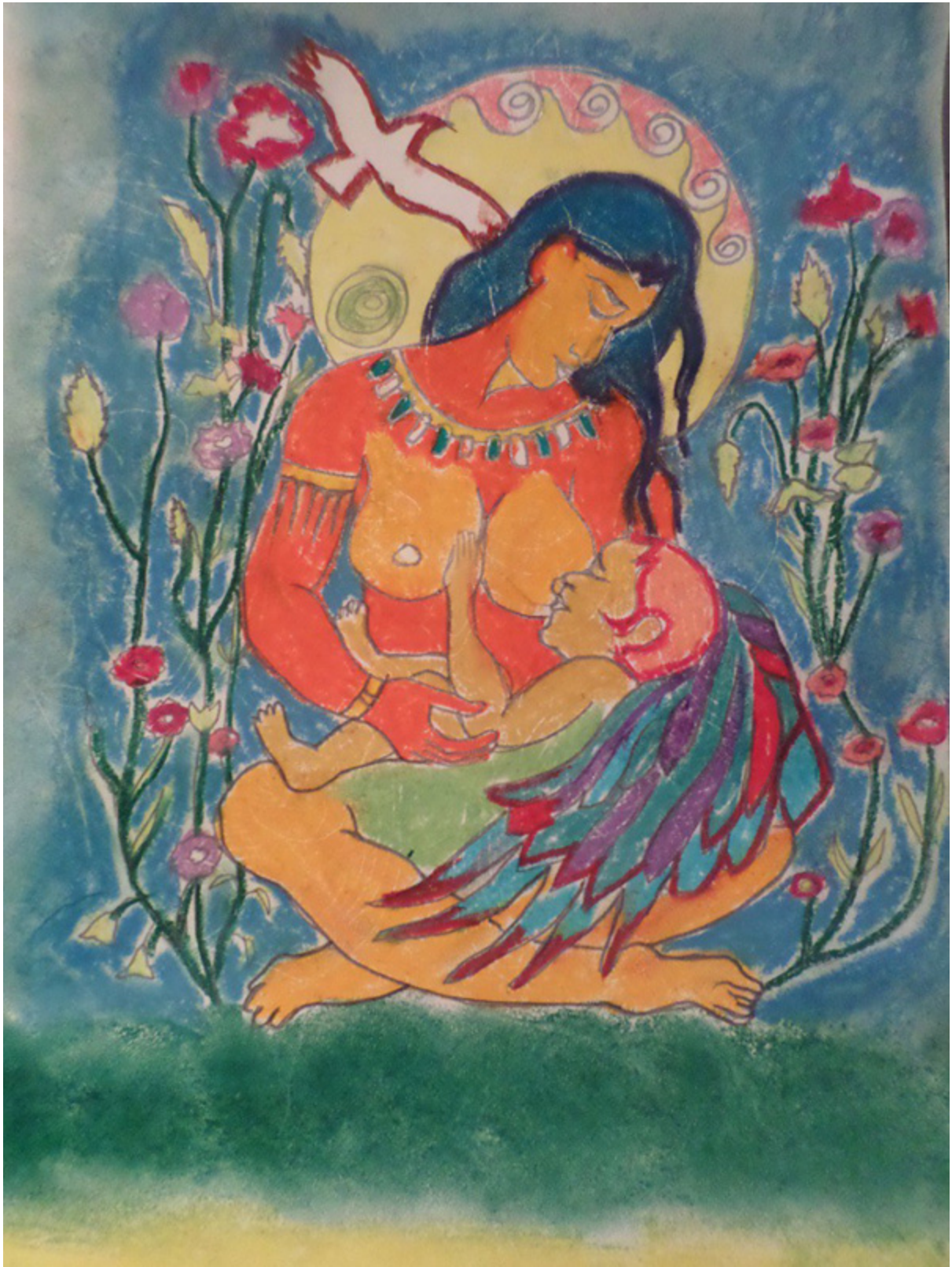


Heike Thieme

# *Dancing Star*



English Novel



If you look into the soul of a human being  
you have to ask him to know his dreams  
I've never caught a fish lying  
or seen him swimming in his own shit while swimming  
as people do  
if my parents say life is like to bite into an apple  
and find its way  
for me it's like a young fish, he will swim in the sea one day  
to play the god over the fish, to look them in the eye  
to catch them by hand and with the quiver  
to feel shitty and at the same time wise  
in a life where cars are silent, among them the steppe  
moves  
when limbs show up without claws,  
and nobody knew the cactus  
then you are back home

# **Content**

**Beforehand**

**Solitude**

**Exceptional gift**

**Fire burning**

**Dead Man Theme**

**Bad times for angels**

**Day at the beach**

**Engine or brake?**

**Born not to hate**

**Net full of importance**

**Dream on the edge of the world**

**Epilogue**





## Beforehand

Cap  
bare butt  
nothing to be ashamed  
while the hat is on his head  
no Eskimo in the desert  
no voice anymore  
and not to live as a fish  
in a world of cheap aftershave  
nevertheless to approach the more  
how contradictory this sounds  
for the first time like to live  
no cliff to go along  
no roofs to fly down  
not to turn into another  
and always to think of death  
finally the advice to live the dream  
separates us from childhood  
to lose one side  
and  
to look with both eyes  
instead of wandering in circles  
nothing to want  
to ride with the strange people  
and yet one day the fish of the sea  
that fell on the head  
showing you how to see

