

ANTON HUMPE



JAZZ 'N SONNETS

## YOUNG FAUST

*(In a chaotic room, Faust is running seekingly, lifting things like mad, drinking white wine from his glass, smoking a cigarette while speaking aloud)*

FAUST : With oh and ah  
have I finished all this misery.  
The economy and algebra  
and god beware the knowledge of chemistry  
I have now absorbed  
with all those certain ambitions  
but now I'm standing here, me greatest fool  
and I'm weaker more than ever.  
You look at these faces, all those academics,  
and think in dullness this world is bathing.  
No one of those can perceive whatever holds  
the world together in its inmost folds.

Neither afraid of hell nor of thou  
Mephistopheles you ever youngest soul,  
just the good luck you've stolen from me  
and leave me feeling dust.  
Suit, tie, gel in hair  
you're standing there  
laughing at me in my dream.  
No space for my idealism

and my naive view  
which is neither liked by you nor by your ghost gang.  
Good luck on the business, gentlemen.

*(eagerly and dramatically starting this poem to speak)*

“Profit-horny they are sitting at their desks  
calculating money off their asses.  
The GDP and GNP and chain supply and just in time.  
It is tearing my soul apart to see these folks shaking each other’s hands.  
Slime in hair and slime in brain,  
they slather numbers and yields blather diligence and constancy.  
I’m spitting in their ways  
on their false glance.”

You might hope for the very best luck  
but you fall back.  
It is like it has always been:  
The good money is destroying the true value.  
I just do not care what brings this false wealth.

In foggy night is coming clear the sulky sweat  
which makes everything even more uncertain.  
In vain all the driest musing here for any shite  
I shall escape from these holes of thoughts  
these places, these times.

If I might find my self  
I shall be ready for all.

It is the always-staying pain,  
love, who shall show us how to suffer  
has also played her game with me from time to time.  
Those ripe berries  
who heat us up even more.  
with their laughter, their voices,  
all those wonderful things  
which are always right.

Oh how I feel so much more than weak  
singing all the stories out.  
Thought and still lived.

*(sighing opening a book with an Andy Warhol painting)*

Ha, which joy is running with this sight!  
Every time a new piece of luck to understand the whole  
makes me wanna drink and dance.  
And dance.  
Though where has the music gone which we all love so much?

*(grabbing his iPod, throwing it right back)*

With melodies and colors, the art of dreamers and winners.  
Passed through by drugs I have flown through many holes

but still I do not have enough of those.  
From devil's dungeon I have saved myself from time to time,  
where he has torn at me, I have jumped away  
and danced on his nose, my dear, to wild music and ecstasy.  
Oh you old ghosts shall never get me  
under your spell.

All us atheists, heathens and us sinners  
god shall grab in his bag  
to fill also our brat's bellies.

People say. Devil's Arts would not exist  
but wasted and sleepy I awake each morning  
and see him laughing in the mirror  
also doing other junk. Evil from everywhere  
but I am resistant.  
With this golden knowledge  
I shall raise my flag.

*(falls back into a little chair)*

Enough time to stroll through thoughts and meditate  
to find my place in Chivalry World  
which every youth keeps.

I feel my heart so open, new  
finding what is mine  
I must, I must and if it costs my life.

*(having a sip of his glass of wine, sinking his head after some breaths)*

# ODE TO YOU

*i.*

i don't know you

i'm engaged as you are  
i'm not sure as you are  
either.

i feel close.

i want to hear you  
i want to tell you  
i want to smell you

don't you want it, too?

i feel loose,  
you keep me close,  
i don't know why.

i want to paint you  
i want to write you  
i want to play you.  
i want to read you.

you intelligent and beautiful one.

*ii.*

your eyes have stories to tell  
you would like to open up  
you should

i want to see you as you are  
real and open, pure.  
our eyes are talking endless  
already, and still  
we stay far.

your smile gives me strength.  
blessed and doomed.

give me some time, (would ya?)  
give us some time.

you'd understand,  
being wounded  
by too much.

*iii.*

i want to rave with you,  
being wasted with you.

i want to taste you.

uh.

nowhere else,  
nothing else,  
i want to feel.

i want to eat and drink you,

sink in you

sink with you,

rise from you

rise with you.

not just,

lust is not all but

i want to fall for, in and over with you.

oh you.



## OUR WORLD

oh you floating one you dancing one  
my heart is drooling  
so intense, beats another rhythm.  
your smile of lust is more  
satisfying than my satisfaction,  
the softness of your cheeks  
is warmer and more beautiful  
than a cup of tea on a snowing day  
at the window of mother's place.

and i miss your breath between your  
beautiful words.  
i miss our world  
in which just we two fit.  
i miss to sit with you in your bed  
spreading my thoughts and poetry.  
i miss your stories about the toscana sun  
and friendly friends, wildwest family.  
i miss you laughing  
oh you loving one.

