

Crimson Moonlight, The Echoes Of Thought

Feel the wish of the thought to break through,
break through every hindrance,
like the soul longs to live for ever.
The walking continues now slowly now fast
It has always been bordered by feelings,
hindrances and the plague of doubt.
But what in this is recollection?
What does this mean?

The echoes of thoughts are heard in the emptiness
that used to be so full of chaos.
The thought wants to break through
to set out and explore every part
of the big and different existence
that was once so full of meaning,
but is now sheer emptiness.
Is this the goal of the walk?
Is it to this void the thought will break.
Perhaps.
What is yet space, unexplored,
comes to view and we catch a hint of
what is further away in the remote distance.
But it disappears as quickly as it appeared
and what is our daily business
is chained and locked to the moment
for the time being
But what in this is recollection?
Have we been here before?
We are still fed with the already known,
The spoils of everyday life.
The power is in their hands
I don't want to go on like this,
But where am I?

Like a small carriage, drawn by a thousand horses
I am being dragged along,
though with just one word
I could stop it all.
But - can't get myself to bother,
although my hottest wish is to turn around
And go back...
This is a total change.
The surprise is part of the movement,
my subconscious is searching and transforming
and all of a sudden...
But again it is disappearing
and the walking continues as before
sometimes slowly, sometimes fast.

The question remains:
Is this what I am looking for:
the silence, the echo and the thin, little ray of light
coming from a distant land far away?