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The Sole Wanderer



In Search for
Light

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The Sole Wanderer



W

HEN HE LEFT

the safe haven of his youth,
the sky opened and a rainbow led his
way out into the garden of promises,
where life itself became his teacher.

Many a childhood friend had gone away,
but his path was not theirs.
And the old ones,
where were they now that he needed
them ?
Would anyone come to lead him across ?
Or would he have to go on his own
journey,
the journey of his soul ?

A journey that may teach him the new and
make him forget the past.

To reach out for the unknown and to
explore the unseen,
he wanted to know and see more and
deeper into life's secrets,
to find the real truth.



WHEN HE CRIED out into the world,
his words were carried far into the
distance way beyond his knowing, —
a world not of his own.

One day,
 he thought,
 his words will return filled with a
deeper understanding:
 of love and hate;
 of great and small;
 of his true self.

But then he fell into a deep silence,
 where darkness surrounded him,
 and a long sleep put his mind to rest.
And out of the dark cave of slumber,
 a voice surrounded by tiny sparks of
lightning filled the air:

The past that you once loved
 will wait for you tomorrow.
The dice that you once cast
 will pay you hundredfold.

Cry not for pleasures
 if pain lies by your side.
You're only dust that feeds
 the crust of earth.

When the night of his young heart gave
way to the new dawn,
 he still remembered the sound of these
words,
 like a whisper in the wind,
 yet as mighty as a storm.
A sound that made his soul quiver,
and silent tears ran down his cheeks.

This is not the time to dream,
 nor to drift away
 in memories.
To find the way to your soul,
 you have to leave
 the past behind.

Like a painter's brush
 mingling all colours
 into one,
You will blend the fading hours
 of yesterday
 with the flowing time,
And even time itself
 becomes dissolved
 and vanishes like dew
 on a summer's day.

This was not the time to mourn,
but to stride out and fight,
to learn and to forget again.

His arms were still trembling,
but his heart was beating steadily
against all storms.

Truth will find you,
just open your heart a little bit,
And the dirt of ignorance
shall be washed away.

A candle wrapped in cloth
will give no light.
It's within you have to search,
not in the sky above.

The silent glow of past dreams still rested
on the shore of yesterday's tears,
only a thought away from now, —
but forever far.



NOT LONG AGO,

when he was still caught in the web of
delusion,

struggling against the waves of time,
the young man's longing gaze fell upon a
single grain of hope.

The ever swinging tide watched over the
youthful soul and,

flowing back and forth,
bleached the young man's heart,
whilst far into the distant light his
voice cried out in pain:

O clouds in the sky,
veil of the heavens.

You fill my pores
when they are dry
and empty.

My thirsty lips
rejoice
in your sweet tears.

You feed my faint heart
with the sap
of virginity.

But when I look up to you,
my eyes
dare not reach
the borders
of your mercy.

O sweetness of time,
how I yearn for you,
To lose with you
what you once gained,
To burn away
your twilight dreams,
While day and night
forever turn
the wheel
of fate.



THE TIME FADED like clouds in a warm
southern wind,
 flying by like a seagull drifting over the
ocean's waves,
 while his thoughts rested patiently on
the beach of his dreams, —
 forever sailing across the bay of love.

The ageless dunes behind the shore
became his resting abode,
 a haven for his many journeys across
the islands of fate,
 where life mingles with death,
 and death itself returns to life.

And in the twilight between day and night,
 he lost sight of the sand.
 He became saturated with the clouds of
unknowing,
 into which his past vanished,
 like a homeless orphan lost in a forest
of hopes.



A rainbow led his way
out into the garden of promises



NCE AGAIN

it was summertime,
a season for travelling across the ocean
and into the air,
a time to spread out the wings of your
heart and absorb the warm rays of
daylight,
a time to embrace the breeze of dawn.

The sky was full of laughter,
and new flowers filled the air with their
sweet smell.

And so he walked on and watched life
growing and dying around him.

And he met a young child who could not
speak,
 who had no friends to play with or sing,
 but the smile on its face shone like dew
on a leaf.

And he met another child who could not
hear,
 who never listened to the sound of life,
 but who could read from his lips and tell
by his eyes.

And he met a one child who could not see,
 who was living in a garden of flowers
and trees,
 and who knew every plant by its own
perfumed gleam.

Then he came upon a man who was talking
endlessly,
 but his words were filled with pride;
 scattered into all directions;
 lost in vanity.

And he followed the road to see what he
could find.

And there sat a young man,
neither deaf nor blind,
but he had no words to say;
his lips were trembling with fear.

And he wandered on to search for a man
of knowing,
just one soul who could open his eyes,
who could teach him how to listen,
who would fill his tongue with wisdom.

And he climbed higher and higher to reach
the top of the mountain.
And he stood up and looked around.

Yet the blind could not see him,
the deaf could not hear his words,
and the mute could not answer.



HE FOUND HIMSELF unwinding every
single thread of life,
past and future,
here and there.

Every day another story began,
only to end when the night came in.
And every time he felt like leaving part
of the old and entering the new.

When I close
my weary eyes,
I can see mercy
waiting
inside every cell
of my lonesome heart,
purity flowing
through my thoughts,
and patience
resting gracefully
upon my lips.

When I seal
my ears
from the droning
of life's enchanting call
and listen to myself,
I can hear
the harmony of love
wavering
through my veins,
craving
for the silent sound,
while my soul is floating
towards the innermost light.

I can feel my body
trembling
under the burden
of darkness and mystery,
entangling my spirit
with the wisdom
of the past.



OVER THE MOUNTAINS high he came to
a star called love,

and her shining brightness filled his
eyes with pain of joy.

And he followed blindly her light and
stared into the liquid of life.

He wandered on the clouds of silence
towards the world inside,

feeling the earth beneath his feet
swaying in the cosmic wind,

his eyes embracing every glimpse of
hope that love might bring,

to free his soul,

to touch his heart,

to heal his mind.

In the twilight between the past and the
future,

the road and the determination to
follow this road had become one,

no longer separated by thoughts of
doubt or unfulfilled desires.

The wind is but the answer
to yesterday's dream,
Likewise the rain
unto tomorrow's tears.

The tide of dawn
drowns the shadows of the past,
For the light of the future
is yet to come but for few.

Thousands of heartbeats
fill the sea of time,
Thousands of rainbows
colour the screen of the sky,
Unborn and unseen
with the eye of sorrow.

Maybe you will see it tomorrow.



THE WOUNDS that sorrow caused in
many a sleepless night,
had drained the clouds that threw their
shadows on his eyes.

When he first crossed the valley,
the silhouette of the past left behind,
and many more mountains to climb,
his soul elevated by the beauty of life,
his mind entangled with reflections,
with the afternoon sun melting his
doubts,
it was only then that he thought he was
free.

And he reached the summit, —
an outcry away from the palace of the
Eternal King.

The pilgrim had come to bear his cross on
his way to the peak of love.