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Win/win/win Situation

Accelerations. Move quickly through streets, hut entrances, scaring elderly women which resume slow chewing only much later.

Resonance: ok up to the last level, slightly lowering, waves and masses still being instructed similarly. What's this got to do with us, what our role in this is

is clear: make sure everything remains calm in the rear clans. Good to have Smith at my did you just see that? No he just reared his head but seems to carry an M17. Good. Good.

I am sometimes being played upon, my part of the ratio, my comrades.

For instance from nightly perspective „he's a ‚sociable‘ chap“ always up for cracking, down with people. I laugh loudly, maybe uncautiously wishing to gear myself in good position, socially speaking, from the outset. It works.

Hiring tall people is always a delicate task so rarely present in our „club“ which we all sum up under a common: „success“.

It is like merge into joint effort as in a high, hardly reachable cloud. Most do not understand.

For people in a win/win situation. And the snarly way to enjoy oneself through which to subtly, effectively, create personal freedom. It can be anything, a stick say, hand gesture, sudden looking at photos, this mutual appreciation.

Smith, who had initially given me small hints, does not appear to cling to my side quite as much any more.

„Even paranoiacs have enemies“ he taps my shoulder. Making me hot and cold inside, and

It pours.

If it left me less affected the outer world materials – lots of soothing leather – might regain the upper hand.

But Smith is silent.

Today's task: support

Dent, *déformation professionnelle*, after a while
you'll see the helps everywhere.

Whether protection from the forces of nature or speak
louder, the voice only carries as far as not to let it come
to that we could agree upon. Always to
rip, regularly step
outside, try again and without
backmotion does this mean
sunspots?

I cannot believe it! I swear
I never wanted what happened, became, to become.
but look I can smile it away every time.
the make-up slowly sinks,
like snow, in solution.

There to reasonably strengthen?
To be tough, thought through. Yes, crazy
world, blue
clouds. A perfect band over the
entire spectrum. Calming down, all
staring up and into it through filters.
Music swelling and soon also questions
as to the sequel.

Personally, I could not what is not to be thought
through what unless a miracle happens will
has happened. I cannot believe it.
It would not have had to come so far.
Oddly enough, that's what they all say.

Strong users

Now this great day has arrived.
Me standing here not only speaking for myself
but against all those being outraged when I,
at only age six, proclaimed my desire for beauty!
In my long history of crowns and hairdo
nothing and no one had the advantages of
skin glazing as recognized as myself
in mirrors minor details falling
into place.

But no taboo lips sealed off against salt water
went to lengths and extreme close ups
which as anyone knows me likes to confirm body.
So if you ask me what the future has in store,
as it were, for us: this season it's all about whites,
bitecool people licking plastic tan
sprayed and on teeth; bared in their
lighting-shock treatment.

And as I stand here today, ordering it all
be waisted a lot more to the group,
achieving better results than always
innocently seeking it inside oneself?

Don't we all want to accept the gift of lean form?
The consistent body as our entitlement?
There are certainties of looks, pouring
sugar into the blood of the unsightly.

Caravan

We covered the repatriates in quicksand and followed the traces. Often watched in awe as they made sacrifices to their bodygods, though we learned little from it. We have to be at the big aisle before sunrise and cannot concentrate on that fully; under a star-spangled sky; closely entangled; jotted down for later reference.

I tried to smuggle out notes on our situation and the little we knew about their living environment (sorghum, camels, the bodygods), but how can I start to describe the amplitude of change happening all around us. They rest in themselves, and each of us just carries our own weight around. And having to watch this display of serene yet hopeless living, increasingly bothered.

Have to stop, outside our tent they have started to implore once again. As I said, to me, rarely an appealing occurrence.

Serious Poem

The birds will leave. The house had been in better shape. Then, in the castle of what we just went through I asked you intensely once more whether you do abide to our common principles.

But you could never relent from the garden, kept looking over, and the fingernails. Nestled to them. I explained it again in the afternoon: what speaks from these works is an enormous thirst for life, a sense of almost being prepared for action. True mastery comes from uncontradictory thoughts. And when will we finally start?

When you let it out again I started to lose patience. You lie to me with freedom and there is no means against it. As clear as it is, I never once talked about that. Do you still abide to our common principles? You

You do not deploy me.

But What About the Experience-gift?

I am looking for someone with deep understanding of shadow. You ought to be tall a tree should stand in your place. Me in a good location swish objects understanding; you with a sense of lobster the enjoyable sides of do not tread quicksand & jellyfish. If we misunderstand each other the story might go in unexpected directions so concentrate.

Fit for daylight means focus on the diving motions, reconstruct them as far as possible. You paddle and I am educational. You: sensitive, while I: remain in my center at all times. Slender but not thin; gracious but not quirky; down to earth but not sullen. This is in no way a gift; you have to practice hard. Always remember: not too deep; something starts flaking from the cheek but we will crawl forward and later, on the bed together, blow the sand from each other's feet.

But for me, atmospheric dancing is something different entirely. Champagne bursting from overjoyed lips. Of course these are regions we travel through, huddled together on our white horse and rest at silent hidden cabins. I wanted to see the sequel, but you could not stand any more truth. I lay there and appeared to be at odds with contentment, always verging on euphoria and drained by all of this.

At some point only to lead the life I had always dreamed of does not fulfil me any more. Some say you cannot fight theory because it is based on total transparency. What I need is more dangers to see where I stand. Relationships necessitate advantages.

Improving the Situations

Now that you have tasted blood on the presentation let's move on to advanced instances. Once we give each other those fine heart looks we'll be getting to business quicker.

The controlled hardens into an ever evolving pain. Any soothing may only result from speaking to those already content. But I would not make the mistake of overvaluing it. With the right approach no one will bring us down.

Did I choose the right path and is there a sufficient number of options at my disposal? I have suspicions with regard to goodness. Any remaining ability to think and understand comes under adjustment and will not be available as grounds for action. One has to deal with that; I like to summarize this under the keyword *commitment*.

Merely correct opinions do not suffice by far. Who would you want to praise anyway? Do you stick these field hardenings under an enduring voice? In my position there is choice I could never have dared to imagine. With it forgiving becomes easier as I noticed myself. And no feelings of competition. Obviously this was only partly workable.

So what does all of this mean for our daily life? The high value for terms, the confusing correctness presenting itself. But don't you hold yourself in flow and consciously generate strong forebodings? Exactly, everyday asking myself is this still myself? Or has success changed me. So many questions we would like to ask you.

Excellent, thanks

I have been seeing a different city for weeks
and you did not know about it, with us both
soon fleeing the towers?

It is getting late but I still have
thoughts on what is flowing
beneath main street

and everything carries away. You have
saved me too often, chosen a piece
by hand but

let us not stand here, it stops
traffic. Withstand the influence
that says, there is solace for all of us,

you just have to ask
every day.