No wind whistles ...

and there is nothing the wind could whistle about  
the earth flat and in the life after, that one lives on  
everyone's there in infinity  
your body is transformed into a part of the earth  
and your soul lives on in the spirit  
until the day you transform  
and souls that unite will continue to wander  
no death that keeps you in one place  
you are no longer asked by anyone  
if you prefer to stay alone, seems convenient for others  
no one can own the other  
except you take him in love  
a child is a human and not a horse  
it is not in father's stable to live a pleasurable life  
to force on the kid a life in a close profile  
to express to women  
to claim to be aging  
one's ability to admit to fly alone  
who has found his dream at a young age  
where the wild salmon lives and know his walks  
who is liberated from this  
the fish that flies, is the one who shows the way  
to reach out to the stories with the hands  
his own power  
in a dream between two women  
who is the weaker, bites  
and it is better  
to wait for the end of a storm

You don't fill your words with meaning, so the thoughts,  
actions, and reality in which you live. After all, the source of  
all this is subtle, that it is included everywhere.  
It is the huge meditation to learn and master.

There are masses of people, who see themselves in the foreground. Like a motif of the landscape in all its fascination.

And in the middle of it, the human comes to the fact, how small he is. Who am I? This experience of being somebody, met with all unspoken arguments of parents beating or abusing their children, these chattering children, or even an early childhood encounter with the heat of a strangely old woman with freckles.

The bitter words of broken hearts, whose coldness echoes out of a dark, damp apartment. How many years did i hear the melody and emotions, not be avoided until it came to light one day.

Maybe the bird's game at a distance, accompanied by the mind, and someday one would find himself as a learner along the way.

When he feels appealed to, and never forgets to look that moment in the eyes of a child first time, to see how talented it has gotten like you until today. What's curious to explore, to remain bold and all absurdities in life might focus on.

One often asks, is this the beginning or the end?

And how can you finish music or a poem without a little human lie? If destruction is the prerequisite of creation, then perhaps a savage is the one, who loved his land?  
But it is him, who will destroy it ...!

My story revolves around a high tower, over the water of a shallow, filthy fallow land with brackish water and nowadays poor water quality. People live around, and tell the story how loyal they were to each other, until the day came everything reversed. People wanted to be authentic and surch for a solution, but you can not be like that, without being deviant, being hurt and selling injury as expectations.



Thinking is often a thicket, virtually and often the wind, when it hits you almost constantly. To behave like a grizzly bear in its ancestral place, makes some people think about, what could be wrong with it!

People hardly know each other before they meet. Everyone acts according to personal purpose. Being completely alone carries dangers. Just to turn on its own axis, to care for the ego and to enlighten itself, can mean beating up your own wife, child and dog!

But even Francis of Assisi knows -

That the dog is my dearest, you say, O man, is a sin. The dog is loyal to me in the storm, man not even in the wind.

As precious as an observer meant, life seemed so unique, so swelled. These people who have retreated into this small tower, their hearts went through that absurdity, and stolen values fell at some point. The scenarios take place in peace and quiet. And the viewer watches destinies fall from halfway up. They are hugging and diverging people...

Man is inferior to power, and at the same time he discovers his own infinity. Humans had lost the grip of a moment, and missed humility to live the art, and were confronted with reality, too late. It's the rule. Nature sets the standards, and you sit in a place where you belong. Others borrowed love piece by piece, and nothing comes back anymore. You ask no one else, how it's with the attitude to things. The wind is constantly piled up against things, and constantly howls around ears, which makes people go crazy. They are sitting in their glass tower up there. A tower that would only be wanted from the outside. The gaze follows the faint moonlight falling over the ground. In search of protection, each individual a hero of loneliness. But the weight pulls him down and holds him captive. Almost hopeless. To throw off the chains.

People chose this place to hide from the truth. Even hermits, who dictated the wind, what to think or do, notwithstanding that truth can not be broken, it can only be stirred. The more you shake them, the more they take shape. And the bold idea of being trapped in a tower becomes a sad certainty. You can not lie or just pretend. You are responsible, for what you do or don't. And you can endure it in a captive, until you approach things someday. Many a lonely person has discovered the source of being alone in the proverbs calendar on the wall of his grandparents.

A Danish citizen once said on behalf of all Danes -

'If only one person advised me to hire the church in this place, I would start a proper dance with my colleagues, showing them how rigid they are to life, and it didn't help them and their children, because in fact they are those, who need compassion. If they are distracted by silence and nature, instinct was getting lost as the woods spoke to you. At night, spirits would come to awaken all memories that were forgotten in misery and screamed in their dreams for truth.

