

Eberhard Schoener, Rhine Bow

The red-by-nines
Above the Rhine
The clouds gripped of the drifting mists
It was useless
And who over the ruins of his life
Persued its fleeting, fluttering signifigance
While he suffered its seemingless meaninglessness
And lived in seeming madness

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Persued its fleeting, fluttering signifigance
While he suffered its seeming meaninglessness
And lived in seeming madness
And who walked in secret the last turn of the labyrinth
Ruinatation!

The golden trail was blazed
And I was reminded
Of the eternal, of shipmen and their stars
For a day I could breath once more and live
And face existence

Without the need to suffer torment,
Fear, or shame

The red-by-nines
Above the Rhine
The clouds gripped of the drifting mists
It was useless
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Persued its fleeting, fluttering signifigance
While he suffered its seemingless meaninglessness
And lived in seeming madness

And who over the ruins of his life
Persued its fleeting, fluttering signifigance
While he suffered its seeming meaninglessness
And lived in seeming madness
And who hoped in secret at the last turn of the labyrinth
For revelation