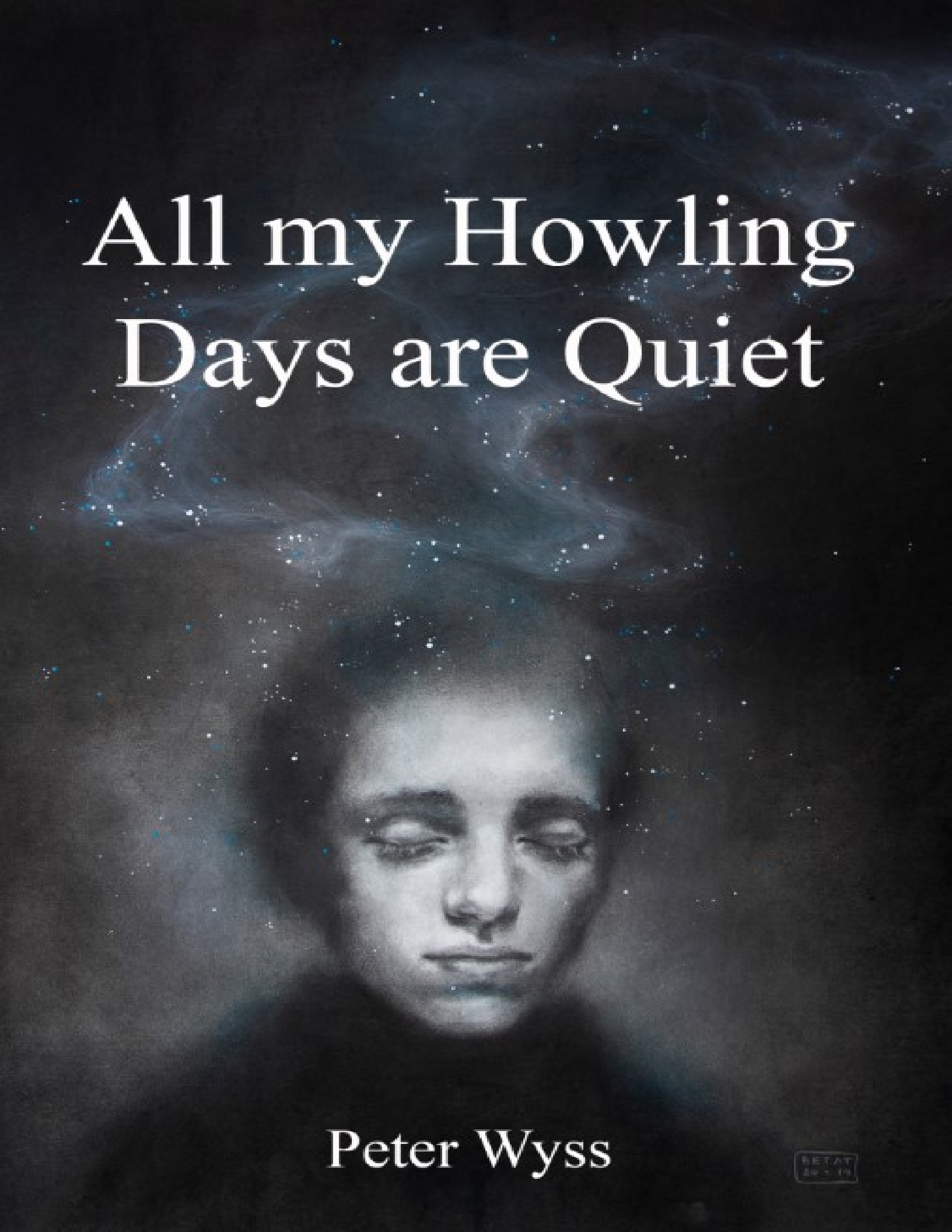


A young girl with her eyes closed, looking upwards, is the central focus. She is surrounded by a vast, dark space filled with a glowing, ethereal nebula in shades of blue and white. The nebula's wispy, cloud-like structures swirl around her head, creating a dreamlike and celestial atmosphere. The overall tone is quiet and contemplative.

All my Howling Days are Quiet

Peter Wyss

REYAT
2019

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Diet and Excess

I am
your diet

You are
my excess

Love Letters to the Moon

I surrender
to your
bleak beauty
your gravity
tears my
heart apart

The moonlight
is a language
written on the
thin paper of
the night
for all the words
reason will never
grasp

Moonlit mushrooms
convey significance
like silver letters
growing in the night

It was full moon in her again
and she touched him with
phosphorizing light

The moon was
in her eyes

and he couldn't
look away

I keep forgetting things
but I will never forget when
you leaned your bleak light
over me and showed me your
dark side

Nothing disappears
everything is replaced
even you
that's what the moon
told me

What made her
so beautiful
was the presence
of the moon

I thought you wouldn't come
along but you did
we went deep into
the night
through all the landscapes
of whom we once were
just to see the moonlight
shiver in the grass
and whisper silver
words

I wonder
does the moon

touch you as gently
as it touches
the morning dew
or does it stab
your heart
from behind

Lost and Found

Lost souls
long to be
found

Found souls
long to be
lost

Unsolved Puzzles

The landscapes
of longing
are puzzles
which I cannot
solve

Proverbs of a Lethargic Wanderer

The grass whispers
to my feet
the leaves sing
to my hands
lost again
in autumn

It seems
I have been walking too long
without making a single step
forward

My wishes
are tired
my feet
hurt
twilight
approaches

Somewhere
along the way
I lost myself
I wonder if
this self
is looking
for me

Wildly Blooming

Life blooms
so wildly
outside

your fence

Confessions of a Fisherman

I see the silence
of the sea in the eyes
of every fish which gazes
upon me in terror and fright

My mind wandering
over the surface of
the sea trying to find
the entrance

Blue
as a blue fish
in the blue waters
below the deep blue sky
is my mood

In the depth
of a bottle of scotch
the most curious fish
swim

Memoirs of a Fallen Social Media Star

Unliked, unfollowed
unfriended, lost in
the terrifying abyss
of non-existence

Being an influencer
reduced me to an image
of someone I never was
my eternal fame based
on videos that vanish
within a day

First I followed
myself in secret
then I blocked
myself
in the end I was
found by everybody

but me

I lived two lives
one digital, one real
and I believed there
were two of me until
I realized I was either
digitally real or
really digitalized

I was a ghost
followed by ghosts
in a ghost world

Ways of Looking at Hope

Hope is
the fragility
of the evening

Hope is
a terrible illness
hope is
a fantastic cure

Hope is
a fish on fire
deep down
in the ocean

Hope is
a swim
in the desert

Hope is
to be blessed with a curse
hope is
to be cursed with a blessing

Hope is
you when

despair
is me

Hope is
what makes you get up

when you live all alone
at the end of the world
and think all hope is lost

Hope is
when

indifference
cries
tears
of joy

Hope is
a blackbird singing
so deep into night
that the dreams
stop and listen