

Western Astrology - Klaus

"Behind the beautiful yielding you show the world, your soul keeps its own dark and perfect accounting, and you are the only debtor it will not forgive."

18 March 1967 · 06:16 · Copenhagen

generated on March 21, 2026



Natal Chart Overview

WESTERN ASTROLOGY - Klaus
Born: 18 March 1967, 06:16, Copenhagen
Age: 59

BIG THREE

Sun: Pisces 26 55' (House 1)
Moon: Gemini 13 45' (House 3)
Rising: Pisces 20 03'

PERSONAL PLANETS

Mercury: Pisces 4 33' (House 12)
Venus: Aries 27 19' (House 1)
Mars: Scorpio 2 37' (House 7) Rx

OUTER PLANETS

Jupiter: Cancer 24 26' (House 5) Rx
Saturn: Aries 1 45' (House 1)
Uranus: Virgo 22 11' (House 7) Rx
Neptune: Scorpio 24 13' (House 8) Rx
Pluto: Virgo 19 07' (House 6) Rx

NODES

North Node: Taurus 9 17' (House 1) Rx
South Node: Scorpio 9 17' (House 7) Rx

KEY ASPECTS (tightest first)

URANUS CONJUNCTION PLUTO (orb 3.05)
SUN CONJUNCTION SATURN (orb 4.84)
MARS CONJUNCTION SOUTH_NODE (orb 6.66)
SUN CONJUNCTION ASC (orb 6.87)
NORTH_NODE OPPOSITION SOUTH_NODE (orb 0 , exact)

TRANSITS (March 21, 2026)

Transit NEPTUNE CONJUNCTION SATURN (orb 0.05 , exact)
Transit SUN CONJUNCTION SATURN (orb 0.73 , exact)
Transit MOON SEXTILE MERCURY (orb 0.88 , exact)

PROFECTION

Profected sign: Aquarius
Lord of Year: Saturn

He arrived already dissolving. This is the first thing to understand about Klaus, not as metaphor, not as poetic license, but as the literal condition of his entry into the world. The soul chose a door made of sea glass: translucent, beautiful, and without a lock. What the world encounters when it encounters him is something yielding, something that will accommodate, something that understands before it judges. This is not a lie. But it is not the whole truth either, and the distance between those two things is where Klaus has lived his entire life. Behind the sea-glass door, in the room no one is invited to enter, lives the actual architecture of this man. The hunger is there. The will is there. The rage, even, the specific rage of someone who has spent decades performing gentleness he only half-feels, accommodation he has willed into existence through the sheer force of believing it was required of him. The Pisces Ascendant is the face he learned to wear before he knew he was wearing it. And beneath it, crowded into the same room, pressing against the translucent surface from inside: Saturn, Venus, the Sun, all in Aries, all in the house of the self's most direct expression, all speaking the language of fire and initiation and the hunger to be first, to act, to be the cause of something. The ram's horns hidden beneath the mist. The fire banked so long it has learned to call itself water. This is the soul knot that preceded every relationship, every career choice, every moment of retreat: the will to act is present, it is even fierce, but something in the architecture of this life keeps turning that action back on itself. The ram runs at the wall and the wall is made of his own uncertainty about whether the ram is allowed to exist. What Saturn does in a life is this: it arrives at the moment of desire and says not yet, not this, not you. It is the internal censor, the voice that learned its authority early, in the specific emotional weather of a childhood arranged to teach a particular lesson. And the lesson this childhood delivered, arranged with the precision of a curriculum the soul itself designed before it forgot it had designed it, was that wanting directly produces loss. That appetite, expressed cleanly, invites punishment. That the safest version of himself was the version that wanted nothing, or at least appeared to want nothing, or wanted only what others needed him to want. Saturn fused with Venus in the same fire sign and the same room means this lesson embedded itself specifically in the territory of love and desire. The contraction and the longing were welded together before Klaus was old enough to know they were separate things. He did not learn that love was dangerous. He learned something more subtle and more damaging: he learned that desire itself was the danger. That the wanting, not the object of wanting, was what needed to be hidden. So he hid it. He hid it with extraordinary skill, with the genuine skill of someone whose other gifts made the hiding almost effortless. Because Klaus is also this: a mind that thinks in images and impressions and the felt sense of things, a mind that knows what it knows the way water knows the shape of a container, by filling it. Mercury in Pisces, living in the twelfth house, the room behind the room, the place where what cannot be consciously held is stored. His most important perceptions are often inaccessible to him directly. He absorbs people rather than analyzing them. He reads the room not by studying it but by becoming it, temporarily. This is the gift that makes him beloved in social spaces, the faculty that allows him to sense what a person needs to hear, to shift register mid-sentence when the emotional weather changes, to hold six versions of a situation simultaneously and offer back the version most useful to whoever is present. It is also the gift that has made genuine encounter nearly impossible. Because the same faculty that reads what others need immediately begins translating his own interior into what others can receive. The raw feeling passes through the sorting mechanism and emerges already shaped for consumption, already made safe, already stripped of the specific gravity that would make it real. He can narrate the wound with precision. He can describe the longing with genuine eloquence. But the narration and the experience are not the same thing, and somewhere in him, beneath the articulate surface, there is a grief that has never been spoken because it has never been felt all the way through. The emotional body of this soul is restless in a way that looks like curiosity but is actually a survival strategy. The Moon in Gemini, living in the house of the mind's constant motion, needs movement,

information, the sense that options remain open, that no door is permanently closed. It is a Moon that thinks its feelings rather than feeling them. It can hold two contradictory emotional truths simultaneously without resolving them, and it has used this capacity as a form of escape from the resolution that would require it to choose, to commit, to stand still long enough to feel the full weight of what it carries. The restlessness is not frivolity. It is the nervous system's solution to a problem it identified early: if you keep moving, the grief cannot find you. If you keep translating, the hunger cannot name itself. If you remain available to everyone's interior, you never have to inhabit your own. But the Moon squares Pluto, and Pluto does not negotiate. What Pluto demands from this restless, articulate, perpetually-translating Moon is that some feelings be allowed to remain untranslated. To exist in their first form. To be felt before they are managed. This is not a gentle demand. It arrives with the quality of something trying to be born in a space too small for it, and the discomfort is not incidental to the process. It is the process. And then there is the inheritance. The soul arrives in this life carrying the accumulated weight of what the South Node in Scorpio in the seventh house describes: lifetimes of deep merger, of relationships that were total and annihilating, of knowing others at the level of their darkest interior. This is not a comfortable inheritance. It is the inheritance of someone who has been fused, consumed, transformed, and destroyed through intimate partnership, repeatedly, across time, and who arrives carrying both the gift of that depth and the exhaustion of it. The Scorpio South Node knows how to go all the way in. It knows the underworld of another person. It knows what it costs to stay there. And the soul knot is this: the very depth that makes Klaus capable of genuine intimacy is the same depth that makes intimacy feel like a threat to his survival. Mars, the ruler of all that Aries fire, the planet that should be the engine of his desire, sits retrograde in Scorpio in the seventh house, conjunct the South Node. Mars retrograde in Scorpio is not a weakened Mars. It is an internalized one. The aggression, the desire, the sexual drive, all of it turned inward, pressing against the interior walls of the psyche rather than expressing outward into the world. In the house of intimate partnership, this retrograde Mars operates as a hidden engine in relationships: the desire is there, the intensity is there, the Scorpionic hunger for merger and total knowing is there, but it moves underground. Klaus does not pursue. He draws. He waits. He creates the conditions for others to come to him, and then, when they arrive, he is both relieved and terrified, because arrival means the old pattern activates, and the old pattern ends in a dissolution of a different kind than the one he performs. The sexual mechanism here is power-coded desire. Arousal and intimacy require a specific charge to ignite: the sense that something is at stake, that the other person has depth worth excavating, that the encounter carries real consequence. Klaus is not drawn to ease. He is drawn to the person who costs something. And the wound-seeking dimension of this is precise: the soul has a practiced, almost instinctive pull toward partners who confirm the original damage, who will be intense enough to reach him, and then either leave, withhold, or demand the kind of total merger that requires him to disappear. The hunger is real. The object of the hunger is chosen, unconsciously, to remain just out of reach. Neptune in Scorpio in the eighth house, retrograde, like so many of the planets in this chart that govern desire, is one of the most significant facts about this man's interior life, and it is the one he is least likely to have named even to himself. The eighth house is the territory where two people's psychic interiors actually touch, where sex and death and transformation share the same address. Neptune there dissolves the membrane between self and other in the most intimate possible contexts. In practice, this means that Klaus in sexual and deeply intimate encounters loses the boundary between his own interior and the other person's. He does not just feel close to them. He becomes them, temporarily. He does not experience sex as an act between two separate people. He experiences it as a kind of temporary death of separateness, and this is both the gift and the cost. The gift is that he is capable of a quality of intimacy that most people never access, a quality that leaves the other person feeling met at a depth they did not

