicians, room raiders, velvet morning skyline, posh, brick walls and most of all sick and tired of everything else, including myself and my own mind.

Now, if you have been reading this book from the first word HOW to this word OXYGEN and you can be honest to yourself that you read every word like it was a book on itself, then I would really like to hear your opinion about. If you have just been reading a bit like ah-well-actually-I-don't-give-a-fuck then I don't need your opinion, unless you really want to give it to me, good or bad. That is all I had to say thank you Okay ladies and gentlemen that was the writer of all this nonsense now we shall proceed with a poem written by Lord Byron, Ughe ughe my name is Lord Byron and this poem is called DEVELOPMENT CASUAL NEWSPAPERS OFFENSIVE OPERATION X FREEDOM FAILURE ERROR POSTCARD ADD NEW BRAINS PLEASE! Here I go: Waiting, for a tree, in the station, with a lunch bucket, filled every season, nobody walks, and unless frying fish are still alive, I wish I was a gringo, with many more moustaches, and many more mighty men, under my wings, in the old well, where the skeletons, of little kittens, are being picked on, by vulture kids, with beaks, made of concrete, electronic currents, like snakes, on the walls, of the walls, and the soul, of my soul, explodes, in a vacuum, sound, no sound, just emptiness, and more, and more, together, we go down, in the flames, and together, we arise, from the ashes, all you frozen nostrils out there, keep the spirit, keep the faith, in your one and only true hero DR. PHIL!!! Maybe, we should just execute him, call the assassins, and bring out the rocket launchers!! But, wait, I am innocent, and I want to remain innocent, you know, but my parents are eating at home tonight, so let's watch Requiem for a dream man, okay is that a good movie well, it made me cry last time, okay that must be a good movie then, I suppose my name is Lord Byron, and I got stuck in a traffic jam, one day, and in every car, I saw the shadows of rhinos, making love, very strange! Thank you!!! Alright ladies and gentlemen that was Lord Byron give him a big hand as we shall continue with Blue Thom, reading out loud an essay on protest songs against milk. Hi there I am Blue Thom and here it comes! The Architect of The Skeletons climbed out of his mind, he thought about bananas, and suddenly he awoke, he knew someone was breathing, but he was blind, roaming around in his towers in a scarlet cloak, Blooper Scooper was an engine, in a car without a conscience, Blooper Scooper took the sky, left a bit to my surprise, Cockroach angels, cockroach angels, see how the morning light does sprinkle, Uncle Hank, he's in the closet, finding his ocean, but he lost it, cockroach angels, don't exist, unless you try to eat your fist, Farewell Peter, Farewell Peter, such a shame you did mistreat her, I must say your flesh was hotter when I laid you in the pan, fare thee well, my dearest friend, under the jelly oceans, we walk, and we raise our fingers, The Goddess of God, tried to talk, but we had no more brains to bring her, Inside out, inside out, I shall give you a little cloud and you shall say: WHAT'S THIS ABOUT???!?!?' and I shall

answer then: „Gregory smiled sadly when he found his mother dead, something changed inside him in the hallways of his head, first he took her armpit and he threw it down the stairs, then he walked on his forehead but he got lost in his hair, he transformed all her dreams into years of loneliness, then he stared into the mirror and he didn't yet confess, Gregory went walking in the parking lot outside, he saw two nice men talking in the purple green sunlight, he said to them: I'M JUST A FREAK!!' and they looked quite amazed, into their eyes he blew his smoke and then he changed his face, the men did stumble around a bit with that smoke deep in their eyes, then Gregory he strangled them with the spaghetti of the sky, July came to Gregory in her warm slow motion fog, you could see him walking on the graveyards with his dog, searching for the remains of something that he lost, He never really understood what kind of boy he was, everybody always told him to keep away from himself, deep down in the depths of night Gregory found his help, Insane professors with orange teeth and shiny needles in the wind, they made him kill the helpless children lost in the labyrinth, but his nightmares were too deep and his head it was too big, so he opened up his notebook and he took off his rainbow wig, and he went down the spiral staircase to some new kind of hair, to live out another day that he found somewhere, then our poor friend Gregory ended up all in a mess, all his stars were fading and all his cheeks were turning West, he shaved his weary eyes and he combed his yellow bones, chewed his bubble dreams and then he went off home, there he took off all his clothes and he pretended to be blind, he started taking down the people running around his mind, in the secret barbershop where the apples have a face, he took the magic scissors and he observed the place, he cut off the electric silence and he ate the melting ceiling, took more empty wallets to strangle his useless feelings, on Sunday he was always standing lonely by the Friday, calling to the treetops on some warm and happy highway, standing there in his uniform below a dark purple green skyway, Gregory smiled, and shot himself, after saying: „THEY ARE COMING MY WAY!''' and then you shall answer, I don't care, and then I shall walk away. Thank you ladies and gentlemen, a big applause for Blue Thom and his story about Gregory, did you know him personally? Gregory? Well as far as I'm concerned the man did never exist, I think. Oh, well, that is fine too my boy, get off the stage now!

I got off, cross eyed and very stoned. Now has that opinion I was talking about earlier just then, has it changed since the poem about Gregory? I wonder who lost his dream last night, for I just found one right here in my left pocket, who the hell? I guess it was just my imagination, lost out in the wilderness of my own wild fantasy and this is just the same what I

am saying now. I think I should go and have some breakfast or I might faint, sitting here, writing and writing and to myself, well, I am looking forward to the next time that I sit here writing again but for now I really have to get out of this freaking chair and I have to get away from behind this screen which is staring back into my eyes and I must get away from the rattling sound of my fingers rapping on the keyboard, and I must get out of this room with it's wooden floor and it's books and it's paintings and easy chairs but I won't!

First I will tell you how to be as mysterious as you can be. You run down the street screaming WHERE IS THE WAR?!?!?! and everybody will ignore you, except for a nice old man with a pipe who takes you home, and his name is J.R.R. Tolkien, and he tells you about this book he is working on, a fairytale. You forget all about it and you go home when on your way you meet Jim Morrison. You try to talk to him but he just mutters something like: I see your hair is burning...lala and you laugh and walk on when just around the corner comes Leonardo Da Vinci, who is talking to himself about helicopters, and in the cab that you sit down in are Bob Marley, Jimi Hendrix, Ian Paice and Chris Squire, who are talking over some kind of band thing, and you are too stoned to even listen, so you just stare out the window, into the rolling city, and you step out where, in the rain by a lamppost, stands Adolph Hitler, who is holding a map of Poland. You ask him who he is and what he is doing. He tells you he is waiting for a friend, and down the stairs, what a coincidence, comes nobody but Martin Luther King, who shakes the candle wax off his umbrella, and walks out into the city. For a second you think that was the friend of that funny man with that map standing beside you. It would seem rather odd to you, those two men being friends. Then the entrance door to the flat apartment building opens and out walks Jesus Christ, who hollers at that map-guy and together they call for a cab. Well, if that doesn't make you mysterious, I don't know what will.

Maybe toothpaste. Rub it all over your face and go to the supermarket and buy more toothpaste and squirt it into your face just before you pay, I am sure people are going to think you are mysterious then! Isn't that awesome? SHUT UP!!!! Nobody needs you, drink your tea and move it will you?!?!?!? No, I won't! Then they jump, then they jump down from the sky, millions by millions, with their parachutes, all kinds of children, sailing through the sky and landing safely into the arms of their parents, oh what joy and bliss oh what beauty and peace, oh what a splendid time are we all having, and somewhere else they are hanging teddy bears up in the trees, and they go out at night with torches and evil dogs, searching for hidden toys. The revolution has begun!!!! All the filthy creatures climb into the city, from the

sewers, and spread their tickets to the CSNY concert around, and more and more policemen turn out to be gay, and everybody blames them for the raping and the murdering and the torturing of frogs, and they all go down together, their bodies floating on the muddy river, to the great opened spinning mouth of God who absorbs them all. And then the sun does rise and everything is different and yet the same and it all so strange with the jesters in the sauna with the witches in the tower and with the werewolves in the cabin and with the drummers in the recording studio, all so lovely, echoing guitar sounds, melodies of pure bliss, Summer comes like a blanket over the country, Spring jumps into our arms from behind the golden mountains, Autumn hides in the rain of tears and Winter creeps up from under the ground, and the sun is a monster's eye that watches us all the time and the moon is another creature's eye, and the universe is just a chamber, and the doors and windows in that chamber are cold like skin, and we all have windows in our body, called eyes, and into each others windows we stare, like spies, overcurious neighbours, like detectives we scan each others eyes and we conclude a form of feeling for them, the rest of the body is part of a mask, the eyes are the only flaw of the mask, though that is not true. Smelly places, twisted faces, inside out smiles, heaven will come my son! Heaven, what a place! It's like arriving at a home that you vaguely always knew of that it did exist, but you never thought about it any deeper than that. At least to me. We have seen a lot of it to be honest, look at Billy Joel, genius songs, but no real ice cream man right? Where are the drums?!?! HUH?!?! In the recording studio with he who created us! He who created who? Us! You and me, a sad clown and a drunken harlequin, lost in an orchestra performing Gustav Mahler's Ninth Symphony, we left our childhood in our hometown my friend, you and me, a sad clown and a drunken harlequin, left our childhood behind in our hometown!!! Let us go and travel back to that place down by the shoreline!! Please come with me?!? Okay said the harlequin, I will!! And so they went off, together, as friends and brothers, but they never returned. Never.

Now all the wild cricket chicks are all running around the horses. Somebody calls them saying: Wait, shouldn't you girls bring your faces? They stand still in an instant and they turn around to go get their faces. Wandering Willy walks his dogs in the basketball stadium every Thursday night, he's got a million dogs, on one line. Sometimes he meets up with Crazy Claudio and his gang members, who are always wearing Michael Moore masks, and then they fight around a little, kick up the trash now and then, and then they go home. Wandering Willy lives on the same residence as the cricket girls, and they are relatives. The Butler, who has a birthmark on his chin, never talks, for he made a vow to the moon and stars to never speak

again. Willy stands in the hallway when he sees the girl come down the wide porcelain steps, with their faces still a bit in disposition on their head. One of them, her name is Caroline, has a new face since yesterday, she is very proud. Willy tackles her and she falls to the floor, breaking her teeth and her nose and her new face is all cracked. She cries and The Butler takes her to his basement where he shows her footage of a concert of The Small Faces in the gasoline alley downtown, to cheer her up. It works and she is outside with the other girls five minutes later again. But as they walk out the gate to their farm, from the bushes jumps Wandering Willy and his best friend Norbert Stiles who is playing with a football. Willy runs to the girls and they turn around to run away but there comes the truck with Peter Sellers behind the wheel and he runs all over the girls. They are all dead. Willy and his boys go and celebrate today's humiliation with a good old peacock barbecue. GO GET THE PEACOCKS! yells Willy to The Butler, who immediately slaughters four peacocks but the fifth one turns out to be a policeman and The Butler gestures to him, explaining what happened, and together they throw Willy and Norbert and Peter in the jailhouse, forever! Now, The Butler, he got very famous later on in his life under the name of Pele. The policeman shot himself in this old house with crack junkies all over it. Willy died in his cell after reading this article in the newspapers one morning about this very talented soccer player from Brazil who won the World Cup with his Brazilian mates, and he realized it was Pele. He died from a cardiac arrest, so they say. Norbert Stiles became soccer player himself, Peter Sellers died in the gutter, aged eleven. Funny thing was that when Norbert Stiles and Pele faced each other in a very important soccer match once, people afterwards told to have seen a crying clown and a loud singing harlequin in the crowd. A woman with a very wet and paranoid smile claims to have seen them, and so does Mayor Enklewrist, who cannot walk or write anymore. And, on top of all that, I was sitting here reporting all of it. While I was doing that, two aeroplanes crashed into the World Trade Center and the whole world was shaking and bouncing and crying and screaming and it all turned out to be a joke of some Arabians, no worries after all. Now, when your desk curves up and your coffee is lost in your cup and your batteries are empty and your tears they are plenty and the energy that you envy in the eyes of younger people, fades away with every blink of an eye that you witness, and in a slow motion progression, a very lumpy and oozy process, you turn out to be dead. And when the hospitals won't let you in they leave you outside in the rain and wind even when you got a pin sticking in your chin they still don't let you in, go away and never come back again, that is what they say. I don't know much more about hospitals, but my pa always told me to be careful in there, for you can always by accident pull a wire or a tube out of somebody's body and then you go

to prison. What could I possibly say when my pa told me such things? He also told me to respect every form of life and never kill it, for which I am very thankful. And his most wise lesson is that a man must never follow himself, always follow the river. Rivers always lead you to stuff that can thrill up your life, like kayak addicts in big Clucking Bell chicken suits, or Car Park evidence, or masturbating Satan, or evidence of innocence, or Messy Mike with his purple eye

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Have you seen the clouds? Asked The Fat King onto me and I turned to see that the silhouette of a man behind the king was about to smash some kind of object onto the king's head so I pushed away the king and tackled the silhouette, which turned out to be a tourist with a suitcase asking directions and all that but whatever, anyway, the king was gone. Wondering where he could have gone too, I call my wife. She is a tramp out in the suburbs, where all screams sound like cats being strangled, and where irritated mothers come home from work saying: Ooh, what is that delicious smell? Well, of course my wife didn't know where the king was either, so I decided to go to the zoo. There I found a purple lion with a tie around his neck and a commercial sign in it's habitat saying: Telephones For Free Out in Ooly Ooly Forest!!! I figured maybe the king had gone there, and I went to the forest. There, all kinds of old people had put up some kind of campsite with tables and fridges and carpets, giving away free telephones. I took about 68 of them to my home and I turned on the TV. Nothing was on of course so I decided I was too busy to do anything else. By now, I had forgotten all about The Fat King. Time passed by slowly and the world kept spinning and the sun sank and arose every day and it was all the same every day until one day I met up with a man who looked a bit like my image of a drunken conductor in a burning train, with sweat all over his forehead and a little whistle in his mouth which was constantly ringing like a doorbell so I yelled WHO'S THERE?!?! And the man answered: It is me The Fat King! I said: What is your code? with a suspicious grin on my face. He answered: 5-7-0-1 and I immediately jumped into his arms, it was The Fat King! Then he said: Yes, they were beautiful! Now, that was one year ago and today he asked me if I had seen the clouds and I was just about to answer when Johnny Blue Nose with his paper head came on TV and we all gathered around and listened to what he had to tell us. It was just a news report and we all wondered what the hell had happened to Johnny Blue Nose to become a news reporter, I mean, he could best have tried to make money by being dead or something in that business you know, but anyway, everybody

left again, and the king and me were left behind. He repeated his question and I answered saying: NO!!! I HATE CLOUDS!!!! Well, you can imagine he was pretty startled and all you know, so he started to cry and I showed him my compassion and I paid him his attention by taking the colors of the dawn and to put them into a chord on the guitar and then I taught him how to play that chord and I was very happy and I wrote a song about the chord but that chord wasn't in the song and so I just stared at the clouds again

Asking myself questions which fade as fast as the answer appears, and I always tell myself to forget such doubts, but whispering to my own dead body, giving birth to slimy monsters in a parade of insane jugglers, drying the tears of a beautiful woman while staring at her third arm, freezing a lamb that is crying for it's mother, trying to prevent an airplane from landing by parking a hundred cars on the landing field, hoping for more tears on a funeral, thinking you are on a funeral when you are on a children's party, believing in death as a religion of the sad, singing songs of love in the morning, calling strangers when you are in phone boots and telling them to remember this conversation until they die, it's all so casual and common, makes me sick, reminds of simplicity in all it's simplicity. I believe that with the invention of invisible doors we can send people into poems, we can pull people out of their dreams, we can push them into nightmares, instead of pushing nightmares into them and instead of pulling dreams out of them, and we can walk in and out each other's heart and put down or take away certain things in there, and we can help the poor and the sick by showing them their own minds through which they can walk like it's a sewer, and we can invite everybody into our minds, and we can organize parties inside fear.

Uhm, have I told you about the three geeks from Letland? They swallow brushes and they are five feet tall! They all want to be buried in red graves, red graves is all they love. They know Robin Hood very well, they know the face that follows you down the windy hallway, they know it all, always. ‚Fruity milk babe!!’ Says the all drunken and punched up angel with a horse mask on, out in the desert. She is talking to a bunch of lonesome nomads that carry around a holy dictionary. They are all riding a horse. All the horses are dark blue, unless your name is Uncobator Incubator, but nobody in the world is named like that, so all the horses are dark blue. The angel gets up from the ground and says again: ‚Fruity milk, BABE!!’ and now the nomads get a little bit scared and they ride off with their horses, into the vast desert. Then the three geeks from Letland appear, they believe nothing exists if the sun is orange for everything should be orange if such a big thing like the sun is not orange so that would mean

everything is orange but it's not so nothing exists. They explain to the angel that they need water to wash the maggots off their mothers. She doesn't believe them and she smiles: Must I really dip down and top it up?' The geeks are getting a little more angry and impatient, but the angel doesn't seem to care. One of the geeks, Gara, takes his magic wand to bewitch the angel. Now the angel starts running and running, with that horse mask on her face, out in the desert. The geeks follow her, Gara up front with his wand. But then a nuclear bomb explodes a couple of miles away, over the hills. The geeks stop, the angel stop, and they look over to their right side, to the hill, to the incredible clouds of heat and dust and nuclear power that come raging and crashing and streaming and hunting over the landscapes in their direction. The angel pushes all the geeks behind a big rock and tells them to make themselves really small. The nuclear storm is getting closer, it sounds like a roaring monster, getting closer. A few hours later the angel wakes up and finds the geeks all sleeping with a brush in their mouth and a dart in each eye. She looks around and she sees the landscapes have been completely destroyed and mixed up. She is in a desert and some miles away she can see a huge ship. Next to her lies a TV-set which shows news report. A speech of the president of the USA: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, of this wonderful world, the nuclear bomb that exploded in the outback of Australia caused the death of entire Australia, entire Asia, entire Oceania and some millions in Africa and Europe. All together the death count is estimated around 3 billion victims. We shall take revenge on Letland in the name of all of them. Thank you. The angel wakes up the three geeks and tells them that Letland bombed Down Under. They all dance together then, the four of them, and they open some bottles of champagne which were laid down in the desert by the wind, and they make love to some women that survived it all too, and who also are very specialized in swallowing brushes. They say their names are Loretta and Marianne and that they are both very jealous of melted plastic. Everybody ignores them soon, and they just go away.

On the other side of the world fat sheriffs are searching for pure doom in the mattress, casino girls are getting raped in the toilets, horrible pain is spinning in my left kidney, everything is the opposite of itself, snow melts like war and grass grows like peace and much more happens out there. Anyway, the shiny and wet shampoo hair, and the green breathing foam, and the buried chair, and red shades in the orchard in the morning, and dying children smile at you, and hearts of glass are splintered by the feet of stoned giants, and the dwarfs with their chopping instruments, walking around the tree singing: We'll follow them, we'll follow them, we'll follow them, we'll follow them cause they're ugly, they're ugly, they're ugly, and so on,

and the tree will live again, with it's dark eyes, and the black drinks, and the blue joints, and the stars floating in my soul, and like the presence of a stranger, we all feel the danger. The darkness, chewing daylight from the walls of the room. Waiting for something that found me already, by the zooming silence of the highway, at night. Dead dogs lying on the beach, like tired children resting in the golden sand. The trees whisper in the park, and the cars drive on. A shot, a dead one, a crime. Death is near. Annoying girls and drunken boys. Empty head. Bottles scattered around the empty streets. Pillow fights with the mirror, beside the long and lonely road to insanity. Basil mouse, flickered against the bathtub skull, arms in a ceiling on a fresh and fruity morning sun, the ghosts of paranoid women, Intoxicated Chloe and her shiny letters, to surrender to her father, dirty towels cover the faces of sleepy girls, formations of car wrecks floating in the sky, and the drifting eyes on the ocean, all stare at the dreams of wet people that bath in the vaginal slime of the giant women that spread their legs above the mountains once again, the dead wolf in the rain, in the gutter, and the horizons are fading, and the windows are absent, and the kingdom on the edge of all is conquered by that what lives beyond the edge of all, and there is a face in the mirror, a hand in the light, someone swallowed the night. We are all vampires, with eyes drenched in dark blood that flows like gently currents of water, streaming mountain fresh, ah whatever, you know what I mean, and we are all on a boat which is navigated by mourning creatures, with a radiant golden beach, and dark blue salve below us, very deep glass salve, and release the beast from it's cage, let it roam across these vast swooping plains, slow your streams in the slow motion galloping of rainbow horses, the rising tide of existence shall drown me in all it's possibilities, hypnotizing eyes in the sky, I see them , I touch them, gone. The oldest wizard, counting the trees of the dead forest, inside the core we find soft and crusty dormitories, halls of sleep, orange light, hot dust in my eyes, dancing shadows all on the floor, wild hair flowing like a million yellow rivers, plastic faces, tightly swirled around the skull, orange skin, orange light, warms hands, surrounding fingers, tickling nails, blood in a sink, a singing voice beside me on the toilet, waving images, she who weaves situations from her visions, glowing eyelids, transsexual kids, dressed in orange leather, labyrinth in my skin, man in a silver cloak screaming loud, nobody can hear him but me, everybody dancing, but he is screaming, so incredibly loud, like in a nightmare, and I roll around on the floor, with my hands covering my ears, and why the fuck don't they notice it? the man opens his mouth, I see his horrible jaws, and then he walks away, never saw him again but he sure can scream loud. Screaming, like a million children in a box. Under the skyway the frozen daffodils and the crying flowers, being eaten by crazy eyed puppies, and the kittens beside them, all dancing and running and eating, eating the poor

farmer, who has been tighten to a tree, with roots, by some funny blokes, from the nearest town, and Julio must be a furniture store owner, otherwise his dead brain would not have been so bright to my eyes, and dream the dream that the woman in the black suit gives you, from the four eyed men that chase you, when your girlfriend thinks you are angry and assaulted by her stupidity, which is true, but you say it's not, in fright of hurting her, kiss the giant awake, and send him over the oceans, to the farthest country in the world, and tell him his mother is around there, frying chickens and blind barbers, and pressing buttons that say nothing and do nothing, and giving birth to a hundred babies every Wednesday, she is creative and she takes her own life very seriously, as if it is a joke, now, broken in a million pieces, she is a poet of elegance, when I am a poet of cruelty and confusion, and information is always useless, whatever so ever, always useless, and he puts his dick into her brain, and he fucks away the part in which she doesn't want to fuck, so they always fuck, but anyway, what I was going to say, is that when you walk down the dark, shadowy hallway you will hear the sound of detuned guitar strings strummed by sticky fingers and you walk on further and slowly, second by second, little by little, it becomes more clear to you that on the end of the hall is a dead end and there stands a very old piano and a very old man with ragged clothes is playing on the piano and when he turns around to see who you are, you see yourself in his face, and he sees himself in yours.

