



Jimi Hendrix was born on the northwest coast of America on November 27, 1942, in the city of Seattle, Washington. Through the musical presence of his life/work, Jimi continues to touch the souls of millions of people on this planet. On September 17, 1970, during the afternoon of the day before Jimi's death in London, Monika Dannemann made the final series of photographs of Jimi in the garden behind their flat at the Samarkand. In the late evening of that day, Jimi sat down in their flat, and on several pages of note pad paper, he transmitted his last written message. In Monika's own words: "The last poem Jimi ever wrote the night before he died. It contains personal messages to me as well as universal messages to everyone."

September 17, 1970
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(slow)

The story of Jesus so easy to explain
After they crucified him
a woman, she claimed his name.
The story of Jesus, the whole bible knows
Went all across the desert
and in the middle, he found a rose
There should be no questions
There should be no lies
He was married ever happily after
For all the tears we cry.
No use in arguing
All the use to the man that moans
When each man falls in battle
His soul it has to roam.
Angels of heaven flying saucers to some
made Easter Sunday
the name of the rising sun.
The story is written by so many people who dared
to lay down the truth to so very many who cared
to carry the cross of Jesus and beyond,
We will guide the light, this time,
with a woman in our arms
We as men, can't explain the reason why,
the woman's always mentioned at the moment that we die.
All we know is, God is by our side,
and he says the word so easy, yet so hard.
I wish not to be alone,
so I must respect my other heart
The story of Jesus is the story of you and me
No use in feeling lonely,
I am you,
searching to be free.
The story of life is quicker than the wink of an eye
The story of love is hello and goodbye
Until we meet again.