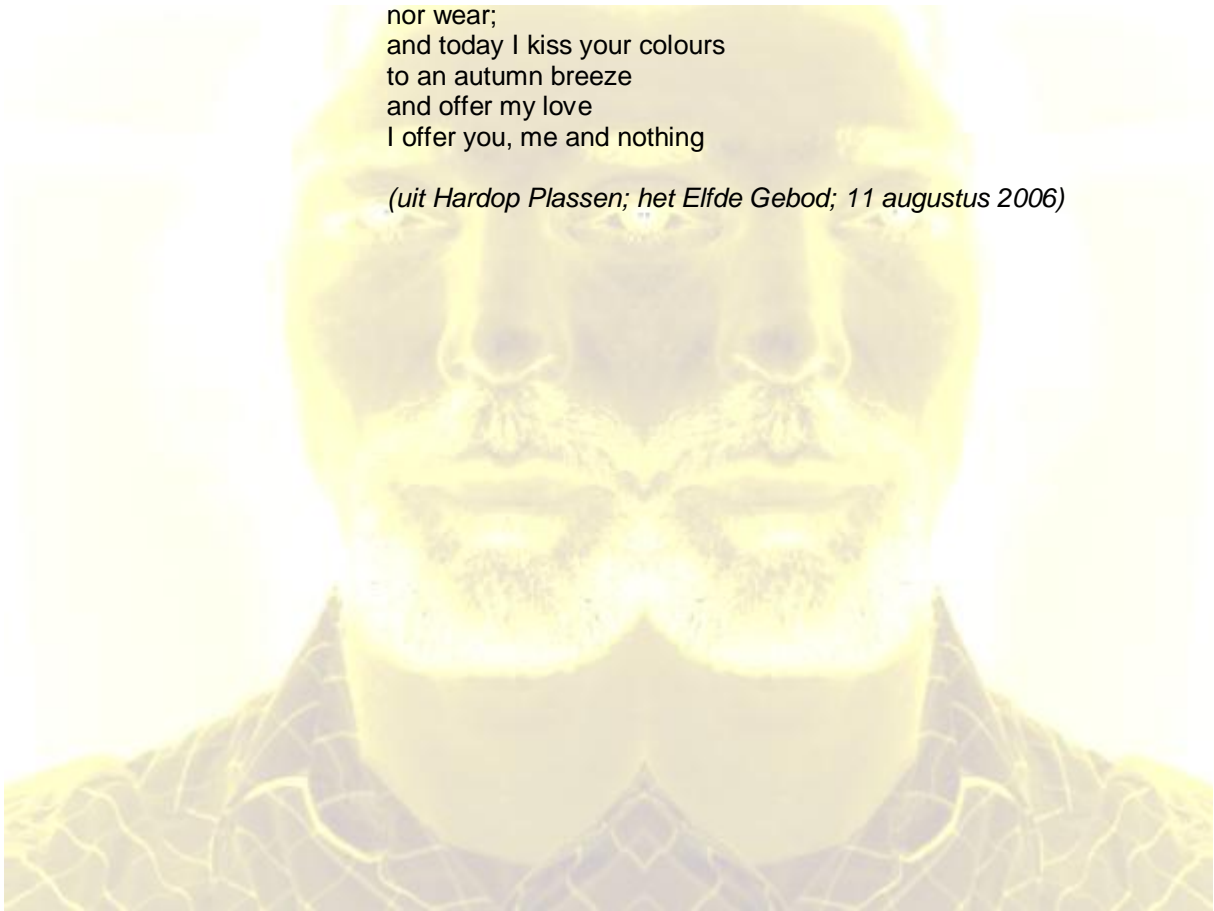


## Later that night

far beneath  
the naked surface of  
your life  
cries a stolen dream  
over you, my wishes  
and the unborn seeds  
I break the frozen tears  
from your eyes  
and melt them to warm  
waters  
in which I comfort you,  
comfort you  
and cherish your deep blue soul  
to colours you never knew;  
never were  
nor wear;  
and today I kiss your colours  
to an autumn breeze  
and offer my love  
I offer you, me and nothing

