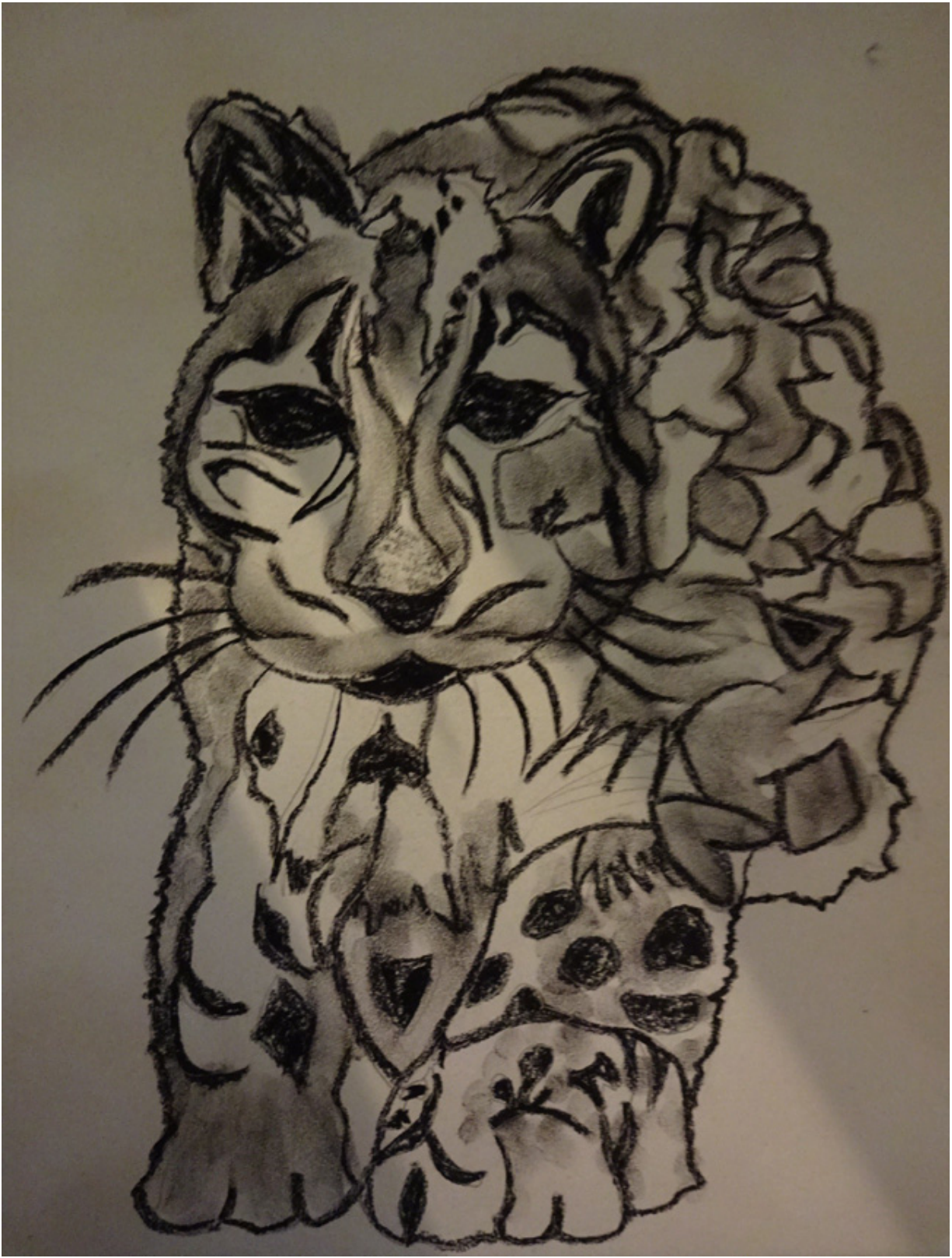


*The Hour,
Before we knew each other*



*in Friendship –
to Dan Magnus Lundgren*
HEIKE THIEME



**As I began
to speak to the wind ...**

**and then
got an answer**



Fairy tales are just fairy tales
if you believe in fantasy.

