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Member Since: 4/7/2006
Band Website: magne-f.net
Band Members:
Influences: www.paulstolper.com (art website)
Record Label: Passionfruit
Type of Label: Indie

past perfect future...
magne f
stream failed

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past perfect future tense

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Magne F "Past Perfect Future Tense" Video



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Thursday, April 20, 2006

flatulotoria (the slightly less self-important version)

don't make it any worse
than it was

by pretending it was less
than what it seemed

oh, to hear the silence inbetween!

we struggle to sit upright
for the obvious reason;
we're too full of beans

wind is almost always
never only sound
but olfactoriously unclean

and the harder we push
the wider the gap
from whence it comes a-tunnelin

9:22 PM

transitoria

don't make it less
than it was

by pretending it was more
than what it seemed

can't you just forget
the things that could have been?

we struggle to recall
what to have said and what it means

for things are almost always
never only this
but also all things inbetween

and the deeper we dig
the deeper the hole to be buried in

8:04 PM

Saturday, April 08, 2006

magne f in quotes

Past Perfect Future Tense quotes from interviews with magne f

"I've been too many people in my life to defend old versions of myself"

"I don't think I have always been very good at making my point - showing off and pretending to be control, while all the time deep inside this emotionally uptight person has been bursting to be let out"

"When I look back, I see a stupid version of myself rushing towards me"

"My thoughts on fame? ...eh, the jury's still out on that one"

"You learn to travel with luggage - what you have in there is not necessarily the most important thing - where you go next is."

"get over yourself"

"I have suffered for my art - now it's the listeners' turn"

"For the first time I felt the urge to sing my own songs. It just had to do with the fact that these lyrics were personal in a way that I could not get around."

"Sometimes something comes along that just leads you somewhere you did not expect to go and you have very little or no control over it - disasters come wrapped up as gifts, and gifts come disguised as disasters."

"Being labeled uncool only hurts when you're desperate to be cool"

"All the lyrics on this album are written to have a certain ruin-value."

"I find imposing limitations on myself creatively liberating."

"...asked along with other artists to decorate these xmas trees at the central train station, I just did it in the simplest way possible - the artist-fee was NOK 14.000 (roughly 1200). I used the fee itself as decoration. We made some really quite beautiful origami-ornaments from the money itself and hung it out in public. It caused more controversy than I had expected. I thought it reminded me of Xmas in NY"

"My biggest fear is getting good at what I do, and falling asleep at the wheel, I am more interested in the things I don't know how to do"

"I will vote for whichever party that makes 28-hour-days their main political objective"

"You can spend all day making the finest sandcastle in the world, but the real thrill is in pounding it to pulp at sunset"

"I have quite a knack for confusing people."

"I am way too serious to not have a really great sense of humour"

"I've spent a good portion of my life in hotels and hospitals - less than some and more than most, and I can honestly say that I would not be without any of it."

"What does being Norwegian mean to you? having to spell my stupid name at every hotel check-in counter in the world."

"I like the fact that I can be at the piano singing a sincerely sad song, with a projection that reads 'I take myself too seriously' hanging over my head. This kind of doublebind info is not great when raising kids, but a necessity in how I approach my own work"

1:57 AM

Past Perfect Future Tense

A bomb is a bomb even if it does not detonate. A pain in the chest is a nuisance even when a doctor tells you that you're ok. So is a pain in the arse, only it feels different. A week is just a week, a month a month, a year is a fucking landscape, and a record is just a record - although that's enough sometimes.

Meanwhile, other things go on in your life and it's hard to find the time to care about things that are not directly in front of you. So you start listening to music that makes no difference to you whatsoever, and then wonder why it stopped being important in your life. Easy does it makes the day go by, painfully close to home just drives you further off away.

I'm not going to make excuses, I'm sorry!

It's like people get offended if you are unapologetic about your flaws - as if you're tripping THEM up at the same time; damn you, a**hole, I was doin' ok there... Breaking expectations has a price - freedom is rarely given but must be taken. Ask anyone who knows. People either do not know what to make of something, or poke holes in it in irritation. Ignore it and it will go away. Trust me, I know nothing.

Some points are strengthened by being made over and over. I believe this.

Some points are strengthened by being made over and over. I don't know if any of it is important, and I don't care if it is any good, but at least it's not trying to hide anything - it's not trying to score points. I'm proud of that much.

1:52 AM

Tuesday, April 25, 2006

blog and blurb = bog and burp...(a book rec. of sorts)

Whaddaya know...years of wallowing in condensed frustration, rolled into a ball of confused soloism - serious mentalfluid hyperleakage at the risk of alienating everyone who thought they knew and liked you, crowned by a tour of public self-flagellation, and then; ONE friggin fart-joke, and you're back to square 1! Let one slip and that's what'll go down in the annals (steady, punsters!) of time... Jeez, I should've known - I've been there. And art only an f away...

Well, anything that brightens your day, I guess. Except to me it works more like this: Spend enough time caught in the (self-inflicted) glare of the headlights and your instincts start to go haywire. I perfectly understand the rabbit; sometimes not moving can seem the only move. We all know it isn't, but aargh - the choices, the choices...

Life's a fucken supermarket of things you need, just when you think you don't. Remember: The headline is 'man bites dog', not 'dog bites man'. I have been known to stick my neck out once or twice, and I won't be surprised if I do it again, but these periods are invariably followed by the slowburning acid of self-scrutiny and maudlin moments of doubt...why are the stairs up from the basement getting longer each time?

And why is breathing so damn hard to master?

My family respects hibernation - I'm a lucky hedgehog.

All part of who you are, you say? Goes to show; you simply cannot be too careful with your choice of parents, folks.

In this tunnel I call my own, books inhabit a particularly sunny place... That's why I have been brazen enough to make recommendations in the past (the perversely inclined among you can look for them on the well structured site that is magne-f.net). Actually forget everything I just wrote, this was to be a book recommendation. Be warned that in my neck of the pine-forest, fighting fire with fire is the only way to conquer flagrancy, so don't expect any less than a achingly tormenting read: The Kite Runner, by Khaled Hosseini. Honesty. Nothing is crueler.

12:21 PM

Wednesday, April 26, 2006

making friends was never easier

watch it grow, she said...and it grew

making art is a lot like not paying your bills; you know they are there, you just choose to postpone the reality of it. ergo, not making art is a little like paying MY bills, and you wouldn't want that, so get working!

I now officially have more than 300 friends in here - and here was me downsizing the department; not returning calls, generally being rude or unresponsive, making inappropriate and/or unintelligible comments to everyone - and it was working too!

