

TEAOLGY



JOSH

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SNAPSHOT BLUES

I spent a week on Lumelooge, capturing the sea and sky,
But as I left the island, a thought made me sigh.
Not a single picture showed me in the frame,
Just the waves and sunsets, nothing with my name.

Oh, snapshot blues, my camera's gone astray,
A stranger with my memories tried to take them away.
Oh, snapshot blues, the fight to make it right,
I'll get my photos back tonight.

At the station in Norddeich, I saw a friendly face,
"Hey, could you take my photo with the ship in place?"
He smiled and posed me nicely, "Belly in, chest out!"
But when I asked for the camera, he spun the story about.

Oh, snapshot blues, my camera's gone astray,
A stranger with my memories tried to take them away.
Oh, snapshot blues, the fight to make it right,
I'll get my photos back tonight.

"That's my camera," I cried, "my photos on the chip!"
He laughed and said, "No evidence, so get a tighter grip!"
"Let's make a deal," I offered, "just give me back my card."
But every coin he pocketed just made it twice as hard.

I played it cool, my heart a storm inside,
Offered him my money while I bided time to strike.
Grabbed the camera, clicked a shot of his guilty face,
Said, "You're coming with me, or you'll see the law's embrace."

Oh, snapshot blues, my camera's back today,
The thief who took my memories won't take them away.

Oh, snapshot blues, the fight to make it right,
I got my photos back tonight.

So here I stand, camera in my hand,
The North Sea shining, memories so grand.
Oh, snapshot blues, a story for the page,
The day I won my memories back with rage.

FRISIAN TEA

On an island called Lumeloog, where the summers always gray,
I found myself with a question, how to pass the rainy day?
With retirees too bronzed for Malle and strollers worth a car,
I turned to Frisian tea, the island's cultural star.

Loose leaves, a stovetop flame, and a sugar crystal's gleam,
The ritual of tea felt like a coastal dream.
But dreams, they fade like tides retreating to the sea,
And what was left was just a lukewarm mystery.

Oh, Frisian tea, you promised so much more,
A taste of heritage behind a kitchen door.
But now you're just a product sold with flair,
A shadow of a culture, bottled and laid bare.

From the cafe by the airfield with its teabags so bland,
To Friedrichsrüh's attempts that slipped through their hand.
A rusty stove, a lazy server, a payment met with doubt,
Each cup was missing something, the spirit had run out.

And as I wandered westward, where dunes meet the sky,
The tea grew no stronger, though the prices ran high.
Self-service lines and porcelain charm,
Even tradition couldn't keep its warm farm.

Oh, Frisian tea, you promised so much more,
A taste of heritage behind a kitchen door.
But now you're just a product sold with flair,
A shadow of a culture, bottled and laid bare.

And so I sat in the drizzle, with a teacup in my hand,
Thinking of the balance between profit and the land.

If heritage is packaged, will it lose its soul?
Will culture's beauty fade, consumed to fill a hole?

Oh, Frisian tea, you taught me something deep,
That what's most authentic is the hardest thing to keep.
For in the clash of commerce and the winds upon the shore,
The heart of tradition's what we're fighting for.

Oh, Frisian tea, you promised so much more,
A taste of heritage behind a kitchen door.
But now you're just a product sold with flair,
A shadow of a culture, bottled and laid bare.

MOUNTAINS WON'T MOVE

They say faith can move the mountains,
Shift the earth beneath our feet.
So I stood there in the silence,
Waiting for the ground to meet.
But the hills stayed where they've always been,
Rooted strong, defying sin.
Maybe faith's not in the moving,
But in keeping still within.

Mountains won't move, they know where they belong,
Is it faith or disbelief that keeps them standing strong?
In the push and pull of hearts, a quiet force unseen,
The balance of the cosmos in the spaces in between.

What if doubt's a power hidden,
An inverse faith to hold the line?
Not a weakness, but a fortress,
Keeping chaos from the spine.
Every "no" a whispered anchor,
Every "never" keeps the peace.
Disbelief could be the reason
Why the restless winds have ceased.

Mountains won't move, they know where they belong,
Is it faith or disbelief that keeps them standing strong?
In the push and pull of hearts, a quiet force unseen,
The balance of the cosmos in the spaces in between.

So let the scholars build their towers,
Inverse faith their brand-new creed.
While the faithful cry in anger,

Is it proof or just their need?
Every prayer unanswered whispers
That the answer's in the fight—
Faith and doubt, a dance eternal,
In the shadows and the light.

Mountains won't move, they know where they belong,
Is it faith or disbelief that keeps them standing strong?
In the push and pull of hearts, a quiet force unseen,
The balance of the cosmos in the spaces in between.

Mountains won't move, but maybe they don't need to,
The world holds steady in the things we can't see through.
Faith and doubt, two sides of the same coin,
Together they build, together they join.

