

Volker Schunck

Blue Hour

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Schunck

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About me



I am Volker Schunck and live in Dresden, Germany. First I was a merchant, then I studied theology for a few years. Through my engagement with Zen I became aware of the Christian mysticism. Meanwhile I go my own way. Faith is for me not only a world-view but a mode of being.

My Christian faith and my experiences in meditation influence my everyday life, in which I try to be attentive. My books arise from this spirit too.

Preface

I don't say too much, when I say, that you as reader are holding my life book in hands.

When I started about 20 years ago to write down my feelings and thoughts, I hadn't a clue which important influence the writing would have on me.

Frequently we are captured in a tangle mess of emotions, moods and thoughts. When we then write them down, we can finally think - and feel - clearly. Just in times of crisis the writing proofed to be release and true blessing.

Who am I? Where do I come from? What is life about? What can I still believe today?

These questions has always been moving me since and are still moving me today. I don't try to give academic answers, but the texts are arosen from concrete life situations. In a lot of

them it's about "pure survival". Originally I didn't intend to publish my texts at all.

But maybe, you look, similar to me, for answers. I would be glad if you find here something for you!

God bless you!

Yours Volker

I

Peak experience

I sense the cold air
my view goes to infinity
steep the way to here
I left everyone behind
finally I can breeze freely
that was the price
leaving everything behind



my beautiful white pearl

trodden down in brutal dirt

what else can be more dirty



Jonah

jammed in fish smell

black tightness

screaming in the rottenness

flood of death

surprising wall of shelter

singing loud

he swims me free



only what is broken
can be healed



marbleheart
feathersoul
fireblood
icebody
erremotion



longing for an emotion
and comparing the currently emotion
with the past
is perhaps the main obstacle
to reach it ever again



do what you can do
more is too much
less is too less

and you will grow like a tree



I change

and I am

again and again

at the beginning



what is

if you first change

when you stop trying it



That tastes like champagne

I

in becoming

in changing

in growing

other people

other situations

what will come

what will be

life

in becoming

in changing

in growing

old customs

old friendships

I will long for

will I manage

to integrate the old

to step back

to let the new

start

yes

that's what I want

the new

that sounds grand

that looks like a bright morning

that smells like spring

that tastes like champagne

that feels like a fledgling

recent wounds of farewells
are going to break open again

no

I won't let me stop

because the new

shall arise

in me



What are you going to become?

A human.



Grievous

thousand helping hands

don't carry weight

compared to

the one step

you have to do yourself



Speechless

I can't talk
because there is
so much to say



Disability

the speck of sawdust in your parents'
eye
becomes to the plank in your own eye



Domino

a thought

stumbling block

decisions are falling

in open doors

dilates itself

the narrow alley

the road

draws me

magical

away



I am a hopeless case

hopeless

I am addicted

to the wings

of morning light

the silver commencement

everything

that is

lime green

and blue

and

oh God

the hope



back wind

the nose

upraised a little bit

the face

blushed cheeks

the limbs so tired

I hardly notice

I am being pushed from behind



I want to gift myself this day

I don't want to think ahead any longer

I still want to gift myself this day

everything that's called itself tomorrow

week or month

is anyway your element

therefore God

I want no longer lose heart

I know you are going to carry me into
tomorrow

please only give me

a strong trust

because at times

it's very difficult

to build only on

the “I will”



Just so

the trolley

the things

door open

door close

away

I hate farewells



Empty space

emptied room

dark silence

not yet

there

not yet

away

the fan is buzzing

I'm hanging

midair

insufferable

this tension

and the lonely
resound of the room



Cast off!

and then I pack
sally out
move along
forgive me
search
where my heart
can rest
I'm sick of

my aerial roots

and however

cast off

and however

I'm longing for

root ground

I'm almost tore

between there and here



Pyromanic

a last time

I want

to dance
in fire delirium
to be born again
on spring winds
and than
hopelessly be drunken
by my own fantasy
burn up
lonesome
at the border
of the universe



Ready for take off

10 bookcases

9 shelves

8 plates

7 cups

6 trousers

5 electrical appliances

4 tires

3 ideas

2 dreams

1 resolution

take off



Circuit

cold draws

an eagle

hoarfrosted fields

freezeshadowed

quiet there

lonesome

a circle

in the air

oblivious

a smile itself

is stealing

in his eyes

blooms

a being

intimately

to itself



The one

can you love one

you can love everyone

and this one

is you



Valve for the soul

language is a valve for the soul



I am

it's not about

what you have

but

who you are



Identity

what we do

says more about

who we are

than what we say



You

Among people

I sat long on hard rock

lonely I came back

to you people

I have seen deeply

and I have fallen deeply

and look

I saw men

who gloated over power

and didn't think about their ending

they played careless with trumpety

they didn't see what is standing

behind everything

and has value
I look for women
they had less time than men
they were tougher
and err back and forth
for themselves
but they had lost themselves
I ate something in a snack-bar
and asked an old woman
to look after my meal
because I had to left for a moment
her look was friendly
she nodded to me and opened her
toothless mouth

her benignant eyes were broken
and knew life
she gave me
what women and men
which I met before her
couldn't give me
and she didn't know it

