

A simple Epicurean philosophy

by

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LOVE
WITHOUT LUST
IS LIKE A
CASTLE
WITHOUT A
DRAGON. 9

IF YOU
WONDER 10

LORD OF THE
RINGS 11

LEONIE 12

BUFFALO
SOLDIER 13

SHE WAS AN
ARTIST 15

NAPKIN POEM
16

IMAGINE 18

PICASSO WAS A
LONER 19

THEY NEVER
BELIEVED HER
21

BUDDHA 22

MAINTENANCE
25

LEAVE A
MESSAGE
AFTER THE
TONE 26

I LOVED
WAKING UP
LIKE THIS 27

PERSPECTIVE 28

WORDS ARE
NOT JUST
WORDS 29

WORDS OF THE
SOUL 30

NOT EVERYONE
CAN HANDLE
DRUGS 31

DO YOU
BELIEVE IN
ALIENS? 33

AN EARLY
MORNING IN
JUNE 34

SMELL 35

WHAT IS LOVE?
37

NATURE OF THE
BEAST 38

BLUEBIRD 39

ANGELS
GUESTHOUSE
42

I'M STILL OKAY
43

IT WAS CALLED
REAKTOR 45

SHEETS OF
MUSIC 46

LEAN ON ME 47

MANY LUMPS
OF INCENSE ON
THE SAME
ALTAR. ONE
CRUMBLES
NOW, ONE
LATER, BUT IT
MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE. 48

