

Einsturzende Neubauten

"Beauty"

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You see half the moon, its crescent, and one of the planets,
maybe Saturn, maybe Jupiter, in the early night sky
over Berlin,
through the windows of a taxicab, near Potsdamer Platz

You think: Beauty!

No, this is not beauty, maybe not, maybe, this is the rest of it,
maybe not, maybe, the rest of beauty,
maybe not, maybe, what remains of beauty, maybe not,
maybe, what is visible, certainly, uncertain.
Your arms would not be able to stretch as far as necessary to form an adequate gesture for beauty
(You know that, don't you?)
So, beauty remains in the impossibilities of the body.

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