



refuge of disillusion

walter bergmoser

**„refuge of disillusion“, 2008**  
photography and stories by walter bergmoser



dedicated to gabriele fecher



one hour, maybe two  
nothing to do.  
sometimes the heart will lose its points.  
the business, life is riding over. there are  
no people in here, there are no words,  
just images. they are passing, some-  
times floating. there is never anything  
like the sound of a night. only vibration  
which is humming in my body. over and  
over.  
running through the night, things i have  
done are not there anymore. what is left  
now is over again, but still there is one  
sound, one image i want to find.  
my world is deriving from this.

no.

yes.

one hour, maybe two for my ride,  
tired faces, changing places.  
behind me there is no time, only money.  
what a rush of people. there is no mo-  
vement.











one hour, this time i was lucky.  
but who will be there? who is waiting?  
time to proceed. the man who was  
me is not me, because he is talking to  
me now. again, i hear this undeniable  
sound. this time it's a rhythm.  
why not tell me that there are no more  
images. the passersby are gone. i was  
too reluctant to take the chance, i did  
not jump on the bus. the time is gone  
now, even now i still feel the likeness.  
but as i have to accept the sound i have  
to accept this.  
by humming through the night the eyes  
are stuck. this night i want to look only  
for colours but there is one woman. she  
is dancing. dancing in the nightbus and  
she says, „forget the colour, gray is the  
life and gray are you. forget me.“  
nobody dares to speak to me this way,  
it can't be real. i open my eyes but she  
is still there and dancing. this will never  
end. one hour only.

there is no way out

















downtown there is no leak. there is only  
you and me. last day, no more i appreciate  
your translucent moments you are sharing  
with me. thoughts are whispered.  
there are stains in the heat, stains like  
stories of an ongoing memory. the outer  
shell is not true. why not take a night of  
pleasure. one night of you.  
the longing, be there and answer me,  
but don't force me to tell it's true. I'm  
lost. crossing through all of this silences  
my dark sides. streets are passing,  
cars are roaming and the people, they  
vanished in the night. there is nobody  
but me. and you.

down by law













to fly away, seems to be the fastest  
solution at this time. one hour too late  
to decide. dynamics are upon me now.  
stiff and tough. the ride floats more  
then i thought. the ground is no more  
a ground and the walnut tree suddenly  
sits besides me and tells me, „dont be  
afraid i'll be with you.“

i am stretching my arms and hit a bran-  
ch. the leaves are curtaining my view.  
hey you, please leave. I cannot take it  
anymore. put your hand together. feel.  
but the tree just starts to laugh and tells  
me, „he has been through a lot with  
me a long time ago. so don't pretend i  
will not touch you this time.“ i turn my  
head and i see water in the eyes. there is  
nobody, only a remnant of a shadow.  
my feet cannot move. they got stuck  
in the roots. freeing my mind i take a  
straight look. i wish it would be a star,  
then a falling star would enlight me.

all the stars i did not see

























pretending was always there.

while i perform i loose



















come touch me, whatever it is, say it  
loud. use your voice. now. It's already  
four months, the views, the procedures  
never change. i am so tired of it. come  
touch me. one hour more or less. do i  
care? i listen to the floating images. they  
are there. who can stand it? everybo-  
dy seems to be here with me in the  
bus, in the ride. i hear the voice again.  
who wants to talk to me? there was  
something good there. i do not know  
the figures out there, they do not show  
me their faces. maybe there is nothing  
in there. but i was wrong, so wrong  
about it. just passing by i see the moon  
shining on the scapes. come touch me.  
i want to feel something. names seem  
to fly there in the shadows. being a  
„changer“ was once a position. now it's  
not anymore. just a word. i used to see  
it. this is part of the process. the last  
refuge is not there. it's disillusion.

nothing brings me down











one hour, and i still see things which are not there. i am longing for a clear and soothing response. but shadows don't talk. through the „pika pika“ (glimpsing) suddenly there is someone beside me. she, i think it's a she, is talking with her hands. the lips do not move and still i can hear her talking. am i getting lost now? am i losing all the nice words i care for? the night slips in and takes over, the last light reflects in her eyes. she tells me not to devastate myself of my inner me. she believes in the reality i see. then suddenly she turns around and just becomes a reflection of a passing car in the window of my nightbus.

the ride will never end. one hour only.

thanks to you





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