Poetry Series

Floyd Floydson

- 55 poems -

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A snow flake goes MIDI

Once upon a time
very close
in the snowing time
I´ll arrive
as a snow flake
on your nose
transforming
in water
droppin´
in your notes
calling it
MIDI
create you
a song
do all my duty
before
I was gone
wishing
was fallen
into your
lips
kissing
a melody
out of your
MIX
move
converted
by Abelton
in your
kitchen
enjoying
your song
watching
the sights
of the season
all my life
was frozen
as a flake
for you
called Mary
my reason
the answer
was a fake
but the poem
was melting
on your nose
my make up
for you
me it was
seeping and
wiping
singing

how do you do

(c) floydfloydson Jan.18th,2012
http: //www.uni-verse.de
inspired and dedicated to
Mary Win (singer/songwriter) Tacoma

Floyd Floydson

ACH CÄTHE

</>Cäthe...Ach, wär´ ich doch deine Gräte
würd´ in dir wohnen
könnte dein Rückgrat sein
dürfte mich in dir biegen
Deine Nerven live abkriegen
hätte mein Herz für dich vergossen
brächte dich voran mit meinen Flossen
so könntest du dich schonen
Ach, Cäthe, dürfte ich doch in dir wohnen
kriegte jeden move von dir mit
folgte dir Schritt auf Tritt
könnte dir zuhör´n beim singen
ließe mein Herz mit dir springen
würde selbst im Meer in dir klingen
hätte sogar an Land für Frau Sieland
immer das schönste Gewand
machte die Grätsche vor jeder Tür
säuselte liebestrunken: Ick liebe Dir
bliebe Anderen im Halse stecken
würden sie dein Rückgrat brechen
piekste dich sanft in den Bauch
wär´ dein Zahnstocher auch
würde sooo gern deine Lieblingsgräte sein
Ach, Cäthe.
(c) floydfloydson 11.10.11
@www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

Ausgerechnet jetzt!

Sie mußte mir gerade jetzt über den Weg laufen.
Ausgerechnet jetzt!
Warum habe ich bloß nicht daran gedacht?
Wie die Sache jetzt liegt, mögen wir uns.
Wir haben es jetzt nicht mehr (selbst) in der Hand.
Nach Lage der Dinge.
Heute bin ich nur mit Spitznamen bekannt, beim augenblicklichen Stand der Dinge.
So wie die Dinge jetzt stehen.
Seit kurzem sind wir zusammen.
Ich glaube wir sind jetzt aus dem Gröbsten heraus.
Als Beweis meiner Liebe gab ich ihr meinen richtigen Namen.
In Folge einer gemeinsamen Nacht bis in den frühen Morgen, verlor ich ihren richtigen Namen.
Den Namen, den sie mir auf einem Blättchen Zigarettenpapier gab, das ich rauchte, gegeben als Beweis ihrer Liebe.
Seit Kurzem bin ich mit einem anderen Mädchen zusammen.
Ausgerechnet jetzt!
Kreutzte sie meinen Weg.
Sie mußte mir gerade jetzt über den Weg laufen.
Beim augenblicklichen Stand der Dinge erzählte ich ihr meine Geschichte.
Jetzt gibt es nur noch uns beide.
Von jetzt an bis in alle Ewigkeit.

(c) Floyd Floydson
@Uni-verse 02.23.2011

Floyd Floydson

Behind

A good melody washes away every tears
Music is the sun to melt all inner fears

Shadows cover when love goes apart
Love is the moon for our very heart

Sometimes feelings have blown your mind
But mind also is so kind to look behind

Trouble´s solution by an open ear
dries every tear falling softly and clear

Heard by an open heart
blown away by a melody so smart

Transforms a tear of cry
immediately into a tear of joy

That´s how music can give you a new idea
Sometimes it´s more than music can carry and bear

Brain told our mind
but it´s hidden behind

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Floy Dy Ra, Revised 27/09/2012
http: //www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

'Bleib hier' (Kleine Prosa für Cäthe)

Du gibst alles.
Keiner sagt es ist genug.
Alle woll´n Dich hör´n.
Bleib´ hier mach´ noch´n Versuch.
Echtes hat Tiefe - geht nicht einfach so wech.
Bleibt tief in mir - trinkt alles aus.
Ist am Rock´n durch´s ganze Haus.
Tiefe geht wandern - bleibt wahr und zuhaus´-
liebt nur die Ander´n - will mit Dir raus.
Darf nur von Träumen - vom wirklichen Wir -
wartet, - daß Du sagst - Bleib hier.

04.11.2011 (c) FloydFloydson
@www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

BORN TO DIE

On my brothers celebration day
who died by cancer I call my mother
to visit her on his birthday
to hold her hand as a truly sufferer

I rang her up
to announce me
to pray with her
and to bring a bunch of flowers with me

A voice in the phone
asked me who I am
my response has been done
I am her son

I was standing on shaky ground
listening the voice and their sound
I´m sorry to tell you
this morning your mother had died
so sorry for you
she lay in state this night

Bought flowers bow their heads
as time runs by
eyes were filled
without any cry
looking through
closed gates
into bottomless space
feeling killed
a silent scream
in various dreams

I am the last member
who will remember
her last smile like a star
to keep her in heart not very far
blessed in Trinity above
my father in August
my brother in March
my mother in November
and me sometimes at last

My brother was born on her mortal day
Born to die on the same date
time has come to pray
all happened on Poppy Day

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Floy Dy Ra,2012/11/21
(dedicated to my parents & my brother R.I.P)

Floyd Floydson

Broken in my fathers memory

Today
is the day
teared to pieces
my lonely heart bleed
watching my soul
besides me
be on knees
praying for remember
to come
feeling so bloodless
broken in between
watched 'Schiller'
my favorite on the screen
not the poet although
he is mine but the German
groups concert named
'Breathless'
to find my inner shine
was so high taken
by music and flow
when it rings at the phone
neighbor felt bothered
about my obsequies
brought back consciousness
found me on my knees
broke my conscientiousness
in memory back to NO feel
could not slip in
where the time train runs
had lost the heart beats
of my father at once
anger came into my pain
let my tears come again
had lost this beautiful day
by an unknown neighbor
even not knowing his name
but I also include him
in my pray.