preferably I'm alone
than together with people
where I cannot be myself



Encrypted

your enemy

has the key

to your most holy



silence is the plumb line

between

nearness and distance



lonelier twosome

than alone



if a friend disappoints me

it isn't up to my friend

but to my eyes



it's possible
to be too similar
to fit to each other



distance is a matter
of relationship



the mask which shall hide
your weakness

reveals it

more than ever



Masks

some masks are so good

that even their wearers themselves

can't recognize them



if you look back
you can't go longer
with me



hurting you
means hurting
myself



you have my face



I impend to drown

if human borders blur



relatively

the little

that the weak achieves

can be bigger

than the big
that the strong achieves



you just can compare with yourself
but this is also difficult
because to be fair to yourself
you should know yourself



feeling the scars on your arm

it seems to me

that I touched your soul



in the degree

that I reckon your pain

to the same degree

increases my respect for you



when the crisis
breaks down your protecting wall
the fear runs through your veins
with a trembling soul
human
you are most human



Enemy

with your experiences
I would have your convictions



Don't wake up the she-wolf

don't pick the green apple

don't wake up the she-wolf

don't tread the tender snow

the lime green sprout

let it grow

wants to carry

own fruits

in due course

to give itself away

wildly



Behind the facade

could we be able to learn

to look through

through the laughter

through faces

through eyes

yes then

yes

then

could we

perhaps

see

a wounded soul

yes then

yes

then

could we

perhaps

see ourselves



American Idol

I know, how it is to have money, to drive a Mercedes and being boss of a company. Everybody greets you friendly and people make a bow. I know how it is to have no

money: the bank puts the thumbscrews on you, and you are only a maggot, without bacon. If you then again come by some money, you are the made man, customer king.

Who is so naive to trust these rabble of bow-makers and hold-the-door-openers, doesn't have to wonder if his / her heart turns up and down like the weather. He or she judges himself / herself like the others see him. And here you can find the whole evil what makes you to a puppet of your fellow human being. You are to blame, if you hate yourself, because you still haven't broken with the mob to whom it's just about money, beauty and success. Man I tell you, so long you run after this you aren't free but a servant of many. You are an everyman who goes for broke running after the zeitgeist and who misses out, because you can't reach your own high standards. You are

no Goethe, Shakespeare, no Nowitzki or Madonna. And all that is not tragic. You are not you, and that is a tragedy. To look your whole life at others and don't feel yourself. What a waste. At the end you were not even yourself.



Who is then now crazy?

I prefer to live what society appears as madness, but for me is totally normal, as to emulate the standard of society, which gets more and more crazy.



False labeling

What society does not understand it calls madness.



Wrong ideals

“You have the wrong ideals: Mahatma Gandhi, Henry David Thoreau, Francis of Assisi, Jesus, Buddha, Socrates, Epictetus, Diogenes, Marguerite Porete, Meister Eckhart, Angelus Silesius!”

“Why?”

“To have success in this society!”



Being a human

To be a human means to be a human
with and for others.

Only alone it seems to me, I am free to
be a human.

It's this loneliness, which let me
become a human again.



Convention

convention:

if one

of the friends

is stranded

he shall send out

a thought

the other friend

will certainly hear it



An eye for an eye

I hurt you

until

you finally hurt me

you see

I was right

humans are bad



Self-conception

first as I

told you my wound

I recognized its deepness



Wow!

because you don't know yourself

I'm a surprise for you



Human impotence

who only feels strong

because he is in society in a stronger
position

from which he can oppress others

cannot be proud of his superiority
quite the contrary
he should be ashamed of his paltriness
but he never has dared to penetrate
the region of his own weakness
because he never has experienced
enough LOVE
for love is needed
to look at your own shadow
and to be able to live with yourself



Relationship

our distance to Jesus

is as great

as to our next



Enemy image

a human is more

than

his inner attitude



God

See, I am doing a new thing!

*Now it springs up; do you not perceive
it? (Isaiah 43:19a)*

you think your way

desperate in front of the possibilities

it's not mine

it's your way

look into the world

you name my name

I'm not different

from what you call life

don't pretend

to ask me for advice
when you rack your brains
I'm your next step



you know me
when your heart recognizes
that I am a mystery



if our process of cognition
disrespectful violates
the flight distance of the holy
... flies away like a bird



Personal Jesus

God will be for me possibly always 30
having a sunburnt face
smelling as wood stable and sea
with nail marks in the callous worker
hands
at all times approachable



God does not exist.

God is of own nature

he is not he or she or it

he is not before or after

the old God

is always new

even if the ax of universe breaks

and God dies on the cross

so even in death

he is the new beginning

God is no being

no nothing
no everything
and God also does not exist
what exists decays
what lives dies
we could still talk more daring
of you God
you would stay mysterious
a child knows you
and a human in agony
who knows you
whom fails every word



God!!!

