

Duende

2000 – 2006

In Exsilium

Most days the air here
Is filled with scorching dust,
But when the western sea wind blows
The distance can be painfully clear.

The sun seems to change colours
With the seasons
And the chance rains
Smell of moss and mushrooms.

I walk a lot through rocky hills,
Still amazed by the flight of vultures
And the demise of carcasses,
I don't know when I will be coming home

Don Quijote

Sancho, doomed are we
To share our path with rocks
Always staring at
The fading horizon
Always covered in dust

Sancho, there on the hills
Far away
Do I see white windmills,
Or are those dancing skeletons
With waving arms?

I want to rest Sancho
Here in this grass.
I want to dip my
Leaden head
Into this stream.

Tomorrow, tomorrow Sancho
I will fight,
With the night on my back
And her scarlet name
On my torn lips.

Tomorrow Sancho,
Now I want to rest
And watch with still eyes
How silver toads crawl
Out of this water

Castilla La Mancha

A caravan of mules
Sets in motion,
Citrus fruit and olives
Rocking on their backs.

The blue balloon
Of the afternoon
Fills up with dust
And expands.

Under straw hats
Drops of sunlight
Roll down the faces
Of smoking men.

Maybe later tonight
Thunderclaps will rupture
The skies and perhaps
Some bitter rain will fall.

Desierto de Almeria

The wind spins pirouettes
On the plane of Almeria

In its trail follow
Tumbling mirages

Through a veil of sand one can
Sense the presence of camels

As a minaret sings its litany
Somewhere far over sea

Abandoned Cortijo

Now silence prevails
In the courtyards,

Fountains no longer
Chatter with bathing larks

And nobody
Rakes up the fallen leaves
In the orange grove.

Yet, when I close my eyes,
I can still hear
Last summer's laughter

And feel some drops
Of tinto de verano
Sparkle in my mouth

Flamenco

The toothless flamenco singer
Shouts out loud
The hands of the guitarists
Punish their strings

Heels stamp
Hands clap
Skirts wave up

The night glows red
With passion

The smoke of heavy cigarettes
Fills up lungs
Walls sweat sangria and sherry

The speed of the swirling dancers
Is insane
Castanets rattle ancient rhythms

One scream!
And everything is still

Amor Perdido

Although I love the
Sierra Bermeja very much,
I am reluctant
To go back there

I remember
The citrus trees in bloom,
The happy swarms
Of golden bees

I can still smell
The scent of the
Bright red flowers
On the cacti

I love the Sierra Bermeja
But I am reluctant
To go back there
Without you

Estrella Fugaz

Like a wild horse
The comet
With its icy tail
Whipped sparks
Out of the skies

The Perseides
Left us all
Wanting for nothing

Andalucía

The orchard glows sparkling orange
Insects resemble precious stones
Shimmering blue on branches and leaves

A slow flowing stream embraces
Deep green water and red carps
Looking for violet worms in the mud

The skies are indigo the sun is bright yellow
Andalucía must be the pot of gold
At the end of the rainbow

Daybreak in Cádiz

At dawn
Hasty little donkey hoofs
Stir the cobble drums

On the quay birds awake
And light
Is waiting for a chance
To drown boats, houses
And fields

From the harbor
Accompanied by
The sound of waves
Singing fishermen arrive
With their burden of oysters

The Atlantic wind
Plays with mills
On distant hills
With the dresses of market women
With dust and with flowers

The morning shimmers like
Mother of Pearl

Summer Rain in Sotogrande

On long, skinny legs
Rain steps through
Light-green lanes

Treetops wave
Like shutters
Slowly open and close

While puddles down below
Play shadow games
With splashing light

The Windmills of Tarifa

Almost ivory they shine
The windmills of Tarifa

Sometimes scales
On the arched back
Of an emerald dragon
Sleeping,
One eye opened
To the African coast

Then, happy flags
On the tricycles of
Excited children

The windmills of Tarifa,
Don Quijote would have
His hands full with them

The Rock of Gibraltar

Scarred knight
Fierce guard in a cloak of mist
Grey pride
Of an island in the north

Crumbled pillar of Hercules
Witness to Moorish invasions
Struggle point
Bloody gate to the east

Warships and oil tankers
Stealthily pass you by
On their way to
More black history

Gaudix

Greedy machines
Rip gaping tears into
The mountains surrounding Granada,
The city where grand houses
Steadily grow on the crusts
Of a wounded landscape.

