



A woman's pyramid, red lips, period blood running down, the right leg. The woman is inserting with her fingertips a blooded bullet with a child in it. She picked it up from the ground, her loved one shot oneself and is now lying down, on the ground. The blown out brains, decorate the once white walls. The woman stares at the body and cries, the walls reflect, an empty 'why?'

The Thought Behind

VIOLENCE

# The Thought Behind Violence

## Birth

A Dubious Product of love  
Picking My Parents  
Babysitting My Parents  
Naturally Claustrophobic Slide

## Life

Flesh And Bone Hypocrites  
Airing My Lungs And Unfolding My Heart  
If Fists Could Be Feathers  
Silent Tears  
The Thought Behind Violence  
My Violent Obsession  
Harsh Word Arias  
The Nature Of Differences  
...  
The Fool  
The Tear  
A Revolution of Sense

Without Words

## Death

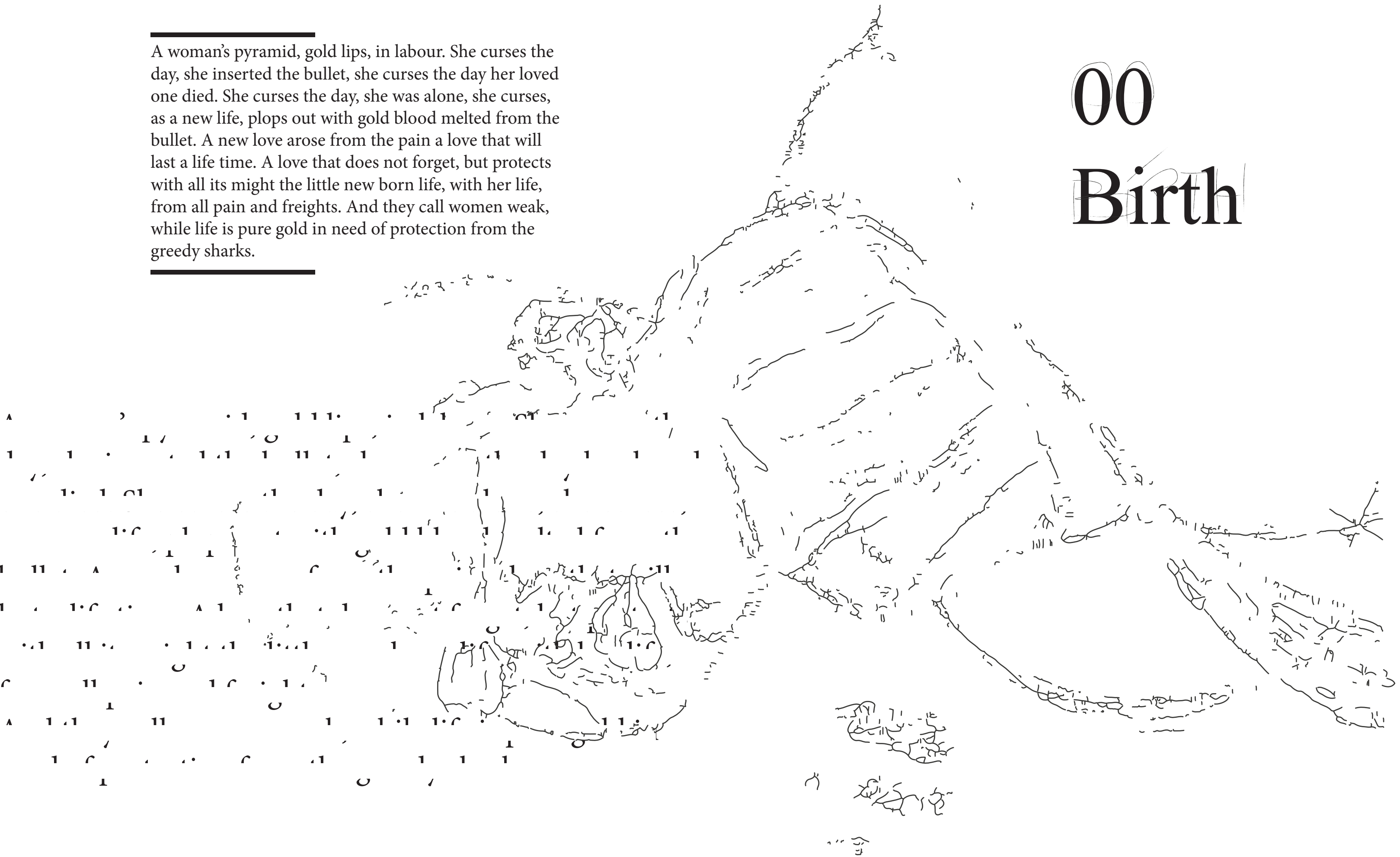
Cross Over  
In The Waiting Room Of Death  
Selling Stamps To A Ghost  
05:12  
Self Simulated Soul Experience

