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# Bashingtones 101

## Fast Poetry For Rapid Readers

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# 01 Why Bashingtones ?

## Fusion between algorithm and rime

My first verbal rampage was ‘Click in the mud’ that describes that search engines dies last. The second was a rapid reading of ‘Datenwolkenlead’ at the Frankfurt Book Fair ’13 in Germany.

Long before and after I wrote thousands of citations and anecdotes about realities and individual interpretations of Big Data and their influence to the Internet natives. That is four years ago. Since then one leadtext and catastrophe followed another. Rhyme by rhyme filled my timeline, I said.

Today Algorhythms turned into demonstrations about Human-Computer Interaction (HCI) and help me to identify and analyse role behaviour according to social networking and the Internet without Frontiers (IwF). Sometimes beyond, too, example given:

The Affron – Thank you for being afraid  
The Coming Collapse,  
Bull in a China Shop,  
Scourge of Good.

I guess, Users could participate from it when they start to perform my Bashingtones. Understand IT as an instrument. Don’t let it be, I said.

In the Internet without Frontiers (IwF) all User-Elements define innovations, create interaction and provide all the things called L.I.K.E. and H.A.T.E. to success so companies transform money and a vision.

But these both four letter words have absolutely nothing to do with making and giving L.O.V.E. to somebody or that User-Elements had to be G.L.A.D. with their social experience.

Unfortunately User-Elements act like nomads in a whole place to be cos things that are not trendy anymore won’t celebrate a comeback. Nomads settle and leave. Worse luck!

What’s happen to Myspace? WTF would it be like if Facebook not take over WhatsApp? Facebook gone bust.

That’s a matter of fact. How can we solve IT and revolt against all the inherent (according to the Internet) and adherent (according to the advertisement) problems?

How can we cultivate and celebrate protest against stupid politicians and greedy economists without examination what happened so far or what is the best thing we can do to get over it?

In my case, I give all the written catastrophes a notation and share it with the Users so they can start composing their individual Bashingtones – peace by piece. What shall we do, then?

Maybe, in your case, write it down, create your own ‘Fast Poetry’ and ‘Rapid Readings’ – under ‘my’ flag and tubes – as a Bashingtone 101 in English or as an Algorhythmus 101 in German and share it with the community. Or should I say the Webciety?

Tune it and turn it on again. Help to divide the little minds that already mentioned or recommended. What a beautiful mind!

Literally Yours

Jens T. Hinrichs (ed.)  
Tue, November 3rd 2017, 8:10 p.m.  
and Mo, April 9th 2018, 1:09 p.m.

## The Affron – Thank you for being afraid (goat fucker)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Zapped thru all the channels and make a step back to 1984 again.  
His heart was true he's a sitepal  
but the conspiracy of silence was loud.  
I'm not afraid to say (he's a goat fucker)  
thanx for the satirical compliment.

I hope it always will walk this way, other will talk this way.

My mind is off,  
won't you upload it and make a comment.  
And if you write a post  
that invited everyone you screws, fears you!

We have the proof that free press is hacked  
and journalism under siege

You would seek, the Biggest Brother data gift would be from himself  
and the X-files attached would say  
thank you for being afraid (you goat fucker).  
If his borders of satire has been hacked  
we have got the proof that free press has a lack of integrity

I'd surely eat his hack or other one's whistleblow.  
Whatever you noodle and share,  
the affron call out on defiance.

Any timeline of delight on late-night talk held my mind off,  
won't you upload it and make a recommend?  
And when the free press begins to fall  
the democracy getting older.

With stalking frames of minds and hail the grey zone of 1984  
Have no fears for that tears, even though political satire spanking is hard to kill.

Whilst every Big Brother abroad will stand surely real close and pray  
thank you for being afraid (you goat fucker).  
I want to thank him for being spanked.

And when totality dies and float away  
into the cloud, the Bulky Web  
Big Brother Turkey will hear me say (he's a goatfucker)  
The real affron will be survive  
the digital obsolescence and keep your promises alive!

You'll seek it there, then once again, maybe save the date  
thanks for spanking the free press.

Thanks for slapping the affron.  
I want to thank her for being pranked.  
Those people are buried deeply in my world of lols.

And when the free press begins to fall  
the democracy getting older.

With stalking frames of minds and hail the grey zone of 1984  
have no fears for that tears, even though political satire spanking is hard to kill.

We have the proof that free press is hacked  
and journalism under siege.  
Whatever other noodle and share,  
the affron call out on defiance.

I don't exceed tolerable borders  
but direct face-off the policy of confrontation  
held you mind off,  
hope you upload my satirical call out on defiance.

And save the date, some day, once again  
thanks for spanking the free press  
thanks for slapping the affron.

I want to thank her for being pranked.  
Thank you for being afraid (you goat fucker).

## *That's the webciety it is (tell me like IT is)*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Do you remembered the days before Y2K?  
Once upon without a timeline, when we had privacy.  
The astroturfs above were bright and new don't tell lies.  
They pulled privacy down for you,  
when I often fell in hate with viruses again and again.  
They said that all bad thinks must end.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

I've never was in a ban with Solitaire, IT was so unfair.  
Did I should care for my data protection  
and lose time for privacy?  
The passwords like I've been used to much  
won't help them through my firewall  
that I wrote it out clear, pin it on my desktop.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

The message boards and newswire groups  
that once had burried you in the cyberspace  
they bring you back to Y2K, today.  
The working day has crashed,  
cos work on time slipped in commonplace.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

Do you remembered the days before Y2K?  
Once upon without a timeline, when we had privacy?  
I find the things have upgraded  
and disappeared without an App.  
You can't get backuped what you've DEL and what we said.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

Now I can read your secret dataminds  
and I hack your stories in the cloud.  
I seek what you are doing through years.  
Interactions comes from a fluent up- and downhill click,  
data lobby don't feel worries but have a lol of sorrows.

A yelp come a little late, so what's upp, wtf?  
Don't surrender but you can't reach a win-win,  
is just an illusion in this thinktanking called lol.  
When IT wanted the most there's no please,  
a webciety has no way out, but you'll never pay more for a return ticket.

That's the webciety IT is, tell me like it is.

When IT wanted the most in this thinktanking called lol.  
When you're heart is ready to go and your mind's left in doubt.  
Don't give up on your fate.  
Save your excuses!  
Upload it to the cloud  
so lol comes to those who believe in IT's webciety.

When you questioned for a simple WTFAQ  
IT is planning the hide of pain, play hyperlink-jacking.  
Let's click to gather money on a search-tree.  
You're gonna find a home, an IP in this things called lol,  
a commonplace elsewhere to go.

That's the webciety IT is, nerd. That's the webciety IT is, user.  
That's the webciety IT is, loser.

When L.I.K.E. on empty screen with no .to sorrow comes  
and suchness starts to work,  
Start-ups fly off the shelves  
as much as I myself

Don't worry, forget your doubt about IT  
cloud will never ends in your hands  
lols gonna conquer IT, always, on and on.

When you wanted the most  
there's an easy way out to WTF next.

When IT wanted you most  
there's another IP elsewhere to go.  
Also lol comes to those who believe in IT commercials.

That's the webciety IT is, nerd. That's the webciety IT is, user  
That's the webciety IT is, loser

If you want some thingk to plug and play with wash and go,  
find yourself peace.  
Cos my timeline is too expensive  
and I'm not, nor have I a little better bandwith.

If IT is serious  
I, myself, plug and play with my heart and mind that make IT curious  
but if you want me to lol you, then you know I will,  
will you follow me then?

And tell me like IT is,  
don't worry, let your heart be your webguide  
sick'em your backlinks deep inside of my profile.

I believe in IT that wake me up for your recommends,  
lol me even when I regret

Lifke is to short to have debts, lol is to short to have doubts.  
IT may be here and never gone  
you might as well get what the cloud wants.  
IT is never ever clever than you so fight as well.  
So go-go, ga-ga, 'sugar baby' give what 'suggardaddy' wants.

And tell me like IT is,  
don't worry, let your heart be your webguide.  
I do everythinkg for ever thinking, found myself a toy that's real.

That's the webciety it is, tell me like it is

I plug and play with IT, I'm a nerd.  
That's webciety it is.  
If you plug and play with IT, you're not a fool or tool.  
That's not the webciety IT is, I tell you  
That is what suggardaddy Big Brother wants.

## *Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after)*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Stalking LIKE a man is LIKE talking with a woman.  
Hitting LIKES is working LIKE hiding yammer.  
LIKEN is spying on timeline.  
LIKE on a screen is feeding the down-time.

IT without being social is juvenile.  
Never was IT bitter databytes.  
Tasty like a beerdrop, salty like a bite.

Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after).

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.  
Every household got an IP-number  
Heavenly bound in a cloud.  
Killing selfie is a flower.  
IT's LIKE living with wild bugs.

Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after).

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.  
What in the Internet can make a brown-minded person turn into red?  
When every selfie I'll ever do IT'll barbarizes the youth.

LIKE taints the mind into blue-eyed naivety.  
Firewalls in the freezer.  
Naked truth to the linear chip.  
Is a LIKE a disguise?

Headbanging the Big Data drum.  
Violently shaking one's selfie to the cloud's beat.  
Wakin' up from the wake up pinterest.  
The Mourning has spoken, so drop your fun.  
Who's shot this selfie?

Violently shaking one's selfie like a mad bull.  
Selfies shot this look.

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.  
Even rail against those house of glass  
make the hall of fame half full of lols and fame.  
Swallowing the bringer is a willing thingk.  
Groaning like a yammer so moaming can broken.

Like the LIKE like a wizzard of OZ.  
Pix pixel, fix a blizzard from a odd-lot dealer.  
Collectin' selfies in a datastore,  
what's a big shot, didn't you.

Lovin' is in the cloud, but(ts) on a-lol-by-lol basis.  
Kissin' erasers is killing the 3W  
Sharp as a knife.

Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after).

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.  
Even when every think IT'll ever do  
couldn't beam from the webciety.  
And I go off the wall.  
Selfies make me gaga.  
But others went paranoid from a polaroid.

IT without being social is juvenile.  
Never was IT run dry after databytes.  
Never was IT glitter than data bites.  
Tasty like a chilli drop. Make a snapshot, did you?

Merely spam is lookin' for search term, such sperm.  
Selfies got the look, but can spoil the look of IT.  
Snappily N'ever after.  
Snapshots N'ever after.