I'm not sure I really understand what friendship is anymore, but given an option I know I wouldn't want to be no friend of mine.

have y'all seen 'fearless freaks' - the flaming lips movie..? I was given a bollocking by the coolpolice for nursing a rather indifferent attitude to this band (I knew it was a band I was almost programmed to like, and sure, superman was a nice song....but even back on the soft bulletin, I could not help feeling a little too tested and tried by these guys...and then the yoshimi thing - I was cowardly nodding along with my cool friends, but secretly I was waiting for the band to reveal themselves as the phoneyes they were. I hate being right, but even more I hate being wrong - and most of all I hate having it pointed out to me. anyway, ff is a genuinely touching movie, and the band comes off as people just doing their thing and not worrying about how to make the corny shit that invariably happens in life look cool. if I were you I'd go see it. if you were me you'd already have seen it.

oh, well spring is here, summer and all - and already I am longing for the fall more words to the wise:

your mind is wasted

on your friends

and you know it to death

my poker-faced passion
your deadpan ecstasy

your straight-laced subversion
of our uncommonly common fantasy

flawless imperfection
troubled carelessness

the truth we cover up
the lies that we confess

5:48

Tuesday, May 09, 2006

the square root of I is I

everyone in the world is a friend
you just don't want to know

everyone else says; come again
you just let me go

everyone is everywhere
you are nowhere to be found

but you're the smartest of the lot
for I would only let you down

2:03 AM

Sunday, May 07, 2006

a dot of blackness in the blue of your bliss (...song in progress)

the cracked sandy surface of your tiled kitchen floor
a dry desert plain that begs for more
than casual conversation

the brown grassy hills of your wall-to-wall
the fake ancient war-chest beating out in the hall
and the prophetic words in the library all
speak of isolation

in the white pregnant layers of linen clouds
you're hiding deep in their womb-like shroud
each still-born morning seems extremely loud
designed to smash your face in

always forever but never like this
there's a dot of blackness in the blue of your bliss

1:19 PM

thoughts for food - will eat

I love finishing work. But is work ever really finished?

What I think I mean is that I love the feeling of being exhausted by work, and just having to say stop. The fact that each new thing we do is built on the mental ruins of all work preceding it, and a pre-requisite for all the work following it, doesn't always have to make you dizzy - it just means this: Do all you can do, and accept it when the limitations shows up. Easier said than done, you don't have to tell me. It's kind of like a drug or alcohol rehab program: One day at a time. This is what we must try to do as artists; take one day at a time. The alternative is the road to despair (and there is already enough of that on the fringes of one's mind anyway). Limitations are road-signs...not the velvet rope of some VIP-section in your mind where you cannot go. And anyway, they are never in the same place when you come back to them again. Forget a name? Try not to remember it. Oldest trick in the book.

I had promised myself that I would not ramble on... and how gloriously I fail.

I promised that I would not fall into the trap of producing pseudo-intellectual unintelligible bullshit designed to make myself look more thoughtful and deliberate than I really am - and not write self-important stuff that makes no sense, but still appear smart and eccentric enough to scare off criticism for everyone else's fear of feeling stupid for not 'getting' the point. What point? There is no point. Maybe that is the point in itself. How much crap can come from this mouth/head of mine? It's amazing. But then, crap is not all bad...is it? Without crap, how do we know what is the oppsite of crap? At least I will knowingly be the architect of my own demise into crapdom, and this is not a small thing in itself.

Rules of the day:

1. Make something. Look at it and think about it
2. Be happy or disappointed with it. Let it show or make excuses if need be
3. Appear smart. Expose this position as fake. Don't worry about anyone else seeing through you - enjoy the charade
4. If you miss a point anyone else makes, ask again - only smart people dare to be stupid
5. Never trust rules

...All the above is from an (earlier) interview with a New York based art critic that never got finished, so I am redirecting my thoughts. Hah - you had your chance, Mr Oz!

I was doing a bit of mental housecleaning and accidentally stumbled over a pile of them.

They're a little like pets, thoughts; you need someone to look after them while you're gone.

Not that anyone else necessarily wants them. I know I'm not taking them back!!

They seem so, so...I dunno - maybe I have developed an allergy to my own personality.

It's like a badly housetrained bat or something, shitting all over the ceiling and scaring up the neighbors.

12:21 PM

Monday, May 15, 2006

all we are saying...is give codpiece a chance (finally something useful!)

The dish is called ' Black Cod with Miso '. Black Cod is a type of fish, which isn't actually cod - you might know the fish by the name ' Sablefish '. For two people you need;

240grams of 'Black Cod'
200mls of Japanese Saki
200mls of Mirin
600gms of White Miso paste
300gms of granulated sugar

Put the Saki and Mirin in a pan, bring to the boil and let the alcohol evaporate. At a low heat add the Miso - a little at a time. Turn the heat back up, and add the sugar in 3 or 4 lots. Stir until dissolved making sure it doesn't burn and allow to cool to room temperature. (this miso sauce will be the marinade and the serving sauce)

Cover the Black Cod pieces in this sauce for 2 to 3 days. Grill the pieces skin side up, remove from grill and take out bones. Put back under the grill, flesh side up until brown/blackened.

Serve with some of the remaining miso sauce mixed with a little Yuzu or lime juice.

Please be advised that I did in fact not compose this literary masterpiece, but simply stole and copy/pasted it here - under the guise of everyone's write to borrow ideas from each other. No doubt I will, at some point, be sued for copyright infringement by the poet in question, but in the meantime I will enjoy immensely the thought of the many souls fed by these wonderful words..

9:36 PM

Monday, May 22, 2006

timid is the new proud

there is stuff brewing in the kitchen, but is it any good?
new dishes based on old recipes, discovering new ingredients
I am not talking food here

our boy george made me want to do it again
hey g - funny how life turns, huh?
remember how you listened to the wichita lineman over and over and then...
poof! you're in london, on your way to great things
best of luck sonny-boy, don't forget us
;-)

back in the studio, alone
(miss you already g, which preamp was that you used with the SM7 again?)
finger's find ways into usual constellations, then forced to explore new - no, no, no, no, YES!
that elusive magic of something you don't quite know what is yet is...well, yeah, elusive
pain shared is double the joy, they say?

who am I to attempt to describe this
what the hell do I know
that everyone does not already know?
- the best archeologists have all gone home

stop pissing and moaning
just put music to it

share it with your friends - they'll appreciate it, or pretend
that's what friends are for

easy things made complicated (my speciality)
difficult things made worse

this week I will
tomorrow is too soon, if today's not too late
all I wanted to ask is whether I can trust you with it if I do
well, can I?

or am I just wasting your time

11:35 PM

man of the cloth

I am a man of the cloth
and not reporter

my ambition always book,
not paper

but all that we make
for heavens sake

a tribute to exactly what?!

after all,
we are of flesh and blood
not vapour

but memory
is flame to moth

and whereas you are made
of sky and rain

this world is ink
and I'm a man of paper

8:25 PM

Tuesday, May 23, 2006

undo undone

I have now learned to remove parts too! (as the surgeon said to the pasient)
it happened by accident, but hey, can't make an omelette without...and so forth
last blog not poetry but regarding music in progress, as some correctly assumed
after all, music is the reason we are all here, innit?

wordclusteroftheday:
itsalittlelatetob
ecarefulwhensom
ethingisbrokenit
'sjusttoomuchtoask
withthewordsalre
adyspoken

7:30 PM

Sunday, May 28, 2006

potato eaters

to the untrained eye

these words
mean only what they say

and that is all they mean

to the uninitiated

yesterday is made up mostly
from the remnants of today

to the unprepared

there is no sense in anything
and no connections anywhere

but to the keener ear, the sharper wit
the faster, better, brighter mind
(and yeah, it is a trained response)

these are the roadsigns
leading back to where we were

where we were once

12:56 AM

with a side-order of fries

you didn't know
you were swimming with sharks
did you?

you had no idea even

that this was out to sea
many miles from shore

you did not see
fins closing in

with the afternoon light fading

you had no clue they were sharks
- did you

their silent glide
masking the seriousness
of their purpose

full of faith
in the nobility of your own

you never thought that
keeping my limp body afloat
would put you in harms way

but I am leaking

and their sense of smell
is legend

12:58 AM

Monday, May 29, 2006

new song

For you, oh loyal myspace friends
Is it a demo, is it a track in the making, is it a finished masterpiece..?
Who cares , it's music.