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A woman's pyramid, gold lips, in labour. She curses the day, she inserted the bullet, she curses the day her loved one died. She curses the day, she was alone, she curses, as a new life, plops out with gold blood melted from the bullet. A new love arose from the pain a love that will last a life time. A love that does not forget, but protects with all its might the little new born life, with her life, from all pain and freights. And they call women weak, while life is pure gold in need of protection from the greedy sharks.

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# 00 Birth



## A Dubious Product Of Love

The loop of life,  
happens everyday.  
Love attracts life,  
in a way  
earthly longing,  
creates a body.  
A dubious product of love.

Though one-sided longing  
creates an unwanted life,  
an unwanted body,  
a devilish pop.  
Which also has a soul,  
came alive enforce  
not by choice,  
by a violent manner.  
Some believe in a violent cure...  
A mom murdered me once.  
The thought behind violence,  
she ignored,  
she wasn't sure.  
Maybe I murdered an embryo once,  
in the same ignorance.

For a soul,  
birth means a clean,  
white slate.  
Follow the slimy way  
and forget,  
the lives lived before.  
Whether or not you,  
once killed yourself.  
Whether or not you,  
were killed by a person.  
Whether or not you,  
killed the baker on the corner  
or your favourite pet to survive.  
The shameful pain  
of these learning moments,  
will be vanished,  
for a new attempted try.  
Though some still  
bear invisible scars.

## Picking My Parents

Every soul picks their parents.  
Its useless to blame them for existence.  
Every soul picks their vessel.  
A human red blood water flooded temple  
with all kinds of appearances,  
genders, privileges or shortcomings,  
though none of that matters.

Since every soul wants,  
to learn to evolve,  
the experience of  
a new born dawn  
of possibilities.

In this simulated world,  
we experience,  
violence, pain, hurt, love,  
loss, grief, regret. jealousy, faith.  
In which we are the murders  
of our own dreams.  
In which we are still what we are  
our forgotten live times before.

All of us have murdered to live  
whether in the name of a king  
or a clouded version.

All of us will regret the hurted kill.  
All of us need to make up for our blood spill.

As all of us have to experience all of it,  
to understand togetherness, love,  
the tender connection,  
with all that exists.

As a soul we are the love,  
we collected.  
As a soul we are the weightless,  
floating above the sensory.  
As a soul we are one with all energy.

## Safeguarding My Parents

Safeguarding my parents,  
basically means,  
spiritually baby sitting them.

From over working,  
on the home improvements.  
I saved my dad from an early death  
by an electric circular saw,  
that was aiming too closely at his throat.  
I also inspired him to take a rest,  
when I gave him a vision  
of me as an older child,  
about five years old  
with double side ponytails,  
I was running around the garden.  
A glimpse,  
while my dad  
was working on the attic  
that was going to be my bedroom.  
Helping him to get used  
to the idea of getting children.

