*Real music can only be played once.* **(***Bill Baboon 2014 )*

It’s all a matter of fashion

I was laying on the couch

I saw– a ashtray

My feet on a table on four legs

Three cups are on the table, some books

And – a dictionary

My cat and my tobacco lay beside me

On the couch

it is blue and

bent through

I am sober – ah - I’m not drunk yet

My thoughts fly like moth

flicker at my senses

leap like in a Dutch cheese

whispering

old sentences

echo through my brain hole

my ear hears

that somebody talks about me

well I don’t care no more

I’m home and I listen to my own

babbling

I wonder in my own head I cannot lose

 I’m not afraid of anything

because it won’t exist

Climb my mountains but the view is not really right

 I think we’re getting rain

Mama - What have you done?

Mama -Where have you been?

I need your love so bad

I’m afraid to tell what I feel

How come I’m so afraid?

I just need..

just speed up thing I am

say - how slow things go

cause- it’s all a matter of fashion

epilogue

Why? the fool asked blinded by his disbelieve

He forgot the purpose he wanted to achieve

Why? he asked again without thinking very deep

His empty head gave no words or maybe he could not hear

So why

He asked again and again

 And suddenly he knew

Pain would make a man out of him, pain would bring him the truth

So he drank from his bleeding heart

The bitter blood revealed

The only way to heal

Too narrow for my skin

Silence

Silence

Notice me

Beautiful noise

Talk to me

I heard you laugh with me

I left

And washed away my tears

Find

Revelated eternity

Follow

Echo

My flow

Help me

Find me

To find me

I need to see

Me

Where I

Have been

Too long

My sin

This world

Too narrow for

My skin

I dream

White and black

The road is a white line

Memory

My head

Out of the window

You’re not near

Black dog of fear

Lonely

Me

I wish

My words

could be seen