

*although I am not able to know, whether something like you exists,
if it is even possible to catch some certain form of your person continuation,
I want to tell you, that it finally ended well*

*maybe I sometimes spoke evasively, or perhaps I had resorted to merciful lies,
but this is finished and from now on I will only speak in images*

*I will not write here all the dreams, but instead of marking the half I can note,
that somewhere in the middle earthy red and emerald green pigment
started to pour over from me, to my big happiness*

*in the middle the painting of volcano ascend is missing, because this did really happen,
after long journey through the bushes and old orchard and serpentines, with evening
on the neck, wind and vertigo, that lasts like an empty form for fear*

*writing in insomnia after drinking too much of nettle tea late evening,
ode to chlorophyl without the need to paint the leaves of grass green*

*although I am not able to know, whether something like you exists,
if it is possible to find somewhere the projection stone of your person,
I imagine the answer*