If it were that simple ...
Laughed and made out of two
a girl round like a plum
nobody said how
and mother who died early,
their wildness far
outstretched into the day
jumped from horseback
promised an adventure,
the dream of fairy-tale princes
the leap into happiness be that she waited.

Life does not mean sorry,
said the boy
be quiet or hefty, know what it's about.
the path with heart.
Speak the truth.
Listen to yourself.
Improvise,
neither ponder nor stand still
to the small print
only stands for the English subtitle.
Legend only makes it a legend
but you'll make your life
and you have agreed with the stars.



Heike Thieme

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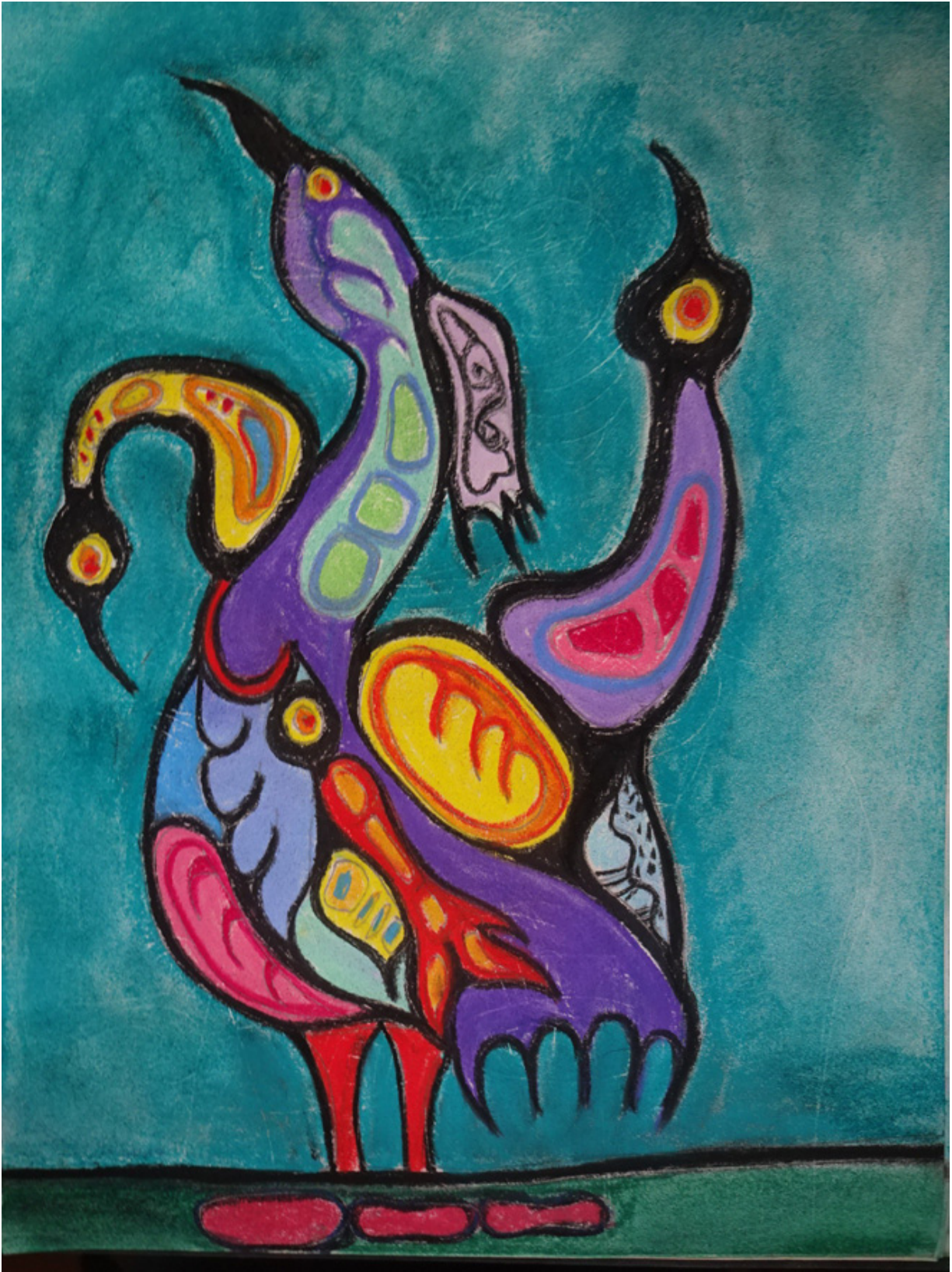
Lynx will speak up