Since you've already had the lyric a little while now, and some of you have been second-guessing
the melodious implications, this seemed the best track to bonus out your way.
Rough and ready....eh, like you like it.

I didn't know this would end up being on a new solo record until quite recently, but then i did not know
I was making another one until just recently. Hope you like, there's more where that came from.
Happy holidays from George (co-prodger), Jonny (bass), Frode (drums) and;

yours truly - hard in all the wrong places
magne f
1:15 AM - 32 Comments - 46 Kudos -

Lyrics for "a dot of blackness in the blue"

the cracked sandy surface of your tiled kitchen floor
a dry desert plain that begs for more
than casual conversation

the brown grassy hills of your wall-to-wall
the fake ancient war-chest beating out in the hall
and the prophetic words in the library all
speak of isolation

in the white pregnant layers of linen clouds
you're hiding deep in their womb-like shroud

each still-born morning seems extremely loud
designed to smash your face in

always forever but never like this
theres a dot of blackness in the blue of your bliss

Monday, May 29, 2006

you say poetato I say potryto

no correlation between originally mentioned carbohydrates and the words below them,
I'm afraid - merely a result of stupid sense of humour coupled with little sleep and a serious caffeine OD.
Potato just sounds so much more forgiving and nutritious a word..

Naturally I was curious as to your comments about 'black and blue' demo, but you all know what I like now: undiluted praise. Thank you all, as the man says (again and again) I have recorded 4 or 5 more tracks, but they don't necessarily all point in the same direction... maybe if I feel brave I'll give you sneak-peek later.

11:43 PM

Friday, June 09, 2006

th eless aid them ore imp lied?

adopt to that adapt to that adopt to that adapt to this:

85 percent of the cells in your body was not there 5 years ago...and still you feel the same
wonder why?

well, they say it is all in the nervous system; apparently the nerve cells do not regenerate.

I find it a comforting thought all the same; certainly for anyone with an amassed amount of broken parts
there is something very appealing about the idea that such a large portion of you is renewable!

try to apply the same to thoughts... "85 percent of the things on your mind was not there 5 years ago"
nope. doesn't work so well, does it..

nerve cells, I guess - damn, those guys just never forget.

contamination poem

my body is poisoned
by the presence of you

the presence of you in my veins

the cells in my body
have been told what to do

to rid me of your remains

there is a vaccine,
there are simple cures

but cultures unstable
the outcome not sure

my bodys polluted
by the memory of us

and the symptoms
are showing through

12:53 AM

[magne f](#)



oh, blow me
stop with the wimpering already
fm

Posted by [magne f](#) on Friday, June 09, 2006 at 2:02 AM
[\[Reply to this\]](#)

Sunday, June 11, 2006

makes me wonder if I'm really as happy as I think I am

I like that line
I will steal that line
and give it back to you as mine

12:23 AM

your eyes were green

and I'd pay
anything to see
what they have seen

your green eyes were brown

and I've been looking ever since
in every face on every street
in every town

your big brown eyes were blue

which makes it that much harder
to go on
and finally let go of you

within their gaze
a saving grace
for they have made me realize
theres nothing
that can match your rainbow smile

exept perhaps
your pale blue
brown and greenish
yellow eyes

12:26 AM

my southbound mouth

& my hands upon your slender hips
you, my tongue-tied friend
& your tender north-star lips
me, my flatbush family
this withered family-tree
you and your up-state relations
of nobler ancestry
your forest-fire fuzz-box
my scorched fingertips
like tired wanderers
returning home

12:30 AM

beyond the tilled plain, beyond the toy roofs

not that I did
but I would have done

not that I did then,
but I do now
when it is done

not that I would want to
but I could
with what I know

not that this was easy
but I would have let it go
had I known

if we had known from the outset
the cities we would build
the cultures we'd inspire...
the flames that we would fan

the greater plan of it

I swear King Charles words be true:
no coward shall set foot here in this castle, no coward such as you!

oh, but you took my arm so resolutely
knowing I was too lutheran to ever make that move
life through mountain-shades in this urban setting;
wooden conversation in concrete & glass surroundings
almost like a fable; the car and the dog
and the sun and the shade and the wet and the weak

and the strong and the stone
and inbetween these moments
apart in beds of steel-like sheets
we both hear trickles of shy life murmuring
the same soft song: with you gone, this city is a machine spun of dreams but no longer a spinning dream
machine

12:34 AM

if you're gonna quote yourself - f*ing get it right!**

how will I love myself
if not deeply

how do I sell myself
if not cheaply

how will I know myself
if need be

and how to convince myself
completely

1:23 PM

a gleam in the gloom

books I forgot to remember...eh, recommend:
(some lines among many more making them worth your time;)

Bend Sinister:

"A face, a phrase, a landscape, an air bubble from the past suddenly floating up as if released by the head warden's child from a cell in the brain while the mind is at work on some totally different matter..."

Shadow of the wind:

"Life has enough torturers as it is, without you going around moonlighting as a Grand Inquisitor against yourself"

Everything is Illuminated:

"Everything is the way it is because everything was the way it was"

The family way

"...the sweet and sour pang of a road not taken"

Fortress of Solitude

"Sarcasm as something you practice like karate. Later concealing your mute fury when nobody fed you the opening lines."

and another one from this book:

"Voices in memory you can't name, rich with unresolved yearning: a song you once leaned toward for an instant on the radio before finding it mawkish, embarrassing, overlush. Maybe the song knew something you didn't yet, something you weren't necessarily ready to learn from the radio. So, for you at least, the song is lost. By chance it goes unheard for 15 years, until the day when your own heartbreak unexpectedly finds it due date. This happens the moment the song takes you by surprise, trickling from some car radio, to re-tie the frayed laces of your years. Beguiled, you permit yourself to hear. But the disc jockey flubs the call list, never names the singer. Or maybe it happens in a movie theatre, over a montage that relies on the old song. Afterward you scan the credits, but a dozen licensing permissions go by in a blur, hopeless.

So, you forget the song again. Or just recall the hook,
a dumb central phrase which sours in memory. How could it ever have seemed bittersweet as your own

lost youth? Of course, what's missing in your recollection is the cushion of vocal harmony the lead voice floated in on, and the wash of strings, the fuzzy mumble of bass guitar, the groove, all so dated, so perfect. What's missing as well is the story, the context, the space the song lived in. Not to mention any chance for you to make it your own, say, \$39.99 on a two-CD set. That's okey. No one's harmed if you never follow the trail. In an uncertain world it's a reasonable certainty this forgotten song needs you even less than you need it. Right?"

I swear...all these guys write just for me
;-)

1:03 PM

the way it works

"beyond the tilled plain, beyond the toy roofs"
stolen. taken without shame from Nabokov's Cloud, Castle, Lake
or was it "Everything is Illuminated" by Safran Foer...
you see, I can't even remember the provenance now!
proof positive these words now belong to me (at least in this setting)
...eh, actually, they belong to you now...whatever - don't confuse me.

then this line:
"the car and the dog and the sun and the shade and the wet and the weak
and the strong and the stone"
lifted straight out of "The curious incident of the dog in the night time" by...oops, I forgot
I call it littering
and if I were a dog it would make even more sense

"trickles of shy life" - I love that line. taken. again, from Nabokov.
not to sound like Sting (now there's a fate to wish upon no man, unless we're talking Police era of course), but unless you read Nabokov you haven't read...eh, unless you have read Gogol, Dostojevsky, Schweig, Rilke, bla bla etc (feel free to enter favourites from the canon of literature here:...)

the last line (dream machine, or should it be drum machine?) also taken, although augmented...
come to think of it, they often get augmented. which is probably a good thing...
Actually - normally (hah!) a stolen word triggers a whole idea, but this one seems particularly chockablock with borrowed feathers

Every book I read I mark every word or line that triggers something in me ,
and when I finish the book I write them all down in my notebook
filed under "lines from literature" so I know where they came from
a book that doesn't give me lines is not a good book...in my book.
but I only steal from books I love.
and the moral is...? only steal from those you love, I guess

So, you see - no need for cudros. it's all a cut and paste job. I am just connecting dots.
and if it looked like a busy night - it wasn't:
I have 5-600 of these lying around waiting for a publisher with a death-wish.