When I was in the fuzzy belly  
with the rhythmic heart song of my mother,  
I gave her gifts  
and a bit of an unintentional freight.  
Sorry mom.  
I showed her a vision of burglars,  
that broke into the company of her parents.  
The next day she got a phone call,  
with what she already knew.  
And one night I helped her see her grandmother,  
but she didn't liked that so much.  
Then I didn't know why,  
now I understand.  
Sorry mom.

# Naturally Claustrophobic Slide

I look at my tiny evolved hands and feet,  
while closing my eyes,  
I feel the connection,  
my veins pulsating through my body,  
while connected to my mother,  
in an invisible dome.

Until the dome breaks,  
And I have to leave my safe home,  
this perfect nurtured nature.  
Follow the narrow slimy way,  
squeezing myself into this world.  
Is it painful,  
it is not ideal.  
But it's more painful for my mom,  
I think.  
The naturally claustrophobic slide,  
is inviting me,  
into this new world.  
Untill it becomes the big light,  
into my new home.

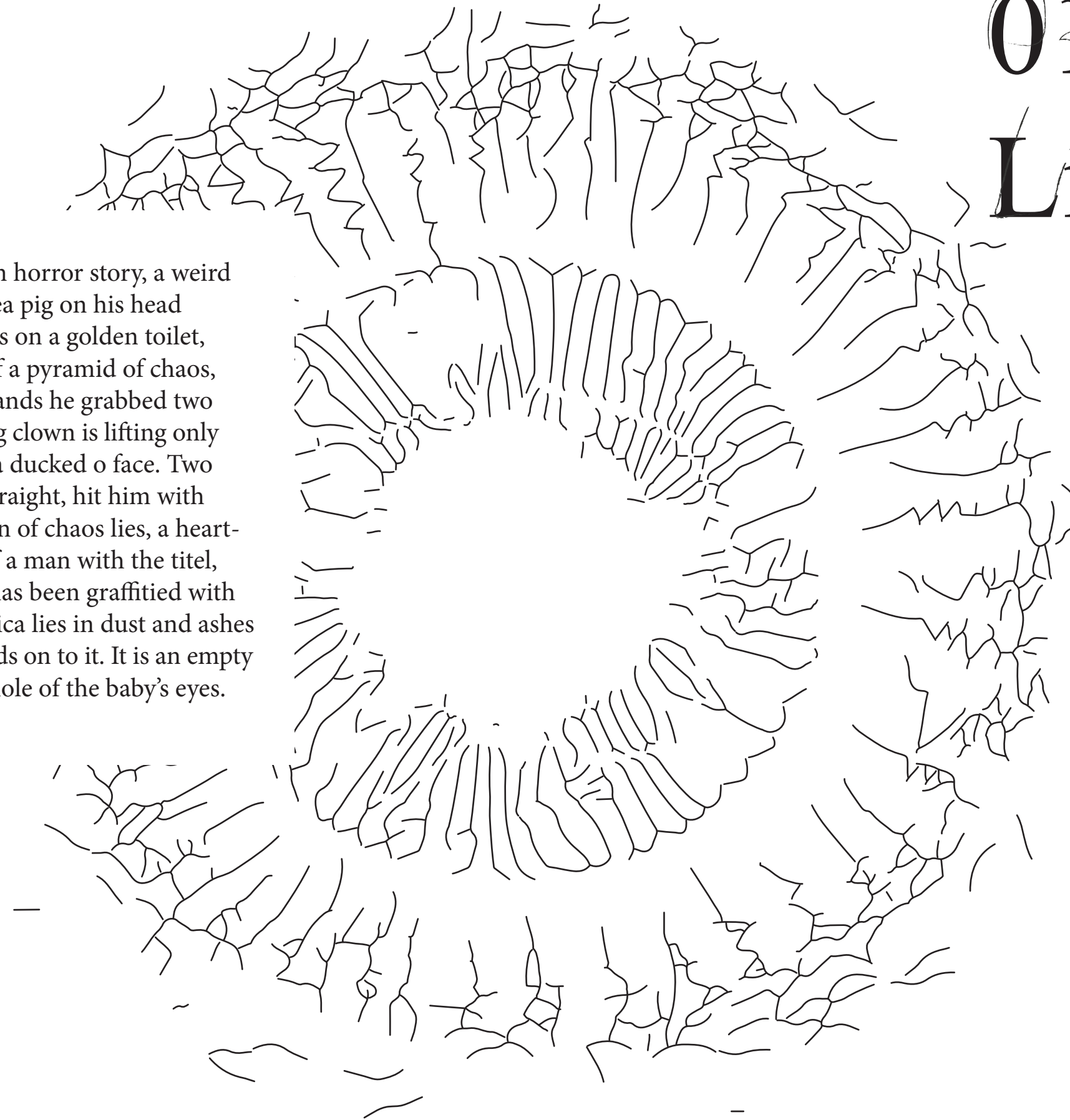
So this is life.  
So you are my mom.  
And you are my dad.  
I know you,  
all of you,  
present,  
in this big room.  
I have seen you before,  
somewhere,  
in a previous lives.  
I will forget when I wake up,  
from this strange dream,  
that I have ever known you before.  
Then you can teach me how to start  
to live, to be,  
this person that I am.  
Thank you,  
for letting me into your lives.  
Thank you, for letting me be.  
Thank you, for creating this body.  
Thank you, for creating this home.  
Thank you.

