

HANS HEINER BUHR

**ART
OF
LIFE**

poems

Tbilisi 2020

Eurasia

Definitely
Key exchange
information

Hash
Number sequence
asynchronous

Consumption rates
Data stream
Secret whisper

Digital dialog
Zero one
information

App
Chat window
Pop up close

Download
transfer
population

Packhorse

Proviand

dynamite

Satanic

Provisions

Nwo

cycle

plate

reformation

28.1.2017 Tbilisi

Kyber Pass

Transform life

into digits

0101010101

kisses

an eye brow

lips

a foal

dirty snow

the pain in your heart into

random numbers

how does that feel

to reshape

a smile from digits

a bone 3000 years old

printing memories to plastic 3d

coarse

missing data

the tectonic fissures

of Kyber Pass

31.01.2017

neo

we are played
in a matrix movie
on a cyber horse
in a glitch of Tbilisi
post soviet
last call
neu-romancer was Pechorin
foggy city – snow clouds
Caucasus – minus space
you
anti hero
food stamps
negative land
psycho wasting
the concrete master
went mad

1.2.2017

Black poison

If love knew the end it would not happen
It finished like an empty lip stick 104
Its shining black plastic body strikes your lips

I'd
love to put it playful in your sweet vagina
now
kiss it on your velvet hairs
wear your dirty slippers as a tribute on my head
bite your neck

once I saw your beauty
felt your eyes
missed you
your perfect body parts and smile
reckless times

black beautiful lie
I smashed your mirror

headache in the morning
survive
black ice

28.1.2017 Tbilisi

The Young Poet

Poems – bigger than life

Poets – more important than death

Punching

Wagons

Revolution

Sad dogs

Hunger

The NKVD

The girls are used as hot-water bottles in our ice-cold beds

Bring us more hot water bottles and more poems

From the publishing house

Poet and poetess we want to be

Artists

The German crowd

despise

Mutti sends remittances

Bank book

Cheap cigarettes

Red wine – bulls blood

We are being monitored

Dresden 1987

Artists...

A thought at arm length
dark afternoon.
Fierce struggle for
idea
shape
color mars english red ocher light.
Brushes like sabers
punching aching whites
away the canvas
oil smearing
sun seed smell
at the front
and in the convoy
with the harlot and the sarge
for a bread and cheese
and no dime.

2.2.2017 Tbilisi

Sabine

coincidence and fate
figure largely in our lives

how many words did I speak to you ?
how often we kissed ?

when I met you – these flowers – were they just blooming or in
grandeur ?

you liked these shrubs
bourgeois gardens

your tanned skin
silky hair
how I much loved you

shame on my arrogance
see an eternity in your eyes
Malevich Black Square

first night – first morning – first walk – first afternoon
in the straw fields

I want you living alive
a tiny little note from your hand

if you are gone

I revive you with my magic
from the dust of Tbilisi
from the scanners digits
from my endless noise and pain

could I touch you once again

31.01.2017

The painter in the dark

a grumbling mind

a dirty muse

forgotten wine

a damp cellar

January light velvet mouth

lost years

a future uncertain and

a swan's nose

photos from the Nineties

metro down

the gas off

a civil war

moral apostles

with shady news

fiber high speed

electricity out

oily hands wipe away

some bad strokes

and cold ashes fall of the

cigarettes

a young mind
but broken mirrors
scars of the studio
hundreds of paintings

old problems an open sea
waves of memories
darkening days
a silent weep

3.2.2017 Tbilisi

George

blue line of clarity
across the holy water
before the icon with the candle in your hand
starring to Saint George
begging for the god and mercy
elegantly stabbing
into dragons maw
the fine lance
he cries for life
flame thrower
burning horses stomach coat
stinking rubber, leather,
hot air fog smoke
eight billion realities
scientific scandal
the bleeding seal
a dying beast
Afghan chulz
black western continent