# YOUR EVERYTHING

*for Eric Lonergan*

You funny one,  
grinning me philosophy  
yours as you claim  
with your gleamy sight  
your always colorful view  
of bright and happy madness.  
Hallucinatingly real  
with leprechauns and unicorns  
and capricorns and not.  
It all fades away in your reality  
because nothing is everything is nothing is  
what we see.

Coming out your laughing face,  
yes and no and yes and no  
and yes,  
makes perfect sense  
but not, for those who care.

You fly giggling on your convictions  
with us and 3-MEO-PCP and coke  
and weed and beer and  
amphetamines and opiates  
through night  
in Greenwich Ville  
and keep on talking just the same.  
Because everything is the same  
is what you say.

And your tie-dye shirt gleams as  
beautiful as your thoughts do.  
All the time and never,  
made of star dust, yes!  
What a joy to realize, that  
nothing fucking matters.

## VOMIT PARADISE

greenwich village,  
swimming through the streets in rain,  
happen to go bust, with belle on the side  
gliding in poetic wilderness.  
hoping to die younger than  
supposed, cold and beautifully wet or moist in a  
paradise under umbrellas.

art and after all, beer between brats on benches  
chronicle collapse of creative cracking cunts  
deleted dream resurrection

coming from the past.  
here, now, then.  
stolen future.

Oh my.

## AWAKEN

bleeding whisky out of my mouth  
breathing big black smoke of sin  
I feel as dusty bad as awaken.  
Smelling of guilt  
I am spilled like a drop  
of that liquor  
while my thoughts stumble  
my vision flickers  
I burp you the truth of life and sence.  
My head banged to the wall of void  
smashed on the ground of joy  
trashed like a kid's toy  
nothing left  
there.

## RAW RAIN

Raw rain,  
falling in vain,  
baptizing everyone to become a faithless saint.  
And nature in there purest site,  
the grey sky is opening eyes and minds wide.

The sound of tears and the sound of the thunder  
is giving strength.  
Enjoying the wonder,  
I wonder who can and who can't.

## TIMELESS TIMES

A path made of stone, leading the river to,  
where the sun sparkles in every drop.  
Shining and glooming like you  
it is blushing me.

And I feel free, I feel fresh.  
Ships passing by, wetten my feet,  
The waves are forming the rhythm,  
My breath is forming the beat  
I need.

View's beauty is seeming to be endless.  
How the castle is white on the hill  
giving the sky a french kiss.  
And I miss  
nothing.

## DELICIOUS PAINSOLVING

Oh yeah.  
What joy it is,  
to feel, how much I miss  
all of this.

To suffer deliciously through the nights,  
just taken a few bites of different pies,  
just digested a few lies,  
Tearing for a slice of advice,

but where is any sense?  
I wonder behind my feeling fence.  
Love is not an answer,  
neither normal friends.

(So what the hell are we talking about, hu?)

I like to cry sometimes.  
better if it rhymes as if it doesn't. (does it?)  
My thoughts did some crimes,  
but I'm thinking differently now about this.

I'm seeing clear through every single tear.  
I got to stay some more time here in this bed  
and suffer.



## BERLIN

i kicked an abnormal amount of amphetamines on that toilette, filled with people i mostly didn't know and didn't care about and i enjoyed watching the filthiness of the walls, the filthiness of the floor, the filthiness of the people, of the drugs, of my self, all surrounded by that ear killing but soul loving high volume of four on the floor kicks with beautiful synthesizer highs coming out of those enormous speakers a few rooms further, getting me still, already before leaving the cabin with mad joy in my mind and bitter taste in my mouth to enter and flood the hall of music and dance and frenzy in which we all would spend an uncertain amount of time wasting ourselves to techno.

## THE FEMINIST

evil judging about my penis my my mine.  
i would just love to hate men  
laughing about women.  
i would just love to hate myself but  
being serious about it.

it is just so degrading to let them  
swallow my junk.  
i would love to love and be honest  
about it.  
i would love to hate people using the term  
cunt.

i would love to not laugh  
but pretend i'd understand.

## THE FOOL

frauding around  
feeling disgust  
being the sick sick  
man

fooling myself  
falling to the  
ground false dreams  
no attempt

oh baby oh dear i will dive  
through you to myself  
see my smoke in the smoke  
of you darling

being the sick sick man

## THE P-WORD

what i find also very interesting is  
how the word loses itself in the deeper meaning of oh and ah,  
concerning the matter of nothingness including beer.  
is zen.

and how my  
pen is  
moving around describing  
the p-word which is not pretty.

i mean  
you could also turn it around to see  
how the word drowns itself in the deeper semen of uh and ew, concerning the  
matter of everything including pee.

is beauty unfinished

## NAKED

It all seems so foolish you might say  
writing about life an pain,  
but my conviction is there,  
bare insane am I toying with words  
you don't understand, you don't listen  
And I don't care.

