

Richness

of

Being

Twist

Collection II

There are places
where the mind can not follow,
so it says: “therefore!
they do not exist.”

The heart has been there,
it knows it's way around,
it touches, hears, sees....

... and it dances.

It sends postcards...

Midnight cities filled me
with longings
I didn't quite know what it was
traveling from city to city
filled me with wonder,
something was missing.
Listening to music
made me want to hear it
the smell of night
made me want to breathe it
dancing made me
want to feel it
on my skin
everywhere I went
I didn't quite know what it was.

Your soul is in there
I know it
I feel it
and it is dying to get out

but you are giving it away
you don't even see it
I want to know
Why?

Sunrise

And from these ashes,
that used to be my life
I watch myself come back together,
molecule by molecule.

And as I rise
a different bird, entirely
this time
so much larger than life

I go to my knees
and sob in gratitude:
I lived in darkness,
but I burned that empty land
where I gave nothing
and got back the same

And as I burned along with it,
Oh, Lord, it hurt,
but I did not stop it
though I did not know
that life would go on,
I thought that was it,
death is better
than this, I thought.

And from these ashes,
that used to be my life
I watch myself come back together,
molecule by molecule.

And as I rise
a different bird, entirely
this time
so much larger than life

I go to my knees
and cry in gratitude:
beautiful garden
comes into view
rich and fertile land
underneath my feet.
I give myself to life
all of me,
and get it all back
all of it,
only so much better,
and so much more.

*Am I with you for love? or
Am I with you for your money?
If you lost everything
would I still be there in the morning?*

*To dance with you all night and laugh,
I'll pay, do keep your money
And with your smile, honey
if you did not love me,
I'd still be there in the morning*

*If you lost your dance, baby
If you lost your smile,
and your music was gone,
I just might, not be there in the morning
I just might be gone*

You will come,

*though you make take
your sweet time,*

*I'll just let you think
that you are the boss,
but really,
there is no rush.*

*I still have
lots of things to do
Yes, you'd say,
'whatever, babe',
but what do you know
about the mistakes
I have made?*

*For which some more,
I still must pay,
before they completely
go away.
But that's ok.*

*I had to make them
to be who I am
becoming right now.
You'd really like me now,
but that's ok.*

Take your sweet time.

You! Make your music,
 and you set it free,

and it's here,
 watching me,
 you
 in my room

and where does
 that leave me?

on its own
 my body moves
 to your beat,
 as if I
 do not control it,
this electricity
 flowing through me

first there was silence,
 and then your music
surrounded me
 and took me over

out of nothing
 you caused it
 into being,

and it's here
 playing me.

Look! what you do to me!
You! here
 in my room with me.

*Kiss me baby,
 yes, it feels so good
when you touch my lips
 like that
 looking at me
 that way*

*Hurt me, baby,
 yes, it feels so good
when you tell me
 all about her
how stupid you were
 last night
 without me there
 making it hurt
 this way*

*You're not sure;
 you don't love her
you like me better,
 but you were with her.
Do make the knife go deeper*

*You know, I can do this better!
Go out and
 pretend to try
 to drown this pain,
 and if you call again,
I can tell you all about it,
 what I did, and how it
 didn't help.*

*So kiss me, baby,
 you hurt me like no other
 yes, it feels so good.*

Alive

Come with me.
This is a ride.
Welcome!
Into my life.

Enjoy the view,
while we are up high,
and when we're laughing,
let's really laugh
and if pain wants to come,
then let us cry.

So, come!
Let's step on it.
Let's feel the wind.
Now. Feel the rush!
This is my life.

You can drive for a bit, or
if you choose to leave,
I can wave good-bye.

Just,
hold on for a second...
I'm not slowing down
as we take this coming twist.

We could die,
but we might Live.

Don't worry about it!
What if this is
the last time
you see me,
what if I do
break your heart
to tiny little pieces
what if it does
take you
the rest of your life
to forget about me...