A few stone throws further
Lie in cool caves
The oldest houses of Europe:
Barrio Troglodyte,
Where for thousands of years
Silence and light have been in balance.

Marbella

Seven am.
Stumbling out of nightclubs.
The pale beach
Offers a spectacle:

The lily of the morning
Floats on the Mediterranean
And a moon trickles slowly
Down its pink leaves.

Suddenly!
The thundering voice
Of the sun!
A bloodshot eye!

On the shores
Of the enormous pond
Sleepless creatures
Crawl into their shells.

Tomorrow is another night.

Puerto Banus

With my silver sax
And a suitcase
Full of resolutions

I jump into the
Incredible turmoil
Of the port.

Tonight
Senseless monsters
Will try to rip

Flowers, Children
And butterflies
Out of my head

And when the first
Punches of the spotlights
Will discolor my face,

I'll know that
I will have to fight hard
To get out of this ring unscathed

Marvellous

Wild screaming sax
Rivers of plush
Red golden turmoil
Ghost-like faces

Pale clapping hands
Brass Champagne Cocaine
Spiraling under spiraling over
Marvellous rapture ovation

Send in the clowns!
Urbason Buscapina
Vodka-Redbull!
And you give yourself away

Here is my heart
Here is my voice
Here is my sax
Here is my soul

Take me or leave me
This is all I have
This is me
This is Marvellous

Sax Solo

A river rushes through my back
And drags me out
To the brilliant port,

I cling on to my saxophone:
A siren ripping up the night
With desperate screams,

In red shreds swirls the maelstrom bar
The audience flaps its pale hands
In a rigid beat.

Jazz Improvisation

The squinted eye of the storm
Contemplates its thoughtless path

Ominously rattles a silver wind
Through sticky tunnels

The screaming voices of silence
Escape the tangles of nocturnal hair

While pale fear flees
To the safety of dark hideouts.

Pico de los Reales

The mountain
Bends down gently
To Estepona at its feet

A gilded sun
Illuminates its
Sparkling wig of clouds

And palm trees
Sway like tassels
On a throne

From afar
The waves of the
Mediterranean Sea

Sing a turquoise hymn
For the uncrowned king
Of the Costa del Sol

Rio Guadiaro

When the waves
Of the river
Caress my eyes

And the perfume
Of its banks
Touches my skin

I feel that
Maybe
I could stay here

Look!
A carp swims upstream.

Ronda

A tear runs through
The heart of the city
Doves and ravens
Glide thoughtlessly by

Water runs along
Moss covered rocks
Bridged by ancient
Blocks of poetry

There is a bloody ring
In the city where people
Cheer and feel duende
In painful death

There is a scent of citrus
Olives and Serrano ham
There is the joyful laughter
Of the children of Andalucía

Sketches of Jerez

A scent of sherry
Hovers over the market square
Black caskets dance
Around fountains

Hoarse laughter
Seems to ooze from bars
Shrouded in clouds
Of cigar smoke

Some wrinkled men
Play their guitars
Underneath an orange tree

The blue evening
Claps its hands
In sparkling duende

Sevilla!

Coaches, horses, pigeons
Lanes of waving trees,
The yellow fan of the sun
Sevilla!

The park of Maria Luisa
Shimmers joyfully
Under the reflections
Of the golden tower

Countless terraces full of
Red parasols
Breathe an aroma of tapas
And summer wine

Orchestral river!
Swirling arms direct
An imaginary barber
On the Puente de San Telmo

Sevilla!

Valencia

The new Valencia jumped
Out of a dry riverbed

Beautiful curves of white
Play with the horizon as

Architects sprinkle formulas
Over shadow rich lanes

In the old Valencia generous women
Strut through red lacquered alleys

While fat men
Hastily eat their paella

And fountains
Spout for joy

Village in Andalucía

Dusk,
I lean against the face
of the oldest house.

Inside, candles are lit:
golden cat's eyes
waiting for the night.

Olive trees with
loose hanging hair
bend before the veiled cemetery

where small wooden crosses
play like blind children
amidst white pebbles.