too much God

the children

who cry incredibly to you unanswered

because they are hungry

the victim

who victimises his children

the people who lose there personality

because they are addicted to drugs

and those who kill others in your name

and throw away their lives out of hatred

and you God

don't you listen

don't you see

is your heart hardened
or is your power broken in front of the
world
listen
my child
and don't sin against me
now I tell you something
what you can't understand
and even if
only your head and not your heart
would understand
the world lives in my heart
nobody can fall out of it
and the humans who hate me and
others

and themselves most

let me worry about that

I know

you would best send them all to hell

but the sufferers

do you think I would suffer less than
you

with the humans

they are my humans

don't forget that

I don't want to put you off tomorrow

but did you really understand

what it means

that I will wipe away every tear

is it really clear to you

what it means

to be healed by me

I know what suffering means

I lost my son

and you

open your fists against me again

go into the world

heal sooth comfort

that's the ideal way

which only is gone

with tender hands



God is bigger

than

my little heart



Example

God forgives us
that we can forgive
ourselves



searching you is finding you
finding you is losing you



how the beloved human
after his death has to fade
in your memory
that you can survive
and weaves himself in your nature
also God
has to die in your thoughts
that he can weaves in your nature
and you become alive



God doesn't fit in his small name



God in language

to say "God"

language is always only

the second best option



God is so small

God is so small

that he lives in a heart

and so great

that the universe lives in his heart



Roommate

make your heart big

that God can move in



Faith

we seem to mistake you God for water

Muslims Jews and Christians

which everybody can store in his own
jar

but the mystic recognizes

that you are light

and that you enlighten

in every glass another color

the one light

of your goodness love freedom and
justice

so you satisfy our thirst for life



God is unique

the mystic experience

of the oneness with God

in the religions is similar

only culture and language

makes the difference

but so what

isn't a colorful flower meadow not
much beautiful

doesn't make the different facets of a
diamond

it not much precious
in its plurality



God

if it were possible
to put all religions together
they wouldn't suffice
to describe God

even all religions together
can't grasp God



Dialogue

the religions interpret each other



Respect

disrespect

his religion

and you disrespect

the whole human



God loves the evil to the good



mysterious

like love

is God

its source



who loves
knows you
still
without knowing
your name



Search for God

searching you is finding you
finding you is losing you



“My” God

if I think high about God

I make him small

and if I think small about him

then small

and

if I think

that my thinking

would have any other influence

but to my own possibilities

I am a fool



the universe is made of love



God is no formality

you lie dusty between folders

you ran yourself tired

on endless administrative paths

they speak you to death in board
meetings

God

go to the kids

that they paint you a red nose

and you with them drawings

in the sand

they laugh you into the world

more beautiful than each drawing

are you

God



as the tear tastes of sea

Christ tastes of God



Jesus is the hole in the universe
through which we can see God



Jesus

Jesus was free from himself
and gave up his identity
for God's sake
real human
empty for the fullness of God
that people
who were open for God
were able to see God's love

shining out of him
for others he was a revolutionary
not a liberator
when he disappointed them by his
non-violent love
because they
unfree of themselves
held tight onto their preconceived
image
of him
they went to them
who put justice before grace
who is freer than we
needed to be bound

who is alive must die
after his death
the fistful of his friends recognizes
who is so extraordinary united with
God
like Jesus
his life isn't extinguished with death
but will be recreated by the alive God
who is so extraordinary united with
God
isn't just a human
no
but the son of God
without beginning without ending
like God

so clear experienced his friends

this concentration of God in Jesus

that they concentrated their God-
experience

in the human Jesus in a new name for
him

Jesus Christ

*the word became flesh and made his
dwelling among us*

*we have seen his glory the glory of the
one and only*

*who came from the father full of grace
and truth*

who is without beginning and without
ending

is present

God enlighten our hearts

that we are able to recognize

you are present for us in christ



A misunderstanding

because we are ashamed

you were crucified

blamed

because of your
humanity
we take the last remedy
the death we bring to you
means ourselves
because we are blind and bitter
we see your freedom
your love
we see but don't understand
we do to you
what we want for ourselves
facing the one human



Haiku

a man on the cross

it smells like death

light breaks through the clouds



I care for tomorrow

you for me today

would I understand

I would be careless



Nightwards

when prayers
umpteenth times
countless
shattered
at God's forehead
unheard
on the face of it
go down
in storm
in that
you don't ask
whether
Adonaj

Christ

Allah

or

Buddha

where only

a scream

tearfully

dies away

your fist

begging

breaks

on closed door

in that you can be glad

when the soul

doesn't collapse

and later on

another God

merciful

enlightens

your darkness



Called son

the one

called son

a name

attached on him

by humans
broken under his task
kicked in the dust
the one human
to soft
for the dog-eat-dog society
to go his way in peace
no sir
someone like that
isn't left alone
but he's to blame for it
why are
the junkies whores and tramps
of this dark side world

so near to his heart
yes sir
of heavenly bloods
he is still torn in the gutter
where
desperateness reigns
eyes are shining of
very respectable greed
everybody feathers his own nest
whoever revolts
is put away
humans don't recognize themselves
and he
worse than his death

would be
if he becomes like us
with beerbelly
a couch potatoe
if the fire were put out
in respectability
with an eye for the monthly payments
if he weren't burnt out by his love
all hollow words
we wouldn't know anything about him
returned where he belongs
broken and ennobled
we would have lost you
Christ



Royal

where primarily

in poorness

a laughter

brightly flourishes

a bitter heart takes

the offered hand

a king leaves his thron

there

a certain night tells itself

a God promises

omnipotence

I don't want anymore
but helplessly small
as just a human
I want to be amongst you



Time is running out

time is running out
still today
at the latest tomorrow
buying dumplings
a fat goose
with red cabbage

so that
at least
my belly doesn't stay empty
and the others
who have nothing to bite
tough luck
at the feast of love

shelterless
nude
a child of poor people
struggles to keep itself warm
screams itself
in a short life

what ends bloody



Christmas: an obituary

western centered

collective unconsciousness

programmed as a family-happening

in singletimes

children of divorced

consumption temples

of superstores

overloaded expectations

meaningless

What was it about again?



