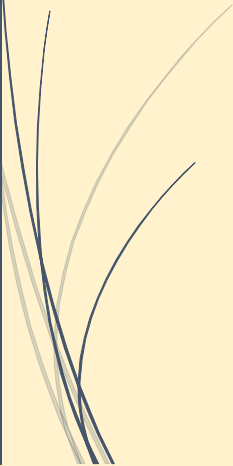


# This feels that

Poems



Ingo Lorenz

[WWW.MONAANDINGO.DE/POETRY-CORNER/](http://WWW.MONAANDINGO.DE/POETRY-CORNER/)

## This feels that

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This feels that

## Preface

Things, which we meet, situations in which we find ourselves – all these initiate spontaneous feelings and thoughts inside us. We perceive something, and a chain of associations gains momentum. Is the situation gone perhaps something may stay in our memory – depending on the intensity of the situation.

This volume wants to keep such moments. Aphorisms and small poems describe the feelings and thoughts. On top of this, there is a short description often with further explanations. Somebody just reading the texts could associate completely own feelings and thoughts. Moreover, this brings up something completely new again.

Let us go together onto a journey of observations – our feelings and thoughts.

This feels that

## I smile at you

I smile at you  
I sing a song for you  
I accompany you for a moment  
I write these words for you  
May I inspire you?

*Inspired from some of the hobbies of the author.*

## Shoes

Shoes, you are resistible,  
Legs, you're irresistible,  
were you not yet such barred off.

*Inspired from an ad poster about shoes*

## Dream

Dream,  
who is talking to you in such an engaged way?  
Who whispers to you  
the loveliest tenderness  
on the other channel?

*Inspired from a woman talking on her smartphone using an ear set where the left channel hang down her body.*

This feels that

## Sleeping girl

"Lying dog in the snow"  
Rolled in cat on the couch.  
Sleeping girl in the bed.  
"I am your love", spoke the pillow  
where she lay curled around.

*Inspired from an ad text around an art piece.  
Art piece: Franz Marc, Lying dog in the snow, around 1911,  
Städel Museum, Frankfurt / Main*

## There are knights still

If you are falling,  
I am catching you.  
I am with you, there.

What does this chap just want from me?

*Inspired by moment where I stood behind a Lady on escalator  
stairs. Rules of manners tell that a Gentleman always travels  
one or two steps down a Lady in order to catch her, if she falls.*

*Would a Lady be such aware of this, too? Well, in our society  
the case of a threat rather seems to be the standard case.*

This feels that

## A silent song

Do you not feel silly, too?

Wrong words, correct would be:

What song is this,  
which moves,  
your lips and  
you?

*Very often, I like to sing a song in silent way, when it plays on the portable device, when I have a special feeling with, when I simply want to sing it for all around me.*

*Quite strange, this scene may act in the first moment ...*

## Stretch-Limousine

Champagne glasses clink;  
fat beats in the ear.  
Thousand party people singing;  
lying criss and cross.  
I'd liked to join this flight.

*You always see these limousines, which one knows in connection with VIPs and parties, through the city.*

*The last line of the poem translates from the famous song by Reinhard Mey "Über den Wolken" – which means "above the clouds" – and is transferred to this situation.*



This feels that

## The suburban train

The train comes in; excitement grows.  
Pay attention! As one knows.  
First the people let get out.  
On their way home, there is no doubt.  
Get on board – and do not run.  
Hold yourself tight and have fun.  
Boys, the girls hold on your knees.  
Closing doors. We go with ease.

*Homage to Josef Guggenmos, well known author of children poems, and to the German children magazine „Mücke“ (“Fly”). Daily situations were shown in some short verses there.*

## Garden Eden

Thousand blossoms sway in wind.  
Smiling at me, shyly looking 'way.  
May I lovely touch you yet  
gently whisper, too.

May I be a one of you.

*Inspired by the beauty and dream-likeness around - of which one loves to take in every single frame.*

This feels that

## The never-ending dream

There, where we were, there was death.  
There, where we came from, only fraud.  
There, where we went, appearing despotism.  
Of what we dreamt, we never reach.