Do you still want to be here?
In this moment; with me?

While you worry about tomorrow,
put walls around your heart
to shield it from some pain,

the only thing you will regret,
is all the laughter
and every tear
that were yours,
but you turned them away,
denied them
and did not share.

In this moment
as it slips away.

*Oh, you want me.
You have got to have me.
You will do anything
to make me yours.*

*I'm exciting,
I'm crazy,
I'm new.
I make dead
come back alive.
Make your head spin,
you are panting,
You want to hold me,
have me,
touch me,
breathe me.*

*Always, just a bit out of reach,
just enough
just a little bit,
and you will have me
and when you do...*

*Then will you stop and
think about,
What is it?
Is it even me?
That you really,
really want?*

I've got energy in me,
enough to spread around.
I smell the night,
I've got to go out...

You really should call me, baby,
while you're the one
who's on my mind.

You really should call me, honey,
cause, while you are the
one who's on my mind
all you've gotta do is call,
and I would come.

No matter who I
am talking to,
no matter who
I am dancing with,

"I've gotta go,"
I would say,
"I've gotta go,
see my boy."

I would say, and go,
while you are still my boy.

You know,
I am in love with you.

but long before you came
I've been having
a love affair
with freedom too.

and if you made me choose,
made me promise to make you
the only one,
I would say it,
if that's what it would take
to make you love me back,

and my heart, would break for you,
can I love you both?
can I have it all?

I want you,

but if I had to make a choice,
I would have a good cry,
as I would
let you go.

Ehhmm, Excuse me! but
may I step down from this
pedestal you built for me?
I don't want to do this anymore.

First you make me perfect:
for you -
the perfect queen,
for you -
the perfect daughter,
the perfect whore for you,
and for you -
a perfect little engineer.
Make you look good,
feel good,
now you are complete.
And then you find a flaw.
Just a little crack.
Must fix this.
Just a little here,
just a bit more over here.
Whatever you want
your perfection to be.

So, I will get going now,
so that you can stop
looking to me,
to fill in the cracks you don't want to see
because when they are your own,
they are never as easy to fix.

Really,
so sorry, baby
I would not
lie to you.
Please understand.
Just because
today,
what I said,
no longer stands,
it does not mean,
I was not
sincere
back then.
How was I to know,
a day would come
and go
and like the wind
out in the open sea
my mind
would
change.

love me,
 touch me,
 surround me,
 kiss me

all day,
 think of only me,
playing with me,
 making love to me;

beg me,
 and demand me

in my thoughts alone
 I feel
 you
 on my naked soul,
 so

 come to me,
touch me,
 and admire me,
dance with me
 and love me.

players and flirts
like a cool summer breeze,
make you feel,
like they see,
only you
and they do
You are wonderful!
their exuberance
spilling over the brim,
the splendor
of crashing ocean waves,
you catch the spray,
and when the winds shift
and you are standing there,
all wet
try not to hate them
for the same reason
that you fell in love with them

oh, and by the way,
You are wonderful!

You can not hurt me,
because I already
do not feel anything.

I am safe
here, inside my iceberg.
Here, there is
no fear,
no want
.....
no love.

Still trying to remember
the exact moment
when I died.

Maybe, in spite of yourself,
you are bringing me
back to life again.

Today, I've been feeling
a bit of pain.

So go away.

No, I'd rather you not
stay until morning.
Go back to your 'girlfriend' now.

But do give me a call.
Sometime?
Later?

So I will hold onto this hurt,
this bitter, dreadfully
delicious candy.

Wanting it to go away,
while clutching at it:
It's mine!
And it's the only thing I have
that tells me:
I am alive.

I want to cry, and cry,
but tears don't come.
Cry over what?
For what?