PLAY 49

AMSTERDAM
52

THE HAMMER
OR THE NAIL 54

PLUTO IS A
PLANET 57

SEPTEMBER
2018 58

THERE'S A
MATCH ON TV
TONIGHT 59

FEAR 61

TINDER LOVE
AND MOVIE
LUST 62

ROMA
VICTORIA! 64

MUFASA 67

NUMBER 14 69

CALL OF DUTY
70

HE'S SUCH A
GOOD GUY 71

FROM
AMSTERDAM
TO NEW-YORK
72

WHO? 73

OH, I GOT A
WOMAN
NOW... 74

FINICKY 75

POST-MODERN
77

POWER
CORRUPTS AND
ALL YOU HAVE
LEFT IS A
BUNCH OF
QUESTIONS 78

DIRTY
SHOWERS 79

BROOKLYN TO
MANHATTAN
81

THEY MICRO
DOSE IT IN
SILICON VALLEY
82

CHATEAU
TECHNO 84

HEDGEROW 85

IT'S JUST A
GAME THEY
SAY 86

BITTERNESS
DOESN'T MAKE
HONEY 88

SAVE YOURSELF
AND PRAY, OR
DON'T 90

PERFERVID 91

SMART-TV 93

NO TIME TO
SLEEP 95

EVEN A
BROKEN
CLOCK GETS
TO BE RIGHT
TWICE A DAY.
96

I FORGOT
ABOUT THE
CLOUDS 97

ATTEMPT 98

21ST BIRTHDAY
100

HE'S FINE 101

IT'S SWEET,
ISN'T IT? 103

I WOULDN'T
CHANGE A
THING 105

STARR 108

GOOD ISN'T
GOOD ENOUGH
112

TO KNOW IS
NOT TO SEE 113

THERE IS
NOWHERE TO
RUN 114

THIN LINE
BETWEEN
ARTIST AND
MADCAP 115

I LOVE YOU,
BILLY 116

KILLING
MACHINES 117

SKETCHES OF
SPAIN 118

I'D RECKON I'D
WAVE NEXT
TIME 119

HURRICANE
SEASON 121

THE DREAMER
122

I LIKE TO DRINK
COFFEE IN
TEASHOP'S 123

I HAD TO DO IT
124

SHE CAME TO
VISIT 127

I SWEAR... 130

MY PHONE IS
BUZZING 131

GET UP, STAND
UP 134

SWIMMING IN
PARIS 136

THE PEN IS
BLOODIER
THAN THE
SWORD 137

NO WOMAN,
NO CRY 138

YOU GOT TO
DO WHAT YOU
GOT TO DO 139

WINDOW PAIN
141

SHE BROKE MY
HEART YET I
WANTED HER
TO 142

IF ONLY HE
COULD SEE ME
144

SUCH A JOY IT
WAS 146

PUT SOME
FLOWERS NEXT
TO IT 149

ADULTHOOD
HAS CAUGHT
UP WITH ME
150

LIE TO ME
(AGAIN) 151

BREAKING
NEWS 152

THIS IS MY
TRUMP-CARD
153

DGTL 155

THE WHORE OF
BABYLON IS
ASLEEP AT THE
WHEEL. 156

I THINK I
FOUND HER
157

LEGACY 158

I LIVE AT THE
RED LIGHT
DISTRICT 159

PENNY FOR
YOUR
THOUGHTS 160

FLY FLY, FLY 161

SPUISTRAAT
162

FUCK
MOTIVATION
163

MARCO 164

BRASS BIRD 165

BREAK OR FAKE
166

TUESDAY 168

SUMMER
BREAK 169

READY, SET,
CHEESE! 170

MARIJUANA IS
A FLOWER,
RIGHT? 171

VINDALOO 172

HER NAME
MEANT
YOUTHFUL IN
HEBREW 173

HER NAME
MEANT
YOUTHFUL IN
HEBREW PART
2 176

DO YOU? 177

TAKES ONE TO
KNOW ONE 178

MR. FERGUSON
180

FREEDOM 181

HAPPINESS 183

THE GREAT
CONTENT 184

BUCKET LIST
185

SWALLOW
YOUR TONGUE
186

I NEVER LISTEN
187

'LET'S TALK...'
188

MOST
PROBABLY NOT
ABOUT
ANIMALS 190

SHE LOOKS
BEAUTIFUL YET
SHE'S
UNAWARE OF
IT 191

FROM VAN
GOGH TO
REMBRANDT
192

TO SEE THE
BIGGER
PICTURE 194

I FEEL LIKE THE
JOKER 196

TAKE IT IN
YOUR OWN
HANDS 198

ROCKY V 200

CASUAL SEX
202

SPIRIT BOMB
204

CYCLING 208

SYNC 209

SWIMMING IN
THE AIR 210

THE BARREL IS
DEEPER THAN
IT APPEARS 211

WOULD YOU
RESURRECT
BOB MARLEY
OR JESUS? 212

YOURS TRULY,
216

I PLAYED A
HUNCH 217

GLADIATORS
OF PURPOSE
219

MAYBE 220

Love
without
lust is
like a
castle
without
a
dragon.

if you wonder

I am a lover of language
I use language to tile reality, to clothe
reality in description
and prose.

I believe the world is made of words and if
you know the words the world is made of
you can make of it whatever you wish.

the use of language,
the words you employ to describe reality, can
in fact
engender reality, and
disclose reality.

people often ask me why I read, why I
memorize so many Buddhist quotes;

to them I'd say; to speak is to enact an
incantation.

and my favourite quotes are these magical
incantations
and as I recite, therefore I become. I recite
therefore I become. I recite therefore I
become. I recite therefore I become.

the reason that I love to read, to recite
quotes is because I believe that the quotes
that resonate,
the ones that give me goose bumps,
the ones that make the hairs on the back of
my neck stand up, are mantras – they are
spells, they are dreams
and a sorcery is employed
and deployed deeply through language.

being a poet, to me, means; to become
an author of reality.

lord of the rings

here and now you only have your eyes
and everyone is looking at you,
looking at her,
everyone knows
she doesn't.
you spend your time looking at her
the hair
like the sun,
the smile
like Miley.
people are talking
and drinking.
you stand up, browse faces
and ask who wants a refill
and look at her once again.
she smiles
and you smile back
and you continue looking for things
to ask, to keep
looking at her,
this is a good trick;
a question requires
an answer
you reason.
now, she is speaking
and you look at her
how the sun kisses the ocean,
the hue in her eyes the brightest blue.
she has asked a question
no one has answered it yet.
you say, 'Lord of the rings'
and she smiles
and says 'that's right,'
and continues looking at you
smiling, playfully styling
a lock of hair behind her ear.
and, at last,
you understand what it's meant by:
to drown in somebody's eyes.

Leonie

you are at the apartment of this beautiful girl you've been dating for a while. she is wearing a red velvet hoodie she had borrowed from your closet; you love it when she wears your clothes for the smell of wildflowers it retains for days.
her hair is put in a ponytail,
her hands are caught up in the food,
her cheeky fingers are grabbing in the pan;
her thumb is the size of the piece of ginger on the cut board. as you stare at her in awe,
you see her cheeks turn more red than the tomatoes she's forcing you to eat.
she enjoys giving you orders to put the plates and cutlery on the table.
it's vegetarian, the food she cooked, without you mentioning it and just for you.
the hoodie taken off; her plain, white T loosely falls off her shoulder exposing her collarbone and summoning every butterfly in your stomach that you've ever had.
she asks about your day, helps in your queries and rejoices in your little victories. she believes
it's about the little things in life
(like watching her roll a joint for dessert).
and it's funny because your first tattoo says the same thing – that's when you know she is a keeper.

