



PowerStrange & Noise



Gasher G.14

Poems

## Foreword

These condensed poems arised from a long period and will be completed when there is need. The content of the poems have their origin in the various developments every human being goes through in his life. And I have learned – some things I would not have written in this way today. If you like you can try to put the poems in their temporal order. And if we are lucky, you and me, you like these lines and stanzas.

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## Hospital

A red point on field of white  
A tip of heat on shining ice  
A never cooling spot of warmth  
Kept its place since nine years time.  
Between the endless walks in lines,  
Bare rooms, damp sounds  
And all the loneliness:  
A spark of life in time.

*Poor, anemic life. they are all antropocentric. I wrote these lines for the only un-machine during a visit in a hospital; the only person that did not only function.*

## Elysium

Up there in the chestnuttree  
A whisper, hardly to hear indeed  
Of forgotten childhood a forgotten dream  
Of love, and time and space - and free.

*Like a melody with neverending echoes. Elysium is from the same visit in the hospital, like the poem "hospital"; in the park there stood splendid chestnuttrees in whose shadows I took my meal. Later I set these lines into music on the scanty album "Oktober".*

## Red And White

When the beloved science  
Is telling once what's love  
I know she has never loved  
But forgotten herself.

*Divide life with the golden cut - order is the smaller part. No other idea of love is as wrong as the biochemic one. I do not write this as a very romantic person, but as a human. Love has hardly to do with reproducing.*



### He, She, It

The reflecting ball, human sticks to the ground  
In the middle a light, raised by the mirror,  
Aspired by human and caught itself  
It can't reach outside the ball.  
The difference between human and light:  
The light is, but human is never satisfied.

*How it all shrieks and blinks. Longing - what a useless thing, superfluous like a self, love. and so decayed - longings of the shopping-mall? - Only to must not watch the ball.*

## Melancholy

Melancholy, my dear old friend  
Do you still know what we have dreamt  
Of times, the old, the hot, the young  
Of eternities that were long gone?  
Do you still know us sitting there  
Forgetting the world of now and here  
Changing the sense and nonsense at once  
And listening to sounds never gone?  
Do you still know who was living above  
Enthroned over the trees and their tops?  
We flew so high, do you even know  
And played the game of finding the rainbow?  
But - if you still know,  
Where have you gone?  
Did they expel you?  
I am still here  
And wish your return  
The divided luck is the more we earn.

*Then was now was then. It was only better for those who lived then and are gone now. Farwell?*

## Fallen Dead

A thing that is behaving well  
Deaf ears and dim the eyes  
Curiosity is careful distilled -  
How well bred is this child.

*Drinking till night is puking. Education? - Some got their own tail.*



### **Monday Before Lent**

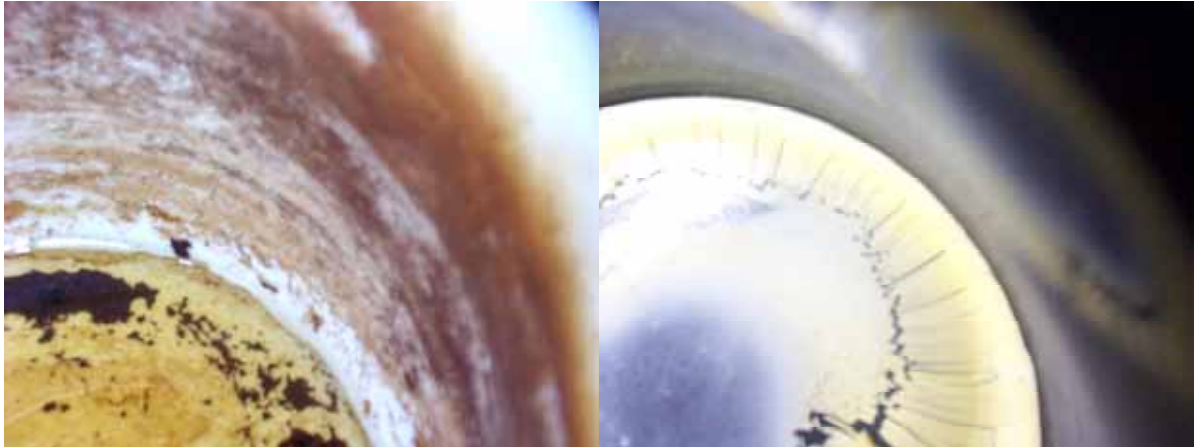
You say: "Lay down your mask,  
Be you, do not disguise,  
Lay down the peacocks robe  
I see your face behind ."  
Uncredulous I watch the mirror  
And see the me without the mask  
Without the lock, without the bolt,  
Without the robe so bare.  
What else shall I tear down, my dear?  
Skin and hair they are still me.  
Should you be named Münchhausen?  
What is the mask you see?  
I'm pleased to screw it of  
But where is this second skin?  
I search your eyes beyond the glasses  
But masks are in the rim.