ECHOES OF AGNES

Piles of papers, words like chains,
Through the clutter, I feel the strain.
Worn-out chair, the radio plays,
Jazz in chaos, my thoughts ablaze.

Why do we waste our precious time,
On hollow stories, soulless lines?
Echoes of a world gone numb,
Lost in the noise, where did we come from?

Propaganda, whispers in the air,
Spinning truths that aren't really there.
Drowning in the flood, can we break free?
From the spiral of mediocrity.

Bottled beer, the stars so faint,
Dreaming of shores, far from constraint.
A Grecian bar, where hearts might meet,
With no pretense, just sand and heat.

But the scripts, they poison the sea,
Shallow plots, no depth, no plea.
Names like masks, cheap masquerade,
A circus of words that quickly fade.

Propaganda, whispers in the air,
Spinning truths that aren't really there.
Drowning in the flood, can we break free?
From the spiral of mediocrity.

Too much noise, too many screens,
Too many voices, fractured dreams.
Where's the truth, the soul, the fire?
Buried beneath this mass desire.

Tomorrow I'll rise, I'll break this chain,
Find a way to cleanse the stain.
But for tonight, let the stars remind,
Of a world unbound, unconfined.

Propaganda fades into the dark,
I'll keep searching for a spark.
Beyond the noise, beyond the shame,
Chasing a world that's not the same.

A DOG'S BARBECUE

Margret always walked her own wild way,
With her music man, they hit the park that day.
April sun was shining, what could go wrong?
Joggers, kids, and skaters all around, just movin' along.

Then they saw the grill, teens loungin' around,
Beers in hand, sausages about to go down.
But like a rocket, white fur shot through,
A dog on a mission, BBQ in its view!

A dog's barbecue, chaos on the lawn,
One bite, two screams, and a finger was gone.
Blood on the grass, and the sausages burned,
In Margret's hands, the tables turned!

The grill guy lunged, but the dog held tight,
Bull Terrier jaws don't go down without a fight.
Ron grabbed its legs, but the beast broke free,
And Ron's right finger became history!

Margret froze, then grabbed a bottle fast,
Brought it down hard, the dog breathed its last.
She stared at Ron, pale and aghast,
But Margret's rage? Oh, it wouldn't pass!

A dog's barbecue, chaos on the lawn,
One bite, two screams, and a finger was gone.

Blood on the grass, and the sausages burned,
In Margret's hands, the tables turned!

She took that knife, no hesitation in her eye,
"Where's the finger, dog?" she cried to the sky.
With a surgeon's flair, she cut and she tore,
Found Ron's finger in the guts of gore.

Kids passed out, some puked in the grass,
Margret just barked, "Get a move on, fast!"
Ice, beer, a sausage for a splint,
Finger on ice—you know what she meant.

A dog's barbecue, chaos on the lawn,
One bite, two screams, and a finger was gone.
Blood on the grass, and the sausages burned,
In Margret's hands, the tables turned!

Paramedics came with sirens ablaze,
The dog's owner arrived and fell in a daze.
The grill was charred, the mood was bleak,
More ambulances called—what a freakin' week!

Ron got patched, but his music days were done,
Margret moved on, found another someone.
A programmer flew through her car door wide,
And Margret found love in his hospital ride.

A dog's barbecue, legends are born,
Blood and beer under an April morn.

Don't mess with Margret, she'll take the stage,
A hero with a knife, and an unchained rage!

A dog's barbecue, chaos on the lawn,
One bite, two screams, and a finger was gone.
Blood on the grass, and the sausages burned,
In Margret's hands, the tables turned!

Yeah, don't mess with Margret... or her BBQ vibes!
Rock on!

ETERNAL FEBRUARY

Under carnival skies where the laughter collides,
A monk and a devil in shadows confide.
Kölsch glasses empty, their spirits align,
In the depths of the past, they seek out the divine.

Two thousand years, the wait lingers on,
For a savior to rise, for a world reborn.
But the questions they spin in this dimly lit haze,
Turn the sacred to smoke in a cynical blaze.

Oh, what if the end already came?
And we're left in the ashes, bound by shame?
This could be the hell we feared,
Where hope is frail, yet still revered.
Oh, eternal February night,
Seeking truth in shadowed light.

“Was the promise misunderstood from the start?
Is the kingdom of God just a flicker in hearts?
A comet could crash or a whisper might call,
And the end may be quiet, unnoticed by all.”

“If the heavens abandoned, and we are alone,
Then love is a phantom, carved into stone.
But if hell is this world, with its beauty and pain,
Do the echoes of joy keep us sane?”

Oh, what if the end already came?
And we're left in the ashes, bound by shame?
This could be the hell we feared,
Where hope is frail, yet still revered.

Oh, eternal February night,
Seeking truth in shadowed light.