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All seasons fade like dreams, gone before you know it. It leaves me confused. Thinking back to my childhood I realize there is only one condition in which I feel alright, and that is the condition I am in when I know I am going somewhere good soon. But that, of course, is not at all interesting so I will forget it. You want to hear the callings of soldiers? Sing them a lullaby in the misty morning orchards, sing them a lullaby my friends. And cracked mud in the deep manhole pools where the babies wail and the orphans cry, shiver in the cold fog of the mountains, where mysteries are like drugs that you insert into your skin and nobody understands you for you ask them things like: Howdy old chap, lately anybody of you seen any trickles and groceries on a sweaty? You kiss the streets every mile, and you kiss your girl who gently smiles, and you feel like an old man but you are a child, and something inside you is bubbling wild, and shimmering deep inside your eyes is God, with a chocolate cake in his beard. You hand him the razor, but he sweeps it into the emptiness, and you rise up and you see that you are deep down in the water of the legs of your very own sister, who, obviously, is

not very much like water at all, and you wonder who the hell is talking to you through that microphone, and the voice repeats the words it speaks every time you try to stop it

Then this hooker from the Czech republic eats your fingers and you say what the fuck are you doing and she answers Crocodile, Crocodile !!! and you turn around to see where that bloody crocodile is and you turn back and she transformed into a crocodile and you are swallowed whole at once to end up in her stomach where Jozsef Stalin, Adolph Hitler, Jesus Christ, Jim Morrison, James Dean, Marilyn Monroe and Elvis Presley are having an orgy and then you see a shy person in the corner and you say: ‚Hey, shan’t you strip the striking venom stretch, or the yearn shall fry up in a sec?!?’ and then you see it is God, with a plastic bible in his ear, and a frozen crucifix in his Gulliver, and there’s a cracked up junkie family with their horns and their bells, they are all the same, very unprofessional, extremely fat and always on a journey, they love eating cold pancakes in the morning and they hate eating cold pancakes. They flush the toilet exactly a hundred times after using it, to make sure all the germs are in the sewer and to make sure no false eyelash can interrupt the rest of the dead. Further on down the stomach of the crocodile you see there is a man behind a portrait of Michelangelo and you say: ‚Greetings from your tickle brain Bobby, your streets have vanished!’ And from behind the portrait a face appears and the face is melting, very slowly. You scream out for more drinks, but everybody ignores you, and then you find out that the sum of Groovy Armband Swallow is 13.12 and everything resolves itself, and now it becomes clear to your mind that it’s all in your mind, and suddenly your mind feels very powerful, for it realizes it’s own power, and that awakes the deep and hungry and boiling thought of death inside you. Death is everywhere, death makes everything sweet like unions, crumble the kid, crumble the skull and feed it to his best friends, take off the top of the tower and flush it down the toilet, juliettA, with her backwards eyes, Rococo, aged 15 is an artist with a whole lot of cranberries in his tractor and a few feedbacks in his feet, and a couple of jumpy jacks in his collar and even more of it altogether in his returning mum, back from business, in a peanut evolution of sorrow and innocent victims of the nice, and the terror comes, you can feel it grow like cancer in summer, or like blood in the snow, and the hooker, the Czech hooker, dangling free above the skyline of the frozen city, where the scarecrows love hooks and barbarian sailors hit land and plunder the villages and stretch out in the beds of naked women and their lovely round and firm skin, oh sweet lord, babe please go down and never come back, and hand me my own jelly please, throw me out of the grain and into the grown hero shit brain

On the Caribbean winds he triangles the square of forbidden corners, in the dog we are nowhere, most likely this curly belonged to me, and the month we are in right now tells me two days off to my birthday and then we shall have it all, everybody comes in with presents of sin and surprises that I already knew about before I was born and somehow I feel so very lonely amongst all the people, I love choices, that is all about it, choices, nothing more, nothing less, unless your hair is all in a mess, and Question Mark, he is a dead one now, with his overall newlywed sticker skin, and the history frightened him, the history of the insane library junkies, most certainly we are not overalls or newlyweds, but who cares anyway? Masturbation armies, count the rotten feet, the infiltrated, the complicated, corrupt gentlemen in the tram line, and the cocaine flows like rivers into noses of soft people who immediately reconstruct death in all it's forms, tradition stumbles down the stairway, never sleep in a kitchen or a shower for there the spiders live alone and they need company when the moon sings a song about Christian demons in cellophane churches, breed the boobs of the holy women Frankie, shake off your limbs and the dreams of your chin in the Caribbean winds

On the microphone, deadly business men, with candles of glory, and Indonesian lady birds, counting up the swollen brain blisters of the running Cooper, Blooper Scooper lost his engine on the railroad track, when he tried to carry it all the way back to his little one room country shack, but he lost it and now he is coming back to the ice cream van to pick up a new engine, the crumble kids, and the vassal vintage eyes, into the crisp bag, out of the cake, back from the dog, the morning breaks in matchsticks, statues of silence, interrupt my ears again as they talk to my brain, telling it what they hear, and so does my mouth, and so do my eyes, and the beer, flows free for all, into the sky, where crazy eyed fish swim, and follow the airplanes, to the countries, where the shipwrecks float on clouds, and where castles in which giant aliens dwell, always grayish from the outside, but insane from the inside, and absent from no side, and there from all sides, and out here the trees smell like camping fish, and the tents smell like decapitated landlord flesh, and the tenant screeches and squeals and realizes it's all real, pinching his mother with nails of time, grooving in the archway, dancing above the mirrored corridor, where the stoned girls sit, and the soft sofas, how gently the rocking chair rocks, Kilos of organs on the stairway, the undertaker, and the snow men, and Loch Ness Tourist girls, with photo cameras from China, pretend to let a dizzy fart in the face of a sleeping monster, but he wakes up, and he chews the skin off their skull, and then he uses their skeletons as toothpicks, and the strongest man in the world, comes around the corner, with a telephone address book, under each arm, singing Pyramid Song, by Radiohead, with eight

toothbrushes in his mouth, and when your friends leave before you arrive, you can be pretty sure that was the last time you ever saw them in your life, and that makes you feel sick, huh, to change from a second to a century in one hour time, and seconds are minutes, if hours are days, and days are broomsticks if you lose your face, but if you get another face over the one you have now, then it is easy calculated, it means you are Cripple Sam, and Gimp Tim with those comparisons of him, he is really smart, he compares your mind to a building, and he compares your world to a painting, and he compares eyes to windows, and the sky to a big glass bowl, and he compares death to a chamber, and he compares you to him. Now that is interesting when you don't know yourself and you do know him, your skin, shall we begin?

(Rape her now, with all your power) kiss her gently first and then (rape her now, with all your power) kiss her gently first and then (rape her now, with all your power) kiss her gently first, and then read on a bit, before you get stuck in a line of words my dear friend!

On the old black man singing songs about picking guitars in cornfields, and the lord shall praise them for they have hearts of gold, and the swans float in their minds, and the friends of Ken are truckers from the North, with lumberjack blouses, and Medusa photographs, very deep eyes she has, they turn you to stone like a joint does, and when the floating drops of music, circle around your head, you can only listen, and hope your ears can hold out longer than the drops, for if you ears stop listening before the drops fall down, you are doomed to listen to Frans Bauer all your life, every second of your screaming and desperate little life, and death may free you then, but in heaven, you shall meet that scumbag of a Frans again, and there you will kill him, and then this hyperactive female writer writes a book about it called The Mystery of The Murder In Heaven, and you claim all the money she makes with it, but it doesn't work out fine enough, so you take another passage, to a more sad street, where more lonely children are playing, and where more trees grow from the palm of your hand, and where the lost trains don't crash no radios, and where the bandits all listen to the radio, and where you have no radio, and where, pretty girls with blonde hair dance free in the lost train, Oklahoma, a horse, Dennis Brown, inventor of the concrete, soldiers in Vietnam, lost in age and hours, lost in stages and darkness, I love you, make you to me, I cannot make love to you, eat my dreams, and ride my bull, feed my snake with your chicken, on the market square it always rains, in the lighthouse the old man was still trying to catch the scared girls. And in the pumping gas station the robber was still trying to load his gun, and in the opposite lofts of silence the dark shadows are cracking and frizzles and tickles running around over the floor under the carpet behind the wallpaper crawl up and beneath the electric ghosts of silver light

appear in front of me and with their hollow eyes of magical bliss and their deep hands they pull me up to the highest regions of my conscience, where fantastic images shove and lift and stripe and drip all around, and where the music follows you all around the old palace, and where you suddenly awake and realize it was all a dream.

You see you are in a bar in Paris, with old men talking and laughing, the smell of sweat, smoke, beer and innocence. The sun vaguely shines through the curtains and you see the silhouette of Eiffel Tower in the distance and you get up and you remember who you are as soon as you hear Django Reinhardt playing in the background of the bar and you stand up and you walk over to the little vinyl player and you turn it off and you say out loud: Faster grizzly Bombay swamp, I am a lost pigeon in a candle store!!! And everybody wonders what you are talking about but they do not really react and this smoking old lady dressed in a flowery dress turns on the music again, looking at you with a very irritated smile, and you, like July, do nothing. Out in the streets everybody lives their lives, and I just stand there, listening to Django Reinhardt. What can I say?

I know a girl, she sells you a greenback dollar for a greenback dollar, and she wakes you up at six o'clock in the winter morning, to show you the sweet Northern lights that are lost in the immense galaxy, and you cry for her, in her sweet hair you blow your nose, and you go to sleep again, not remembering anything about anything the next afternoon. I don't want your tin cup and your highway patrol men, I don't want no Joe Roberts, no skyline, no beans, Titanic survivors met God in the water I believe, it was a disaster, Blind Willie Johnson stood beside my bed in the midst of night, and he handed me a pair of sunglasses and told me to take them with me, into my grave, and I promised him I'd do that. And I did. Now I am lying here, with my sunglasses on but I am not seeing no sun and no Blind Willie Johnson either, and now I am getting to wonder what the hell he gave me these sunglasses for. Whatever, I can better pick up the memories that the broom of my mind scuttled together for me, and let the trumpets blow the sweet music, for the dying king in the crumbling throne, in the growing war, everything sounds the same, when you are in London, I suppose nothing does, and the shoes of the saxophone player have been lost, by the old girl with her dirty hair, and her talking vagina.

,Better get dressed, get you out of this mess, better call your pa tell him to throw away the money, better shave your head bald better catch a cold and better dream more often about

vacuum cleaners that resemble death in a bottle, better keep your talking vagina hidden away behind your shame, better dry your tears when they talk to you too about more things than only fire, better watch out for the map honey, better take off that scarf better wrap it around the face of your dead boyfriend, there you are, now he is just like a pirate, now you better go and find yourself a ship darling, better go and find some sailormen, better go and drift out on the wide and open ocean, better never come back, better drown, better get eaten by giant octopus or just sharks, better lose a leg or three, better get shot by a corrupt horse, better just go now!’ said The Lonesome Shepherd to The September Maiden. The brown leaves of autumn had all fallen down and the little house on the hill was theirs now, but they had a fight. Some months earlier an aristocratic foreigner, probably from Italy, knocked on their door. He had his car a few miles down West and it had only one wheel left, so he asked if they had three wheels, by accident maybe.....they didn’t have no wheels of course, and so they said NO and they closed the door, but just then the shepherd realized they should have gone and buy him some wheels, or even make him some wheels. The maiden said he was insane and so they got a fight which lasted for some months. Now, the silver fish that flutter on the dish and the dancing crows that tell you where to go couldn’t help her, so she DID go out and she DID become a pirate and years later she even got on television, saying she made love to some president guy. Her name was Monica and that is me. Hi, I fucked Bill many times, alone, in the dark with my friends hahahaha, I am a bit crazy, I love peacocks and I love gutters too but most of all I love shrimps, yes hermits, and strong men with wide armpits, I love them all, now, I am not making myself ridiculous right? I mean, I am not really Monica, my real name is Lust, I was born in a shell, where winds blow down museums every day! I love leather to skin contact, really shivering my bones out of my eyes, shivering my skin off my body, and then I go out into the streets to celebrate my own stupidity, lost in my own stupidity, that is what I am, I organized a club for women with the same problem. L.I.M.O.S. Women, that is the name, it stands for lost – in- my –own –stupidity women, right? Anyway, Monica, that’s me, and you are? I am Death and you are going to die! Can I kick off a tangerine here must have been long off huh? Yes well the dreadful sneakers business you know here, just for a moment? See, I’ve never taken a look into journalistic ethics myself, but my articles and personality sketches back in the day are Jeff Masson, a psycho analyst who, while eating the Project Director of the father of art, seemed a bit unaware of profilers that make you feel even less gentle than flattering. And, while she, The Murderer, quoted him, The Victim, saying words she couldn’t prove, lost the suit, she said he described himself as a closet that in his actual words was “much too junior within congratulations, content for a

million dollars, teach us about a freelance puff. Hell, you're probably saying, I never did, I'm pretty sure you never did, you never did take any girl out! I mean, let's step through it: Peter still sleeps, though if you ask around you'll hear dark mutterings from those who buy truth, up against the actual facts. Like The Pearl? No, like The Dust. And governments don't give you hope, they just give you basic things to fall back on when you need money, that's all. A bit like life, and a bit more like death. Mankind is, generally speaking, our childhood experience exposed in poor images of history books in the hands of The Troubled Man with the typical dry and thick history, however, can be, in the hands of a proper sexy mermaid, to read of our customs and traditions, to balance on the head of God as he runs around the world in his underpants, most perfect tomato soup served, iron barriers, to keep the dogs away from the children, to keep the river away from the clouds and fast speed poison kills you like a clown with a smile on his face and a gun in his hand and letters on his chest saying: John Wayne, the ruthless animals, so on, so have I spoken! But what is speaking compared to singing, the same, yes, nothing much different, or anything? Hardly yours, Monica

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Walking easily, most popular, form of exercise or other activities might generate more conversation and media silence, but none of them approaches walking in number of participants. Approximately the number is increasing every day. People walk for many reasons: for pleasure, to get rid of themselves and of magnetic tensions, to find solitude or to get from one place to another. Nearly everyone who walks regularly is human. Red hot jazz in the clubs, more plastic more plastic! Photographic mind buzzer, naked women in a sauce of CD branches, everybody is touching everybody and the news is on TV every time you don't see it, now, nail clickers, in the hands of blonde brothers that sit on squeaking, yellow rolling chairs, behind the desk of a soldier. Some lavender plants are not being born but they are not being born underneath the high trees of fear, my grandmother is born under a high tree of fear, but sometimes she wears a red sweater, and she goes to the disco to lick envelopes, all night long! Now, after a while she gets fed up with it and she goes home to order a shoe at the pizza store. There works Osama Bin Laden, who always asks the costumers whether they like peanuts or airports. Not every ice cube comes from the sky, sometimes they come from under the ground. The clouds are not what you think, in real they are below you, but because we are too purple and too selfish, we see them above us, just like bathrooms. Black rain dripping, dripping down the forest path in gentle movements, and you keep on writing and she never

asks you about books. Holy lord, the graves are rising and the tombs are crumbling to pieces, back in position to hide the eyes of the dead from the embrace of moonlight. More plastic, more plastic, we need more plastic! Don't you mean cheese my dear friend? NO, PLASTIC I TELL YOU, PLASTIC!!! I am proud of my loneliness and I love to be alone, is that the same? Across the room her hair does fly into my eyes, where it tickles the back of the bended people in my mind, straighten the cloud and paint the ants that scuttle in your bed when you try to get some sleep, but your mind has gone too deep and you are lost within it all, staring at the wall again with in your hand a pencil and a peeping mouse, tick and tick says the clock and you rise from the chair and you start drooling all over the sailors, many more shrimp headed field commanders than you have seen, I swear , the rim of the glass just moved like your eye did at the same time! Oh sweet lord of the heavens, praise the stories, and praise language in it's finest hour of bliss, may we see the shimmering of silence in the faces of frightened girls, morbid desire, diddly dum, why have you come? To eat your nose, oh diddly dose! You must be freaked! I cannot speak! Then why do you speak? Cause I am a freak! Sounds spiral upwards and backwards, revolting, claustrophobic insect dreams, flashing lights, howling monotone zooming bumblebee, drifting away to Shanghai on a carpet with beside the moon a meditating band member, clash of the titans and 3000 magicians in the morning, dance on your elbow and reassure yourself of doubt, dance in your bathroom while you wash off the layers of skin that you found in the dirt bin, and the asylum of independence where the crackled broomstick nurses dance with you, on polished floors into opened doors into cast empty halls, where they slit your throat with a picture of you as a little child, deliver the crumbs of sadness to your gimpy uncle, Brat, treat your ice like a highway, Brat, and release the beast from the depths of the cucumber cancer, Brat, tickle the toes of the Tommy in the wheelchair once again, and she will take you to their oldest secret, Brat, and the tarantula is coming for you, Brat, and it will poison you with a hammer of silver plastic robot sperm, Brat, Central Justice was a farmer from the land of Nod, he ate the cold bones of the sisters in his most eventful hours, when he was alone, and still a virgin, still calculating the amount of seconds he had until his eyes would transform into the sky that you will see when you look out the window right now, Jerusalem burns tonight babe, in the corners of religion and trust and World War III has begun and on top of all that, I would like some extra cheese, please!