Am I feeling something?
Sometimes I can almost tell.

and he said:

what do you think we are doing?
are we making a mistake?
where are we going?

and I thought and thought
and I came up with this:

my love,
do this for me,
just enjoy the Moment, love
I am here
and you are here
together
in this moment
and one day, maybe soon
it will be all gone
and we will not know
where the other is
there will be something else,
but it won't be this

and I will be gone
and you will be gone
and all we see here Now
and all we think
and feel
will be nowhere to be found

what then?
will it have been worth it?
all these nows we are creating,
while we do
what we are doing?
while we go
where we are going?

quite pleased with my words
and not a single one of them a lie
Casanova himself
could have put them on my tongue

and I thought some more,
and I really wish
that I had just looked him in the eye
and said this:

I am hoping
you won't hate me,
if you feel pain when I am gone,
but I've got to be free,
and I've got to get going.
I'm leaving now,

so come closer
and give me a nice kiss-good-bye

So, you are surprised
that this pretty little blond
can program a computer,
say what she means,
knows how she feels,
loves geometry and calculus.

Writes something like this.

Holds your stare, and
moves with the music,
smiles as if she dares
to tell the secret.

If only they would hear.

So, why don't we,
for a change,
look at you and me
and everyone,
and feel and know:
there is
infinity
inside,
stories and journeys,
oceans and gardens,
and marvel at how well we
manage to hide them,
and forget about them.

But still.
I love surprising you.
And me.

My body is perfectly willing,
but my soul inside me
won't compromise.

Am I
the shining star
in your eyes?

It does not have to be forever,
it doesn't even have to be love,
but have I been
on your mind?
when I was
not around?

My body is perfectly willing,
but the woman inside me
won't compromise.

Do you think I'm extraordinary?
exciting and fun?
would you be proud
to go anywhere you go
with my body and mind at your side?

Tell me why you call me,
ask me to come,
want to be with me.
I can't imagine why you wouldn't,
but
show me
how
You see me.

So, go ahead, my love,
 though I know
 you would rather not,
you are breaking my heart.

I feel pain.
 I feel relief.
I feel more real
then I ever had before...

I feel
 thoroughly
 Alive!

Oh, yes, bring it on, my love,
 don't go away now...

I have a heart!

Oh, wow!
 after all this
 I do
 have a heart.

My mind sees your faults,
So why am I thinking of you?
Hurting for you?

The words you said to me
I have said them
so many times –
I am listening to myself!
I am now
on the other side.

And as you said them
these half truths that they are,
you, my dear,
have no idea
how well
I know the other half.

And I do understand by now
how you see me.
You don't.
And that's fine.

As you hug me,
one arm around me,
you look right past me
into the mirror
you hold up in your other hand.
Don't I look good?
You ask me.
Over and over and over again.

And that's ok.
And, yes, you do.

I didn't even know that
I've often wondered, if it existed
there, in darkness,
feeling a peace of it here
and there.
I could not tell for sure.

You lit your cigarette,
and, your mind on something else,
you dropped the match.

So, go ahead, my love,
though I know
you would rather not,
you are breaking my heart.
And, oh, it hurts, and bleeds,
washing away
these useless fears and lies,
I did not even know,
I carried around.

Oh yes, my love, don't go away now...

I have a heart!

The room aglow with fire,
how could I ever had doubted,
when all along I've been surrounded
by this,
so magnificent and splendid
the source of life itself.

And though it hurts right now,
I will know forevermore,
I have seen it, with my own eyes,
touched it and felt it,
and even if I would ever want to,
I will never again be able
to deny:

Oh, wow!

After all this

I do

have a heart.

Psyche and Poetry

*It is a palace.
Here, I spend my days, and my nights.
Through the rooms and hallways I wonder.
I see the grandeur and the splendor.*

*It is eternal and endless,
there are terraces and gardens,
vast chambers of dazzling beauty...*

*...and dusty rooms, I am scared of.
In those there might be something ugly.
I try not to go near.*

*And all throughout,
there are timeless works and exquisite art,
and all sorts of all kinds of other stuff.*

*And it is alive. Living, breathing, ever-changing.
And a huge river runs right through it.
And often something calls to me or overwhelms me.*

I reach in. I bring it out.