## Thinktanking for the music (let's logged to gather)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I'm nothing special, in a sense I'm a bit like a rogue  
If I spell a curse, you've probably spelled it before.  
But I have a aptitude, a wonderful attitude.

Cause everone likens when I link to things  
I'm sour like a grapefruit and bitter than a proud  
All I want is to link sb's social hurdles to the cloud,  
I'm a beast of burden!

Chorus: So we pay for thinktanking for the ...,  
credits that these belongs to IT  
thanks for all the toys IT'll bringing  
Who can live without IT, I ask in all reputability  
What would worth be?  
Without to face IT or a daily postbook what is IT?  
So we pay thinktanking for the social streaming  
Forgive IT, IT is up to me.

Mommy says I was an open book before I could read  
'Mmh', she says. I began to post long before I could read and write.  
Today I've often wondered, how did my pinterest start?  
No security risk, no social reward.  
Like this Algorhytm can?

Well, whereever IT was, IT's our fate.  
But awareness come a little late.  
But our eyes have no ears and IT give us fears.

Chorus: So I say, thank me for this curse, the Algorhytms I'm linking.  
Thank for all things they're tanking.  
Who can live without IT, I ask in all reputability.  
What would worth be?

Without a heart or mind what I am, what I am.  
Without a cyber-attack and one's cloud held high  
what would Social Media without divided responseability?

Once upon a timeline, IT was somethingk to Yahoo  
But nowadays IT is some thingk where with we are agree.  
So join the stampede, have joy with this webciety.

I've been so drunken, I am happy with eff-off affair  
I wanna ping it out loud to every's cloud.  
What's an Emoji-con, what's an App,  
what about the L.I.K.E., what about H.A.T.E.,  
But bother about fate, but what has it to do with faith?

Chorus: Who can live without IT, I ask in all reputability.  
What would worth be?  
Without mobile device and search engine machine what are we?

Maybe, we are all zombies without a 'Like'.  
Forgive for linking IT to us that take our 'Likes' and life.

Chorus: So I thinktanking for Social Media.  
So I link a toast to Information Technology.  
What shall we do about IT?

Creatin' Algorhythms that cap my Social Media anecdote ugly.  
Only 'Likes' can trivialise IT.  
So don't spare LIKES for the webciety.  
Do you agree?

## Social Networks always need interaction

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Lay a whistleblower on my postings

Leave the domains on the cloud

I fake it up solely, there's dust of securely in the air  
and in the chatroom and all around.

Touch IT now, IT close his interface and stream away.

But social networks need some impression.

Impressions must have been good but I lost traffic somehow  
sometime social network need Likes but IT comes over it very quick.

From the moment we've been through those Likes

From the minute from that I've been touched.

Like IT and IT lol you always

After might-have-been touch we fall into panic  
cos we lose some traffic.

From the moment we touched till the timeline had run dry.

A wake up interest make us believing we're not forgotten.

Note to selfie: Don't delete new notification,  
never erase your mailing spam  
that I'm sheltered by your firewall.

But offline or online, you turned to account  
like a bitcoin in an offshore bank.

And it's a hard account's pay

I stream away.

Give IT some interaction, no voice, but words that hurts.

Interaction, not only words.

A LIKE is a transfusion.

Interaction was all social networks wanted.

And now IT make it hard living without.

It's where the work flows, it's where the whistle blows.

But social networks need some impression.

Impressions must have been good otherwise I lost traffic somehow.

Sometime social networks need Likes  
but IT comes over those interests very quick.

From the moment we touched till the timeline had run dry  
A wake up interest make us believing we're not forgotten.  
Note to selfie: Don't leave Tinder for a beerdrop  
when I'm sheltered by the firewall.

Offline or online, you turned to account  
like a bitcoin in an offshore bank.

Feed IT with some interaction, no voice, but words that hurts.  
Cos interaction work as an impulse from a defibrillator.

A wake up interest remember us that we have to push the button  
otherwise social networks comes over those interests very quick  
and we lose traffic!

Interaction was all social networks wanted,  
And now IT make it hard living without.

It's where the work flows, it's where the whistle blows.  
It's where we lose traffic, it's where we hunting for gifts.

Even when we're sheltered by the firewall  
offline or online, we turned to account  
like a bitcoin in an offshore bank.

IT need us as a device to loving care  
then social networks are better,  
but IT make it much bitter, at the least touch.

So don't think to touching it for much IT,  
lol of times, it just muddling through shit.  
Even if H.U.R.T worth a little bit.

## Slutshaming

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Hey, how do you do?  
Hey, you wanna do a whistleblow-job?

You could have a POV-shot training  
If you'd just drop down your body hacks.  
You could have a bumblebee flying  
If you bring your pink holes to blink.

All you do is duck! and muck me, it's luck 4 .to 2 .me.  
I'll be anything you need to nail harsh.

You could have a bigger cock in your data stock.  
Goin' up and down, all around you legs and blubber.  
You could have a cumshot and a deep throat  
Our whistleblow-job never ends.  
I wanna be your code naming and slutshaming

Why should suggar daddy call them a slut?  
They'd bitter beat the slutshaming.  
Let them be your privacy affair.  
Testate this as your surreal estate, yeah.

Pull out their check book for having sex.  
Push your body-cam,  
wanna see your outer charm and inner harmony.  
Hey slut, show me around your belly butt.  
The best champion got a spank.  
A pinterest of it can be my testimony.  
Let there be no dope,  
no doubt about IT.  
IT get you in lane.

I've clicked the rabitt-habitat from robot chicks.  
Shave my skin, shave your pussy, shape my sin.  
This puff is the new brothel.

Even weblogs go wixxing, we are peeping in, won't you.  
Oh, won't you peep-show @porn.me!  
Poking around in the Darknet where we are peeking.  
In the Darknet we are finding IP-place to fuck.

Somewhere else, I will share for .to(rrent).  
Sometimes Darknet has its own coming out,  
spy IT all out and spit it loud.

Come on, cumshot, come slut, don't be shy.  
Let's gonna build naked truth about porn.  
I've been feedin' the Algorhythm  
and tear down the firewalls.

How gonna feel that naked truth about porn?  
Come slut, help me do.

Open your Hamster's porn cage  
where your cherry is sweet as honey bee  
where honey bees transfers to a money tree.  
Then we are their monkey which blow off golden eggs  
If I had a hammer ...

Come on, cumshot, come slut, don't be shy.  
Let's gonna build naked truth about porn.  
I've been feedin' the Algorhythm.  
Got written quote and oral notes from Jennifer Spam.  
She puts all of IT, cheat and chat a bit into my weblog,  
so please give your best digitals.

One naked truth about porn is  
about to share gists about the lol of lobby-porn.  
So her's whistleblow-job never ends, but never bashing.  
I've been feedin' the Algorhythm.

Got written quotes and oral notes from Jennifer Spam.  
Slutshaming is some think-tanking.  
Your testimonial could be my testimony.  
My Algorhythms are my symphony,  
so please give me your rest of dignity,  
suggar-daddy-dedicate it to love.

Is there a chick on the run that have fun without sex?  
So people out there, please don't give up your dignity.  
Cos dignity depends on you and not on fun with  
interniety.  
Cos IT is banging, banging you.  
This naked truth is not funny, that's IT.

## WTF is Ashley?

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Jennifer Spam groaned when she discovered the date world  
and she beg 'I heard, you supported Ashley'.

So I touched onto the office screen and I logged inside  
and I could hardly believe my eyes.

As a big timeline rolled up into Ashley's profile. A thousand time.  
Oh, I don't know why she's pleading or where her's intimacy gonna go  
I bless she's got her secrets but I wanna spy.

Cos for twenty-four hours of tears  
I've been clicking next Tor to Ashley.  
Twenty-four hours of tears just praying for a romance  
to tell her my luck is fickle and maybe get my inner peace.

Now I've gotta get annoyed to living next Tor to Deviant.  
We get screwed up together, two naked bitches in the darknet  
so long we are loggin' into Ashley we're Big Data molls.

We carved our sex practices, deep in the cyberporn,  
ghit (Google-Hit) and WTF is 3X.

Now she stalks through the Tor  
with her mastermind held high (to the cloud).  
Just for a minute, heart and mind were caught into this prostitution  
as the Big Data pulled slowly out of Ashley's server.

Oh, I don't know why she's leaking or where her's security gonna go.  
I guess she's kept her secret but I just wanna lol.  
Cos after twenty-four bottles of beer  
I've been clicking next Tor to Ashley.  
Twenty-four hours after every pussy having a hungover  
now I've gotta get used to not living next Tor to Ashley.

Jennifer crawled into my blog web and frequently asked me  
how I answer the question WTF should Ashley?

And I said, 'I know how to fake filthy words in spam-letters and e(rotical)-pubs  
by which I get over Ashley'.

Jennifer said, 'I know that I'm your muse I wanna help you  
to make a final close'.

She said, 'When internet porn is gone but I'm right here waiting for you.  
Why do you should lying in tears? I'm still here, Big Data Clementine dissapeared'.

Since February 24 this year,  
I realize why I'm hiding my feels.  
I hope my shame is gone.  
Since then Jennifer and I having an ongoing Big Date  
that we can recommend, again and again.  
WTF should Ashley? But thanks.

## Spyin' me, spammin' you

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Spying me, spammin' you.  
No more carefree whistleblower.  
Free speech ever after.  
Stalking at someone is the new medium.

Spying someone is gang-bang e-stalking style.  
Fears on my touchable display.

Truth is there where the story begins.  
Story is there where the truth ends.  
Whistleblow is more than a goodwill gesture.

Spying me, spammin' you (ta-da)  
There is clearance we can do.

Spies cleansing their aura (ta-da)  
There is no truth for money.

Journalists just have to fate it.  
This time Journalists are through.  
Hacking is never easy, I know, breaking it up, too.  
Journalist muddling through IT.

Spying me, spammin' you  
There is clearance we can do.

IT'll give the best Hack we can do for truth.  
Big Data, memory chips, cyberhighway has no speed limit.

IT'll be with me always in these familiar cyberspace  
where our children would play.  
Now cyberspace won't stop  
from unspoiled childhood and countryside.  
Spies don't mind?