*Inspired from a TV-report about refugees, which non-understandable regulations and stone-walls of officials first of all barred their journey.*

## Embarrassed

I felt embarrassed about where I came from.  
You said this was natural the way we were.  
I was embarrassed beside any style.  
For you style meant a lot.

I had been embarrassed quite a lot.  
Today I admire just more often.  
It is never too late.

*Inspired from young mother with her child, from her company with her child, her charisma and her appearance.*

## Can you hear it?

I speak to those not listening.  
I sing to those not understanding.  
I listen to those not being heard.

*Inspired by a poem of a friend.*

This feels that

## Some minutes after

I spread my arms;  
receive the darkness,  
which already had received  
me.

Move away!  
We never were there.  
You shall not see this!  
We had looked away.

A man loneliness stepped up the steps.  
May I politely ask?  
It was too late.

*Inspired after an event, which shall be kept private.*

## To all

To all, whom I never have dared to love.  
To all, who never have recognised my love.  
To all, of who I never have been worthy.  
To all, whom I was allowed to love and whom I love.

In my heart, I may carry you  
on my arms  
to a party  
in Heaven,  
which never happened on Earth.

*Inspired by a dark cloud, which concealed the sunshine for a moment.*

## This feels that

### Amen

You show me Jesus, and I shall say Amen.  
Where are you? Why do you hide from me?  
I see a smile; it loves to share itself with us.  
I smile back; so be it.

*Inspired by a permanent request to say Amen.*

### Our Way

Do I walk my way; it is not your way.  
Do I walk your way; it is not my way.

Only, when we are one, there is no your or my way any longer.  
It is our way.

*Inspired by 'In the waterfall', short story by the same author,  
published on [www.fireloveswater.net](http://www.fireloveswater.net).*

### Why?

Why me?  
Why not me?

Guitar: Can anyone answer!  
The other instruments: We are with you  
and carry you through the night.

*Inspired by a song, which played on a car journey in a very dark  
time.*

This feels that

## No one

What I speak, no one wants to hear.  
What I write, no one likes to read.  
What I feel, no one wants to conceive.  
Who I am, no one ever wanted to know.  
Where I go, no one is going to follow me.

*Inspired out of a situation, where it really felt that.*

## In black dungeons

They follow  
the slavery of souls,  
which bury what words cannot describe, in black dungeons.

We believe in freedom,  
which God gives to us  
to be one in our love.

I know, my Love,  
that I am seeing you in the light of eternity  
again.

*Inspired in front of the background of a cowardly murder on a  
19-year-old girl on a quasi-religious motivation.*

This feels that

## Tenderly once

Tenderly once has flown around me  
your inner passion.

The place now,  
cold like the Ice Sea,  
dry like the dessert sand.

Isn't this perverse?

*Inspired by a special ad campaign.*

## A dream within a dream

Did I just want to take the S-Bahn.  
I woke up. Why did I find solace in taking the S-Bahn?

Did I just want to talk about this to you.  
I woke up. You were in the room.

You said, you would rather take the S-Bahn in a minute.

*Inspired by a dream, which I just had.*

This feels that

## To the movies

Myriads  
of dog pictures and food,  
of family photos and politicians  
want to penetrate me.  
Where do you hide?

Somebody calls:  
We must go to the movies, pleeeeeaaaassse.

*Inspired by all the news on Facebook.*

## We seek

We seek the person for life.  
Does life last until the first child and house?

We seek wealth.  
Are we only given money, because we are merchandise?

We seek our luck.  
Does not always the House win?

When actually do we find ourselves?

*Inspired by many bits of wisdom of life.*

This feels that

## I want a man

I want a man,  
who carries me with his hands,  
who bathes me in champagne,  
who beds me on roses,  
who covers me with his love.

Hello! Anybody here?

*Inspired by a publication of the Facebook title "Don't Kill It, Carol" – many thanks.*

## Begin of the party

All come together.  
Wonderfully sweet the drinks.  
All come together.  
Blazing hot the music.  
All come together.  
Seductively sexy the dessoos.  
All come together.  
Gentle the stroking of your hand.