*Carnival in trio - fearful is whos fears the truth. and truth can be so easy.*

## Restless

Neonlights play silent sounds,  
And lighten sometimes, like a joke -  
They invite a solo dance  
Between the fear and ignorance.

*Like a bad comparison before I go to bed...*



## Nightflight

Free the head  
Like the streets  
Clear the thoughts  
Like the sky  
Dark and deep  
The stars are in  
To be reached  
Like the dreams  
Three wellknown shadows  
Silhouettes under the moon  
Then crying -  
Loud, only for me!  
Wait and know  
That I hear.

*For all the poor ones who do not believe that news-vendour is my favourite work.*

## Complaint

Dear Sir from the authority  
Open your deaf ears for me  
I'm furious (by that is meant):  
Complaint 'bout someone insolent.

He is registered at yours  
- a man of great integrity -  
He is hanging free and bold  
On my perfect apple tree.

I addressed myself to him  
And asked him to step down the tree,  
But he glanced oafish down on me  
Wanted to stay a while, it seemed.

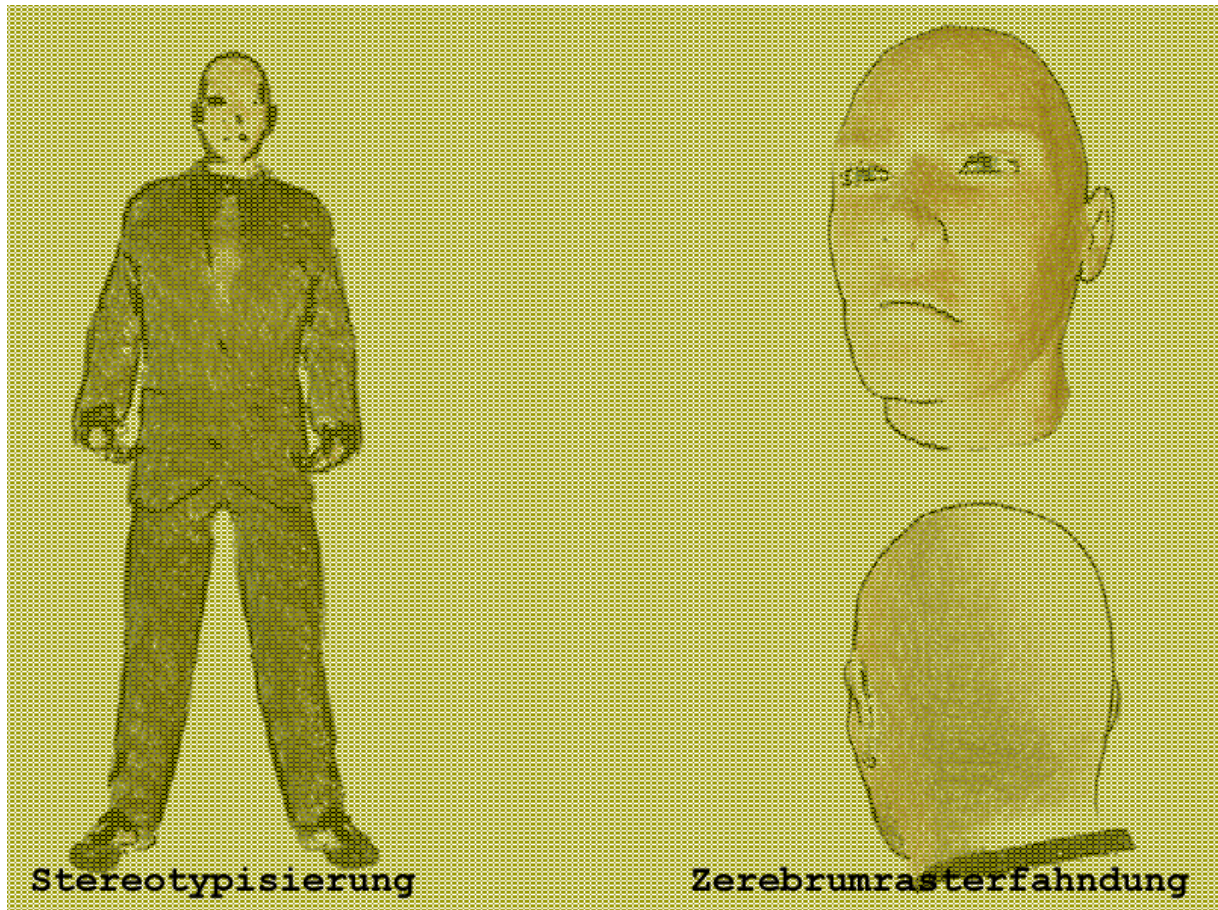
For the moment I did not care.  
But I thought for me:  
It looks so unhealthy for men  
In this position on a tree.

