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POETRY SELECTIONS

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„MORDEO“ from „VAMPIRE“ (#328, 2005)

something about the end
is not to be underestimated:
that it's the end
and that nothing comes after

and something else:
that a previous notion
of things coming after
was falsely seen soothing, before

still, it is poisoning
deeply, deep down
securities held, even false ones so utterly,
once lost, they still hurt

and while I've rejected
false hopes and false faiths
still do I wish
they were true

the betrayal
of the self
the greatest motivator
of all

for if there's no God to have faith in
what's left then?
just us
and inside quite, just me

oh, ain't that a burden

"when I was a child,
I spake as a child,
I understood as a child,
I thought as a child:
but when I became a man,
I put away childish things"

yet sometimes
still
I seem to miss
being a child

how I want
this wake
to end
and life
to finally
begin

from "THE DESERT" (#315, 2005/06)

Nr. 19: "THE CAMEL"

a glance
so mysterious
so full of contempt
and slight, noble pity
they look at us
knowing much more
it seems
try we to mimic them
we who need chewing gum
wanting to get
a taste
of their superiority
well,
what's in a name

Interlude 2: "VIRGIN LAND"

a distant, haunting melody
in all that is
in all to be
and all that was
and all in all
connected here
concocted her
to strangest quite an invocation:
that all be new
once we arrive
the slate be cleaned
the bills all reckoned with
with ease
and all we shall see
a land of plenty
a Canaan of hope
a city so shining
upon a hill
by dreams it all built
with dreams it all filled

and all in its wake
all terrible fate
dissolved
and diluted
with cheer built, with life
contesting all strife

in theory
that's clear to see
and clear to be claimed
and claimed it now be
whatever we see
virginity seeking
the being untouched
by the toxic touch
of life

a claim
and a ploy
a queen of virginity
queen of all chastity
(touchable
yet still untouched)
an image of greed
an image of lust
of possession
yet to be filled
with sanctity
all violated
and all is sacred still
and right...

Nr. 47: "ALONE"

once there was sanity
once was inanity
of doing
what was wanted so
and tied to a game

tied to a meaning
names all
and words:
just words
and unjust ones
meaning
no, meaning nothing
we mean
or I?
mean I
on my own?
mean I
or does the world?
(means it all and not to better)
turns!
what turns?
shall we take turns?
who lives?
who dies?
or shall we connect:
collate all that here
and thread them
and bind them
a catalog of life all visible
a library of blood
and minds:
mind we not
the rejection of the I?
shall seek I
or want I be sought?
shall want I

or want to be wanted?
shall make I
or want to be made?

and even if not all the time
some moments there are, I'd like to unweave
what's holding me
tying me
trying me
by standards
of --
of what?

shall value I sanity
value what's right
value what's wanted.

or value I
what's neither-nor
and so unwanted
cause "want" would be something?

for in the end
(and in the beginning)
there's just an I
opening eyes
only to close them
again
and in between
what has id seen? and done? and
lived?

“MY BEARDED SELF” (#290, 2004)

my bearded self looks different
as if from an alternate universe, almost
I must admit
I always preferred Spock with a beard
and once I look into the mirror
it's still me
and yet it isn't
fascinating,
I could say

“A SMILE SO FORCED” (#278, 2004)

I've seen you smile so oftentimes
and yet, your eyes seemed unaffected
there's a muscle, you know,
that only moves when you truly smile
you cannot force it
you'll be recognized wearing a smile so forced:
so why do you do it
and what's missing
for you to smile truthfully?