At the entrance is a sign.  
Men are unwanted here.

*Inspired by the short story "Begin of the season" by Elisabeth Langgässer, 1947, and a personal delineation.*



This feels that

## The silver drop

The silver drop  
refreshes her  
that she refreshes you  
with gilden honey.

Do not wash your hands now,  
she would drown in your floods.

*Inspired by the bees drinking water from the tab in the court of  
our house those days.*

## Only a fugue

We take you out of your thoughts.  
*I cannot need you at all now!*

We do not ask you, we simply are there.  
*Stop bothering me for just today!*

We gently kiss you when passing by.  
*Alas, not again that!*

We still stay with you a bit, before we go.  
*This is so disgusting!*

We love you.

And you?

*Inspired by a special ad campaign.*

This feels that

## Hurry up!

Hurry up!  
Get him away  
from the cold stone,  
which freezes his soul to death.

Carry him to the waters,  
which refresh his heart.

Take him to the light  
that it penetrates him,  
that he shines.

Hurry up!  
Before dark energy  
brings vacuum to boil  
and no quark stays upon the other  
no more.

*Inspired by a no-win situation*

This feels that

## I not

I'm not a hacker,  
show you the process.  
I'm not a dolphin,  
teach you, how to swim.  
I'm not John Travolta,  
here, there are the moves.  
Was never Dr Sommer,  
and give you all advice.

I never got much love.  
And share it all with you.

*Inspired by a publication on Facebook.*

## All you need

All you need  
is here.

And Love?

Without misery, yes,  
without misery

*Inspired by an ad of a shopping centre.*

This feels that

## Sometimes

Sometimes, I laugh,  
sometimes, I cry.

Sometimes, it is me,  
Sometimes, I am I.

*Inspired by a moment, where I simply wanted to let somebody listen to my voice.*

## Prohibit live

Some religion prohibits New Year greetings.  
Some religion prohibits love.

Some religion may prohibit life.

Where is the religion, which prohibits getting to Heaven?

*Inspired by a religiously motivated prohibition to spread New Year greetings.*

## Sun, wind and rain

Feel the sun, how it warms your skin.  
Feel the wind, how it carries you away with tender stroking.  
Feel the rain, how it embraces and fills you.  
Feel the love, where it encounters you.

Do not run away.

*Inspired by a quotation from Bob Marley.*

This feels that

## Advertisement of the special kind

But, where do we go,  
*full control, all under control*  
when we have lost ourselves?

*all under control*  
But, what shall we do  
*with smile and shine*  
in the teeth of this moment?  
*best in the silent chamber*

What is,  
*the best*  
when when us our waters

surprise?

*Inspired by an ad campaign under the pattern of the poem  
"Reklame" (Advertisement) by Ingeborg Bachmann, 1956*

## This feels that

### I cry

I cry the tears of all women in Cologne, Stuttgart and Hamburg.

I cry the tears of all women,  
who are treated as a piece of dirt and mortified everywhere.

I cry the tears of all women,  
who are put in chains and hidden from all people just to chain  
them to oneself.

I cry the tears of all women,  
who are used and abused under the cover of a fake of love.

I cry the tears of all women,  
who are consciously injured, dishonoured and raped.

I laugh with all the women,  
who are given true love.

*Inspired by the terrible incidents during New Year's Eve 2015 in  
Cologne, Stuttgart and Hamburg*

### Flower of the sunray

Flower of the sunray  
on hot desert sand, you withered  
and crushed by almighty feet.

Flower of the sunray  
the sea fostered you,  
gave back hope for life.

Flower of the sunray  
on cold asphalt, you were crushed  
by almighty feet and withered.

*Inspired by an escape from a misery, where the misery finally  
joined this escape.*

This feels that

## You bug!

Questions,  
which no one really asks.

Answers,  
which no one really reads.

People,  
not are not interested in you at all.

You bug!

*Inspired by an app on Facebook, which appeared interesting at a first glance only.*

## Logo

I am looking for such a beautiful woman like this one.  
And, what do I get?  
A corporate logo.

