

To the hoped-for god

Only one percent I believe in you
And that through Holderlins genius
why do we struggle and sweat in the night
As in a storm our ship seems naked
Searching for the shore our native land
There he must be holy and in freedom
His empire expands forever among gardens
where the minds of men dwell at noontide
And the sun our brother observes us and shines
But our eyes are fixed on the figure before us
His torso of youth emits nothing but love
And on my shoulder his powerful hand
Steadies my needful gaze and submits
My being to his godlike embrace.