End time

So as if one turns up his coat collar against the cold wind, lights a candle with the last match. So we tighten our belts, concentrated on the essentials. Waiting and awaiting. In a time, which greedily hurtles towards the abyss. The end of time. End time. Dawned by the man from Nazareth.

The creation is pregnant in labor pains, waiting for redemption. As we wait for Christmas, we long for the day of his comeback. The Earth groans tired in its axis. The new morality is: “tolerance” and “everything is permitted”. Because they have forgotten God, they go in circles and are wild desperate to squeeze every last drop of life out of their finiteness.

And we – close ranks. No, we cannot close our hearts, urgent the day of his return. Watch, pray, fast, heal and love, because his outlines are already visible from afar. The end of time. Fulfillment of our lives.



Don't be afraid!

God who is strong like a lion

and tender like a feather

keeps us safe

God who loves us madly

shelters us

so that nobody can harm our souls

God who is like no one else

spreads his hands like the wings of an
eagle

above us

look

there is nothing

what we have to fear



God bless you

God lay the sky under your feet
so that your problems are like clouds

God fill your heart with sun
so that darkness becomes light

God anoint your hands
so that they become gentle

God bless you
so that you find your fulfillment



The One

the One

who finishes every dark night

he

who is brighter than the light of every
dawning morning

the One

who is eternal

he

who holds life and death in his hands

the One

who is almighty

he

who shows his humanity in a weak
child

the One

who is pure love

he

who shelters every step into tomorrow

he

who is the One and Only

bless you



The unknown

the more you become to Christ

the more you get to know

the Unknown



My home is my castle

God is my home



God's greatness

Sometimes I guess something of God's greatness and the fact that, as I see him is just an eye-blink, as he really is. And if you try to put together all experiences of all humans, who belong to a religion or not, it seems to me that we cannot fathom God's depths. The different religions appear to me like facets of a diamond, which although gets warmed through and touched by the light of the sun cannot hold it and reflect the mutually complementary light of God, each in its own way, in a variety of colors.



On eagle's wings

the king of eagles may carry you on his
wings

through the storms of life

the sun may lay you a smile in your
heart

in a little boat across the stormy sea

on your ways

he may firm your step and make you
glad mooded

so you may be sheltered

by the old God



Life

there is nothing to say about life



Like water

for all that what is worth and important

I haven't worked hard for

like for a possessions

no

the meaningful

that flows like water through the desert

is not for sale

and is given away
from heart to heart



truth
is a kind of being



seas resulted from tears



thorns crown



you speak of life-art
when cruelty and hardship
of life indeed don't disappear
but by practising everyday
get understood as life



life is just a matter of practice



sometimes we are burdened by heavy
loads

which we hardly can carry

but only

thereby that we can carry later

much heavier loads

with ease



better anchoring than rooting



it's not without a reason

that we have no eyes

in the back of our heads



you can read in the manual of my bread
machine:

Fast-mode is meant only for special
recipes.

But you get the best results in normal mode.



on the way the target changes



a problem is mostly smaller

than its shadow



it needs less courage
to jump over an abyss
which you believe to be low
but only with this ease
deep abysses are overcome too



who can't be weak
shan't believe to be strong



Secure?

huge property

can be materialised fear



free is

to whom

pearls are like pebbles



freedom is a state of consciousness



even freedom needs a form



who doesn't find freedom in jail

finds it nowhere



how alarming must be the call of
freedom

from the merle's sprout

for the heart of the budgerigar

if it's even still able to hear it



Tears

tears

melt water of heart



Naked

more naked than an undressed body

is an enunciated soul



You are beautiful

maybe all living

for that very reason

is so beautiful

because it is so vulnerable



World outlook

the world shows me itself

like I see it



Mirror image

my outer world

is a mirror image

of my inner world



On the way

one step gives another

and already you have a way



Treachery

direct your thoughts

along the border

between unconsciousness

and consciousness

when your eyes recognize

your thoughts

they betray you



Walden

The value of life is not measured by its
length but its depth.

(In memoriam Henry David Thoreau *
12. Juli 1817 † 6. Mai 1862)



Gasho

the higher you come

the deeper you must bow



Death

God

embrace me

with your crucified light-hands

that the cold blue

darkness of death

may spare my heart



come my brother

together we tear asunder

darkness

that God's light can break through
and you can die in peace



with a leaf
that falls
the whole world
is dying



it seems that someone who mourns
has to let go of all
not to be sucked up by death
friends
deceased
God
himself
circumstances
thoughts
emotions
all all all
because he needs all of his power to
survive
therefore

mourners have almost absolute
freedom with me

even the freedom to cut off their
contact with me

because they must start totally new

who doesn't let go then

and believes to be able to demand
closeness

from the mourner

binds the mourner to death

and hinders that new life can start

isn't that cruel?



