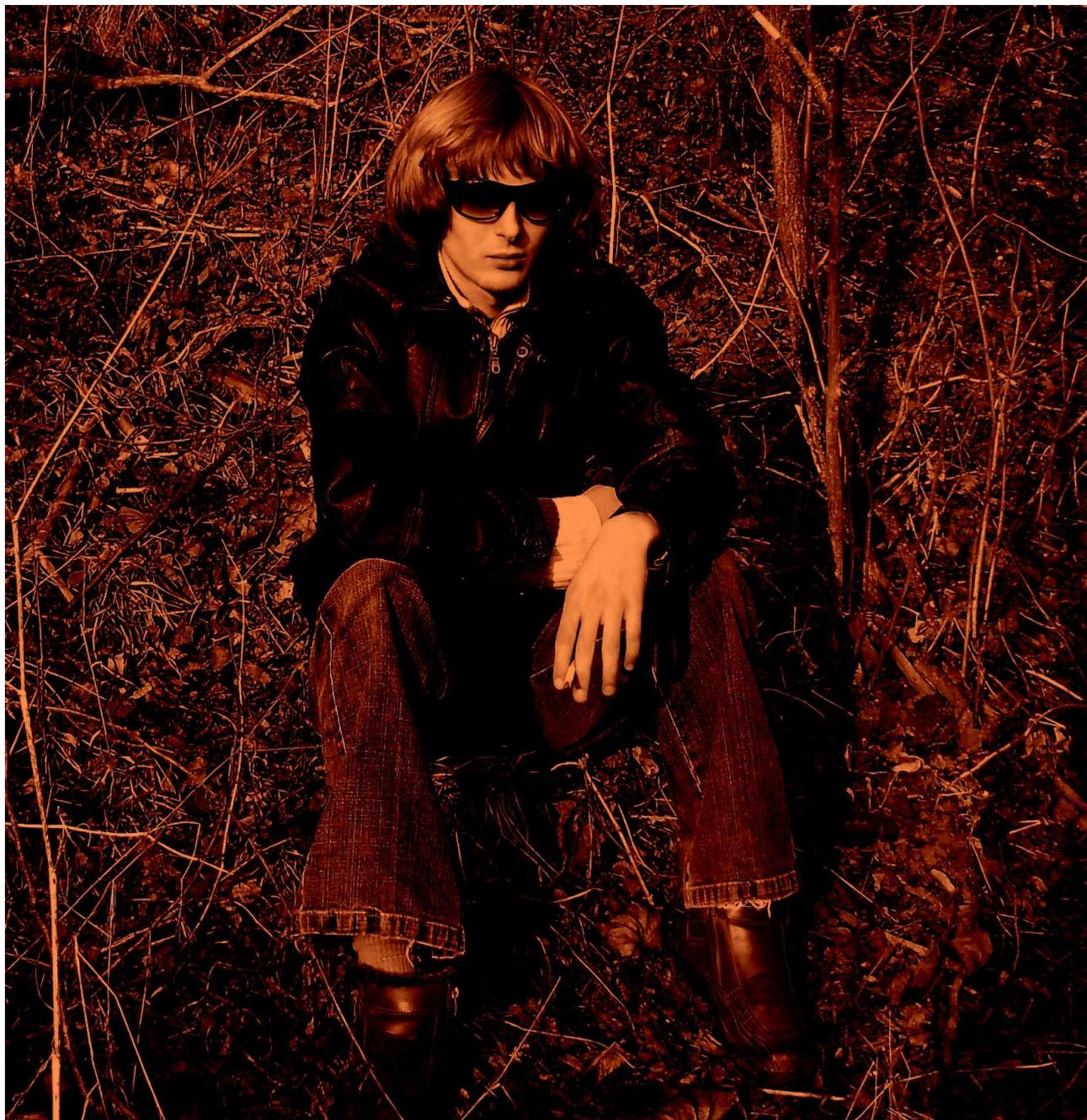


CHRISTONE BARTENER



EVENT HORIZON

**CHRISTONE
BARTENER**



**EVENT
HORIZON**

**THE SEAS OF AMONTILLADO
ALFRED JONES
MAY BEGINS ON THURSDAY
STAYED WITH NOTHING
PERSONALITY DISORDER
SHIELD OF WORLD
ONE MORNING
EVENT HORIZON
GAUDE MATER TERRA
UNFINISHED MISSISSIPPI DELTA JAZZ
THE KEYS TO THE ANSWER**

“I dedicated this book to every person who wants a revolution in art.”
- Christone Bartener

“The Seas of Amontillado”

Where are you going?
Why everyone of us following you?