From flaring nostrils
surrounding wilderness breathes
a scent of figs.

Dragonflies wriggle in despair
pinned on the hats
of returning fishermen.

Across from Morocco

Across from Morocco
Lived a magical sax
Its silver scales
And noisy gills

Rattled in the wind
Blowing from the mouth
Of the man with
The ruby face

They formed quite a pair
The horn and the man
Playing Arabic scales
Across from Morocco

Dolphin

Traveling on the rusty ferry
To Casablanca
I saw
- Through greasy
Clouds of diesel –

A blue dolphin

Every time he
Jumped out of the water
A rainbow
Dripped off his
Magnificent tail

Gone with the Wind

My foot pedals spark fire,
Adrenaline sprays
Through my leather coat

The roaring Ducati
Shreds up the tarmac
On the way to Ronda

Despite grim cacti,
Pebbles and steep drops,
I push beyond the limits

I feel the scorching wind
Of the Sahara in my neck
And realise that

I might be driving
On African fuel through
These Spanish mountains

Bullfight

The horse wrings its neck
In agonising panic,
It is cloaked in a
Grey veil of death

The last cry of the toreador
Gets lost between stamping hooves
As his misty eyes turn upwards
Towards lush green fields

Finally
The curtain
- Red -
Falls for the kneeling bull

Joyspring

Dance blossom, dance!
Stamen spread
Their golden clouds

And every petal
Every frisky chalice
Trembles full of joy

Sing blossom, sing!
Sing your happiest song
For the April wind

Because soon
You will bare
Red cheeked fruit

Heat

The air melts like wax
In the heat of the sun
And spreads out over
A vibrating landscape

I move in slow-motion
And on stretched legs
Through the pink mass
Of the afternoon

Give me feathers!
Shoot me up like an arrow
Into an icy orbit

For then I can,
With my deep blue hands,
Rip this suffocating sheet into shreds

August

Swirling days
Stretch out in front of us
Like a colorful orchard.

Trees bend their heads
Under the burden
Of golden fruit crowns,

While time swings merrily
On the flighty arms
Of a sun clock.

One day autumn will come
Like an evil fairy godmother
And take all flowers away from us,

Then all that remains will be
Twisted branches and cold kisses
Like frozen raspberries.

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

Listen to the trembling moon:
A tambourine
On a cord of stars.

Hear!
Under the silver ocean
Fish are singing in their schools

While the wind
Gently touches the strings
Of the Tropics.

Lullaby

On still summer nights
I can feel your breath
The way you sleep
So restless

Sometimes you get up
And I can hear
Your nightgown rustling
Along our walls

I can hear
The gentle step of your feet
Across carpets
And marble floors

In the darkness
My ears follow you
Like confused butterflies
Through the house

Into the garden
Where I know
You will be standing
In the moonlight

Mirror Image

Brave donkeys,
Baskets full of sunflowers
On their strong backs,
Cross the mountains

They almost touch

The small white clouds
Which carry,
Also in a line,
The sun across the sky

Siesta

In the shade
Of the olive trees
Shepherds drink
Their summer wine
While their sheep
Lie down for the count
Between the poppies

Unreasonable?

Reason dictates that

**Sunflowers don't grow
At the bottom
Of the Mediterranean**

**Butterflies don't spend
A night on the moon
To gather dust for their wings**

**Starfish don't sleep
On the rocks
Of the Sierra Nevada**

This is exactly why
Poets are often
Labeled unreasonable

Astronomical Frustration

Here we lie
On the warm grass
Looking up at all
Those falling stars

It is as if darkness
Held the Earth in its hand
In a desperate attempt to blow
Some life into the cinders of your heart

I gently lay my flaming arms
Around your icy shoulders
To melt the suit of armor
You are wearing

But even in a
Combined effort
We – the night and I –
Are getting nowhere

Going Under

The Sunday afternoon
Turned once more
Into a bloody cockfight

Her words

My silence

Her white hands
Squeezing a glass

My stare
Towards the horizon

All of a sudden
Her eyes spat scarlet
All over my face

And I realised
That it was late

Somber Thoughts

At noon I can hear
Like the beat of my heart
The bells
And it isn't blood
But icy water that
Runs through my veins

Why am I overcome with
This dark premonition
Whilst I rest here peacefully
Against a tree
Enjoying its filtered sunlight?