# 01 Life

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A baby's pupil, reflects a modern horror story, a weird looking guy with a golden guinea pig on his head and an unbelievably long tie. Sits on a golden toilet, shits on a golden toilet on top of a pyramid of chaos, bombs and fire, while in both hands he grabbed two pussy... cats. This strange looking clown is lifting only one eyebrow his mouth shapes a ducked o face. Two women, one transgender, one straight, hit him with their high heels. In the mountain of chaos lies, a heart-shaped photographed portret of a man with the titel, 'Harvey Weinstein' the portret has been graffitied with a big fat cross. The flag of America lies in dust and ashes were a surviving soldier still holds on to it. It is an empty image reflected in the blackest hole of the baby's eyes.

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## Flesh And Bone Hypocrites

This flesh and bone,  
this body designed by DNA,  
will turn to dust,  
someday.

Life's simplicity,  
nature's core.  
When feeling lost,  
look at the trees,  
they are old, lonely,  
uniquely ugly beautiful,  
yet don't care  
about their appearances  
or status.  
They just... are.  
We need them,  
their movements and sounds,  
comforts our rhythms.  
Let watery roots,  
blend with your tears.  
There are no secrets,  
the truth is hiding  
in plain sight.

Life knows many obstacles.  
Mostly,  
we are fooling ourselves,  
for many reasons.  
We are all hypocrites  
we gain from the earth,  
but we don't preserve it.  
We cuttle animals,  
but we kill them.  
We feel,  
but we forget,  
others do, too.  
We are greedy,  
but forget others,  
are hurt by it.  
Materials are made  
with care and love.  
Like we are,  
mostly,  
though we waste,  
hurt and kill away.



## Airing My Lungs And Unfolding My Heart

It's cold,  
the touch of your hands,  
effects my skin,  
somehow.

It effects my eyes,  
somehow.

Filled with feel,  
that connects,  
fingerprints,  
on my new born skin.  
Fingerprints all over,  
I am share ware,  
gazed upon,  
while airing my lungs,  
with air.  
Air you might breath,  
in and out,  
the air,  
shared with you,  
while unfolding my heart,  
with the air.  
To stay warm like you,  
to keep connected,  
like a small human tree.  
You move me.  
You cradle me with rhythm,  
of an unknown song.  
You bathe me,  
carefully head above water.  
Precious silent loving religion,  
in you I trust.  
as I air my lungs  
and unfold my heart.