Suicide

one is not free

who throws his life away

because of intolerability

but who recognizes

the relation between

his decision and his existential
orientation

and decides against it



mostly something first becomes
precious

when we don't have it anymore



the body is my visible form

in the time

of my eternal invisible identity



Children of the eternal

we are children

of the eternal

incarnated in time



Time

time is a creature of God



Form and time

each form

is a soap bubble

of time



Time and eternity

time is form

eternity is love



Time and eternity

time is the dress of eternity



Analogy

body and identity

are related to each other

like time and eternity



Today

yesterday I have forgotten

tomorrow I don't know

today I am happy



Death where is your sting?

laugh the death into pieces

for on the other side

the Risen One is waiting



Resurrection

Christ, You live.

Death is only a gate.

Eternity Your being.

The cross lies like a shadow behind You.

Joy Your garment.

The darkness runs away from You.

Love Your nature.

Christ, You live.



Why don't you come back?

if you don't come back in the next 50
years

then I will just come to you by myself
till then

promised



Flipside

heaven is the flipside

of the material world



Then

then we become

how we always

were meant



Change of scenery

we are only on a journey through



Home sweet home

death is a coming home



Magical

every ending indwells magic

(based on a line in Hermann Hesse's
poem "steps")



Training day

every loss

is a training

for death



Dying breath

heaven is only one breath away



Faith

the thinking faith

thinks the unthinkable God

and becomes in unthinkable gratitude

thoughtless



faith is a being

not a thinking



everyday I have to throw away
my faith
so that my hands
stay empty



Blessed are... (inspired by Mt 5:3-11)

Blessed are those who have no material
desires,
for they live in God's presence.

Blessed are those who are tired of
themselves,

for they shall be freed from themselves.

Blessed are those who have a tender
heart,

for power is not important for them.

Blessed are those who can jump over
their own shadows,

for they know that they do not have a
monopoly on the truth.

Blessed are those who lovingly help
others,

for they will find love.

Blessed are those who have a childlike
heart,

for God lives in them.

Blessed are those who do not insist on
their opinion,

for they do not stay alone.

Blessed are those who swim against the
stream according to God's will,

for they live in God's presence.

Blessed are those who are chased as
they recognize God's face in every
human,

for God's light enlightens their way.



**Be enlightened (inspired by Mt
5:3-11)**

enlightened are those
who have a spirit which doesn't cling
for they live in heaven

enlightened are those
who suffer with others
for they are comforted

enlightened are those
who don't defend their image of God
with might and main
for in the world they are at home

enlightened are those
who are empty
for they live to see plenty

enlightened are those
who live in unity with everything
for they take part of this unity

enlightened are those
who have an open heart
for they see God

enlightened are those
who unify
for they are called children of God

enlightened are those
who become chased
because they temper justice with mercy
for they live in heaven



Poor are... (inspired by Mt 5:3-11)

Poor are, who know everything,
for their hearts remain empty.

Poor are, who have everything,
for they stay alone.

Poor are the violent,
for they will lose everything.

Poor are the self-righteous,
for they only have themselves.

Poor are the merciless,
for they are judged after their standards.

Poor are, who have calculating hearts,
for money is their God.

Poor are, who make war,
for power is their God.

Poor are, who are satisfied with the
Status Quo,
for the mainstream is their God.

Poor are you, if you like fame and
reputation of the people,

for you have nothing in common with
me.



The Prayer (inspired by Mt 6:9-13)

Our Father, who you are in Christ!

You are holy.

Your Spirit may come in our hearts.

Your will may happen as in Christ in us.

Satisfy our hunger with your bread.

Forgive us that we learn to forgive.

Lead us on light ways that we don't
walk in darkness.

For you showed your eternal love and
glory in Christ.

Amen



Sheltered by the king of eagles

the king of eagles may carry you on his
wings

through the storms of life

the sun may lay a smile in your heart

in a little boat across the stormy sea on
your ways

he may firm your step and make you
glad mooded

so you may be sheltered
by the old God



Waiting for Christ(mas)

I can't stand
this hype around Christmas
deep inside we know
Coke's Santa Claus
can't comfort can't warm us
is at most a memory of a nice childhood
his hands are only open
to increase the cash flow

he misses the point
I can't find you Lord
between these colored Christmas
parcels
the blinding lights of our Christmas
trees
at doomed days
in queues and rush hours
but Lord
we are waiting
like night is waiting for the sun



Soul for sale

and again

such a day

where I am fed up

my strong longing

and then

I see in your face

you have nothing to give

the greed and sorrows have wrinkled it

I see the angst in your eyes

to lose everything

but believe me

you've never had anything

I am tired of this society

which bobs up and down
at the surface
can't you hear me
there is nothing what you can buy
to allay your inner hunger for heaven
your longing for life
I remember moments
where the tension
between here and there
the material and the immaterial
seemed to stand still
these rare moments
which help me keep going
when you have the faintest clue

that heaven and earth
invisible and visible
are one in this very moment
and at all
then when you are
without thinking
and you not only feel
but be an alive gratefulness
because of the intensity of being
I guess that is what Jesus calls
the realm of God is in you



Blessed are the Poor

how hard is it for rich people

to be one with God

because the richness of this world

is materialism

but being rich by God means

to become free

of all bindings to materialism

means being one with life

being one with You

the formless essence of lively being



Thank you!