Is it the bells
With their heavy beat?

Or is it the tree
Which maybe one day will fall
To serve as my coffin
And now grows, ring by ring,
Towards our last day.

Death in the Sierra Moreno

The baking highland
Of the Sierra Moreno
Cringes at the scream
Of the midday sun

Vultures fight over
The leathery carcass
Of what once must have
Been a brown cow

In the canyon before me
Covered in withered bouquets
Lies the burned out
Wreckage of an autobus

Late Rain

Derelict roofs,
Like tired animals,
Rest on the slopes
Of these dusty hills,

From the grey distance of the sea
Merciful sails of clouds
Arrive and
Anchor in the valley.

The earth is eager
The river foams with thirst,
In the darkness of pinewoods
Anxious deer lick up silvery drops.

Agnostic

Dying gods
Leave their temples behind
Like shellfish their homes.

In jungles and deserts
On rocky slopes
And under the surface
Of every sea,

For thousands of years
Pillars have been crumbling,

No fortress
Can protect us
Against the sadness we feel
In the face of time

Claire

Beautiful woman
Your eyes are dark

In the evening
When you stare into the distance
They look like dark wells
From which mysteriously

The night flows out
Over fields, forests and cities
Covering the earth
With a sea of black

So dark are your eyes
My light

Big Bang

The insane fireworks
I feel exploding in my chest
When I see you,
Could they be some sparks
Of the Big Bang?

In the emptiest darkness
All of a sudden
A luscious cloud of light
Engulfs me
When you appear

And I am sure:
If the blasting fires in my heart
Are the last sparks of the Big Bang,
There will be no more light in this world
After you've gone

Beach

The afternoon sun
Tinkles like wind chimes.
You're asleep.

Glowing drops trickle down your back
Onto the sand,
Leaving your dotted outline.

Tonight
A solemn wave will come,
It will carry your image westward

And I know that,
Just for one moment,
The sea will light up.

Still Waters

Your words fall like pebbles
Into the pond of my thoughts
Ripples run across
The surface of my face

See your reflections
See your reflections in my eyes
See how every pebble
Changes also your expressions

Let us be silent
Let us be silent my love
And touch the still waters of life
With gentle fingers

Enchanting

Today I saw my children
Running towards me

Blossom swirling around
Their smiling faces
Their arms stretched out
Like tumbling birds

Enchanting that
Just at that moment
A lark sang
In the orange tree

Three Pictures of My Garden

The evening brush
Spreads apricot paint
Across a canvas
Of leaves

*

Blotches of ink
Fall onto the lawn
For the moon to dip
Its feather in

*

A nightingale
Draws gentle lines
Of song
Across the rose beds

Reward

Daybreak fills
The blue cup of night
With fresh milk.

A low moon,
Chased by jeering children,
Throws from a distance

Some pebbles at the sun
Before retreating to the
Safety of green hills.

The children drink
Through golden straws
Their well deserved morning.

One Day

One day
Abandoned toys
Will lent this garden
Loneliness

The sun will
Bleach the colours
Of the tricycle

And the echoes
Of children's laughter
Will be a mere whisper
In our teahouse

One day
I will write:
'Once upon a time there was..

Evening on a Lake

A cool breeze
Breaks the still reflections
Of ruins on the lake

Lilies dance slowly
As if they were carrying
Ashes in their chalices

In an invisible distance
Heavy clouds cover, like eyelids,
The bloodshot sun

Starless night
Burns the light
And all birds sing in silence

Average Sunrise

The rising sun
- Blood red -
Washes in the Sea
The lances
With which it
Pierced the night
Like a boar

On the beach
I sit alone
With scarlet spots
All over my face
To prove that I
Witnessed this
Ritual slaughter

Vague de Chaleur

Vines suffocate this house
Like the tentacles
Of a grotesque octopus

I feel like I am
Twenty thousand leagues
Under the sea,
Gasp for air and

Struggle
Through the bubbling heat
To a surface that
Doesn't bring relief:

The night crashes
Like a boiling wave
Into the buoys
Of my eyes

Carpe Diem

Mist slithers
Like pale slugs
Through the vineyard,

A dripping sun
Rises and licks
The purple fruits of night.