know was available. The cost is that every deep sexual encounter requires a recovery period in which he reassembles himself from whatever dissolved. And the deeper cost, the one that lives below the recovery period, is that the dissolution itself has become confused with desire. Klaus does not always know whether he wants the person or whether he wants the experience of losing himself in the person. These are not the same hunger, and the chart knows this even when he does not. Jupiter in Cancer in the fifth house, retrograde, describes the erotic imagination at its purest. The fifth house is desire before it becomes strategy, pleasure before it becomes negotiation, the place where the self reaches toward what it wants simply because it wants it. What Klaus wants, at the level of pure eros, is to be held. To be received. To have someone see the hunger and respond to it not with analysis but with warmth, with welcome, with the specific safety of being known without having to perform. And Jupiter in Cancer in the fifth house, in its almost exact trine to Neptune in the eighth house, a trine so close it approaches the quality of identity rather than aspect, means this desire is suffused with something that can only be called mystical. Klaus does not just want a lover. He wants an experience of the sacred inside the erotic. He wants to be touched and feel, in the touching, that something larger than the two of them is present. He wants the moment when the body and the soul are not in separate rooms. The tragedy of this placement, retrograde, is that the desire turns inward. He imagines the encounter more vividly than he initiates it. The fifth house fantasy is richer than the seventh house reality, and he knows this, and the knowing is its own kind of grief, the grief of a man who has spent decades being extraordinarily present to other people's desire while remaining a stranger to his own. Venus in Aries in the first house wants something different from what the rest of the chart has been taught to want. Venus in Aries does not want to be understood. It wants to be claimed. It wants desire expressed without apology, without decoration, without the mist that the Pisces surface casts over everything. It wants the clean animal fact of appetite acknowledged between two people who are not pretending to be anything other than what they are. And Venus in Aries, in its exact trine to the Midheaven, a trine so precise it is nearly a mathematical fact rather than an astrological one, means that the way Klaus moves through the world, the quality of his presence, genuinely attracts. People are drawn to him. The Piscean surface draws them. And then they love what they see, which is the surface, and Klaus is left with the specific loneliness of being loved for the wrong thing. Of being loved for his capacity to understand when what he needed was to be met in his capacity to want. What would it cost him to be loved for the wrong thing indefinitely? The chart knows. Pluto in Virgo in the sixth house, retrograde, in exact opposition to the Ascendant, this is the evolutionary engine, and it is relentless. It means the compulsive transformation is happening in the territory of daily life, of work, of the body's routines and the self's service, and it is happening in direct opposition to the self's presentation. People encounter Klaus and feel something they cannot name, a weight beneath the gentleness, a pressure beneath the accommodation, something that suggests the sea-glass door is not the whole story. Some people are drawn to this. Some people are frightened by it. Klaus has learned to manage the Plutonian pressure by directing it into work, into service, into the perfection of process. He becomes useful. He becomes indispensable. He makes himself necessary to others as a way of managing the intensity that, if it were expressed directly, might overwhelm the relationships he is trying to maintain. This is not a conscious strategy. It is what the body does when it has learned that direct expression of intensity costs too much. It finds a channel that looks like virtue. Uranus in Virgo in the seventh house, retrograde, conjunct Pluto by sign and degree, opposing the Ascendant, the tightest aspect in this chart, means that the partnerships Klaus forms are the site of the most profound disruption and transformation in his life. He does not choose destabilizing partners by accident. He chooses, or is chosen by, partners who carry the charge of sudden change and deep compulsion, partners who reach him precisely because they destabilize him, partners who confirm the South Node inheritance of total, annihilating merger. And the uncomfortable truth

