

Niklas Schneiker

A.

Violet haze,
Dresses all the space:
Perplexity,
Uncoverable by
Any sanity.

Qualia of the simulacrum,
Is going to taste
My own consciousness soon!

Looking out on a cold day,
Catching the breeze and winter chills,
With her face and smell.

How long has it been?
Stay in a sealed place.
Suffer with one's sanity.
Try to set thoughts free.
I had nothing deep to chaise.

A raw leafy flavor,
Fills the nose.
Oh, with a changing hue.

See!

The past thoughts are lined in pain:

Death, nihilism, her blond hair.

Now, finally a different domain.

Not yet the sphere of love,

Neither the realm of sexual romanticism.

Just a kind of,

New hue.

Oh, my thoughts are new!

Is the load gone?

Still time to time,

Like a thought's crime,

Internal analepsis arrived:

Her grace,

Was my ache.

I paint it blue and gray,

Like our first dates:

Sunsets red lake,

Reflected in her eyes of Prussian blue.

And bright is her skin,

Her loving lips so thin.

These shadows still follow me;

Will they ever set me free?

Oh my blissful joy;

My enchanted pain.

Belatedly, the contemporary came,

As a southern European flame.

Lucid affects,

Fall to the summit.

Oh, and from it,

Emanates meaning.

Partial waves of cheer.

Extasy for the kiddy boy,

Arrives in the con-

cious sphere.

Loving stars that shine,

Laughing at the milky way

Ordered in line.

Ach, life is a wonderful play!

I keep,

The gayness,

At sleep.

Habitual life?

A wolf for me the sheep.

Let me breathe,

Before I scream,

My full beloved dream!

What dream?

I don't know her,

But I am free,
More than I was:
In better esprit.
Still, she is beauty.
The tongue moves kindly,
Seems still a bit shily.
Inviting her, my duty?

As she is a muse,
You can not choose,
Good news!

Hah! I can scarcely grasp the bliss!
A golden yarn towards unreachable happiness!