(C) Gerhard Raase,29/08/2012/
(dedicated to my father Hans)

Floyd Floydson

'DER NARWAL'

Ein Einhorn einst durch Wälder schritt
sein langes Horn dirigierte seinen Tritt.
Nach langem wandern kam es ans Meer
es sehnte sich nach einem Freund so sehr.
Dort ruhte es nach Einhorn weise
und erfrischte sich im Meer nach der Reise.
Urplötzlich ein langes weißes Horn durchbrach die Gischt
erst erkannte das Einhorn es nicht,
es war ein Narwal, der sprang empor,
das Einhorn erschrak, - dann kam ein Lächeln hervor.
He, du Narwal, dein Horn ist sehr schön
vielleicht sogar länger als mein´s anzusehn´-
und schwimmen kannst du
im Gegensatz zu mir
bin ich doch nur ein Fabeltier.
Wir haben zwar beide ein Horn auf der Stirn
doch du bist real und ich nur noch im Hirn.
Laß uns Freunde werden und unsere Kräfte vereinen,
auf das es dir nicht, wie mir geht, mit Deinesgleichen.
Nur noch im Mythos und in Sagen zuhaus´
im wirklichen Leben nur noch eine Fabel, wie diese hier, oh Graus.
Symbolisch sind wir im Horn schon vereint
nun laß uns kämpfen mit unserem Horn
gegen die Menschen, welche uns töten wollen, in ihrem Zorn.
Laß uns Ihnen von unserer Freundschaft erzählen,
bevor sie sich mit Raubfischerei quälen.
Am Ende berauben sie nur sich selber dabei
ein respektieren unseres Lebens
wäre der größte Gewinn für die Menschheit
ganz Einerlei,
ob am Nord- oder Südpol
Hauptsache Du bist dabei.
Komm laß uns erzählen, wie wir Freunde wurden.
Ich bin dabei.

(c) Floyd Floydson july,7,2012
www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

Du sitzt am Meer

Du sitzt am Meer
dein Herz ist leer
irgendetwas in dir ruft
ich kann nicht mehr

du blickst ins Leere
du fühlst die Schwere
dein Atem rinnt
du lauscht dem Wind

dein Herz klopft laut
dein Puls hämmert von unten gegen deine Haut
du hälst die Hände vor die Ohren
doch Gedanken bleiben niemals ungeboren

die Zunge trocken
das Wort bewegt
wenn doch mein Kopf
nicht ständig überlegt

ein Bild das steht sehr klar
für immer, ja für ewig da
niemals verblasst es wieder
auch wenn verschlossen deine Lider

die Bilder schwinden nicht
sie können es von selber nicht
sie sind gemeißelt in dein Hirn
niemand und nichts kann sie beschwörn

Gedanken, die deine Träume quälen
verweilen in dir, wie in Sälen
sie bleiben stumm doch so gewaltig
als machten sie dich von innen faltig

dein Blut tropft schäumend in die Falte
es glättet nichts auch Blut nicht, das Alte
nur das Durchleben von Leid und Trauer
bereitet den Quell für Neues
und durchbricht die Mauer

du fragst dich, was, was war dahinter
war es dein eigener tiefer Winter
der tauen wollte, wie das Eis
dir zeigen dein leeres Herz
um jeden Preis

du sitzt am Meer
dein Herz füllt sich mit Blut
Irgendwohin floh deine Wut
und ruft von fern: ich kann nicht mehr!

dein Blick gewinnt den Focus
beendet den atemlosen Hokuspokus
die Schwere der Leere zerrinnt
dein Atem gewinnt
du lauschst dem Wind

(c) Floydfloydson in between March 5./6.2012
http: //www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

Early bird in Spring

If I awake
as a bird someday
in spring
I would appreciate
to teach you
to sing
my early first song
I learn as a bird
watching all the beauty
in flowers
nobody
already heard
kissing each color
out of the light
sun gleaming bright
chirping my first love
this song
I have done
shared it with you
as a birds bride
was my first thought
breaking the dreams
of night
fly in your smile
feel how you
sing
blink between eyes
I appreciate to sing
first song for you
Mary Win
your early bird
in spring

(c) floydfloydson 02.18.2012
http: //www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

Featuring Adellana

ADELLANA

The music you make
gives me a spirit sight
to your living rights

The voice you got
unveiling what is behind
teach our mind
not to believe blind

The pictures you take
are like breathes we make
to cut off
any remake we shake

So with a fool at our side
our flight will be bright
humming in the night
all our secrets to our lovely maid

She is mysterious in tunes
come of age to bonfire boon's
listen to lyrics & tap your bones
on the spur of the moment

@floydfloydson 12.20.2010
for Adellana a.k.a. Lady Weaver

Floyd Floydson

Featuring Leesha

LEESHA

I break away
to learn and play
the 2nd day
for to stay

lost with the wind
I love to say
2 days where
nothing more to say

you are the one
who could it play
there's no one else than you
who could that way

that's why I stay
& learn to play:
'Only The Young'
teach the way

@floydfloydson 12.18.2010
for Leesha Harvey

Floyd Floydson

FOOLS WISDOM

When I was a fool
learning all the rules
playing with insanity
and absence of mind
finding creative words
to feed the blind
my playground has grown
leaving the madness alone
reflecting all doubts
in question-marks and faults
the answers in double points
and dash - for train of thought
waiting behind the next slash
singing phrases with English style
amusing myself for a proper while
regarding all listeners as my guests
telling the newest nonsense before I rest
grimace everyone with my happy laughter
have to hold my belly faster
not to betray - who laughs last
...and not...'after'
...no one would say.