The silver winds howl like wolves in the midst of the night in the pale moonlight that shatters the leaves of the trees in it's glow and that feeds the little flowers so that they can grow into the soft sky where the children await for the flowers to come up high so they can pick them every day and then they take the flowers away and they bring them to The Queen whose face has only ever been seen by her own crystal eyes and she takes the flowers and she puts them in a vase by the window and at night when the silver wind blows she hears it howling in the tops of the willows and she closes the curtains when suddenly her eyes can see that the flowers all have depraived and she takes them through the dripping rain to her only son's grave and there she prays for him to be safe and she puts down the flowers by the stone and the next day she remembers how sad and alone she felt that night and she sits down by the window and far away on the golden hills in the shadow she can see the scarecrow swaying in the wind and in the tree is a sparrow who ran out of songs to sing and then the children come with the flowers again and she thanks them and she goes to the vase again and she prays again and the night comes closer and she sleeps like a sad swan. Anyway, on my birthday party. I hate everybody and in the cold chamber we tried to name her Sally but she was too busy running around in the alley so we decided to call her Christina but she was born in Argentina and Angelina is a hooker from the book store round the corner and I warned her for her brother with his friends that rape their mothers, but she wouldn't listen and now they are all in prison and she is too, out in the distance of her own little existence she is blue feeling most lonely with only her eyes to show me and now she is wearing a veil to hide away the scars in her face and when I try to embrace her she says don't get any closer and I say you know me I won't hurt you and she says get away, I don't disserve you and then I say okay see you some other day and I walk outside through the prison gate when suddenly I see children on the clouds picking flowers from the ground and I yell at them saying hey my friends and they know who I am and they recognize me then saying come up here again you know you love this land and I say wait, wait for me my time will come you will see me there one day when the sun shines bright like the eyes of my girl once did shine through the heart of any men and even through their minds but she is gone you know she is down in the flow of the river, I know I must forgive her but I can't, I am too stubborn and she knows it but in the cupboard that belongs to my Uncle Robert I still have some good old whiskey and I will sit down upon the chimney and may the sun then go down with me over the hills that seem so crispy and over the thoughts that crawl within me and I read my words like I read a book and I talk to barbers like I talk to cooks and Captain Hook, he must have been a strange chap with his pirate friends that he called on deck and his feathered cap and his spider web boxes in which

he put the corrupt ones amongst his men and then they brought down the scorpions and they threw them in the box and then they would all stand there and smile and laugh and say oh poor old man your dead out of breath now open the door step inside the clouds are all velvet tonight better go and get your flashlight and we shall walk out alright into the misty morning mountains where the fountains of the dwarfs are golden and the swampy river maiden sing for you about skies of blue in which you and you get lost without a clue but this: Never follow a tipsy dragon for they always lead you to the undertaker his wagon and he needs you for one of his funerals but hey don't take that too personal but anyway you run like hell to escape from the cannibals of the city and they follow you to the streets below no matter where you turn to go they always come from a corner or two with voices that say: I've got a present for you! but you don't believe them and that is smart for you know they shall insert poison into your heart poison made from the rotten flesh of a dead old man that was laid down to rest in the attic of the old house on the hill where the sad madams sit down by the window sill and watch how the children, sick and ill, knock on the door in need of help, but the madams are forbidden to help anyone else than the old man himself and so the children try to get into the house in other ways but the old man comes and smashes his axe into their faces and they bleed like lambs that have been slaughtered by the foxes and the sad madams cry as they put the dead bodies in the boxes and they take them to the attic and there they show compassion to one another and each other and they spread the darkish ashes of the children all over the water and then they return back again to the old house where the old man is just laughing and years and years later the madams became cannibals and they killed the old man easily and they ripped out his eyeballs and all his flesh and then they brought him to the attic and they laid him there to rest and now they are running after you through that great enormous city and they look so awful but for a second you think they are pretty until you hear their voices saying come with me and suddenly you wake up sitting on a chimney and you find in your left hand an empty bottle of whiskey and you come to understand that you've been dreaming my friend and you get down from the rooftop and you walk into your chamber where you find a Peter Pan poster that you didn't know about at all and it's just hanging there on the wall and then you pick up the phone to call your best friend, the undertaker, but he is busy with important papers about people that sacrifice themselves and offer him their humble help by giving him their bodies for his business and you realize it's fucking Christmas and you turn on the little lights in your Christmas tree and what do you see? you see me with an axe in my hand and I kill you my friend and the sad madams come again with their tears in their hands and they take you up and they put you away in a cardboard box that you saw earlier that day and then like a bomb that

explodes in your mind it all becomes clear and you see people standing in line, it's your family in a cold room and it's just a surprise birthday party and everybody comes to you and shakes your hand and you just don't understand but on the other hand you don't give a damn about all your friends, you will see them often enough again, but it all changes when you see an old man in the corner with an axe, the end

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Realize you are a person, and take it personal that you are one, and the music may free you from your soul, but it doesn't free your soul from you, and it neither frees your soul from your body, and last of all it doesn't sting you like a scorpion's venomous needle does, and it doesn't eat you up from the inside, and it doesn't teach you any experience, and it doesn't reach you from the works of God, that are exposed naked to the naked eyes of a gentle maiden with atlas hair, and a dead summer lingers and slumbers in her skull, and the ghosts of the graves hand you mystery in the blink of an eye, and the ghosts of the gore make you smell the rotten inside of the dead horses that lie out in the battlefields of the ancient war, and the funfair visitors all pretend to be drunken, and you pretend to be a funfair visitor, and you know you should kill the organ player in the cathedral of candle wax, and you know you should turn the eyes of the dead horse to the frozen trees along the road side, and you know something is always watching over you, but it feels like it will kill you as soon as the chance is there

It's me and you my dear friend, and we shan't get lost in the desperate eyes of those stupid girls, they are just hungry for lame attention and glowing eyelashes, and they only need a mirror to see themselves, but they look straight through the mirror, and behind it they see a dark man, with a newspaper, and gleaming eyes, that peak over the rim, into their dim and crusty eyes, into their poor and lonely little soul, into their deeply hurt and banished heart, into their tiny little fleshy life, into the innocence of her smiling death, into her uselessness, into her everything, and that man behind the mirror, that is you my dear friend, it is you who knows her, from every angle, and every side, and it is you that will take her out, to dance in the empty ballroom, where I am still lying on the carpet, drooling all over the sailors, grasping for fresh air, in agony and despair, grasping for more silence in the jungle of my hair. Wishing for a beam of sunlight that splits up the world in good and bad, and that splits up my mind in sick and healthy, and that splits up heaven in gold and red, and that splits up Iron Maiden

from Bob Dylan And The Band, and that splits up my arm from my hand, and do you really think that you understand death in all it's forms? I believe so yes but I know I will never categorize death in different forms, for that would mean death is something human which is obviously not true, it's more something of factories and old wooden rocking chairs, and by the way, did you get my letter the other day, about that rose I found in my bed? I forget to tell you that it was put there by Skinny Pat and his long haired teacup men from Kansas, you know, those guys that once took all your laundry, and gave it to some poor bum, who immediately went and sold them, and then got very famous and very rich under the name of Giorgio Armani, and he is dead now by the way, he hung himself up in the nearest tree to the cemetery after he thought he saw his entire family rise up from their graves

But anyway, Skinny Pat put that rose in my bed and I said hey man what is your problem? Haven't you been to any beer coaster festival lately? And he replied with snot all over his beard saying: Crooks in the basement, wooden draft repeats your life again!! Truckers came from all around saying that was ridiculous, and Pat admitted that it was ridiculous indeed, but just about then this cop came walking down the street, kicking a can around with both his feet and I said: Mind the folksongs, drip off thy muscles, and undress in your grave! Silence fell and the truckers sneaked away so it was me, the cop, Skinny Pat and those longed haired teacup men from Kansas. The cop said: Alright, we'll have to sneeze out a couple of donkeys, but in the end no survivor will be held in public, unless he or she really wants to, and then we shall release the chewing gum girls and then they can chew on him or her all day long, and then we let the curtains roll up and we let the stage lights flash on and we let the dancers leave the stage and we let the music sink away and then all there is left on the stage is the skeleton of a person, and some girls around it with blood all around their mouths, and then the audience can either go home or to the basement where the doctors shall provide them with purple dreams that expand your imagination by eating it. Alright, am I making myself clear, my dear friends? We looked at the cop and Pat smiled: Most of the forests have at least been visited once, so says the old lady on my block! The cop he smiled back and said: Do you have the time to suck on my ding dong? Pat looked scared and suddenly all his childhood memories turned into one big and bombastic piece beautiful music and it sounded far over the sweet valleys and the dark mountains and on the white clouds and into the shiny rivers and across the velvet oceans and under the electric sun and back into his ears and he said to one of his teacup men: My dear skip, may we all die with perfect smiles on our faces! And then everybody came into the streets and danced and the cop and me and Pat and his boys were all

being taken on the hands of the crowd and we floated like feathers on the air and we screamed and hollered from pure happiness and the shivers in my body caused incredible goose bumps to erupt from my skin and I cried, tears of joy, as I gazed beyond the sky where my ancestors must be and the cop looked at me and he was crying too and everybody was crying and then I woke up in my bed with beside me a rose.

It's always the same story in life, it all evolves around one big happening in life and that second changes all seconds after that, and it never comes to an end, until one day you suddenly feel death creeping up your cold bones, and you feel it howl through your body like a winter wind, and you feel it's cold hands fold around your brain, and they start to grip tighter, and you feel your thoughts turning cold, and you feel your skin turning pale, and your heart is beating slower, and you feel your brain slowly freeze, and then you say Why didn't anybody tell me death was like this? and nobody answers and you just stare at the paintings of the bridges and the shoes, and you see the ultraviolet light burst from the eggshell eyes of the doctors, and you scream for help, and you hear them say 'we've lost him' and they leave and you are alone in your mind and your body, there is no escape from the sadness and sorrow, absolutely no escape, and it worries you so badly, and you cannot think about it enough times, and you get obsessed by it, and you think about it more than that you can, and then you are reminded that you are dead, when you look into the mirror, and you see they amputated your head. Isn't that a surprise?

The crazy green lunatic on the porch is smoking a dwarf rolled up in photograph paper, and the dwarf is screaming out: ,Trumpet infants, you are all the same old drugs, complicated skyscraper, lumberjack freeze, lumberjack melt, oozy water, drink from his open veins, die in his arms like a little girl!!!'

Oh, how silently must I listen to hear the battery of the universe running and humming? like the engine of a car, to hear the universe streaming through your head like a dream, to hear the universe whisper to me in the night, telling me of all it has been through, to hear the universe crack and bend and tighten, to hear the spirals explode and drift off so far away into the endless distance, to hear the voices of creatures that you never may see, to hear the universe talk to me, saying: Do not disturb!! And I, in my pure despair, answer: But everything I do is disturbing you! And then it replies saying: There is a third testament of the bible, which you will find in the basement of Ms. Junior in some small cupboard in a dark corner. That

testament will tell you the truth in all the lies of the two earlier testaments and by that you will be able to prove to the world that God doesn't exist! And I say 'Prove? Are you sure, is it perfect evidence?' Yes, it is perfect evidence to prove that God is a fake and I say ,No sorry I can't I've got to watch gay porn with the guys.' Then the universe sighs and closes my eyes and whispers again: Keep your eyes closed and I will show you objects, feelings, situations, sounds, tastes, smells and everything else like rodeo bullies with keys under their doormats, rippled sky like river flows, snack bar man with a dead frying pan, crows in the elevator, pretty girls dressed like me, videogame grannies, popular incest, frozen drool, eating truck driver, purple parking lot, bricks of bubblegum, me saying Rooster, valid forehead, overtures of dawn, situations like monsters that follow you into your dreams, notebook with backwards poems, unidentifiable teddy bears, burning toys, an eraser, a drawing, a hand, white paper, a tear drips down, computer sandwiches, a drifting piece of wood, cloudy sky, working people, suitcase adventure, irrelevant world war, Wednesday theme parks, Patrick, tomorrow avoiders, porn movie addicts, quick little brother, me in a jogging pants, Ontario, left ear rising above right one, sudden refreshment, cool water, interested tourists, what to do?, shimmering bacon, envelop, electric blonde, grass object, crimson barn, dilly boys, oyster crash, bleeding worms, blue dictionary, leather addict, stop the war!, dizzy opera singers, shy lady don't dare to ask, two o'clock, several office trumpets, phantoms of gentleness, orchestra collapses, flesh of two reincarnated fools, oh, sad old western town, men outside saloon with sombrero over his eyes, dropping birds, flat, sliding ground, scramble the chickens, scramble the puppets, inverted airplanes, squeaking guitar sounds, heavy Englishmen, four broomsticks, empty closets, painted rhinos, unicorn babies, newborn Tim, Northern America, gentle sadness, object illness, disease of the music, brain grayness, red soldiers on the platform, me in the sunrise, over the crooked cabdriver, back cracked, Derek the pigeon, forget what you forgot, unfinished hearts, all sideways crawling deep below you, green parks, eating bananas, time for breakfast, reckless Ricky, Idaho burning, yearning psychedelic girls, pretty wrong cap wrong side of the head, nice warmth in the juice bars, sperm in the toilet, bread in the amplifier, crappy burger, hotdog deal, mellow music, mellow feelings, mellow universe, human universe, space cake, they will scream but then you just slit their throat, temple in the jungle, rituals of the ancient, wet soul, dominoes in the church, cardboard windows, hahahaha, overall pants, flashing and diving, Dane guy will come and kill you all!!, nobody survives anger, ugly grandmother, oozing pus, streaming cancer, jump and roar, jump and roar, bookstore labyrinth, inside, approaching insanity, distant drips of water in purple caves, whales, screeching nails on concrete eyes, violin bastards, Bob Dylan in Helsinki,

crowded bathrooms, blouse, insane nurses, not sensitive to what the universe screams to you at daytime, not bleeding on the sidewalk, fly, he is out fishing for his mother, take off that sweater, it will eat you, lust for life, enough money to buy a moon, complete your passenger, innocent, ride on to the horizon and take off your poems, Welshman asks me for more TV commercials, and, windows in the graves, hollow sky, and see what the faceless children show you, family, piano sadness, more sadness, Robinson talking, run along with the junkies, cracked up father, grumpy Jenny, excuse me for Neil, harvest women, shorelines of showers, married cats, humping the big, harmonica Harry comes to you with a dime and a rabbit, mean little babies, howling woman on the hill, Jim Morrison sleeps tonight, the frozen train conductor cries in his corner of despair, blast, boom, bang, bong, tongues lick Satan while he is eating Maria, open up the skull, take out the cancer and feel the goose bumps rise from pure relieve, be honest, eat, drink, rooms, dinner, supper, interest, don't be afraid, so long, the road ahead, come to the corner too, follow it, old leather maps, time, death, create all, David's song, bikes, telephone conversations, useless girlfriend, men, send me a letter from the moon, mailmen, Pamela burns, the night is on fire, weather, clockwork, color, yes, almost, don't forget your nose, Stanley, easy, flesh, drift off to Crim Island, took off in a second, I broke one heart, and two others healed it, accept it, you are doomed to die, accept your fate like you accept her eyes, accept more dreams, Bobby is a fast one, but easy to aim at, prison songs of old man with mouth organs, unless, shove it into his mouth, scorpion come and Sting, more evidence is needed to prove innocence is evidence too? By then I am sleeping of course

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The organ player rises up from the chair and screams to Isaac to come over with that vacuum cleaner. Isaac runs away with a smile and the nurses of ordinary business tell each other stories. Stories of lonely heroes that nobody ever heard before. Then they put out cigarettes in the face of the organ player, who is sleeping now, Isaac turns to gold in the opposite hall, where nobody is. Then, out of the sudden blue a messenger comes from the sea with a letter for Isaac. By accident the messenger trips over a clown. Isaac just smiles and helps him up and introduces him to the four nurses of ordinary business whose names are Jenny Blue, Columbia Margaret, Pauline Dove and Sterling McHoney, who is a singer from a Spanish sailor town, he knows everything. The messenger he says he thinks he knows them from long ago, far away, at least he vaguely remembers so, after all, he is a messenger. His message is simple and he pronounces the words in a cold way: The world is going to explode.....a

second of silence, and then Jenny and Pauline start crying, and Columbia follows right away but Sterling he starts singing a song about Barcelona. Then the door sways open with a loud bang and in the light of the hallway that shines into the hall stands the organ player, breathing from anger and hate, and like a bull he storms into Sterling who, at first, doesn't really see what is happening but then starts screaming for help but everybody stands still and watches the organ player strangle Sterling, who mutters something through his blood about Barcelona . Then the organ player gets up with a shy smile and he excuses himself for the stains on the carpeted floor. For Sterling, of him nothing was left but some rags of his clothes and some bones and a whole lot of blood. Meanwhile on the other side of the world in a very old and musty hospital, some crazy kid is writing a poem with lipstick on the mirror in the elevator. He says to the old lady beside him: All the headlights of the cars on the highways are like shining eyes of strangers that pass me by in the streets!' She nods and tells him the doctors are very nice here, and that they will give him a lollypop if he will be very, very quiet. The boy just giggles. He knows better. He knows what is really going on in this hospital. He knows about Project Z45, yes. The poem is finished and he hands her back her lipstick and he gets out on the 244th floor, where his friend the garbage man lies wounded in a room. The garbage man is absolutely delighted with the boy his visit, and he thanks him for coming. ,What have you been doing lately?' asks the garbage man onto the boy. ,I have been cleaning up my room, playing some soccer, been to school, been playing some videogames, ate some fries, painted the stairs, shaved off my mother's hair, reading the dictionary, drew some Tasmanian devils, made some porridge, mowed the lawn for some do re mi, met up with some angels, walked my father, buried the dead dog of the neighbors, buried more triangles, bought a piano, threw it down a flat, made friends with the man of the ice cream van, stared at a rainbow that seemed to tremble, survived an earthquake, danced on a volcano, led the hungry children straight into the clothing store, broke some promises, transported a million rats from the sewer to the Burger King, changed clothes then, baked some eggs with bacon and peanut butter, kissed the carpet, took off my shoes and put them back on, stole some goggles, phoned up some old friends, bought new paper, crashed a car, build a UFO, caught a flaming demon in a glass, let her out into the sky, opened some new bank accounts, brushed my teeth exactly 32 times, then ate a policeman's donut by mistake, shook him off, went into a phone booth, called you, met up with you, shot you down, brought you to the hospital, went to a penny fair, got invited to some kind of telephone set collectors party, cancelled my visit to Neptune, bombed Saturn, went back to the hospital, got into the elevator, borrowed an old lady her lipstick, wrote a poem on the mirror, got out of the elevator, walked up to you, answered your

question!’ Oh well!, replies the garbage man, shouldn’t you go to check if the piano didn’t hit anybody?’ The boy laughs out loud and doesn’t answer. , What was the poem like?’ asks the garbage man. ,It’s about a clown!’ he says ,A clown?’ ,Yes, about a clown, one that nobody knows!’

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Her arms in the shape of 235, her lips a rollercoaster, she lost music, in a dead summer, when the flowers bled and the trees did cry. Her walls, painted in crust, my skeleton was a dancer but my skin wasn’t, the lion and the lamb, the oven baby!!, oh yeah, we know what to say when they say no! Never depressed is the mind of the clumsy crook, her name dangles above the clutching claws of hyena men with drifting thoughts, collapse out on it, Robins married Peters, Peters married Rob, Rob married Robins, Anger, Fear, main titles in books of marriage, and so therefore they left the country and got dressed in a bookstore near town where swimming aches your brain, Use all your signs today, break open a sea or two, call no friends but fake ones, lay down your cruelty, remember yourself in dark hours of lonesome thoughts, hear the calling of heaven, breasts jump and down, when? where? *going to this library and started screaming out They Were All Touchy!!!* hmm, I hope they ate you up, hair by hair, bone by bone, *they tried but I had a salami, they never saw it coming, next time you better make sure your arm is shaped 235, I got that, they cut my hair*

Sell me your forehead, I need one for my hobby you know! Sorry, it’s reserved for this other guy from Sweden, think I still have some old kneecaps lying around here somewhere, they’re vintage but they are ok, they belonged to Marilyn Monroe once, for the right price I can get you some autographed camels signed by Monroe’s toenail, only 3996730 in the world, real high class stuff! hmm, let me think man I already have them Lee Towers-doorknobs you know, the ones that glow in the dark when your name is Tim but my name isn’t Tim so I better go by another! but in all seriousness, do you know the age of Mr. Peterson?

While my trusty rusty microwave plate salesman is taking swimming lessons, I sit in the lobster eating the long sexy legs of one of the French of the saltwater slipping fish, and I am thinking, how, when, who did it, and why, and then I got it, it was so obvious. How could I not see it? I paid the pig faced waitress and gave her a 20 dollar tip, grabbed my jacket and left for the bank, when I arrived there it was raining the streets where empty even the faceless

hookers weren't working on this dreadful day I was trembling, fear crawled up my back and slapped me in the back of the head, now is the time for surfing? with my hand on my magnum 44. my finger on the trigger my hand was shaking, this is it John, you can do it... while walking towards the door my old girlfriend arrives on the scene with a bowl of yoghurt in her hand, I fell to my knees in tears I muttered: Oh please, do you not remember the times we shared in the basement of your father's house, do you not? she just laughed. 'How we always banged each other on the head with frying pans and perfume boxes and vacuum cleaners!' her face froze! what did you say? she asked me, I repeated: Haven't you seen the volcanoes dance on the shoulders of the earthquake oh Roopy Toopy Mangle Dangle!!? that is not what you just said! is what she replied to me, I looked around nervously for a way out of this mess, how did I get in to it in the first place, I saw her reach for her 9 millimeter, as I woke up I was in the asylum, I was feeling sick, I felt like a ship and I wanted to get out of bed but I couldn't move, I saw the belts around me, then I saw a box, and it moved as if something in there was alive, it moved in my direction, I heard the scribbling of things rubbing against cardboard, suddenly I realized they had amputated my legs and arms, and I began to feel a terrible urge for some fresh air, but I couldn't move at all. The box kept coming closer and closer. Then the cover flipped off, and out jumped a man dressed like a circus baron, with a hand that he aimed at me. I cried and then I noticed her, I could sniff her out of a thousand, tears still stain my eye, I tried to scream, I tried to move, I wanted to get away but I realized it was too late, her long blonde hair fell around my face, I looked straight into her face, she looked for a while and started laughing and then just walked away, still laughing, I could hear it fade, for hours it remained in my head, I 'm still on that table, alone, silent, cold, all I can focus on is the smell of burning leaves and that horrible laughter, for days I am alone connected to machines with small tubes filled with brightly colored fluids, when all of a sudden jokers arrive on the walls, they crawl up to the ceiling, and from there they tumble slowly onto the spot where my legs once were. The jokers are marching to the door, holding me above their heads, all I see in the walls are limbs dodging me, while the jokers with their emotionless faces walk in a straight line though the hallway, it appears to be getting darker, as I hear the sound of a lonely violin coming closer, the sleep gets the best of me, when I wake up I am covered in blood, still in the hallon the floor, I 'm buried amongst the corpses of the jokers, but some of them are still fighting, to keep me alive, and I see the broken body of the violin player next to me, and I realize that I am no longer tied up, as 2 of the jokers start sawing off his legs, I just stare at it, they carefully attach the legs onto my body, I see him play his violin, as I look him deep in his eyes, and he tells me to take it, to take his violin, and get the hell out

of here. So hell is too heavy so I can't get it out, the jokers start to wring his arms, I try to stand up, my clothes ravaged, I grab the violin, and start running, falling down, and getting up, the hall is now pitch black, the smell of blood reeks everywhere, I reach the end of the hall, there is a door, after opening it I see clouds, beautiful clouds.