Malmö - Leah

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Beforehand

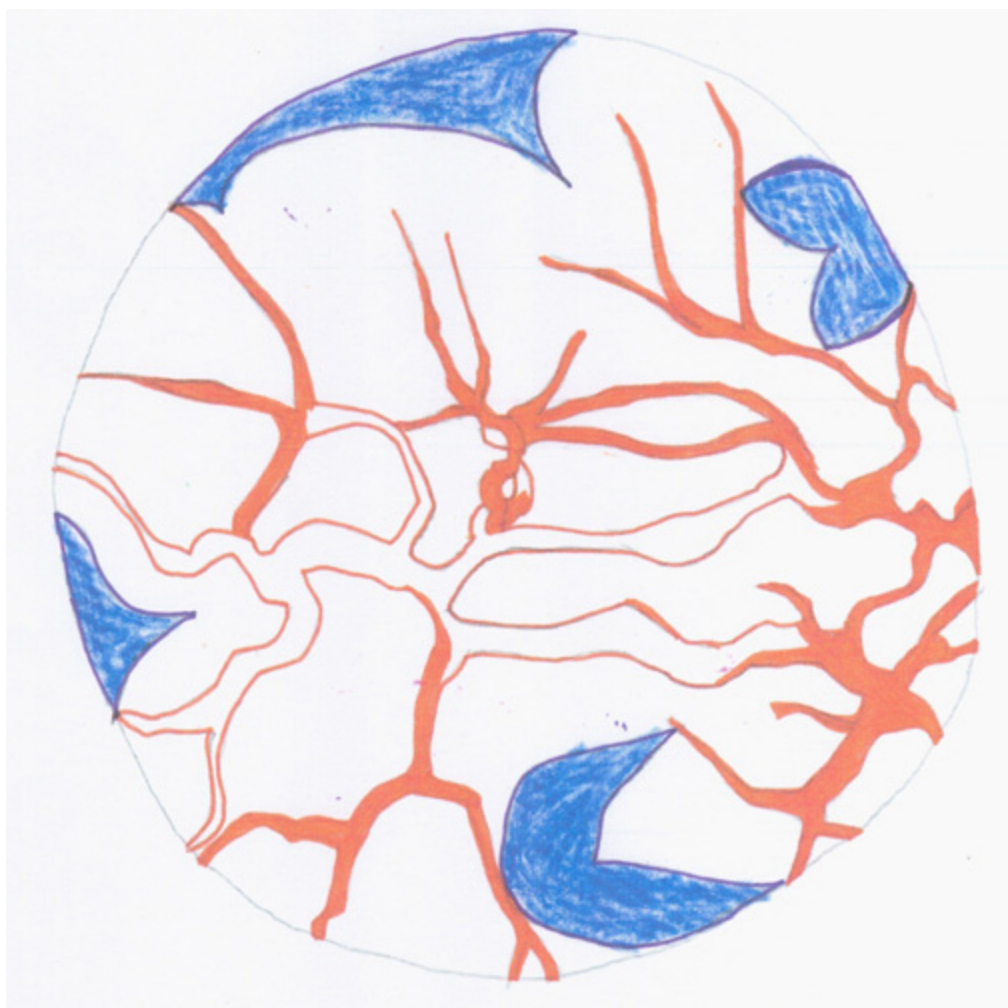
I have the feeling that wolves are calling and are very close to you and that winter time is approaching, so that maybe snow will fall. You may have dreamed of the jungle once in your life. Wisdom that slept right under the tree in which you have slept for so long, dug under the roots, laid in a volcanic stone, awakened sleep under the clear night sky and the lights of the stars, the dream spoke of the goose that you in told who called you. I'll show you the way from where you came from a long time ago. Maybe you free that type of fantasy. Maybe your inner strengths will come home. Women rise from the deepest point of their moments. And in their deepest moments, they dream about it.