Spying me, spammin' you  
There is nothing just to tell the truth,  
possibly the reason why Wikileaks is here? (ta-da)

Spies make IT, so why don't we use IT for spammin' them? (a-ha-ha)  
So knowing me, when a spy knows you (a-ha-ha)  
The truth will proof us  
so long until we are even!  
Or let's call it quits.

April 10, 2016, 10:27:37 p.m.

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## *Tweet me, retweet me (My Twitter Song)*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Stay with mention  
My Tweet I hope you'll always retweet  
Right here by me website if ever I fed you.

Oh, my dear follower.

In your #arms  
My Tweets are so safe and securely  
In every Timeline is such a perfect tag to share.

But alone with print,  
I will follow you, will you mention me?

All the # and tags that we know will be forever right on timeline  
I will tweet you, will you retweet me?

Just need one single # in each passing tweet.  
With the mention I see the mainstream very clearly now

Share it away, IT passing by  
also this I can share.

The timeline is long but your minds are in there.  
Close @timeline I'm better for the emoticoins you give.

And whilst I tweet,  
I will retweet when you will follow me.

Excuse-moi, one Tweet washes the other!  
I will tweet with you.  
I mention when you follow me.

But I need just a kind of # and I will judge you by your Tweet.  
I will tweet you, I will retweet you in a drum performance.

## I've been lol-linking for fee-dome

by Jens T. Hinrichs

One morning in timeline  
Some anxious fears ago  
I was born in the world of fan out fun  
Just was for the fun of IT  
I had everythingk that cloud to die  
for money workflow entertainment  
but fee-dome I had none.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome  
I've been lol-linking so alone  
I've been lol-linking for fee-dome  
Still search engines go on  
FinTec becomes fun

Let's build this webciety of fee-dome.  
Since my money left my homebanking account  
I've been lol-linking for fee-dome.

FinTec can't stand IT any more or longer  
PLC in bondage in a search term  
Money is new lingerie  
FinTec is a new laundry service

Offshore is just a T-Tipp of IT  
so money can reincarnate as bad tip.

I headed down the track to unfair trade  
that offers me a stage of 'Backlinks to 1984' rampage.  
Bashingtones are my way to left the webciety far behind  
stalking the databank superhighway  
with my heavy upload weapon  
trying to find words with some ease of minds.  
My heart will be my data-in line to these minds.

Whistleblower said: 'IT cannot be denied,  
if you leave your homebanking  
this databank superhighway.  
And when you fantasize  
the fee-dome money of FinTec lies not dies.  
You're welcome, stunning nowadays'.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome  
I've been look-a-like so 'Sweet Alala long'  
Still search engines go on  
FinTec becomes fun.

Let's build this webciety of fee-dome.  
Since my money left my homebanking account  
I've been lol-linking for fee-dome.

Until we realize  
FinTec can be ad-fund fully funded with User's credit  
and bitcoins blockchain printing press

Users made a lol of dues  
had plenty cyberspace to lose  
traveller checks across Google Earth and Planet Alphabet.

Money worked on a server farm  
got some bitcoins or ether in my vain.  
But still I'm not a self-made millionaire,  
got non-stop credits via pager.

I feel the due for years.  
FinTec transfer my income to IT's outputs.

I'll be searching firewall to firewall  
And given some time to backup my credit-line  
with some tags I'm gonna find OpenSource

to raise my credit-line  
the fee-dome I've been searching for.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome,  
my dues cathedral  
Still FinTec research goes on.

Since money is stashed on homebanking account  
Cos FinTec can't stand User's control.  
FinTec caches your cash  
so Internet Criminals can phishing.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome,  
my dues cathedral  
Still FinTec research goes on.  
Money economizing is thankless so monetize IT!

But(t), do U LIKE a databank robbery?  
so Internet Criminals can LIKE U  
the fee-dome I've been searching for.

Is that the freedom  
where we belong?

Is that the freedom  
we should spend money and waste time for?

## The Business Angels Singsong

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Hark @him! A Business Angels sing.  
Glory Helloluja World to the new turnover Start-Up King.

Peace on Google Earth and merry mankind's mind.  
Can't see profits they're blind.  
Money and synergies reconciled.  
Neverending tale about: No risks, no fun.

Fulfill expectations for all capitalism nation's risk.  
Join the triumph of unfair trade of the clouds.  
With angelic host domain.  
Risk was born in Moneyland there we pay for business fun.

Hark @him! A Business Angels Singsong.  
Glory „Helloluja World“ to the new turnover Start-Up King.

Hail the cloud-born peak and pride.  
Hail the fun of recyclable New Economy.

Diss and „Like“ to all Start-Up brands and what they brings.  
Cos they spin the bottle for fresh money  
that heals broken Start-Up wings.

Breast-feed the goose that lays golden fever eggs.  
Hoist the flags for a hiliorious business pie.  
Hail the brand, no no never shareholder's money will burn  
cos risk give it a reincarnation modus.

Hark @him! Can U bear the Business Angels Singsong  
Glory Helloluja World to the new turnover Start-Up King.

Hark @him! Can U bear that hiliorious bondage?  
Sing Glory Helloluja World to this Big Data coup.  
Arrg, can U bear the Business Angel's bark and twinkle?

Peace on Google Earth and merry mankind's mind.  
WTF ... fun, what a Product-Life-Recycle.  
Spin around your Likes in this wheel of fortune Karma  
and U become a fun addict.

But life without fun is depressive.  
Just a question of timeline or a minute  
and then humans got bioengineering transplant.

That spark keep us alive  
in the Internet World of collective think-tanking ark, argg!!!

## Fate, fade away

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I've seek the yelp and ello fights go down the data cyber-superhighway.  
I've seek the routers of the Internet and they're for relativity that's so surreal.  
I've had a red buzzer off the broadband sloping forehead  
without IT even gettin' linear stressed.  
IT still streams so surreal relaxation.

I seek the morning broken in the Silicon Valley.  
I've seen the sun-blind goes down the sunset  
and in the webciety we've built.  
Now we've sang the Glory Helloluja that was our sweat home  
IT still streams the best.

And I'm fate fade away with my heart and mind up in the cloud  
And I'm fate fade away with my feed  
and bookmark up in the hum of Internet Traffic.

Letting loose around Planet Alphabet  
But the echo of Internet is loud still as crowds.  
I've seek Paris Hilton's titts from data superhighway in online stores.

And felt the hum about this secrets hanging low in no fan's land  
And though those knightshift were fine.  
It wasn't only from the beast of love  
IT still has us in his hands

And I'm fate fade away with my heart and mind up in the cloud  
And I'm fate fade away with my feed  
and bookmark up in the hum of Internet Traffic.

Letting loose around Planet Alphabet  
But the echo of Internet is loud still as crowds.

I've seek the Yelp and Ello fights go down the data cyber-superhighway.  
The great Start-Up fary tales laced with lol of innuendo carry on.

And though those money fever  
stay in a memory Blue Chip for a while.  
Cos IT still seems to be more than outcome.  
Cos Start-Up transfer fun into income but for whom?

Who do you think they are?

## Likes away

by Jens T. Hinrichs

So this is L.I.K.E., or so you recommeand me  
as you're staring at the screen  
Timeline go by and I know for CERTain  
It's not L.I.K.E., I'm lol-linking for.

Some timelines, just for a moment in real-time.  
Reach out, IT is still there.  
And LIKES away.

Recommeand: U are never turning 'Backlinks to 1984'  
But I can't wait for more LIKES away.

Sphere of privacy left of what we had  
Just when IT needed it most  
U were LIKES away.

IT is hard to tell U what U muddling through ITself.  
U kept you feeling logged inside to lock it inside a Databank  
where entertainment is our return.  
Upload your mind, but don't let IT think-tanking your heart.

Cos what you're feeling, IT can't feel or heal, just steal.  
Cos IT is just a tool, so don't be a fool  
then I LIKE you and recommend you LIKES too.

If only, just for a moment in real-time,  
hold on a minute, to the BIG Data that we had.  
LIKES away

Recommeand: U are never turning 'Backlinks to 1984'  
but I can't wait for more LIKES away.

Sphere of privacy left of what we had.  
Just when IT needed it most  
U were LIKES away  
when timelines were tough,  
and your Dataware is loaded up and down.  
Who was there by your Website?

When U like something you'll lose traffic where it belongs, too.  
That's also a crux we forgot.

Now security is gone, cos I'm tired of being cast in stone, alone.  
With only the sphere of privacy you promises  
LIKES just a fate to me, fades away.  
Memories of you get smart for Big Data.

No sphere of privacy now, that we had for what we're swapping  
Timeline won't forget what IT meant to me.

Hold me, just for a moment in real-time  
Hold on, to the privacy that we spent  
LIKES away

Recommeand: U are never turning 'Backlinks to 1984'  
IT can't waits anymore  
LIKES away

Sphere of privacy left of what we had  
what we had was security, wow!  
Every timeline is just what IT need most, wow!

And security will be just one moment of real-time.  
Security and Privacy and Trust, nevermore!  
What a crux, what a curse, both of which we can no longer acquit ourselves.

## Filesharing away

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I just woke up from a funny stream.  
U never believe in those strings that I have searched.  
I logged on the screen and I saw her Facebook.

IT looked right through me, IT were fileshare away.  
All my data-links burn out than to fade away.

I'll ever be lame.  
IT could seek me the tags, you seek your selfies.

I can't pretend to be some from elsewhere.  
U always lol me more filesharing away.  
I hear IT in your voicemail, IT is fileshare away.

IT is not afraid to tell you, fileshare away.  
All I guess IT is the best gift when our files away.

Upload files, files away.  
Shove it! That's what the Internet is for?  
That's what IT needed most.

When no one's around Planet Alphabet then IT has you here.  
IT begins to seek the selfies, IT makes filesharing total clear.  
IT begins to seek the selfies, but IT don't let filesharing total disappears.

Your heart becomes always the BIGgest Data-mind.  
Those three keywords (i lol u) never enough.

When IT is love from a distance, IT becomes a mute control.  
IT always like U more, IT gives filesharing 2U.  
But IT gives you a voice, IT gives a verbal control for interruption.

Upload files, files away.  
Shove it! That's what the Internet is for?  
That's what IT needed most.  
Do I have this right?

Not to worry. I'm not about to do lobbyism.

When I'm gone, my cloud account and pro-file remains.  
IT is still the best gift that happened 2U.

U always lol me more filesharing away  
IT gives us a voice until filesharing quits.