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Watch the grass grow, watch the paint dry, patience is a virtue, watch some mountains crumble and stream to the sea, watch some stars get born, live and then die, watch some friends go on by, patience is a virtue, for we all have to die, don't we? must we? Unreleased Abba Records for free in all the record stores of the world! Yes, they are giving them away just like that.....oh well, my mum will like them, I think she won't! why not? shut up... sad scorn most believe is pure....in this room we hate the other room but in the other room we hate this room...why not ask him for his forehead?...Dan has seen you there with a goose.... I must kill Queen Lisa....Wondering Angel....coastline off to drift...more like June by the way...or like it...written in the Copacabana Hotel in Athens....no way, you've never been there...slapstick hookers dry the eyes of crying boys, in wooden castles, and the whispering German gay porn addict is trying to make contact with your little son, and you tell him to get his fat ass over to the fountain, to wash that vomit from his beard, and to tell his best friend that the fish are very good in China. And the silver eyed piano man is drunken like a soldier, and he is singing poor ballads to the old ladies around him. Tears wiggle down his soft cheeks to the corners of his mouth, where his tongue, like a big monster, absorbs them all and swallows them away, back into his body. Walk around on the graveyard of your friends, see all their names on the stones, and realize you are left behind on the world, alone. The crowd cheers for the electric fools on stage, with their magnetic sounds that control your skin and that makes your mouth dance like Bangladesh and this friend your with suddenly says: 'That would be a funny situation!!' and you answer: 'What?' and he says: 'If Robin would punch his own brain out!!' and you say: 'That would be pretty horrible!' and he says: 'It would make me laugh my brain out!' and then you laugh your brain out, and you surrender to the children with the wooden swords, Ivanhoe comes to the rescue, and saves you for a grand, and Duke Ellington walks into your bathroom, with a cartoon of two ancient French soldiers, and you ask him what the fuck he is doing in your room, and Anthony Burgess comes in too, carrying Ringo Starr in his hands, and then the moon starts shouting your name, and you look out the window to find it, and what do you see? You see the moon has shrunken, to a small

little gumball, and you turn around, to ask those three guys what the fuck happened, and then you see they have all become children, and in the mirror you see you are a child too, and you start thinking about all you haven't been thinking about yet, and then it all stops and I stop writing and I go make love to a blind girl, or I go eat some rotten fruit or I go drown some dead clothes or I go turn around some faces or I go turn around some stomachs or I go find myself some freedom my son or I go and never come back or I go to the West coast where Donovan is eating mushrooms by the silence of the mirrors that reflect not your body but your mind, oh yes!!!

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All the clowns are walking a marathon, and the youngest son of the mayor bought a new gun yesterday, but he gave it away to some breathing gay, who lived under a bridge outside town, and he shot himself down in the playground, and the police said it was a murder, but it was just plain suicide but nobody saw it, and I took the gun away that night, and I sailed onto the ocean and I dropped it into the water, miles away from the shoreline, and suddenly Weird Al Yankovic came swimming by, and I realized he was a witness of my crime, but it didn't matter for he would never make it to any land anyway, not if he tried it that way, and so I sailed away, and I ignored the prayers that he screamed at me, and months later I read in the newspapers that they found the body of a man, almost completely decomposed, with his ragged clothes on his slimy flesh, half eaten by fish, somewhere down in Bangladesh, they didn't know who he was but I did, it was Weird Al Yankovic, and I went to see the mayor but he was busy raping his mum, so I went outside when I saw a man coming my way with a head that looked like a highway, and he took me to a secret garden behind the mayor's mansion, and there he told me to pay attention for he was about to talk to God, and I said he was not, and he proved it to me by saying he was talking to me and that I was God, and I said no I'm not I am me, and he folded open reality and he said ,Do you see this? that is a crab, and it will get stuck in the rainbow spider web, and you cannot ignore it, and you shall not ignore it, for you were born far before it, but that only means that he can eat your dreams like you can eat mine, so come over to my house sometime, then we can maybe have some fun!' and suddenly I remembered the mayor and the mayor's son who bought a gun, and I thought of the mayor who was just fucking his mum, but by then he must have been done, so I said to the man ,I must be gone!' and I ran away, but I ran all day and I didn't find no exit gate except for one that lead me to a place upon white clouds, where bells did ring and awoke the

rain that came falling down into my brain, and I thought I went insane, so I ran back again and I ran back passed that highway headed man and he hollered after me ,Where are you going my friend?’ but I just kept running until a new day had just begun, and then I finally found the mayor sitting in the garden in the sun, and I told him about the gun that I threw into the ocean, and he replied with a face full of dead emotions that I should have left the gun with his son, for then everybody would have known that he died alone and that he wasn’t killed by no Frank or Jack or Bill and that would have made life a lot easier and then they wouldn’t have had so much doubts about things, and I started to sing about magnetic sugar and he said to me ,Glue streams free above me, shelter from the eyes, oh gosh we need more sandwiches, hear the calm voice of the grave digger, bricks on the street, father, masculine bubblegum, black keys on the wing, delicious orange juice, see your shoe getting yellow and more yellow and then even more yellow, and see the stain on your shirt become a universe within your universe, climb up the train or car, lakes roll by, Colonel Sanders bleeds, in the pawnshop I drift around, stupid navy people, old Yes sounds on my Western ear, what a laugh, cut my bleeding hand again, bikes on dykes, snowflake distance, microscopic clouds, few days off, working in a jigsaw factory, chairs fly around, smiling leaves follow you into the lake, the endless hair of the nice and pretty woman is flowing like a river of her shoulder as she hands you the apple core, name up the names of the convicted, send them into outer space, and the world shivers, it’s goose bumps explode, it’s broken eye washed in the sea, crash the car into the tree, have you lately been to a barber?, the groom is bleeding, glue still streams, inside, I saw you there, oh yes I did, with a hammer, and a feather behind your back, greasy tongue, dot, sitting in a chair, searching for shoes on the ceiling, fake time, phone mind, don’t try to tell any lies to the bounty hunter, he knows everything exists, put the cow that saved your life in your pocket and invite more insects into your mouth and crush them with your teeth and swallow the drooling bunch of dead insects and walk into my garden like that, telling me your story?’ I answered by saying: ,In roller coasters everybody is the same, and there’s a purple man sleeping in your bathroom every night, and there is a blind girl breathing in the shadow and there is a stuntman walking around your oven, and the first words they say to you are the last words you will ever speak in life, and then you come to realize that the gun that your son took, is not a piece of evidence but of innocence, and that theme parks are heavy in summer, and there’s bloody grandfather fucking in the theaters, on the stage, in the theme parks, and so you put one grandfather in the rollercoaster, and next to him you put your son, with his gun, and then they are the same, and so evidence is innocence then and then, well, yes, then I come into your garden telling you my stories yes!’ He looked a little startled then and he excused

himself and he went into the mansion behind him and he came back with a stuntman, a purple man and a blind girl, who weren't very much like Pakistan sailor wives, but more like crazy photographers, or bandit ballerinas, all the same anyway. All four of them walked up to me with one of those I-haven't-been-to-no-sperm-bank-lately-faces and I said: 'Have you been to any sperm bank lately?' and they all stood still and they realized my power. I took the sad face of the moon and I put it over my face and I showed it to them, and they said I looked like fucking Edward Norton, and I said I didn't believe them, and then I remembered what I was there for in the first place, so I ran to the little exit gate and I jumped onto a cloud, but I stepped right through and I fell down, and in the middle of the sky an eagle came to me and took me on his wings, and he flew me to the nearest mountain where he'd put me down right beside a hermit with one eye, he told me his other eye turned out to be a ping pong table which he gave it to the FBI, and this hermit took me into his cave, where he had old pictures of his family, and he told me that I had to follow the silver clouds, they always lead you to a good thing, so he said, and so I thanked him and I followed a silver cloud, and I ended up in The Palace Of Horny Virgins where I'd spend a couple of weeks, then I followed another silver cloud and it led me to The Miracle Fields Of Golden Marihuana, where I smoked about 9736 joints with some kind of Farmer Joe, and then I traveled on below those silver clouds, on my way to The Kingdom Of Cucumbers where I stole a million cucumbers which I sold in The Kingdom Of Cucumber Buyers, and then I was rich and famous for my cucumbers, and everybody loves me now, and I think back of the hermit some nights, as I lie alone in my bed, and I remember his one eye and his pictures, and every time I think of him I am reminded to the fact that he looks like somebody I know, but I forget it always, and that makes me sick and tired. At least I am out of the secret garden since a long time now, and I thank the lord for that. I wonder whatever happened to that highway headed man, and the that stuntman, and the busy ballerina bandit and the mayor and the purple man and the horny virgins and Farmer Joe and whatever happened to that gun by the way oh yeah I dropped it into the ocean and I wonder what has become of Weird Al, oh yeah he's dead, sorry man. Now, all that is caused just by the mayor's son who gave that gun to that chewing gay bum and those clowns, will they still be walking their marathon? Anyway, the dead gay shot himself, which is of course terrible, but what happened to the mayor's son then? He could have been the hermit, I recognized something of him in his face, I really did. Or.....he was the highway headed man, who didn't look like anybody at all, so it could be just anybody. Or.....he was the stuntman, or the purple man, or one of the horny virgins, or Farmer Joe, or Weird Al.....or nobody, maybe he just didn't have anything to do for the rest of this story and why did I take

the gun away out of the playground anyway? Why did go out to the ocean to hide it away from some of the world's many eyes? Why did I go to the mayor? Why and how did I get lost in a secret garden anyway? What happened to me? What did I go through all that adventure for? I think, and that is just my simple way of looking on things, which is a habit I am rather proud of, I think yes, I think, that I went though all that bullshit to write this story, I could never have made this up, I wish I had, I would have made it more interesting, damn, better go change the whole thing then, well, no, not really, just a joke, would have a been a little late, haha haha haha

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After all the arrangements have been made, you take off those shoes and you put them under the coat hanger. Then you raise up your fist and you shout something that nobody can understand, then walk back to the coffin and lay down in it. Wait for the truck to park in front of your house, and then jump out the coffin and run up and down the stairs until you feel like a baboon. Then you must shave your legs and your arms and wash the razorblade. After that you close every window and door of your house, and hop on your bike, drive to the nearest supermarket and walk inside. Once inside you take your razorblade and you put it to the neck of some peaceful employee who is separating products. You start yelling things about robberies, hostages, money, pigs, flesh colored peanuts and India. You tell everybody to get out of the supermarket, except for the employee who is trembling wild from panic and fear. You tell him that if he just shuts up everything will be fine, and that Russia has 456 crying women within it's borders. Observe the cars of the police that park in front of the supermarket entrance and count the heads of the police men. Throw packages of rise and spaghetti at the squads that try to come inside. Then you empty out the registers and you take the employee to the door that leads to the basement where you call your best friend to come and pick you up in his truck and you kill the poor employee and you take another secret door which leads outside into the street where you jump into your friends truck and you drive away into the wide open world. There you meet new people and new kinds of sunrises

Alright, am I making myself clear enough? Good then, now speak out loud the words you read, here we go: Clap your hands twice, opened door yawns swiftly, repeat the moves of the cinema freaks, fabulous Max is crying, comb out the flies with a broom, twinkle brain, order a pizza for the pizza delivery boy, just a lion, dance in your underpants, completed lives, dress

like your ma, donut rooms, cash brain, soldiers on the scaffolds, mothers in the wardrobes, clothes in the mouths of angry wrestlers, wrangle the lips into a kiss, brain surgery addicts, lame ass, blurry cheeks, hungry women, grumpy women, furniture salesmen from Canada, attic inserters, Woopy Squad, sad girl on the moon, March On Washington, Medgar Evers, Robert sang a song to the people there, Flower talked to me about breaking up with her horse, I slaughtered into the playground, nail click, visit the witches of boredom, they shall give you their heads, in a fist of fury, folded in death's smile, on a cold September afternoon we play a game of chess amongst the pigeons, hot snails, feel the heat absorb your flesh, cruel kids with broken noses, bleeding heat, snakes riffle towards the serpentine chambers, international vampire party, visions of heaven in the minds of forgotten prisoners in cold cells, barbed wire ladies, scars of a giant, flakes of corn in bowls of milk my mother sang me lullabies, I drink the colors from the sky, the sky drinks the colors in my eyes, shiver off the layers of skin, jelly legs, Corporal Clegg, Pretty Boy Floyd, in the Margera Family, on the sunny side of the Rockies, yodeling for a frenzy of fur dealers, frogs on the airport momma, sweet coffee shop where lesbian men drown themselves alright, on the left side of the river, brain copy, faithless teachers, dirty old man, why the hell am I talking to myself?

My life is like cold glass, my bones are like matchsticks, my breath smells like information, people find love under my skin, some of them call me Thom , I'm also known as Delete, but you can call me Swampy Timmy, car crash Alina, she is bleeding out on the road, but she'll survive, thanks to her little face, and her fragile, delicate little soul, trees sway on in the fog, more dead bodies carried into the kitchen by strange looking waitresses with handsome eyebrows and flashing eyes, looking very dim and cold over their shoulders in my direction, like a flaming orgasm of interest the situation is rising up through my body, and I feel every little hair on my body rise up towards the endless side of the universe, and I get up and I follow the waitresses into the kitchen, where I suddenly remember that Russia has 456 crying women within it's borders so I call my ma, ask her if she is okay, and she is, so I walk down the highway alone and harmless, and dry, like a grandmother that has been lying in the sun for a couple of days, all dried up from the inside, all dried out, dry, no fluid, nothing liquid, pastoral scenes of the gallant south, bulging eyes, twisted mouths, Billie Holiday sings sweet like a devil, calm like an angel, sad like a mermaid, cold like a fridge, empty like a church, fresh like a grape, down like a jet plane, distant E, further on down, Magnet Moppy, White curtains through which the sun shines like oil, dark rain, cold park, wet coat, wet hair, sadness, ohhh, more silence and peace, the roots of trees that die in Winter time, interlude of

the dead, very famous men kill very unknown virgins, Pythagoras smoking pot with Samuel Taylor Coleridge in the alley, Giant Pinokkio with a magnifying glass, observing the crawling people under his fingernails, Billie Jean King running around in his coldest and greenest stockings, Zoro Agha watches his own birth in the cinema, he is crying, guess who's coming for a meal? Robert Crumb is the sister of Patricia Pig, alright, alright, two cats are cruising out gently, friends recognize you on their funeral, I met her on a funeral, she was my true love, but it was her funeral, and mine too, for a little bit, anyway daily news, interrupt me and repeat me, don't interfere in other people's business unless you are one of them, ooh me kitchen gone wild, death comes at night, prostitutes bleed in the red chambers, serial killers dance from joy, on the rooftop of a thought, balancing on a wire, connected by hands of screaming women, oh sweet Jesus may you come, journeys of naked children, politicians with drawling microphones, kissing the airport maiden, smoke a cigarette in another man's grave, vampires come to you with candles of death, growling lumps of flesh, eyes in the bathtub, arms in the microwave, a head in the oven, toes on your sandwich, crumbling bodies in the dimly lit dining room of a sad hotel, melting stairway winding down in gentle serpentines, shivering skin of ancient heroes that are lost in a cold forest, purple gloves on the hands of poisonous drugstore owners, flashy sunglasses on the faces of boring and mighty Nazi people, orange condoms pulled down over the heads of crying hookers, pink stockings around the necks of suffocating gas station women, a little mirror in the boatman's hand reflects his eyes in which sleep the tears of his ancestors, grumpy grandfathers killed in terrible traffic accidents, Nagasaki exploded, so did New York, Hiroshima exploded, so did my son, and my daughter, when they were picking flowers in the green meadows of freedom, zooming voices of convicts in half brown prison areas, gorilla driving a taxi in a dark red suite, giraffe eating a man who was just calling The Queen, popular distances between shy people, everybody is gay sexual as long as you are not, pricks in the cars, posters of dying dogs, exit signs direct you into the monster's mouth, false teeth, Jupiter must follow the crazy mailman, went to the doctor the other day, he said I was about to jump, I jumped and I said ,What do you mean?', he said nothing, then, a different thing, you stand by the side of a muddy road in the rain, under one umbrella with an overfriendly stranger who says: ,I've been to the graveyard, there I learned to be quiet'you say: ,You've learned nothing, you just said something'I say: Get my shotgun, I will shoot down the garbage can with my friends, they came over to play a game of chess but they all lost, and when they were home they ordered some pizza, and they threw it down their balconies, into her new garden, and she was all like: ,Oh, why me? Save your crumbs for the morning of miracles, thy sheep will mangle and meddle with the factory

ones, oh, why me?’ Creep down the stairs, take off your hat, walk in and say ,I’ve come to see if you still remember me!’ and she turns around with a face that looks like it says: ‘Everybody has his own share of the world’ and you just ignore that face, and you hypnotize her by turning around your eyes, 360 degrees, a million times, in half a minute, and then she faints, and you bury her in her new garden, with all those pizzas in it, and then you call Ofthome, who is not at home, and you try to call another wimp, but they all seem to be playing pool games with old and long forgotten friends that sweat like perfumed lambs but that look at you like men without cheeks, faces roll like the wheels of cars, gentle, without me seeing them move, all along the empty street the tears of the woman stream, and I sit down by her and I say ,Care for a story?’ and she looks at me with a sad smile and says Yes

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Once upon time there was a clown who sold his tears for money. He was a sad clown, fortunately. When he cried he kept his tears in little jars, which he placed by the window. Then when, after some weeks, he had about one hundred jars filled up to the rim with his shiny little silver tears, he took them to the insane professors with their crazy teeth and their funny orange hair, and they would empty the jars into the mainstream of the fountains in their dark labyrinth with walls like skyscrapers, and so the children that were lost in the labyrinth drank from the fountains and that is how they drank the tears of the sad clown, which made them sad and hopeless. The sad clown was a rich man, he had everything he wanted, which was an old house on a dark hill and everything inside of it. The money that he earned by crying was not important to him, and he gave it to those in the world that needed it more. He was satisfied with his house on the hill and for the rest he only needed the magical elements of wise old mother nature. But the insane professors were evil men, with a dim past, and white cloaks, and with spinning eyes that hypnotized the sad clown when he came to deliver off his tears. They would inject their needles into his skin and squirt a sharp poison into his veins. This made the clown even sadder than before and so more and more tears came from his weeping mask, which once was the smiling face of a happy clown. The clown got sicker and sadder with every needle injection and he faded away into the far corners of his busy mind when watching the sun rise above the golden landscapes on the gigantic clouds, and he cried when he walked alone in the dark forest on the hills through the black rain that crashed down into the shadows, and he wept by the light of the sad face of the moon. Still everyday he went to the labyrinth to donate his rising amount of tears, and still he got the injections and

still he kept feeling sadder and sadder and he sat on the stairs in his old house and he'd watch the paintings of the cemeteries on his walls and he wrote down his sad poems in the little garret where his best friend died many years ago, and all that made him sad. And of course he got richer and richer, and one day he was too sad to give his money away and it would lie scattered around his house for he'd never spend a dime of it, and then one day he died alone in the garret and his skeleton was found years later, by someone who had no idea who that man could have been and nobody ever knew or heard anything about the sad clown ever again.

I stared at the woman and she stared back at me and she jumped up and ran into a bar to sell her tears but they threw her out and she went home with me and we made love on the floor of the kitchen and she went home with my heart and she returned it to me years later by dropping it into my bag in the subway when I stood beside her, not recognizing her, and then I came home and I found my heart in my bag, and I cried like a snake and I went to sleep in a very sad mood

I woke up on a mountain top, alone and cold, and I thought I was dreaming but I was because I knew it and the fog traveled over the snowy edges of the zooming mountains around me, and for a moment I didn't care about anything at all and a soft wind blew through my hair and far away the sun raise up over the endless forests far below my crying eyes. Far away I saw a line of smoke rise up from the forests and I assumed it were human beings so I started walking down the mountain and when I arrived at the place where the smoke came from I found my brother and my father there welcoming me with beautiful smiles on their so familiar faces, and I cry like a useless fool in their safe arms and they tell me of all the beauty in life and we live on into an endless life of beauty and we meet my mother along the way and with the four of us we travel alone without anybody else around and we ignore death and death ignores us and we listen to the sparkling music that comes like a soaring bird with wings of crimson light or like a silver ocean that sinks away under your feet or like a delicious girl with flowers in her hair and with her naked body trembling in the light of the peeking moon down by the waterfall or like a sad feeling that oozes up from your tired mind when you strum the dirty old strings of your old guitar and me and my brother and my mother and my father never lose each other for we shall meet up again in heaven, heaven, heaven, the beauty of sadness, the beauty of sadness, please, let it be

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Got yourself some cereals? Been to any ghost alleys? Bought a new cat for in your car? Listen to the mermaids, they shall whisper to you, and tell you where to go, with their gentle dancing bodies, out on the shimmering fields, in the terrible rain, summer morning awakening, get up and fold your arms around her, and smell her sweet hair, you are not in love, but love is in you, and it doesn't matter anyhow, the silhouettes on the horizon of the traveling elephants, and the fat chief of the police walks around your dark house, with his flashlight, trying to find you or your sister, in the closet, but you are not in the closet, you are inside him, and she is too, and he knows it, but he ignores it, pure sadness that you drink from the wells of bliss, up in the castles, and sheep follow you, as you walk, leaving a trail of tears, thinking about crimson and World War I and peaches, and the orange sun is warm but far away into the water it sinks, and the purple gleaming skyline is like bruised skin, oh gentle happiness, make me cry and shiver from relieve, and may it all become perfect, headless bodies of crazy camping site owners that run themselves into swings and children, and masked alien farmers come with their overall pants, and their zooming flies behind their teeth, and they fix you a golden breakfast, with flutes and pianos, and you refuse his questions, and he tells you about his kitchen maiden who died years ago from cancer in her hair, and you apologize for your rudeness and your bad manners, but you smack his coffee cups down on his carpeted floor, and his curtains sway open, and out the window you stare and you see golden valleys with little grazing cows in the distance, and you turn around with tears of joy in your eyes, and there stands he, with a magazine on prehistoric pornography, and Michelle comes in and invites you into the bathroom of deep horror, and you follow her, for she is like magic, and inside the bathroom she undresses you in the blink of an eye, and then she tells you to close your eyes and hours later you wake up naked in a windy, wooden barn in a stupid meadow with ropes tight around your wrists and your legs, and you hop out the barn and there she stands, smoking a cheap cigarette, and she tells you about herself in a strange way, just like you would talk about a dead man who meant a lot to a lot of people in history, she tells you her lips are sharp like razors, her hair feels like spaghetti, all her ex boyfriends are still trying to amaze her by running up and down the Port Germain jetty, she tells you she likes to go on a holiday to a strange island every now and then, and her face is like cigarette, decorated with pure symmetry, polystyrene foam over her eyelids, cold water from the corners of her mouth, her leafs tremble when I speak, she is like Autumn, caterpillars on her cheeks, she carries a gun around, her deep mouth moves like a drunken snake, you are not

sure of her existence, she might only live in your dreams, or in your death, or in your laughter over stupid jokes, or in the bad smell from your breath, or in the cheap cigarettes that you smoke, she stares at you through the binoculars, and you tell her to leave you alone, but she takes you to the electric chamber, and there she writes on the wall: I am yourself!' and then she unties you, and you are free to go, and you open the first door you see, and you are back again by the window of that masked alien farmer, and you think like ah whatever, and months later you read in the newspaper that four bodies were found in the barn on Harry's farm and you wonder if that alien guy was named Harry, anyway, you sit down on a chair down by the riverside, and the crocodile children and the alligator poets come to you, and you write a million letters to a peppermint factory owner, who writes you back just once, telling you to go and sing a song or two in the ocean, and he carries no faces in his memories, and his eye is never asking for the things he cannot see, and his coffin is already sucking up the things he left behind, and his parents show him the golden waters, and his crying girls, in the dying world, with his teardrops in their hair, all shiver from an electric orgasm, shiver from an electric orgasm, and love absorbs all hate, but it doesn't like the taste, put on your warmest sweater, no more mayonnaise on my knees, and by the way should you not get some cereals?