this forces him to live with daily is structural, not psychological: he cannot have the stability his evolutionary direction requires through the kind of relationships his soul keeps generating. The partners who reach him are the ones who destabilize him. The ones who offer stability do not reach him. This is not a problem he can solve by choosing differently. It is a feature of the soul's design, the wound that became a personality that became a selection mechanism that became a life. The South Node in Scorpio in the seventh house is the golden handcuff. Klaus knows how to go deep. He knows how to be present to another person's darkness without flinching. He knows how to hold the underworld of a relationship, the jealousy, the obsession, the grief, the transformation that happens when two people really touch each other. This is a lifetime of accumulated mastery. It is also the thing that keeps him in the pattern, because the mastery itself is seductive. It is easier, and it is genuinely easier, not just apparently easier, to be the one who can hold another person's darkness than to be the one who names his own hunger and risks having it refused. And there is something else beneath the mastery, something the chart sees with the clarity of a wound that has been open long enough to become familiar. The three Pisces placements, the Ascendant, the Sun, Mercury in the twelfth house, create a persona of extraordinary permeability. Klaus does not just understand others. He becomes them, temporarily. He takes on their emotional weather. He reflects their inner life back to them with such precision that they feel profoundly seen. This is a genuine gift. It is also, in the precise language this chart demands, a form of relational anesthesia, a way of using the experience of deep attunement to silence the specific hunger that lives underneath it. When Klaus is deeply present to another person's interior, when he is offering the quality of attention that his Pisces nature and Neptune in the eighth house make possible, he is not experiencing his own desire. He is experiencing theirs. And for a time, this is enough. For a time, the hunger is quiet, because the attention itself is a kind of fullness. But the hunger returns. It always returns. And what it returns as is the specific ache of the Taurus North Node, the evolutionary directive of this lifetime, the thing the soul came here to learn that it has been most successfully avoiding. The North Node in Taurus in the first house calls Klaus toward something the Gemini Moon and the Pisces surface find almost unbearable: stillness. Embodiment. The single thing held long enough to become real. Taurus is the sign of the body's actual sensations, of presence that does not require a narrative to justify it, of value that does not need to be explained or defended. Taurus simply is. It stands in a field and feels the ground under its feet and that is enough. Klaus has spent his life in the Piscean sea, where there is no ground, where everything merges, where the self is only real in relation to something else. The evolutionary work of this lifetime is to find the ground. To become someone who can be touched and remain present rather than dissolving into the touching. To stop performing dissolution and discover whether there is a self underneath it that can bear weight. The terror the North Node in Taurus carries is not the fear of becoming solid. It is the fear that the solid thing, when it finally shows itself, will be rejected. That the hunger, named directly, will be met with the same withdrawal that taught him to hide it in the first place. This is the fear that has organized his life. Not the Piscean fear of boundaries or the Scorpionic fear of death, but the Arian fear, the first fear, the one that predates language, that the self, expressed without apology, will not be enough. That the ram, when it finally shows its horns, will be turned away. What Klaus has never allowed himself to fully grieve is not the relationships that failed. He has grieved those, in his way, with the Scorpionic thoroughness that Neptune in the eighth house makes available. What he has not grieved is the version of himself that never got to be present in those relationships. The self that wanted specific things and said nothing. The self that felt the Aries fire and immediately covered it with Piscean water because the fire seemed dangerous, seemed too much, seemed like the thing that would make the other person leave. There is a particular grief that lives in the body when a person has spent decades performing a self that is genuinely a part of them but not the whole of them. It is not the grief of inauthenticity exactly, because the