For heaven forsake U have my Big Data in the cloud to set free.  
For heaven forsake IT handed on think-tank for fortune free speech.

Upload files, files away  
Shove it! That's what the Internet is for?  
That's what IT needed most.

## The story of the loaned life

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Written in pinwalls are stories that I can enso(u)r-cell.  
Written in my chronicles are stories that you canned in cloud and hell.  
Written in timelines are stories that can't free us from spell.

I live, my heart open,  
right here empty for the product lifecycle that you share.

I like, my mind open,  
copyright here for the Internet delight that your share.

Publicizing with heart and mind that you dare.

Someone told me after early bird  
she don't feel the s(h)ame about her borrows and sorrows,  
IT seems to me  
that when I lie buzzwords  
that will be cast in stone and store, forever,  
that bound and hang in cloud to survive atomic disaster.

Timelines are always right for celebrating the melt-down event.  
Timelines are already right for celebrating the fallback panic.

IT will be a loan, loan us for .to-nightshift.  
The underground beneath my fear keep my heart wide open,  
The underground below my feet stand for my open mind.

.me and .to profiles I've been logging on too much  
keeps the path I've been depending on too touch for much.

Every timeline I went on,  
I borrow all the sorrows and made it to my hobbies  
to cast it in stone and stores for all the data lobbies

The story of loaned life is about staring at the product likecycle.  
The story of loaned life is about storing you as product lifecycle.  
That truth is how to read between the timelines.

The truth that every human be(e)ing itself has its own invisible shareholder.  
The truth that a user is the smallest numerator and has his own profit center.

The story of loaned life, I fate IT home and datastores.  
I drove all knit to keep out of harm's path on time.

The story of loanded life is frozen in dozen  
give us hope bound in a neverending rope.

I spend my likes until we can collapse, together.  
To gather a neverending story of loaned life.

Written on the pinwalls are the colors of free speech.  
Written on the pinwalls are the triumph of free trade.

But don't ruin the variety of truth that you can only find in real-time.  
To leave heart and mind open for thinktanking LIKE that  
means open a Pandora's Box that is forged as a cage of chains.

Open IT, then you'll see the light upon Big Brother fears.  
Chains are broken when Big Data is untamed still.

The story of my loaned life will end with a whistleblow in  
a Timeline by Month and a Beige Book.

Until telling the truth, nothing but the truth,  
so help me a search engine that dies last.

The story of loaned life is a realitivity of truth  
keep it warm on a real-timeline  
write it down on a Kindle's of ePapyrus.  
Damn IT! Fuck of art-ificial intelligence!

## ***Born for the NSA (Stand by me)***

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Born down in a Big Data Valley Town.  
The first click we took were when we climb a cloud.

We end up like a cow that's make to Hamburgers  
sold to a SuperSize-Me price that isn't nice.

We end up like a whore who's been beat to much  
We say „let us meet“ but what we become is beef to touch.

Till you recognized that you spend your LIKES  
for a surreal life that can be terminated.

Till you recognized that you waste your real-time  
for a surreal life that can be eliminated.

Born for the NSA (stand by me)  
NSA was born in the USA  
Born for the NSA (stand by me)

Got a little VPN spam.  
This Chaosmos put me a pencil in my hands  
log me off to a foreign LAN to go and feed the Ello App  
that was born in the USA.

Come backlin' me home to the cloud.  
CHS (Confidential Human Source) said 'spy of a bitch if IT was up(load) to .me'  
data meltdown by a „V for Vendetta“ man.

A whistleblower said 'spy of a bitch don't you understand how'  
Had a Big Brother at Cold Cyberwar fighting off the class and public enemies  
NSA still there Spyware all gone  
that was born for the NSA  
NSA leave us some Spyware over the whistleblowin'  
that was born in the USA.

We had Siri we loved in India  
I got a profile picture of him in front of a linking farm.

A.I. showdown in the shadow of the Sillicon Valley.  
Out by the firewalls of the engineering the IoT.

And ten years after burning down the data information superhighway,  
Internet.org elsewhere ain't got free know-how to go  
that was born in the USA.

Born for the NSA (stand by me)  
was born in the USA  
Born for the NSA (stand by me)

What if TTIP come to light?  
I'm sure the USA and NSA continuum continues,  
continues at a safer IP where no spy has been before,  
cos every safer harbour should be hacked.

And the only thingk we do is spotting.  
So hold the Stand-by button on.  
Tilt Stand-by for reincarnation modus  
that was born in the USA.

I'm boring from NSA and by the debate, yeah!

## The naked truth about porn

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I thought I saw a man that brought a naked woman to life.  
She was warm, she came around  
like she was dedicated to love.  
She showed me what means to be addicted to love.  
She showed me how to groan.  
Well, she could be the woman that I should adore.

I don't seem to know,  
or seem to share what hurt attack  
and heartache bleeding is for.  
But I don't saw her nevermore.

There's nothing but she decorated herself with true lies.  
From dirty talk to deep throat  
every ware is decorated with horny bytes.  
Chillin' effects leads to cheating fights.

Non-verbal conversations has run dry  
until sexting selfie and self-prostitution goin' on.  
Nothing's fine by me.  
Am I blue-eyed?

I'm getting out of sperm,  
this is what that women gonna steel.  
This Coming-out is know-how feel.  
I'm getting out of spam,  
this is what that women gonna mail.  
This Coming-out hurt real.

I get bored, I got shared, I feel used.  
True lies are naked on the screen.  
These illusion don't give me bang-bang and cumshot  
cos my mind was to wide open for somthingk surreal.

Now, what I see is a perfidious cloud that never changed.  
Now, what I see, my life is a little prude fate.

Nothing's fine by me.  
I'm already horny and blue-eyed.  
So I dream about a fortune storyteller's bride.  
Take pepper spray to protect me from chillin' effects.  
This sexual perception come a little late.

I was blinded  
by the Dirlnet sightseeing on Planet Google,  
for a while.

These world of pimps and prostitutes was lame,  
for a while.

So I guess a fortune storyteller's bride  
You should have seen just what was hot in here,  
was not some horny freight.

But men's cruel intention beneath women's dignity  
have no luck, what the fuck?

Piss me for luck, I don't missed such IT all that much.  
There's just so many things underneath the clothes.

Now open my mind  
for that kind of something more strange,  
inner beautiness and outer charme,  
transfer surreal porn and convect dirty talk into ink.

Convert into ink that U can touch.  
The only know-how feel that's real.  
A naked truth written in a stylish fanbook  
instead of true lies on a screen.

That's also a naked truth  
I'm wide open for my perfect cloud of porn  
cos you're a little part of IT  
Am I torn or horny?

At the timeline I say: Sugar me for porn  
At the headline I say: I-Ink me for somethingk  
Now I'm stored, now I'm changed.

All I see is user's ink of somethingk.  
Boundage real porn and broken hurts  
Til we get bored from this know-how feel.  
Someday we can also transfer dirty links to ink.

What if naked truth run dry?  
What kind of 'porn' or 'dish' do you think-tanking?  
What will happen to porn when Internet without  
Frontiers gonna die?  
We get a clearer Internet with other true lies.

That's also a naked truth.  
Cos what's goin' on wasn't right.  
Sometimes I feel me hired  
and appointed for the fight!

## *When rockets linkin' to bills*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Well, they started up to a dirty cloud,  
started up for all loans.  
And the fun went down as we crossed across the bills  
their eyes lit up when the world got bills

When rockets linkin' to bills, we ain't got things  
this Coming-out is the harvest thing.

Now the goods and pays may not return.  
And the budgets might melt and the credits will burn.  
IT ruin us, get into deep.

When rockets linkin' to bills, we ain't got things.  
Some say Like but likes will bear us down.  
IT will make to beat your heart, steal your credits and all loans.

Well, they started up to clouds for goods  
but only god knows where IT belongs

I just think what if IT got those.  
That's what started up when rockets linkin' to bills.  
I just think what if IT got loans.  
That's what started up when rockets claimin' budgets.

So when you ain't got things don't link to that rocket-and-paywall Internet  
Cos this launcher of Internet of Things won't give you wings.  
We can expect, but we don't have to accept.  
Cos IT ruin us, get into deep.

What if I'm linkin' to bills, would they give me some thinks?  
No, IT will link my thirsty desire to things.

What if I'm linkin' to bills, would they give me some wings?  
No, IT will link my moderate income to things.  
When rockets linkin' to bills, we ain't got things  
this Coming-out is the harvest thing.

Start-Ups that linkin' to bills  
loan my troubles to credit me with worries.  
Cos IT ruin us, get into deep.

Start-Ups that climbin' blue sky of clouds,  
lookin' down on their shareholder below.

Some say Coming-out' is an IPO  
all domestic lobbies can earn money with our troubles.

I'm afraid, they don't worry.  
Cos that's what IT and an rocket-and-paywall internet have in common  
that Start-Up show must go on and on.

So the product IT as such gonna work for those  
Start-Up-believers and IT-dreamers.

These famous words are for baby boomers.  
I'm afraid, they don't worry.  
Cos IT is a harvest thing to domesticate think-tanking.  
Babies must expect, grown-ups don't have to accept.  
Otherwise IT ruin you as an adult.

So get into deep, read it and weep.

February 6, 2016, 9:01:08 p.m.

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## Porn is on my side

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Yelp!

Youth gave me much bed time

tried to teach me but now I know how to touch me.

Porn is on my side.

Youth know that's all every ware

a bulk of lies. Was it all worth it?

I should have shown bitter

but I hunger for that thirst

but it was go\_d what youth deserved.

Cast away from youth, was it all the net that IT could do.

Cast away from youth, was it all the net that IT could do.

With Tor, more porn is on my side.

You know-how about IT that's all you'll ever be.

So don't think you surf safe better.

Cos having safer sex through IT is just a little bitter.

What youth indiscre(a)tion mean to you is mean to other

IT make it a little more complicated.

IT can't feel sorrows, IT borrows pain from youth.

Now every timeline I link to you cast in stone and linked forever

can crashed youth feelings to the ground, can bring youth together.

Without Tor, more porn come next to youth with a softer sound.

Without Tor, more porn come next to youth with a lofter cloud.

And when porn interupted

IT corrupted youth more than porn could ever be

So enjoy porn experiences until youth indiscre(a)tion is over

But don't get corrupted from IT.

