

Sailing (2014)



Caspar David Friedrich, Auf dem Segler

You in the bows there, holding hands,
Warmed by the evening's last fire,
Sunk in a mute romantic stare,
Your cheeks aglow, your souls ahead,
Breathing the Baltic's peaceful air,

Rush to the stern and throw the rudder,
Leave the convenient course from aft,
Whose heave and sway you must forget.
The vessel turning, under bulging sails,
Do not look back at Greifwald's silhouette:

The proud cathedral where they'll marry you,
The colleges where silk and velvet reign,
The town hall with its seats of oaken sheen,
The burghers' houses, where you'll go for tea,
Way from the cemetery, so sombre, so unseen.