How would I sell myself
if not cheaply
how would I love thee
if not deeply

...bladibla - not stolen (to my knowledge) but my point is this: STEAL, TAKE, USE
don't cover your tracks (unless you're an indian scout trying to lose a detail of nasty cowhands)

I am thinking of making a series of 52 suites of poems based on 52 different books I have read - all in a year, so don't interrupt me ever again!

shit, FM and MF seems to be amalgamating into an unholy mix. God help us.

ps:
oh, and by the way, every night is a sleepless night

Monday, June 12, 2006

wordsprouts, fontvegetables and grammatical gardens

the poet is a vulture

stalking weakened prey
he spots the troubled dying
from many miles away

from
ever-widening circles
overhead

hell see the flaws in you
you desperately hide

and like the truly gifted

does not fear the dead
but bides his time

and feeds on what
the others leave behind

...

the vulture is a poet:

it waits and waits
with patient eyes

and knows exactly
when the time is right

sees beauty deep
inside a wounded beast

and acting out its purpose,
turns decay into a morbid feast

1:51 PM

The world has teeth

Inspired by the comments you made to my many recent musings, I have come up with a spectacular plan: What do you say all you guys feed me your particular fave literary lines and phrases...!?

so that I came use them freely in my work!?

My own little army of wordspies out there scouring the field!

This means I have more time to do other things and you'll have less.

Now, THAT'S what I call a win-win situation!

and, oh I had to put this one out there:

wordspies

were sent covertly
to collect their information

to faraway regions
to the outposts of time
to the darkest corner

(cyanide capsules hidden deep in their vowels)

when exposed
they would sacrifice themselves without hesitation

word warriors
summoned to mission

and with unflagging loyalty
ventured to fulfil this wish:
bring me what is rightfully mine

fighting bravely
one by one would fall

as I stand trial here today I accept my fate
but call upon four letters as witness to my defense

...

(Fairy-tale: I once lived in a state of wonder; word-seeds planted in the fertile soil of curiosity and greed.
But flowers of misunderstanding grow in the cracks of time spent apart)

1:27 PM

Sunday, June 18, 2006

sifting and lifting

Going through your fave lines from here, there and everywhere (where do you suppose he stole that line from?) I was reminded of a dream I had a few weeks back:

I woke up in a post-nuclear scenario (shut up Freud!), and as a strange consequence of the blast every written word was wiped from existence except ONE book:

"The deeper meaning of Liff", by Douglas Adams & John Lloyd.

I immediately had a vision of the ensuing culture that would emerge and I liked it.

3:22 PM

do cusswords make me cooler?

worry less
about being nothing

try instead
to just be something

and when you find out how to do
tell me
so that I may learn from you

every action
can not be your masterpiece

maybe this will
put your mind at ease
maybe not

do some small thing now today
just to keep from being bored

even smallest action
made with good intent
has merit on its own accord

screw the greater consequence
who are you to try and make some sense

greater minds have tried and failed
ride upon their shirt-tails

worry less
do more

have I told you this before?

and who am I to tell you what to do
I am just as fucken stuck as you

3:10 PM

Lyrics for Running Out Of Reasons

I'd like to lead the shoreline to the see
I'd like to think that you'll come back to me
blabla
I'd like to lead the ocean to the shore
I'd like to think that you'll be back for more
blabla...
I'm running out of clever things to say
you're running out of reasons you should stay
blabla (for quite a while)
actually there's a number of additional words
written already but until I finish it...
8-)

Monday, June 19, 2006

dividends

here is 2002 kudos in return for all the kind words
- divvy them amongst you in a friendly fashion

12:24 PM

sons and daughters of uranus

that's fine y'all, but where am I gonna go from here?
this mix of kryptonite was the first one michael brauer did first and loved - and I thought it was shit.
now I like it more than the one I chose for the record, so I wanted to share it with you.

my point (at the time) was that the 'other' version seemed to me more authentic...
just because I had the typhoid fever (without knowing it, after a trip to cambodia) at the time of
recording the vocal,

I thought it had something I could not reproduce (happily, I was right!)
oh, insistance.....

in fact a lot of the first mixes michael did was better with hindsight, but at the time and for some reason, I was cocksure. I simply knew best - now I just know better
;-)

also martin terefe and I were on some kind of mission to keep it all stripped down naked without reverbs on the voice (luckily for me mhb sneaked some in, sadly though not enough) and maybe also because when I played this mix to guy berryman (who plays the bass on it), he seemed a tad underwhelmed by this one which made me search the archives for alternative mixes before the mastering.

but how things circle;

guy later played me some unfinished mixes of X&Y around the same time as my record was coming out, and I did not really get it, so I diplomatically said "...it's alright" - now, literally more than a year later - like three weeks ago - he tells me he was so freaked by my reaction that he lobbied for a remix with...drumroll: michael brauer (you can thank me now if you want, michael!)

I would have liked to be able to take some small credit for that record being such a success, but hey - even I am not that dumb. michael can though!

what the f do I know...(this I do know: paris hilton - not a hotel I would stay at)
anyway, the version that ended up on the record is kind of an unholy blend of the two
lost...? you will be!

1:47 AM

1000 misfits can't be (in the) wrong (place)

I really am running out of clever things to say...but that's ok (as the song goes)
welcome to this place of mischief number 1000!

poetry of the day:

Everyone says fuck you
but no one keeps their word

lalala

10:11 PM

Saturday, June 24, 2006

you can go there anytime...(the movies of your mind)

fast forward to the end

ok - at least fast forward
to the climax, then

fast forward past these inbetweens

fast forward fast, my friend

stop, rewind

play over
one more time

play, pause, stop

now watch the penny drop

2:25 PM

...

the headsman in me
the axe in you
the moment
we touch
the fear
in both of us

2:19 PM

Tuesday, June 27, 2006

archeologically yours

our embrace
detonated
clouds of dry dust
with every touch
we must explore now
with extreme caution
for we are mummified
and will turn to sand
in each others arms
if careless

11:00 PM

Wednesday, June 28, 2006

forgive and forget

forgiving
is not giving

forgiving
is to get

forgetting is like letting go
for givers getting none

if giving is forgetting
to hang on to what you got

forgetting much the same
as to remember to forgive

forget the difference friend;
forgetters give what forgivers get

confused...?

oh, forgive me - just forget it

(take 5 y'all - it's summer and I'll be in the ruins of the Ottoman Empire for awhile...
thanks for all you unforgettable comments/forgivable remarks - you choose ;-)
cushinelateron

11:37 PM

Wednesday, July 12, 2006

I do like to be beside the seaside

your mind has sprung a leak
like an old boat

your mouth is the only thing
that will keep your soul afloat

so you speak
and you speak
and speak

theres not much time to decide
what stays and what goes
what to take, and what to leave behind
to judge what you can do without

and thrashing your arms about
is the only thing that keep things moving

so you swim
and you swim
and you swim

4:34 PM

Wednesday, July 12, 2006

1+1=22

The numerical system this poem is based on was presented to me by a Turkish philosopher (and incidentally a carpet salesman...or was it the other way around?) who came from outer space and personally knew Thales from Millet. Even if the numbers dont add up, you will find much potential in the calculation. All I need now is a stray dog to care for and my life's work is done..