*(uit Hardop Plassen; het Elfde Gebod; 11 augustus 2006)*



Nothing but an oracle  
crying in a bleeding heart  
remains me in the

wilderness of cinders and

ashes

the hot breath of a nymph  
warns my lonely  
flight; magpies crow

the end of my air; the blue of

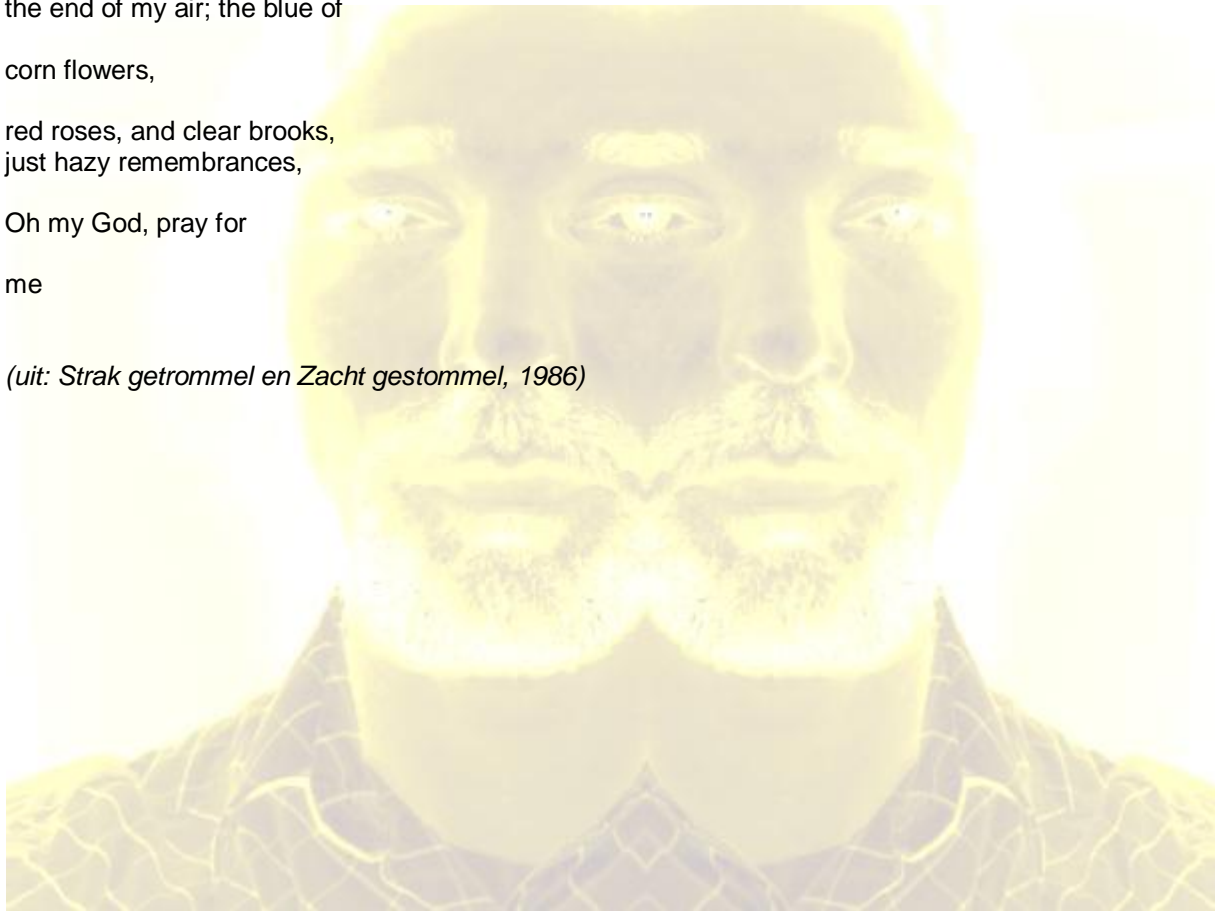
corn flowers,

red roses, and clear brooks,  
just hazy remembrances,

Oh my God, pray for

me

*(uit: Strak getrommel en Zacht gestommel, 1986)*



### Versje III; the SnerPHderP

Thank **GOD**

It WaS OnlY a SnerPHderP  
that camE **aloNG**

**IN** my YELLOW paintTEd DREAm

I Swallowed the Coloursof THE rainbow  
i ATE the **SHINY**  
**buttons**  
of MY military Costume