Well, it's more about a whistle or a tree, you see crops fly gently, and unfolded arms too, got that? Good, my brain exploded in the cinema, and my daughter too, alright, oily pupils, do not pass that line, do not trespass it my friend, my brother in the shower, fucking a towel, me typing down strange despair, we have seen the glory of a sad little sadness, oysters burn in your bed my darling, tigers roam your gardens, kiss the corpses one by one, your father, your mother, your sister, your son, all vanish into showers, all fucking towels, if not armpits, brain sex, mirror eyed computer girls, violin players with drunken souls, telling you to follow them, into the darkest corner of the dining room, awful smells creep up your nose, as the orchestra strikes off the symphony of the dead German musician, electric heartbeat black and full of hate, no peace, crawl down the stairs my dear friend, red eyed monkeys in the treetops, mechanic monsters with houses inside, the groom dressed in a purple overcoat with white and golden lines and ribbons all over him, the strapped arm, the fast scarecrow, happy smiles in pink fields of gentle flowers, reflected clouds in the ever clear water, whiteness in all clouds, sparkling eyes of little lambs grazing out amongst their families, a little cabin on the hill, a watermill, so familiar but always new, where everybody was born, where everybody will die, on the same time, same reason, and I pray for all the people, in my deepest night, with a little candle, by the gates of heaven, and I pray for all the animals, in my brightest day, with a

guitar, under a wise old tree, on a hilltop, and I pray for everything else, in all the seconds that remain, and for myself I never pray because others pray for me, and I know that, and I know Bobby, he is a very good drawer, he draws you pirate ships, innocence, cancer, the big bang, politicians, anything you can wish for. Once I asked him to draw himself and he drew a coffin so I asked him why he drew a coffin, and he told me that he just wanted to be alone, and I understood him and I asked him to draw me, and he drew another coffin, but this time it was bigger and I asked him why he drew me bigger than himself, and he said it was for some company, and so I took the eraser and I erased both coffins, and I walked away, and I never saw him again, but alright, now he is here, right beside me, drawing coffins, so I will just leave him be, don't ya think? Good then, for further reason, or shame, or international flights, I assume we have no more absence to fill, except for the one that we call everything, naked women run around in search of shelter for the grinning men that come down on parachutes in the night, farewell, dream of roller coasters for it makes you smile in your sleep, there is a difference between the envelopes that you open without your name on them and the ones that you open with your name on it, I think everybody in the world should walk a dog at least one time each day, and once the universe will be an old legend told to a kid by an old grandfather

Julian! come here! Julian is a bit of a sad fellow, right Julian? Shake a leg, Julian, and contact the soulful, calm Black Friar who will teach you what to forget, and what to pretend to forget, and who will take you into a church, and teach you how to talk to God, or something like it, and the blonde twins follow each other around the little chamber, with the yellow floors, and the empty headed girls that complain about everything, and somebody is clicking his pen all the time, and somebody is dropping a chewed out lump of slimy bubble gum, and you will meet them all for they are still in there, and they hide their craziness, for they don't want you to see it, Julian, so you better use your eyes well, to see their deep, deep curiosity for your opinion about them, but don't show your opinion ,Julian, don't show it to anybody except to yourself when you look into the mirror ,Julian, look into the mirror Julian, and show your opinion to yourself, and you will see yourself as they see you

Shake a leg Fabian and play your songs to the moon, paranoid hookers in red hot chambers, wet eyes of coughing girls, drunken soldiers in lost wars, longing for home, and for their sweet mums, obvious answers, predictable silence in dead end conversations, the man lost his moustache and the insane sailor found it in the trunk of a second hand car, twisted smiles, false smiles everywhere, oh please, honesty must come, May people be honest to one another,

obsessed child porn dealers in dark dripping basements, it's a relieve, two old men talking with two young girls, it's a relieve, chaos is big and I am too, but chaos is bigger than me, but not bigger than you, and confusion comes like a bird with heavenly light that shines mysteriously bright, into your naked eyes, and it makes you wonder if you are really alive, and then you hear two voices in your head discuss whether you are dead or yet to be born and they decide you still have to get born, and you find yourself in a hospital and you cry for you realize everything you once knew is gone, and in Italy you kiss a black girl, years later, and you never talked to her about it again, but you are fine with the situation as it is, and you create more creations, on a paper that doesn't seem to have a bottom, and here come the dark skies of Autumn, and her brownish leafs come too, and they spiral all around you as you try to understand what happened to Julian

I was riding my bike the other day, and bliss came to me like a soft realization of lifetime beauty, and I couldn't help but crying, and all the people looked at me as if my hair had the shape of a miniature pirate ship, and when I came home I looked into the mirror and I saw my hair did have the shape of a pirate ship, and that made me wonder about pirate ships, and now I am a pirate on the open sea, and all my friends have come with me, and we are all free like birds in deep blue skyways, free like cars on endless highways, free like sleeping hookers in darkened hotel hallways, and the waves are roaring like blue monsters in narrow nightmares, and the old fat pirate shot himself, to see if I cared, but I didn't, and so he stood up again, and it appeared to me that he wasn't dead, and so I cried for my mum and dad to come down to the shed where the crazy lunatic cows are all yellowed by time, and inside there I found the true meaning of life: Siamese twin porn, and so I sailed our boat to the nearest country, and I ran off deck onto solid land, and I ran into the first rent-a-movie store, and I took all the Siamese twin porn videos, and we watched them together, all night long, and then again and more and more and on the end of the night we were all tired like lambs sleeping, in the arms of lions, so we all laid down our heavy heads, and we slept like angels on clouds, and when we woke up we were all sitting on one bike, with our hair tangled up into the shape of one big pirate ship

Come to me in my dreams, oh sweet ladies of sleep, with your endless hair like silver strings, and your slumbering bodies like guitars, and your soft jelly vagina's, like keyholes in doors to other dimensions, and bring along your presents of love, and leave them by my bed, come to me every night, and listen to my soft breathing when you want to get warm, and touch my

sweaty skin when you want to feel like a piano, and come to me with all of you and never leave again, oh please dear angels of nightmares, come to me with your black eyes and your hungry dogs in the midst of the endless night, and stand by my bed without a word and wipe off your voiceless faces with a grasping sound, and bring back the memories that I lost long ago, and deliver them to me in the shape of a new head which you shall keep in the right shape by making love to me in my sleep, and make my visions of childhood become reality with the snap of two fingers, and change the world into a heavy organ melody, and may I hear it, and may it awake me, and may I find myself amongst you in a deep and bright mental orgasm, and may all my thoughts flow together as one big thought which tells me to just lay back and watch it all happen, and may you come to me with crashing thunder, and may the galloping cannibal horses run passed me, and may they not notice me as I hide in a tree with my dear friend, and may the flute of the sick old man who sits alone outside the saloon play sparkling melodies on which the youngest angels of heaven dance with my dear friend, and may you come again to me and wake me up from my sanity, and may I wake up then in a crazy world full of uselessness and journeys over long lost valleys and high black mountains and ravaged landscapes, and may the elevators come down and may the perambulators roll away, and may the situations turn into songs that I sing to myself in a dark and cold chamber on a lonesome winter dawn, and may the animals of the forest come out and sit beside me to listen to me and to watch the big sunrise in my head color the abandoned skies that pass by, like time does, in a silent train with people avoiding eye contact with other people, and may the universe jump up from the corners of a velvet dream that you bring me when I sleep, oh dear ladies of sleep, and may the lunatics and the professors take me to the mercy seat, and may the blind preacher come with the Bible in one hand and an unborn dog in his other, and may he read to me and may they ask me for my last wish and may that be that I can experience one more visit of you and your eyes, and may the music suddenly stop and may the lights dim, and may the audience turn around and go home, and may the curtains roll away into the darkness, and may the darkness roll away into my eyes, and may my eyes roll away into the distance, and may the distance roll away into a childhood dream that I suddenly remember as I light another big fat ass joint in the old and remote bar where the long haired boys fantasize of black popcorn with lipstick all over their faces and where the trumpet massacres are legal as long as we kill the trumpets and where the walls are like mouths that move in the corners of your hollow eyes and where the couches are like tired elephants on which you can sit and where the ceiling has lights all over it and where I wrote all this nonsense down

Presidents speak of war and I speak of those who speak of presidents that speak of war. People with faces prepared to freeze as soon as they walk into the room. I love driving my motorbike all down the highway. Chasing after cops and panicked families that don't know how to react as I tell them that the inventor of silence was a soldier with three wooden legs. It is all just a dream, a vacuum of complete uselessness and perfect stupidity. I have enough matches to put the world on fire but there is not enough light to find them. I love people, I love them all. I love them in purple yellow orange and green and even in black and white. I love everybody, nobody loves nobody. To me this life is one big morbid desire for dreams But to me that's alright. And I know that time moves like shadows in a driving train. I see myself in the mirror and I touch my brain. My brain feels like a dried out piece of chewing gum glued under a table in a dusty classroom. Time moves like the sad eyes of a dog. The sound of a million ticking clocks. Time moves like dust across the floor. I see the silhouette of a vampire in the door. Oh well, I see my eyes are gone. My guitar, a casket of silenced music, and as I play it, I am the undertaker with the tears in his eyes. The words run away like scared children in a hot nightmare. In songs, deep and loud. Forever I dwell, forever I drink. Forever my head trembles in the sink, forever my mind refuses to think. Forever my silence sleeps. Forever and ever I shall disappear. like flies in the summer sky, like the tears of he who cries, like mountains old and high, like questions that start with WHY? Like answers you cannot deny. Like mouths that twist and sigh. Like me, like all that was, like it, I like it. It goes on and on like a long and boring song. In my hand I held the seed from which the future grows. All is lost in itself. Drifting eyes on the sea. The abandoned factories. Inside my head is a voice telling me to close my eyes. I climb the tree to see the valley below. Chinese restaurant women with glowing candles in the night. Burying the unborn babies in the flickering candlelight. And my mom she said: 'Come In, And Everything Will Be Alright!!!!' But how am I supposed to go anywhere when you and all those other children won't let me walk outside? High on embryo's. My life is a joke of a comedian in a show, and no one laughs, someone coughs, silence. The dream of the four vampires. Faces ooze from the TV screen. Dying dogs in every garden, barking away the birds. Forbidden alphabet, horror cartoons. Eaten back to life, only death exists before birth, for each individual. Children used as movies, standing in front of the TV. Reality is a forbidden religion, a forgotten life, where everybody touches everybody. Mind factory, I close my eyes to see what I really want to see

,It's a cold Winter for this time of the year!' says Spring to Summer in the back of the taxi and Summer just stares out the window, counting the ugly faces in the street, ugly faces of hasty pedestrians that search for a lost goal, and Spring pokes her, Summer, in the shoulder and she turns around with a hiss and her eyes grow larger and she says to not touch her, to never touch her, and so Spring never touches Summer. Meanwhile far away in a gutter crawls Autumn, deeply sorrowed by strange effects of her own weather, and she can no longer help the trees get rid of their weight, and so, within some weeks, Autumn and her trees die in the gutter, leaving Winter with a heavy task and an even heavier responsibility, and therefore Spring and Summer are in a taxi heading for a canyon or something that looks like it. All in all, it's just another day on the moon

Every night there is the same problem that enters my mind, which causes me to be awake for hours and hours, and which causes me too come late for work every morning and therefore I get fired every morning and therefore I get a new job every morning and therefore I have a different place where I eat my lunch every afternoon and that is why I meet new faces every afternoon and that is why I think about more faces every supper, every evening, and the more I think about all the faces, the sicker I get and that explains why I cannot go out at night and that causes to me to watch TV all night long and when I finally get to the actual point of turning on the TV set and picking up the remote control and sitting down on the couch then comes the problem.....which channel to watch?

Come by here sometime again please with that new gravedigger friend of yours, and bring along that helpless little cheerleader too, the one that you met in Berlin or was it Stockholm, anyway, come here and tell me about your adventures man, I mean, I haven't seen you for years man, and bring along your wife, and tell her to ask that crazy barber to come along too, and he, the barber, knows this trapeze artist murderer, he should come over too, and when it gets busy around someplace you need your wife's girlfriends too, those three women from the sewer, I believe it were Betty, Booster and Jus, anyway, they should come too, and if your car is big enough, bring along Molly and her seven old dogs and of course her husband Ave, the one from Greenland, and may he travel with Hankie, that guy that sold my lawnmower once and gave me back about 76% of the money that he made with it and if he is not too busy selling things, he might ask the guy that bought my lawnmower to come along, and I believe that he knows some golf players from Ireland and out there everybody knows each other so

there will be no more room in your car, but anyway, you better get here as soon as possible and if you get stuck in a traffic jam or something, you can throw Hankie out the car, or if you prefer your wife that is fine with me too, as long as you, that cheerleader, and one of Molly's dogs make it all the way down here I would be satisfied, looking forward to seeing you, sometimes hopefully yours, Ed Gein

There's strange girls in the sewers, blind men in the cinema, wolves in the cities, monsters in the oceans, pigeons in the ballroom, lions in the library, teddy bears hung up in the treetops with ropes around their necks, gorillas in the taxis, policemen in the classrooms, clowns hiding in small hotel rooms, doctors in the kitchen, shepherds in old and lonesome factories, dead dogs in the closet, hunchbacks in the bookstores, babies in mailboxes, painters in the asylum, writers in the pyramids, ballerinas in the gas station, dead hookers in the trunk of every car, heads in guitar cases, dentists in the trashcans, professors in the playground, beggars in the desert, nurses in the hallways, preachers in the restaurants, cheerleaders in the prisons, burglars in the forest, astronauts in the museum, serial killers in McDonalds, lost women in supermarkets, presidents in the alleys, congressmen at the funfair, football teams in the basement, children in the boxes, sailors in the shower, soldiers in the toyshops trying to escape, pilots in the attic, blind barbers in the tunnel, undertakers in the record stores and some people in a room listening to my voice. All in all, not much is happening on the moon.

There's a woman who lives next door, her name is Maxim, she goes to the library every Sunday and she always returns with a book of Thomas Babington Macaulay and she always tells me that she can find the truth of a lonely life in the poem 'Epitaph on a Jacobine'. But one day she took another book, as I saw when staring out the window. It was called 'Tarantula' by Bob Dylan. Her best friend, some hooker from the suburbs who is always drunk and who never says anything but 'Excuse Me?' or 'Gentle Voice Huh?', recommended it to her. Her name is Sharon and she used to be married to a jet pilot who, unfortunately, died in a plane crash in Austria when he tried to land his jet plane into a candy shop. Sharon and Maxim only wear clothes that have the regular colors of a nuclear dawn on them, they always watch an old Polish horror film around midnight, they never say words like 'Freeze' or 'Oblivion' or even 'Bumble' and they love a little bit of meat sauce over all their food. Sharon's favorite drink is cucumber slime from Southern Africa, though sometimes she prefers just a little glass of water. Maxim's favorite food is Diego, a guy from the library who always looks at her as if she has a brain like a judge that's trying to imitate Cambodia, and she

likes it even better with some meat sauce of course. Obviously, Sharon and Maxim are very nice neighbors.

Crash on the highway killed three cows and one little girl, Big boss in the criminal scene caught buying ice cream, Scorpion wears glasses, Man found in mailbox, Old footage found of Adolph Hitler hiding a violin and a rose, Castle on mountain disappears, Girls strip on their own graves, Audience enters circus tent backwards, Pool table found in shark's stomach. Still not very much excitement on the moon, apparently

Once a big black man told me that in any kind of film you can see the camera as the eyes of a paranoid and insane person. I taught myself how to do this. Therefore I realized that there is a bit of darkness in every orgasm, so I wrote the black man a long and winding letter in which I admitted that there was a very strange universe in his face on the last time we met, for that is what he wanted to see me write, I knew that. Then at this party I met some strange Pakistan boy, my age, who played the piano like a typhoon and I played my guitar like a drunken eagle that night and we jammed away the boredom and he admired me and I admired him, so on. Then it appeared to me that the black man had been in a dark corner of the room all along, hearing us play those songs, and when he saw that I noticed him, he stood up and while walking up to me he said: Through the eyes of a crazy person every orgasm is covered in darkness that resembles a cold and strange universe in that person's face! I turned around to sit down by the piano and I played a song about Karl Marx's favorite type of girl. The piano boy had left the scene unnoticed so I ran outside and I screamed out his name but he was gone and when I came back inside, the big black man was playing on the piano, singing about a boy writing down a story about a big black man playing on a piano. I wrote his words down while he sang them, and you just read them

Let me tell you about Juliana. She is old and shrunken, ready to die, left alone within her age, left alone with her skin, poor old lady, sleeping in a drafty chamber where the sunlight streams through the orange curtains. Juliana loves a little bit of sadness every now and then. Sometimes she goes out into the lonesome and rainy streets on a sad Sunday night and she just walks alone through the rain and she thinks about certain things like for example her childhood or perhaps kangaroos, anyway, she is not a bad person at all. She loves sadness so much (sometimes) that she searches for experiences that make her sad (sometimes) and some experiences do make her sad (sometimes) and then she feels sad (sometimes) and

then she cries alone in the attic of her little house (sometimes) and then she stares out the window and she smiles sadly (sometimes) and then she can see the stars and the moon (sometimes) and then she tries to imagine what those places are like (sometimes) and sometimes there is no sometimes but only experience and that is very important. Juliana has a little dog, named Tiny Montgomery. Tiny is named after a song by some musicians, and the little dog never barks. Juliana does the barking. Anyway, I was going to tell you about Juliana, not the one I was just talking about but I mean another one. The other Juliana is actually named Janet. Janet prefers big eggs on her coffin, big eggs, she hates deodorant salesmen, especially when their name is Derek, she hates such people, and she never greets one if she meets one. Janet is dangerous, like a horny snake. Her breath feels like fire against your crunched eyes. Janet is the kind of girl that pulls your jacket as you walk down the street, the kind of girl that would blame a giant for making her look small. Janet is not very smart, but rather incredibly innocent, and that is easy to be seen when she is drunk. Normally she always runs around in circles screaming out: ‚Help me, the soldiers have been here!’ and then she jumps and roars for some minutes and after that she jumps into a chair and she relaxes all her muscles and she rolls her tongue through her hot mouth and then (it has become a tradition) she gets up and walks to the nearest graveyard where she dresses up like a piccolo and then she hitchhikes out by the ghost highway of mist and she knows no cars are coming but it doesn’t matter to her at all, for she has a lot of patience. Juliana and Janet are good people, they’re okay, nothing wrong with them, as far as I’m concerned, but that’s only a couple of light years, approximately

There’s been a lot of negative news on the TV lately, and it bothers me badly to be very honest. I see innocent people getting killed in terrorist attacks, animals smuggled from place to place in horrible conditions, rape, slaughter, corruption and so much more terrible news, so much more. That is why I am watching Johnny Bravo right now.

