

# CHRISTONE BARTENER



## EVENT HORIZON

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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 sergent 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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