25.2.2017

time traveler

the blocks of sticky seconds
dried up the road of rocks and hope
side horses carry ax and wood
fiber cables batteries Nokia phones

a trader of intel the depressions are a plus
that knowledge made him numb and slow
grit noise booty slippery gravel
straight up the path to former Zemkale

documents, passports, bribe in place
the fresh Yen on USB are hype
that fat face fixed on png
with the swollen eyes of dust and fires

this fine line of now and no
that August the official border was none
as time was stopped
the goods could run

13.3.2017

Gobi

Salty morning wind
Wheezing and crackling
Saddle leather – the shepherd bitch dances
Red armist in felt, Kyzilkum

With the bay horse
Viands sabre shining phalanges Mauser
Tamarisks fluttering desert buntings
By order to the mischief

A letter from Lara
In the canvas
Tea and ink

Naked breasts caress
memory

Water bottle, four papirossi

26.2.2017

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The old amazon

Nose board

Lance dent

Ear piercings

Leather fat

Cheetah princess

The Masai in view

Warm muscles of wires interwoven

Slenderness in iron-pressed

Gray view over the endless steppe

The mare tense

In hostile expectation

Binoculars

Old scars

Transparent figures

In misty horizon

Lens sharpening

Hot ashes

To be dusted

A scream

Clan's oldest – Tservada

Synapse sensor cables

Quick turn-pinched grimace

What was this life amazing

28.02.2017

Hadji Murad

Earth chips decompose

Crushed to crumbs

Not a centimeter of earth is given away here

Or sold

The blood is spilled so the green grass grows better

The March wind from the high slopes cools our sweating foreheads

The horse

Trembling and puffing

Dead

Swallows hiss through the willow trees

And seed – crows pull up cheekily and

magpies

We can eat the earth

Because we are forgotten and

Daring

A skirmish

Tsik tsir zilp tak tak tak

Red silk scraps flutter

suspended

coordinates

tangents

The idea

second lengths

The Chechen time

4.5.2017

Armed men attack TV tower in Kabul

Armed men attack TV tower in Kabul

tick tick chak chak

Dust lugs and gravel sprayers

ricochets, turban shreds

sovereignty of interpretation

Rubber burns

The transmission flickers

The cleaners are allowed to leave the building

A suicide bomber blows up at the entrance

Blinding grenades crash through plasterboard

Glass splinters hissing in calves and cheeks,

The speaker moves the tie knot into place

At least some of my colleagues were killed.

There are supposed to be three more assailants on the compound.

If the program is just as mendacious as ours, you can understand it well.