“DEPRESSIONS” (#286, 2004)

I saw a woman today
sitting at a mall
at her bookstand
prepared to sign her book
people moving round and round
passing her by
her book was about depressions
so silently she sat
quietly
depressed, probably
hell means indifference

“THAT WOMAN ON THE TRAIN” (#213, 2003)

that woman on the train
looking so sad
so sadly beautiful
reminding somehow of Cate Blanchett me
her eyes were screaming, tired but
laid her head upon the saddle of her bike
it made her chin look funny somehow
sadly funny
she looked in my direction
yet there was no direction in her look
a ring was on her finger
and sadly she looked
rose
and left the next station
and I stayed put
we didn't talk
how could we have
I wish we had

“THERE’S A CORPSE” (#223, 2003)

there's a corpse
sitting in front of me
her eyes are damp, have lost all light
a certain air of desperation
a certain sense of all that's been
she's sitting there, and checks her schedule
on her way to work by train
she's been broken, looking stiff
her eyes might tell of past a sparkle
oh, if they could
but they've been killed

“LOVE” (#324, 2005)

at time's end
(during the darkest of the night)
who'd you be crazy 'bout losing
(who'd you be crazy ha'in lost)
who'd you want
be with
even if were it
for the last
fleeting
moment?

“TO BE OR NOT TO BE” (#269, 2004)

it's better to be

from "THE WOODS" (#275, 2004/05)

Nr. 22: "THE CAVE"

there's a noise
approaching from deep down
from wherever it is noises originate from
from wherever it is pronouns are made of
and put at the end
of the spectrum of perception
hear you not?
(you seest not)
and know you still
the tree that's just fallen
has it left
a reflection upon the wall?
a shadow, an itch?
a trail to be trusted?
to be tested
in reality?
you heard not
you saw not
you know not
believe you?
(should you?
should you believe)
verily, I say upon you,
like Thomas, I want to know
I want to see
I want to touch
I want to lay my hands at the evidence
(need I see in his hands the print of the nails...)
in order to see
in order to know
in order to being able
to hear the truth!

let us call the master here!
Dionysos, faker!

what I took in
by thy image
thy demanding image
demanding by appreciation
by invitation
and by pain
what I took in
quite in your name
seems to want out
seems I not want it
seriously
enough
faker, you,
illusions of want created so easily
like alea, games with dices ---
god doesn't play dice, it is said
well, what does one little rock know
of the world...
maybe he knew
quite a bit
for if god wouldn't play dice
and everything here
depended
on a game of dice
what are we to think
of the existence of dice, lying in our hands,
of the existence of god, lying in our heads?

no, I was lying, and I have to pay my dues to the god
the only god:
Dionysos, Bacchus
for showing me

this neather-realm
between life and sleep

I cannot sleep
get me a pill
get me some wine
get start my insanity
that puts to sleep
my inner senses
that shuts quite off
the thinking inhibitors
and turns quite on
what makes me feel
the naked time
the naked now
the naked moments
of the living
life just takes moments
ripped from its very own tapestry
to then make sense, in retrospect
what we would so much more be hoping in prospect be seeing already!

I'm seeing right now
things the way they shouldn't be
THINGS ARE THE WAY THEY SHOULD NOT BE
I should not be sitting here alone
there should be someone at my side
I should not worry about no one to see me

if a writer writes
and no one has seen him write
has he really written
the text?
does he even
exist at all
(meaning, must we recognize his life, at all)
shut up
go fuck off
and yes, I mean it literally

my lyrical I agrees with me
in this matter
I have never met a critic superior to an artist
unless those hybrid creatures, these freakishly distorted ones
these artist-academes, wouldn't they be quite the brand,
super, pitch, er, this idea, should it be pitched
or be spoken of
in silence only
these few revelatory phrases deleted
(I may forget to delete them when sober)
oh, art needs be arrogant!

back to the cave!
the cave!
our fresh new desmotêrion!

well, it's boring
and frankly,
it's telling me nothing any more
since tasted I've science
I'm feeling
I'm regaining knowledge
separating
mythos
from logos
and turning logoi into erga so quite