In the neon glow of the Köln night's lore,
The devil laughs and orders one more.
The monk, despairing, still clings to a flame,
As they toast to a world that's never the same.
Eternal February, in whispers and sighs,
Where truth and illusion meet under the skies.

THE BALLAD OF HARDTSCHWERD THE BRAVE

Come gather round, ye young and old,
And hear a tale of courage bold.
Of Boris with his steady aim,
And Hardtschwerd, knight of valiant fame.

At midday's hour, the village lay,
In peace upon a summer's day.
When shadows fell and children cried,
A dreadful beast took to the sky.

Its wings did thunder, smoke did rise,
From fiery breath and burning eyes.
The men stood still, their hearts struck cold,
No shield to guard, no blade to hold.

But Boris, stout of heart and hand,
With bow and arrow took his stand.
His first shot flew, the dragon wailed,
Its blazing wrath yet still prevailed.

Then, from the vale, a trumpet's call,
A knight appeared, his shadow tall.
With lance in hand and armor bright,
He charged to meet the beast in fight.

The dragon roared, its claws did tear,
Yet Hardtschwerd fought with strength most rare.
He plunged his blade through scaly hide,
And still the monster would not die.

When Boris loosed his fateful bow,
The beast received its final blow.

The knight rose up with all his might,
And struck the dragon's neck outright.

Its head fell low, its body stilled,
The ground with poison blood was filled.
But victory came at a heavy cost,
For Hardtschwerd's life was nearly lost.

"Come close," he said, his breath but weak,
"To Boris now my thanks I speak.
Take my good steed, my sword, my shield,
To guard the land, to hold the field."

With trembling hands, the knight did rest,
And gave his final, brave bequest.
"Return my arms to kin and keep,
And lay me down for eternal sleep."

They buried him 'neath hallowed stone,
His name and deeds in legend known.
And Boris rode to lands afar,
A humble man, now risen star.

So sing this song, and spread his fame,
Let all recall brave Hardtschwerd's name.
For in his fight, both fierce and grand,
He saved the folk and freed the land.

PREMORTAL GYMNASTICS

I step into the room, an empty hall,
Echoes linger, shadows on the wall.
People gather, dressed in sport's disguise,
Casual smiles, but something's in their eyes.

The trainer speaks, his voice so calm,
A promise of strength, a healing balm.
Then he says it's for the soon-to-be-dead,
A chill crawls through me, ice in my head.

Stretch the limbs, delay the cold,
Defy the rigor, break death's hold.
Move in ways you'll never feel,
A lifeless dance, the final ordeal.

He explains the pain that lingers on,
In nerve endings, though life is gone.
Images flash, cruel hands unseen,
Twisting the stillness, macabre and obscene.

The group nods, as if it's fine,
I feel sick, like crossing a line.
My mind screams, "Escape this fate!"
But fear grips tight; it's far too late.

Stretch the limbs, delay the cold,
Defy the rigor, break death's hold.
Move in ways you'll never feel,
A lifeless dance, the final ordeal.

Run, run, but I can't get away,
The street repeats, I'm trapped, a replay.

Chased by shadows, by whispers, by dread,
The trainer's voice still rings in my head.

The weeping of the alarm, shrill and stark,
Pulls me from that endless dark.
Sweat-soaked sheets, a fragile dawn,
The nightmare lingers, but life moves on.

Stretch the limbs, delay the cold,
Defy the rigor, break death's hold.

THE TALSIMAN

Wilfried lies by the windowpane,
The night outside begins to wane.
Machines hum soft, their lights aglow,
A restless heart, afraid to go.

He sees the abyss, dark and wide,
A void of fears he cannot hide.
Memories flood, they take him back,
To fields of frost, to paths of lack.

Oh, the talisman, worn and old,
A piece of faith, a story told.
Through fire, through cold, through war's embrace,
It held his soul in a sacred place.

Once a soldier, lost and weak,
Through snow and fear, no strength to speak.
A stranger's hand, so kind, so true,
Shared what little life could do.

A medallion pressed into his hand,
A mother's love in a foreign land.
A quiet vow, a silent prayer,
That mercy waits, even there.

Oh, the talisman, worn and old,
A piece of faith, a story told.
Through fire, through cold, through war's embrace,
It held his soul in a sacred place.

Now the years have gone, and time has flown,
In an empty bed, he lies alone.

But in his palm, the medal stays,
A light to guide through final days.

He feels its weight, the love it bears,
The whispered hope, the answered prayers.
In the silent dark, it speaks of peace,
Of battles won, and sweet release.

Oh, the talisman, worn and old,
A piece of faith, a story told.
Through fire, through cold, through war's embrace,
It held his soul in a sacred place.

In the morning light, they find him still,
A peaceful smile, a heart fulfilled.
The talisman held in his grasp so tight,
A symbol of love through endless night.