## If Fists Could Be Feathers

If only arms could be feathers,  
like the bird protect its young,  
we could fly away,  
before we do wrong.

If we do wrong,  
let fists be feathers,  
to not bruise,  
other skin,  
to caress instead of stress,  
about our carelessness.

If fists could be feathers,  
let guns be bananas.  
And when the earth trembles,  
let bombs be no more,  
than promgranates,  
filled with a rainbow core.

## Silent Tears

When I was young  
and scared or beat up,  
I lie in my bed,  
thinking,  
about all the people,  
who were that much more  
hurt,  
than me.  
Who lost so much more,  
than I can ever imagine,  
to lose.  
Who dealt with violence,  
twenty-four seven.  
For who violence is  
another daily day  
of horrors  
and misunderstanding.  
Their silent tears,  
were mine too,  
only then times worse,  
until those silent tears  
of mine,  
dried up  
and felt embarrassed  
by its small scale.  
Compared to all those  
imagined,  
non-imaginary stories,  
as real as the silent tears,  
I wept for their faiths.

Silent tears,  
are not weak,  
it overpowers,  
the power,  
to seek humanities strength,  
to feel,  
to be real,  
to blend,  
with nature.

## The Thought Behind Violence

I remember hands,  
strangling me,  
gasping for air,  
a toilet closet handle,  
poking in my back.  
Mom screaming,  
defending me.

Later on defending,  
the thought behind violence,  
my dad's unknown strength.  
I talked to her about it,  
how there was no...  
thought behind violence.  
Love makes blind,  
in both ways.

So dad,  
I don't need someone,  
checking my upstairs health,  
I am pretty strong myself.  
Not physically,  
I don't aim to be.  
But mentally,  
I am stronger than most.  
And I know,  
there is no...  
thought behind violence.

It's awful enough,  
that there can be,  
child soldiers,  
in this world,  
because we,  
value weapons,  
over lives.  
That homeless people,  
get bullied out of cities,  
by cities.  
While the wolfs of wallstreet,  
kings and queens facade,  
shit in their golden toilet.  
I wonder,  
what kind of mess is this?  
what kind of world is this?

## My Violent Obsession

I hurt myself,  
to realize,  
I am alive,  
to realize,  
by physically seeing the scars  
and red blood  
that I was,  
still am,  
alive.

In that moment,  
I call it,  
'my violent obsession'.  
I would get lost in the mirror,  
after an hour,  
I would come alive  
and looked at what it had done.

I know what depression feels like,  
though I have never been caged,  
in a soft prison.  
My violent obsession,  
said to 'go'.  
I didn't felt home,  
I didn't felt appreciated,  
I didn't felt heard,  
Though it's complete violent,  
to think like this,  
about oneself.  
I understand it happens,  
because I felt it, too.

Though if you let it,  
have it's way.  
If you go through,  
your violent obsession.  
You will have to watch  
your body decompose,  
up untill your living years  
are over.

## Harsh Word Arias

I don't know why people  
need to scream,  
to feel heard.  
I don't know why people  
use words,  
to hurt.  
I don't know why.  
But I know how it hurts.

I mostly see it as,  
harsh word arias,  
dramatised arguments.  
Filter out the words  
and play music,  
behind the angry persons  
and it almost looks like,  
their trying to mimic,  
the dramatic features,  
only it's real  
and they cannot talk  
just scream.

scream like Trump,  
scream like companies,  
scream,  
empty words,  
it says more about,  
the person saying it,  
than the person,  
who endures the aria.

An expression  
of an actor's role.  
Talk to each other,  
be fearless,  
be emotional,  
be truthful,  
instead of acting our way,  
through life screaming.