(c) Floyd Floydson,08/18/2012

Floyd Floydson

For Your Smile

Oh, I would be lucky
to have somebody
like you
doing everything
for a smile.

I swear
no` a day
would appear
for ever and a day
without not
creating a smile
in your heart
even when
I´m smart.

And of course
only in the dark
you can touch
at my face
a smile
eyes closed
heart by heart.

dedicated to Phoebe Peek`s song
'For Your Smile'

Floyd Floydson

Gedicht - das zu dir spricht

Was ist ein Gedicht
mehr als ein Abbild deines Gesicht´s
der Anblick deiner Worte
gebacken mit Muse zu einer Torte

Wer schreibt wer liest wer redigiert
zuerst du selbst du gibst ihm deinen Wert
entzückt und inspiriert
vom ersten Gedanken an
schnell niedergeschrieben auf das
niemand den Gedankengang verliert

Ein Spiegel in Worten
eine Reflektion im Licht
die mit tiefgründigem Wissen
von der Endlichkeit spricht

Dein Ebenbild gemeißelt
in Laute und Leises
verträumtes im Realen
eine Melodie deiner Reise

Ein Gedicht mit Gewicht
ein Lied vom Nichts
ein Klang von Rhythmus und Reim
ein Widerschein von dir allein

Was ist ein Gedicht
weniger als ein Schatten im Schein
ein funkelnder Umriß
ein kurzes Leuchten vom Sein

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Floy Dy Ra,2013/01/06

Floyd Floydson

GESCHMOLZENES

Ein Rauhreif, der reifte
vor sich hin
ein silberner Reif
war sein Gewinn -
er dachte er wär schlau
doch dafür war er
viel zu rauh!
Es kam die Sonne
schnell heraus
da war sein kurzes
Leben aus.

@floydfloydson 12.21.2010

Floyd Floydson

HEADLINE SOLD

TRUTH BOUGHT
MONEY CAUGHT
WAR IGNORED
POVERTY INSTALLED
SYSTEM DESTROYED
BELIEF CONFISCATED
MIND REVERS
DEATH REVIVE
LIFE DIES
COPY-RIGHTS
ALIVE

(c) Floyd Floydson,2012/09/01
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Floyd Floydson

HEAR MY FEAR

Hear my Fear

Please hear
the story of my fear
it suddenly appear to my ears
but I was caught by my fears

Don't be afraid
of what you want to know
don't be retaliate
of what you want to show

love comes & you can take it
love heals & you can make it

Please hear
the story of my brain
it suddenly appear to my eyes the same
but I was caught by my fears

Don't be afraid
of what you want to know
don't be retaliate
of what you want to show

love comes & you can take it
love heals & you can make it

Please hear
the story of my heart
it suddenly appear to my art
but I was caught by my fears

Don't be afraid
of what you want to know
don't be retaliate
of what you want to show

love comes & you can take it
love heals & you can make it

Please hear
the story of my life
it suddenly appear to all my drive
but I was caught by my fears

Don't be afraid
of what you want to know
don't be retaliate
of what you want to show

love comes & you can take it

love heals & you can make it

Please do
the story of your soul
'course suddenly
you all control

you catch your fear
you brake on through

nobody else
than YOU
can do

Don't be afraid
of what you want to do
don't be in hate
of what is TRUTH in you

love comes & you can take it
love heals & you can make it

((c) 06.22.2010 @Floydfloydson)
((c) @UNI-Verse

Floyd Floydson

Homage To Naida Supnet´s 'Wanderer'

I read you with gusto and zest
never thinking about what´s coming next
I am a wanderer through your rhyme
I am the other half-filled cup of mine
I wonder how words so beautiful can sing
and bring you my reply on an elf wing
I hear laughter and giggles
while reading you, together with mixed pickles
sometimes I read you with ginger and ale
but nevertheless I read you and that´s my mail

Floyd Floydson

How Ink Got Personality

Dissatisfied at
being only
a color
of red, blue
green and black
the ink
got dry
losing all
water
with tears
but was
revived
from death
by a kiss
of a wet
tongue
my God
see how
little hearts
sprung
feeling
creative
was used
for to sign
a letter
feeling
so much
better
and was
writing
a name
so it comes
that ink
thinks
got after death
a new name
and a person
with personality
please
don´t blame
and please
don´t enlighten
the ink
if you don´t like
to see her dry
again
your sweet ink.

Floyd Floydson

How To Achieve Everything?

for Mary to Win

Try to let me go
and I´ll be forever at your side

Give up your deepest wish
and it will come true

Give away your loveliest treasure
and a bigger returns

believe me or never
time is given to learn

(c) FloydFloydson Jun.20.2012
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Floyd Floydson

IDENTITY

Listen identity
my name was chosen
by my parents
before I came
and after birth
a note was bound
at my toe what a shame

My parents
called my name
and my heart beats
but I was a human
without an ID-card
also when I fall asleep

My identity
is not my passport
not my name
not my land
not what I write
with my free hands

My identity
is not my color
not my size
not my language
or my character
even not my price

My identity
is not my dental filling
my eye color
or my hair
not my fingerprint
my job or my salary