My son had his own little boat called Gipsy. One summer day, the boat overturned due to a sudden thunderstorm. Our friend and the two children were driven to one bank and the other, and the boat was hanging in the reeds. The sunny day turned into a black night, the boys ran ashore through rain and thunder calling for help, and Arne took the car and spun around, and then all three were at my door at the same time. I was really happy to see her. The next day they took the boat back and Julian was standing in the mud when he felt something under his foot ... it was a small ringing silver ball on a ribbon, it had incorporated the small world map. I connect the two events. How the son begins life with the same will. But he doesn't run like me. He is sensible, empathetic, intelligent, but selfish, strong-willed, currently unable to combine his talent with a goal, and leaves school, open to "friends" and all private events. It is easier for people with a straight path and only forward to go on the

gray road with few problems. In fact, that I told him that people who do their jobs easily, even when underpaid, still dream big, but he's floating in his clouds. I raised him alone.

Now he wants to have a family. He's alone, he said, it's my fault. He doesn't contact me often, rather rarely. But he's on his way and we have a common ground, I'm sure.

I remember most of my dreams. The dream men speak with magic, speak cleverly to me. The dreams in which people talk to me give me strength. All questions can be answered. There are people who come to it very differently. I remember my son and I waking up one morning and standing in front of us sharing the same dream from the night. This is the kind of empathy I know when someone is talented at dreaming and clear-minded. Remembering dreams is good to be used after a traumatic experience and then writing everything down to heal - but in most cases figuring out what to dream is not so important. I say your inner world is real and intact, but you have the ability to use dreams which actually makes you a really amazing person.



The game of questions -

The following topics that make us smarter on closer inspection: health, ancestors, vision, relation, psychology, our own grief work

Poem to Duration - Afternoon -

Do people get smart on the sofa at home? Or in the encounters in the forest?

The repetition - multitude of good, multitude of negative encounters

The Chinese of Pain - The path of the medicine is his little doctor, beginning with the birth

History of the Pencil - A memory does not lose anything, the constantly open book

Children's story - childhood gap, fill with thoughts

About the villages - farmers, beekeepers, orchards, horse lovers No homecoming - one in the ice, with no hope of returning

The short letter on the long farewell - I was very pleased

Ride across the lake - footprints on the beach

Public abuse - Faith, horror capacity, truth, things take their course

I like the way good painters show intimate honesty. Paintings have deep inner meanings that I feel very strongly. For every artist, painting is a hiding place in soft worlds and in childhood. Then it's okay to draw a lot of sex and violence, so you have your imagination and I'm sure you've experienced and learned it, I tell myself. Fantasies about movies, art, and books may not match reality, but they are the roughest forms of reflecting one's experiences. I love honesty. I pay attention to the longing for sexuality, for example I pay attention to something that is recognizable or disturbed by fears, since I see that free thinking and fantasizing about most things should be a condition as long as one stands for something, but not in can implement reality and it does not hurt anyone.

Some people consider fantasies a crime. I understand that sex with the partner means a pretty nice game that showed the different grip and desires, certainly fair and careful for the other, also free to decide. I didn't expect to make rules for him and for myself and act from points one to ten. In my way, I obviously love too much ... and keep the way of laughing at situations ... exploding from time to time. Every artist works with imagination and humor so you have to think freely and share sexuality!

And I think it's sometimes important to say something friendly and uncritical before I go too far. I have to appear to explain my views. Someone who can be trusted has something honest and pure for me that amazes me. When we get to a certain point, we know where we are. I ran all my life because I had in mind that in all the traumatic situations I went through someone had stolen my inner colors, my childhood, my secrets ... that's why I ran in time,