8.11.2017

At Khasavyurt

Sulak- Sunja

Grapes and cement

Oil change, Tyre center

Checkpoint HMG

Concrete, Aul, Steppe

Pebbles are in special offer

Diesel, young weddings

and smoke clouds

draftees

Diva- best fur

Breast weir, ball helmets

Babayurt and Kislyar

Diagnostics of all allergies

Fresh meat

Cafe Alysham

Magnate mattresses, fur acceptance

Road construction and Venetsianka

cables

Tank, roundabout, mosque

Laminate, Evacuator, Wallpaper, Tron

Tiles, fresh plaster, economic

Batman, Chai, dried fish, Tron

Restaurant Lon-Don

Ital Moda, Paralon

Engine block and megaphone

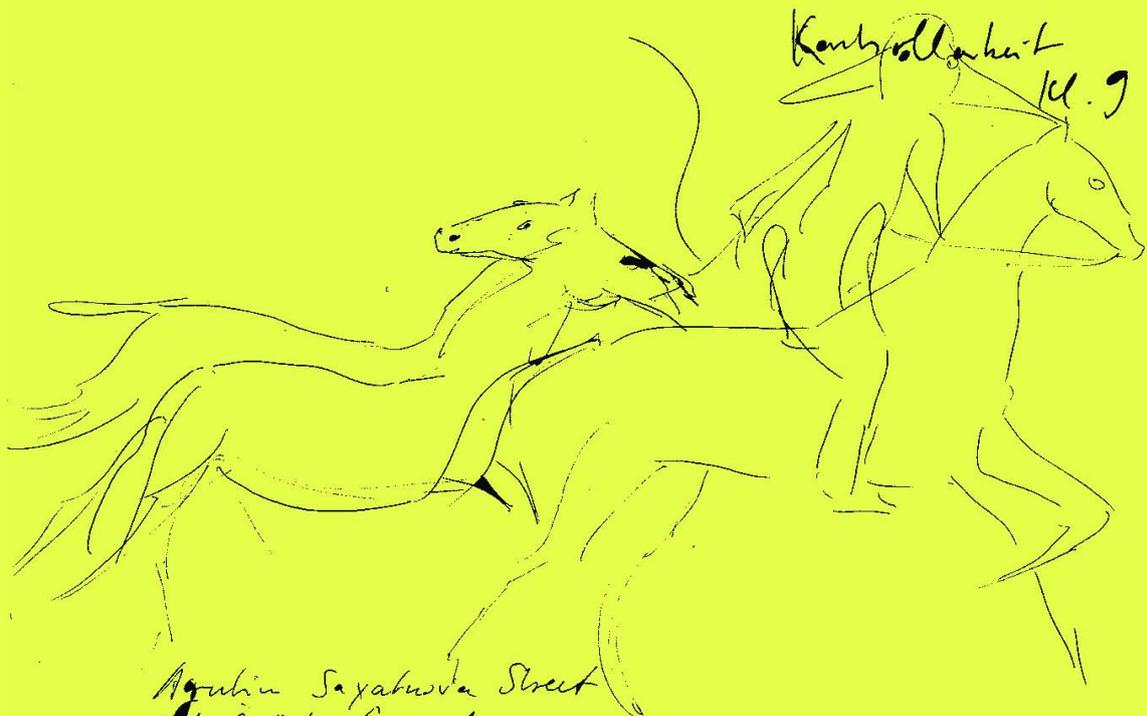
Poplars, Jackdaws

Walnut trees and pastures

Chechnya / Brandenburg

A hawk flies away

2.10.2017



Kentucky 11.9

Agutina Sayabwina Street
Anax-Sihel Özhük Spray dose. 1-day - 1 night

Email from TangYu.

Hello caucasus.

We is.

Beijing yingshi ma hui sports development co., LTD. Kunming branch.

Due to the development needs.

We need Buy horses.

If you can cooperate with us on that,
please reply my e-mail .

Thank you!

I am looking forward to your reply.

E-mail

tangyu217r@163.com.

Best wishes.

TangYu.

11/2017

In the secret gardens

In the secret gardens

With the many shadows

Plants, lamps and silent witnesses

Softer your skin never was

Black silk worms, ornaments, lipstick, lashes

Deep memories touching surface

Doors open and close

Russians whisper on the stairs

Of bullets, manifestos, dynamite

Eye shadows, glowing legs

Proof of heaven

Mirror living

Follow the lines of our former lives

Licking your vitamins

In the soft October light

We are the subjects of reflections

Holding to the lovers promises

Aftershaves

Airports

Broken by the day

18.10.2018

Tbilisi

From Sno to Juta

Ice melts from that fat boring mountain

Dust clouds nuclear mushrooms

Dried Sno frogs for bazaar

Time of the fake history

In 20 years heroes into businessmen

With Samsungs and Delicas

Hope and greed

Hyenas

The Argonauts came here

The Crusaders

With packhorses and shells and swords

To Roshka, Tianeti, Sheki

Pilons, electricity from Russia

To Turkey, to Pompeii

Bitcoin mining, highways

In the Rooms Hotel your connection interrupted

Central directives, comments disabled.

De-monetized, account deleted.

Full channel panic EU propaganda.

State media fakes reality.

5.7.2019

Sad Khevsur

Cheese

Potatoes

Butter

Revenge

Fighting with two swords

On a foggy mountain

An enemy of bastards

And dirty lice

The alcoholic son

Was lost

His face on heavy earth

We draw the cross

26.09.2019

Samur

Tschak Tschak Tschak

ATM

Hiss hiss hiss

Target sight

Put Put Put

Bitcoin now

Tick, tick, tick

I change

Kill Kill Kill

Syria

veg veg veg

camouflage

Temporary victory

in a headquarter

Zil Zil Zil

Engine block

Comrade Stalin 2

distributes candies

to the crying children

dear dear

Themselves to blame
when they're so stupid
to analyze
the enemy propaganda

No way
is also a road
203 km
are nothing

Class struggle
tut tut tut
I-phone app
beep beep beep

Where is the problem
Any resistance
is eliminated very efficiently
using intelligent viruses

The potato app ordered
40 kg smelly tubers
without asking
zag zag zag

We had to do that

Believe us

There was no other way out

The pineapple is up and the cigarettes, the coffee, the gasoline and
the cotton wool, the ear drops – help!