My identity
is different
from me
because it is
given
to separate me

Separates me
from girls and boys
even from twins
and natural
toys

Separates me
from religions
politics and class

is written
in my document of birth
and my testament at last

This identity
is given by state
to control
where I am
even to find me
paying no toll

But my own
identity is my life
are my parents
is my wife
are my children
and my friends

my identity
IS
the promised land

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Floy Dy Ra,22/09/2012

Floyd Floydson

Immerfort

Immerfort stehe ich am Anfang.
Meist am Anfang einer Übung.
Eines Nachdenkens - eines Erinnerns
Einer Vergegenwärtigung
einer Situation, eines Dinges,
eines Momentes, eines Menschen,
eines Gefühls.
Das braucht Konzentration.
Konzentration braucht den sicheren Raum.
Das Ritual.
Fokussierung auf nur einen Punkt.
Zieht alle anderen Sinne und Kräfte ab.
Fokussierung macht verwundbar.
Eine Offenlegung deiner inneren Stimme.
Deiner Seele.
Gefühle braucht es, die Anderen zu berühren.
Die Verletzlichkeit ist Angst.
Deine Angst nach Außen zu transportieren ist
Lampenfieber.
Mit dem Verlust der Unbekümmertheit steigt das
Lampenfieber.
Die Übung der Konzentration ist der Ausgleich.
Die Fähigkeit augenblicklich Alles
in Deinen Bann zu ziehen ist
Magie.
Sie läßt Zweifler und Störer Schweigen und Staunen.
Finde Deinen Platz im Raum
und nimm ihn ein.
Immerfort.
'Kraftlinien sind jene Pfade der Welt entlang denen
die Energien am ungehindersten Strömen' (Robert Asprin) .

@floydfloydson
(c) uni-verse.de 12.17.2011

Floyd Floydson

INTERNET

A net without meshes
but finding a loophole
knit one, purl one
catching in a single crochet
to put on a show
a trick
to dropp a stitch
that´s your line
scam the net
wasting our time

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Floy Dy Ra,2012/11/15

Floyd Floydson

Liebe Insulaner

an den 'Valle Bote' die Zeitschrift der Gomerianer

Liebe Insulaner,
Der Heiopei - vergessen, verkannt und ausgegrenzt.

Zurückblickend auf den wissenschaftlichen Beitrag über die Kapaiken,
Kufnuken und anderes Getier, möchte ich, mehr aus niederen Erwägnissen,
als aus höheren Beklemmnissen, dem unter den Tisch gefallenen
Homo sab-sabberiensis sensekaputtnix zu seinem Recht verhelfen und stellvertretend
für alle noch nicht genannten, den Heiopei anundfürsich als einen eher leichten
Schwerenöter, in die Fußstapfen des Hallodri treten lassen,
der ganz zu schweigen vom Luschenbaby und dem Ausdiemausklaus,
neben dem Kurtmurrt und Jonnyottenhartgesotten fast antiquarisch anmutend
und schon leicht weggedrifteten Gesindel, das dem presenten, heutigem Heiopei
nicht die Stirn bieten kann, eine Lanze brechen.

Weitere Arten und Unterarten unterliegen noch dem Forschungsgeheimnis, werden aber
in Kürze, entsprechendes Interesse vorausgesetzt unverzüglich der Veröffentlichung anheim
gegeben.

Euer Heiopei

Floyd Floydson

Lottery

A chance
is a lot
is a loot
is a lottery

A lot
is a lose
is a loss
is a lunacy

A lust
is a lure
is a lurid
is a lullaby

A lie
is a cry
is not die
is a devilry

((c) 09.28.2010 @floydfloydson)
(@UNI-verse)

Floyd Floydson

LOVE DAY

It´s the day, we´ve been waiting for
Finding words to say: 'It´s You I adore'
I don´t believe I say it enough
You deserve a different kind of love

I can only give You, what I have inside
So help me love You, by loving myself
Baby, I´ll say it with all my pride
My love for You is as the ocean as wide

If only the stars could testify
And the streets where You live nearby
They´d speak of the nights I was up outside
Praying to God to keep You by my side

I´m not a man who disappoints
And I will hug You with all my joints
As tight as our love can be
Till the day, we´re One with the sea

02.21.2011 - 07.08.2012 (c) www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

Lover, Brother

Are you my brother or lover, brother?
don´t be my mother lover!
kiss you my brother lover
can´t be your mother, brother
never found you in the arms of another

Are you my lover, brother?
don´t touch my mother lover!
kiss you and not another
find out the love to your mother, brother
don´t even mistreat my brother, mother

Are you like my brother, lover?
don´t hate my mother lover!
kiss me instead of my mother, brother
not even be afraid of my brother, mother
we are the same but another

Are you my friend sweet brother?
please get in touch with my lover!
but do not kiss each other, brother
´cause he´s my lover, brother
treat him as your brother, my lover

Why aren´t lovers like brothers?
why mothers not like lovers!
kissing my man and not another, brother
but love you too my mother, never another
together we can treat us like brothers, brother.

