

Cards Do Not Lie

Master's Hammer

Among the hills a winding way
I am going to meet my education
be it a patch of my gaps
from happiness already turns red the face !
The way of knowledge is full of thorns
how to separate grain from chaff ?
A castle tower welcomes me from far
with its copper battlement.
Already a good piece of walk behind me
behold, a wooden Gasthaus there,
and the inscription says "ZUM SPIRITUS"
- its very name so nicely sounds !
My luggage here being so heavy
and full of books,
please, take them up
I want to sleep in the attic...
And do quickly serve the table
I ate in Prague for the last time
and some sort of Spirits too,
which would raise the humour !
Who is taking seat beside me ?
Greeting me by my name ?
Maybe a hundred years old woman
- that makes me feeling shocked !
And suddenly I see cards spread out
on a little table here
in a room filled with smoke
of pure hemp !
My supreme consternation
about her knowing my past
however, I want to know perfectly
what will give the future to me ?

[the fortune-teller:]
"Here the king and next the knave."
[Atrament:]
"What does it mean ?"
"A high born gentleman will lick your back."
"And what comes next ?"
"Ha, ha, if you order brandy, we hear in no time
whether you shall have your head on the log,
or a good fortune on your knees !"

Old hag, I am fed up with your talks,
I am an occultist !
Thought not seeing through the cards,
but I know how to do with life:
And in the bar a vermilion notice:
ET ZUM SPIRITUS TUO
I shall prefer to sing a duet
with my own tumbler !
As a flash from the clean sky
struck by the phantom of
a beautiful gril
in my eyes there sticks
the glance of her eyes
and those clear forms of her hips

We spent in waking all the night
and the bed empty in the morning
when the little Table bestowed
at the exorcising right enough !