

the death of children

here there is no other
no sharing no belief
no more the sun
in the summer garden
no heaven-made equal grief,
this is my last music
birdsong belongs to the dead
harmony sprach immoral
happiness white spite
give me war, famine, disease, flood
fire, earthquake
none will touch me
can give no help
feel revenge, hatred, lust
only these satisfy my violence
like an image of the reich
cursed by what might have been
my wound will never heal
save the no-one god
touches it with his spear.