

## **Bored, on Grimm ripoffs of old**

I have some time to spare,  
seeing that my phone deems access unclear.  
So, I don't know my Puck,  
let's investigate narratives that make us go,  
when only applied a superficial look to,  
stories that cause a second look while thinking "What the fuck?"

For no reason at all,  
let's spectate the fool sprinting  
with sophisticated cutting-  
tools in hand.  
Let's ask, were Grimm mad?  
What weird threat had lend that end?

To find an apparent insanity's source,  
one has to look at it's course.  
Distorting narratives of the past  
in suiting present audiences. At last.  
A lot of time has passed  
ever since the rape of stories who's origins importance was vast.

I hate to extent the reach  
even further,  
but if there's one thing to teach  
there's first, the German's want for splendor  
and next, rather pedestrian,  
the playwright is merely a creative historian.

Let's look at the maiden  
sleeping in the tower  
doomed to eternal slumber.  
Only awakened by the knight, so vain  
to believe, his kiss will lift a course.  
Heroics juxtaposed with love, sleep as mortal's abyss.

Ancient Greece had a similar story  
of the valorous lady crossing Styx  
to regain her love, her fix.  
But where Psyche met Persephone  
the Germans prefer a knight, the battle's own.

One's journey to settle  
the other striving for battle.

The sea is a cruel mistress  
but Latin's, Gauls, Nordics and Goths all add stress.  
And with hunnic and mongolian bulk being gone,  
Germans somewhat lacked the partner to Persephone.

It's made to be efficient  
death and longevity  
put into a single entity.  
The witch, the magician,  
putting problems in the life of the innocent maiden.  
While the beauty breaks by bits, that's how the story made to retain.

Yet there's examples all over the place  
buried deep within Romantics, their minds.  
While the baby shoots love with a bow  
there's children, paragons of innocence. Show  
me a tradition entirely new  
and I'll find from where to the derivation flew.

Hence we return  
to the origin.  
Not my phone's mourn  
but the boy with scissors who kept running.  
He cut his thumb.  
The boy was dumb.

It is a cautionary tale  
that's for sure, that's for sale.  
But it addresses not the adolescent  
instead, adults, tools in hand,  
rushing to an early end.  
The better the tool, the more caution should amend.

To make the sophisticated  
is harder than to use it to its end.  
But those that use the created  
fear seldom any misguided intent.  
A tool put in the wrong hands;  
That's a fool's tragedy in the making, in that sense.

Applying such reality to one self  
that's difficult.  
I fear, even to delve  
into their meaning, origin, historic tumult  
keeps the displayed reality  
somewhat hazy.

At least, to me.

I'm yet to be convinced  
that I've learned from the Grimms.

It's a pity  
to see  
uncertainty within me.

So let's look back  
at the tower, the breakneck  
adventure.

The knight in shiny armor,  
saving the lady from her slumber.

Mysogynistic power difference aside,  
what details does the story provide?

I don't know.

The stories are old, my memory's a mess  
and my phone does not allow access.

I presume  
valor is of great importance.

Many other failed the venture by chance  
unable to the rape princess free off her tomb

Oh, yea, by the way,  
originally it wasn't a kiss that set her free.

Noone wants to know the savage  
origin of their ancestor's voyage.

The historian records what happened,  
the writers assesses, what's the current habit.

Had the Grimms been thousands of years older  
the story would be a boy with a torch among flower.

Then again, they'd have no basis  
to work with.

They would compile this  
which their surroundings came up with.

Art is the longest conversation ever had.

Without the first potters satellites would just look sad.

The important thing  
might just be understanding  
where you came in.

The method and it's state.

What's currently the popular slate.

Where you might pile minor switching.

But back to the point.

Where did Grimm anoint  
what to include  
in their famous narrative interlude?

Let's consider a safer story,  
Hans, and the wretched's glory.

He took up an apprenticeship,  
did his boss a solid, wasn't bold  
and got paid with a large chunk of gold.  
But gold being unwieldy, noone could pay  
Hans, to his dismay.

Hence he exchanged  
the gold in a trade.  
This move went on and on  
'till he got a big sharpening stone.  
He attempted to wash it  
and lost value to nature's unwieldy spirit.

This, on the other hand  
could be an argument for currency  
but also a German bent  
to receive value for his property.  
It fell in a river  
universes own metaphor for it's unwaivering timer.

It might aswell conceal  
a foundaitonal element  
of the German's sentiment  
or, is used to unveil  
the world's most familiar predicament.  
The struggle of preservation being permanent.  
(Added now: Today, we'd argue it's about paying rent)

As child I thought Hans a fool  
losing his labor's worth with a smile.  
But looking back at this tool  
't took quite a while.  
I understand it's liberation from  
the burden that is most cumbersome.

Losing the material,  
what prevailed was a smile.

No greed or desire for a magic vial  
to preserve his own worldly isle.  
He got an experience  
and lost an inconvenience.

That's what the Grimm have sown  
or maybe just carried on.  
It's the lesson.  
It's not fruit that's to be shown  
but the application  
of fascination.

To trodd the  
path, or, as Goethe put it,  
have the quarry be the chase, be it  
story, fruit, food or managing your posse.  
All and every last bit  
should be a personal hit.

Hence it's such a shame  
how closed off we appear these days.  
A tad bit of small fame  
in selected circles  
feels good.  
Even when we don't esteem it as essential as food.

Being a famebitch  
even if successfull  
causes to consequentially ditch  
a bit of our own peacefull  
disposition.  
In favor of recognition.

But sadly interaction is a desire  
native to humans.  
Who are tribal by nature, not only to acquire  
but also to loosen experiences.  
To relieve pressure of hardships  
in a world of tedious unexpectable flips.

So maybe these stories seem crazy  
because they depict so clearly  
obvious outcomes  
of humans interactions.  
In a world that my follow cause and effect  
but feels random without retrospect.

On my way home  
while getting takeout for dinner  
an old unemployed gave to consider  
a tidbit of wisdom  
proving, even those that society sees unqualified for it's mid'st;  
Grimm's stories aren't actually for kids.

However before we delve deeper,  
a quick reminder.  
The season of death  
entering with Hades' theft  
of Persephone was replaced  
with roses on Grimm's behest.

© MK

Diese PDF wurde erstellt durch das [Schreiber Netzwerk](#)