1+1=22
one and one equals twenty-two
plenty of room in there for me and you
2+1=333
two plus one, threehundred-thirty-three
- enough to start a family
3+1=4444
three plus one is fourthousand-fourhundredandfortyfour
sufficient in itself to go to war - enough to make an army
4+1=55555
say no more; five fives from one and four
the strongest digit of them all

you always knew the best for you
you always knew best
you always knew

4:40 PM

Wednesday, August 02, 2006

words

to veil and seduce

words
to beguile and confuse

words;
worlds of fiction and news

opinions and politics
words that we choose

words that fail us
words we can use

words

words of wisdom
and truth

words to win
words to lose

words endearing
words that bruise

7:00 PM

you will not see me

but you will see
the jet trails of my escape

you will not catch my silhouette

just glimpse the outline
of my departing shape

furniture we bought together in our heads;
flotsam from a dead world now
sunken in the depths of time

6:58 PM

the natives are getting restless

How to begin..

A few weeks away and the bar raises itself immeasurably to the point where all new words seem insufficiently clever, tediously untouching or merely moderately mesmerizing.

Oh yes, poetry is suffering on the altar of prosaic summer activities (or was that prosaic slumber activities), but then you all seem so informed it's hard to keep up with my own life...

Browsing through new comments I noticed one from Tuncer of Turkey - this necessitates an anecdotal account of private occurrences over this last month (forgive me if this involuntarily makes you feel like voyeurs!)

Anyway, whilst in Turkey (and, unbeknownst to me, purchasing a house with Morten all the while!? I am guessing all this took place in a parallel-universe, and who am I to argue the laws of metaphysics) there was me thinking I was merely being familial to the max, and trying to grow my hair back. Without warning I was, dear readers, adopted.

There is no other way of describing this: I was found, I was tested, and I was adopted.

The name of the lady in question is Kiz, and she looked after me during my entire stay. After a week of serious separation-anxiety, I managed (and only through the help of the aforementioned Tuncer) against ALL good advice, feisty family-feuds, and fighting the incredible conspiracy of bureaucracy with a fake passport, to invite and bring her here - to my native country.

Now the way we treat foreigners in this country is to group them together in substandard living quarters - in the hope that they will soon grow tired of our famous hospitality. Despite our efforts, Kiz seems set on carving a new life for herself here, carving up the neighbors cat in the process no doubt...

You've guessed it friend: Kiz is a dog (although I would never tell her that to her face) Her pedigree is a little hazy, but by looking at her you would be forgiven for thinking quite a few ole' breeds have had their way with her tattered family-tree. My guess is Alsatian, Coyote and Collie - which means she'll round up the sheep nicely, before tearing their throats out. No, no, no - nothing of the sort! She is the gentlest, beautifullest, most intelligent...eh, animal...I have yet to meet. And, let's face it friends - the pension-schemes for strays in Turkey leaves a little to be desired.

She will spend 4 months in quarantine, after which time we will be reunited. In the mean time short visitations (after a two-hour drive) are the closest thing to conversation we will have. So, when you wonder what I have been doing lately: screw music, f*** art, enough of poncey poetry - it's the dog-pound for me, matey!

Well, not entirely correct. I have done a few new things, but all in good time. For those art lovers among you situated in London, there is an exhibit on at the ICA (MTV 25 years) which includes one of mine...or at least should do, after a courier-service botched up the shipment and made me miss the opening night...gee, thanks! Said piece even gave me an evening in intensive care after filling my right eye with flying shards of

perspex (never a dull moment) ...but hey, I have seen enough.

mf

Friday, August 04, 2006

ICA piece statement (of sorts)

lottery of life

98 % of the atoms in your body was not there a year ago
People are afraid of change

75 % of all couples split up within 7 years
85 % of single people worry about ending up alone

projected world population by 2010 is 6,848,932,929
egotism and pride are the natural parents of loneliness

history is no longer learned by memorizing dates, but viewed like a painting
less than 10 % of todays visual artists paint

the 10 warmest years of the 20th century occurred over the last 15 years of the 20th century
air-conditioning is a key contributor to global warming

800.000.000 persons go hungry every day
600.000 new dollar millionaires created in 2004

probability of an event is the number of favorable outcomes divided by the total number of possible outcomes
lottery is a tax on people who dont understand statistics

in 2005 the population of Norway is approx 4 million
in 2005 approx 4 million people were infected by HIV

we are almost 80% water and still we are thirsty

12:34 AM

surely you can't expect me to continue on like this..!?

that's it - I am done in, over, finished, washed up, over...walk away!

crush-dresser

I like to dress up in the clothes I wore
when last we met

it makes it possible to believe
and harder to forget

I like to dress up in the clothes I wore
when we met last

that way I can believe that things are not
so irrevocably lost here in the past

I sometimes scrutinize myself
within these clothes

and imagine somehow you must know

that you're observing me
from somewhere on the other side

and though the mirror is a cold surface
to rub up against

memory makes my mouth
kiss itself with conviction

12:20 AM

gat shemen

the worst part
is the memories
we will never share

the things
we'll never see

the worst of it
is the wait

for everything that cannot be

imagine now:
a darkened room
where you undress

your olive skin caressed
by soft pearl light

the full-length mirror on the wall
speaks only of itself tonight

the golden green that fills me here;
the long slow northern dusk
is really nothing but a dream

a glass of white wine sparkles
on an ancient wall of stone in Eboli
a tv series once affecting me
can raise its voice,
through all these years, and call

it speaks of how things could have been
and recognition kills me

and just like the nazarene
praying for the life he would not lead
I want to settle here
for this is my gethsemane

and you are asking me
to pick up my cross

(gethsemane comes from gat shemen meaning olive)

12:10 AM

it's a well known fact

(that has got to be the best title ever!...I can feel a song coming on, oops, lost it - never mind, I'm sure you'll have another one)
anywho; it's a well known fact that keeping bad company will make you look good by comparison (should comfort all of you) To realize the implications of this extended network and the friends of friends is to realize that if the world was not spinning quite so fast, we should all have made friends who were much better for us if not better at least not directly derogatory to our health..