Anywhere you are and anywhere you'll be
The shadows from your past will return and you will see
You will never escape from this
Those feelings are killing you and they are killing themselves
Prisoners' stage mass breakout but that don't take them a chance
Hammer soles for the scoundrels
You're laughing of your heart but you're doing what it want
Though everything will spill out in the wind like a smoke
There must be more to love than this
Suffering is preventing for the life and happiness
Walls and bridges tumbled down with togetherness
Nube solet pulsa candidus ire dies

Please people stand up all together now
In your hands you're keeping whole world and our life
I dreamed I saw apocalyptic flood
A hard rain fell down but no-one understood
That was a time for confession from sins
And after like an angels use a sacred wings
Rise to the Heaven to beg for the salvation
But nobody gave them any direct information
Some of them were crying, some of them were trying
To escape from this place after they were dying
I stand up on the hill and said to them all
„Brothers and sisters don't go with a flow
Now we all must learn how to protect our own life
'Cause the Earth soon will spill out but the World will survive”
Nobody listened nobody saw me
Water flooded us all and that dream came from me

If you see the lining of the World
And if someone took a burden from your shoulders
And if not exist any soldiers
And if words are hurting poetry
And if a border between the hangman and the victim faded away
Everything passed away, you passed away

But if you are standing on the stable bottom
And if nobody gonna help you to survive
And if loneliness is a synonym of your life
And if your hieratic posture is arousing a laughter
And if a border between the goodness and the badness faded away
You are in your way, you are in your way

Watch out, beware of love which is between us all
We break each others hearts without thinking anymore
There's no time for wondering
Look out, all those people want to stone you
Sometimes we haven't got a clue about people who we hate
Them life is good but all things must pass someday
There's no need to cry, better leave them all behind.

Following the truth go to the dark end
Don't seek a solace in the World
Look at the despicable rituals of funerals
They are burying the opponents of the crowd
Webbing rhetoric of orators not knowing Cicero
Friends, poets, knights, brave warriors
Cross the border, stand against the crowds
We will lose – that's certain
Stand proudly being a losers in the winners' crowd

I am not your guide yet, my dear
I ain't gonna change your rights
Now I do not feel pain or fear
You can't see it in my eyes
Now I'm going to the dark end
Hurting the poetry by the words
White dove sleeping in a black sand
I'm standing against the crowds

Anywhere you're going you will never escape from this...

“Alfred Jones”

Alfred Jones died somewhere in the shadows
Alone in his home where he was tamed
Although he was just a man without name
Cops were called to look for somebody to blame
Who done it for money, who done it for fame
Booked three bald teenagers for second-degree murder

But who today is worthy of high company?
And who today can find his own destiny?
And who today is brave enough to disagree?
And who today is looking as far as he could see?

Before a binge drinking in the shadows
Alfred and friends looking for a cash
Met three bald teenagers and they were in a clash
Well he knew they turn him into the ash
Just like his son who killed their friend in a crash
So they hit him with the axe and filled in with the snow

Can we go straight not knowing the road?
Can we turn somewhere when signs nothing bode?
Can we understand when everything is a code?
Can we look at ourself 'till we're not corrode?

Thinking about nothing, empty air in shadows
Teenagers in the cell waiting for a judge
They could take a man out with just one punch
Used to kill and robber just for a brunch
It seems to be their end-of-the freedom crunch
But they knew their cards were marked advance

What if a man should not love the moon?
What if he could not to hold the life's harpoon?
What if he could to count his sins on golden spoon?
What if his death will come too soon?

The undertaker standing somewhere in the shadows
Five people at Alfred's funeral
Priest with a smile said “My dear Farewell”
Neighbourhood saying “Very Well”
And Devil said to them “I'll meet you in Hell”
We live in a place where law is a game

How many more times we will be reborn?
How many times we resent a forewarn?
How many losers can look with a scorn?
How many people unnecessarily was born?

“May Begins On Thursday”

Everyone on this world is real like at the theatre a blood
And feelings are strong like a flames before a flood
Sitting in the middle of the Yakutsk pasture
Where pictures of my visions are so hard to measure
Where a flower doesn't rebel against its own root
Sidney Bechet's clarinet from phonograph sounds so cute
Frolics, orgies so I came to find a solitude
Just to sail in the air of Far Eastern fantasy
Just to make a suicide with a dignity
Never discovered places now I can see
That's why I sold my belief for morality
I am out of the meaning of the being
And a death shows itself the never-ending sightseeing

Playing the game where wins who more briefly with withstand in a silence
The loser will be the one for who environment will threaten his conscience
Still in the empty ballroom I am wasting my time
Degree of my reason just in steam of my freedom
“Horizon is another point of infinity”
That's said goddess Justine performing a kathakali
Now she feels her footsteps only now she feels free
With one more cigarette – my only one weakness
Looking at Miss Amanda with her new guest
Her foots on his knees and after on his chest
Even the saint philosopher who has been blessed
Incites to platonic love
With his attached copper halo above
But now he's writing something a kind of
Justifications for his own helplessness