Nr. 29: "SHAPES LOOMING"

hush now
sweet baby
don't be alarmed
we're just here to take you
to somehow remake you
to somehow remove you
from what you once were
so that you become
what surely lies in you

hush now
and do be afraid
but don't say a word
you would just waste energy
would just waste life
and life's the last thing to be wasted
why should you waste
what tortured could be so easily, dear
what fun would that be
for would there be heroes
without a chance
for them to stick out?

see you now sanity
see you now sainthood
see you now goodness
see it shine out

see you its messenger?
see you its maker?
see you it's shaper?

oozing
in the primordial
something happened
something
emerged
oh, yes, don't you see?
it's madness
purest intelligence
the very essence
and very disease
of it all

so let's go mad
we're mental already

Nr. 30: "THE DRAGON"

the prodigy spits fire
a fire started by itself
the brother slain,
the giant reduced to a worm quite, a dragon
removed from its source
a beast now emerging
a silent one not, a brave one quite neither
force needs no braveness
force needs just force
force is the brute, the stark, and the raving
and mad
ain't not madness
our only choice
and only hope?
ain't it mad to hope for apes to climb to the stars?
ain't it mad to hope for an Angel be slaying the dragon?
should we now fear?
fear not!
what, had we fear,
would we accomplish,
would we
begin?
milk sings of Egyptian kings
colossal ones
(indigo derives from India)
Alexandros! the maddest of all
dared a lot
and hoped for a lot
and couldn't stay sober
so drunken with energy
drunken with hope
drunken with madness
and striving so madly
but see now, he's owning the Pantheon! owning the gods
a god quite himself
made he himself as a god

a pharaoh
of great a house
and greatness housing?
for once we just do it
once we take on
the bastion
of the beast
(and let the little birdies sing their pretty songs)
the beast will growl
strike out
well maim us
kill us, very probably,
but what then emerges,
what's then retained,
in oddest a mirroring,
all that's been hidden
all that's protected
all that the dragon of power removed from our grasp
once it is ours
all our problems
will vanish by nightfall
and all will be happy
the flowers will bloom in a red, fiery glow
the earth will know peace
a peace of our own!
all shiny, happy people!
and all will conform
to our wisdom, our knowledge
for us it's been
that slain the beast
and all it quite took
to take out the monster
to take out the evil
were us being better
in doing its things
that needed be done

Interlude 4: "OUT OF THE WOODS"

out of the woods we kept calling
and out of the woods we keep crawling
out of the woods we keep falling
not into place
but something different quite
insanity
inanity
in vanity
in-vain-ity
in vain it, I
fear it is
quite more than German angst it is
a staring into the abyss
of human intellect's worst fruits of cold deducing
cold seducing of the underworld
the underwood
beneath the shades
hiding
it's hiding beneath the shades of the trees of the forest of the thoughts
thought so long we lost it
lost it ain't
lost are we
lost in thoughts and lost in passions
patience gone
and all our serenity 's faded to darkness
fire's flying in its place
in its locus
locusts like we've infected the world
like we're about to do it to others
go west
go space
face the new monsters we'll see out there
emerging within our selves
we don't need an other to see our selves
we see our selves
our worst intentions

in the others
we attack what's of us
in the others around us
can't stand we ourselves
can't stand we
the insanity
the inanity
the unbearable gravity of being
the trees for the forest
the forest for the trees
how sweet look the woods
when you enter them
how impenetrable
once you need to leave
leaves fall under the summer sun
fallen leaves they soon will be
but winter leaves
once winter left
we'll be thrown back to the summer, the zenith, of all our discontents
and worries
in summer
the weather's hardly to blame,
no, forget that
we can
we will
always be blaming the weather
ask Aristotle
but maybe still there's something to it
the heat gets to the brains, the minds
propelling them to frenzies of inanity, insanity
the cold
freezing the minds and freezing the hearts
somewhere in Africa,
blood flowing down the hills
somewhere in Europe,
white flakes of human ash clouding the entrance to heaven
how can we go on after this?

