

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.

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