

KAPSALON shawarma dreams in the countryside, three döners please and a kapsalon. the cattle in the barn or behind barbed wire and everyone's wallowing in the glorious past. half moon rising on the owl board. they attack him for being turkish yet he's a kurd. a turd in the letterbox, a rock through the window: friesland, friesland, it's all over now.

UNTOGETHER the night and then suddenly: the day. a choir and everyone joins in: ynskje op 'e baan, could you do me a favor? wiebe van der laan has to hit me on the shoulder for i am untogether. we're untogether. circling the black hole. we do the togetherthing all wrong. we unlearned the togetherthing. banging that door, looking for each other, on and off the track one wooden and one shabby nordic skate

TRUMP IN MAKKUM THE MUSICAL I finance-wise we're there, we have gold in our hands. do you know wiebe de boer? he's on the board, success guaranteed, because it's close to the people. do you know wiebe van dyk? he's writing the tunes.

FROG TROLLS the trolls from the froskepolle are frog trolls. they're covered in small wounds that bleed a bit, have a variety of heads. that's obviously down to the life they conduct. and here they are and here they're not. (let's check again tomorrow) they used to own a campsite: "it soadsje". (on the waterfront) we'd loved to have rented a caravan there but they closed "it soadsje" which is maybe for the better. now you're able to tell them from the other trolls.

LITTLE GHOST (WITH HORSES) he was a little ghost, a spook amongst spooks, a little ghost, humble in death, shy, timid- and he harmed no one. the ghost had three horses that died with him. they still wander about here, faintly nighing: how much longer until judgement day? then the little ghost speaks words of comfort to his sad horses: our suffering is god's will. do not nigh, my children, be still. i feel compassion for the little ghost, but those sad horses i pity the most.

FREE SPEECH STINKS FROM THE MOUTH with grandma pigshit o'er the hedge, at the garden gate, free speech stinks from her mouth (as it does from mine). with otto wrinklesac o'er the hedge, at the garden gate, free speech stinks from his mouth (as it does from from mine). yes we still can go much louder, even louder yet than loud- so that free speech gets much louder still and stinks like a skunk. it's rotting from the head down. (as it is from mine)

GEORGINIO WIJNALDUM the first one, he had the hut in winaam, the big hut in winaam, he was the king of winaam. oh huttytuttycuntyfolk, huttytuttycuntypublic. come on now, georginio, this is yours, it is your realm.

MUSHROOM THINGY we have a thing in the attic with a mushroom thingy inside. get in, get out. better not drop the thing, the mushroom thingy will come out. get out, get in. better beware: it is a mushroom thingy. there's a farmer in marsum sitting in the yard. he does no longer want to linger in his slurry pit. he's ready to face the mushroom thing now. (whatever)

TRUMP IN MAKKUM THE MUSICAL II quite a lot of frisian writers were cheering on the germans

MIEKE BOUGHT A DRONE it's standing on the kitchen worktop now. when she looks at her phone and does something with her phone then she's able to see the drone. she can see where it has flown. it's still on the kitchen worktop now. mieke breaks out a war. mieke has problems, she's very dissatisfied. she feels misunderstood. she had a justification.

FARMERS JANUARY 21st the gap between the farmer and the citizen is too narrow. dig deeper goddammit, much deeper. and then let's mount the tractor and into the gap. a barrow full of sludge covering citizen and farmer. FARMERS!

SCHOOL MAM

GROSS NATIONAL HAPPINESS the gross national happiness of the painter wytse pultrum is estimated by the bhutanese at 35 ngultrum. we don't know what exactly the ngultrum is worth. why don't you look it up yourself on the internet. wytse pultrum had planned to take three weeks off and climb three mountains in bhutan, but in bhutan that's unlawful so it's not allowed. he could have known, it's on the internet. wytse pultrum lives in nijeskoat, it's close to heerenveen. the bhutanese wear fancy purple clothing. wytse pultrum has a painting job in eastersé. the bhutanese prefer yak butter in their tea. wytse pultrum is thought to be a sex tourist. the bhutanese find it normal when someone's a tourist. there's no link between those factoids. link them yourself using the internet. but the painter wytse pultrum has no internet.

ALLE HAS EVERYTHING seen it, heard it, done that, tried it, figured it out. we've had enough. a face like an arse and a heart of stone.

MURDER IS WRONG but some people deserve to die.

BEFORE THE WAR frits and getty were born before the war. then war broke out. aan was and rosa is of the pre-war generation. so both of them were born before the war. germ en alie were (and still are) pre-war.

and we too, we're born before the war. after all these years we still are.
here comes the war.