Sea surface of subconscious is just a depth of the depths of the mind
Without others people's eyes and their opinions every man is blind
Here I'm handing out free tickets to the rain
Smoking Moscow tobacco drinking Estonian champagne
Nobody neither nothing belongs to me I claim
And now here comes a genius in his body of snake
He says “Come over me if only now you ache”
Two locksmiths followed him but he knows that they are fake
One hundred and ten years old man between a paraffin lamps
In the attic looking for his collection of stamps
While his son Mr. Adams lost all of the chance
To tonight to lead to a coexistence
With Madam Natalie from Gibraltar
Where even a Devil falls down on the altar
Although well he knows he is immortal
Because he hasn't got an awareness of his own existence

Sometimes better turn back to the dale than stay on the top in a dream
Sometimes better stayed on a coast because only rubbishes sails downstream
Now the exhausted preacher of a naked marsh beauty
Saying he doesn't care about controversy
While he waiting for change so much patiently
And with a bit of insolence he gives a question to me
“Freedom, justice, law, love, equality
Can you speak these words without irony?”
And now he disappears and turns into a dust
In this room full of mirrors of future and past
Where only water in inspiration was me

“Stayed With Nothing”

Well everyday I walk down that street climbing up and falling down
On the background of that scene the invisible crowd still run
'Till nobody wants to see me I can go anywhere I want
Tamed in a video frame I'm pretending a savant
It's going to be a hard traveling down the Route Ninety-Nine
Stuck between a flock of vultures drinking my blood like a wine

Inside of the monastery the journalists take a bow
To the Hades the young losers gone three years in a row
Suddenly in the shadows from a rolling sea of fear
Arrived a girl called Rhea and now everyone disappear
I came to tell her something but she just started to laugh
I said “Everyone has got what I hate but You got what I love”

Behind the train station I met the old beggars
Lying on a railroad and still playing their guitars
Meanwhile in the castle clowns skating out onto the ice
They told me where the unnamed woman sells love at attractive price
So behind a newsstand I smoked a cigarette
And I noticed the beggars lying in her bed

Beneath the Rastenburg lake in the backside of a park
A homeless person's shelter looks like a wigwam in a dark
And a neon stars glistening in a plastic mind of mine
Someone in a black suit screaming “I am sweet like a red wine”
I looked around I saw a woman with bandaged hands
Everyone wants to help her but she still resents

Daphnia in a glass of water shows me where sleepwalker climbs
And a kobzar somewhere hidden plays the same sounds a million times
An armoured personal carrier standing outside of the town
Beside me a schizophrenic jumping up and down
And all of the happy people ask me why I don't wanna pick up a rice
I said “I am not the one of you and I won't be repeat it twice”

Revolution themes tied through my ears “Rip down all love” I screamed
“Life is only black and white, I shall be free” I dreamed
Snowing all around well a maple left all of its leaves
And a stormy water tries to destroy a levees
Veterinarian Dreyfus making a child in his test tube
And a fake one in the gallery although he's so much rube

The unemployed man going from a closed sugar refinery
And with a smile he shows me his own small winery
Well, the Teddies fighting with the Crew inside of their minds
And Latin notary dancing where thousands bones lies
My neurologist calls me loudly she is screaming to telephone
All around there's nothing special better spend your life alone

Now the sky is almost hidden and I am beginning to hide
But I've read my back pages and I opened my eyes wide
Now I am escaping again to the place where ground burn
And I really want all these pictures to return
So now in the midday heat I'm watching a river flow
But the cheaters told me that it's time to go

“Personality Disorder”

The lead coating of the sky turns into a moldy wall
And monastic bells rhythmically beating
Ragman, lawyer and accountant of Tammany Hall
Waiting for a stockholders meeting

Now I hear a raging voice knocking on a Heaven's door
And I am a man who plays in commedia dell'arte
I am still step to the fore but
Nothing's really matter to me now 'cause I've got personality disorder

Transcendent imagination and simultaneously scene
And my existence is walking off with nothingness
Although my place and my position has been unforeseen
I have to clean my soul which was capricious

I found out where lies a one whose name was writ in the air
And I am really ready to cross that locked door
All my dreams has been counted on a rocking chair
But after I disappeared somewhere

Stuck inside of mobile I haven't got any way
Yesterday's dreams tomorrow will fade away
Lying on a stones I am waiting for next day
Vexed questions seems to be such an easy
Impressionistic is this world for me
And say do you want to let it be?