Red mouths sing sensually
Under
Big straw hats while

Eager fingers pluck some rays
And from delighted fists
Spouts up a brand-new day.

Four Dimensional Summer Evening

On the eastern horizon
- Far away -
Soundless flashes of lightning
Dance like thin spider legs.

Where I am standing,
The world exists of
Waving grass and
The song of crickets.

In the west
The sun presses
Red cheeked cloud-children
To her chest.

Time slows down,
Stretches, yawns
And goes to sleep
Amidst sunflowers.

Endless Fight

The bell of the moon rings for the next round,
Night storms out of its blue corner,
A hypnotising clattering of coconuts begins
And rivers run like sweat along dark temples.

Daylight lashes out, exhausted and frustrated
Its scarlet gloves are held too low, an uppercut is landed,
A spin, a turn with rolling eyes
And then the fight is over.

Silence falls over the ring,
Light leaves through the ropes,
Dawn will bring another round
And another loser.

K.O.

A fist of clouds
Beats the horizon
To bloody pulp

The evening hits
The canvas
Of the sea

The bells of
The lighthouse ring,
Just too late

Lunatic

Like a drunk templar
A spider tumbles
In his web

A ray of moonlight
Woke him up and

Totally confused
He tries to
Climb up on it.

Wanted!

Bees,
Little thieves in striped outfits,

(Probably escaped from their hives...)

Fly through mist over the river.

Stealing some cool air,
They enjoy their freedom.

Poets

As a child
This is how I imagined poets:

Bent over
Scruffy pieces of parchment
With terrific candles
Flickering in the wind

By chance
Wild opera choirs
Singing at an
Overwhelming volume

Flashes of lightning
Scratching the skies,
Tears flowing down
Marble cheeks

Swords of
Divine intervention
Slashing up brains
With inspirational terror

Oh
And a skull ominously placed
On a shelf
With a raven sitting on it

I wasn't far beside the truth

Saber

Visions of Rickshaws
Colorful batik
Mosques and beaches
Rice fields
A lonely buffalo

I open my eyes and find myself here
Where the Spanish sun
Hammers out the midday hour

Visions of you
Your dark blue hair
Your shiny kisses
The graceful way
You moved your hands

Where the saber of your passion
Struck me
I still show a festering wound

Sawasdee

The melancholy for Thailand
Shrouds me at times like
A veil made of scarlet silk.

I turn my face east and I wonder:
How can the wind from so far
Carry the scent of incense to me?

Why does the moon
Hang like a copper bell
In the nocturnal sky?

Maybe if I stretch out my hand,
I can see the light of the Southern Cross
Shine through my fingers.

Singapore Sling

In a funky loft
In Singapore
I saw her dancing
Ebony and purple flowers swirled

The rhythm of her
Hands like golden hummingbirds
Her bronze nails and
Velvet lips so shiny

As a silver line of sweat
Trickled down
Her graceful neck

Another gin-drenched night
Tumbled down
The morning slide

Driving Home

Sun, laser edged cartwheel
Heat drips onto
Marshmallow skin

Pearly hands guide the car
Down rivers of tarmac,
Rubber trees bounce off eyes

As the distance approaches
A glimmer of cool lies
Beyond the next bend

Sprinklers and magnolia
Gin-tonic and a breeze
A kiss in the shade of a veranda

Plantation

The midday hour is rigid,
Silence hovers like a screen
Over wounded trees
While flies sit motionless
On their sticky milk.

In fragile huts
Rubber farmers wait
With burning eyes
For the cool
Of night.

Maybe tomorrow
The man from the city
Will pay a little more
And then, maybe,
A new mangle can be bought.

Autumn Song

Two little dewdrops
Sparkle in the light of sun:
A colourful leaf
Greets the coming of autumn
With twinkling eyes and a smile.

Haiku

Drops of April rain
Hanging off magnolia
Subtle spring perfume

Competition of Celestial Bodies

Through the serene curves
Of the garden
- Zen! –
Glides a porcelain lady
Her face half hidden
Behind a fan.

Over the semicircle
Of the stone bridge
Trip-traps the lady
Her eyes
Seductively blinking.

The sun and the moon
- Both white –
Bounce playfully
Up and down the skies
Eager to catch the eyes
Of the lady.