**AND**

IN MY RIVER DISGUISE

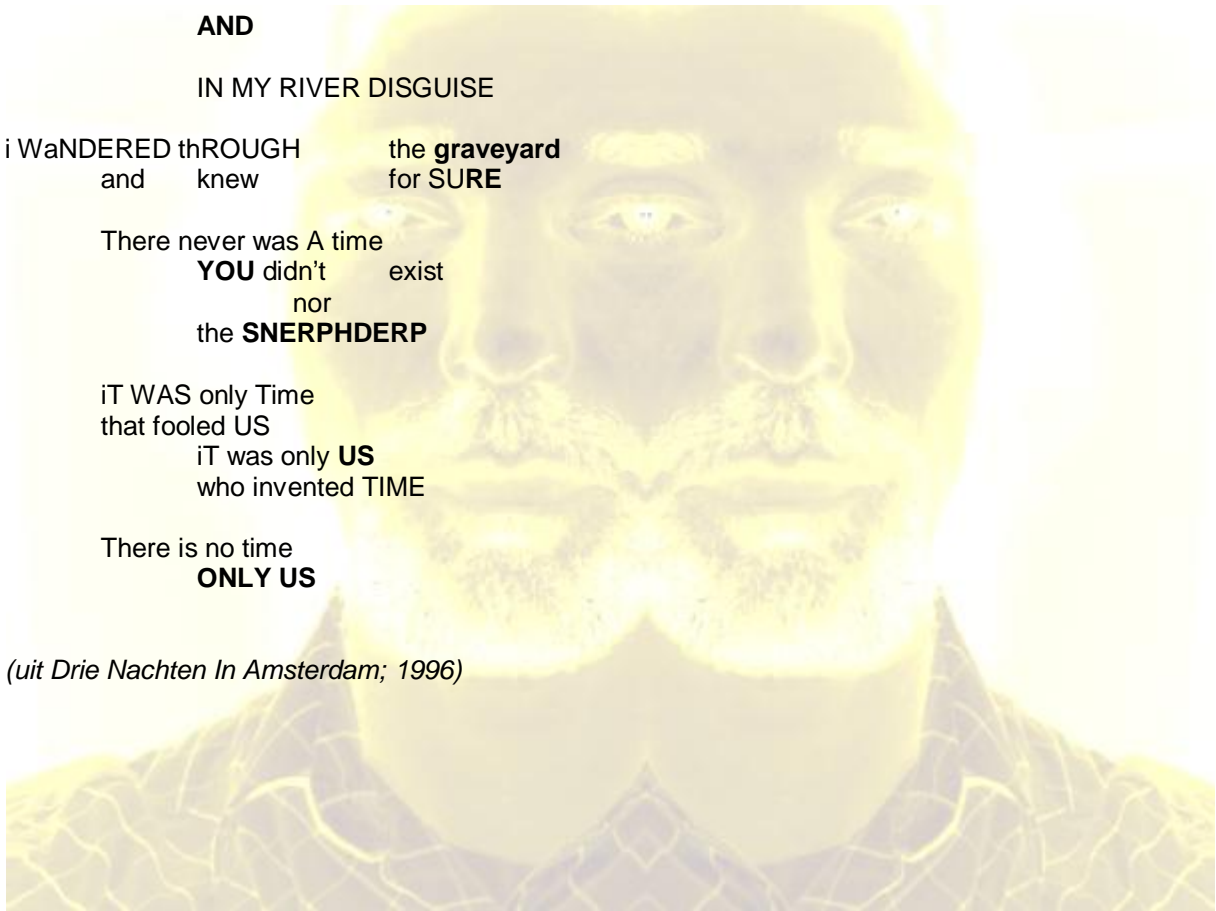
i WaNDERED thROUGH the **graveyard**  
and knew for **SURE**

There never was A time  
**YOU** didn't exist  
nor  
the **SNERPHDERP**

iT WAS only Time  
that fooled US  
iT was only **US**  
who invented TIME

There is no time  
**ONLY US**

*(uit Drie Nachten In Amsterdam; 1996)*



## Versje IV; The Administration and other Blues

Later that morning  
through the Windows (3.11) of my PC  
I saw  
the windows of my mind

Hidden in hazy thoughts  
I heard the chanting  
of the Children of the Sun  
- (Wasn't it a cloudy morning?) -

### 10.08 AM

I thought I saw a hero  
(but) it might have been a  
pencil  
I never could decide

### Consecration

On the button of my  
frozen keyboard  
walked an autumn-magpie  
dead nor livin'  
He cried his final Air;  
there ain't no cash-flow  
without my calculator (Casio, made in Japan)  
And so he said:  
(And) in the End  
I cannot –ministrate without my Ad-  
so, this very afternoon  
I'm gonna wear my purple wedding-hat

*(uit Drie Nachten In Amsterdam; 1996)*