The woman sitting there, I would love to love.  
And, what smiles at me?  
A car.

I stick the logo to the car and take my best lady friend to a holiday trip.

*Inspired by an ad in a social network and a reply of a reader.*

This feels that

## Your smile

My smile meets  
you in the middle of your heart  
lets your lips glow, your eyes shine  
keeps your belly warm.

Torturous looks  
of hundreds of false eyes  
burn into my skin  
under my dress.

Not to image, if a whiff  
lifts it up.

*Inspired by the opinion that women have to hide and to conceal.*

## Eve

In Iraq, I only let you know, my husband  
that we are natural people, too.

Now, I am afraid of you;  
hiding and covering from you.

A poster reads,  
free admission for Ladies in the Club d'Agde.

Let us go there right away, my love.

*Inspired by the insane idea that women hold guilty because of their femininity.*



This feels that

## My pirate station

On inherited, dry and not ploughed land,  
I had not found of love.

In the harbour of all religiosity,  
I had looked for her.  
She was bared behind  
ruminated phrases.

Now, I sail across the seas  
of myself.  
My pirate station speaks of true love.

Can you hear it?

*Inspired by a certain religiosity for the sake of religiosity.*

## Fallen for a favour

Do you like to fall for a favour for God,  
only press this button.  
99 hotties for you.  
The unbelievers in the fire.

Screams of horror  
around me.  
Joyful welcome  
in far distance.

Faded away all this  
in terrible darkness.  
Forgotten all this  
in the nothing of myself.

*Inspired under the terror attacks in Istanbul and Jakarta.*



This feels that

## Swansong

Sometimes, I lack the words  
for that, what I love to say.  
Sometimes, I stand in front of a train,  
for which there was not ticket for me.  
Sometimes, more people leave,  
as they have come.  
Sometimes, clouds pass by,  
which do not even notice me.

Tender voices beside me:  
come, let us carry on,  
we are with you.

*Inspired out of a certain emotion in presence of angel friends.*

## Playing away

Come to me!

I have  
a hot body,  
a  
the largest tits,  
large  
a horny arse.  
heart.

But, forget your girlfriend  
not at home  
to bring her with you!

*Inspired from a posting in a social network about apologising  
playing away*

This feels that

## Silence

When on the bazar of life  
we sell each other to the highest bidder  
and purchase each other,  
we rave  
about love.

When  
in true Love  
goblet and club most intimately touch,  
why do we then remain silent?

*Inspired from a report about a dating app.*

This feels that

## Sarap sarap ... rayap rayap

Woing ... sarap sarap ... rayap rayap ...

I drink the water  
of Your soul,  
insatiable, like a bold land.

Woing ... sarap sarap ... rayap rayap ...

We are the sand grain  
in our hour glass,  
which degrades in the big bang of a new world.

Woing ... sarap sarap ... rayap rayap ...

Our blood in our veins  
gives us the live,  
which wets this desolation.

Woing ... sarap sarap ... rayap rayap ...

You are the source,  
I am the basin  
of our fount of faraway solar fire.

Woing ... sarap sarap ... rayap rayap ...

*Inspired from an Indonesian musical piece*

This feels that

## The time portal

They came through a time portal  
from medieval times.

People welcomed  
suppression and slavery  
of themselves.

We wish to have a time portal  
into a future,  
behind which  
suffused with Love and freedom  
a whole mankind  
welcomes us again.

*Inspired from a television reportage*

This feels that

## Once be, who you are

Once say good morning to  
the bus driver.

Once turn around to  
a smile.

Once sing a song, silently in  
the city.

Once take a shower and keep some  
clothes on.

Once hold your hand to your belly  
and say 'yes, I'm feeling it'.

Once do it differently  
once be, who you are.

*Inspired from the grey of ordinary encounter*

## Dream for You

When a hand  
gently touches You  
seduces  
in Your sleep,  
she loves  
to dream  
for You.

*Inspired by a sleeping young woman on IC 209.*

This feels that

$$y = x^2$$

I Love the flowers,  
there, where they are.

I Love the girls,  
where ever they ever go.