Oh, the talisman, let it be,
A song of hope, eternity.
Through fire, through cold, through life's embrace,
It holds us all in a sacred place.

A GOOD STORY

What makes a story truly stand tall?
Is it the craft, the shape, the call?
Like a house built with care, a sweater knit tight,
It's the details, the essence, that bring it to light.

Ten tales the world has told, they say,
A thousand voices weave and play.
But in the end, what shines most bright,
Is not the "what," but the artful "write."

A good story's not just the words you choose,
Not the plotlines, nor the paths you use.
It's the spark, the soul, the heartfelt sway,
That lingers in a reader's mind and stays.

Original, they claim, is hard to find,
Bound by horizons of heart and mind.
But a tale can evolve, it grows, it bends,
Reborn in ways that no one intends.

Tell it simple, tell it strange,
Break the rules or rearrange.
Yet don't forget the magic ties,
That bring your story to readers' eyes.

A good story's not just the "why" or "how,"
It's the moments that make you feel right now.
It's the rhythm, the voice, the passion true,
That whispers, "This tale's just for you."

Play with the norms, push or concede,
But never forget what the heart will need.

A connection, a bond, a fleeting view,
A mirror to life, a dream anew.

A good story's not just the lines you write,
Not the twists or the shocks in the night.
It's the way it breathes, the way it flows,
How it seeds a thought, and then it grows.

No story's perfect, none can be,
It depends on the eyes that see.
So write with courage, tell your truth,
For every tale finds its reader's youth.

JOURNEY TO ZÜRICH

Love knows no border, it finds its way,
From Münster's streets to Zürich's bay.
A journey told through the tracks and skies,
Where life unfolds and time flies by.

Through crowded trains and bumpy rides,
Past snoring men and their sandwiches aside,
With every stop, a tale begins,
In the hum of wheels and the engine's spin.

Take me to Zürich, where my heart belongs,
Through the clatter of keys and the railway songs.
By train or plane, no matter how far,
I'm chasing love under the same bright star.

The Sky Train glides like a fleeting dream,
A nervous heart on a swaying beam.
Above the clouds, the world turns small,
A patchwork quilt, a canvas for all.

The screening gates, the search in vain,
For bombs in ukuleles, they search again.
But oh, the beauty when we take flight,
The painted skies in the fading light.

Take me to Zürich, where my heart belongs,
Through the clatter of keys and the railway songs.
By train or plane, no matter how far,
I'm chasing love under the same bright star.

The train whispers secrets of the Rhine,
Its scenic curves, a poetic line.

Crowded cars, the clinking cups,
Life spills over but never stops.

With every mile, the heart beats strong,
Through mishaps and musings, we journey along.
For love's a road that twists and bends,
But always finds where it intends.

Take me to Zürich, where my heart belongs,
Through the clatter of keys and the railway songs.
By train or plane, no matter how far,
I'm chasing love under the same bright star.

And when I arrive, she's waiting there,
Her smile a beacon, beyond compare.
Through the noise and the rush, a quiet reprieve,
In her arms, I know what it means to believe.

Take me to Zürich, my love, my guide,
Forever together, side by side.

JOHAN AND QUINTUS

All beginnings are hard, he thought,
At his little desk, his mind was caught.
A blank white page, too plain to start,
The weight of words pressed on his heart.

He searched for tools, for ink and pen,
Through faded drawers again, again.
An old bloom-patterned paper found,
But silence lingered, no words unbound.

Oh, Johan and Quintus, where will you go?
To the hills where the cold winds blow.
Through the whispers of time and the shadows that stay,
Old friends wandering, fading away.

He took his coat, his hat, his cane,
And called to Quintus, through years of pain.
"Let's walk a while, the air will mend,
The paths we knew might still extend."

By the brook that wound and wove,
Through grasses thin, to skies above.
They climbed the hills, their paces slow,
As memories stirred of long ago.

Oh, Johan and Quintus, where will you go?
To the hills where the cold winds blow.
Through the whispers of time and the shadows that stay,
Old friends wandering, fading away.

The winds howl harsh, the sun sinks low,
The years have weathered the life they know.

Once roads were wide, now trails are brief,
Each step a story, each breath a leaf.

Back at home with shuttered view,
Steel doors shut tight, the night withdrew.
A fire lit, its warmth would glow,
And on the page, his thoughts would flow.

With pencil sharp and purpose clear,
He wrote of journeys, loss, and fear.
While Quintus watched, his loyal gaze,
A bond eternal, through twilight's haze.

Oh, Johan and Quintus, where will you go?
To the hills where the cold winds blow.
Through the whispers of time and the shadows that stay,
Old friends wandering, fading away.

And as the world grew still and grey,
Johan wrote till the break of day.
A tale of life, of love, of strife,
Of a man and his dog through the edge of life.

ABOUT

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