

FIRST MORNING

THE night was a failure

but why not--?

In the darkness

with the pale dawn seething at the window

through the black frame

I could not be free,

not free myself from the past, those others--

and our love was a confusion,

there was a horror,

you recoiled away from me.

Now, in the morning

As we sit in the sunshine on the seat by the little

shrine,

And look at the mountain-walls,

Walls of blue shadow,

And see so near at our feet in the meadow

Myriads of dandelion pappus

Bubbles ravelled in the dark green grass

Held still beneath the sunshine--

It is enough, you are near--

The mountains are balanced,

The dandelion seeds stay half-submerged in the
grass;

You and I together

We hold them proud and blithe

On our love.

They stand upright on our love,

Everything starts from us,

We are the source.

BEUERBERG

"AND OH--

THAT THE MAN I AM
MIGHT CEASE TO BE--"

No, now I wish the sunshine would stop,
and the white shining houses, and the gay red
 flowers on the balconies
and the bluish mountains beyond, would be crushed
 out
between two valves of darkness;
the darkness falling, the darkness rising, with
 muffled sound
obliterating everything.

I wish that whatever props up the walls of light
would fall, and darkness would come hurling
 heavily down,
and it would be thick black dark for ever.
Not sleep, which is grey with dreams,
nor death, which quivers with birth,
but heavy, sealing darkness, silence, all immovable.

What is sleep?

It goes over me, like a shadow over a hill,
but it does not alter me, nor help me.
And death would ache still, I am sure;

it would be lambent, uneasy.

I wish it would be completely dark everywhere,
inside me, and out, heavily dark
utterly.

WOLFRATSHAUSEN