# The Nature Of Differences

Black or white.  
Nothing is black or white,  
even skin has so many different colours,  
from yellow red blueish,  
to yellow brown redish,  
to dark brown blueish.  
Through the eyes  
of a painter,  
it's a beautiful palette,  
that should be accepted  
not dived.  
Turn the insides out  
and it will look exactly the same.

Black ain't black.  
White ain't white.  
It's an infusion,  
of all colours combined.

All colour does,  
is give expression,  
to this world.  
It makes our life,  
vivid, alive, interesting.  
Being different is awesome.  
There is not one tree the same.  
Not one butterfly,  
has the exact same pattern,  
as the other.  
When will we embrace,  
the nature of differences  
and the richness,  
gained from it.

....

I'm  
stranded  
deserted  
abandoned

with bloodshot eyes  
in an isolate desert  
I am marooned  
while my cries die  
And the one who hurt  
me most walks away  
without anything to say

As he becomes more  
and more  
a shade of mirage  
I feel myself fade  
into a cacti camouflage  
with one hopeful flower  
and then the rain  
showers  
down

## The Fool

Some keep beating themselves up,  
convinced to be a fool.  
What is a fool,  
but a love for a smile,  
the fool,  
employed by the fool,  
who needs the fool to smile.

I rather be the fool,  
who makes your heart sing,  
with bursts of love.  
Than never have met you  
and never have heard,  
the sounds of your laughter,  
as it fills my hollow heart,  
with love.

Though sorrow fills my eyes,  
for those who never felt accepted,  
through someone's eyes.  
Who never felt accepted,  
by themselves  
and evoke the fool,  
who interpret the meaning,  
given by a foolish king,  
familiar with its sound,  
not with its being.

## The Tear

My dad always said to me,  
'crying is a weakness,  
so stop it,  
before things get worse'.

No,  
crying,  
is amazing,  
the expression  
on your cheeks.  
The water flowing  
out of your eyes,  
almost goldly define.  
A form of absolute relief,  
a from of hurt, pain,  
misunderstanding, grief.  
I know I can't,  
never will  
bottle it up.  
It's unnatural,  
if you feel it,  
show it,  
now  
now you live,  
now.

I was surprised,  
when I saw the tear,  
on my dad's cheek  
for the first time,  
when my young brother,  
was diagnosed with cancer.  
I finally felt,  
his broken emotion,  
I felt the walls,  
shatter,  
before my eyes  
and a new world,  
opening up.  
As I cried in that  
beautiful grim moment.

## A Revolution of Sense

I am waiting for the day  
that there is no price tag  
on a life

I am waiting for the day

in which people  
realize to let live

I am waiting for the day  
in which the reason for weapons  
will be their destruction  
so we can talk

nothing can be owned  
power is not to be misused by one  
power is knowing not to be alone  
but to stand together

## Human Struggles

love is godly  
love is develish  
love is twisted

alike

life is godly  
life is devilish  
life is twisted

much alike

power, dreams and faith  
are human struggles

# Without Words

perfect

two people  
without words  
except calling each other's name  
dropping everything  
run into an embrace

rest their hands  
on each other's shoulder  
close their eyes  
as their heads touch  
and feel their heartbeat  
rushing through their bodies