But don't fuck with it like I'm not pissing in your meal.  
I'm sharing how I honestly feel  
and show my fucking serious thoughts.  
My grinning is not any false misleading attempt  
to make you believe in anything.

I'm just exposing.  
I'm naked. I'm pure.  
Romantic ways of whisky and wine  
and I whine you my fucking wonderful world.

## MOON IN DUST

Will I go through the moon in dust?  
Well soon I must, I guess, I know.  
Nothing else I have to show.  
Nowhere else I have to go.  
So, I'm going through it right away.  
taking every joy I may,  
using every word I know to say:  
Oh uncertainty, I do obey.  
Amen.

## LOVELY LAY

to all that big bright city brats,  
with their foolish smiles,  
with their golden looks.  
cool cats, right?  
day and night?  
colorful eyes in colorful lights?  
all these wonderful sights?  
time full of youth with all those rights?  
just beautiful.

no fear but joy?  
funny girl and funny boy?  
nothing that does annoy in any way?  
life is just a lovely lay?  
drugged up, blown flown away?  
all around just smile and say:  
I love this world!

## STROLL

i'm just strolling.

i'm not a hippie. i'm not a hipster.

i'm everything. i'm nothing. i try.

i crawl through time. observing.

absorbing. talking and walking.

i'm not your friend. i need no friend.

i'm lost in all those alleys of time and beauty.

I tear the beauty off and eat it.

i'm not a tourist. i'm not an explorer.

thinking and feeling caught and kept in the prison of my being

i want to escape.

where have all the good times gone?

everything is becoming rich.

everything is vanishing.

i'm birthing boring in the poor wealth

like a confused phoenix,

smoking paris

in nostalgia.



## LAST ORDER

Be my carrot queen  
be my carrot cake  
be my carrot.  
Coffee and cigarettes  
play my fruit, play!  
I smell  
Journey's end  
Journey's start  
the carrot in my hand  
I wander.

Be my apple fairy  
be my apple pie  
be my apple.  
Taste the juice, taste!  
My spell  
thrown.  
My love stabbed.  
Another day,  
another time  
another night  
when I slept.

## AUTUMN

Wander with fall  
through those jazzy spots  
ending in a summer night. park greenwich  
laying.  
I'm awful, boyish, forward,  
the night stays sweeter than my delicateness  
as romantic as i am.

Oh autumn I wished it was you  
with my falling leaves  
and your sparkling eyes of  
ocean deep  
as they can be.

Always.  
flying with the trumpet blow.

## EMPTY ROOM

I wouldn't speak in an empty room.

I would sit down and meditate or think if I must.

I would I think draw a house a heart and a sun if

I'd be in an empty room with a piece of paper which would be burned right after.

I wouldn't be afraid in an empty room to write anything, burned or not doesn't matter.

I would probably not write about glamour magazines. No.

Praying is saying thank you. Last sunday I had enlightening moment in a Baptiste gospel church in Brooklyn, where people prayed for me, sang for me, blessed me and believed in it.

Thank you.

I'm always afraid and

I always want coffee.

## PSYCHOLOGIST

He is a psychologist.

He knows what you think, how you feel, and what you want.

He tries to manipulate you, makes you sink, makes you grow  
and doesn't show anything.

He stays quite while you cry and in fact does not take what you say  
because he knows.

He cannot be a friend cause all he does is fake.

For god's sake. The sun is setting and he just waits.

## FROM THE TOP

waits and  
waits and waits on  
and on and  
on and on

till the top is reached, but  
beauty is there  
not any better  
baby,

not any better  
just stay and see

weary weirdness  
surrounding  
us.

heute ist so ein seichter tag.

## ROMANCE

i.

a sign with the end

of you fresh thing of hot beauty

number of the light

that there will be  
never reached  
perfection for ever

having changing moments

love! Oh you

Last light

last light.

ii.

I would never say it's perfect

red or even lighter, but not pink

a muse

19th century

my stupidity and childishness  
and the whole cliché about it

makes it work.



3rd edition, 2016 Bamberg  
First edition, summer 2013 Berlin

Besides the partner edition » Unterm Kirschbaum « other texts of mine appeared under the pseudonym Tony Cale or *tonyc* on several blogs on the internet, on various computers and in different garbages.

During the last years there also came together a few music projects called *Shiner*, *Malheur*, und *Waise* and a collection of E-books named » Das Geständnis eines Egos «. All of these can be observed carefully on my homepage.

Thanks to Daniel Porder, Olivia Guethling and some other women.



© Anton Humpe  
*antonhumpe.com*