Zen

Serene autumn moon
Whispering shakuhachi
Tea ceremony

Splash!

The lake sleeps
With glazed eyes.
From reeds hang,
Like green tears,
Some glowworms.

The pale pupil
Of the moon ripples
As a fish suddenly
Jumps and disappears
With a splash.

Tanka

Midnight at a pond,
In the motionless water
A poem is born:
Eager goldfish drink from the
Silver saucer of the moon.

Jazz Haikus

Dexter Gordon plays,
From his copper saxophone
Swirls the autumn wind

*

Autumn in New York,
Sonny Stitt plays so lovely
The barkeeper cries

*

Reluctant intro,
Miles Davis and his trumpet
Announce a cool birth

*

Bird of paradise
Shot with poisonous arrows,
Your song still resounds

*

Ecstatic spirit,
John Coltrane is one with his
Golden soprano

Tropical Nightfall

The ominous tom-tom of sunset!
The island trembles and
Pale birds try to flee the dark
While fires light up bamboo houses

Hasty women shiver
Under cover of the fading day
Longing for the safety
Of their village

A scent of incense
And a mumbled prayer
Swirl from spirit houses scattered
Under holy trees along the road

There is the shout of the night-bird!
No eyes can see
Through this twilight
No heart can deny ancient fears

As the shutters close,
A roaring moon
Rises up against
A backdrop of silence

In their houses
The villagers stare into
Flickering lamplight
Holding each others hands

The crickets begin
Their meditation
Frogs sing a fugue
Of trancelike chants

A voice warns of imminent danger
And cringes as the cold
Of shadows is felt
Through paper thin walls.

Jungle Fever

Larger than light the rising moon,
A cloak of stars draped around
Ebony shoulders, leaves the world
In a mercury haze

Down below the jungle dome
The feverish cry of a gibbon
Echoes the birth of night
And speaks of absolute darkness

Wrapped in a humid cobweb of fear
A traveler awaits
The sting of dreams
With wide open eyes:

Some dazzling fireflies
Turn into frightening torches
Unfolding flowers whisper
The festering perfume of death

The sound of mosquitoes!
The trickles of sweat!
The rhythm of trembling temples!
Cover the senses!

Scream! Scream of torturing madness,
Out-scream the beat of the chest-drum!
Run! Run! Out-run the menacing rivers of blood
Tearing through narrowing beds

Run! Scream! Move those tumbling legs,
Out-stumble this jelly of black!
Run! Scream and never look back
At the tentacle-roots crawling nearer!

Run! Scream!
Run! Scream!
And never look back!
And never look back!

Run! Scream!
Run! Scream!
And never look back!
And never look back!

Colonial Grave

The jungle has a short memory span;
White ants and humidity
Destroy the path of time,

No footsteps remain,
No name or deed
Can be remembered.

Here lies under
A banana tree
A single monument:

A broken tombstone,
Its text withered
And covered by moss.

Maybe it is better
This way:
A silent departure.

Moonlit Night

Now that dark crickets
Have swallowed the sunset
And a frail mist comes rolling
Down the mountains
A heavy desire pulsates in my temples

My unrest forces me to walk
But the silver path of the moon
Leads merely to pain and to
Miles and miles of loneliness
Until my steps become torture

Oh, could I lie down next to you
Feel your breath on my lips
Kiss your fingertips and
See the reflections of
Accidental stars in your eyes

Walk on! Walk on fool,
Until daybreak covers the blisters of night
With gentle balms of sleep and light
Walk on! Walk on fool,
For your love will never return.

Nai Yang

Suddenly
It will come to me

The mesmerising scent of pine trees
Carried by the scorching wind

The shimmering beach carpet
Beneath my feet

The high-pitched chants
Of distant cicadas

The hardness of
Purple skies and waves

It will all come to me
Like a bedtime story

Once upon a time
And I will mourn this desolate place

Why I Couldn't Go Back Anymore

I couldn't go back anymore.
I had been to beaches, to hotels and to hospitals.
I had been in the jungle,
In temples and in morgues

I couldn't go back anymore.
I couldn't face up to death anymore.
I couldn't talk about death anymore.
I couldn't see the dead anymore.

I couldn't smell the dead anymore.
Because there's only
So much death
One can bear.

