

WANDERVOGEL

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*Leaving confines
Of the mask at dawn
Shedding feathers of misery
And wearing the wings of
An irate hawk.
Breaking bag of bones
To dust.
Her silent sigh
Changed to cry*

*Flying high
Breaching sky
Blending into blue
From sight afar.
Lands to lands
Away from hands.
No pinching pain
No binding chain
Call her Hera
Call her Hester
Any killing name.
The solitary bird's
Soul again
Is sovereign.*

Barren Nights

*I wish this to pass
I wish this to pass*

*I am in a desert, where ...
Darkness dumbs,
kills the light.
Horror crawls far and wide
Helping hand nowhere to reach
Just broken earth and prickly trees*

*I see a desolation, where
Frightful echoes run in hordes
Snow is dark and poisonous rain
Beams bring scowl and breeze carry pain
Tangled lanes only refrain*

*I feel wasteland all around, where ...
There is no now and no morrow
Just a craving for all bright things
Longing for dew and sighs of grief
I am but not my self*

*Here none listens and none can cry
None wishes and none can pray
Yet I dare, yet I say
Is it past or is it trance?
Or inside me a real glance?*