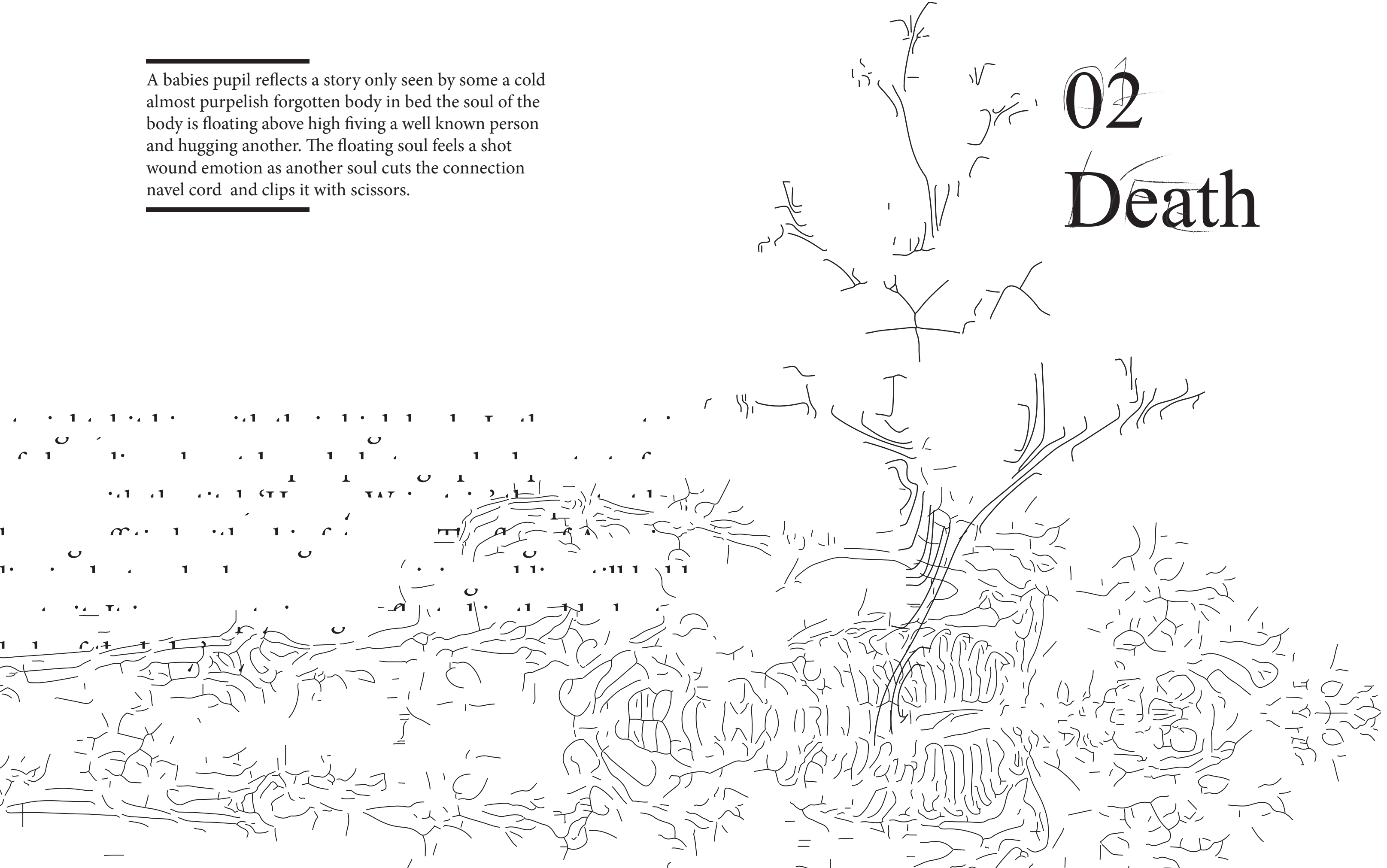
this is perfect to me

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A babies pupil reflects a story only seen by some a cold almost purpelish forgotten body in bed the soul of the body is floating above high fiving a well known person and hugging another. The floating soul feels a shot wound emotion as another soul cuts the connection navel cord and clips it with scissors.

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# 02 Death





## Cross Over

Borders,  
we can't cross without,  
borders.  
To mark the end of  
borders.  
To mark our property by  
borders.  
To prevent others from  
borders,  
with rules.

Mental borders,  
convincing ourselves  
we can't cross,  
while we can,  
cautiously carefully enter  
traumatised borders.  
Physical borders,  
must never be crossed,  
without clear sober permission,  
and always respectfully.  
Asshole borders,  
the kinds that builds walls,  
endless walls,  
instead of borders.  
Like a complete asshole possessive  
prison keeper.