I didn't go back.

I went to a restaurant
Drank champagne
Listened to music
Ate and tried to forget.

It didn't work.
But,
I couldn't go back anymore.

Frankie

My friend Frankie
Invited his parents
To his wonderful
House on the beach

One sunny morning
- They were having breakfast
With orange juice and toast
On the veranda –

A wave came
And Frankie
Never saw
His parents again

All Senses Numbed

The taste of fear
Still lingers in my mouth.

The sight of floating babies
Haunts me in my dreams

The sound of a mother
Crying for her child
Out-screams the
Music in my head

The touch of bloated bodies
On beautiful white beaches
Still crawls under my skin.

The smell of death
Forever shrouds my thoughts.

Is it any wonder
That all my senses
Are numbed?

Island

Desperation,
The pale beach reflects
The emptiness in my eyes

Loneliness,
The hammer of the sun
Crushes my bronze suit of armor

Pain,
The sea forms salty crusts
On my wounds

The island
The loss
The always fleeing answers

Realisation

Almost unnoticed
Your eyes got more fragile
And your walks through the forest
Seemed to last longer

Sometimes during supper
You'd fall into silent staring
Out of which you could awake
Bursting with laughter

One afternoon you said
That you thought
You were losing your mind

You sank down in your chair
With confusion in your hands
And cried.

Here and Gone

I should have kissed you
One more time before you left
I should have hugged your
Fragile body for a while and

Oh, I should have sung your
Favorite songs to you
So soft
You wouldn't even hear.

Now you're gone
There's no again
But then again
You're here

Inside me
And inside my son
A whisper merely
But you're here and gone

Northern Snow

The exhausted landscape
Carries its hunchback
Of fog and moans

Monotonous rocks
The scarlet train
My view through muddy windows

Winter sinks its icy teeth
Into the crawling skin
Of coincidental strangers

The provincial railway station suffers
As the freezing irony
Of hasty travelers shakes its ground

The sun is nothing but
An ancient myth
Behind a marble shroud

It takes more than
An anxious hand
To brush off northern snow

Carrousel

The opaque woman
Shows a faint heartbeat,
Her frosty lips breathe
Clouds of acquisitions.

The man swallows his tears
With another golden glass
And drills his chin
Deep into his chest.

The icy hands
Of clock-eyes spin,
The waiting hours gallop,

The nigh turns purple
Like a carrousel
Of stampeding horses.

The Boy

A boy wanders
Through yellow marshlands,
Clouds glow.

Trees beckon with bird voices
And white lilies
Bow for his step.

Never

(Or perhaps much later)

Will his restless skeleton be found
Where nightingales sing.

Alone

The oaks press down
Upon this twilight
Flowers glow mysteriously

Flaring nostrils
Fragile shoulders
Through the fog sound rustling leaves

Dogs howl
Sweat trickles
Freezing cold.

Cruel

I shed my emotions
Like a snakeskin

Now I lie here in the sun
With squinted eyes

Whatever passes
Nothing escapes my attention

I wait without mercy
For an innocent moment.

Little Evening Song

The moon stirs
Like white muslin
Touched by a gentle
Breeze of paper stars,

Darkness tiptoes
Into my room
On black velvet slippers
And caresses my face,

From a distant minaret
Echoes the sound of
Evening prayers and I,
I just close my eyes.

Evening at the River

Light falls like music of Satie
On the river,
Arched bridges dive
In and out of the water.

The swan of evening
Preens its feathers
And glides
Into the darkness.

Unexpected Guest

The bend autumn moon
Clings on to a crooked tree
And drags itself up,
Slowly the owl opens
One of his ghostly eyes.

Nocturne

The pond glows with desire,
Dead frogs float by,
The whites of their bellies
Facing the stars.

Accompanied by ancient chants
The moon swells up
And a transparent lily
Stretches its leaves.

Everything is lost,
Grey butterflies
Glide silently through the dark.

Everything is lost tonight,
Sleepy reeds
Sing evil lullabies.

Raindance in Florence

Silver dancers
Kissing roofs
Tumble splash
Through spout
And drain

Silver rain
Bubbly water
Tumbling rain.

Flower Power

Your face resembles dewed blossom
In the cup of my hands!

I thirst for the transparency of your mouth;
For your lips carved out of rosebuds.