One of you asked how I pick friends...I don't. I get picked. Ask Kiz. At least that's my story in court if it ever gets that far. Like Morten and girlfriends. Kinda (ouch)
anyway - beggars can't be choosers (I love the English language - just wish it liked me)
colours too..whats not to love??
out of blue comes green
I know exactly what you mean

from sadness springs suspicion
if not careful; envy, greed

lack of trust & twisted needs

but whats the end of the affair?

one thing I would like to say
(you best believe its true)
your metaphor is only half way there

it changes on the final stretch
to out of green comes blue

I need to rest before I start ripping off my friends
oops too late. g'night
thank you all
;-)_____IIIIIII
(sucking on the eyes with a straw)

11:47 PM

from the archives (running out of ideas - tell no one!)

no day the same
no two things alike
no thought returns
without knowing what
it lives without

no word a friend
no pleasure pure
no place of rest
no position sure
no thought a train
no day the same

11:36 PM

a sad state of affaires

I have always wanted to turn my body
into deadly shrapnel, she said

picturing sweets handed out to her children
at her own funeral
- the martyrs funeral she had always wanted

some decisions are made
from the singing of the blood in our veins
and the chanting of limbs that long for more

but blood that is spilled cannot sing
and broken arms cannot hold you

and so the ruin-value of our flesh and bone
is in the song we leave behind

we are like Gaza you and I;
waiting - but without expectation

11:29 PM

singalong song (let's hear the ladies...)

you're not home
and you haven't called

that's another day
that you don't give to me
- but who is keeping score

and everytime that you return
your head is in a different space

mostly just disinterested
always out of place

chorus:
initiative, initiative, it's all I want
and all you haven't got to give

...

you never show up on the doorstep
flowers in your hand for me

there was a time you made me feel
like I was the only place you'd want to be

I hardly can remember
how much you had to give

cuz lately you sure seem
fresh out of initiative

chorus sings:
initiative, initiative, it's all I want

and all you haven't got to give

...

you never whisper soft sweet words
while deep inside me anymore

you never want our friends around
- and on our own you're such a bore

you used to be so gentle
so funny and alive

but recent times dont stand up to
the way you were before

chorus screams:
initiative, initiative, its what I want
and what you havent got to give

11:04 PM

Friday, August 11, 2006

ode to the three most important women of my life

I know what you're thinking; private blogs are just about the biggest bore...
but seriously - these three are the unlauded companions of my entire life and
and now it's time to bring them out into the spotlight - ladies and gents, I present the dream-team:
Phyllis Gap, Constance Hurt, and Helen Highwater...!

without whom, and so on and so forth...

Phyllis Gap
Phyllis Gap

make my life a little sweeter
make me look at things with kinder eyes

Phyllis Gap
Phyllis Gap

make me feel a little stronger
make me last a little longer

Phyllis Gap
Phyllis Gap

give me more of all I want
give more more of all I need

Phyllis Gap
Phyllis Gap

won't you try a little harder
please bend over backwards just for me

maybe life is something someone can make sense of
and if you're that person in my life
I'm not asking what you haven't got
- I just want what you have, now's that asking such a lot?

I'm not demanding what you cannot give
just that when you do, you give to me
cuz everyone has been a disappointment
and now I count on you to set me free

Phyllis Gap
Phyllis Gap

make my breath a little faster
make me moan from your embrace

Phyllis Gap
Phyllis Gap

let me drown inside your mind
let me come inside your face

Phyllis Gap
Phyllis Gap

paint my face into a blissful smile
make my time here worth the while

10:15 PM

poetry on toast - I like that

anyway,
here are a couple of lyrics for songs (in progress) to peruse
while I be gone for the week:

no one left to impress but me

you'll find what youre looking for
you'll find love but you'll leave it bleeding
you'll find me but I will not wait
you'll came back when it is too late

the more I look the less I see
no one left to impress but me

you'll sing along to the songs they write
you'll sing along, screaming in the night
you'll look back on these halcyon days
and ask yourself in how many ways

you'll waste your time
all that precious time
and you'll always wonder
what you left behind

the more I look the less I see
no one left to impress but me

you'll find love to be a disappointment
where the game defines the rules
you'll find words that cut like diamonds
cuz kindness is the new cruel

you'll feel lonely in a crowd of people
you'll make friends you cannot hope to keep
live a life that you never wanted
then you'll find - there is no rest in sleep

we are measured not by what we get
but how we deal with what we lose
we're defined by opportunities we threw away
and the mistakes we learn to use

the more I look the less I see
there's no one left to impress but me

the more we do the less were free
no one left to impress but me

Thursday, August 24, 2006

and then tomorrow...

the fast-food chefs bring their knives out
and I get to read about myself in the Intellectual Pygmy Daily
aw, fuck'em if they can't take a joke - there's only two kinds of people in this world
and anyway I am a better human being with a hangover

1:17 AM

one more for friendships (passing in the night)

hey hunter

you need to see results
with every aim you take

a reflection of yourself
in every thing you make

the sparks are flying, but
no structure's put in place

hey hunter
you wont fulfil your destiny
by always tempting fate

the things we love destroying most
are things we helped create

for GB

12:32 AM

seriously now

In case I do not wake tomorrow;
whisper in my ear what I would miss

in case I don't remember if I do;
please leave your imprint on my forehead
with a kiss

if I should never see the sun again
and your eyes into distant memory
should fade

make me believe tonight that it was you
and leave me always knowing I knew bliss

If I should drift away in sleep
to never see another day

then you should know in all you do
that I'll remember all you were

the tattoo on my soul is you

for AK and V

12:29 AM

why is it kudos are quicker than comments?

your skin
galvanized to my body

your thoughts
welded to my brain

your mouth
on my neck

stitched to silence

your world colonized
by the empire of me

12:23 AM

the native flute (no relation)

your strength
is you remember

mine
that I forget

you know to hedge
your options

I always place the bet

your strength
is how you keep

everything you got

oh, but here
I went one better

I threw away the lot

12:17 AM

how can you miss me if I never go away

I realise the last one was a bit boringly politically correct and not least like throwing bricks in the proverbial glass-house...being the style icon that I have desperately clawed my way to, tsk, tsk
(illegal to import 'tsks' - and rightly so...except if you buy an old piano
- in which case it is your solemn duty to play something beautiful enough to make the elephant forgive)

we are not the world
we are not the fuckin' children

we are the ones
who lived the brightest days
we won't be forgiven

theres a choice were making;
we sail through our own lives

there will never be a better day
for you and me

11:52 PM

the other me is having more fun than I am

your gucci eyes
match your wallpaper smile

so perfectly

your mulberry skirt
now soon out of style

disappointingly

your personal taste
so 5 minutes ago

but who's gonna know?

your penchant
for emerging trends

for anything
that feels
the slightest bit new

but in the end
it's always the same;
5 minutes too late
to be ahead of the game

well, what can you do

dear Bret; the beauty of your old books, however superficial, was how they namedropped style-icons and fashion-items with the insistant naiveté that they would last. The beauty of your latest one is in the realisation that they dont.

11:38 PM

Tuesday, August 22, 2006

make a world to suit my mood

there is a rent
in your world
leading to
another
you

9:45 PM

Monday, August 21, 2006

butterflies are disappearing

disturbing news indeed.
apparently golf courts, roads and large-scale farming is to blame.
not necessarily in that order. but personally I blame the golf courts.
and summer's almost gone.
according to brodsky, a tear is a consequence of having to let beauty go.
that is what I love about the fall. that and the blue sky.
new poem:

embrace me
I was the first one here

the strongest swimmer
athletic will

consume me
let my ambition
satisfy your greed

accept
I am the only one
to want this
bad enough

protect me
be my village wall
a shield against despair

absolve me
I have not yet
made my mistakes

but chances are
I will

dissolve me
only you
can turn the m

and dial up we

10:04 AM

redux

close your ears to the noise
shut your eyes to the flickering

guard your heart against hope
take your mind off the mess you're in

mute that mouth for a moment
hold your tongue with its bickering

keep those thoughts to yourself
and just watch how you go;

life is for learning
what you already know

(and if life's to practice dying,
then at least we go practicing)

take control of this chaos
make yourself disappear

it is almost as if
you never were here

11:46 PM

call me old-fashioned

call me passé

call me outdated

behind, démodé

outmoded, outworn

behind the times

moth eaten, backward, conservative, quaint

informal; old hat; not with it; a square

old-fangled, archaic - just see if I care

call me outdated, a frump, obsolete

anachronistic, too late on the beat

ancient, olde-worlde

fusty, defunct

downlevel, medieval, antique

...but I did appreciate
so many of you coming to the shows!
thx
;-)