*Here,
would you like to see it?*

Rejection

I like you, and so it hurts me,
that you would find me lacking,
not good enough for you.

You – who should love me,
recognize me
as one of your own.

I am flawed, deficient.

Is this true?

I don't think that I believe it,
but this pain tells me
that I do.

What do I want from you?

You pull away.
What if she wants something
you do not have
or is not yours to give?

What do I want from you?

You are funny.
Before you even know,
before I even know --
you run away.
Too many people
wanting too many things,
too much of everything,
always
expecting something --
from you.

What do I want from you?

What do you want to give me?

If you want to give me nothing,
that is what I want from you.

You leave me in heaviness.
Very slowly
carefully I exit,
lock the door
behind me.

You don't see me.

Mirror.
In me
you should see
your sweetness,
your openness, your love.

But you avoid my eyes.

You are afraid
of these things,
but they do live in you.
Perhaps you fear
that they are not there,
Perhaps they have brought you
too much pain.
Perhaps you came into my life -

Mirror.
I get chills.
It dawns on me
I am still talking
about me.

I feel it leaving me
this blackness;
by bits and pieces
I release them
into the river
that flows through me.

Good bye...

Love is freedom.

Many have come
 into my life
 telling me they loved me,
 and so
 in return
 I must
 give them something,
 be something,
 do something.
 Or else their love would stop.

And I tried hard
 to be a good girl,
 to give,
 to be,
 to do
 until there was
 nothing
 left of me,
 and so

I ran and ran and ran
 from this thing
 they called love.

But love is freedom.
 And love does not stop.

Ran into a wall,
 hurt my head,
 fell on my butt.

But I do!
 Need,
 want,
 hunger,
 thirst,
 breathe!
 For love!

It turned dark,
 and, relieved, I
 thought I died.
 Woke up with sunshine
 kissing my face:

Love is freedom!
 Love does not go away.

My prayer of
Truth
will rise
triumphantly.
And it will fly
and soar.
You will see.

I am soft, gentle and open,
and you might see that
as a weakness.
But I am here to stay,
and
I will prevail.
You will see.

And I am strong and steady,
and the day is nearing
when every last
and first person
on this earth,
has plenty of food
and a beautiful shelter,
and all the magnificent things
this life has to offer.

The day is coming closer.

There are many more
like me.

You will see.

Sun & Iceberg

Collections I

There was once an old, old wooden box with a heavy lock on it. In it were a young girl's dreams, but she forgot where she put the key to the heavy lock.

Today the wooden box is on the bottom of a deep sea where not even the sun can see. The dreams are leaking out of the box one by one like liquid gold an the sea brings them to me...

An Air-Flight Away

Just a moment ago
I was drinking wine,
the crystal standing empty before me now;
In the air was a beautiful song,
but it is quiet now;
Stranger's eyes
through the mirrors
connected with mine.
'Are you?
The love of my life?'
Well now
he is gone.

I stare into the crystal:
"Where is my future?
Tell me, now!"
My plane ticket.
Yes, I leave tonight.

But!
The love of my life!
What if I need
just one more night?
What if I leave?
And he stays here?
What if I stay?
And he is not the one?
Is he?
An air-flight away?

I'm out of wine, and
it's too quiet here now...

**Beach,
sand,
sand, sand,
moonlight path
leads into the stars.**

**And here
eternal,
I stand forever,
infinite.
I know God.**

And we dream,
but wake up to
'real life'.
And the dreams, they come here.
I can feel them now.
I play with them,
same as sand.

**And the ocean
is singing:
'This path,
made of water and moonlight,
come to me,
just come to me;
come
and be
amongst the stars...'**

And a city sleeps behind me.
I want to go,
wake them all up.