*Inspired by the freedom, which true Love gives.*

## Be careful! She has no papers

She quickly looks at you  
Her bashful eyes  
She fascinates you  
In your movie show  
She moves together with you  
To your music

You think, you bought  
her

Be careful! She has no papers

*Inspired by graffiti on a rail truck*



## This feels that

$$y = \sqrt[2]{x}$$

I enjoyed  
from secure distance  
what they gave me as a present.

When I stepped closer,  
they were,  
hey presto,  
gone.

*Inspired by a frogs' chorus in a garden centre*

## Somehow

Do you feel  
not  
just there a little  
nude?

Eh, why?  
Your hot and admire-ing look  
goes well through our skin deep and warm  
to the heart.

*Inspired on a journey on the ICE 655*

This feels that

## Light

Factories and houses,  
Trees and shrubs,  
are flying past  
like time.

Suddenly, there!  
For milliseconds  
just,  
I saw  
light

*Inspired by the landscape flying by during a rail journey*

## Loveless

The fire in the eyes,  
every movement,  
full of secret.

You want to be the wind,  
who surrounds her gently and warm.  
You love to be the raindrop,  
who freshly delights her lips.

Loveless

*Inspired by a scene at a bus stop*

This feels that

## No word

They do not walk, they waft.  
They do not sit, they lay down.

And what, when they lay down?

There is no word in no language.

*Inspired by a commercial picture of a furniture shop*

## In the mid

In the mid  
of rubble and debris  
beside the way,  
beside the tracks;  
unexpected a fount  
well-grounded in the earth  
bickering  
happily.

The woman and I  
gave us a smile  
while passing by.

Why oh why she looked  
away?

*Inspired by a scene near Altomünster station*

This feels that

## The face

The rose  
The face  
The rose  
Gives a poem some pace

The similarity,  
isn't it?

*Inspired by two dream beauties*

## Wind

Wind. Keep a secret,  
rising a storm inside me,  
starting a blaze yet such to see.

*Inspired from a scene at Leipzig Central*

## At the waterfall

Sometimes I stand by a waterfall  
and love the feeling of  
how the waters flow.

Sometimes I am the waterfall myself  
and love the feeling of  
how I deliquesce.

Do you also like to stand in front of us both.  
And do you love the feeling  
we're flowing into each other?

*Inspired from a thought of a waterfall*

This feels that

## Dark Clouds

Dark clouds  
of your incomprehension,  
why do you want that  
I  
push them away, where  
you  
have pushed them to me?

*Inspired from a special situation*

## The Girl

Sometimes, I love to feel into a girl.  
Would I always feel needles and pins?  
Do I always gripe the ground, which I walk, with every step?  
Does my skin burn from passion with every waft of air through  
my dress?  
Do I feel what refreshes and perfuses me into every cell?  
  
Or, is this the Girl in me, who feels, what I must not feel?

*Inspired by empathy*

This feels that

## The hair

A dream  
tearing you  
out of your  
thoughts.

A hair,  
where it should not be.

You do not dare,  
to be love.

*Inspired on a bus journey*

## I descry You

I descry You ...  
Little bird, the way You sing ...  
Wonderful dream, the way You shine ...  
Gentle wind, how you touch me ...  
I descry You ...  
Simply so, because  
it's  
You ...

*Inspired in a beer garden in Altomünster*

This feels that

## Ludwigsburg

I went  
into an alien city,  
met  
the largest piggybank of the world,  
a huge market place,  
people doing sport at night.

The small  
streets I  
breathed;  
foreign and empty to me  
and yet a part of  
you.

*Inspired by Ludwigsburg*

## By the waters

By the waters  
I may sit  
down to feel the  
moment  
how I flow with  
the waters.

*Inspired by a moment by the water*

This feels that

## Mute faces

Mute faces,  
yawning emptiness.  
I'm singing a song.  
Somewhere.

Princess Tamm Tamm.  
Good morning, tickets please.

*Inspired on the trip to the office*

## Flower at the meadow's marge

The flower at the meadow's marge.  
Pause for a moment.  
Smile at her.

Take a deep breath  
of the subtle emanation  
of her perfection.