Wednesday, September 06, 2006

re-open the door

you have been here before
so enter the room

walk up to the window
look out at your life

sit down in that chair

it has always been there
for your thoughts

climb up the stairs

slow, like a dream
do not faint or you fall

walk on down the hall

you know every picture
that hangs on this wall

lie down on the bed
of memories made

and of words that were said

think back to before

this is you, this is yours
you are home

Monday, September 25, 2006

lovenot on lycon quer sall

sweet ruin,
love not only conquers all
it shatters what it touches

I have done the walks on coal
fallen for their charismatic speeches
thrown away the crutches

and you were angel-dressed-as-clown

I was dressed up for the let-down

but never did your face appear
quite as clear
as at the far end of relation

and only in the arms of another
would I truly see your every charm

I have held my head
above my heart, as they say
(it never beats in time anyway)

and all you can come up with is this:
It,s. Ok
?

12:42 AM

lose the map

we'd get lost

a lot faster

no u-turns

no point

going back

describe this place

as something else

than

the road ahead

pouring like dark liquid

into this car

into our eyes

if you need to

phone collect

I don't have

all the dime

in the world

12:28 AM

they should make a statue of your mind

your beauty's undeniable
your body is just fine

but they should make
a statue of your mind

your eyes are made of dreams
and your hands are so delightful

but they should make
a statue of your mind

...

they ought to build a church
a congregation for your thoughts

raise monuments
in honour of each moment you're alive

a museum made of memories
a theatre of your dreams

and name the many streets after
your every little smile

a library to document
those all-insightful lines

but most of all,

they should make
a statue of your mind

Monday, September 25, 2006

so you read

and everything is written
in your honour

everything
is just for you

so you look
and you listen too

and all that comes your way
delivers;

every song contains
a private message

some secret code
that only you can understand

in films, each plot-twist seems

uniquely familiar
and every sentiment rings true
but art is like a child, my dear
faithful to its own truth
and all resolve can finally
be shaken fundamentally
much like my faith in you

10:38 AM

the kiss of truth

sweet illusion of youth
for nothing lies
more convincingly
than a syrupy tongue
if properly used

9:35 AM

when is it over

when hands lose their way
and return alone?
is it over
upon first introduction
or with the closing lines
we have yet to speak
our past has changed colour
so many times now
and we have wasted
every chance to meet
our pursed lips
no longer holds the currency
to ransom our beliefs
when is it over?
tell me please

Wednesday, September 27, 2006

you have bruises

that your naked body won't reveal
scars no fingertip could ever feel

you are hurt in ways
no amount of care could heal
robbed of things impossible to steal

you've been wronged
in ways I can't put right
broken up in places
that no surgery can fix tonight

you have suffered losses
only you will ever know how bad
wasted chances
only you will ever know you had

...

Exactly what do you want from me, honey? A medal for recognising my predicament, my personal plight? A peck on the cheek - a wink and a kiss perhaps, because you know to describe better than anyone who I am, and the distance from there to where I want to be. Hey, don't do me any favours - the fact that you are in this world isn't helping. If I ever see your words within a five-mile radius, I will seek a restraining order. Leave my life & dilemmas alone!

11:48 PM

your south sea skin

for my icicle bones

your warm wind hair
on my cold draught tongue

your white hot lap
on my sub-zero face

your big brown eyes
for my thawing gaze

and for the hours were awake
a nod of sleep

a moment of clear anticipation
for every drugged pleasure

a second of sobering pain
for the everlasting orgasms we fake

a handful of coal for the furnace
a moment gone to waste

a pocketful of change
for a lifetime in chaste

11:43 PM

I want to make you smile on buses

and laugh out loud
with strangers looking on

to have a fucking fit
in the middle of a crowd

you never mind
the stares & gazes

I want to make you feel alive

think of me
and crack the fuck up

tomorrow there is time for
sorrow

even language made it so
by fateful rhyme

but tonight we will be silly;
silly billy willy-nilly

11:38 PM

Monday, October 02, 2006

you are a poem

secretly grown
the wings and claws of a novel

you are impetus gained strength
from decision

you are a caterpillar of wish

spreading butterfly wings
of ambition

in full view of the world
and from the dark corners of my mind

you call me home

5:04 PM

Tuesday, October 10, 2006

if I changed

your hair from brown
to blonde, red,
or even black (to make a point)

if I changed
the way you sit

the shape of your mouth
and the words that come out of it

if I changed
what you say
how you think
how you move
your smile

the way you brush your hair
how you touch yourself
how you touch me

if I changed
everything about you
and turned you into
someone else

would I love you the same?

Tuesday, October 10, 2006

who convinced you

that you were worth so little

who sold you the story

that your shares
were plummeting

and made you sell short

If I could beat sense
into a head

yours would be
my first choice

12:23 AM

back on the scene of the crime

this time without ambition
this time with just an empty mind

oh, nebula
impossible star-fog
tortured vortex of mine

centre of gravitation
for the longest time

oh, mnemosyne
sweet mother of memory loss
thank you for reminding us

maybe there's another city
buried alive underneath the one I see

- Schön, daß Sie da sind

as I look out across
the gray slab of water
in crossfilter morning light
a wingless muse calls my name

her feathers fall silently
upon this bed
to cover up my shame

I am alone again

12:21 AM

I don't know what you mean

but I am sure you're right

as we both have learned
giving in
is an integral part
of every fight

I don't know where it is
but I know it's there somewhere

I don't know how
it's just no longer here

I don't care if
and I don't know when
(I do not now, as I did not then)

cuz everything that can happen
happens in the end

I don't know much
but I do know this;

the whethertos and wherefores
are martyrums of instant bliss

12:18 AM

I wrote your neckline

and the shapely curve
that it describes

I wrote your skin
its pallor
and the colour of your hair

I wrote redness into your eyes
and tremor for your tongue

I wrote

a template for your troubles
where I thought I wrote a song

I read your face as landscape
not portrait

a place to see, somewhere to be

I wrote to seek forgiveness
for something too long lost

for this is how it truly was
for me

12:15 AM

how can such clumsy moves

emanate from such a brilliant mind

how can the appropriate words
be so excruciatingly difficult
to find

how can such an elegant start
result in such a shambles

how can rhymes and rhythms
fall apart

just because the words are
slow on the uptake
...slow to start

12:13 AM

leave the bible

in your room

the blank pages
all torn out

to secure
esoteric travel

every story ever told
is here

but neither of us have
the stomach or the strength
to reinvent their purpose
to suit our lives

in ways I do not care
to ponder

those relentless gideons
tie us to our history

one way or another

12:09 AM

do not make the mistake

of asking what I mean

you know not to ask

questions

to which you do not

already know the answer

12:08 AM

the first babystep

is the hardest to make
because
every road from here
leads away

12:07 AM

no more rhyme

no more couplets
easy on the repetitions

half the time
the best stuff gets lost
that way

it's hard
to be vigilant
everywhere all the time

no more easy rhythm
beats or pulses

let it jerk its way

and stop pandering
your thoughts
are important enough without it

let go
you are holding on to wind

call it by its real name

12:06 AM

what am I going to do

with all
that you have given me

forfeit, forego & forget?

what about all
I have got to give

return, rewind & reset?

you have seen
a version of the truth of me

but does the truth
have versions?