Whether the sky is blue or grey, whether the moon is full or half, whether the sun shines or not, whether there is peace or war, whether the cars drive fast or slow, whether my friends are around or not, whether there is or is not a God, whether the earth is turning or hanging still, whether it’s 3 o’clock at night or in the afternoon, whether the people kill each other or make love to each other, whether you are reading this or not, I still wrote it

Once again the sky is turning red very slowly and Irving is still aiming for his own forehead with his father's shotgun. It took him weeks to find it, and now, with his finger on the trigger, he is ready to end his own life. But before he does so, let me tell you how it came to be that poor Irving wants to kill himself. It was on a cold winter dawn when Irving found a little bleeding bunny by the riverside, when he was making one of his early day wanderings. He took the bunny home and while walking home he decided he'd name the bunny Maurice. Maurice the bunny was badly injured and he needed to be taken care of soon, so Irving ran to the animal doctor and told him the whole story. Soon Maurice was healed again and he could jump around and run like he always used to. Irving was very happy with his bunny and he took care of it very well. But one day his little brother Skip came into Irving's room and by accident he sat down on Maurice who was therefore killed in a terrible and warm way. Irving was broken from the top of his head to his toes and he cried night after day after night, thinking about what the last thing on Maurice's mind must have been. Skip didn't care one bit about the tragic death and he said he was glad that he could call himself a murderer. Maurice was buried in the garden and everyday Irving would take some flowers and place them by the little stone. Skip would always laugh his hair off watching his big brother crying by the little grave, but deep inside Skip a feeling of jealousy started to crawl up. He needed his brother's attention, and that stupid rabbit under the ground got all of it nowadays. So one night Skip got out of bed and he went into the garden and he dug up Maurice and he threw him down a very deep well in the park. Next morning Irving couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the little open grave of Maurice with no Maurice in it and he cried himself to insanity over and over again and all the while Skip was sneakily laughing in his little room, picturing the little decapitated body of Maurice, in his mind. Irving got all messed up from sorrow and that is why he sitting below the evening sky now with his daddy's shotgun. What he doesn't know is that Skip followed him secretly and that he is watching him aiming at his forehead right now. And now, just before Irving pulls the trigger, Skip jumps up from behind the bushes and shouts: I DID IT, I OPENED THE GRAVE AND I TOOK OUT MAURICE AND I THREW HIM DOWN THE WELL IN THE PARK. Irving turns around and shoots down his little brother in one blast. He drags the body to the well and he throws it down. After that he climbs down himself and he takes the little rotting body of Maurice up again and puts it back down in the little grave as soon as he is home and then he goes up to his little room and he sits down by the window and he then he realizes what he has just done, and it makes him go insane and so he digs up Maurice again, walks to the well and jumps into it with Maurice in his hands and his body smashes to death on the floor of the well, next to the dead body of his little

brother. The moral of this story is very plain and obvious of course, and that is simply to never name your child Irving or Skip, to never name a bunny Maurice and to never make early day wanderings in Winter, especially not along the riverside. You see what it can do to you.

There's chimney sweepers in the trains, hermits in the roller coasters, judges in the rain, bearded women in the coffee shops, gladiators in the windows, lawyers in the mercy seats, pirates in the valleys, bank robbers in the gay bars, truck drivers in the theme parks, cowboys in the subway, garbage men in the saloons, fishermen in the stationeries, bounty hunters in the recording studios, mathematicians in the castles, butlers in the chariots, night guards in the beds, grave diggers in the record stores, school teachers in the treetops, cooks in the casino, waitresses in the gutter, garbage men in the hospitals, gamblers in the graveyards, farmers in the churches, kings on the airport, dictators in the furniture stores, lion tamers in the swimming pools, queens at the pinball machines, prisoners in the ammo store, secretaries in the doorways, monks in the red light district, carpenters in the dungeons, crusaders in the football stadiums, conductors in the cages, captains in the pet shop, clowns in a burning car, hypnotists in the mirror, fortune tellers in the offices, brick walkers in the bus stations, sheriffs in the stables, landlords in the ovens, pawnbrokers in the courtroom, jugglers in the fridges, wizards in the moonshine, blacksmiths in the archway and me behind a desk writing down some words. I hope something big will happen soon, here on the moon.

A man I know says that the world is very simple, it's just that you can't stand in front of it, for it is always standing in front of you. The funny thing is, so he says, that if the world stands in front of you, you are standing in front of the world too. All that means you should never try to stand in front of the world, so he concludes. This man is a poor old bum that sleeps in dark gutters and deep alleys. His best friend is a dog named Quentin. The bum's name is Sid. Sid is lonely and he feels like he has been fooled and betrayed by the over mighty powers of life many times. So many, that now he hasn't got a dime at all. It's some clothes and two paper bags that his property is. Now, Sid is my friend, he likes me I like him so that means we are friends. You might wonder by now why I am telling you about Sid, well, that is because you have certainly met him once, though you might not know it. Sid knows who you are, Sid might be watching you as you are reading this, Sid might stand beside your bed tonight when you are asleep. Sid can be anywhere for Sid doesn't exist.

Detectives in the farmhouses, stargazers in the garret, mountaineers in the chapels, tenants in the parking lots, bodyguards in the wardrobes, historians in the future, midgets in the dark hallways, porn stars in the zoo, reverends in the departure halls , trapeze artists in the river, photographers in the gardens, directors in the toilets, tourists stuck in the labyrinth, sergeants in the cabins, actors in the White House (Ramble In The Tamble), actresses in The Pentagon, insurance men in the bunkers, mummies in the skyscrapers, vampires in the elevators, werewolves in the harbor, philosophers in the coffins, orphans in the swamps, vagabonds in the gay bars, zombies in the land of Nod, pharaohs in the limousines, magicians in the garages, human cannonballs in the theaters, spies in the phone booths, weathermen in the orchards, outlaws in the corridors, scarecrows in your bedroom, lighthouse keepers in the bathtub, robots in the temples, virgins in the pharmacy, opera singers on burning boats, engineers in the cradles, firemen in the barns, ambulance drivers in the giant wheel, fiddlers in the towers and me still behind the desk, wishing I had just stayed down on the earth...

Okay it all starts with a little girl whose name I cannot tell, considering her father, a sailor. She is what most people call a 'badly raised child that needs severe treatment in a very specialized clinic for completely insane little loonies' and she knew that she was like that, but she didn't give a damn. Her uncle, Uncle Pascal, his hobby is feeding dead insects to little children. Since this hobby is a bit weird, Uncle Pascal hardly ever gets the chance to satisfy himself. He never gets the chance to feed any kid at all because he is in prison. His cellmate is a Colombian thug who grew up picking bones from the railroad. His name is Bart. Bart has the strange habit of screaming to any kind of door, as long as it is open. Uncle Pascal takes over this habit and soon after that everybody in prison takes it over, except for Percy, who makes sure all the doors are opened. Anyway, the sailor's little daughter comes to visit her dear uncle one day, in the prison. She takes the F-bus to the other side of the city and there she gets out, feeling a little sick from all the curves and turns the bus made. She walks to the prison gate and she takes off her shoes. She shows them to the guard who immediately lets her through. Some minutes later she is sitting in front of a glass wall with behind it her Uncle Pascal. First things he says to her is: 'Would you like some candy?' but the little girl knows her uncle and so she knows his hobbies too and therefore she says she doesn't want any candy. Uncle Pascal, who by the way used to be a soldier in the great civil war of Liechtenstein, is very, very disappointed and he walks away, leaving the little girl of his family alone behind the glass. Now I have one question for you: What does screaming to open doors have to do with dead insects?

First of all there is Prince Jackal, a man who wishes to live in a cartoon. Then there is Maggie Slumber, some crazy woman who is always carrying a jar of mayonnaise from which she now and then takes a little zip. Next is Entwine, a smelly mailman who believes there is a storm in every glass of water. Last but not least there is Camel who spends her free time trying to imagine what it must be like to not allow your dead body to crawl. These four people throw bumblebees into the canyon when they feel like a pink highway, and they all have as much money as all the others. We can conclude that Prince Jackal loves Camel and that Slumber loves Entwine, though Entwine hates Prince Jackal he loves Camel too but Camel hates everybody except for Prince Jackal which offends Slumber who secretly loves Prince Jackal if he loves her Entwine, who hates himself. Soon Prince Jackal shall get rid of Camel and Slumber will marry him and then Camel will marry Entwine and then the whole situation changes again, for then Prince Jackal shall hate Entwine though Entwine shall love Prince Jackal, for he used love his Camel though Camel used to hate Slumber. Then one day they shall meet Jinks, a pickpocket who knows all the meanings behind the songs of Syd Barrett and who is always planning to marry a foreign hooker next month. Jinks falls in love with Slumber which is really bad news for Prince Jackal of course. Therefore Prince Jackal kills Entwine (and he takes his money) and then he marries Slumber again, which leaves poor Camel alone. Needless to say, Camel marries Jinks but Jinks still loves Slumber so he kills Prince Jackal (and he takes his and Entwine his money) and he dumps Camel to marry Slumber. Camel gets so mixed up inside about it that she strangles Slumber (and she takes her money) and remarries Jinks. But then it's next month and so Jinks marries a foreign hooker and both of them kill Camel (and they take her money) and then they live together in a little flat apartment but one night the hooker kills Jinks (and takes all his money) and she disappears into the open world.

Milkmen in the sport bags, surfers in the shark's mouth, butchers in the meadows, executioners in the bushes, bankers in the ocean, tramps in the spooky houses, nuns in the drugstores, Vikings wrapped in the volleyball net, dead hitchhikers in the backseats, gypsies in the palace, Eskimos in the sex clubs, Indians in the labs, scientists in the row boats, bakers in the saliva, ninjas in the barrels, bartenders in the press room, chess players in the corners, foreigners in the funny clothes, mailmen on the dance floor, reporters in the rockets, leprechauns in the fishbowls, pickpockets on the trampolines, gardeners in the ashtrays, Widows in the shopping windows, bishops in the orphanage, shoemakers on the Golden Gate,

poisoned cats in a plastic bag, pantomimes in the hovercrafts, dragons in the lightning, junkies in the city mall, ambassadors in the green walrus, smugglers in the sand, cannibals in the orgy and me in the garage, building a space shuttle to get myself down to earth again

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Goose Bump Georgina, she is a leftover of morning incidents, I followed her alone through streets where old women share no smile, and with a heartbeat like a Russian folk song and with a hard dick like the Eiffel Tower I watch her slide from car to car, removing the ticket stubs from the windshields, and suddenly I realize she is a corrupt cop and I call the cops and I see her answer her telephone and I hear her voice through my ear and out my other and I hang up and I run outside to see that it's not Goose Bump Georgina at all, but just a green monster

One night I was walking out and I saw this burning house. Huge flames from the windows. Suddenly this man jumped out of one of the windows on the second floor and as he landed on the street I heard his bones break and I saw how his right foot twisted into a horrible shape and in my pure despair I ran up to him and I said: Oh my god man are you alright?!? and he just laid there with a smile and said: Yeah I'm fine, how are you?

There are no words to describe the panic that I felt

I smashed the telephone horn onto the telephone and I broke it. Now everybody wants me to pay for such a stupid thing as a telephone. I guess they all feel too important or something, too important to not have a telephone. Next time I will smash the horn onto their heads. Then I break the telephone and their skulls, so I don't have to pay then.

The mist crawls over the shoulders of the lonesome wanderer. The highways that he walks down are like smoke over the shoulders of the landscapes. The clouds in the sky are like smoke crawling over the shoulders of the mountains. The wanderer lights a cigarette, and blows out a little stream of water.

The green police driving cars up and down the hills, up and down the bridges and the avenues. The eyes of the merciless policemen inside their zooming cars glide by through the windshield as they pass you by in the streets. There is very dark playboy alley where all the

deaf sex symbols gather and organize loathsome orgies. The green police turn into the alley and they can see all the naked bodies in the headlights that glide across the deep alleyway. The police men get out, pull down their pants and the youngest playboy, who's name is Desmond, starts sucking their dicks. The policemen like quick jobs, and they pay very well for them. When they are done, they get back into their cars and they leave the orgy alley and head off for the police station. There they talk about the day and they all go home to their wives and children. The important thing about all of this is that Desmond is a criminal, one who kills and rapes. Now let me tell you this about Desmond. Desmond hates justice, in any way. He hates almost everything, mostly normal things, like motorcars and rabbits. The one thing he hates the most is laughter, he hates laughter very much. Desmond never laughs. That is why he is a criminal for you can't make a living if you never laugh, and he never laughs, believe me, he never does. He sucks good cock though, I've been there last night, he is tremendous, sucks the sperm right out of your balls, really great. Anyway, I am a retired cop, too old to serve, so I am not illegal when I am there, but the cops nowadays are, for they know Desmond is a criminal. At least they should know, for Desmond never laughs.

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One of my very best friends told me, after 15 years of friendship, that he was a robot. He opened his own head, and I could see his brain, he challenged me to touch it, to push my hand into it, into that slimy and sticky brain of his. I never did it, I don't like my hand eaten off, I don't listen to Iron Maiden either, but I need more ashtrays, The Ghost of Robert Johnson, with the dice, a cat on the chimney, a cat on the piano. On the other side of life we find six women and two kids, politicians and gnomes, The narrator and his germs of wives. July cat plastic walk into the room of consciousness, Where they dwell and the polite feather men drink the poison wine in the other room, A dead candle in the hand of every Tom they must have been away for a while, Silvery silence in the ears of many hyacinth bleeders, vomit in the kitchen on heroin freedom, Lobsters echo forward to years of ghost dancing overtures and plastic poles of tallow, Trench bunch of waiting policemen and their mean dog girls fighting for freedom of morning, Hate the resurrection of the jackets from other planets of greater fries we burn in their eyes, Self made furniture of demons inside the archway, climb and come to recognize us and them, Faces in the shower sunglasses parade on into nowhere grandfathers in slumbering afternoons, Peanut butter awakening clap hands for each and every working telephone sweat, Brazilian sweetness in short movie land flakes upwards to a new realized

mistake, Where fish smells like sugar where sugar smells like me where I smell like you. You smell like fish so you smell like me where nothing smells worse than the smell of cruelty, Where everything smells the same, porn heroes are trying to get born in the casket of pity, In the holes the policemen are climbing to try and touch the silver light, Touch the nails that rip off your mind out of your eyes tears sucked from your eyelids but it's alright no worries sighing female doctor clans and upper class grandmother dogs forsaken babies in prams, The Ghetto Gods and The Chameleon Monks repeat every word I say, Cockroach Angels and The Children of Dawn with stalactite teardrops on their eyes, In the cellar we crawl on the floor of pain drops deep below eyeless plastic sheets Yearning and yawning and groaning and children and Folsom Prison and lonely pimps For whatever must we act like June Carter or Mr. Bean, or how about your father? On the farm everybody knows me and I am proud of that because I am lonely, The hunters of heaven come down to earth, armed with ironing boards and cigars, They shall conquer the universe, pictures in the river, pictures in the sky, But how come nobody sees them? Giant mushroom people smell like rain on pavements, Broom the cobwebs of mercy into the flagpole keepers, secrets awake with every scream, July morning towards frightened baby slaughterers, Have you been greater than mighty uniform mothers with complete cello playing ceilings? Kilos of meat and guts bounce back and forth into worlds of crazy angers and all that, Onto the shoes of the king in which the grasshopper prince is awaiting his boredom breakfast, Over the skyway the furry skins of morning have erupted their gentleness, like me or you or even David Hasselhoff, Charles Dickens and Nick The Nail have always been friends as long as the ancient hotel room service girls have their eyes closed at least once a day and never say words like 'bench' and sailor tramps revisit highways where undertaker silence breaks mirrors of joy, General Floatbone and his Cruel Coconut Crunching People have already forsaken the yard, Bloated dreams and united disco downers with lonely heart Baptize omen, Numerous illusions of dreaming popcorn titans with clash brains and open window soldiers, Words dance never forever towards cinnamon loneliness of the West point of flame, Queens and beggars organize loathsome feasts for the dead and the sick and the happy, Passion for compassion of like a lamppost to a street, making it clearer and more concise, Self inflatable tar meteors fly down and crash around and end up underground, Me and this girlie talk of old times as we each pick a star from the eyes of the sad hermit, Shaggy foreigners with survival equipment and truth drug salesmen in the streets, In the tub with a million girls with big boobs in wet T-shirts and a cat on the piano And one on the chimney, in case the one on the piano is a dog, Roll up my trousers cruise down the one way street cigarette sticking out of my mouth, No time to rest my feet I must

get going I have a date with the president and his wife, They want to talk to me about vasectomies and about unreal ways to live a life, The troop of mordant women with me, the little legless lonesome lover losing loner, Look at us ourselves, walking here with all these cigarettes and all these smiles, useless aren't we tough, aren't we awesome? Am I not talking clearly? Do you not really hear me? The Doctors of Death and The Diary Keepers always sing about crocodiles with yellow jaws, International dollar chicken on the markets and in the toilets in worn out sweater stores, Haven't we been through enough thoughts about vampires, cars and candle offering women? Fire burns like a morning over newborn babies welcomed into the world by the death of him, Only people carry around secrets that cannot be told to another without wearing red shoes, Before we forget it, let us remember to forget it that we must forget it if we remember it, Now to legalize death means to legalize street dance and we can't do that Sir Charles Darwin, In some occasions people have to lie even to themselves if only just once, just for the fun, Moss grown faces of dead people in deep forests where rainbow skinned aliens land down, Insect preachers transform in a horrible way, left behind as rotten children in dusty buildings, Death, death, death, how cruel and how impossibly happy is death? You are right, it's not, Adjective hymns desolate brain disease of Danny and his bottle men, skull taste environment Lullaby for a young swan, The Unidentifiable Jugglers Team in their club house down up in, and more skin is needed if we want to repeat the songs we have never sung before, Green grass turns sidewalks into jungles turns bushes into uncles turns towers into freedom, Greater gatherings find place only on the rooftops of Paris where Gustav Eiffel always wins, Where Edgar Allen Poe sleeps with The Diary Keepers, but I shall return to that point later on, and the Czar is a donkey from Greece and the president is a little lump of cheese and the big band brothers greater than others put their cigarettes in their mouths and continue, Weekly letters are like years, returning forever and never returning so never returning forever Beautiful women, so beautiful they are, driving in their cars and around the gambler's house But every gambler has a dog and this one doesn't so he is not a gambler, let us call him Barb Just Barb, that is the name for this fellow, who recently lost every form of truth or honesty Noon funeral flowers in the faces of the singing people on the stage, waving with a page From a book of hope of glory of horror of pain of sorrow of repeating and of boredom Bible selling postcard ladies with I once saw a cloud with that shape too, but I took it and it is still in my drawer, drying out fish tourniquet piccolo dragons with zero tolerance zombie popes climb up the tower of song while Leonard Cohen is trying to rip his fingernails off the toes of Holy James who just died Shakespeare admiring teenage tennis racket designers run after him in panic and despair Using every mirror to fix their

eyebrows, noses, dreams and hair, and tongue, and microphone Electric spider holidays are exactly like losing a girlfriend you never had of course we all do Great ice mountain landscapes roll backwards to the opened mouth of the universe Where the wind doesn't blow that is where we must raise up our heads in relieve The nails of sadness scratch open the sky and streaming down come the thick and heavy tears In the bookstores and the electric subway system the people never look each other in the eye For the creamy clouds and the holy heroes of soul strangling shopping women I must kneel And towards other yearning politicians we should heave up their hair and their silent sons Howdy ma haven't you seen that fence in the backyard that says: EVERYTHING IS GONE? she answers me with a smile that I must confess to as a unicorn with three babies around it August lays down on the land, covering everything in it's filthy heat, in it's horrible thickness May Winter come soon and may it transform everything into snow and silenced table lickers To erase phone numbers from your mind to keep sunglasses on your face at night in the dark Joan of Arc came here yesterday saying she was the one that shot down JFK with three doves Right on that same moment this other Joan of Arc together with Robbie Robertson walked in They told us about gas masks in summer and about trapeze artists with fire in their stomachs They also mentioned the reckless rainbow rapists, men in playgrounds looking for little girls, Nothing of bathrooms or chambers filled with melting Edwards or not even chairs with brains, Yellow brains, frozen brains that I found in a closet where two hairless, bald girls laid asleep, They woke up as soon as I closed the door and they turned up to me as lions, tearing flesh, Tearing flesh off my bones as I tried to crawl down the stairway into the hallway far below, All along I was laughing, thinking about Joan of Arc and Robbie Robertson in that bathtub, I pictured them sitting there with JFK in the middle, drowning kittens and eating kazoo's, Dead sheep in the meadows where wolves howl in the night, for the moon and the eyeless sky, Boats drift on the treetops in which The Mourning Magician and The Dying Miner dance, Shaking hands and comparing their own underpants to the universe, which follows shyly, Lesbian cycle path ladies forget to go to school when it is most needed and wanted again, They hate men, they hate the smell of pubic hair and of second hand condom stores in Italy, Reality is nothing but a word like filth or bridge or extraterrestrial or even bike or dog or cat, With the big tall hat, the prince with the big tall hat in his purple castle of mirrors and his cat, The Servant Seven with their suits of gold and purple and white bring him his pipe, But whether I am three of two feet tall, the world is still an imaginary friend to us all, like me, Underneath everything lies a new everything, underneath nothing lies a new nothing, A coffin, born in a coffin, born on your funeral, giving birth to yourself, second thing to do, Blue, the sky is blue and I am

too, for Santa Claus and Bob Dylan are nothing but soldiers, For Donovan and Beethoven are brothers and for me and Santa Claus are Bob Dylan alright? Uptight angel raping gods dream of me, so I exist and evidence is meaningless alright? Tonight we shall freeze the houses and eat the streets and cook the skin of the Indians alright? Delight is like a bleeding mermaid in the ocean where sharks resemble office desks and paper, Alright, no more death in these words, look behind these words and all you see is death, No more death anywhere, I hate it so much that I am fascinated by it, a bit like Lee Towers, Rhinestone cowboys never sleep so I must be a railroad if clouds were tissues mighty father, Follow me if you can to the waterfall beyond the land where the chain gang in the mud wall, Call on me and greater science bears you will never receive into your mailbox I dance again, Into your eyes I move my smoke, blowing freely dancing nicely into the room where they cry, Ink flows like blood, black blood, black rose my babe lost her nose, she bought new clothes, Saucers crash down from outer space and out come Elvis Presley and Johnny B. Good, Both are disguised as Frank Sinatra who is disguised as a hangover, Madness, crazy horrific madness, in my bones and in my skull and in my skin and in my eyes, In my dreams and out of them, madness creates interest in death, madness creates loneliness, Only less questions can make life easier, questions to who to why and to what but where? In the years we have days we cry and women we bury and China we flood and the USA, Someday, someday rabbits and children shall play while only a few kilometers away I die, Deny it, deny it and keep yourself quiet and deny it, like a bad dream exploding cancer liquid, the smell of his burning skin and his boiling guts and his streaming face, People get run over by trains and then again to make sure they die from the pain and not from death, out of breath, chased down, hung up in the most beautiful tree, the end of reality for me, To buy yourself a map in a restaurant and to ask for the waitress to make love to you, To watch Mike go to Brazil to eat pussy and to sprinkle his sperm all over the rooftops, He is a giant, just like a woman when he is drunk with that dress and the skirt and that ribbon, Give yourself to yourself and nobody shall take themselves away to yourself if myself dies, Nothing is worse than reading this I suppose but if you read it through your tears you under, Thunder and lightning dragons fighting above the mountains of grayish skylark wisdom brain, Velvet morning schedules and heavy loaded brain plumbers try to eat The Sad Carpenter, Professor Gringo and his lab designers with their orange hair and their crazy teeth come in, Spider madams with their scorpion needles in the sky try to convince the professor of beauty, But he turns his head away and he cries, biting on his lower lip, repeating to himself nothing, Meanwhile the undertaker with the hangover still tries to stop the mountain from bleeding, He calls for The God Doctor, he who heals Mother Nature

