

Embraced By The Beauty Of Cold

Crimson Moonlight

Wrapped up in pain,
Entering a dark pillar hall,
with the most exquisite marble,
polished and sparkling since thousands of years,
I hear the echo of emptiness...
Cautiously I step across the empty floor,
but I notice, uneasy, that my footfalls are soundless.
Scared I hurry into the next hall...
There are statues of pure gold,
decorated with the rarest of gems.
There they stand magnificent and glorious,
watching the sky...
Though there is something which worries me
and at last I stop and see what it is...
What I watch is the bitter face of loneliness.
The cold embrace feels to the innermost corner of my soul.

Was beauty nothing but cold?
What I found beautiful, was it just icy winds?
Was this the room I had been looking for so long?
Was this the place where freedom lives?

My way went on into wilderness,
along the well-known path called Confusion...
After a dark night I approached the big gate,
though I was astonished when I saw that it was more than a gate.

I arrived at a crossroad with two golden gates.
Gift...Mystery...
Who built them there?
What was Remembrance in this?
I am struck by their temptation,
the inviting power which attracts my innermost thoughts.

Stunned by this powerful experience
and grateful for it
I remain hesitantly at the crossroads.
Which path is my way?
Which gate is the opening to the life I wanted?

Oh, Jesus Christ...
I seek Thy Divine wisdom,
I bow before Thy advice...
May Thy hand lead a wavering heart
May Thy word be a torch on my path...