Sunday, October 15, 2006

rudolph steiner

must regret his every effort
and grow nails in his grave

watching his empire crumble
and narcissus win by his hand

we wear word-jewellery
with shameless conviction

and reject corrections
as unwanted echos of our past

faced with real tragedy
our tactlessness is matched
only by our appetite

ok, so you can draw a hand
but your true talent
is self promotion

self-importance knows no boundary

please do not wait:
pine away into a silent flower

soon not nearly
soon enough

1:14 AM

my testicles

must contain

a precise number of variables
in a life span

just like the heart
has a finite number of beats

supposedly

but we shall know only the glory
of the few combinations we pursued

and although
we are pregnant with the knowledge

we shall not
mourn missed opportunities

my ovaries

are merely in my head

but the worry
of a barren time to come

plays part in my desire
to nurture every line

you
more practically inclined
take yours to bed

and hide

way down
inside their hollow base

litany vs botany
as I forge allegiance

with the memory
of fading flowers

in your fragile china vase

Tuesday, October 24, 2006

danger & desire

kamikaze death-skull moth

illuminati

of imagined crosses

gratitude:

fruitflyfruit

of shortsweet superyouth

summerfool, gravelsun

your oldage grin

asoftening

let fly at the wind

lace into

the leaves

begin to believe

your doubt

of what's never been

1:50 AM

of all the mindfucks

that I've ever had

you're the best

of all the songs
I never wrote

you were always
destined for success

of all the drugs
I never took

you're the one
I miss the most

the one that got me hooked

of all the people
that I never met

you're the only one
that I regret

1:49 AM

made popular

and you who promised

to keep me secret

to siphon my words

in the dead of night

my secret

is something you tell

only one person at a time

and you know it will not last

a lupine mind

I hotwire hearts

and steal away

into your past

1:47 AM

Thursday, November 16, 2006

vow of silence

shhhh
(wow!)

Wednesday, December 06, 2006

there is no voice

inside my head
no things left
to be said

I no longer suffer
from verbosis

quite as much

ha ha ha
they said

but who is out of touch?

2:23 AM

the bigger you get

the smaller you feel

the more you believe
the less it is real

2:21 AM

oh healthy forest

your cousins are sick
all over the world

their ministries of
darkness and light
diminish

verdant corridors
filled with
insecurity & fright

as verdant crosses intersect

mythical beliefs
dissect
tonight

2:20 AM

loved you

before we even met

and I will love you
long after we forget

I knew you
while we were still strangers

and now we are strangers once again

2:19 AM

tv learns from you

more than
you learn from it

we all battle demons
whatever their names

but don't buffy those
sore points

don't be slaying
those delicate lessons

I'll take a stake
through the heart

over their vampire fangs

any day

2:17 AM

we all wrestle with corruption

on way or another

we all fall short
of expectation

double standards;
twice as good

who are you

the Eva Joly of libido, or
the Berlusconi of the heart
?

the Bush of biblical napalm
or the Bono of spirited decline?

2:16 AM

I can draw the line wherever I want

that's how free I am

that's how strong I am

fuck off!
you don't tell me .. I tell you

I can draw the line
I know I can

I can draw
I am an artist
no, really...
I am!

aw, for fcuk's sake

you don't tell me squat
because you don't know

you don't know
the half of it

and if you think you do

it is only because
your mind is only matched

by your
mechanisms of self-defence

2:15 AM

it is looking at old photographs

that we see who we really are

2:14 AM

thoughts are like masturbation

writing like making babies

2:13 AM

seal this house

and make museum

every spoken word;
like language-fossils
embedded in the walls

world-class collection
of pregnant pauses

gallery
of stares and gazes

broken silences
like shattered china

watch your feet
no refunds

2:11 AM

I can't do right for doing wrong

she said

another line fit for a song

and that's what makes it work:

opposite to her
I can't do wrong for doing right

even as I try
with all my might

2:11 AM

the stoned group

took you where
you thought you wanted to be

looking at yourself
in the mirror, there was you,
you, you

and now here's me

but you're not comfortable there

your past is much like mine now;
not somewhere you want to linger

but anger stems
from you believing your mistakes;

hide behind your alias
all you want

it will not make the rest of you
disappear

oh, but you were young then
your innocence is plain to see

but that's what makes you
useless to them

and beautiful to me

2:07 AM

and just like that

we've gone from corporal
to corporate;

wal-mart churches
sell csr salvation

phillip morris tabernacles
with their oily organpipes
(place the white cylinder into your hull
and puff black wind into your sails)

public corporations
like dogs separated from their owners

the preachers have
installed creditcard terminals
for easier collection

2:05 AM

would not blame the shark

for doing what it was born to do

would you?
surely not
would not

do not hold against the wind
if it was chilling

but make shield...

would that you would stop
realize I can not

blame to place?

watch as silent fins
swim away

2:03 AM

how she takes refuge in herself

how she must do this;
for there is nothing else

how she is scared and hurt
and betrayed by fate

how she must concentrate
to be her own girl

in a world
where everyone
blends with someone else

how she is hurt and brave
in the face of truth

for she believed love
when it told her to wait

and so she waits

2:02 AM

why complain?

words are anyway
inferior

to emblems

why bemoan?

akk, oh vey, phew, oh lordie
and the like

- it's in vain

unless you are willing
to change

in which case
you will experience

real pain

2:00 AM

the beginning is over

the fade out
soon to commence
here comes descent
towards the
first final goodnight
but that's so rarely
where it all ends

1:59 AM

winter has turned

its back to the sun
and a blind eye
to the spring
that will come
leaves have turned
into molton graves
and reincarnation begun
rest up now, world
you can't always blossom
or be at your best

1:58 AM

as long as you remember

I don't care who forgets
as long as you believe
I do not care what happens
what begets
I know it may sound arrogant
but I swear it's true;
as long as you are you
I don't care about the rest

1:56 AM

the khoros

so sure of how we feel

but no one knows
not even we

operatic subplots
written on the fly;

be cursed, Cassandra
so that even you (or I)
shall doubt that this is real

and deep inside me
Armstrong makes a bigger leap

his footprints cuts across
the stoney surface of my ancient face
half in shadow
half in light

the khoros telling everyone
exactly what to feel tonight

but no one really knows
not even we

and that's the tenor of it

1:55 AM

nowhere

if you want to be in the middle of nowhere
this is where to do it

1:54 AM

nothing

nothing
is not so bad

a little less
is still a lot more
than we could hope for

nothing
we can learn to live with
nothing

a lot less,
a little more
than we expect

from each other

1:53 AM

no one

holds my silence
like you do

no one

1:52 AM

the bitch is back

or...as the case may be, not really back, but at least where (I think) she belongs
what can I say; it was you or she, and you'll agree (oh yes you will)
- it was an easy match!

she needs me like 4 hours a day in the woods - you need me, eh... whatever
like the soldier said when his wife asked about his new girl;
'what does she have that I do not have?' soldier; 'nothing, but she's got it here'

hard to know if it was your high expectations or my great(er) disillusionment
with myself that made me stay away/come back (your choice)
but anyway, here I am
and if I go nowhere else, I am sure you will have me excused

and if my vows are broken - I am sure you will put them to good use;

1:42 AM