@floydfloydson
(c) uni-verse.de 12.20.2011

Floyd Floydson

Might Have Been

Taken by a note-line
Through your colored mind
Seems so fine
Close to everybody´s rhyme
Written to share a note
On your line
Might have been: FIN(e)

dedicated to Leesha Harvey´s song
'might Have Been'

Floyd Floydson

Mirror Of Soul

For miles and miles I have to go
to walk in frozen rain through fields of mighty snow
Four miles I have to go
to bring back Christmas to my floor

Through meadows covered with frozen white
through mowed stubble fields of maize a skin so quite
to skip down the hill over some ditches full of ice
listening the noises of breaking bridges
the cracking of surfaces and hallows after night

No cars no buses no trains
even no bicycles were able to go over frozen rain
For miles and miles I have to go
to bring back Christmas in front of my door

The Northwest blew icy right into my face
colored my beard white an early walking after cold night
The sun came up through fog and trees
I saw her shining glitter beyond my knees
on a surface blown free like glass
a glassy bright under the ice I see
but I have to pass
crossed the mirror of my soul
for a moment my feelings held on - even not felt cold
but for miles and miles I have to go
to bring back Christmas to my soul

Only I am left to celebrate with me
a lonely Christmas without family
only have memories as a gift to give
nobody is left to give-away my love by shift

Waiting in solitude
to buy me some food on Christmas Eve
I have to celebrate
His birthday alone until I leave
but miles and miles I have to go
to bring back Christmas
merely standing
and knocking at my door

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Floy Dy Ra,2012/12/23

Floyd Floydson

My Love Is Sixty-Five (a b-day miracle)

Transferred to itself
the ruling power
an independent way
on celebration hour.

A champion in cricket
and corruption - at poverty line
going to be a Super Power
but 40 % live below and become sour.

You mastered the business of education
concerning news in entertainment celebration
remember the hopes were really high
by learning independence on your b-day with all your try.

Have you done your second step
woke up and starting a movement
against corruption and supporting the fight
even on Facebook at our sight?

Have you learn my love, to be equal
with integration, languages and people
what about caste system, poverty, illiteracy
rise of the rich to richer and democracy?

My love, have you killed the fundamental rights
due to the monopoly of the capitalists bites
Are you continual to discriminate
between the different castes - let the poor wait and dynamite?

Are you allowing your masters to rule you at will
are there ignorant ones killing the rights to equality still
males over females, children compelled
to work in factories, restaurants or mills?

What about the 'Right of Exploitation'
or working like in a 'Reservation'
or as domestic servants
with no reputation?

And to make matters worse - what about hospitals
and getting a nurse
but the time has come now to think
out of the box creating a new link.

What have you learn my dear old love
praying for years to God who´s above
based on an ancient caste and creed system
you really need the youngest and best of their wisdom.

Based on ethnicity, community and education employment
we like to celebrate with you a new enjoyment

let the poor be helped - the needy provided
creating more value of the taxes paid and delighted.

Learn to make most of what you love
so I´ll love you more and enjoy your rising above
fundamental rights are not for complain
I wish you a Happy Birthday India - and next year the same!

(c) Floyd Floydson,08/15/2012
inspired by Priyankan Goswami(Bharat Janani) 'What India did not learn in 65 years...'

Floyd Floydson

My Mind Is A Dream

My mind is a dream
no one can see
it lives in my brain
using no pain

it follows my walk
through heaven and hell
I love it but even
can not spell

the way it works
the way it thinks
forgotten the secrets
under my wings

an inner voice
only teaching
my heart
what´s to do
and to love you
soooo smart

Floyd Floydson

My Opening

Me
is the taste
others eat
reading me
listening my
understand why
touch my bones
feeling a gift
wrap it
be surprised
realize
a life
close
or far
breathe in
my words
hear your tongue
keep us
together
between words
and among
breathe out
a slang
by your mouth
let your private
see mine
hold on
for a timeless
time
kindle
your soul
by the same
melody
open your fears
and enter me
for free

Floyd Floydson

Narren Weisheit

Als ich (noch) ein Narr war
und alle Regeln lernte
mit Wahnsinn spielte
und mit Zerstreutheit
kreative Worte erfand
um die Unwissenden (Blinden) zu füttern
wuchs meine Spielwiese
die Verrücktheit alleine lassend
alle Zweifel reflektierend
mit Fragezeichen und (viel) Schuld
in Doppelpunkten die Antworten
und Gedankenstrich - für den Gedankengang
hinter dem nächsten Verriß (Schrägstrich) wartend
im englischen Singsang (stil) Redewendungen singend
mich belustigend eine Weile
alle meine Zuhörer als Gäste betrachtend
den neuesten Unsinn erzählend, bevor ich ruhe
jedem Grimassen schneidend mit meinem glücklichen Gelächter
mir den Bauch haltend, (immer) fester
nicht verraten - wer zuletzt lacht
...und nicht...'verspätet'...möchte keiner sagen.

(c) Floyd Floydson,08/18/2012
translation from English into German

Floyd Floydson

NOTHING

Dedicated to Caitlin who wrote:

'When you was nothing, I was your favorite.
Now that you´re something, I´m the nothing to you.
Was all a lie? '

I was not meant, but my inspiration answered:

But now YOU are ' Nothing' more than something -

but you are not the something I wanted

when I start to know you.

But now - without that something -

that was like a 'thing' for me -

I could see and touch your soul

right in the middle

and feel how YOU are.

And now without all that something around -

all that nothing, that we filled in -

I really can see, how your soul rises -

inside the gleaming sun -

up to the highest places

and I never wish again

to have something in my hands

I could hurt or destroy.

So I´ll find a way to become

also that 'Nothing' -

again - to be together,

like 'two nothings'

of the same kind

and probably we have to start again,

- then, with something?

But on a higher level -

to reach nothing

but then to feel inspired.

(c) floydfloydson Jan.23rd,2012

http: //www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

Nothing But Something Above

When you was nothing
I was your favorite
Now that you are something
I´m the nothing to you
Was it all a lie?
she told and he answered
But now you are nothing more
than something
but you are not the something
I wanted when I start to know you
But now - without that something
that was like a thing for me
I could see and touch your soul
right in the middle of nothing
and feel how you are
he said and she answered
And now without all that something
around all that nothing
we filled in - now - I really can see
how your soul rises
inside the gleaming sun
up to the highest places
and I never wish again
to have something in my hands
Everything can hurt
and destroy so easily
he regrets and she replied
I´ll find a way to be something
without being a thing for you
A nothing compared with things
but a greater thing in being
We are two nothings of the same kind
he smiled and probably we have
to start again with something new
But on a higher level she sneers
and feels inspired by something
We can´t compare our nothings
with a thing to explain our lives
and nothing is fulfilled by itself
but there is a something
hold us sheltering in the nothing.