You are alone,
 and I too, need someone.
But you think you are
 having fun
proving to yourself
 you can control it all.
You can make anyone
 do anything you want.
Ambition drives you
 and you keep going
 and you keep running
 and there is something
 you keep forgetting,
running to find what you need,
and you can not live without it.
Without it tomorrow
the Love inside of you will die
 my love for you
 will be gone
So, today,
 run to me,
 into my arms.

*feel the trance of desire
feel it
until the end
give in
do what you feel
touch me*

*feel the beat of my heart
feel it
until you are
in another world
just you and me*

*magic spell whispered
in the fire
You
in the sound of
the wind of my blood*

*feel your head spin
through the universe
You
in the motion of my breath*

Hello, Ocean, how are you?
A little strange,
you are still here.

You were here when I met him.
And you know that I
cried for him.

I feel stupid, about the crying
so don't tell anyone.

You've seen it all
blood, death and birth, despair,
and you don't fall apart.

But I saw him again,
and I smelled the cologne on his skin
and I wanted to die.

Why, when he said 'Come!',
I just followed, again,
like hypnotized.

But, Ocean...

Did I ask for this?

Why did he come into my life?

To break my heart & leave?

What I pray for now is to forget.

How do you do it, Ocean?

How do you break the spell?

Your sound calms me,
as if you understand...

I Am Fine

I am a raindrop in a hurricane
that is about to come
Do not tell me your secrets
because I won't tell you mine

I am a wave in the ocean
that instantly makes up her mind
You think you can control me
watch me turn your ship upside down

I am the spark in the fire
burning a forest someplace else
Do not try to remember me forever
time will erase my every trace.

You are where I come from,
my history;
I am your child,...

and I do not belong to you.

I am a flawless copy of you,
and I look nothing like you,

I understand you perfectly,

and you always confuse me,
and when I want to be me,
I run away from you...

Lambada notes
mixing in with air
It makes me want to dance, but
where are you?

Sound so delightful
it makes me want to do
crazy things.
Life is so good, but
where are you?

The universe
of Latin rhythm
seducing me
flowing through me
wrapping itself around me.
Oh, I want to
surrender,
but...
you are lost in the crowd.

Ouch.

The pain of leaving
and friends staying
left behind
for a long time,
maybe forever

and the Sun shines,
like nothing has changed
all alone on its throne

I should be used to
this by now

it sits up there splendid
and proud,
doing its own thing

it must be my Destiny
moving on with life
and leaving Love behind,
aching, sweet memories
scattered all over
continents,
countries and
cities
and yet never near me

but the Sun has no cares
it shines like
everything is the same

into my heart
the pre-destined separation
cuts another unbearable notch

they say the stars
are too far
to be as bright,
but otherwise
much the same as our Sun,

forever destined to mindlessly
shine alone,
me with my thoughts
devoid of purpose.

I know I will recognize him
the moment I see him,
or I will know him for quite a while
and suddenly realize
he is the one,
as he steps out of my mind
dark stranger in my dreams,
he will be all mine
just like he is now
wrapped in a fog,
a mystery,
plain just for me

he will be strong
he will be weak

he will know everything
he will be naïve

he will love me endlessly
and live without me easily

I can sense him nearer
each passing day,
his breath in my hair,
his kiss on my skin.
Sometimes at night I dance
just for him,
and he will come
I know

He is dreaming right now
about me,
wondering
if he ever finds me,
he knows
he will recognize me
the moment he sees me.

The stranger inside of me
writes poems,
while I am caught in
the web of 'reality'.

The stranger inside of me
waits for someone else
to disclose himself
to throw away the fear
that drives one into hiding.
Will she ever find him?

I read the pictures
that I wrote
to find out who wrote them.
Do I need someone?
to make me happy.
Interesting, she keeps
writing about him.

I am not hungry,
but the wind
brings smell of flesh.

It calls to give in,
hunt.
It awakens ancient urges
that I try,
but can not satisfy.

So I turn on
every brain cell,
every muscle.
Just be me,
works every time.

Except there is no end.
Like the ocean
that never stops,
the wind blows anew.
Every time.

