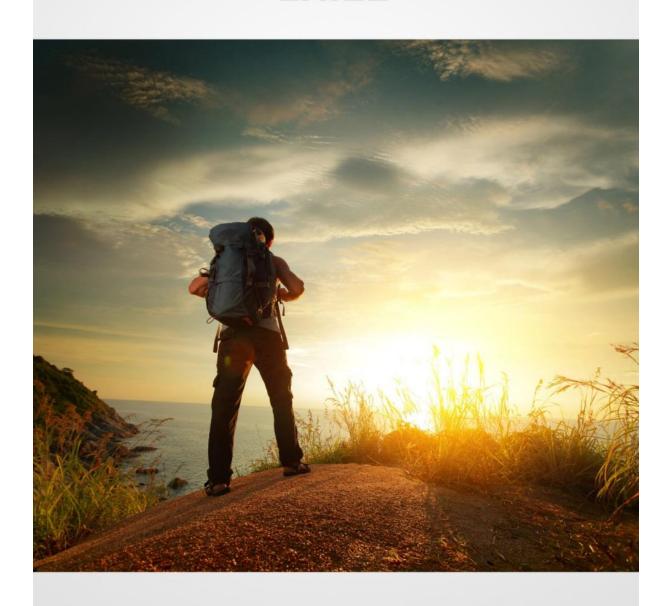
# NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

POEMS ABOUT TRAVELS IN EXILE



BY TRADITIONALBODYWORK.COM



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What was, will be again and what has been done, will be done anew. See, there's nothing new under the sun.

The circle of life
— Ecclesiast 1:9



### **Preface**

In 2009, after a fruitless two-year fight with the Dutch justice system, I realized that the game was over and that the Netherlands had managed to effectively silence me.

In fact, I had been "exiled" in my own country, and I decided to leave and travel the globe, looking for a better world — a better life.

Yet, I only found a lot more of the same. As the Thai so eloquently say: "Same, same, but different."

These poems were written in 2013 and reflect my travel experiences meeting people and places in a variety of countries across three continents.

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#### **About the Author**

I initially studied Information Technology in the Netherlands and worked seventeen years in software and database development for a variety of international companies and organizations.



I left Holland in 2009 and discovered the beauty and healing power of Thai Massage and Reusi Dat Ton (Thai Yoga) in Thailand. It changed my life's direction and inspired me to become a massage and yoga practitioner and teacher.

After my return to Europe, I started offering treatments and training, and — for about a decade — regularly returned to Thailand to further my training in the Thai healing arts.

In 2018, I co-founded the TraditionalBodywork.com website as a platform to publish articles, eBooks, and Video Workshops about Thai Massage and Reusi Dat Ton.

Today, I also publish works about other types of massage and bodywork, somatic practices, alternative and complementary therapies, nature, spirituality, and unconventional lifestyles.

In addition, I share essays, poems, and reflections about my personal life and experiences.

You can learn more about my background and about the website through <a href="https://www.traditionalbodywork.com/">https://www.traditionalbodywork.com/</a>



# Poems about Travels in Exile

## **Nothing New**

**G**oing East or going West a sun that rises or gets down but nothing new that shines which wasn't there a million years ago

going North or going South is only showing depths reveals that highs and lows will always glue together

nothing new I dare to say with travels, thinking, crying a waste of salty tears to nourish plants and evergreens

going up or going down or left or right or out of sight we turn, we jump, and spin but never nothing new that shines.



# **Ways of Life**

 $\mathbf{W}$ ays of life

I shiver

I shiver like a cold night full of fright

ways of life they differ

they differ like a cloudless day and moonless bay

ways of life a choice

a choice of heart an open eye and honesty

ways of life a river

running free this binge of water bursting in the sea.



# **The Way I Rock**

To start a life from scratch isn't all that easy

to do it many times makes one feel a bit uneasy

to start in many places language culture shock

and wiping all my traces that's the way I rock.