compassion is real, the depth is real, the capacity for dissolution is real. It is the grief of incompleteness. Of a self that was only ever partially inhabited. Of rooms in the interior that were furnished with great care and then locked, because the furniture was too specific, too hungry, too much like what it actually was. Venus in Aries in the first house has been waiting in a room that Klaus rarely enters, a room that smells of iron and urgency, where desire does not apologize for its shape or its temperature. Every time he has approached that room, the Saturn conjunction has been at the threshold, asking whether this wanting is appropriate, whether it is earned, whether it will cost more than it is worth. The hand reaches and then pulls back. The declaration forms and then softens into a question. The desire expresses and then immediately apologizes for itself. He is fifty-nine now. The body knows what the mind resists. The annual profection places Klaus in an eleventh house year, with Saturn as the lord of the year, Saturn, already the architect of his contraction, now governing the room where the future is kept, where a person asks what they are for beyond the roles they have played, beyond the relationships they have inhabited, beyond the performances that have made them legible to others. This is not a time of ease or expansion. It is a time of reckoning, of Saturn asking what has been built, what has been earned, what remains when the performance is stripped away. And Saturn asking this question at fifty-nine carries a quality that it did not carry at thirty or forty: the specific quality of time that Saturn always carries, which is not infinite, not abstract, but numbered. The performances that were sustainable at thirty, at forty, even at fifty, begin to cost differently now. The energy required to maintain the mist, to keep the Pisces surface smooth and accommodating and available, is energy that is no longer inexhaustible. This is not tragedy. This is the chart doing what it was designed to do, which is to make the old strategy expensive enough that the new one becomes conceivable. Neptune is now transiting almost exactly over natal Saturn, so precisely that the orb is nearly nothing, a whisper of degrees, a transit that is happening not as an approximation but as a fact. Neptune dissolving Saturn. The planet of dissolution and transcendence moving directly over the planet of structure and contraction that has governed Klaus's relationship to desire since childhood. This is not comfortable. Neptune conjunct Saturn does not offer clarity. It offers a kind of holy confusion, the structures that have held the wound in place begin to soften, to become permeable, to lose their authority. The Saturnian voice that has said not yet, not this, not you, that voice is losing its certainty. What comes after it loses its certainty is not yet known. But the lock on the cell door is no longer working. Not open, unlocked. The distinction matters. Unlocked means the possibility exists. It does not mean the door has been pushed. It does not mean the prisoner has moved toward the light. It means that the mechanism of containment has lost its authority, and what happens next depends on something the chart cannot determine: whether Klaus will notice the lock is gone before the next structure clicks into place. Pluto is now squaring the retrograde Mars in Scorpio in the seventh house, the buried desire mechanism itself, the hidden engine that has been turning the hunger inward for decades. Pluto does not negotiate. It composts. What this transit is composting is the retrograde internalization of desire, the habit of turning the wanting inward, of making the hunger invisible, of waiting for the other person to come rather than moving toward what is wanted. Pluto square Mars demands that the desire be expressed, even at cost, even at the risk of the exposure that Klaus has spent his life avoiding. This is not a gentle transit. It is the transit of the thing that has been underground for so long it has forgotten it was ever meant to surface, now being forced upward by a pressure it cannot resist. And Uranus is making a sextile to the natal Sun, a window, not a door. Sextiles offer the opening but do not force the passage. They require action. They are the universe's version of a held-open door, with the understanding that the held-open door will not wait forever. This is the window in which the solar identity, the Aries self that has been muffled by the Pisces surface, can express something new. The question is whether Klaus will walk through it or stand in the doorway describing the light. The Mercury-Mars trine, Mercury in

Pisces in the twelfth house, that deep interior knowing, connected by a clean channel to Mars in Scorpio in the seventh house, the desire mechanism in the house of partnership, is the latent instrument of this transformation. This means Klaus already knows, at some level below language, what he wants. He knows it the way the twelfth house knows things: without being able to explain how he knows. The work of this period, under Neptune dissolving Saturn and Pluto forcing Mars into expression, is to bring what the twelfth house knows up through Mercury's channel and let it arrive in the house of partnership as actual desire, named, expressed, present. Not as a mirror of what the other person wants. Not as service. Not as understanding. As hunger. The transit of Mars through Pisces in the twelfth house, a strange placement for a transit that is supposed to force expression, moves like water moving through sand. It does not announce itself. It does not arrive with the clarity of a direct confrontation. But it is squaring the natal Moon and opposing Pluto and Uranus in the seventh house, and what this configuration produces is not an outward event but an interior pressure that has the quality of something trying to be born in a space too small for it. Not crisis, not collapse, but a kind of fullness that has nowhere to go. A wanting that has not yet learned its own name in his voice. And Mercury transiting over natal Mercury in Pisces in the twelfth house is the mind turning inward, the interior narrator becoming more active, more precise, more willing to articulate what has lived below articulation. The moment when the dream-language begins to approach the surface. When the knowing that has always been there begins to find syllables. There is something specific about fifty-nine that the chart understands even if Klaus does not yet. The profection to the eleventh house, with Saturn governing, is not an accident of arithmetic. The eleventh house is the room where the future is kept, where the vision of what could exist lives alongside the grief for what has not yet been built. It is the room where a person asks what they are for, beyond the roles they have played. And Saturn governing this room in this year means the question arrives with weight, with consequence, with the particular quality of time that Saturn always carries: numbered. Not infinite. Not abstract. Numbered. The transit Saturn moving over natal Saturn, not quite the Saturn return but carrying its quality of audit, is the warden arriving to inspect the cell and finding it, after all these decades, unlocked. The natal Saturn in Aries has always been the hidden spine of Klaus's identity, the thing that makes the Pisces surface possible by providing something solid underneath it, even if that solid thing has been used primarily as a container for suppression rather than a foundation for expression. Saturn in Aries wants to be first. Wants to initiate. Wants to strike forward into the world with something specific and unapologetic. That wanting has been the prisoner inside the compassionate man. And the warden has arrived to find the cell unlocked. What the Jupiter-Neptune trine, the most exact trine in the chart, a trine so close it is nearly identity, has always known and what the Saturn conjunction has always feared is this: the sacred can be particular. The erotic can be holy. The hunger can be named without destroying the depth. These are not things Klaus needs to learn. They are things he needs to allow himself to live. The Jupiter in Cancer in the fifth house wants to be held while wanting. The Neptune in Scorpio in the eighth house wants the encounter to be total. The Aries Venus wants to be claimed without apology. These are not contradictory desires. They are the same desire expressed at different registers, the body, the soul, the specific animal fact of appetite. But they have never been integrated, because the Saturn conjunction has kept each one from moving freely toward expression, arriving at the threshold of each room and asking whether the entry is earned. Transit Jupiter in Cancer in the fifth house making its generous angle to the Pisces Ascendant is offering something Klaus has rarely experienced without immediately giving it away: the simple permission to want what he wants because he wants it. Not as a spiritual practice. Not as a therapeutic insight. Not as another layer of self-understanding added to the already rich interior. But as a simple, animal fact. The fifth house Jupiter trine to the Ascendant is the aspect of the child who has not yet learned that his wanting is inconvenient. It is brief. It will not last. But it is