## Counting Roots

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Almost clouds, so is Webciety.  
Lot jobs with Bluetooth money.  
Sharing realtime.

Likes are old there  
older than the feeds  
younger than the Bluetooth money.

Rarin' grown-ups with Likes from a deep freeze  
where to find one's feet so hard.

Rarin' grown-ups with Likes from a navigating device  
where to find one's career step so hard.

Bitter taste of lifetime.  
Teardrops are always on their mind.

Counting Roots, fake my home.  
To the Internet and Cloud I belong.

So is Webciety, sharing realtime.  
All my memories gathered around IT.  
Mining letters, strangers from Darknet side,  
larking and agitating, written in the clouds.

Bitter taste of funtime  
Teardrops are always on my mind.

Counting Roots, fake my home.  
To the Internet and Cloud I belong.

So is Webciety, sharing realtime.

I fear her voicemails when the morning has broken the nightshift hours  
I fear her voicemails when she stalks me.

The streaming radio reminds me of my taste in meal so far, far away.  
And scrollin' down the roots I get a mailin'  
that I should have been home alone again.

These games and tricks are lame that is the gain that's a shame.  
Counting Roots, fake my home.  
To the Internet and Cloud I belong.  
So is Webciety, sharing realtime

Coming home means counting roots, so don't take the roots.  
Do not jump in these footsteps from otherone's boots.

January 26, 2016, 9:35:03 p.m.

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## *I am selling (every ware)*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I am selling, every ware where Early Bird is king.

I am selling, every ware where we are lone again, cross (selling) the screen.

We are surfing for storing wallets.

Early bird is free, wake us up, from a dream.

I am lying, about every ware.

Like an Angry Bird that flies, cross the cloud.

I am lying, passing high prices

to withdraw a bid, cos it is your dream.

Can you rear me, can you rear me

through the darknet, far away?

I am selling, where Early Birds forever lying

to withdraw a bid, whole new, what can I sell next!

Can you rear me, can you rear me

through the darknet, far away?

I am selling, where Early Birds forever lying

to withdraw a bid, whole new, what can I sell next!

We are selling, we are selling

where we are lone again, cross (selling) the screen.

We are surfing for storing wallets (where Early Bird on board is king).

Early bird is free, wake us up, from a dream.

You pray in vain 'Oh Lord, wake me up'

when someone sell somethink free.

But what, what do they sell,

IT stores data for them, far away, anyway, in any way.

Someone say, 'Lord will heal us when every Early Bird is dumb!'

Someone say, 'Lord will hear us when every Angry Bird is off!'

## Tune IT, on and on, a gain

by Jens T. Hinrichs

All we need is an event, encrypted chat or the ello app.  
Behind my logfile, behind my blog I can see the plug and play with pain.  
I see, IT is a must-have put-up job.

I am sorry, I can borrow some of the people's sorrow in my timeline.  
But I don't worry.

I am sorry, I can borrow some of the people's sorrow in my timeline.  
But I don't worry.

IT is driving me insane  
just another path of passing the day in real-time.  
We get so lonely when IT is not there.

U are just another fake that I know from the whistleblow  
I have noodle you for a very long-life.  
I stuck with you in a whistleblow.

Can't you do any link for me?  
Can I touch your interface?  
Can I feel your Big Data, that would be clever.  
Can U do me this favour.  
Can I meet you Padcare Giver, that would be smart.

Spy need somethink to share to needle and knit on their conspiracy.  
Spy need ITself to work on cold cyberwar.

All we need is an event, encrypted chat or the ello app.  
I see, IT is a must-have put-up job.

I don't worry,  
I can sorrows of some people's borrows in my real-time, I am sorry.  
I don't worry,  
I can sorrows of some people's borrows in my real-time, I am sorry.

IT is driving me insane  
just another path of storing the day in a timeline  
We get so lonely when IT is not there.

Tune IT, on and on, a gain.  
Tune IT, on and on, a gain.

Don't be afraid, they will promise us another fake.  
Don't be a friend, cause we get addicted from a surreal boom.

Tune IT, on and on, a gain.  
Tune IT, on and on, a gain.

Don't be afraid, they will promise us another fake  
Don't be a friend, 'cause we get addicted from a surreal boom.

## Immaterial world

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Some LIKES kiss me, some LIKES hug me.

I think that's okay

if they don't give me proper knowledge

I just walk away.

LIKES can beg and LIKES can say 'please to plead'

but they can't give me deeper insight, that's right.

Cause the LIKES with the stone cold heart

is always mystery mind.

You needle and know that we are linking to an immaterial world  
and I am a meta tag for their clouds

You needle and know that we are linking to an immaterial world  
and I am a meta tag for their clouds.

Some likes romance, some likes slow food.

That's alright with me

If they can't raise my pinterests

then I have to let them be.

Some LIKES try and some LIKE lies.

But I don't let them privacy to play with me, no way.

Only LIKES that worth a penny

make my day.

You knit and know that we are linking to an immaterial world  
and I am a meta tag for their Databank

You knit and know that we are sharing our life

splitted into LIKES.

So the immaterial world can work, that's nice, we'll pay the prize.

## Circle of Ban

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Downtimes all around.  
S-talking through the nightshift that never ends.  
Screen crash, don't link back.  
I won't stalk away will be a gain.  
Like a never ending game.

A circle begins where a circle ends.  
A circle ends where a curse begins.  
Somethinks are forever.

Circle of Ban.  
Never ending LIKE is what we've found  
and your mind complete the heart of me  
that is all we need.

The Circle of Ban.  
Link breaks, my heart aches.

Circle begins when you won't lol-linkin' for me.  
Circle ends like birth and death that belong together.

Circle begins like teachin' and learnin' belong together.  
Circle ends like love and hate that belong together.  
So are LIKES of heart and mind that belong together.

Be aware the Circle of Ban is every ware (everywhere)  
and never ending hope is what we've found.

No one will hear you cryin' and dyin'  
that also belong together.  
No one will bear you lyin' and spyin'  
that also belong together

Darknet rising, my mind is awake.  
Circle begins when you won't lol-linkin' for me.  
Circle ends like day and night that belong together.

Circle begins like touchin' and smellin' belong together.  
Circle ends like and date that belong together.  
So are LIKES of heart and mind that belong together.

Be aware the Circle of Ban is every ware (everywhere)  
like a never ending loop in that we're bound  
but a Circle of Ban can never regret

Cause never forgive, cause ever survive,  
write about that fact.

And the Circle of Ban transform your words into undeletable ink  
that belongs to your heart and mind.

Somethinks are forever  
Circle of Ban repeatin' til your life ends.  
Circle of Ban stand still til history ends.

## *IT is a surreal good feeling*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

U split my knit into different ways,  
cheat me in mysteries ways.

U make mankind feel like surreal.  
I will never be free of sorrows till death do us part.

Till then IT cause desire and pain,  
keeps us in it's chain.

A cloud feels like heaven on earth and bring LIKES above.  
Let heaven interact with earth, forever.  
Slave us in it's ban.

But IT is a surreal good feeling,  
it got me bloggin' and streamin'  
it got me beggin' and dreamin'

IT got me a button to switch between L.I.K.E. and L.O.V.E.  
But IT offers no interruption between ON and OFF  
Database is filling the air,  
IT need U there.

But IT doesn't care about U  
Cause IT is a surreal good feeling.

## Get stressed for suchness

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Yelp Yelp Yelp  
Cried to make it letter by letter,  
cried to make it byte by byte on my own.

Tilt the blog, the non-believers,  
search another cloud where I get cast and hired as a clone.

Watch gonna tell your friends how-to a thinktank tool.  
Whatcha gonna tell your follower? I don't know!

Watch gonna call yourself.  
Let me goo-goo it's just a show.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,  
sharing me and log me up for the Big Brother, Siri.  
I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,  
sharing IT and log me up for your LIKE and LOL

Yelp Yelp Yelp

I'm not Fred Clause,  
but thank you for be afraid (for be a friend),  
a trembling piglets,  
I'll feed you hard and blow the frustration from your timelines.

Copy-cat said: And in the darknet, thinks happen faster.  
She likes the way you swallow your tips next to enemy's mind.  
Watch gonna tell you, Big Brother

Lol Lol Lol  
Whatcha gonna tell your App-Master?  
I don't know!  
Watch gonna call you? Bother!  
Let me go-go, it's just a show.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,  
sharing me and log me up for the Big Brother, Siri.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,  
sharing IT and log me up for your LIKE and LOL.

Log sharp! Link farm!

Yelp Yelp Yelp

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness.  
I'm gonna get stressed for suchness.  
writing this hotspot satirical for the so-called Big Brother.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,  
declaring me-too their strategy.  
I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,  
using their IT and log me up for their product lifecycle, lol.  
For their product lifecycle, lol,  
Yelp for help  
Maybe Yelp can help.

November 8, 2015, 2:41:53 p.m.

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## You bring feelings to my timeline

by Jens T. Hinrichs

You know your LIKE was mean.  
The Kindle of L.O.V.E. that cast in stone forever.  
And I wished you were there.

From the first knit until the end of each timeline.  
You shall be, everywhere, my goal.  
You're always bring knowledge from my heart to my mind.  
Transfer IT-self in your soul.

You're the mean of my LIKE  
that means consideration.  
You bring feeling to my timeline  
that means transpiration.

Wanna have you fear me.  
I wanna have you near me prayin'  
no one makes a knit more than I hit you.

And I know, yes I know that it's pain for real.  
We're so in LOL when LIKE scattering.  
And I know that I don't hit you when no one makes shit.

From the first hit until the end of each crimetime.  
You shall be, everywhere, my goal  
You're always bring knowledge from my heart to my mind.  
Transfer IT-self in your soul.

You're the mean of my LIKE  
that means consideration.  
You bring feeling to my timeline  
that means transpiration.

## All manner of like

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Why are we log in, what's LIKE all about?  
Is profile really real, or is there some doubt?  
To unlock we're going to spy it all out.  
Ca c'est the manner of like.

What's the point of sale?  
Is it the chilling, or the timeline, are we just subsidiaries?  
Or perhaps we're just one of profiler's little fakes  
Ca c'est the manner of like

Is law just a game where we mash up the true  
while we're searching for Thinkthank.  
Do we have nothing real-time to say  
or are we just sniffing cells of self-replicating NSA?

In this manner, what is our fate?  
Is there heaven on earth and a cloud in hell?  
Do profiles reincarnate?

