

One Day  
I Will Be  
Able to Walk  
Without  
Training Wheels

—

Little Louis

*For myself  
and maybe for you too, dear reader*

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Another collection of poems,  
rants, one liners and badly  
drawn cartoons

*To everyone who is dear to me*

*This heart of mine  
is for you  
and for everyone*

*There can never be a shortage of love  
because this is something  
that we can always create ourselves  
as much as we want*

I recently read a beautiful text by Jamie Anderson that said that  
*"Grief is just love with no place to go."*

Happiness and joy come from giving and receiving love.  
It is our natural, optimal state of being.  
Everyone knows this instinctively. We just rarely think about it.

If you think a bit further about what it would mean if all emotions  
were fundamentally related to love, you would come up with  
something like this:

Fear is thinking about losing what we love.

Disgust is what we experience when love or what we love is violated.

Anger and hatred comes out of frustration when we are prevented  
from giving or receiving love. Or occurs when we're prevented from  
doing what we love.

That seems pretty much right to me.

From the moment we can walk, the trick is to maintain our balance  
without training wheels.



I

One day I will be able to laugh  
again without having to watch  
comedies on TV

## **Everything just goes on and on**

Time eats holes  
in my socks  
in my pants  
the window frame  
the roof  
old dead trees  
the road surface of the New Jersey turnpike,  
the M1 at the Watford bypass, the boulevard Périphérique,  
the Chinese wall  
and my memory

As I cycle through the rain in my poncho  
somewhere a star explodes  
A child drops his lollipop  
while on the other side of the world  
someone is crying on top of a pile of smoking rubble

Where once the places of my youth were  
Poolcafé Balls, Baloo's Bluescafé, The Thunder Roadhouse  
the music stores, the library, the schools  
and the home I grew up in  
they are gone  
new, other buildings have arisen  
My hair is longer, and my thoughts are more free-spirited  
than they were then  
Still the same person  
but at the same time unrecognizably changed

Newborn babies in a cradle  
and the rust keeps eating  
through my car door  
New hordes are ready  
at the schoolyard  
while busloads of people



are limping  
towards their retirement  
or a last supper

Like a lame bear  
dancing for a piece of fruit  
we continue working  
and show  
our tricks  
Like a blind mole  
with sore claws  
we dig further and further  
into the ground  
deeper and further and further  
into the ground  
and try to make our way  
to God knows where

## **The last loathsome bird of Babylon**

*“And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and has become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.” - Revelation 18:2*

The loathsome bird of Babylon  
will sing again  
and cry in defeat  
while young girls and boys  
sell their bodies  
and trade in their integrity  
and dignity  
for hard cash  
in an all plastic  
Disneyland  
nightmare trainride  
Scared of ghosts  
weak bellies  
and soft limbs  
with phantom pain  
Thoroughly placed  
perfectly staged  
social experiments  
Rangers and boy scouts  
laugh and dance  
and set fire to  
stocks and bonds  
stockings and bombs  
In big piles of rubble from  
collapsed buildings  
desperate mothers and fathers  
are looking for limbs  
and a spark of sanity

for a shred of hope and dignity  
Here it comes again  
that sinking feeling  
in the early morning  
right after waking up

There's fluff  
in the bellybutton of the world  
and no one dares to remove it

There's an open wound  
at the foot of all mountains  
and no one knows how to heal it

There's a blame  
right here at the station  
trying to catch the first train outta here  
but nobody wants to take it

There's a chance in the fog  
trying to get acquainted with the clouds  
patiently waiting in the doctor's office  
but nobody wants to see it

I'm afraid  
it's all quite depressing news