## Completion

Everyone present at the border station now knows what role to play in the wedding. Baptism, drug transshipment and death drive are moments of the associated festivities. What appears, as it were, as the simple solution of an almost endless deciphering process, reveals a greater providence up to the single loop:
The moist source perverts. A nervous nose captures things that are in the air. Normality becomes the content of an agreement with invalid signatures, while expectation creeps in wherever a soldier of fortune of ironic graces allows himself a break in the bridal show. Finally, the polarities are so concise that it must come to a showdown: The as yet unidentified participant in the game inquires in the newspaper about the current weather situation and receives thereby from the latest time a free card on which the day of the wedding is noted, which will cost science something. Paid, done!
Where the disproportion between chivalry and sloppiness gets out of hand, sooner or later a new community forms around the fraction line. Apart from the fact that the obverse and reverse of the coin can no longer be distinguished anyway, it is now a question of outwitting those spirits of life on the banks of the Acheron which realize without much fuss the word of the knower about an oblique but indivisible unity.
Nobody in the hope industry can tame the untied bear any more, because only who lets go the steering wheel once, can find out whether he ever held it in the hand! - Who holds the course only pi times thumb, misses now the liquor number of his life. And while under the thunderstorm layer the wedding guests still disagree whether also the bozos belong to the family, the winged guardian has long since crossed the border to be guarded and hoisted the bloody joy cloth on the battlefield of his Amazons. So far so good! - says the ironist of fate, who has always appeared as the deus ex machina when there is too much of a good thing. He puts the newspaper on the table and leaves.
(Michael Kunze)