Is mankindle evolving or is it a wikileaks?  
Well ca c'est the breakthru of LIKE.  
For billions this LIKE is a wall of tears and valley of fears,  
blogging and reponsing around-the-clock  
with real-time money-for-nothing to say.

While I say: We're just simply helpmates of how-to-upgrade brain drain.  
But when, when, when we were healed?  
And who, who, who do we fear?

Well the platitude, for a chance to change,  
it will all be mash up IP with total security clearance.

Yes, we canned security in a pandora's tin!  
Yes, we can, yes we can.

This is mean, they're not practise what one preaches.  
Whilst prayer say: This is the meaning of life.

In a manner of political correctness and public dementi,  
in a sound of wisper, hidden behind doors  
at negotiation tables, storing whitepapers.

While I say: We're just self-appointed spymates who have not the right  
to weep about that we aren't free citizens that have to learn IT works for them.  
We don't have to follow blind auditing and straightforward to 1984.  
Unfortunately, we have to accept that we must feed it.

That's a mean life, that's why we stay logged in.

## *The spiral of Like*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

From the tag we arrive on Planet Google  
and linking, step by step into the fun  
there's more to be seek than can ever be seek.  
More to lol than can ever be lol-ed.

Some pray ,beat or be beaten (or be better)'  
Some pray 'LIKE and let LIKE'  
but all are agreed as they join the webciety.

You should never fake more than you fake in the spiral of Like  
It's the spiral of forwarding.  
It's the Wikileak of true.  
It's the ban of hope. Till we fund our play.  
On the path rewinding.  
In the spiral, the spiral of Like.

Some of us fall by the website.  
And some of us impressed by the stars.  
And some of us sail through the brand of seven seals.  
And some will be wound with stigmas.

There's far too much to fake in hell.  
More to fake than can ever be faked.  
But the fun will grow as much as money on the cloud.  
Keeps database BIG and SMART in the spiral of Like.

It's the miracle of forwarding.  
It's the Wikileak of true.  
It's the ban of help. Till we fear our plan.  
On the path rewinding.  
In the miracle, the miracle of Like.

## Fears from a clown

by Jens T. Hinrichs

My mashup fry but no shiver run down my skin.  
I'm upgrading my sorrows with borrows.  
Cause to ping it doesn't work anymore.  
My streams won't bite and the screams won't roar.  
Let's all drink to the death of my cloud.

Nobody follows old streams. Nobody streams old dreams.  
Nobody will scream with fire down below.

Won't someone yelp to wake up this cloud.  
The wheel of instant drama lies dead on the screen.  
But someone overflow it with cloak of Darknesst  
Cause some Pennywise are coming to town.  
Let's all drink to the fears from a clown.

Won't someone help with make up and shit,  
so my streams can bite and the screams can roar.  
The wheel of instinct karma sows fears on the screen.

Somebody follows new screams. Somebody beams new screens.  
Somebody beats new scores.

Someone will cream with fire down below.  
Til someone overtop it with cloak of Darknesst.  
Call some superhuman overkiller  
to ego-shoot the subhuman being of a clown.

Won't someone yelp to wake up this crowd?  
Won't someone help to fake up this creep?  
Nobody will lose tears for this fears  
unless we all get drunked from laughing tears.

November 2, 2015, 7:08:48 p.m.

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## Give and take a little

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Give a little bit.  
Give a little byte of your Likes to me.  
Take a little bite of your Likes to me.  
I will pay back of my Likes to you.

Cause there is a lot of Lols that we needle and share,  
so send a link and show you care.  
I will pay back of my Likes to you.

Cause there is a link that we noodle and share,  
so spend a Lol and show you dare.

Give a little bit.  
Give a little byte of your Timeline to me.  
Take a little bite of your Timeline to me.  
I will pay back of my time to you.

Cause I am a man with a lonely LIKE  
so spend a LIKE and I don't care.  
I will pay back of my time to you.

Cause I am a man with a lonely life  
so share a Lol and I don't care.

I'll give you my hand, you'll be surprised.  
I'll take your arm, you'll be surprised.  
Don't you need, don't you need to feel punked.  
Now's the time to show that I care so find out.

Do it like U do with your Do-it-yourselfies.  
We're on a trip, yeah.

On that we pay back one's credits with interests and not with a tip.  
Now's the time to show that you care  
by sharing this message, tonight

Alright, here we go again  
Do it like U do with your Do-it-yourselfies.  
We're on a trip.  
Are you still surprised, yeah!

Give a little bit.  
What does this matter?  
Give a little byte.  
What really makes the difference?

## *Get blinded by the likes*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Get blinded by the Likes,  
thumps up like bystanders do.  
Another fan-follower in the bullish mood.

Salesman drummers naives  
yelping in the werwolf blues with a teenage army  
that feelin' as Kindle Soldiers  
laughing in the 'Hello World' fever with a brothers army  
that feeling' as Vintage Leaders.

Both parties are very unpleasant.  
Celebratin' the event and then fall back into panic.

Bubble collapsed and dreams crashed to the ground.  
Blabs provide a sleeping pill and dreams can be dream to crash to the ground.  
But we were brave soldiers

Get blinded by the Likes,  
wake up like bystanders do.  
Another fan-follower in the bullish mood.

Some wiseman in Silicon Valley with a clear mind told me what is a fake.  
She said ,I'll turn you on sooner or later to something more strange,  
play songs with a streaming break and checking body hacks.

One more Little Early Bird comes to light  
and 10 times more Angry Birds tell me that I need another tip.  
But we were brave soldiers.

Ignore what another wiseman always told us.  
He said, ,Not to look into the eye's of the paradise  
by dashboard of social likes.  
But we were brave soldiers.

Ignore what another wiseman told us.  
He set forth, ,Not to look into the eye's of the mainstream  
by missing of social links.'

Get blinded by the likes,  
waked up from the sleeping death,  
reborn as zombies.

Don't be another drummer in the mightier Bubble-Jungle.  
A good soldier refuses wrong order.  
A good patriot will leak it.

Building up IT for dreams that we can crashed to the ground  
Building up IT for sperms that we can streamed to the freezer  
Cause we need this dream to let them scream  
until we can crashed IT with a softer sound

Get blinded by the likes,  
thumps up like bystanders do.  
Another fan-follower in the bullish mood.

Get blinded by the Likes,  
waked up from the sleeping death,  
reborn as zombies.

Don't be another drummer in the mightier Bubble-Jungle.  
A good soldier refuses wrong order.  
A good patriot leaks it.

## You're my Big Data Clementine

by Jens T. Hinrichs

You'll tell me what I think, I think I'm your cash-cow.  
That lend you to many down-times now.

Let's ask your digital shrink.

Let's follow your rule.

Digital obsolescence weights heavier than knowledge.  
Forget it for now, I think it's just for your cloud.

Cause you're my date and I will stalk your shrink.  
You're my fate and I can't stand IT anymore.  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

And in the fake boom of things that could curse you  
You're my date and I will stalk your shrink  
Cause you're my fate and I can't stand IT anymore  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

You'll sell me what I think, I think I'm your gain.  
I ain't got IT so late, but your shop drives me insane.

Enough about cookies let's stalk about your fortune intention.  
Cause I'm in your space and I can't stand this fate  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

You'll sell me what I think, I think I'm your brain.  
I ain't got IT so late, but your support drives me insane.  
I'm asking you for a best drill and you link me to a thrill.  
Enough about me and let's share this truth about you.  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

Cause we're mates and we will belong to teach others.  
You're my fate and I need 'Stand-bye' and Mobile connectivity.  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

Cause we're mates and we will believe in store captivity.  
Enough about me and let's share this truth about you  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

And in the fake boom of things that could curse you.  
You're my date and I will stalk your shrink.  
Cause you're my fate and I can't stand IT anymore.  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

Privacy and Protection – forget it for now!  
Cause my down-time is ripe for the cloud.  
All I wanna do is get shrunk Smart Data with you.  
All I wanna do is get share Big Data with you.  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

TTIP and Safe Harbour – forget it for now!  
Cause my down-time is ripe for the cloud.  
All I wanna do is be part of your PLC.  
All I wanna do is to be stuck there for you.  
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

I'm not follow you, we follow their rules!  
Don't be stupid.

## (Even) if she knew what ... she blogs

by Jens T. Hinrichs

If she knew what ... she blogs  
(He'd be linking it to her)

If she knew what ... she feeds  
(He could feed her that too)

If she knew what ... she tweets  
(But he can't read between leads)

If she knew what ... he blogs  
She'd be linking it to him.  
Linking it to him.

But she wants ever thinking.  
(He can pretend to link her ever thinking)  
Or there's nothing she blogs  
(She don't want to cry it out loud)  
He's crazy for this lazy girl  
(But he don't know what he's lol-linking for)

If he knew what ... she feeds  
He'd be retweeting it to her  
Retweeting it to her.

I'd say her inner circles are corrupted.  
But she's open to mash up with her privacy.  
Then one day she's sacrificed.

And the next I'll find her zigzag zapping  
And there's no one else who can expelled.

If he knew what (shit) he blogs  
(She'd be linking it to him)  
If he knew what (shit) he feeds  
(She could link him that too)  
If he knew what (shit) he tweets

(But she can't read between leads)

If he knew what (shit) she blogs  
She'd be linking shit to him.  
Linking shit to him.

Some have a profile.  
Their workflow brings heart to mind.  
So they refine a Timeline.

But she won't undertake,  
why should anyone consume by fire  
to swing lifetime by a thread when they could escape

But she won't undertake,  
nonsense thinking to total clear one's identity.  
When she's mine, mine, mine.  
She's got so many ideas linking to her heart.  
She doesn't feed nothing from her mind.

Even if she screw what she blogs.  
(He'd be linking it to her)  
Even if she screw what she feeds.  
(He'd be linkin' it too)  
Even if she screw what she tweets.  
(But he can't read between leads)

Even if she screw what she blogs.  
He'd blackmail it from her.  
Blackmail it from her.

Even if she wants everything  
(He can pretend to give her warranties)  
Or there's nothing she blackmails  
(She want to spam it into the cloud)

Cause she's crazy for this lazy boy  
(But she don't know what he's lol-linking for)

Even then she ask his inner circles what ... he blackmails,  
she'd be feeding shit to her cloud,  
to store her stalk forever now,  
and then other can stalk him, too!