I am tangled up in the vines of your hair,
The way they frame your eyes, so green.

Oh flowery one,
I want to be quenched by your sweet chalice,

I want to fill you with fruits
And sprinkle your petals over sunny lanes.

Spring Morning

Folded apple blossom,
The day is wet
With dew and moon

Fragile shiver,
Cool breeze of light
Unfathomable flight of flowers

The green fruits of your eyes,
I kiss them
O Spring morning.

La Luna è Sopra Caprera

The glorious smile
Of Caprera by moonlight
The twinkling scent of night

Eyes of magnolia
Passionate kisses
Gorgeous Italian women

In the distance I hear
Un Bel Di of Puccini.....
How enchanting life can be!

Summerday in Sardegna

Woodpigeons call,
The day is hot
With the first rays
Of the sun.

Your eyes!
Intoxicated by your eyes
My race begins
Through the melting streets of summer,

Till the evening and
The roaring, red glowing
Inferno of your lips
Chase me into the night,

A night
Spouting for desire.

Summer in Liguria

The clouds are hot
The rasping voices of crows a mockery,

Summer,
Every desire spawns loss.

It is lonely
To roam the trembling roads.

Scream!
Scream this summer,

Emptiness
Is a burning flower.

Avignon

You're never asleep,
Your terraces
Wave their golden hats
At sun and moon

You're never asleep,
In the light of day
You bend your shiny head
Gently to the river

You're never asleep,
Your nights are sparkle voiced
And neon lit

You're a happy alley town
A kissy kissy town
You're never asleep.

This is what I want

I want
To jump into
The eye numbing
Splintering
Screaming
Swing mill of the sun
To storm the skies
On rainbow shoes
To run
To sing
To rip time into pieces

I want
To live like a leaf
Meaningless
Breathlessly beautiful
Like the wind
A ferocious twister
I want to live
To live!

Cello Sonata – Hindemith

The cello cries
The chalice of the evening breaks
The cello cries without stopping
Like the rain or like the wind

The cello is inconsolable
And cries for hidden feelings
For distant beaches
For magnolia

For everything that is beautiful
And out of reach
For the dead bird in my hands
Cries the cello

The heart is wounded
By silver strings

I remember

Blinding white mornings,
The freshness of sheets
Blowing up in the wind,
Rattling pegs in a little bucket.

Fever and cool hands
A bowl with pieces of apple
Mysterious faces
On the walls.

Much later,
The pale realisation
In her eyes:

She was
No match
For the horizon.

Water of Life

I travelled to Kauai
To find the mountain
Of rippling waters:

Waialeale,
Resting under endless clouds
Out of which moments fell
Like raindrops down on me,

I opened my mouth
And drank from eternity.

Sweet Hands

Today your warmth embraces
A tiny head full of dreams
Like, one day, you will
Hold a cup of wine

Somewhere in sunny lands
Where adventures can be lived
And strange stories
Can be heard

About a saxophonist writing
Poems describing landscapes,
Children and music,
Most of all music.

Perhaps one day
A warm mouth will blow
Some ashes from an urn
You will be holding

At the edge
Of a gigantic waterfall

Maasai

At the edge of the village
Leans on his spear a tall man
Dressed in colourful robes,
His grey head held high.

His eyes, pale shells
Covered in slime,
Sense the red mirror
Of the horizon.

Behind him
The wind cries dry tears
And in huts
Weep unborn grandchildren.

Autumn in the Campo

Colourful trees sparkle
Like fireworks
On the canvas of dusk

Out of fields rolls,
Carried by fog,
The scent of the old summer.

A lonely horse turns its head
Towards the hacienda
Where in stables a boy
Touches the strings of his guitar

Restless

I've crossed the Yellow Sea
In a rusty fishing boat
And dived,
Trembling with fever,
For pearls in the green
Waters of the Andaman Bay.

I've seen tigers run
Along the silvery beaches
Of Myanmar
And parrots sparkle
Like colourful stones set
In waringin trees.

I've even climbed the peaks
Of the Sierra Nevada,
Just to experience
Real darkness as
A backdrop for
The countless stars.

Still, I feel restless
And I need to depart
Time and again because
Wherever I went and
Whatever I saw, I never managed
To approach the distance.

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