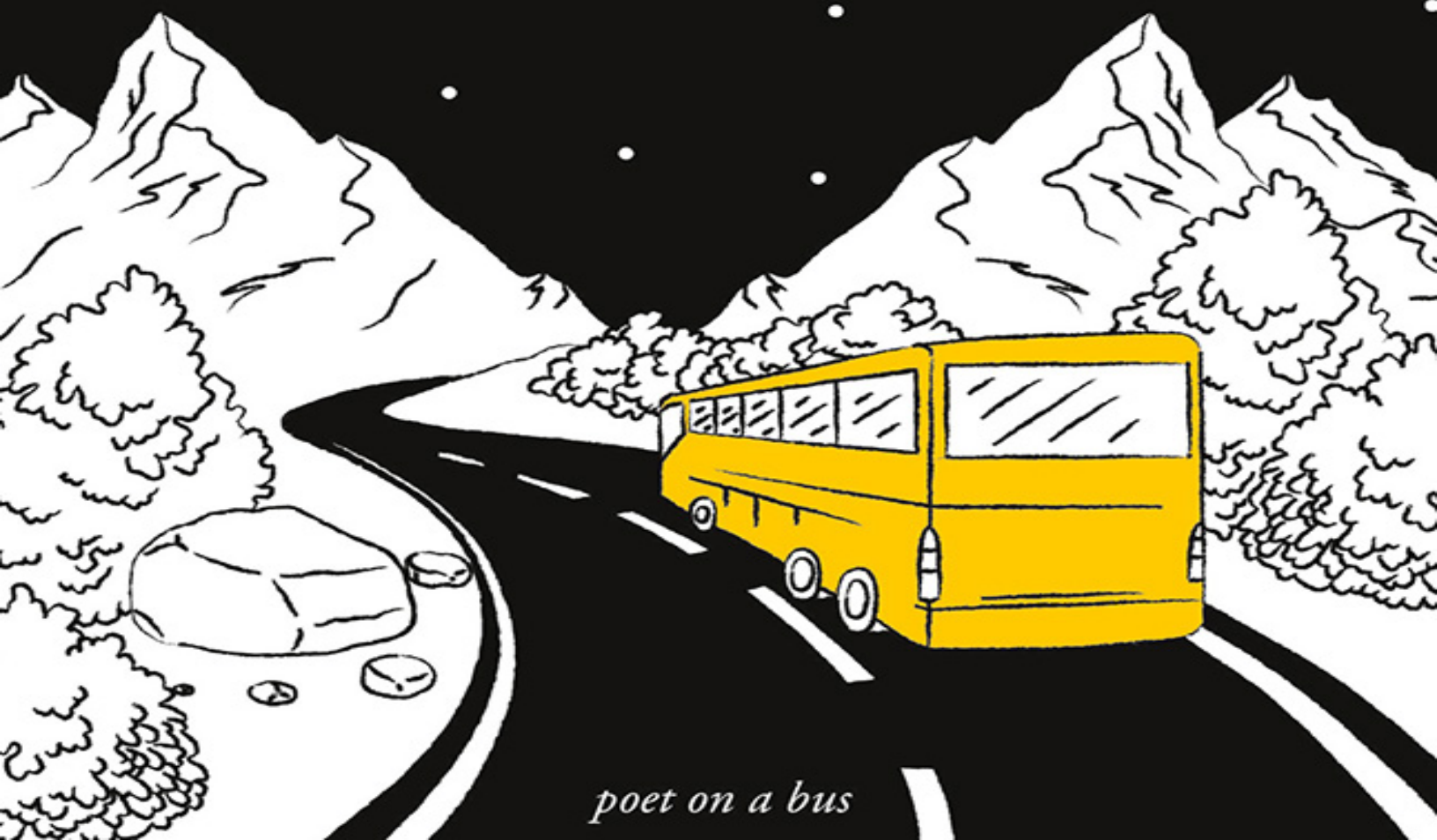


A
YEAR
ON THE BUS



poet on a bus



Stefan Wirth a.k.a. “poet on a bus” resides and works in Innsbruck. He firmly believes that words can change a place and tries to do so by carrying poetry into urban spaces. Besides writing, the theoretical architect likes to kick back creating visual projects and finds balance on the Lacrosse pitch.

Stefan has a dislike for thoughtless and rash words as well as bad coffee. He dreams of portraying a serial killer on stage and of working with horses in Canada one day.

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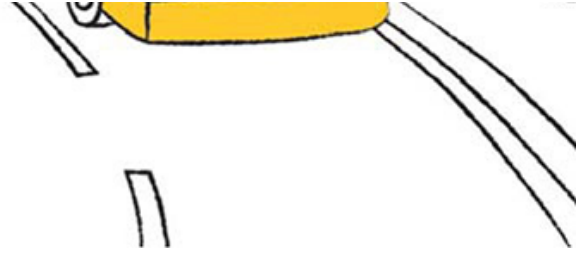
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Winter

A YEAR ON THE BUS

SPRING





And here I am, again... Four in the morning, on my way home from a party I really didn't want to attend. Or if I did, at least I didn't want to drink. Well, that didn't work out too well, again, didn't it. And so I stumble home again through the bittersweet twilight. You know what I mean, that thin red line when you still ride the wave of euphoria, but the looming hangover you already know will hit you like a sledgehammer and make you regret everything that brought you to this point, is only moments away. If I get to bed fast enough, everything will be fine -otherwise it will be bad, very bad.

The Serles is already touched by the first beams of sunlight and you can hear the birds. Oh, how I hate those reproachful chirps that tell you how you overdid it again, tonight. Music is my last resort against that birdsong, so put the headphones on and turn the music up loud. Connor Oberst finally drowns out the chirping birds. He sings about Mamah Borthwick and Frank Lloyd Wright. Huh, Frank Lloyd Wright.... He has always been my favorite architect. With him, genius and madness always seemed to be very close together, but that seems to be normal with architects. Why I know this, you ask? From my own experience of course. Madness is slowly taking me over too - and with it comes fear...

The most beautiful thing about you?

You are...

What else could anyone need...?

She hoped, I'm forever cursed
but you bring out the best in me
when I'm feeling worst...

To arms! To arms!
Get up my friends!
Abandon your guns,
get to your pens!

Arm your kids with education,
love & passion,
dedication.

Arm yourself with empathy,
with kindness,
basic human decency.

To arms! To arms!
Be gentle though.
What's sown today,
tomorrow might grow...