I stalk and prey and kill
I declare victory.
Still asking for the fight
of all fights.

The one that will
leave no doubt:
I am the greatest
hunter alive.

Who am I???

Dead bodies
left in my path.

I take a look back
and,
pathetically,
feel pride.

My life
a collection of dancing
minutes, wishes, voices,
and breathtaking views

What is it all for?
To pass and be forgotten, or
to run into a jumble
in my head?

flickering
trees, thoughts, names,
wants, moments, roads

It is always with me
in this one never ending second
that I exist in,
collecting more.

flashing
churches, faces, pains,
dreams and oceans...

My life - past and future,
A jumble in my head
and in your head - yours.

There is just so much inside
and, if you could get in,
you could never get through it.

And I go rummaging
through it all often,
tidying up and messing it up,
but there is always a lot,
so many gems and so much junk.

I have lost track of it all,
a long time ago,
and I do not know,
where to begin
when I invite you in.

And it is funny;
they say this is all that counts.

For years, you've been gone,
so why can't I forget you?
A few months with you.
such a very short time.
You are long away now.

And I still see you
in strangers' faces,
startled, I look,
but it's not you.
I enjoy the torture.
On purpose,
swimming in the hurt,
to have you here
in this way
rather than nothing at all.

It is so strange
that you will never know
that I am still here,
so many years later
and you are so real,
with me
without your consent,
in my imagination.

Iceberg

One more step,
and I am home.

Away from fear
I am safe.

Away from despair
I am safe.

To become
invulnerable
like a rock
to feel nothing.

It is too late
to get lost now.
One more step
and I am there,

but wait. What's wrong?
It is freezing here.

There is nothing but...
Everywhere...
everywhere I look
ice, ice, ice
?

Create & Destroy

Collection III

I do not understand,
 what I am doing here,
 when I just found you
 and you are there.

My mind sends
 a momentary impulse
 to all my muscles:
 "Get up, go be with him!
 Now! What else is more important?
 Why should he have to wait?
 He wants your love now
 and he deserves it.
 Deserves all you can give
 and more!"

And the impulse comes,
 and I ignore it.

There is you and there is nothing else
 that matters more.

What the heck am I doing here?
 All so stupid and

 meaningless,
 compared to making love
 to you.

"What if he does not want to
 love you later?
 Why should he wait till you are
 all done and ready
 with all this stuff
 that has no point
 without him?"

I want to go to you
 and wrap my arms
 and legs
 around you,
 my heart aches to give you
 all, all of me
 all I ever had,
 all I have,
 all I ever will,
 to put it at your feet
 just take me...

What am I still doing here?

And my answer?

The impulse comes --
 "just go!
 there's the door and
 there's my car, and..."
 ...nothing.

I stay here.

Don't wait for tomorrow.

Love me now.

Don't wait for perfection
all around
all of your life.

I am within your reach,
here,
tonight.

What do you know?
This civilization will die,
a new one will arise.
Continents will collide,
mountains
disappear into the sea.
New cities will be built,
and what do you know
where I will be?

All that is in your heart
just give it
Don't wait for tomorrow

Love me now.

I woke up scared.
There was a monster there.

I tried to run and get away, but
my eyes met the monsters gaze,
and I saw that he was
a big puppy dog.
I saw excruciating fear in his eyes.

What are you doing here, honey?
Look how terrified you are,
barking so much and so loud.
Who left you out here?
Hungry, lonely, looking so shabby?

Was it my Mother?
Was it my Father?
Or did I?

I am so sorry, honey,
please don't bite me now.
I did not see you, love!
I thought you were a monster.
You kept barking and
everyone told me:
Don't ever look! Just run!

I wasted so much time
trying so hard
to get away from you,
and you are just a puppy
who needs an ocean of love.

Dear God. Dear Gypsy.
Will I have money?
 Lots and lots of money?
Or at least just to
 pay the rent and food and gas.
 That would be nice.

Will I have love?
 and romance?