Primo pro nummata vini ex hac bibunt libertini
Aliud agentes, aliud simulantes perfidi sunt
Et Titinho, et C. Norwid et Percy Bysh Shelley
Quidam indiscrete vivunt
Nihil agendo homines male agere discunt

“Shield of World”

The youth of the world take to the streets again
There are a lot of things and people to blame
Let's find a way for free speech of our time
Nature of life doesn't give any sign

The youth of the world let's find a way
There must be something to love and to hate
Lead your feelings throughout the ocean of mind
Against your heart and against your time

There comes a time to change our minds
I think we all should to fight for our rights
Lead your hope throughout a river of time
Symmetry of slave doesn't give any sign

Now we have to change that shield of this World
Now we have to change that shield of this World
Now we have to change that shield of this World
Now we have to change that shield of this World

“One Morning”

I looked around one morning
All along this countryside
Karl Rossmann running across the town
He is jumping up and down
Out of this backyard
“I heard the stagecoach turning!”
Geronimo shout
Dino Paul Crocetti in the bar again
Gang of robbers cleaning a guns and then
“The Apaches goin' from the South!”
Lady Dallas screamed

I looked around one morning
All along this yard
Old man sailing in a dinghy boat
With a rocky mountain goat
Out of this backyard
“The drifter is escaping!”
Screaming Doctor Paul
“Please explain me how can I survive
In this version of death called life?”
“Maybe I will kill him, after all”
The Sheriff just cried

I looked around one morning
All along my home
“Take a revolver from the shelf”
Sung Jimmie Rodgers himself
All along my home
“We'd better get out of here!”
Geronimo said
“Get out you all from here now”
The Immigrants took a bow
“All you Natives will be dead!”
The Republicans just smiled

“Event Horizon”

In the Kashubian cottage Mazurian carnival
The Russian scientist dancing a tango in the barn
The ladders of archangels deep in human soul
Neptune turned into a dust – the Munich Sun just shone
On the Pluto forests are burning like the emblems on the gallows
And shadows of people just impressed on walls
Well if one atom can destroy so much
So how much can destroy the man?

The farmhand is harrowing the meadow beneath the pond
Where contaminated rats escaping and where sky is a ground
A soil washed bunkers away and people kind of less
Some simpletons are still fighting for survival – what a zest
The number of answers equal to number moons of Mars
Water even oxygen metabolised a grass
If pleasure is an only one value
Better not to be born

Five hundred white horses are trampling wedding guests
Cities evaporated, villages covered with ash
Global breakdown of the houses of the cards
And the cheaters are buried on seven graveyards
Holy sergeant marching with a pill of vitamin c
The epigraph of his life reads as follows “Not to be”
Are now we all facing
Mission impossible?

Quirinus and Aeneas building walls for the second time
Not well-known are a nations: embarrassment or the crime
Behind the horizon nothing is last or first
The charity is a virtue, smoke of swindlers just dispersed
Eight thousand sixteen angels to the Earth has been sent
Child is walking with his father and father by the hand
Well what is matter most today
Freedom or security?

Cubist banker with a rope beside the larch
Still too transparent view – it is just an early March
At the Resenthal Arena the grass is just being cut
Uplands rolled and split out and disappeared but
Wind more and more dangerous and the chickpea grows high
As high as deep the fell insurgents in graves lie
Two sides and one purpose
But the plan won't work

“Gaude Mater Terra”

Gaude Mater Terra – our country
Until one more man still can die
Gaude Mater Terra – our country
If you can't notice the opened sky
And only time someday will tell
Who was right and who has fell
 Until nobody is your ally
 Gaude it's not your time to die

Vide Mater Terra – our country
Innocent blood covered your skin
Vide Mater Terra – our country
You take precious new lives for a spin
 Hope is a wind for sailors of dreams
Who wasted their time for plans and schemes
 None of us can admit to every sin
Vide how many things still stayed unseen

“Unfinished Mississippi Delta Jazz”

Madwoman from the bushes
Coming back after the rushes
Wilted flowers in her blonde hair
Empty quotes in her prayer
She got on to black Land Rover
And raced off into the clover
With her universal lover
And his guns well but moreover
Undercover plays your blues
Looking for a man to use
You may trust him you may yelp too
Nobody is gonna help you
Now you know what's going on
So don't care about the „News”

Infant in slippery blanket
Without mother the cool young cat
Tangled up like a Gordian knot
Waiting for another shot
Her motto: love and be mad
I'm a Venus in my bed
Don't care what religion said
Or take mercury instead
Anyway her son on sled
With a black hat on his head
Spending every night in red room
On her pink feather quilt abloom
But when the masochist left
He was swimming in blood dead

O the customs! O the times!

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