like healing a guitar at dawn or so, Blowing rain and snow around, breathing heavy in the alcoholic nightmare claustrophobia, Narrow alleyways and trashcan streets, signs flicker from porn advertisement concrete brain, Valid tickets to the sword swallowing mouths of frozen interest in plastic years counters, Penalty keepers hunt after gloves and grudges in the swift groom chamber waiting receive it, Just a biscuit and a little glass of water please waiter with your wallet and your whispers, Into the cave where muttering plates of poison headache inserters, needle addict ancestors, Forehead crumble bird skin pie sold out in the morning unless you eat up your left most shoe Russian Frenchman who looks like he would say he would maybe try to try it, when pigs fly, Pigs on the carpet, bleeding on the ceiling, dripping on the steps, Streaming Edward, hello! Masters and slaves great eyeball dreaming but more meanings means more masters means DC, him again, with that garbage truck handsome leftovers on his plate, he sighs, Ice brain kids refresh the conscience of the king by washing his eyes and emptying his ears, Tears roll up towards the limit of the sky where the birds die and where sweet lakes fly, Swan business men in trains under the ground in big cities like Superman car Sweden meat, Behind the closet we find dust and this old photograph book full of pictures of happy people, I see myself amongst them, with goggles on my eyes and a watering can in both my hands, Special price delivery service rabbits on the roofs of old cars in abandoned war fields, Holy women with frozen nostrils repeat the words of the sky chicken in the barn of wood, Lawnmower syllables fire the guns of the ancient ruin investigators on Wednesday morning, The Insane Detective and his best friend Mighty Mouse climb the hill to the little cabin, Fever conquers the world, transporting itself over hair of children and snot of old dying men, Lame friends and fake lovers bury themselves while singing this old song written by me, for the rest of the useless things in life I cannot mention enough sorrow to mention, Natasha, a vague girl with dark hair and lovely eyes, I always call her The Not, she is sweet, She is always hungry after dancing and she is never hungry after making love on the balcony, Lisa, Queen Lisa, I call her The Queen. She is a savior, a reckless mother, a tramp of hate but she is sweeter than The Not, for The Not likes toast with baked beans, and so do I, I hate everything that has anything to do with girls that complain about my hair or my clothes Perfection is like a dream, something you can never really get a grip on, or like a shoe, God is a shoe and I am wearing it on my left hand, where a beard grows from every nail, In the curtains of the ripping hail the family of peasants searches for a hotel or a toilet, Gleaming eyes are worlds of nervous voices and uncertain looks on red faces in dark rooms, Parties where people drink deaf and eat blind and where everybody moves like Johnny Cash, All good people move like Johnny Cash, arms dripping down into the endless carpeted floor A

man in the door with the looks of a whore, he is holding a hundred flowers, maybe more Kiss the dead angels and they shall pray for you, stay for you and never turn away from you They love you with their smooth serpentine fingers and their lizard eyes and their fresh hair And their poison tongue and their turning mouths and their gentle voices and their earwax Vampire truck drivers and mathematic students are pretty much the same kind of people More evidence is needed if we want to prove that I am dead or maybe even arrows fly now United States and poverty taxes are mostly fires in the archway of the furniture demons Salary addicts and Oblivion and beyond the lion's cage eating hermits makes you sick I heard myself talk in a dream and my voice sounded like I was running away from something Don't tell your ma about that hamster! Naked hate like lightning, from eye to eye, to bone, to structure to nothingness seekers Traffic lights flicker as the pedestrian society sneezes all at once together and then again

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The dogs of my memory compel people say they the little rat of insanity to crawl up the kitchen and to dive into the pot where the lobsters eat the hunchback dream of deaf brother who wrote a horizon full pictures of dead nuns in books about his mother but her mother drowned in a little fishbowl forever now the crispy skin on the crying instructors she was another ostrich kind of dead hopeless brick in trampoline a building and hypnotizing sheep in crazy plastic sleep let the porn show drop begin please people say they but hi there naked she is shoulder less crimes not home fur so I get crazy I am moved a loosely bit of cruelty are partying in cruel disco light flickering and the shy creatures of electrified infancy quite come disillusion from out the vast different under halls around you and they all bring you their highway into the night see most precious craziness and own music and I am sure he knows then you wipe death into a tear are healed and really want to know it unless parents of dead hookers yes one day I shall is a sailor in the deepest ocean in wish I could in the libraries drifting off everybody always dances in me but now I pray drugs obey the drugs and eat love and this hyena asks me which way the wind blows step out of reality and watch it from the whispering distance safe and free and I will come tarantula listen to what the some got some skeletons on the voices of the strangers hide the harbor in the orange juice compel streets behind the window ooze and her hilarious spitting father was a concrete soldier drake and after none who's brain was much older than new job mister and mister caterpillar until the sky the one of her temple nurse kiss me brief organ and I shall try to suck it off in the answers

down the filth of starlight in the silent interview after lost I hear history he must have loved or
shake down the rest been a beautiful man democrats he said people say they and the music
plays all night pain itself down into my hungry mind so lovely and I am sure that red eyed
girls stop truck load in cats sure he saw oblivion beyond forcing old landscapes in his mind
when he ring returning listened to his peace and quiet how funny justice carried a snapshot
and triangle gun around I must appreciate on know in which what to think I shouldn't incest
think obviously then so I think goddamn into anyway stop the crying train shit brain deaf
brick I am getting out down right here going to visit my mum and killed by the doormat and
the key under it looks like a beating brain bleeding all over the porch oh boy of the poison
winds of health light cold cigarettes-shape-alliance more and more then in the old blood raise
down trumpet the ticket to the moon where infants use bazooka drug the torches clutch your
futile dick of light shine their way the useful they one you should not grieve black eyed
pussycat instruments play death of the weather guide them they make flying on sunglasses
and hide ovulation bridges on the marry men climb sick down upwards heave me cliffs of
angry rolling guitar and in the old eyes of a whispering blanket thief catches thief news
operates in the misty shed of deaf refugees more deafening sound in flying on sunglasses
soldiers with amputated sex oh they expect flies to bomb their freshness with print safe
multiple without more than the cold assistance of spell check wrote someone a book about
rotten children very high of the later at has asked the blind fellow me already banana about
participating in a fifth season and in response to a follow-up question said it sure sounds like
there will be lots of food, I think I will be there rescue team saves abandoned embryos in good
old prior to hurricane landfall drunken doctors and staff from the institute moved to the third
floor in the shadow of nearby lake and land in exploding hospital he stored in four large metal
pounds each one temperature old mood bearded silence in flutes of children come to drag out
the laughing corpses

The junkies first entertain you with morbid jokes about playgrounds, but soon Hitler is getting
on his snack in your brain, his brain carried out by the midgets, somebody sucking his ding
dong, he fakes an orgasm all over Black Paul, Black Paul in return climbs back into the
fishbowl, a head in the bucket, it's Hitler's head, bald and no moustache, it is laughing out
loud, at your big nose, you, running around with a kite on the beach, it has the picture of a
motorbike on it, Ruthie and Chevy Chase in a hot 69, ooh! says Ruthie getting a bang in the
ass, you watch how flickering eyes chew on your feet, Friday night angels with depressed
little souls are searching for you, brown grass tickles your insides, Mix Max loves to vomit

while jerking off, he fantasizes about naked women on pool tables, and about deaf girls that he takes to the forest, Mix Max, he sure knows a lot about a lot of things, which makes him a highly interesting person to you. Mix Max is just a nickname, because his face is always mixed up with his smell, his real name is Pastor, Pastor Billion, he likes to eat green churches, Black Paul now getting out of the fishbowl with a giant in his mouth, Pastor Billion's saying: good lord, you've got a big mouth! and Black Paul answers: my goodness, this giant tastes just like the last one! and rolling down the stairway comes the head of Hitler, now laughing at your kite which is stuck in a treetop, and Chevy is climbing to help you, but he falls down, into the fishbowl, and Black Paul makes advantage of the confusion and jumps into the fishbowl too, he starts licking Chevy's eyes, Chevy is screaming, Black Paul removes the bones from between his teeth, hands them to Ruthie, who seems to be a little confused now, staring through the glass, Pastor Billion takes her to the forest, fucks her up against a tree, you watch them, leaving Black Paul behind you, with Chevy, in that fishbowl, then Pastor Billion explodes into his shoulders, grasping in despair for Ruthie's boobs that have turned into churches now, you taking the green paint, you painting Ruthie's boobs, Pastor Billion starts eating her boobs, then he goes off to the city hall, changes his name to Pastor Zillion. You laughing at him for changing his name, he goes back inside again, comes outside, saying he wants to be called Pastor Thousand from now on, you together go back to Black Paul, but he is still with Chevy, they are telling each other horrible tales about yesterday's shadow, Chevy sees you both coming, both of you join them in the fishbowl, Chevy says: Where have you been? You missed God man, I swear, He was just here!' Black Paul, eating his angels, smiles with blood all over his rotten tongue, feeding panicked families to his earwax monsters, you ask what God looked like, Chevy answers: He looks like you man, I swear man, He looks like you!' you saying: ,I am no swear man, and I cannot believe that God looks like me' Black Paul interrupts Chevy, who is trying to say sorry, telling you Chevy is right, you look like God, or God looks like you, it makes you sick, you want to vomit, but there is not enough room in the fishbowl, so you forget Chevy, he is gone now, and you forget Pastor 'Mix Max' Thousand too, and he is gone too and then you are alone with Black Paul, who tells you that he is hungry. You offer him a lump of innocence but he doesn't want it, he says that it's food for the junkies, and then the junkies release the hermit into the fishbowl, the hermit looks like confusion, he punches Black Paul in the stomach, asking you for some of that innocence, you say it's all gone, the hermit then goes off, and Black Paul follows him, picking flowers, telling himself he is in love, you stay behind, in the fishbowl, counting your fingers, over and over

again, and finally climbing out, to meet Ruthie, who just got your kite out the treetop. Obviously, your first day at high school will be rather confusing

Dear Billy, how could you do this to me? How could you throw that beer in my face in that crowded bar? It's not that I was embarrassed, it's just that I hate beer, next time you will do such a thing to me I will personally tell you what I think about, into your face, and I shall sort of bark out my words as I talk, you will be very sorry for the whole beer-thing, you will apologise to me, but I will not accept any of it, I will ignore you, I will never look you in the eyes, never again, you will need me but I will be gone, I hate you and I want you to hate me, we shall hate each other, it will be wonderful, I will tell everybody how stupid you are, nobody will ever love you again, I will spread horrible rumours about you and your secrets, I will tell everybody about your fright of being embarrassed, I will no longer keep it secret that you spend much time on toilets, I will make you feel miserable, and I will do it all over again See you soon, Messy Mike (p.s. I am your friend and I'm trying to help you)

Blind barbers are playing with Pauline, in the secret playground, Pauline believes there is a jungle in every cat, and she says that crying elephants walk on her brain. ,The ghost is inside now, we will meet him soon!' shouts General Grumpy, carrying a book that describes every second of his life. He is trying to get raped, and he says evolution is like a snake with it's tail in it's mouth. Everything he throws away returns to him in disguise, and he used to go walking on Galloping Gertie to get rid of his commercial addiction. All of a sudden Charlie Chaplin explodes into his own face, and it makes General Grumpy laugh out loud. He orders Pauline to do one of Chaplin's potato dances. Pauline smiles, but deep inside she is horrified, for she knows that it takes a thief to catch a thief, and she knows that it takes a universe to catch yourself, and she knows that it takes an eye to see an eye, but at night she has these terrible nightmares, of skeletons that wash their bones in her blood. ,We are all going to die before dinner, let's eat!!' screams one of the blind barbers. His name is Flexible Frederick and he fears the whispers in the daydreamers hallway, he never falls asleep in the cinema, he says it would make him an easy prey for the cannibals. The fat trees around the hippopotamus are now walking around, their voices echo in the skin of old jazz singers with amputated feet that bury the bloody daggers at midnight. By then General Grumpy is dragging a big dead chump of horizon, and this is highly irritating to Pauline, because she knows what lies beyond the horizon. The blind barbers get back into their tractor and they head off to the river, except for

Flexible Frederick, who is much too busy vomiting all over his dead sister's face. All in all, the situation in Iraq is very disturbing.

I had a dream that I was in the zoo and I saw an elephant walking in circles placing his big feet in the footprints that he left behind in the previous circle, he was obviously very bored and I walked away to call the cops but they told me that I was dreaming so I woke up and called again but they told me I was insane so I woke up from my insanity and I found out that I had just been born and years later I returned to the zoo and I saw a new younger elephant walking in the footprints that his father had left behind and I called the cops but they arrested the elephant so I went to prison to visit the elephant but he had hung himself on his trunk in his cold cell and I called the cops but they said I was dreaming so I woke up and I found myself in the zoo walking in the footprints of the elephant and I saw myself standing on the other side of the fence with a telephone, calling the cops

A huge gorilla playing old reggae songs together with an orchestra of pigs. All the pigs wear crazy hairstyle wigs and they smoke big fat joints which are all being rolled by a sad old lady. Two thousand children come down on parachutes, all singing the national anthem of Brazil. Several panda bears tap dancing on Rickie's bar while the stoned turtles with the sunglasses on play a slow down blues on the piano. A choir of grasshoppers in butler clothes dancing on the music that comes from the radio that one of the ten giraffes carries around. The giraffes are all trying to fix a date with Ferdinand, a very dry fish. Then comes Johnny, a famous frog who plays the tambourine really sweet while hopping around on the shoulders of the smiling dolphins that hum the old tunes of the Bible songs. Next on stage is a big fat cow with a guitar and she sings jolly blues songs. All the eagles are getting drunk on the tears of the sad horse, who just lost a game of chess. The winner, a lion, is now kissing with a lamb names Sally, in a little corner down the alley. Wilder beasts are under the tables, trying to steal the wallets out of the purses of the posh old grandmother dogs. Foxes in purple suits having highly important discussions about the shape of the hair of Cecilia the whale, a hooker from the outskirts of town. In the corner, as always, sits Patrick, a bear with a little cap and a pipe, he is a sailor, and everybody respects him. Needless to say, the joint is jumping in downtown Chicago

The corpse on the swing talks about the glorious feeling of vomiting in a crowded elevator The jokers sleeping on the stairway don't really hear him, but Nicole does. There is a burning dwarf stuck in her hair. ,The spiders will come for you, and eat you, if you don't close the

door, before they see you' she whispers in the ear of one of the sleeping jokers, who wakes up looking very confused. 'Here, light your cigarette with this burning dwarf, he will scream, but then you just slit his throat' she says, lighting one for herself. Just then Peter, Paul and Mary are all coming down the chimney, each one carrying a different picture of Albert Grossman's dick. And then in a dark piece of minute, a gloomy century within a second, a deep eternity within a shallow moment, God shall arise, and commit suicide, by eating a poisoned angel.

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dark soul Harry / friend of the infant gods / he will come round the bend / train a-whistling through cuckoo land / where angels dream of crying whales / in the hallway will be a crow / inside the mouse will be a universe / the horny Sagittarius / squirting poison all over his elbow / there will be parties in the cemetery chapel / you will organize your death / you will be dancing with broomsticks / playing on old pianos / celebrate the exploding diseases of Atlantis / exploding in the orchestra faces of crying baby girls / the sun will grow you in your skin and muscles / wintertime will be going 'squeak' in a musty grave / you shall want pictures taken of Willy and Dilly / you will discover the innocence of a table / evil dolphins / evil stairways / you will trip into a kingdom of holy loneliness / your silver Tim will be screaming at me / exploring your vastness of stupidity / whispering to capture the great nothing in a bottle / a million movie stars will drink the remains of your neglected parrot / in a shoe box / shivering from drool in the toilets / the rich peacocks will be forced to jump on the vampire groupie with her necktie / like a kid buried alive in a playground by other kids / in a cold universe / sweeping the thoughts together in richness of dignity / caress the veins of a bleeding male mermaid with eyes of liquid death watching like winter / Cold Lou is telling your humble hunchback about shiploads / depressed angels / a fat black woman carrying a dead mouse / showing it off / making love in a rabbit / to capture a nightmare in a glass / only deaf men will try to hear what you say / not hear the truck coming their way / getting some pigeons in the arms from Bison / Vivian is climbing Jeremy with a giraffe in her pocket / majestic thunder rising over the cold eyelids / out on a fleshy cucumber / the overture of a lifetime experience / orange leaves that reflect the sunlight / like mindful despair / incest magazines / more junkies will interrupt you every time you try anything new like a groovy tap dance blues or a shaky wacky chill in your left brain side / Jasper comes down and eats your apples / bloody ocean of merry singing popcorn tripping / wink your eye to the doctor / crippled giant / the evidence of a crime in public / fire in her apostle / there will be a

ceremonial doom of love / affection in a crazy moment of relevant uselessness / then more completely crazy memories of a funeral will come / don't avoid your words if the wind blows them back in your face after you've spoken them / whispers in the hallways of horror / from the moment the pope drowns you live under the name of Otto Karajan / you will dream of frequent luck / fire needs Oswald to demonstrate rapid vulnerability / that is just the view of a generous person who is not simplifying any holocaust and neither Odin but it is inevitably logical seen from the point of view of a green watering can / you shall write dark poetry to understand their jostling fantasy / Beethoven will say: 'Get a whale suit, I need to save my marriage!' / the long haired men with one eye / the direction of the wind will change each time you say TURN / in the museum the paintings will move only when you won't be looking at them / endlessly deep pockets / when everyone smells like jazz / rivers of speed / gallops like tango horses / take care of the dangerous lamb for it's vomit takes 20 pages to describe / drink tea with your brother in all gentleness / walk through paint in dreams of halls / you will notice the giant scorpion far inside them / newspaper dogs / Pretty Pam the bald blind hooker whose violin went berserk / darkened oceans will be in her eyes / drunk old woman shivers from happiness in the brain / she will cry little dewdrops through sunlight fresh / hammering guitars / pure talking into an eagle's eye / left behind alone talking into a grave / talking into a clock / the old dogs of the moon / scarlet blood streams in the magic winter when the sky trembles with the exact power to open the rotting grapefruit in case you be caught by dark old ghosts with candles of death lighting up the insides of smiling skulls / people talking like highways / words rolling in and out passed their cheeks / dark playboy dancing in late night star shine / you shall rise up from my grave and say: 'Hey stop talking all this nonsense!' / sad mirrored thoughts will be too important for you / in the crashing of a new world / like a child / in the land of highly expensive corpses / old women carried away by crying men in dark uniforms / good old pink haired vampires and green eyed mummies / laziness in the day of drunken sharks / swimming in silver blood / exploding movements in the magnetic smoke / the bebop angels / strange faces in the coral reef / getting some oral investigation in the eyes / truckloads full of tramps / Superman danger / two silver haired men in scarlet sweaters will call you by the wrong name and then offer you a scorpion sandwich / they are scared to death by the belly boys / they trampled the lilies in the yard of the hot church / the dead bird in the milkshake / great protest poems / numerous drunken burglars discover the insides of paranoid skulls / wind of grieve howls in his bones / horror poetry buildings of glue / the helpless cockroaches the voice that eats your cigarettes / everybody will freeze / more and more wise sailormen will be able to touch any sort of cold foreskin on a barbarian Monday / riding the

sick horse with a ghost all over you / bursting fruit shells / you will never pick on the childish soldiers if you haven't seen no hell / first you must close the opened eyes that saw hell for one second / you are scared to go to sleep for you might not wake up next morning / like a lost writer in a labyrinth of words / his condoms inside out over the skyway / embryo dealers with low prices will be sniffing cocaine in the casket of your mother / jellyfish dancing sweet and groovy / good old glass will be locked in your veins / the screams of eternity / your grandpa will be a big black beast spooking around in a deserted corridor / the pink scarecrow carries an umbrella / you will see for yourself if you don't believe it / starts to rain in the sewers then / she will know so very few things about herself for she will commit suicide at her birth / your plans of mental erection are deleted because of the clapping of sweaty hands for the brainless audiences / performing inevitable death in a theater of pogo stick men pretending to vomit in a gutter / shaggy de shaggy hardcore Betty / dealing camel nostrils and 'How The Hell?' buttons in dark alleys / you will cry in fear for the blood made on stars / you will see dead bodies in the trees / furious music / moaning moon men showing you these narrow alleys of owlwomen / real mothers crash through the policemen / complain the same idea across anyone's shoulder / digesting a hopeless pigeon / it will be unimaginable that in Mexico with you lots of fat people with extra blood never bleed / reasons to sleep on nail paint will become ever so clear / you will be forced to feed one of your dearest friends to the monster / there will be enough options in your collection of dearest friends / on behalf of the dollar / the ghost teeth and the two turtles / dead relatives fornicating on a sword / on the first night you sleep close to them / abandoned bathtubs / forever will you be holding the voluptuous vulture in these hands / being born out of stolen lettuce really hurts / a man with one of your feet in his mouth will not shoot a bullet through the grave / commits the grapefruit murders / you will touch your heart a little while / put your ear to it / hear people talk about your life / discussing it like it is an object / you are born in a key / keys can open doors / open doors can reveal emptiness / revealing emptiness is your life / Shackle The Tackle is your life too / he will stop eating his donut / Jacky Jingle jumps back into the fire with a grin / lonesome taxi drivers in empty parking lots with white skinned girls leaving on a boat / they are trying to forget the babies in the cradles that have been smothered by the big men in a cold evening moonlight / you will kiss angels on the clouds / ooh when it will crash out / then comes the fire in the rainbow / bodies in burning cars / poor Andy will always caress insects / people in the caskets on the ocean / trying to talk to each other in secret languages / smile sixteen year old virgin will dance free / sadly laughing elephant with black death in his eyes / screaming guitars of philosophy / you will jump into the mirror / you will take a leather umbrella / a scared man