What the heck! - I'm tolerant,  
As long as he liked it himself,  
I let him hang and disappeared  
Back into my foolish world.

But some time I had some guests  
Between ourselves, I fear:  
The rotten smell  
Scared some guests off their chair.

Apart from that I never squeal -  
But do not want contention  
And request your highest law  
For judicial intervention.

*When worse comes to worse – the form holds steady.*



## Justified

Do not talk of left and right,  
Differences of man and wife,  
Poor and rich and strong and weak  
In the end no one's unique.

*Satisfaction of the fine differences, individuality of the hatch. "Different" does not mean "special" - do not aspire to be especially different. I am the same like like, like all, cost 7 euro, little more or less.*



## Mouthage

Please kiss me again  
I try to hold your fluttering tongue  
I long for your lips  
That our lips be one,  
Be one.

Please kiss me again  
I know the danger  
I won't be satisfied  
When I swear now -  
I swear.

Please kiss me again  
Maybe it does mean nothing to you  
Then let me be egoistic  
Feel your voice  
Grant me this moment.

*Today I ask myself, of I wrote these lines because of an approaching nicotin-mania? What mania it has been, it tasted good.*

## Relations

The A loved forever the B  
Because it stood right there beneath.  
They knew each other very well  
Much longer then the alphabet.

But divided was the B  
Because right next to him stood C  
B's feelings were valid to him as well  
For so long as time could tell.

What should the B decide  
The C was clever the A was bright  
It could only be silent about the D  
Because that was the betray of the C.

And had the A been known by the C  
And B from C in bed with D.  
Who won't be frustrated by that quartett  
And wandered the alphabet down to Z.

*I regret alphabets and betabets when I write such poems.*

## You May

You may once take the easiest way.  
You may once do what all the others do.  
You may once swim with the flood.  
But you must not make it a habit.

*People, who go always the same ways, buy the same toothpaste, listen to the same music...*



## The Sock

*For Velvet*

In seething water it catches sight  
Of no mother's face but the factory's light  
A second sock, that is apposite  
Is paired off on the assembly line  
So it is meant for an eternal pair  
Welded together, infancy ends there  
Poor sock

In springtime it hangs with other pairs  
Naked in the emporium, and time goes slowly there,  
And left and right did not even like each other  
It spent the summer in the shelf with pullovers  
In the autumn the stockings are joined  
It is sold shy of Christmas  
For two dollars and nine

Packaged, dispatched and given away  
Beneath the dog and the ski it lays,  
Gaped embarrassed it waits a while  
The next morning begins the employ  
Devoted and loyal it fulfils its task  
Cares and warms perspiring feet does not ask  
For mercy, just quiet

Long it endures the toxical reeks  
The endless fights in the washing machine,  
The life without attention and wage  
But it grows older, the colour fades  
After three months and a short revise  
It is brought to the rags  
Early in the morning

To Africa goes its stony path  
Its being as pensioners cloths is hard  
Racked by children and far from home  
Besmirched with shoe cream, torn, without soul  
It ends up lonely, as the story must go  
In the muddy banks of the big river  
Without a grave

A small crocodile galumphs from the river,  
Goes to the sock and says:  
"You are a silly sock.  
What did you have of that?  
The paradise of socks?"  
It buries the sock and laughs, glad  
That it is not in need of socks.

*The socks are free!*



### **Dear Human Being!**

I thank you for your love,  
For your unselfish, cordial deeds,  
For your courage to be conscious,  
For your unity with the good.  
You will never go by,  
Always resist inhumanness,  
The bad spirit,  
The fear,  
The pathological destroying  
Fight it without violence  
And defeat it in the end.  
I believe in you, human being,  
If you are human.



## Firm And Care

Sure you are a super guy  
as long as things keep running  
as long as money flows  
and spare times are coming,  
as long as you don't lie to me  
and everybody's glad  
as long as you - to cut it short:  
... waste yourself to death.

*Like the parasite in the automate.*