Will I have a job,
 that doesn't feel like I'm working?
that feels like a joyful hobby,
 that I can't wait to get to
 in the morning?
 that pays me lots and lots of money,
and someone I can't wait
 to be with in the evening?

Will I have someone who holds me?
 and tells me that
 everything will be all right,
 and tells me that I am good and lovely

Will I? Will I? Will I?
Tell me, Gypsy. Answer!, God.

 And if so, then can I have it now?
Or tell me what I must do,
 so I can have it soon.
Is it too much to ask?
Can I? Can I? Can I?
Please respond.

One day I dreamed
that I could really live.

How dare I imagine,
that I could step out,
step away, step above
the madness,
the mundane,
the deadness
and just breathe.

And there was no yesterday,
and I did not regret it.
And there was no tomorrow,
and I did not fear it.

It is real, it exists,
with my last drop of blood,
with my every breath,
it exists, I know this,
like I know nothing else.

I try to take you there,
I push you, drag you, beg you
to open your eyes,
and see it.

But I have no right
to make this decision for you.
You can only go there,
if you want to.
You will only get there
your own way, not mine.
I apologize.

Take what you want.
Arrest me!
Seize,
invade,
capture,
overtake me,
as you stare
in my face
defiantly,
as I say:
No,
you can not have me!

Imagine everything,
everything you know,
everything you own,
everything you ever believed to be true
one after another
taken from you,
leaving you,

no longer choking you
until
You
is all
that is left,
a naked point in empty space.

It feels like death.
And then,
you take a breath.

*This will all fall down,
like everything else
 in the world,
and maybe tonight
 you will meet someone new,
 who turns you on.*

*I wish I knew,
what I could have done,
 so that I
 would not be losing
 you now.
And if I did,
 would I, anyway?
And does it matter now?
 Soon enough,
 this hurt will be gone.*

*I want to heal.
I want to start
all over,
again,
from the beginning,
the origin,
from the source;*

*with no errors,
with no limits,
just me & Life,
like a rosebud
boldly addressing
a new
sunrise*

*with no thought of fear,
trusting,
nothing to prove,
nothing to earn.
I want to breathe.*

My life
is stuck in traffic.
If only all these cars
would disappear.

Oh boy, could I then step on the gas!
Oh, don't worry
about the cops.
How could someone stop me
for living at full throttle?
They'd ask me to teach them how.

Anyway, I'm here
stuck behind all these cars...

Disclaimer: Speeding is against the law of the land

You ask me to come in,
into your garden:

You will like it here,
the colors,
the breeze.

Oh, how nice,
you came,
how beautiful,
the conversations we have.
The presence of you here,
makes everything
so much more intense.

Oh, but I am sorry!
When I go inside the house,
you can not follow me there.
I will come back out,
no, I don't know when;
and if I find,
out of my garden you
stepped out,
I will be angry,
and will not let you
back inside.

I want you to
own me and serve me
be my teacher and my lover

obliterate and build me
be my creator and destroyer

take what you want and hurt me
force me and let me

kiss my tears and shush me
when you violate me

bring me pleasure, satisfy, obey me
posses, control, dominate me
adore me and indulge me

you have to
touch me, engage me and move me

After
you are done tearing at yourself
with guilt and doubts and fear,
you will come back to me.

And I will make all of your pain
spin and flow away.
I will dress you in gold and
give you a palace to live in,
and if you do not like it,
you can sell it and
keep the profit,
or give it to your lover.
Anything you want, just say it,
I shall bring it, and lay it at your feet.

Honey,
you can not get away from me.

It is only us and the forest and the trees.
The sun shines softly through them,
and I can hear
the ocean and the beach.
Follow only your delight and pleasure.
Amour, can you smell the freedom?

And I am very, very patient.
When forever has ended,
I will still be here.

You can turn me away,
reject my gifts.
If that is what you want, just speak it,
and for you, I shall make it be.
Sooner or later,
you will walk with precision
straight back
into me.

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