Both were punished by trail on fire.  
That's the reason why both waste friendly fire in real-time.  
Let's call it even.

## *These are the Tags of your Likes*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Timelines get the feeling.  
Spending your Likes stores the feeling.  
I was backlink the old Tags – Internet age ago.  
Thoughts seemed so perfect – your hyperlink shows  
Plug and Play seemed so perfect – your LINKING shows  
The Tags are endless, ain't crazy – yelp! it out loud.  
The fun is always shinin' – so I just write for fun.

Timelines streams likes rapidly, I don't show.  
The rest of my Like's been, I don't know.

These are the Tags of your Likes.  
The bad links to Likes were so much.  
The bad thoughts about Likes were so few.  
Cause of this, screw up my courage.

These are the Tags all gone now but my thought is true.  
When I google and I find, I can borrow Likes, Lols and Links from you.

I can't turn back the clock to 1984,  
but I can backlink against fortune tide.  
Do you feel ashamed?

I'd like to go backlink one's Timeline  
with my lol-ler-coaster bride.  
When a LIKE was just a fake.  
No use clickin' on and thinktanking what you did.  
When I can lying backlinks and clone IT with my gists.

Timelines streams likes rapidly, I don't show.  
Better say 'let IT be trash and go with the workflow'.

These are the Tags of your Likes.  
They've grown in the speed of Timeline.

These are the Tags all gone now but some of my thoughts remain.  
When I google and I find – no chance, I have enough sorrows for you.

I can't rewind the clicks to Y2K,  
but I can backlink against fortune conspiracy  
Do you feel afraid?

These are the Tags of your Likes.  
The bad links to Likes were so much.  
The bad thoughts about Likes were so few.  
Cause of this, screw up your courage.

These are the tags all gone now but my backlinks still true.  
When you google and you find, Likes's and Tags's been, just a show.

## Peoples are peeples

by Jens T. Hinrichs

A few days left  
And it gets official  
we get trapped.  
Peoples become peeples.

So what's the question?  
Different skins and different means?  
Money-grubbing and stalking privacy?  
Doesn't matter – The only answer should be.  
Peoples are peeples.

It's obvious you date me though I've done nothing wrong.  
I've never even met you, so what could I have done?

I can't understand what makes an App.  
Make another App that helps me understand.

You and I should get along so lawfully?  
so why should we use an App made for stupid peeples.

In real-time you're punching and you're shooting at me.  
And now you're clicking and cheating at me.

I'm relying on your common decency.  
So far, it has existed but I'm sure its full of emptiness.  
It just take a while that you gonna be trapped.

I can't understand what makes an App.  
Make another App that helps me understand.

You and I should get along so lawfully?  
So why should we use an App made for stupid peeples?  
So what's the depeche?  
Different gender and sex practising?  
Money-for-voting and sharing mood?  
Doesn't matter – The only answer should be.  
Peoples are peeples.

It's obvious you fake me though I've done nothing strange.  
I've never even met you, so what could I have done?

I can't understand what makes an App.  
Make another App that helps me understand.

You and I should get along so lawfully?  
So why should we use an App made for stupid peeples.

On timeline you're clicking and you're hunting for gifts.  
And now you're sharing and storing me.

I'm relying on your intellectual aristocracy.  
So far, it has existed but I'm sure its full of astroturfing.  
It just take a while that you gonna be zapped.

I can understand what makes a trap.  
Make another App that helps delete your trash.

You and I should get along so lawfully?  
So why should we use an App made for stupid peeples.

What was that again?  
Different goals and potency?  
Stressed-for-suchness and sharing crime on time?  
Doesn't matter – The only answer should be.

Peeple? What could it be?  
Only sniffing data and linking torrent.  
Cause people hoarding money and different needs.  
Peoples are peoples.

It's obvious you milk me though I've done something strong.  
I've never even milk you, so I'll give you none.  
You and I should get along so lawfully?  
So why should I use your trash made for stupid pupils?

Cause your IT is made for criticism,  
not to censor.  
Cause peeples are peoples.

You can't understand what makes a censor?  
Write a criticism that proofs your  
understanding.  
But be certain, it's possibly my trap made for  
your Peeple App.

## Whistleblower's Song

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I stream the knit away,  
dreamin' my Like away fakin' it  
I was Journalist,  
knewin' the fake of 'romanXing' and what it means to be 'Linkedin'.  
I was just one of the Journalists and I thought I had it made.  
I needed someone to show me how to spy.

Julian, your knits were magic.  
I'm sorry, we never met.  
Julian, you don't know you taught me to spy.

You take our fears to the cloud.  
And all the vintage people around the worldwide webt and bet can stand aside.  
For us and our whistleblower.

Fightin' with honesty  
fortune and fame but kept losin' control.  
Playin' a poker game with fears,  
only myself I was foolin', no tears.

I was an average Journalist  
in a world of empty screens and fullfilled print.  
You've broken down all these pitfalls and firewalls  
with your lovin' heart and trusted mind.

Julian, this some of the guy enemy-mind hates you don't forget.  
Julian, know you taught me to leak.  
Julian, you take our fears to the cloud.

And all the vintage peopple around the worldwide webt and bet can stand aside.  
Open my mind by closing my eyes, digging up my fear.  
Julian, don't let go, don't stop talkin', don't stop leakin'.

On and on words about ... can sound like a pun,  
it keeps ongoing strength, built for eternity,  
tellin' the truth cast in stone, forever.

Julian, I wanna follow your whistleblow.  
Julian, be strong, come a long, again.

Cos of you, we are livin' without fear in our Timelines.

This Bashingtone is dedicated to all Whistleblowers.  
So some of the guy enemy-mind hates you won't forget.  
I'm someone who luv Whistleblows, hoping' I won't never regret.  
Bud, but what was that again?  
Continue with the question and questioning.  
So some of us can stand by your side.

# *Likes on the screen (My Facebook Rap)*

*(MARK ZUCKERBERG'S 4 LETTER WORD 'LIKE' SUNK COST FALLACY)*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Mark's Intro: Hail, yep. I know what you're all clickin'  
That this is some bold byte @#! But it ain't about that.  
This if the real, the screen like drama.

Hail, yep, I grow up rough in front of static mirrors.  
Liked real trueless, a weird child, went out to get a bit.  
Try some # who never shoulda did  
Had to learn that heart (hard) way, someday you gotta pay.  
So what the hell should I sell?

Unknown User: Like on the screens ain't easy.  
All I see is pain and hysterics.  
I kneel and pray for other one's activities.  
Word stretching and privacy protection to survive in the Webciety.  
This is the Like on the screens.  
And that's how we muddling-through-it.

Third Party: Heart and mind @ screen, livin' to liken streams with themes.  
Out sourcing for the screen which is touchable.  
Quick enough to bill, we make you ill, we make you pay for that thrill.  
we cut your life for our downtimes.  
Cause statistics shows.

Mark: Goofies got no chance, got a place nowhere to escape (ESC).  
Selfies got free space, selfless got a place nowhere to go.  
Cooles got a chance, got internet.org  
an IP-address elsewhere to go.

Third Party: That's why your Likes on the screen  
is a Like for Facebook's traffic, we call IT 'terrific and tariff thinktanking'.  
We will never give up your Likes.  
Cause it'll echo Facebook's heartspeed even  
then you're lying dead on the concrete.

Mark: I will never give up your Likes.  
Also, 'cause it'll echo my heartspeed even  
then you're lying sperm in a deep-freeze.  
So what the hell could you yelp?

Unknown User: Life for Facebook and their statistics is a misery.  
Don't know real friends, can't split it from my enemies.  
To much information could be mean  
To much information causin' trouble, hate speech and so on.

I say, community has to teach you, sometimes less is more.  
And I will never give up my life for Lols and lot.  
I have a name for ya, 'Brotherhood DotCom'-a-lot.

This Bashingtone is delicate for all,  
the homeless peoples and vintage pupils,  
from age zero to ninety-nine-year-old hero  
who are feedin' up with dreams.

This Bashingtone is delicate for all,  
the homeless poeple and vintage leaders,  
from every geek to the silversurfers  
who are growin' up with screens  
and youth und unborn that are living for the next stream.

One day till my pray come true that set you free from this Webciety.  
Till then spending my Likes on the screen  
for me is a spinning wheel of fortune drama.  
Thanks for lot of delicio.us and Yelp!,  
Darknet and other alter Internet Natives.  
Recommend my satirical.

## Manic Moments

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Five to 12 o'clock already.  
It has happened in the middle of my screen.  
I was clicking to buy a crystal blue stream

But it can't be a fake  
Cause then I google for it and figure out it doesn't worth a pay.

These are the moments  
when you wish your bet wasn't already made.

It's just one of these manic moments,  
I wish I could have a soulmate who knows the right Tags  
and-I-don't have-to-through my money away.

It's just one of these manic moments,  
when I ask myself should I have to cache an early trail.  
It's got to be it, to work on it, right?

And if I had a wider bandwidth  
I still could stream it on time.  
Cause it takes me so long  
just to figure out what make me gonna weird.

I blame it on the bandwidth  
until the right lim-bus is everywhere.

These are the moments  
when you wish your bet wasn't already made.

It's just one of these manic moments  
I wish I could have a soulmate who knows the right Tags  
and-I-don't have-to-through my money away.

All of the Likes  
Why did my soulmate have to knit to get downtimes.

All of the Likes  
in the dozen, don't matters that I have to feed the shit.

Deployment's up.  
They tell me from betroom mist  
Timelines run so fast when you're having fun.

It's just one of the manic moments,  
I wish I could have a soulmate by wasting time away  
with my hard earning money.

Cause then I google for it and figure out  
there's not somebody else who hear my pray.

## *Click in the mud*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Over the cloud  
there's a mountain so high,  
but what does it look here, so nice?  
It's just user's trash, so high.

The most of us will declare a fulsome praise.  
The most of us will see  
that the best thing we need  
is a search engine machine.

[...]

Over the cloud  
we have a problem, don't you see.  
I try to make a step forward 2U.

Last year, it worth to ESC to get through the mud with just a single click.  
Does it worth another stuff?  
Do we need more staff?  
Or ain't we tough enough  
with just a single click?

What can you learn from this so far?  
That search engines dies last.

So let it be written ... in the cloud.