(c) Floy Dy Ra,2012/09/02

Floyd Floydson

Now, of all times!

Of all times she has to run into me now.
Now of all times!
Now, why didn't I think of that!
As the case now stands we like each other.
It's out of our hands now.
As affairs now stand.
Now known as a nickname as things are now.
As matters now stand.
As of late we are together.
I think we're out of the woods now.
As a proof of my love I gave her my original name.
As a result of a night far into the smallest hours I lost her original name.
The name she had given to me on a sheet of cigarettes paper I smoked - as a proof of her love
As of recently I am combined with an other girl!
Now, of all times!
She came along.
Of all times she has to run into me now.
As things are now I told her my story.
Now it's just the two of us.
As of now to all eternity.

(c) Floyd Floydson
@Uni-verse 02.23.2011

Floyd Floydson

Planting Happy Thoughts

Try to catch a thought
with a butterfly net
while your synapses
lead the impulse
to the neighborhood
electric news
need no shoes
they tour with the light
leaving only a beam
if could have been seen
caught by his wings
now in captivity
a thought found you
during you think
was it a fate wink
But the thought
had no name
to put in its proper place
only an info
quick as
speed
wearing no
tweed
a nymph - oh
anonymous
no flesh
no bleed
goggled at me
in my presence of mind
before the caught thought
give up the ghost
and last dimly shine
of my comic fellow
was clever planted again
in my brain
to give him
freedom of thought
as happy as he was caught
feed him with laughter
to give energy back
pouring giggles over his neck
inflame him delightful
with a happy thought
again he comes back to life
I think this was my best thought

Floyd Floydson

Poem - talking to you

What is a poem more
than a likeness of your face
the aspect of your words I adore
baked at one´s leisure as a cake before

Who writes who reads who edits first
is given yourself by its worth
delighted by inspiration and earth
by fist done thoughts
quickly consigned to writing
for none lose the train of thoughts

A mirror made by words
a reflection in light
telling deeper secrets of knowledge
by mortality of life

Engraved with your image
as loud and quite
to maunder in reality
a melody on your journey at night

A poem with attached importance in ink
a tune of nothing
a sound of rhythm and rhyme
in the reflection of yourself and outer shine

What is a poem less
than a shadow of a light
a sparkling shape
a brief flashing of Almight´

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Floy Dy Ra,2013/01/06

Floyd Floydson

Question yourself

Have you heard
what your heart recently told
Have you watched
the beats all night long getting old

A pumping muscle
a pulsating blood
a red flush in your face
a sleepy feet with tons of weigh to arouse

What´s about your breath
your clear view
your vibrating voice
did you ever had a choice

An automatic flow
a rhythm of nature
a reflex of behavior
a dry tongue for your prayer

Have you loved your soul
your mind your brain
having been through this before
in pain like the same

Take your chance
to resume your life
think over your words
and about what you´ll cry

Give yourself the chance
to rise and to win
more than this
is under your skin

Meet your friends in truth
one more time
then you move
and we are friends
forever in time

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Floy Dy Ra,2012/11/27

Floyd Floydson

Rainy Day

Rainy Day

Sweet autumn shakes
leaves are beaten strong
trembles them hardly
the wind blew along

Warm green goes quick
the yellow came
live in orange and red
give blazes after rain

Admittance given to light
the branches fall
golden bronze returns
no matter at all

If only the clouds
give a break on through
mother sun not forgotten
colors say I brazen you.

((c) 09.26.2010 @floydfloydson)
(@UNI-verse)

Floyd Floydson

Read My Body

See my body
be my buddy
heat my slurry
feel my beauty
meet my duty
need my sweetie
treat my smoothy
sweep my dirty
beat my devilry
feed my needy
lead my pity
read my smiley
be my homey
drink my honey
eat my medley
like my bunny
drive my Chevy
don´t come heavy
breathe my airy
hug me & care me
beware me & never leave me
just adore me
knee on the floor for me
flower my life for me
sing a song all along with me
hold me not wrong but free
be my King Kong Bee
send me your kisses
swaddle your baby
so YOU I´ll never miss
take my kiss
this it is

Floyd Floydson

Saw YOU

Please hear my beats
they suddenly rule my feet
but I was in my fear
saw YOU - they disappear

If I could hold your heart
and stop the beats kindly smart
it will not hurt me anymore
`cause love can never be like war

we breathe the rhythm
the tuning of our pulse
we do like the rhyme
for ever punched in our prime

the dreamers are catching
their lucky way singing
no never stop missing
together us kissing

our freedom is made
by tuning our souls
it stops being afraid
by moving its rules

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(by @floydfloydson)
(www.UNI-Verse.com)

Floyd Floydson

Sorrows

Falling in love
changes your life
proves what survives
keeps your inner wishes alive
let your heart rise

Awaken after deeper sight
remembering your fist night
everything looks bright
wonderful in loves light
thankful for having God at your side

Forgiven the faults you made
again you learn to trust
a real together is your new must
your old ego loses the mask
sweat dreams rise from dust

A day will come
you feel alone
you need your buddy
to decide where is your home
praying to your love under a dome
to change your lover from wild
to grow up from your inner child

Sorrows will come
whether all is right what you`ve done
how to change your fellow loves
or to prevent them from evil
to bloom above

Putting all your troubles on Him
for He takes care of you we were told
when we were young and slim
but we have forgotten until we grow old
still creating sorrows instead to win Him

See the birds of heaven:
they do not put seeds in the earth
they do not get in grain,
or put it in store-houses:
and your Father in heaven
gives them food

But let your first care be for His kingdom
and His righteousness:
and all these other things
will be given to you in addition
You should not worry at all
was also His mission

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Floy Dy Ra,2012/10/31

Floyd Floydson

The Selfish Fish

Once upon a time
a very small fish
started to change his dish
was envious of others
and did not feel fine.

The bigger fishes
creating big bubbles
and were honored
as respectful swimmers
and producing no trouble.

Instead of normal eat
the small fish now ate
the letters and words
of a newspaper found wet
in the sea of the state.

Now he also earns
lovely returns
of the bigger ones
creating big bubbles
and was heard with his words.

But due to the food
he got thinner
and blow up himself
with air
to be the winner.

Now he looks
like a blow-fish
but empty and thin
only the air and the
words were in.

The time has come
to select the best
the blubber of the year
a national
fish poetry test.

So astonished he was
chosen as the one
he got the best reputation
and honored by
the whole fish civilization.

For the next contest
he was invited
to speak in front
of all animals

united.

But therefore
he had to went on land
publishing his words
in books
which were sent.

The publishing house
give to understand
they will create
with him
a very new brand.

But just when he was
starting to bubble
at land his first big bubbles
he died
loosing all air and his trouble.

So the morality could be
watch and comment
the bubbles of the others to learn
and to earn respect and knowledge
and to stay proud and happily
as a fish in the sea.

(c) Floyd Floydson,08/22/2012

Floyd Floydson

The Sparrow song (dedicated to Camille Peruto)

Just starting your song
it rings at my door
stairs down
to the postman
I heard your voice
through the floor
I opened my mouth
so astonished - I swear
and didn´t hear
what he said
ringing my ear
I adore your voice
my heart was so upset
now, I´ll never forget
what the charming
little sparrow said
so original in the atmosphere
planting notes
right into my ear.

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http: //www.uni-verse.de

Floyd Floydson

The Walking Table (A Poem-shortstory) Sri Lanka Practise

A table came in
with only three legs
was hold oblique
by flat hands
slowly pressed
in balance
walked on two legs
everywhere through
followed by a crowd
of two-hundred-and-two

To drive out
the evil
out of the room
and to find
which faces glow
and the thief
in the gloom

A holy old man
silver-haired
small and thin
made a smelling fire
with some herb
and was using
unknown words

Now the one
stolen from
was requested
to put his hand
flat on the table
refracted

Like a dog
now the table was
on someones track
to search for the things
and for taken
them back

Three hours
we walked
through the jungle
through houses
and fields
to find
a stolen
bundle

At least nearly
everything

was found
at last
the police
came around
they took
the thieves
in prison
only
a little
was miss´n

Floyd Floydson

Time

Time is out of sight
far away from me
has gone so freely
it will never come
nor I return to
the past
tomorrow´s future
forget to learn basics

Time was not real
has never seen
the evil and
the reason
why life
has so much to feel
surely it is out of season

Time will ever
be a myth
a breeze of moments
a beam in the space
time could be
an invention
of human race

Space is her sister
with timeless charm
when light kissed her
time stands still
like oceans
frozen
in space at dawn

Only dimension
is the mentor
for time and space
without
a space-less time
no time will have
no space
to create time
on any planet
by timeless grace

Floyd Floydson

TOGETHER ONLY LOVE (dedicated to Daw Aung San Su Kyi)

Pre-Chorus:

Please tell me poems of your heart
how honest are you in the dark
dreams of a land without a chain
together only love ends all the pain

Chorus:

Come shelter of my fears
be helper of my tears
kiss lips with truth and dreams
hold bursting hearts keep gleam
catch eyes and melt my heart
No ever be apart

Pre.:

Please tell me poems of your heart
how honest are you in the dark
dreams of a land without a chain
together only love ends all the pain

Chorus:

Love hurts but also heals the pain
is there a reason nobody would explain
a tear must fall before you go
come back to feel and got to know
all lovers tears gone washed away
only a couple love is bound to stay

Pre.:

Please tell me poems of your heart
how honest are you in the dark
dreams of a land without a chain
together only love ends all the pain

Chorus:

Don't be that shy in what you really feel
don't cry for love - it really heals
love whispers sometimes unknown words
Oh - love, is there a language that never hurts
now heart translate to me what no one else can tell
is there an answer my heart can spell?

Pre.:

Please tell me poems of your heart
how honest are you in the dark

dreams of a land without a chain
together only love ends all the pain

Chorus:

If I could hold your heart in mine
and feel the beats which treat your needs
My dreams will follow you through all my tears
and found a way to the golden shrine
and patiently you will wait for me
and awake my love in an humaneness time

Pre.:

Please tell me WISDOM of your heart
how honest are you in the dark
CERTITUDE of a land without a chain
together love ends all the pain

So I can take you in my arms
and our hearts should do the same

(09.03.2012 Floy Dy Ra (Floyd Floydson)
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Floyd Floydson

Über das Herrschen der Unterweltler

Herrschen - und das noch unter der Welt
ne nich´für alle Macht der Welt
im Dunklen Reich mit toten Seelen leben
das kann´s nur für die wahren Idioten geben

Kein noch so schizophrener Gedanke
der je ans Licht der Welt gelangte
kann Herrscher auch nur beachten,
die die Unterwelt zu ihrem Reiche machten

Da leben wir doch lieber im Licht und hell
verrücken die Sicht auf die Welt gern grell
lachen uns nen Keks beim Herrscher besiegen
könnten glatt schizophren werden vom Siegen

