

Martin (in a monologue to the audience)

What depths will he go to and submit
Just as I so many times have thought
My life is over, finished
Yet with a will and tenacity I held
Something in me keeps aloft
From the world's failures,
Work is art it rises above self
And takes on a life of its own
With one as a priest to its demands
It goes on expanding after death
Even as one fails, the horizon
Continues to beckon.
So I hope with Celan
My philosophy seeks to show the immanence
Of Holderlin and Celan
A formal prose of poetry
The world of you and me
The whole minute intercourse
The interplay of life and love
Which setting best serves our cause,
Poor or rich it is achieved
This inner authority
From where you can direct a real life
Your life,
My view enables the care of the world
Every tree speaks this language
The botany of purpose through silence
Freeing your mind for human tasks
Rinsing the mind
And a clear ever more clear vision
Of your own progress
A feeling once attained
Not even illness or death can thwart.
Since you are already on the path
Of becoming finer
More unknowable
Moving with sovereignty
Into the unknown country
Where Being and Time disintegrate
Leaving open every imagination.
Choose that confidence escaping yourself
Let them do the praying
You are free.