

overkYll

i saw the greatest minds of my generation shattered in decadence,
aimless, lustful for ecstasy, hopelessly activist, lost in kitsch,
how they vapor, the angel headed hipsters, looking for meaning,
burning for the ancient heavenly connection, forgiveness, revenge,
for transfiguration, the worship for the blind nocturnal powerless chase.
those who can destroy dualisms, enable them, rubbing against them,
not being able or not wanting to distinguish their poverty from wealth,
those who recharge guilt and suffering without knowing why,
only by continuing as they have done before.
those who sit in their small chambers, whispering, rushing, smoking,
talking about nothing but their narcissistic spirit drowning in wine.
those who make art for themselves, yet remaining on the spot, dancing.
those who resolve the screaming genders, expose them, infuse them, lose them.
those who run after the seemingly passing pleasure like the setting sun.
those who understand nothing, wandering endlessly and aimlessly through nights,
being glad?
those who experience the cynical overkYll of this reality ironically,
trying to form it into trash by first re-deconstructing it,
then smearing it on hose-, soul-, canvas-, and display walls.
those who send around smiles on displays before they swallow them out of boredom.
those whose fathers die, even before one can dispute their trash... uh... throne...
those who aren't fast enough to kill themselves before they kill the world.
those who swim within deconstructions.
those to whom only disillusion remain, oh so beautiful ones.
those who renounce poetry because there actually is something important in the
fucking world.
those who love techno without loving still jazzing their brains off.
those who can be sad without having feelings.
those who are beyond that, beyond all claims, standing or lying.
those who are more clarified than enlightened,
to whom clarification is a concept without knowing it.
those who recognize their problems, loving them and therefore being able to play
with them, instead of fighting them, losing with so-called honor.
those who just join burning.
those who misconceive their intellect or simply do not have it, which doesn't matter
though because they are still the greatest minds of my generation.
those who swallow their antidepressants with red wine.
those who understand that one cannot escape completely the religious desire of the
soul.
those who know that even as atheists, hardcore rationalists and scientists they are
living and worshiping and sanctifying some sort of devotion.

those who have depreciated science as well as religion because it is yet just another eurocentric patriarchal narrative.

those who are longing for the sensitive.

those who want and actually can combine the spiritual, not just the esoteric with science.

those who don't have to be entertained at all times, no.

those who do not longer go to the theatre for any valid reason, but simply go to the theatre or make theatre without reason, because it dramatizes the terrible beautifully, right? hello? beuys?

those who are full of criticism for everything and full of mockery but therefore also thankful i guess. yes.

those who cannot only find their good luck in success, neither in their personal one, nor in the world's one.

those who generally doubt the concept of good luck not just because it is undeserved.

those who find beautiful melancholy in failure, despite kitsch.

those who become apolitical out of firm despair.

those who doubt the capitalistic world order but their own activism and „mind“ as well.

those who finally recognize by now the slavery within hedonism.

those who do not only conceive work as an individual potential for identification, but who understand the collective within it... dismissing it.

those who can be also unemployed with work.

those who express criticism by just being, not expressing criticism.

those who see that everything is an adaption, a quote, a parody, an homage, a repetition, that original and authentic does not exist.

those who are alone because they know there is no other way.

those who accept loneliness as a birth given and inevitable good or evil of life that you will never completely understand.

those who put they smart phones ice cold into blizzards.

those who understand silence and nothing as qualities.

those who see their activism also in asceticism, in passivism.

those who do not want to wait for life, but still wait like all.

footnote praYer

holy! holy! holy! holy! holy! holy! holy! holy!
holy! holy! holy! holy! holy! holy! holy! holy!
the world is holy! the soul is holy! the skin is holy! the time is holy!
the environment is holy. the underworld is holy. the afterlife holy.
these poems are so holy! also boring is holy, or is holy boring?
the art is holy! the irony is holy. oh you holy humor...
seriousness is holy. hope is holy! the longing is holy.
the theater is so fucking holy! the fundamental rights are holy. democracy
sanctifies.
the questions are holy. the Y - holy. the whole generations are holy.
the provocations are holy. the provocateurs are holy.
tolerance is holy. the criticism is holy. the consumers are holy.
hail postmodernism, hail post-drama, hail post-irony,
hail the post office, hail all the sanatoriums of this world. hail you, macbeth.
shakespeare is holy! brecht is holy! handke is holy, not bad.
david foster wallace is holy, as you my soul are holy.
every world is holy. every truth is eternal.
every inhabitant of every world is holy.
the parties are holy, the music is holy.
the fog, the stroboscope, the dark desire - holy.
the light is holy. hallowed be your name, hallowed be your being.
your salvation may come, your salvation may be done,
as in heaven, so also on earth.
give us our daily salvation today and deliver us...
the wine is holy. the whiskey is holy. the cigarette is holy. the intoxication is holy.
the euphoria, the ecstasy, the depression is holy. the end justifies the means.
the mother is holy, the aunt is holy, the wife is holy. the feminism is holy.
the man is also holy somewhere in the back. holy, so holy.
berlin is holy. giessen is holy. vienna is holy. zurich is holy.
new fucking york holy. hamburg is holy. bamberg is holy.
even herdecke at the fucking ruhr is holy.
holy žižec, holy hegel, holy seneca.
holy is forgiveness, holy is understanding, holy is love, even between the lines,
between the sheets, between the references.
holy is sex. holy is reason AND the headless. holy is the opposite, not just figurative.
the contradictory.
holy is the illusion. holy is the hallucination. holy is the objective reality. for real.
holy is the huge vacuum that defines, laughs at us and fills us. holy.
holy is a brilliant and super-intelligent story or something. holy is this: