

Poetry Series

Juergen Himmelstoff
- poems -

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Juergen Himmelstoff()

Hello my name is Juergen Himmelstoff. I want to share my thoughts with the world. I am at the moment in Colchester, Essex, England. Those are not three different places, but one is in the other. Colchester is a fine town. There are many men who have a stable employment, but not as many as at home. There is less mystery also. It is still fun. There are also women. Many times I have been with my new friends in the town on a Friday or a Saturday, and there has been much drinking. I will write about my new experiences so I can treasure my new life here. There is also a lady who I like. And new friends I have made. There is much to live for, for me, Juergen Himmelstoff!

My other interests include bareback horseriding/archery/rifle - that is one sport. Also I am a fan of Judo. But I also really like musics like Bach and Beethoven and Wagner if I feel nationalistic. I am not really. I like also popular musics, but they all sound the same except for Darkthrone, whom I like very much for their strong sense of nonsense. I also like theatre and women. Also I like some people at my school. I like drink. I like my best friend's partner, she has nice hair. I especially like walking through fields alone, watching the scenery. It's not as big here, or as fun.

My poetry can be classified into three 'schools'. I have called this 'Gruppen 1' 'Gruppen 2' and 'Anaalblast'. 'Gruppen 1' is more like social commentary, a little serious. 'Gruppen 2' is about every day life. 'Anaalblast' is mostly about women, but includes men too. I love socialising, so if you fancy a pint with Juergen, call me. Contrary to secular belief, Juergen is nice to everyone, unless you talk to him about the plague of Christianity, or America.

A Night In The Town (I)

In the town, pigs abound,
After a recital of some
True Norwegian metal,
We go to town to get drunk...

My friends, they are stoned,
In the Ali-Shan we have curry for
Celebratory exams - drink slow,
there's no hurry...

1 pint, 2 pint... I can't count anymore,
I'm impressed by the Englishmen's
Tally, walking outside the breeze hits
Me in the face, a reminder of the North.

'I am JUERGEN! '
I exclaim to all the scantily clad ladies,
Who walk by in their tragic dance.
I take my cellular device and make a phone call
And I placed it this time to my favourite damsel,
From home.

'It's Juergen,
I'm drunk,
But I just called to say I
Love you'

Half an hour later I am in bliss.
An hour later, I am home,
Writing this poem in the dark,
And blank lines appear in Juergen's head.

Tomorrow I'll feel d...e...a...d...

Juergen Himmelstoff

A Night In The Town (Ii)

Walking through the streets of
Might, a glorious feeling overcomes
The pale moonlight... the feeling
Of a thousand newborn sons...

Juergen is feisty,
Juergen is cooking,
Watch him walk down High Street,
With two of his women.

He lusts longingly, snapping at
Their bare necks, overcome by
Great grief, leaves them for his
Favourite, sitting on her own.

But a phonecall I receive,
And to Pub I go -
Lurking in the streets with
Friends of a philosophical joke...

Another weekend,
Another curry...
Raj compliments the breasts
Of a schoolgirl, we cheer.
Speeches are made,
Sexualities claimed,
And the talk of Shep's nipple
Incites me to tipple...

And then walking out,
Alone suddenly.
I go to a bar, meet many
Men, and women, and
Some of them are
Together.

Drunk, I walk home,
After urinating on a car.

Decadence grows where the dead groan.

Juergen Himmelstoff

A Night In The Town (Iii)

Going to listen
Auditory madness
See the bands, witness
Eternal Desecration.

Watch them go,
Poked from below...
Who do I find?
A group of young girls...

The blonde one looks nice,
So does her friend brunette,
Their less interesting friend
Starts a little bet:
'Who'll it be!
Choose one of these...'
The options are two.

It's hilarious, and so fun,
To a background of
Death metal drums,
Flirting, love and hate,
Peace and war,
Locked in eternal conflict,
With a hard on.

Pressing against walls,
Power surge,
I've chosen her.
On her way out,
'Call me! '
Spake the brunette rock girl.

Then turning to talk to
Ollie of Desecration
He says to me sweating,
'That's some maiden'
I smile, we shake hands
And the old vintage vinyl

Album I purchase from the band.

A fine night.

Juergen Himmelstoff

An Elegy Of Myself

As I was going
About the school in my
Habitual way I was almost
Rendered to dust by a van
Coming my way.

And had I left this earth?

Thus spake at my funeral the friend, Stuart:

'He was so bold and oh so proud
of his Norwegian links... and never
seemed to be satisfied with our
government inept. He was a
loving one, despite his dark heart,
and he was always prepared to
laugh, even if it was on his part.
But now he has been confided in
the soil which gave him birth,
interred now indefinitely into this sacred earth.
I'm sure he would get angry now,
I'm sure in fact he'd scream,
as we did not bury him in his hometown,
but just in the local cemetery'

I am glad I am living.

Juergen Himmelstoff

I Am From Norway

I do not live there anymore,
That place from which I came.
I am not hungry anymore,
To me this land is tame.

O, Anglo Saxons have welcomed me to their halls of old,
Where dwarfishly these fiends gulp ale and count out their gold

But enough of time, there is none for now,
I'm far away from home;
That cold, icy northern wind, that beckons the winter throne.

A maxim that once I knew blew away on the breeze...
But all's not lost, there's friends here: and I'll power seize.

Juergen Himmelstoff

I Looked Into Her Bosom

I have been in this land, for not even 6 weeks,
and already into local life I have peeked.
My little Nordic head is curious it seems
and is eager to discover what being English means.

On the bus, I take to
the centre of education,
saw a pleasant maiden
with the name of Katja.
She was teutonic in the extreme,
and a smile of gold, shone like a beam
of the Sun's own rays, I was not only amazed,
but I opened my mouth and let Norwegian words out.
She smiled in my shame, and I let out a gasp
as she turned around and picked up her dropped bus pass.

O!
Ye who tempt a learning boy,
There's some things you can enjoy.

And walking out the bus, my heart pumped with emotion,
And I looked into her pert bosom.

Juergen Himmelstoff

Perkele!

Far in the misty forests of the land,
A manifestation of a curse word
Is uttered for the first time by a
Fisherman returning home...
With no fish to eat.

Later, in that same microcosm
But in centuries to come,
A businessman is with a lady,
Not his wife, and no protection on.

The next morning he leaves Helsinki,
The winter sun is up.
He howls as a wolf as he remembers -
A venereal virus is now in his member.

And the word is uttered again:
'Perkele! '

Resounds in the craggy mountains for millenia.
Like Christ.

Juergen Himmelstoff