Buffalo soldier

waking up on the sofa,
listening to reggae music on the speaker
today,
the door to the small balcony is
open,
it is 9:53 A.M., cold, a morning of
winter except for the
speaker, the
reggae music,
and I
have this vision
of a tiny, cosy cottage at the south-
river, it is more than warm, almost
too warm.
the music jams joy in the
room.
the walls around are wooden, concrete,
brown, white,
barely
indifferent.

a full ashtray sits
untouched
on a filthy timber table
to my
left.

the singer continues to
sing.

the drum continues to
drum.

the music seeps through
my mind warping back decades and revisiting
words.

the world was dark then
with a fixed categorization
but the walls,
the singer,
the sounds,
commence
as never before.

then
the drum stops

the singer
sits

and lights another blunt
and weary he takes another breath
and tiredly sighs
as he thoughtlessly stares
about the room – dreary of how
the walls that confine him
expand stiffer
than the eye can perceive,
but, deep inside his lungs he knows:
it surely
does.

the singer
he coughs,
then stands up,
goes back out
there
to the tiny, cosy cottage at
the south-end river, and
sings the words and knows;

*'another song sang; another day the walls
move up again.'*

she was an artist

sometimes
I forget about her
and her guilty innocence.

tonight
I think of her;

the colours

the brushes

the contrasts

on the canvas.

she liked spaces,

air

between the lines

and
she talked about
so the pieces remained
abstract
like a puzzle, like a broken clock, like
mondriaan.

she
told stories,
left the end open,
told it again, and again,
and again.

and,
sometimes,
she wished a novel beginning.

but,
never
did she paint a picture
that was unreadable.

napkin poem

eating out tonight.
I find a table alone
next to the maltese cross on the wall
and while waiting for my order
I take out a book
The Alchemist.
I often carry things to read
so that I will not have to look at
the phone
when I don't want to have to look at
the people.

but this one time
I find the words
mind-numbing.

I close the book
take a big sip of
Bordeaux château Troussas
and look at the people.

near the window table in the
restaurant
a young couple
sit.
I am
guessing
it's a premier.
they have finished their meal
and they are each sharing
a dessert.
he says something.
she nods.
then she speaks.
he grins, moves his
hand.
then they are
quiet.
he speaks, laughs
loudly.
she doesn't
laugh. instead,
she looks over
to me.
he catches her.

he turns to me.
a wine-made smile
I crack
then look
away
thinking
I'd rather sit
alone
than with
their awkwardness.
and by the way:
where is my dinner?

imagine

we spoke of sex
and new love found
in desert lands
our own playground.
how the wind moves
the naked sand
when it's longing
a loving hand.

we spoke of space
and rocket ships
escaping earth –
apocalypse.
how martians
drive crazy cars
in street races
on shooting stars.

we spoke of trees
in writing pages
and animals
in iron cages.
how greedy men
scratch and bite
then gutlessly
hide into the night.

we spoke of love
and ancient quests
fighting dragons
for golden chests.
our love story
that seems to fly
like ticking clocks
or rain in july.

Picasso was a loner

I was trying to write
I was barely existing
mostly I wrote dirty stuff
for sex and drugs sells.

she was in the other room
painting
evidently existing
but she was the lucky one.
I lived there.

we liked to work separately
preferably where
we could not see each-other.
closed doors.
we did our work
then had dinner together.

we liked drinking together.
red wine in tea mugs
revising each other's work.
plenty of it.
wine and dine too.

I liked her work.
she painted in black and white only.
every shade.
I liked the paintings.

she said my work made her hot.
an arousing thing to say
at 3:30 in the morning
in the hands of a dirty, tipsy writer.

she liked to talk in bed
that I didn't like
biting my tongue
her mouth flooded with questions
I didn't like her paintings anymore.

*'then at least read me one of your stupid
poems.'*

I read one mockingly.

she pushed me of the bed.
said I hate her paintings.
she'd have her share of fuckyou's
I wrote some more.

they never believed her

she said:

'mistrust a man who writes
and listen closely to
his lips

for he is yet
to pen his true scripts -

soothing words of disguise
lies a cold and unpleasant surprise.'

behind his

buddha

as a young adolescent I divided an equal amount of time between festivals and studying; how I managed to have a job for my other ordinary needs is still a puzzle to me; but, to be honest, I simply have never been bothered too much with that – if I had a book and/or a spliff I didn't think too much of other things – ignorant create their own ignorance.

at the festivals, I thought I was king, I did things, took things, stole things.

in the libraries it was a different story: I was serene, mentally clean – went from shelf to shelf, didn't so much read different types of books: novels, physics and fiction, put me off. psychology, literature, philosophy, I liked more.

never the less, it was with the Buddhists that I first felt a connection: I discovered H.H. the Dalai Lama first, who touched a part in me I didn't know was there; there are many I read I have forgotten, perhaps rightfully so, but someplace inside of me their words recite infinitely like a spell.

and
I liked the literature as much as I liked his Holiness himself; he was a real sweetheart – used language as magic, mind-blowing in its way.

and
it was him who transformed
that part
that lingered
somewhere within my confused skull: twisting
and turning
through excess thoughts and
naïve reasoning.
I had epiphanies
realizations