

Dusk

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The everlasting sound
of beercans
and nothing else
would wake up the
night
from it's cradlelike sleep
from it's birth
the wisdom of
the suburban neighbourhood
the suburban dream
of the daylight
(just a juvenile)
sparkling and tinkering
with small stars
and graffiti poetry

dusk is a vampire
wearing gothclothe
dusk is

eternity
and so the beercans
(concert of the 21st century)
give voice to the thousand
crowds in their puberty

halo their own revolution
so that the grass (stuck)
can sing as well
and chant the nevertheless
bothered
those who cannot fly

night bothers about
ingredients for it's glitter
bothers about the sleeping
and those who lie on the
roof of cars to stare into

space with it's stars
and it's aliens

the reason for all of this
is a cactus somewhere

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