Lassen aber immer noch was übrig für morgen
das vertreibt uns dann Kummer und Sorgen
Ach, wär´t ihr nicht da unten zum begaffen
wir würden euch Affen vielleicht nur aus Spaß erschaffen

Mit dem wirklichen Hades der Griechen
habt ihr nichts mehr gemein außer dem Riechen
ihr verwechselt das wohl mit Reichtum und Macht
ach´ haben wir über euch schon gelacht

Im Kampf gegen Chronos, die Zeit
seid ihr selbst mit Tarnkappe nicht gefeit
habt ergattert einzig nur die Unterwelt
mit dreiköpfigem Hund, daß keiner verläßt eure Welt

Nur noch die Schatten der Toten kommen euch besuchen
selbst der Fährmann, der sie euch bringt, muß euch verfluchen
weit im Westen, wo die Sonne vom Meere trinkt
der Hades im Dunkeln der Vergangenheit versinkt

Mit abgewandtem Gesicht glaubt ihr unsichtbar zu sein
das glaubten nicht mal die ungezählten Toten, die immerfort schrei´n
eure Träume von Dämonen und Geistern über unendliche Zeiten
machten euch verrückt, gebunden an die Unterwelt in Raum und Weiten

Selbst im Gedächtnis eines Schizos im Gehirn rechts wohnend
wo die Mythen und Bilder der Vergangenheit lagern, das Vergessen schonend
bedauert keiner eure Sehnsucht und euer Geschick
doch auf eurer Reise ins Jenseits wünschen wir euch viel Glück!

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Flo Dy Ra aka Floyd Floydson
2012/12/12

Floyd Floydson

'What I Would Do' (Featuring Phoebe Peek)

heard it once - heard it twice
heard it more into the darkest nights
heard it again without pain
heard it until the morning rain
heard it as it becomes part of my brain
heard it but had nothing to complain
heard it to start at the end again
now I hear it without and sing it loud
and feel no shame
cos I´d been played around like a board game

Floyd Floydson

WIND WORDS

WHILST THE WIND BLOWS
THOUGHT-LOSING WORDS BLEW ALONG
REFLECTING ON THEIR OWN MONOLOGUES
KNOWING MORE THAN THEY SAY
WOULD STAY SILENT
IF WORDS UNDERSTAND
WHAT THEIR CONTENTS IS

BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT WORDS KNOW
WOULD THEY SHARE
WHAT WORDS UNDERSTAND
WHISPERING THEIR KNOWLEDGE
THOUGHT-LOSING AND SILENT
TO THE WIND

OH, WIND - WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
WHEN YOU KNOW
WHAT WORDS UNDERSTAND
ALL THEIR MEANINGS
SPOKEN INTO YOU
AND BEEN HEARD
READY FOR A NEW VOICE
PUTTING THOUGHTS SOFTLY
BETWEEN YOUR LETTERS

OH, LOVELY WIND

WOULD YOU CARRY YOUR WISDOM

ABOUT SPOKEN WORDS CONFIDENTIAL

TO THE WAITING ONES

AND GIVE BACK ALL YOUR KNOWLEDGE

TO SENDERS IN RETURN

WHAT WOULD THE WORLD KNOW

WHEN WINDS SHARE THEIR WISDOM

WHILST THE WIND BLOWS

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Floy Dy Ra,29/09/2012

Floyd Floydson

Wind Wörter

Während der Wind weht,
wehen vage Wörter
gedankenverloren vor sich hin,
wissen mehr als sie sagen,
würden schweigen,
wenn Worte verstünden.

Wer aber weiß,
was Wörter wissen,
würden sie sagen,
was sie verstünden
oder schweigend
und gedankenverloren
dem Wind
vage Wörter zuwispern?

Ach, Wind - wüßtest du wohl
was Worte verstünden,
wissend wie Wörter
gedankenverloren
von dir getragen
vage vor sich hin wehen,
schweigend.

Würdest du, lieber Wind
dein Wissen
von verwehten Worten
weitertragen
zu Wartenden,
die vage verstünden,
was Worte wissen?

(c) Floyd Floydson 2011

Floyd Floydson

You´R Sittin` At The Sea

You´r sittin´ at the sea
your heart´s empty
something inside you´s calling:
I can´t do anymore

You view the emptiness
you feel the heaviness
your breath is flow
you´r listing the wind

Your heart´s beatin´ loud
your pulsation hammer your skin
you´r holding your hands over your ears
however thoughts stay never not born

The tongue´s dry
the words in move
yet don´t my head
permanent think about

A picture that stands so clear
always, yes forever there
never fading out
even if closed your lids

The pictures are not dwindle
they can´t do it by its own
they are curved in your brain
no one and nothing can conjure

Thoughts that torture your dreams
dwell inside you like in a hall
they stay dumb but so mighty
like making you wrinkled from inside

Your blood´s trickle foaming in the fold
there´s nothing, also no blood, smoothing the old
only passing through the pain and sorrow
prepare the spring for the new
and breaking the wall in you

You´r asking what, what was behind
was it your own deep winter
who wants to melt like the ice
pointing out your empty heart
at such a price

You´r sittin´ at the sea
your´s heart filling with blood
somewhere´s your fury turn
and shouting from far away: I can´t do anymore

Your view again wins the focus
terminated is the breathless Hocuspocus
vanishing heaviness of the emptiness
your breath wins
you´r listing to the wind

Floyd Floydson

Your Own Color

Our real being
is your own color
seeing and feeling

Listening
how our universe sings
your love - your spring

Each color is a gift
from nature
made for your lift

Feel all colors
eyes closed for a while
heals our bodies and one´s life style

Be a mirror
feel spectral
color your focus
be inter-medial

Floyd Floydson