

From the mountains/A song I sang on a mountain once

But the mountains did not make me quiet.
We are not Steadfast Silent
Do not Remain
(I was more Alive)

We are not mountains
But are we the eruption of a volcano?
fire burning, throwing stones, lava sizzling
But no, we as well need to charge

We are not oceans (because we like to go places)
But are we waves?
Crashing and pulsing
No, hearts see hearts and lose rhythm

Are we forests
(a million pieces growing and dying)
to get lost in?
But no.
I am not inhabited.
There are no animals here.
No spirits but us.
Everything that I have done has been done by me.

Then
As I stepped on stone
My mind spoke;
Human – Nature
We flow differently through the rivers of time.

We are
Like the flowers
– they gave to me every sunday in a church in Florida –
cut at the base, dying Slower

Our tears (and laughter) are the rivers
making patterns in the landscape Faster

And we are always the ocean
Breathe
Waves rolling in Crashing over our lungs
The air reclaiming it – ocean – as his faster slower faster slower slower

As I walk and as I talk and as I run through the crevices of your soul
There are rivers in me
And fire in me
And mountains in me

Incineration (or the bulimia of pride)

Pride is a river

Eat it for breakfast
of ice cold water

Wake up
to see clearly

Until

your bones are shaking
freezing

(I throw it right back up again)

~~Swallow~~ your pride

have it for lunch

Only

one

glass

WILL QUENCH THE FIRE!

(welcome to your body)

The bulimia of pride

I throw it right back up again

Pride is a river

(but) In the evening

I have remembered the alcohol in my veins and I set a match to it.

Eat The last supper

Swallow your wine

I'm warm

if you lean your back against me.

(I didn't write poetry before this)

I hate myself and I love myself and I am my own worst enemy and everything I could ever adore. Half of the time I have no idea what I'm doing, meaning that I write this sentence not having a clue how to end it and maybe that way it will end up great and maybe that way it will just fade into nothing as the lack of plans mixed with my own fear of action makes me too comfortable with being still. It's itching, my soul, constantly knocking against the inside of my skin and I turn around secretly and tell it 'hush' because I am in school or at work or at home and I have no space left around me to explode in. The earth is turning beneath me. Spinning. Walls are vibrating with the sound from the TV in the room next to this, the fridge is humming and everything is making noise, creating soundtrack, making itself heard in a world where nobody listens because why on earth should we, except that it makes me feel alive and so I breathe in. Look out or lock myself in or observe and see and live and *listen*, to all and everything and nothing and I have no idea how I live or what I see and sometimes I'm collected but this very moment I'm shattered all over the world and I have no idea what I'm writing down on this computer in this room in this tiny-huge world but it's okay. That's okay.