Life is a border,  
death is a border,  
All we do is  
cross over.

## In the Waiting Room of Death

My mother is an angel,  
in the waiting room of death.  
Guiding the last years to days,  
from unknown to transition.

Though life itself,  
birth to death,  
is being,  
in the waiting room of death,  
in unexpected unknown ways.

Saying goodbye,  
to an old chapter,  
in existence.  
Seeing the bigger picture,  
without the drive to reproduce.  
Leaving the ego behind,  
that is afraid to be small,  
that is afraid to be lonely,  
that is afraid for this journey,  
that doesn't understand,  
the pain gained from its fear.

Death is such an ugly word,  
I call it an awakening.  
Death is a rebirth,  
that either wakes you up  
from a long sleep  
or let you sleep,  
a little longer.  
Until you realized,  
the nightmare,  
you are living in  
and awaken.

## Selling Stamps To A Ghost

I am not perfect,  
in your eyes.  
Nothing I ever do  
can be perfected in your eyes.  
So why bother?  
It's always easy to talk about someone,  
when you are not the person talked about.  
So why bother saying anything?  
Anything weird at all,  
you either get roasted  
or misunderstood.  
So why bother now?  
There are enough,  
mind games and tricks,  
enough,  
to make me sick.  
So honestly,  
I sold stamps to a ghost,  
when I was young,  
for school when I went,  
door to door.  
The last house didn't open up,  
after some ringing  
someone called me.  
So I walked around the house  
and saw an old lady.  
Nervously I explained,  
why I sold these post stamps.  
She wanted to buy some,  
therefore I needed her signature.

Later on I came back to give and receive.  
The last house now looked so alive,  
a young family opened up,  
no trace of the old lady that I met.  
They denied to ever ordered anything,  
so I showed them the signature.  
The man of the house was in shock,  
with a lack of understanding,  
he shakingly said,  
'that it was impossible,  
since she passed away for over a year'.

05:12

Imagine you are lying in bed,  
and have a weird video game dream.  
In which you and your uncle,  
have to vanquish demons,  
that were released from their cages.  
But you can't vanquish them,  
since the demons multiply  
and there is no way out,  
except that closet.  
Somehow your uncle,  
managed to get on top of that closet,  
so he invites you to safety.  
And in that moment,  
You wake up.  
Look at the clock  
and see the time,  
05:12.  
After which,  
out of no where,  
you decide to look on top of the closet.  
Where you can see,  
a little girl looking at you,  
for a few seconds,  
with black hair in ponytails.

How freaked out would you be,  
if you later on realized.  
she was your niece.  
Born on 5th of December,  
that year,  
with autism,  
which is challenging.  
And later on,  
my grandmother,  
died on the 5th of December.

I have these things,  
I can't explain,  
They scare the crap,  
out of me.  
And make me shake,  
I don't know why...

## Self Simulated Soul Experience

Actually I do know why,  
why I know things,  
because I have to know,  
I have to experience it.

It fits my life to understand,  
weird stuff,  
that can come in flashes  
or in dreams.  
It tells me mostly,  
about my life  
or the people close to me.  
I know who my soulmate is,  
I know how I die,  
I know people,  
before we ever introduced.  
I understand people,  
sometimes without talking to them.

I know there is more than just,  
what you see daily.  
Everybody can self simulate soul experience,  
Lying in bed and feeling pure love,  
surrounds you.  
A happy moment,  
not thinking it,  
feeling it.  
Not thinking about anything,  
letting yourself go,  
feeling yourself,  
get smaller and larger,  
spiralling going up,  
until you open your eyes  
and see yourself lying down.  
It's the most weirdest thing,  
but if you are scared,  
you go back into your body.  
So while your body sleeps,  
you can travel the world,  
the universe and so much more.  
without paying anything,  
without a visum,  
without borders,  
or assholes,  
who tell you otherwise.