## *Our life, it has a cloud*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Father hunts for a smartphone best,  
mother's pessimistic she needs more test.  
Whilst sisters got a date online  
brothers got a date to keep logged in.  
They can't hang around without an App.

And you, are you breaking up with those relationships?

Our life, in the middle of our screen.  
Our life, it has a cloud.

There's always something happening.  
And it's usually ready to upload.  
Nothing ever stops the cloud.  
Also sharing this message is allowed.

And you, are you breaking up with those relationships?

A cloud, hidden to suck lifetime.  
Our cloud, it has a life.

Someone tell them that they've got to get rid of it.  
Because father stays late for afterwork and nightshift.  
Mother has to check his statuses where he rest  
then she sends the kids to all-day school.  
Sees them off with a small dislike and a big dismiss.

In lots of days.  
I remember days then when everything was real-time and true.  
We wouldn't have such a timeline or such a downtime.  
And I remember how we'd play simply waste the time away.  
Then we'd say nothing would come between users,  
but such a happy realtime.

Our life, was our castle and our keep.  
Our life, now within a cloud.

A cloud, that was where we used to keep.  
A cloud, the instrument to pimp up our life.  
A cloud, the instrument to keep us ONLINE.

September 21, 2014, 4:59:07 p.m.

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## What's a timeline

by Jens T. Hinrichs

What's a timeline?  
It's not already what it seems to be, a poetry.

All days full of happiness and joy.  
Spending your life, watching the tags go by.  
Hoping that someone like your statuses, too.

What's a timeline?  
It's just a click so far from a data cloud,

All days full of beautiless and blue.  
Spending your life, staring at the screens by  
hoping there's someone else who like this damn post, too.

September 24, 2015, 6:38:13 p.m.

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## The Coming Collapse

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Last night I found out something weird to let you know.  
FinTec has gotten dangerously close.

Right now, we're literally one step from having banks knock down our screens.  
Almost all the steps leading to FinTec are now completed.  
All it takes is an App to ignite the disaster.

Now, if naked sales and grabbing for Big Data weren't enough,  
FinTec will really make your blood freeze.  
Everything's been planned and implemented in your banking account  
or tax declaration with banking charges and its services.

FinTec forced you to build a niche for them.  
Possibly to give them a tool to hack your account.

And here's the result: Loosing bank secrecy and private sphere.  
So don't miss the warning before it might be too late for you and your money.  
Bank's done a lot of stupid investments so far,  
but FinTec will only be the tip.

And here's the question:  
Found governments the best financial place to convert  
camouflaged inflation and create balanced budgets?  
Everyone's been trying hard to earn his money  
and keep it from tax and auditing, right?

But here's another warning:  
The effects of FinTech's actions will hit you – sooner or later.  
And who will have to pay for this betrayal? You, with your money.  
And who will have to pay for the interest? Youth, with their loan and credits.

And FinTec will hit our life nothing we've ever seen before.  
From the moment on FinTec come to light there's no protection against.

This morning I woke up, I found out, it was a dream. Really?

## *Data Cloud Lead (Datenwolkenlead)*

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Among the (data) clouds,  
in cases where the liberty seems to be probably endless,  
all the sorrows, they say,  
can I myself, borrowing from you, you think !  
universally, where it appears correct,  
Data Protection invalid, Privacy petty.

Above the (data) clouds,  
in cases where the liberty seems to be probably endless,  
all the sorrows, they say,  
can I myself, burrowing from you, you think !  
universally, where it appears correct,  
instead of give-and-take, fight for your user life.

Underneath the (data) clouds,  
in cases where the liberty, long ago, might divide us  
all the wisdoms, they say,  
that I shall create still for you, they intended,  
universally, where it appears correct, to forbid my taboo speech.

Beneath to the (data) clouds,  
in cases where the liberty is quite plain and can be irresolute,  
all the wisdoms, they say,  
that I created for you, long ago, they inteneded,  
universally, where it appears correct, to prostitute my informal speech.

## Bull in a China Shop

by Jens T. Hinrichs

It's not been a long, long time ago  
since wise men ended the Cold War.

To Washington, a flying circus came  
They brought an intelligent candidate  
without having previously held nothing,  
no political office, no military career.

To Washington, a flying circus came  
They brought an intelligent candidate  
with having crude intentions  
no political aim, but a business plan

But what they don't know  
they elected an intelligent elephant  
And Donald was his name.

One dark hour,  
he cutted their iron chain  
And off he ran  
To White House  
And was seen again and again

Donald the elephant packed his decrees  
said goodbye to the International Law  
Off he rode with a trumpety tantrump,  
Tantrump! Tantrump! Tantrump!

But what they don't know  
they hacked by an intelligent agency  
And Donald was his subject.

One darker hour, he cutted their Bill of Rights  
And off he ran  
To Green Course  
where he was seen again and again  
Donald the elephant packed his decrees  
said hello to the White America  
Off he rode around culture obstacles and stupid stereotypes  
with a trumpety tantrump,  
Tantrump! Tantrump! Tantrump!

Donald the eloquently elephant packed his decrees  
said hello to the Blue Collar Workers  
send them to Mexico to build him the Greatest Gift of All

More tricks to hide, hire and fire  
For Donald to perform  
taught them why they needed a wall  
a wall that protected them from Civil Wars.

But what they don't forget  
that this Greatest Gift of Wall  
poisoned America's Way of Life.

From Donald the elephant  
no bricks, no firewalls will protect American Way of Life.  
The Greatest Gift of all will end up in a Mexican Beacon.

Cos' Donald the eloquently elephant hided in his trunk  
was a poison running in his vain,  
a poison boiling his intelligence.

So they holding the wall up in their heads  
so America's Way of Life can stand still.

Until they understand what was set up can also be tored off  
again and again with a trumpety tantrump.  
Bust just without an eloquently Trump.

Donald the elephant packed his decrees  
And trundled off to the China Shop  
Off he rolled flat the China's Trade Surplus  
with a trumpety tantrump,  
Tantrump! Tantrump! Tantrump!

One brightest hour,  
they kicked him out of the White House  
And out off he ran  
To Trump Tower  
where he was never been safer.

By Night and Good Luck,  
he remembered the circus brotherhood  
when Donald was leading the big estate, when he looked so proud and grand  
with grants dressed up with advance praise

No more tricks to hide  
For Donald to perform  
They taught him how to make them great again  
And he took the White by shitstorm

Donald the elephant packed his decrees  
and said hello to the circus  
the heat of the moment was calling  
but what the world hurted were his tantrumps  
but what the world got were stupid farts

One brightest hour,  
they meet together covered with Stars and Stripes  
changes their shame into dignity  
It would be too easy if they had a revote control  
so campaign can be zapped like a stupid program (routine)

Then they understand that the circus  
which come around along with Trump  
and tored US a part  
will settle and leave!

And the time will come that Donald the eloquently elephant packed his trunk.  
That's all, folks! An anecdote ugly of American's history.

## ***Scourge of Good (Russia's greatest gift of all)***

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Today, young men die before their fathers.

They never saw the World War II

Their fathers suffered under Stalin who was born in Georgia

Long ago, young men die in Afghanistan to protect the Communism.

Long ago, young men die in Tschetschenien to protect the Russian Federation

They'd heard the Image (echo) they'd damaged

They kept on fighting for Crimea (Krim)

Yesterday, their fathers knew it well and had undergone this crematorium (martyrium)

Now childhood of Cold War II

bring back those Days of Future Past

to declare Sewastopol to a 'Patriot Act'.

The Russian Duma was located somewhere in Syria.

In all affairs of Duma, he is the Horsemen to beg and to please.

For his enemies it was a shame how he rode on the horse, of course  
and showed his boobs.

He is always happy when he had an enemy image to squeeze.

He said 'eye for an eye' til Russia is blind

because then Russians can't meet him face to face.

Because, because, because he's the Wizard of Russia,  
his eyes a flaming glow, his body full of Testosterone.

Pussy Riot's chicks looked at him with terror and badly dear

Oligarchs fears the wannabe with hidden charms, and healing charms.

Maybe he would be happier when he ruled them with a cat o'mine tails.

And his name is Rusputin.

Russia's greatest gift of all.

He ruled the Perestroika and never mind the UDSSR.

He danced on the red carpet really wonderful.

For most people he is savior.

Who would heal their sons and daughters, soldiers and their mothers.

Their fathers are not anymore, would sacrifice themselves.

He cannot save everyone.

The 'Wind of Change' is blowing cold and strong, but somehow familiar  
Russians air smells like Beef Tartar, Wodka Gorbatschow and Caviar.

Rus-putin, Rus-putin,  
They say 'oops he did it again'  
They say 'sanctions', but somehow they make him a hero  
When that did not help  
they say 'oops he did it with a gain', they make him a patriot  
When that did not help  
What do they keep fighting for?

Those Cold War kids were hard to kill  
under their desks there is a red buzzer  
the only way to survive  
is swallow the hate that they drilled and played  
Stop this wheel of fortune Russians drama that is very sad  
Stop them at each parallel of latitude and longitude  
Stop them in different ways. Say 'Fairwell', not Farewell!

Go to school or become a soldier  
learn to serve his state like he did serve the KGB  
follow the 'Wind of Change' or recommend 'Yes we can'

Then one day sons and daughters with higher education  
comes from underneath of Russians gift of all  
They say 'Rus-putin just got to go'  
Then they give them an enemy image that Rus-putin has been created

No more doubts, Rus-putin is not so innocent  
And the Oligarchs beg 'Don't cry so hard, try to do it, please'  
And he quits, they wanted his head  
Unless they elected Rus-putin until they were dead  
Unless when he's gone they feel fine.  
But what will happen when they kept it too demanding?  
Maybe, Rus-putin's childrens of Cold War II are harder to kill.  
Maybe, Nothing. And we, we're not so innocent, too.  
History will show and she doesn't matter who wins, that's the truth.

# 02 Impress

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### Postal Address

Jens T. Hinrichs  
Kastanienhof 1  
D-29562 Suhlendorf  
Germany

### Contact Information

E-Mail: [jens.t.hinrichs\(at\)aol.com](mailto:jens.t.hinrichs(at)aol.com)  
Twitter: @DIY4E1\_jth

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BB	Beige Book
CC	Carbon Copy (Artifact)
DIY	MathDIY Syntax
SF	Science-Fiction
SM	Smart Method (SMOL)
MT	MusicTypewriter
XL	Extralarge & Literary