In rural Schleswig, met all roads from North and South, where formerly a narrow Viking and trade route came along a wall called Dannewerk Wall. They first settled down, at a small place ashore the Schlei, the arm of water close to the Baltic Sea, the Selker Noor, the gravel pits, close to the North Sea, and not far from the Danes. Simple fishermen settled down. A dome was built at a time when the peasants and Vikings should be converted from their pagan customs to Christians.

Even today, this place includes all neighboring towns to be considered as a city, but it was not enough for Schleswig to assert as a state capital. There were wars here and always redesignated areas. Even the Nazis took advantage of this place after their collapse of the Holocaust, eager to

get back home and build up their new homes, in that small but beautiful country after war and hunger. Whole areas with brick houses were built, the war losers moved in with their families and still thought to be victims of this time. It was only a matter of wearing a white waistcoat, tending to their children saying, as if they just in case did not know anything!

Certainly, with the clergy, a whole new upper class settled over the years. Some from the circle of officials or the NATO military.

Old Nazis reintroduced the teaching offices, the judiciary, the arms lobby, tax offices, medical profession and all the local offices to make it easy for people, to let them believe, that they were not among the perpetrators of a great horror at that time. As ignorant on the verge of being with. Who said otherwise, had a hard time finding work or counting as full member of community.

People should be considered as stupid as possible in those first years of the social economic miracle.

It's said that property is obligated and its use is to serve the common good. But society was misguided in one direction, and nowadays it's a civil servant, who should lack anything during the pension. Meantime, an official mountain has grown up under whose burden, the workers and ordinary employees suffer much.

All financial means lack to lift this new aristocratic society in first place. The economy goes down. Nothing is left in the coffers for schools and maintenance, child care, social integration, road construction and housing and even for the pensions of ordinary workers. Some say, that politics still dares to pass by a tax on wealth or cut their cakes, to bleed the citizens, to care less for the elderly and to finance the right medicine only for the well-to-do, as people would say, and a paver for the poor.

Most people think those are crazy, because they are talking about things, but they have absolutely no idea for a better future! The church is said to be a commercial venture that scrupulously throws together a variety of different philosophies, seeking its clientele, from where it is easy to manipulate people, abusing them for their black pedagogy, in order to benefit financially on a large scale. People scold politicians and say if it comes to that, it's time of brainwashing. If children are protected, more than stuffed animals, problems should not be ticked off like kids crunches.

... You ask yourself, when would citizens open their eyes and look around in wonderment, and real wondering why?

If the privileged don't maintain decency, the mass and the mob will protest, yet the official will benefit from the protest. How legible and recognizable, the blockade of rational concepts. A state enterprise serves the better earner, which is to promote alone, the only, which profits from low tax.

If one could cut off something from politics, then the latest wisdom, which is accordingly -

It is better not to talk than wrong!

Who does his duty? Whether or not an avalanche breaks out depends ultimately on whether a single snowflake falls more, a tiny little snowflake, or a tiny little 'Yes' instead of a 'No', or a signature that should not have been done. Maybe it's like a hall in a fog, where there are no spectators, no noise, no applause. And sometimes you risk more, if you take no risk, alone, to regain courage. They swear by their theories, but they whistle at the rest of the world. With the help of symbolism, they want to persecute and virtually exterminate people, and only when they flee into Mother's arms do they excite themselves into their bodies and dream

of the wine, they need even more than they needed to to endure, that they could have afforded so much wine, that they would never have committed their mistakes.

You learn to shape the story. You learn to wrap up the destiny and to take it by the hand, so that you will see your real invention. I will make you a gift for my youth. Love is not to refuse. Let the stupid smile about your destiny. Turn away from a time that does not return. Get your own life under control, to grow from one job to another, to mature from one woman to another, and to remain a foe with pictures, rather than succumbing to the own displeasure, to dare the way. In appearance this causes real respect in hindsight nevertheless. However, people were warned not to live submissively, this limited their lives.

Who needed love, which differed from the partner?

The certain difference, that one of them loved the other more.

Dependencies in life built up and act one thing - no one wants to be misunderstood, so the other is left alone. It is not the lackeignty that prevails over this situation, the conservative shoots something slow.

Who understands love, if he flew so high that he realized that everything was already occupied in heaven?

Nobody knows what's going on in a brain that's cold and hate-ridden, that never knew better of cheating on someone's life. No one would know, what this success calls that plunges others into despair. And if he came riding on a carriage, to enjoy his privilege looking down on me, he made himself a rope out of his contempt for himself. The pure ones revel in applause.

Literature itself holds a tremendous amount of positive power, and those who use it, will enjoy the fruits someday,



either as a writer or as a reader. That takes time. When people give themselves time. Gets into life within and around itself and opens its eyes.

The human begins to feel sublime and starts to return in a silence and inner peace. His trauma dissolves, because, like so many times before, he had to wander for many years, just like a vagabond.