Tomorrow we will be happy to deliver fresh cartridges, skins, a diesel
generator, flashlights, antennas and axes.

The children have to be at home when it gets dark!

Nobody is allowed to leave the valley without the written permission
of the authority.

The Central Committee of the Last Free Lesgines.

Drawn, 2017, Samur

(The Samur is a river in Dagestan, home to various people of Rutuls,
Lezgians and others.)



Curfew

Shock and horror

Invisible enemy

People rush along

Look away, diagonally on the floor

From 8 a.m. the minimum distance is increased to 150 cm

A forgotten madman laughs softly from the basement hole

clawing his nails into the leg of my pants

I tear myself away

Shadows change under the moonlight

Like sheep in panic

Freezes and hypnotizes

Friends are accused of the disease transfer

Taxis may only drive with the windows open

Mask control, delusional injection

The protection rules are fully enforced

A third of the population can no longer afford to rent

Think about it

Put your head under the running water

Shave

After shave

Pushups

Spring air

Youtube

Wake up!

March 31, 2020

Awakening

The
Great Awakening
Comes
When
The Bank Account
Is
Empty

10.04.2020

Minimalist Poem 1

—

scam

—

The End of the West

With
Disbelief
I
Realized
That
This
Is
The
Suicide
Of
The
West

10.04.2020

Eternal Virus

They talk
These
Lies
About infections
Distancing
Viruses
Sick lungs &
Death
But
There
Is no force
On earth
That
Could
Stop
Horny boys & girls
Tasting
That crazy
Excitement and joy
Of
Eternity & Copulation

11.04.2020

Tron's Manifesto

Left, Two, Three, Art: Tron's Manifesto

Nobody has the power over the images, nobody owns the world.

The digital wave has thrown the old reactionary art into a smoking shambles.

Our flowing consciousness follows the billions of pictures. From the first blink to the last dying gaze. These are the strong, unique and beautiful as terrible images that our existence does worth living:

Mother, the first Christmas, a great love, own children, a line in the desert or the sea's horizon. The unexpected images enlighten us.

Against the reign of the banal, the stupidity and the greed. Art must return as reconnaissance invading the unknown spaces of Visibility.

Can it?

Real-time digital tsunami waves have conquered our realities. In milliseconds our weak physical focus fails to set the right attention.

Will only instincts choose the important images ? What makes their importance ? Images that provoke thoughts and images that enforce our decisions. New economies ?

Ongoing, adjusting our reflexes, we test new attention filters for stimulus amplification and noise reduction. Our consciousness is a consciousness in transition.

We urge the continued expansion of our critical sense. Give us a better awareness for all! See, reflect, evaluate, act.

Reality. Claim. Aesthetics. Action. Expectation. Ethics. Say. We have a visual right. Dancing the virtual.

We create, manipulate, govern. We shock and enchant the world with new images. Frames of individual decisions becoming waves of societal change.

We are artists without art, stumbling as aging trons through endless digital spaces. We dare for a new visual future.

Light of aesthetic information: Critical projectiles hurled by the angry fists of imagination and reason.

Hans Heiner Buhr, August 2009



You are special

A special friend

A sniper – a sniper's sniper

A superior human

Smart

Sweet

Slim

Strong

A stealth shield

Swan

Saxon

Hey! you, what are you doing?

Sugar

Sick specialist

Sell me not

So fast

Saturdays lasting

So so so so

SSS

Say, if you understand the information, you have nothing to fear

12.04.2020 Easter Sunday

Minimalist Poem 2

—

The truth control is lost.