God

let us be healers

of wounded souls

let us go over troubled waters

let us be strong enough

to admit our weakness

and

in the end

all that we

are

have

and live to see

is a generous gift
of your heart



Evening prayer

and now
in the evening
the day resounds
in my tired body
I lay it back
in your hands
that was the best
I could do

and tomorrow
I don't know
but you are always
present
yesterday today and tomorrow
are in front of you
like a whiff of your eternity
the silent of this moment
I feel protected by your tender power
humbly I bow down
to your humanity
grateful for your helping heart
in dark times



Stranded

my child

every image and every name of me

which they stamped in you

are crutches and connected with fear

they burned complete answers in your
head

but your heart starves for my plenty

because I am only a grain of sand

stranded at the sea of religions

feel your pain

there I am closer to you than in every
thought

with whom you rack your brains

forget me in your joy

for I am life itself

go there

heal ease and comfort

who have a wounded heart

I will be with you



Eternity is God's garment

Your identity is

love goodness freedom justice

and always love

eternity is Your garment

Your realm is visible through Your
children

for those

who have eyes to see

and a longing soul

to break the ice

to melt the stone

wake up

close your schedule

here and today

now and forever

God's Presence

come and see



Dying faith

when your faith

changes into a worldview

your heart ceases burning



What is truth? (inspired by Jh 18:38)

you cannot find the absolute objective truth in the bible

the authors of the bible describes their experiences with God

so their stories are not objective but subjective

they weren't interested in telling facts from a scientific point of view

they had a deep relation with God

which they tried to express as children of their time and culture

when the heart is burning the mouth cannot be silent

and now and here it is up to us to write down and to tell around

like our ancient brothers and sisters
what God means to us and what we are
experiencing
every day
this is our nowadays truth
there is no objective dogmatic truth but
a subjective one
which penetrates us up to our cores
therefore it is not about proclaiming
any truth claims
but truth is our being
the incarnated expression
the pure reality
of our deep relation with the One



Water has no bars

Nobody can walk on water, because water has no bars.

Whether Jesus could walk on water, I don't know.

Walking on land, leaving there your marks, that's possible.

But what if suddenly there is no solid ground under your feet but only water?

Do I dare then to go on?

Only one step, the next step.

The feet are already bloody, but only the next step.

And tomorrow another one.

I experience, the water, so life itself, carries me.

Today, tomorrow, the day after tomorrow – and then the day.



Danger

Who loves danger will perish in it.
(Jesus Sirach 3:26)

Who loves danger will experience God.
(Volker Schunck 6:9.65)



Poor heart

only a poor heart

is ready

for Your plenty



Followers

You let Yourself strike twice.

You give away Your last shirt.

You run after the lost.

Your crown is not of gold.

Your throne is the gutter.

Your hands and Your heart are broken.

So how can we live different as like
sheep among wolves?



I am

I am the dust under your feet

I am a bird who sings for you

I am a star in dark night

I am your face in this world



Longing for the invisible

I look up to you

my longing is bigger than my doubts

the sky is empty

and there is no proof

but my heart cries out

loud to you

oh my God

all my suffering

I am crucified by your invisibility

but the pains of my longing

can something visible

be more convincingly

that I can live in this tension

in this life

how else could you come closer to me



Mustard seed faith

we don't need to worry

when we as Christians doubt and sin

that we are not real Christians

who is not a Christian is rarely worried

about his doubts and sins

if he is it he is standing at the open door

to faith and only must enter

our worries are a sure proof for it that
our faith is still alive



Love

That's love (insp. by 1 Cor 13)

Love is patient and friendly, love is not fanatic, love is not arrogant, she doesn't boast, she is not defiant, she isn't egoistic, she doesn't let herself make bitter, she likes to forgive, she isn't glad about injustice, but she is glad about honesty; she suffers everything, she believes everything, she hopes everything, she endures everything.



To a poet

poet

sadly I receive your words

thousand times
as if the heart
breaks wordless there
with masks of past days
ruminates helplessly
what no language
more can force



love in imperative
becomes to hate



loving
and letting go
are one and the same



Real love
real love
must hurt

but only
love can tolerate
the pain as well



finally
after all these years
I feel you again
but must you hurt
so much
– my heart



Heal me

love is the healer

(insp. durch John Lee Hooker)



don't love only

my body

I'm a living soul



Made of love

the universe is made of love



For sale

candles sorted

in red green dark-red white

ca. 150 g per model

according to DIN

bottom with fire protection

drip-resistant and stable

\$ 1.15 per piece

here they are standing
till the cows come home
if nobody lights them
a ridiculous colored bunch of wax
like people
which think in patterns
normed in numbers
whose hearts only pump blood
never took fire
consumed
broken
wounded and transformed
conditionally
(lived)

braked

out of fear

fleshless

vegetarian

insured and sold

always with backdoor

love is strong like death



to talk to you

is like a soliloquy



Love is...

Love is...

like a mustard seed which becomes a tree in which birds live.

Love is first little and weak then great and gracious.

Love is...

like a little amount of leaven who makes a huge tun of flour into leaven.

Love is not to underestimate and contagious.

Love is...

like a treasure in a field for whom a man sells his whole possession.

