

From the Holderlin play.

Holderlin addressing Susette:

The poem will take you there O reader
a road of longing and loss
and thus restore them,
The fire of the gods appears
and on that burning path
faces behind the flickering flames
beg you see a meridian
where time's abuse is halted
and victory o sweet victory
is scented in Spring air,
O those first warm days
beside the Neckar swelling
with cold white water
arm in arm with school friends hurrying home
now vanished in the friends of revolution
the absurd is turning its wings
eternalising our mortality.
Thus the gods do bow to us
for death has given us the means
of true eternity
greater than the whole universe
more than self-preservation
awareness which leads to care
and carelove
only the lovely guillotine
keeps us on our toes
poetry will mend it
and keep us awake forever.