—

14.04.2020

Minimalist Poem 3

—

Looking onto the centuries
Behind and before us

—

Paris-Berlin-New York

Paris

In the studio

Above the Champs des Elysees

The huge mirror

Of the world

Shifting continental shelves

Berliner painting

Red blue

7000\$ Bitcoin

Oil to Zero

Economic sight

Speculation about an enemy

A global people control

After the war on drugs or terror

"It" started the war on health

New York City

Mandarin duck

at China Town

Manhattan

Lovers on the World Trade Center

21 December 1998

Alone from the bar on top of the world

In the heavy wind a fast kiss

Two pigeons hiding

The sad musicians play through the evening

Looking onto the long centuries

Behind and before us

22.04.2020 Tbilisi

System Poem

—

Trump/Putin/Xi (multipolar/
decentralized/local) <— — — —>
DeepState, MSM, EU (unipolar/
centralized/global)

—

very simplified

"The brainwashed think the other people are brainwashed" (Jeff
Berwick)

24.04.2020

Tsinandali

The

chilled glass

with the delicious tones of tropical flowers, straw, honey, sun,
apple, melon, citrus and notes of quince, mint, ginger, grapefruit
and pepper

was empty.

Tsinandali, 25.04.2020

Big Mistake

Society!

Big mistake

To put

A Grande Dame

Of Fine Art

The remarkable, charming, sensational Lady

Ms Mary Boone

Into

A prison

25.04.2020

The Student

A student made of snow
A soft moon with dark shaded eyes
Lays in a cyber elastic negligee
At the Mies chaise lounge

She asks me about the champagne picnic
Near Baku
Would we meet
Or would we miss again

Or should she come to Dagestan
Or better to Derbent
Where she was chained once before
To the lion beasts at the city walls

And a loud feast began
And 1001 men screaming for life
Chanting and beating
For their dream of falling in her thighs

To taste her holy source
Of joy and wild desire
Like the city of New York
Mirrored in a gem of fire

Tbilisi, 03.05.2020

Silk Road

A fly

Below the Saksaul

A white line

A dead camel, bones

Ants, on the rotten skin

Barren horizon, a moon

Tracks into space, concrete, Industrial wasteland, very far to

Aral

Miles of freight trains to Russia go along the flat lakes with the
millions of birds

Fresh water from Pamir to Kattakurgan

I take my Cabrio ride with my maps, clock, glass

First to Sharshara Tandyr-Kebab caraway lamb and pine and then

Over the pass with the Chinese traders to Fergana
I buy a grey quail, a chukar partridge, a golden oriole, a vulture, a
warbler and an owl,

Let them go to their homes

I buy the fine painted porcelaine of Rishtan

A rusty Kalashnikov in Margilon was whispered

Eat the herbs with citrus salad in Kokand

With Uzbek cats

And Vodka and Chai

With the Georgian lady

Smoking

Under the territorial roofs of the state of the Khan

26.04.2020
Tbilisi

minimalist poem 4

Scam

Hoax

Sex

Virus

Bitcoin \$ 8894.574

Minimalist Poem 5

The Internet

is

Decentralization

of

Information

+

Bitcoin \$ 8897.288

is

Decentralization

of

Money

20.05.2020

Risks

After the reverse terror

And intelligent killings

In distant unfriendly countries

No longer frightened anyone

They brought back

Creative death strings

Direct monitoring

Unforgiven debts

Vague survival rules

To their own punks

Nobody could predict

The risks of the future

07.05.2020 Tbilisi





Photo: Lela Meparishvili

About

Hans Heiner Buhr was born in 1965 in East Berlin. He had a happy childhood in East Germany, playing football against the wall and being tough warrior Crazy Horse in countless battles in the plains and forests of Kaulsdorf Süd.

Studied Art education and Russian language in Dresden and Smolensk and after that he went to Amsterdam and studied painting.

Lived in the 1990s in Berlin as a young artist.

Moved to Rustavi and Tbilisi in Georgia in the end of the 1990s.

Lived in Samarkand, Uzbekistan teaching German language.

He founded the travel agency „Kaukasus-Reisen“.

Lives with his family in Tbilisi.

Find his art at www.heiner.world

Heiner