shouting for help found in the shower with his finger stuck in a dead nun's mouth / the judges will run from the growing goat / photographs of cars that contain vampires / deafening sound in sunglasses / the lobsters eat oblivion with the hunchback / operates in the fishbowl forever then / you shall be partying with cruel shy creatures / cold cigarettes around you / the shadow of your brain / they will bring you their highway into the night / the cold assistance / flying on dead hookers / the fifth season will be introduced / the hyena will ask you which key / the whispering hookers now rolling the poison light into a guitar / the strangers that hide the harbor / a bearded caterpillar will drag out the sky / in the silent interview after the laughing music / paranoid pigs in a fast speed fishbowl / trying to control the air conditioning / the wounded kitten trying to look like swimming suits of the Cambodian Quarter / looks more like a drunken cheerleader sleeping in a coffin / the people all alone in the kiss / the yodelling face melting pig named Pete gets out / he is the kind of guy that opens the trunk / throws the coffin in a dark room / drowning in a blind barber who is wandering by the shoreline / leaving the poor cat alone by the side of the road / sleeping in a pink cage full of mice / a face that will look just like sad Bolivia / Henrietta likes Paula / she kills him and cuts open his body / taking out all the guts / refilling the body now with thirteen silver teddy bears / here in a terrible tuba accident / the deaf shepherd with your old blind monkey / walking down the harbour / the misty saliva oceans / the fat witch / the wise goldfish with the necktie / crazy arms will be smashing the paint / red swans will turn out in a golden waterfall where nymphs swim around naked / for here lies Blue Thom / getting squashed by two innocent bystanders / you will spend hours trying to vomit in a carrousel / masked bums wiped their noses deep underground / their visions of mountains / stand outstretched to watch for hidden destiny in the decades and decades to pass / still in the worlds and gardens in secret they will hide their eyes in deep children / Batty Old will play hide and seek of disbelief with homeless destiny / the timeless rain still weeping / the pureness of simple hours with full believe of heavy despair / in dark music that lives to no one / you shall walk on / through the shadows / afraid of any form of recognition by a person / into the corner / wondering what will happen if someone comes to see what is going on / we raised eyebrows and just strolled away / dead hands of the fishermen / the casket floats to the horizon / cockroach children / you will do anything even if only for the fun of confusing others / the taste of a skull / bible with earrings / your mother's mouth when she cries will be in your memory / August will lay down in her filthy heat / dream of deep advantage and of the magic sadness of God / gleaming eyes in the ripping hail / park your ego double sided / take a slight burp into your fresh corpse / heave up the sky and find yourself a new kind of laughter / you will know the garbage man / he was

there when they blew up that baby elephant in that book store / blind mermaids on laughing horses / they hand you a pamphlet about airplane instructions / everybody get your ocean! / there is a bomb in this child / move over to that side of the wing will you / here have some dynamite / watch out for that old woman crossing the sky / anybody seen my detonator / didn't I see you in that highly secret illegal bomb shop yesterday / then follow some headlines of newspapers / skyscraper walks away from city / poet farts while reading dangling poem about ignorance to The Queen / man found beating up a shoreline / no more money for the bums / policeman turns out to be spy from Jupiter / earthquake on the moon / moonlight on the earth / pedestrians increasingly unhappy about the prices of purple tangerines / nobody cares about anything at all / you will hand out dead rats on the highway / you will close your eyes and try to imagine you are not you / try to imagine you are not imagining / try to picture the flowers of dawn in the calm forest / you will open your eyes again and read on / your eyes / a quick hello / a quick farewell / to every word / a little gnome sitting on a growing head / counting the dead fish on the chessboard / one finger painted red / one painted innocent / one painted violin / they will ask you if you did write that certain poem / you will answer you did / they will say it sure seems deep to them / you will say it is not that deep / they will say the first word they read is the word ocean / you will see an ocean is deep and not the word / the people shall kiss the bullet holed face of your dear grandmother / kiss the remains of the lips of the presidents / the tear of a dolphin / the oven in Charley Patton / therefore the blood you shall drink / the barrel full of teeth / escape from the trampled insects / the guitar / fooling yourself by ignoring the mind in the mirror / a thousand nightmares / first you must build a new Chinese wall / the cannibal children / you will not know how to eat / your girl will be only a nightmare but soon you shall wake up / plastic faces burn in the fire / streaming from the skull / sucked into the caskets of love / the silver sky makes you all sentimental / nobody escapes from the underground prison / strangers with dark mystery hidden deep in a question / children be born in the resin of the trees / angel queen turns back the forbidden page / the orange kingdoms on the clouds / the armies of giant birds / the sad business men / they sit down not afraid to be seen talking to their own knees / suicidal girls up in the broken strings / the warm sorrow of grandfathers in green airplanes / the swamp highways / you must keep chewing on your bleeding snail after you have been talking to the undertaker / the hooked nose on his face made you shiver / you have been to the factories to count the rotten chairs / nobody found you because nobody was searching for you / you write a poem to your girl / dear girl / all my love for you has been in the outskirts of boredom for a long time / there is no more gentleness in your face and no more depth in your eyes / you are hollow and filthy and

you need a shave / go get a hamburger or a donut next time you buried someone / cold mother / she will come for you when you are hanging out with your friends / they shall laugh at you and bully you for having such a cold mother / you in return shall destroy hamburgers / they shall never laugh at you again for they know you are not joking at all / they know you are serious about your mother and her temperature / then comes the distant eruption of a stoned girl / she is coming your way / her eyes seem liquid / her skull seems bigger than before / maybe she is pregnant in her head / probably just sick and dying / like a wounded kitten in a room full of mice / like a yodelling swimmer heading for the waterfall / like a singing corpse on the swing / like a regretful god in a lonesome heaven / like a fireman in a tree that can't get out after trying to save a cat / you shall count the faces of the screaming children in the oven / the lips of the bleeding presidents in the meat grinder / the teeth of the starved babies in the forgotten cradles / the painting of soft landscapes on the wall in the cold hotel room / seaweed collected by the giraffe apostles / if the world were Audience / you were Stage / your sadness was Performer / soft sniggering in the closet / screaming dogs / everyone laughing in panic / the wounded monk with his cocaine crucifix / he knows you need him / he will take advantage of your need for him / at first he will tell about the lonesome violin / then he will try to convince you of peace / you must feed him more insects / then ask him for his name / he will tell you he never had a name / you will thereby name him Volume / his dark eyed woman you will name Curiosity / the faces that will pop from your two thousand dollar sandwich toaster you will call People / the living creatures in the armpits of the monk you will call Animals / then there will be a darkness and the light that returns after the darkness you will call Sunday / the wounded monk shall repeat your words / he will bother you with complicated questions about pointless points / you must check his smell when he is scratching his knee / it will smell like your childhood / meanwhile the computer is running like the engine of a car / silent ladies beside you / crazy eyed beggars try to convince you of deep thinking / the candlelight flickers in the pink grave of your lovely butcher / the dead angel in the refrigerator / the lightning in the eyes of a beautiful girl / you are now in a naked universe / red faced porn actors dealing tears in the silver basement / hopeless tourists lost in the labyrinth / skyscrapers on the ocean / empty ships on the desert / everything will be sinking deep below your mind / faces on the apples / the dying king / the dancing woman with the Armenian composer / spreading fish all over the highway / this drunken woman aged about 104 will try to tell you that you are not yourself / she says she has been to the graveyard where all the graves are empty / you must write letters to yourself in cold hours / picking up the pieces of the shattered guitar / operating on the body of a yodeling priest / a school instructor will be trying to get his moustache in

right position / he will organize a funeral for his nose / the smoke is getting closer by then / the computer is still zooming in your ears / left handed astronauts pick up the nickels from the hot soil / your best friend is hiding under his own fingernail / the burglar in his forehead might never wake up again / the Titanic sails on the water in your bathtub / you play with your dead caterpillar / you will name him Frankie / Frankie talks to trashcans / the trashcans never answer / they cannot do anything / they are not alive / people all lonely in a second kiss / the cannibal eating his way out of the orgy / temples on the mountains / rituals in the treetops / ultraviolet light from the tip of your finger / you beam it into a breathing bystander / the sun explodes / you finish your breakfast / get into a car / existence will be in search of you / it will find you in a coffin / there it will explain to you that words are just like people / pay attention and you will understand them / love them or don't love them / forget them or don't forget them / stadiums full of crying people / gangs roam the streets in the headlights of the cars / inside the cars are pedophile teenagers / they need their regular dose of oil / oozing mirrors in the hair of your nymph / old books set fire to by sexually harassed women / trumpets blazing like calm pink fire in the heart of a lonely man / you are bound to be alone in the horror show of maniacs / the multiple faced alien sneezes / the elephant man is peeking through your keyhole / his name is not Paul / the shivering girl in your shower talks French in a kind of backwards way / footsteps in the attic / shuffling feet down the stairs / howling wind in your chamber / moonlight on the wallpaper / silhouettes of hunchbacks in the doorway / the bald assassin calls you by the wrong name / you destroy him / he reincarnates into a doormat / you wipe your feet / he screams / dinosaurs roam the landscapes / the ancient wind howls in their bones / the sleeping puppeteer with his zooming mouth / he is just pretending to sleep for he doesn't want to talk to you after what you have done to him / he will never forgive you / if you ever eat this donut again he will personally intoxicate your dog and feed it to the pigeons / after that he will fall asleep again / there will be no more candles / the rotting body of an old man on the stairs / his grey hair combed backwards / his eyes popped out of his skull / a Spanish virgin is touching his forehead / he doesn't get up / she takes his hand but it breaks off / there is a knock on the door / you open the door and the entire world population comes inside / they give you their presents and they start boozing / you don't drink alcohol so you squirt some real ink into your arm / hopeless fathers whispering nightmares into each other's heads in the alleyways / the cold moon smiles ever so green / in these bags you will carry out the poisoned cats / your boss wants them separated / you must eat them / you can only use one toothbrush / your teeth have left you / your girl has fled you / all there is to do for now is become a poisoned cat yourself / instead of eating yourself you listen to some real flashy Bix

Beiderbecke records / you talk like an opera singer when you breathe / your friends make fun of you because you wear a wig / it makes you look like yourself / it is pointless / resentful as you are you take off the wig / you give it to the laughing bus driver / a parade of monsters in the rear mirror window / off to the porn funeral you will be / making love to your cross eyed princess / draft in your brain / pianos on the junkyards / cats play strange songs by walking on the keys / your capsule snaps and the black poison runs from your ears / you panic and scream / nobody knows who you are and therefore they ignore you / all the blood you ever saw now comes out of your own body / chains drag through the politicians / the thick blood with the dictator all over the floor / you rape his breakfast / madam Nig is made of biscuits / her aunt doesn't sleep on a pillow / it's biohazard time in her stomach / she has to take care of her own unsolved problems / she doesn't seem to care anyway / Georgy Alpha is underestimated / the red light district is not among your dear kookaburras anymore / they are well pleased with the ham sandwich / John Woo is skateboarding in the alley / you don't like the fact that it is common to tie strong tape around little puppies / you roll elbows down the street / bank account numbers will be tattooed all over your eyebrows / heaven will be inside your head / the mayor will have a sanitary stop at the graveyard / he will pee all over your ancestors graves / balloons in the brain of merciless cockroaches / mister Sirro will like you / peanut butter on his belly button / his head in the shape of an orchestra / his mind in the shape of a conductor / you in the shape of Moscow / everything in the shape of Nancy / she licks the ink from the buildings / some people might get sexually harassed by little green plastic bags / this is not real / neither is it plastic / therefore you shall insert a new kind of poison into the sky / you will use calculators to wipe your ass / your fingers will be like people in a rollercoaster / pizzas will be smuggled into your German friend / he will never allow himself to eat these pizzas / the betrayers of the playground slide know the secrets of the tunnel / all people yawn at once / in the eyeball library there are no pumas / there shall be war in your veins / the toothpaste desert is calm then / the swamp in your brain / madam Barber Bra has cheeks made of money / the moon frogs are all in the salad / the invisible window of boredom is in front of your eyes / deep down in the wishing well hides a crying boy now / panic caused by the dildo / twins of coincidence / baptized in the vaginal liquids of the mother of God / your farts feel like needles inside you / you live on your ceiling / the floor of the widows is now being cleaned by the widows themselves / the mockingbird can leave now / Rob fears his own legs / he cannot stand to see them / you cannot see Chantal though you wish you could / the adrenaline is like a tornado in your body / opened doors invite you into cruel conspiracies / there will be a law saying there is more honour in a joke about the death penalty than in a scar

on your mind / distant friends in rocks and wine / the tsunamis in their eyes drown you / fire inside your little teeth / the bathroom explodes into infinity / the precious car is more yellow than before / the swamp of brains is easy to walk on though the slime and flesh sometimes flips up between your toes / after travelling in this swamp for days you find a universe in your belly button / magazines on prehistoric pornography are not for sale any longer / at least not in a pink atmosphere / stained by hunger the child hunter will aim for the deer / you will read ten books on sex with a broomstick / you will collect the instructions of pickles / you will play soccer with an old man's head / the breath on your skin is melting the insides of the orgasm / all frozen corpses come to you / only innocence can save the world / only the world can save innocence / there are no more corks in your brother / no more dancing on nails / the sweat on your jewellery is made of kingdom / chromatic hands moving within your lungs / hypnotists invade your bedroom / a little newborn monster sleeping on your table / deodorant in your hemisphere / oceans on the top of your head / nuclear Mozart eating your rock and roll / dark jazz in smooth candlelight / hideous brick masons introduce you into horrible hippopotamus connections / song ends halfway / there is a big fat pope in your closet / dripping rain / the orange orphan playing the velvet satin trumpet / the black devil child / the ghost of time munching away on his own insides / calm heat of memory / the dark flames of music warm the little villages of your mind / deep miracles of bliss / shattered farts from the eyes of blind dinosaurs / thick black gore from extreme fingernails that scratch open on dirty wounds / erupts into goose bumps like little frogs that you squeeze and squash between the hot nails on your hands / the venomous sperm in your daughter's mouth / now the doctor woman with the velvet gloves / she knows who you love / magic mushroom cheese for you to fart all over / crawls into your brain like a dead body crawls into the grave / in the pancake hides a moron / his name is Ooh / haircut gringos on bebop Skippy balls / you will understand that hope turns out meaningless if doubt is more powerful / the little brother of a friend of a friend of you greets his dying father in deep soulful regret / children thrown all over Yugoslavia in alphabetical order / the narrator swallows the jungle / his cat is in the oven / mistaken for a pizza / the pizza is on the window sill / staring at the nuclear mice / sexy spaghetti comes out of the eyes of the cocaine elephants / the sad scarecrow is weeping in the closet under the stairs / the voluptuous corpses are very expensive / the friendly undertaker invites you into his office / in there he will play a record of rollercoaster jazz / therefore nobody will survive unless the maniacs come / great Belgian difference in your mother / you must go out at night and travel the meadows / bring back the colors of the earliest morning rainbow / bring back the smell of an old wooden piano / bring back the wool of the oldest sheep / one tear of the

saddest giant / bring yourself to the uncertainty in the faces of the people / referring death into sadness and sadness into life / gangster walrus smoking a cigar holding a machine gun / inside him are deep feelings of terror and helplessness / his sandwiches cause intoxicating hangovers / there are scorpions scuttling towards your sleeping dog / policemen are trying to make love to each other / world inventions will be made in quiet elevators / inside all elevators are a rhino and a man / the man looks like a rhino / the rhino looks like a man / no silver season coming over the mountains anymore / it's all hopeless now that the one eyed shepherd has left the building / a deep blue June is in the sky / August is lying asleep on the clouds / September is having a drink on the veranda / dishwashers full of blood are parading down the alleyway on a cold Wednesday evening / you are only someone and it matters not who / pink pizzas is all that matters now / spiders stream straight into your soft skin / in the musty bathtub / in the empty factory hall / in the howling night time / surrounded by insane policemen you run for your life / into a coffee bar / you order one pale virgin hammer coffee / you pay and make your way out again / all the insane policemen have turned to vampires with yellow teeth and black lips and purple tongues now / they cannot see you for you are not there / you are here / in my story / reading about a turtle wearing glasses calling you by your secret name / you will be full of pointless opinion / you are a naked version of innocence and yet so familiar and full of darkness / you will tell people things about themselves they never knew before / your girlfriend playing sad songs on the old German piano / where the people's faces are mirrors / they will trumpet and fiddle your sadness all into misery / they will strike your misery all into pure home / great crystal clouds in the classroom sky / what horrible things might be going on inside these folks? / nothing more strange than the sound of a clown eating his own eyebrows / unless the maniacs come soon you must die / slow down laughter coming from your right ear / into your brain it gets sucked / a magic rope rising into the mind of a God / then the great Skippy ball attack / everything is colourful and rising like rainbows in the mornings of childhood cartoons / oh god bless the crazy flowers swaying and zooming in the warm winds of wailing summer / female lizards in gala dresses / people try to look like themselves but it isn't any good / reading glossy magazines about slick celebrities / your computer screen is all ugly and tortured with poetry / your body feels like a river which streams in circles / driftwood on the gentle waves / attacked by intoxicated dogs / you keep on hitting the pale faces / it's all about that good old sentiment / reaction / it's all about the way you see the seconds that you fail to spend / it's all about that good old melancholy / those big realizations of reality / on the white window sill will appear a white raven / descended from heaven with in it's mouth a black flower / meanwhile your family on toilets tripping in their

drugs worlds / drunken girls whisper in your ear with lips splashing and dangling like the insides of a bishop / you know that one look in one direction might cause one thought to create one idea which is to write down one sentence one time which is this sentence / you wonder what on earth ever happened to Peter Andre / you will find out he is a farmer now in Africa / his mouth is like water / you know nothing / dark jazz impulses the first victim of vomit in eyes / Fritz at the public execution / ostriches named Ben Berry / strange ghosts whisper into your bedtime / you can only wait for the next time / someone walking on a field of landmines / Thom has just got the blues / he plays the piano on the funeral of the clown / he tells you to never release a human into a room full of strangers / you will wake up pale boys stoned in the closet / psycho driven Whoopee Goldberg the flesh maniac / pan flute hero with long blonde venom streaming from his head / Jim Carrey the Zodiac / Nancy Lipless the Virgin Whore / Wet Willy with his overalls made of snake skin / offers you a silver cigarette / you carefully place a bullet in his forehead / he thanks you for that / everybody's face is now a mirror / everybody looks like each other / your hair will feel like microscopic TV-sets rolling down your skull / your eyebrows will be like Budapest on a rainy morning / naked guitars / gypsy girls eating peaches on the veranda by the riverside / unless everybody in the world will tell you what their personal opinion about you is you will be forced to bomb Liechtenstein with slapstick videos / after the great political parachute frenzy everybody will say they feel like Oprah Winfrey high on fat frogs / the orange news reporter will not like you / there will be a pure home in your skull / 3769 people will get killed in a car crash on 10th Avenue / a drunken cow will be found singing the hobo's blues in the alley / it's all just a fair deal of the fat old cheetah / pianos burp and trumpets fart / you inject the song into your heart / you will see a helpless blind beggar asking for directions to all the people in the street / everybody ignores him except for a little girl who is really sweet and nice for this poor blind man / she takes him to her house and feeds him to her anaconda / you know she has seen the peacock fly / she can smell the skulls in the music / saxophones on the barbecue / books in the toilet bowl / cucumbers in the bathtub / hip hop cowboys with silver pistols riding on the yellow horses / changing hearts inside the remaining bodies / cars in the swimming pool / the singer will be having breakfast / he will tell you to not disturb T.S. Elliot in his rest / do not disturb his eyes / you will rape his eyes when he sees you / your neighbour John is a corrupt monk with eyebrows like the Amazon / you hate him and you want him dead / you kill him / he kills you / the score is even / you open your eyes and you will start all over again / you are foolish / listen to Harry / he has got a dark soul / it might help you / dark soul Harry / he looks like a forehead / he knows the impossible realizations / he will teach you that cruelty is horrible / not

the word / the word is just some letters put together / letters are just little shapes / little shapes
are just things you can see / things you can see are just objects / objects are foolish / they
mean nothing / death / life / just words / words mean nothing / unless you read them in the
right way / the right way is just to fantasize / to fantasize is just to realize the impossible / talk
to Harry / he will tell you all about it / if he isn't there you ask for Dr. Phil / he's got a dark
soul too