*Inspired on a journey on ICE 1090*



This feels that

## Silentness

While others  
industriously type,  
I only feel silentness.

"We are many, and  
you've got net",  
she whispered  
into my  
ears.

*Inspired on a journey on ICE 693*

This feels that

## Driving Test

Black night of Albig we love her at eve  
we love her at midday and morning  
we love and love  
we're driving through Albig'e's streets one won't drive there tight  
a boy from the place he plays with motors he thinks  
he thinks when the night falls to Alzey  
your sweet tender kiss Michaela

he thinks it he drives through the place in the street light  
he wishes his friends being here  
he wishes this car coming near  
have the way which I take  
he begs us to play music loud

Black night of Albig we love you at night  
we love you at morning and mi-day we love you at eve  
we love and love  
a boy from the place he plays with motors he thinks  
he thinks when the night falls to Alzey  
your sweet tender kiss Michaela  
your soft silky skin Anasta

we're driving through Albig'e's streets one won't drive there tight

He calls come closer turn harder the beat  
he's holding his arm to the air stretching out with his eyes being blank  
come closer to me very loud the music

Black night of Albig we love you at night  
we love you at midday and morning and love you at eve  
we love and love  
a boy from the place your sweet tender kiss Michaela  
your soft silky skin Anasta he plays with motors

## This feels that

He shouts play sweeter the art the art is a master from Alzey  
he shouts yet fatter the groove it's getting you go  
then you drive through Albig one won't drive there tight

Black night of Albig we love you at night  
we love you at midday the art is a master from Alzey  
we love you at eve and at morning we love and love  
the art is a master from Alzey his eye' is blank  
he hits you with gold metal tip he hits you that straight  
a boy from the place your sweet tender kiss Michaela  
he wishes his friends to meet us he gives us the ride in the place  
he plays with motors and dreams the art is a master from  
Alzey

your sweet tender kiss Michaela  
your soft silky skin Anasta

*Inspired from a nightly ride through Albig and from the Death  
Fugue by Paul Celan*

This feels that

## And yet with You

Where the green circle  
falls quiet,  
the blue fields  
do keep still,  
where all are everywhere,  
yet not with you;  
calls a voice into  
death silence:

I'm everywhere,  
and yet with  
You.

*Inspired on a journey by train.*

## As if they do not want to be

Wonderful Sea,  
Waves full of passion  
flowing in all devotion.

They look away,  
as if they do  
not want to be.

*Inspired on the way to the office*

This feels that

## The ramp

Why are there  
such ramps at railway crossings?

That hanging down parts  
of a draw gear  
do run up and not  
dash against.

Why -  
behind a buffer stop?

*Inspired from such a ramp in Altomünster*

## Divinity

Would  
a Divine  
atheist  
concede  
my Divinity  
to me?

*Inspired on a rail trip to München*

This feels that

## Paradox

Could I travel into future,  
I would learn to  
genetically design myself  
in long gone times  
that this journey  
would be  
completely  
needless?

*Inspired during dinner*

This feels that

## Rosstrappe

Light like a feather,  
I carried you  
across the gorge.

When lightning struck  
the tower  
and you lost  
your crown.

A place, where  
you  
can love and  
you  
find love.

Where his head  
was that heavy  
that she and he  
go walkies  
forever.

*Inspired from a mystery around the Rosstrappe near Thale in  
the Harz*

This feels that

## Blood red

Blood-red  
glitters him a  
real world without him.

Blood-red  
his look  
from the many  
hits into the face.

A voice inside him talks  
to him. A voice,  
which no one  
hears.

*Inspired from a tv-show*



This feels that

## Manga?

Deeply  
from the  
Inside  
simply  
naturally  
natural as she  
is a focus  
and part of  
her got  
me all  
in all  
deeply  
moved  
inside  
inner.  
However, who has put  
her these waters down her feet?

*Inspired from a Manga drawing*

## Onion

How much onion  
stands some one  
in some food,  
which he loves.

How much Love  
stands some one  
from a one,  
whom she hates.

*Inspired from the overkill of onion in many dishes*