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Atman "The Theatre Of Mist"

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Unbolt the wind to me!

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Brag I with audacious pride.

But that first gust of him

Makes me stumble and shrink.

My barque is covered up

With leaves and windfall-pears.

His heaven azures me

And his earth is cushioning.

The warming of his wine

And the sighing of his fire,

His honeys bitterness

Are reviving me,

Expose me to the storms

And leave me to despair.

But once his cold will die

In my ardent embrace.

[K.-U. Skerra]

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