Love is unbelievable precious.

Love is...

like a merchant, who finds a fine pearl for whom he sells his whole possession.

Love forgets itself and gives itself totally.

Love is...

like foolish and wise virgins waiting for their beloved.

Love is not always wise.

Love is...

a window to heaven.

Love is...

an empire without power.

Love is...

a king without kingdom.

Love is...

a realm without real estate.

Love is...

God without throne.

Love is...

God in humans.

Love is...

humans in God.

Your kingdom come!



the universe

is made of love



Love is your origin

love is your origin

and your real identity



Mindfulness

mindfulness is love



Heaven on earth

heaven is love in action



Love your next

God is my next

and you



Loving

we have to love

that other people

get acquainted

with heaven



Knocking on heaven's door

love opens heaven



Love is eternal

love lives

longer than

life



Mysticism

Real joy doesn't know, that and what
about it is enjoying.



Genuine zen

practising without practising

sitting without sitting

breathing without breathing

living without living

zen without zen

miracle without miracle



sitting and growing like grass



the breath

is the bridge of attentiveness

between inside and outside



Spiritual growth

defeats are more important

for spiritual growth

than success



probably Jesus has more in common

with an indian guru

than with us

and our white-collared sunday-piety



thoughtless

breathing silence



head and heart

not one

not two



breathing you



the simplest

is

the most important



could I recognize my breathing

as God's breathing in me

I needn't worry myself at all



you are me
and I am you
and everything is you



The give-up

giving up
following you
let our lives
get taken over

melting

powerless

being united with everyone

becoming yourself

incredible

outrageous

the only way



to be with me at home

meeting God

and clapping hands



Diary 03.05.2006

I'm in front of a deep abyss. Only a little bit surprised that the thrown stone didn't trailed off somewhere near the ground but continues falling aimlessly, groundless. Everything seems similar neutral to me – worthless or worthwhile.

Like Tom Hanks in the finale of “Cast Away”: Standing at the crossroad, questioning glance and this incredible emptiness. Without attachment. If you are dead or alive, it's one and the same. If you are a dustman or a doctor, there's no difference. if you are a priest or a pauper, only an anchorless questionmark. Without an emotional anchorage, without

affection. Only a bland emptiness is labouring
through my emotional apparatus.



Diary 20.04.2006

not to fill

I am

black emptiness

the bread

away

of life

flee from myself

no-/ some-where

else

son of man

clear everything

I am the way

away

has not

fl[ee/y]ing

where he

don't fit

can lay

in my life

his head



the china for every day!



for the master

the difficult is simple

and the simple is difficult



I'm doing my work

no boredom

enjoying the routine

feeling the moment
the air smells of rain
now it's sweltering
I'm sweating
I'm not afraid
I'm a cloud
the tension is infecting me
I stake everything on one chance
time has been compressed
I foresee
a great event
please not again painful
I breathe deeply three times
and go on with my work



if God's reality
explodes in you
like a rainbow
your everyday life
is enlightened in
many shades of colours



A whiff of zen

let get detached

being astonished

about the smallest

and the biggest too

talking nonsense

insecure

trying

to conjure any old forms out of the hat

but the hat itself has ended

formal

pardon

formless

in smoke

doubtful

feeling myself helpless

this unbelievable state of uncertainty

in the empty space

where everything is swimming free in
doubt

at last

being able to trust again

through and in your bright present
reality

yes

gracious

incognizable nameless

to grab with hands

obviously

and therefore

often

overlooked



Being one

the path goes in a circle

and is inside

discover your christ-nature

and streams of the living water

flowing from heaven through you

in the desert

of the peaceless

the way of the christian dharma
from his in yours
from yours in the heart of the world
so that his light
may enlighten our understanding
he and we
not one not many
so that
our liveliness
may sing a hymn
to our creator



don't worry
if God is dying in you
that's only your imagination
pictures and feelings
of him
the inexpressible
the alive of the third day is living
and is willing to resurrect with you as a
fire
in your heart



I am
a vessel
for your burning rainbow
the more
you absorb my borders
the more I guess
your bottomless deepness
your erasing emptiness
your wealth



the heart is turning like the earth



every mystic carries around
the smell of his own religion



a mystic is like a soap-bubble
full of love
which God let burst at the cliffs of life



Koan

for me it is not about

being understood

but to rip up heaven



our hearts shall bear a rainbow

into the world



ecstasy dances over the edge

between lonesome and twosome



a paradox harmony

crosses the universe

like a red thread



Speechless

I search awkward

for powerful words
to close my gap of understanding
and grab into blank



if you can understand the flower
you can understand everything



the much cited zen sentences: “the dharma is like the finger pointing at the moon” or “the dharma is like a boat which is needed no

longer, when you have reached the shore” are maybe true at a special level of consciousness but still trapped in dualism because absolutely speaking the finger is pointing at the moon is the moon pointing at the finger because it’s impossible to say whether religion – the meeting point between human and God – is still human or divine. Even shorter: the finger is the moon which points at itself.