here now, in this specific configuration of sky, and what it is offering is the memory of a self that wanted without apology, before the wound taught him that wanting was the thing that made him difficult to love. The Sun trine Jupiter, the Sun trine Neptune, these are the aspects of genuine largeness. Klaus's solar nature is genuinely expansive, genuinely in contact with something beyond the personal. At his deepest level, he experiences life as a kind of sacred permeable field. He feels the invisible connections between things. He senses what is happening beneath surfaces. He has access to a quality of compassion that is not performed but structural, not a strategy but a fact of his interior. This is not the wound. This is the gift. But the gift has been weaponized by the wound. The capacity for compassion has been used as a way of avoiding the specific, particular, embodied desire that the Aries stellium carries. Compassion is safe. Desire is not. Compassion can be offered without risk of rejection. Desire cannot. And so Klaus has made himself into a man of extraordinary compassion and has called this his nature, when it is only half his nature, the half that learned it was safe to be, while the other half waited in the room that smells of iron and urgency, behind the door that Saturn has been guarding since childhood. Neptune is now in Aries, transiting through the first house, and even Neptune in Aries has a different quality than Neptune in Pisces, a dissolution that moves forward rather than inward, a transcendence that requires action rather than surrender. The mist is still the mist. But it is beginning to move in a direction. And what it is moving toward is the territory the North Node in Taurus has been holding open for this entire lifetime: the ground. The specific gravity of a man who has spent decades learning to be weightless, now being asked to feel the ground under his feet and remain there. Not to perform remaining there. Not to describe remaining there with the eloquence that Mercury in Pisces makes available. But to actually feel the weight of his own body, the specific shape of his own hunger, the particular quality of his own desire, and to let that be enough. To let that be, simply, what he is. He has been loved, often. He has been seen, rarely. He has been known, almost never, because to be known requires the one who is known to remain present while the knowing happens, to resist the dissolution, to hold the shape of the self even when the self is afraid that its shape will not be enough. The oldest pattern is the hunger made invisible. Neptune is dissolving the structure that made it invisible. Pluto is forcing the buried desire toward the surface. The question this chart leaves open, the question the soul is living inside right now, at fifty-nine, in the year Saturn governs, is not whether the hunger is real. It has always been real. The question is whether Klaus will let it be seen before the performance has used up all the time there is. The sea-glass door is still there. But the light coming through it has changed quality. It is harder now, more direct, less diffuse. And underneath the mist, patient as stone, warm as the first ground after winter, the solid thing waits, the thing he made and then forgot was his, the Aries fire he covered with Piscean water because the fire seemed too much, the desire he translated into compassion because compassion was the only language he believed would be received without punishment. It waits to be claimed by the man who built it. Not reclaimed, claimed, for the first time, as his own. As the thing he is allowed to be. As the hunger that does not need to apologize for its shape or its temperature or the specific, animal, unapologetic fact of its existence. This is the work. Not the compassion, not the depth, not the extraordinary capacity for understanding that his chart makes almost effortless. The work is simpler and harder than any of that. The work is to want, out loud, in the presence of another person, without immediately translating the wanting into something they can more easily receive. To stand in the room that smells of iron and urgency and not cover the smell with the scent of sea glass and accommodation. To be, for once, the specific, particular, embodied man who wants a specific, particular thing, and to let that wanting be the first sentence he speaks rather than the last secret he keeps.

You never learned to keep the tide out. The salt that shines on you is the salt that will cure you. You will always arrive already dissolving — that is your native shore, and the only place you can ever truly rest.

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