Nr. 46: "SHOWING"

I want to show you the world, my child

her wonders and terrors
the good with the bad
the simple magnificence
all in its workings
all in its majesty
all in its wake:

for that's how it goes
and that's how it is
nature's quite
the way it is
not 'cause it should be
not because someone just said so
it's how it is
and simple rules
(in utter complexity)
and we inside
and we in sight!
and we, incited here
to see
to speak
to do
to show:

I want to show you the world, my dear

how out of the fog of ages past
life's come to pass
and moves now all over
some crawling
some digging
some swimming
some walking
some soaring up high

a rainbow of options
of ways
and of means
what means it all? oh, that's just human obsession with cause
but prior to cause
shan't look we at things, how all quite unfolds?

a cat so daringly and soothingly
looking at me
so quite like a deity

a dog so fearfully, adoringly
looking at me
so quite like a deity

and us in the middle
wondering
whoever is right?

look quite at a flower we
a rose quite red
and filled so with mystery
all our emotions
leading quite up to it
a red one
of hope
of some day
presenting it
to another
or being given it
whichever way
a function, attached
to the nature at hand
(but shows us a rose how its wants it be treated?)
shows quite us nature, how shall we possess it?
is but a flower
a gift to be given
a snack to be eaten
a thing to be used

to be plucked and
de-flowered?
is that a telos
or something that happens?
and what of the pollen
carried away by the bee
what of the bee
drinking the nectar of roses, of flowers of shapes, colors different?
what of their honey?
see we a telos
see we a purpose
see we a cause
or see we
just life?

the black cat meowed at a fly passing by
and a crow waited on road-kill by the side of a truck
a bear coming out of the woods, looking at tourists looking at him
and an octopus came to play with the divers
while the dog went to go for a swim
the black cat, again, talked to a squirrel
(which he may have killed later that day)
and squirrels go nuts for the nuts thrown to them
in Battery Park, the squirrels feared pigeons coming too close
(maybe sensed a sense of the dinosaurs living in them)
while in Trieste, a penguin complained 'bout his cage
and a shark swam in circles
and a coral fish swam to his anemone home
the black looked so jealous when the grey cat brought mice
but yesterday, the black brought a tit,
today but, the grey though returned with a similar kill
(who says, only humans murder for fun...)
while the old one had waited for food from the turkey
the toads, interlocked, they feared not the road
like two bugs, one went forward, one backward, all way,
the he-goat screamed out: he was tied to a tree!
(the scapegoat was killed, any-all-way)
while a dog I once knew wanted to play
and the sparrow flew through the window picking on apples

and tits waited loudly for me to put food out
the squirrel in Bryce was shy not the least
in Yellowstone though, his cousin (?) just fled
and a turtle just didn't quite care in First Landing
and the camel in Egypt
still seemed to know so much more
but knew it of octopussies running two-legged like men?
of little wasps living in figs?
of dinosaurs proud, now circling the skies, though much smaller?
of others extinct like them? beings and cultures?
of what once quite came
out of the woods?

knew it, much more, of things you can see
only when looking quite hard
and with help?
a help not transcendental but real
and of science
not tales
of questions
not doctrine
of answers
and not just out of belief?

the pleasure and pain all
pleasure and pain all

not quite with cause
but quite for a reason
and not with directions

and visible all!
(for those who want see)
so different perspectives
converging in beauty

so much I have seen
so much I've been shown
so much I have been
much more want I be
much more want I show
much more want I see

I want you to show me the world, my love

“VOCATION” (#299, 2004)

sometimes
the question precedes the answer
asking for a response to make sense

sometimes
the answer precedes the question
asking for the sense to be a response

sometimes
you aspire
seeking the future to make sense of the present

sometimes
you aspire
preserving the present for the future at hand

some things
you seek

some things
you know

some things
need doing

some things
are done already

some things
you'll be

some things
you already are