Silently

These days after my illness a strange feeling of an idle time is spreading out: Relaxing maybe is the wrong expression. Let’s put it this way: I hear much more in the day. I have arranged my books. Arranging, putting things in order,

but not obsessive, has a calming effect on me. Also empty rooms. Slowly I'm getting my peace back. Like a pendulum which stands still after strong oscillations. Now I have fewer duties, which I could use as alibi to escape from silence. The tours to the shopping-centers have finished. I admit, that my livingroom and my bedroom look like niches of ikea. After a long time I started meditating again. Sitting in front of a white wall. My bedroom has no pictures, and I'm not going to change that. So I'm sitting here, looking at the white wall, with a border of beech skirting board, on a black pillow, under it a black blanket, which is lying on the timber flooring, and I stay sitting. My hands lie together, my attention is on my mind, my breath and I'm trying to be totally present – and I'm listening. Silence compresses itself in front of my ears, I can nearly hear it. Through the closed windows I hear like the rush of a river the

muffled sound of passing cars. In the other flat someone is closing a cabinet door. Slowly my calves are falling asleep. In the living room the alarmclock goes off, time is up.



I put my silence in your hands

It's bitter, when you are sitting there, your prayers arise in the room, and the ceiling cracks them silently. In old farmhouses you can find a little hole in the ceiling so that the soul of the deceased can reach God.

Should I open a window so that my prayers hit the target like birds? Yes, certainly, mythology, phantasies of a child: I'm here downstairs God

there upstairs, the earth is a disc, three floors below is hell.

On the weekend I took part in a beginners' course for inline-skating. When we did a dry run we fell forward the grass purposely on our kneepads on the grass. O.K.! When we put on the gloves and trained "braking with the rubber stopper" I also fell purposely. Forward? No on my bottom. Certainly five times. Isn't that beside the point? Wait a sec!

When we reflected on why I so often kissed the dust, we concluded that my arms bore the blame. When I had the feeling of losing my balance, I started thrashing my arms around wildly that was the reason I fell down so often.

I'm sitting in silence, uncountable are my wishes and longings. Your silence is stripping my deepest. I fall silent, helpless. Giving up...

The wind plays with the blinds and throws a fan-shaped light on my dark hands.



When silence met me

And I sat in the middle of the room. And silence spread around and lay like a girlfriend her arms around me. My eyes were open, but look, it seemed to me, to be staring like a blind in the darkness. And I breathed her and she lay on my tongue like a lead weight. I awaited dumb, blind and deaf, without a sense of time.

She kept silent and lay a dark certitude
glowing inside in my heart.

Remain in me and I in you. I will heal you.
Your foot shall not sprain and your hand shall
be a blessing.



We are God's faces

We hardly can overestimate who we are.

We are God's faces on this earth.

We represent God in this world.

There is no place to be afraid of God.

Jesus did know that.

So God, let us be light and helping
hands for our next.



**Heaven on Earth (inspired by Mt
6:19-34)**

I don't want to be rich

I don't want to be famous

I don't want to be well-dressed

I don't want to have power

I don't want to live long

so why do I worry



I'm dancing for the New Year

I let fly my problems like doves in the
sky

write a laughing in the horror of the
night

and then I laugh about myself

damned you old fool

you think yourself to ruin

and already the maggots are eating you

I want to dance on my own grave

hand in hand with eternity

along the horizon

I don't knock afraid on heavens door
that Petrus let me in God doesn't live
already since a long time in heaven

but moves homelessly from heart to
heart



Flatrate (based on Ps 73)

Every day they nag me about their offers. I subscribed to their newsletters in my foolishness. But my feet had almost stumbled, my steps had nearly slipped. By day my steps lead me to Ikea, Best Buy and Wal-Mart. By night I lie awake and dream what I'll buy next. You cover me in illusions and make yourself indispensable. Daily I am annoyed by your

temptations. I am worthless patchwork without the latest technological achievements. I hide my face full of shame. Your eyes weigh heavily on me, because I don't have a cell phone. I was confused and didn't know what to do. I was on the verge to get lost in my own nothingness. I sought the silence. I powered down the computer and pulled the plug of TV. I just sat there and felt the clutter of numbers ended in smoke. I was thankful, that I had air to breathe and a place where I could sit still, and a peace that was greater than any greedy must-have, spread inside me.



Being one

the way goes in a circle

and is inside
discover your true nature
and streams of living water
flow from heaven through you
in the drought of the peaceless
from his heart in yours
from yours in the heart of the world
his light may enlighten our
understanding
he and we
different and one
at the same time



Freedom of the heart

the freedom of the heart

comes from

the heart of silence



God in me

could I recognize my breathing

as God's breathing in me

I needn't worry myself at all



practising without practising

sitting without sitting

breathing without breathing

living without living

zen without zen

miracle without miracle



God's fullness (Heartsutra – Christian approach)

Christ is the visible fullness of God and the whole fullness of God is visible by Christ; the fullness of God does not differ from Christ, Christ does not differ from the fullness of God.



The empty one

I believe in whom who is empty for God
that we realize God through the human
that we realize the human through God
Christ



The Unknown

the more you become to Christ
the more you realize

the Unknown



On the way you become yourself

walk in his steps

carry your cross

on the way

God will transform you

into his son

you become what you are meant to be

from the beginning

being unfolded to yourself

to God's oneness

that is your destination

your fulfillment



My identity

the body is my visible form in the time

of my eternal invisible identity



We are children of the eternal

we are children of the eternal

incarnated in time

