

Nocturnal Poetry

Von Sirelle

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Kapitel 1: Flight

Flight

There was such a feeling again
So much life within
A warm shiver of rain
The scent of ocean in the air
A memory I waiting for

Rain is fallen in golden sunlight
A poem is wispered into night
In me the dreamer becomes pure fantasy
The swallow is the first hopeful sight

So I can shelter you no more
It`s the freedom I adore
I long for the mighty ocean
See you soon on ascending moon !

Take a look at the calming sea
Listen to the call wich you want to be
But I can hear you not anymore
I`m gone for the sand on the shore

Kapitel 2: Voice of Ocean

Voice of Ocean

Can you hear this misterious singing?
Listen to the sweet melody
That`s the symphony of ocean
The voice of the stormy sea

The rhythm of the waves
Is turning my steps to the beach
The salty water will heal all my wounds
The wish for the freedom will blow up my bounds

Now, when the sea is raging
The sirens will awake again
The souls of sinners fast will fadin'
No shelter for seduced man

"Come to me,
Follow me,
Let the ocean be youe grave"

Come to me, follow me,
Let the ocean be your grave
The calling of the deep blue sea
A new sacrifice with every wave

Kapitel 3: In search of home

In search of home

Now it's dark in my room
Silent and dismal
I want to go home
Wherever it is, it is not here
It is just somewhere outside

Oh, where you concealed my wings?
Why does nobody hear my prayer?
Sometime or other I will tear off

`cause
There are places where the sky is much brighter
Places away from home
All the strangeness is my shelter
But I've to return
(Wherever it is)

The distant moon is pale no longer
A cold fire wick awakes after dark
Slowly the wave of fear grows stronger
Had you seen yet this first spark?

That was the first step to open the gate
No one can stop me to fulfill my fate
I don't know for wick I'm gone
But I'm still searching for my home

My heart longs for a home
Oh, I want to finally go home

Kapitel 4: Flight in moonlit Nightwind

Flight in moonlit Nightwind

Trails

leave behind by snowwhite hoofs
Leads me to the bewitched dreams
Winterlagoons
Realm of nightwhispering

A white liontail

Is chasing over moonlightmeadows
Is there someone to reach it?
Only if it ceased to fly!

A silky silvery white hair

Is blowing in nocturnal starflight
A horn of magic ivory
Is shining trough the woods

A feeling of infinite freedom

To gallop in the winds of salvation
That`s our journey to the yearningsea

"Hey swallow!

Do you want to accompany me?
Distribute the stars with me
You are the only one wich isn`t asleep
My little nightswallow.
The eagle has no meaning for me"

A feeling of infinite freedom

To fly in the winds of salvation
That`s our journey to the yearningsea

"Let us watch the midnightsun rising

Let us dance to the black flood"

Kapitel 5: Fight of the cursed ones

The fight of the cursed ones

A red glossy pearl
Filled with sweet human sorrow
Let me arouse these memories again

White snow falls down
On the debris, on the remains of sins
To deceive with false hopes
An innocence which never was there

Brave soldiers are wading
Through swamps which originated
From the blood of their predecessors

It isn't like in the tales
There is no patriot to deliver you
All the campfire stories lie
There is no hope to believe in

All of them are gone from me
Nothing's left behind
But the sympathy for you

With a laughter that sounds
Like weeping you left our world
Here's no place for honourable acts,
You said, no sympathy for the cursed ones

Kapitel 6: Thoughts of a Dreamer

Thoughts of a Dreamer

A lonesome heart
Lost in the dark
Of a creature
Where under its chest
No lifestream may to exist

Oh salve Chérie, you said
And the white petals of a Lily
Fell down to earth

In the garden of the ugly story
Of Adam and Eve they will fading
Forever in their grief

Oh I`m so sorry, my beautiful One
You think I betrayed you
But my sorrow was too much

I was unable to protect your bloom
Oh please forgive me
And now let me sink in my gloom

The hope lies not in my words
But with them it will return

The eyes of a wolf
Laid on the one
Who`s reaching for wisdom
Now a question for the Wise Man of the East
Why I perceive this Christmas-feeling
On a midsummers Eve?

Kapitel 7: little Voice in Darkness

When darkness surrounds me
I feel love
And when I see the little light
Trying to light up the room
My darkness don't want to bear this Beauty
Romantic Moment
The Melody wich calls the past times back
A short rare moment
The darkness holds the warmth in me
My only wish to hold this feelings
But the times are written long ago
All those romantic stories passed
The memories are gone
But I'll never forget your face
The kindness in your glance
And the hope,the love
And all the sorrow You brought me
This dieing melody
Of the white silence in the dark

Kapitel 8: Schwalbe und Löwe

Und da fragte die Schwalbe den Löwen an:
Hast du ihn gesehen, den Ozean?
Da sagte der Löwe: Mein Traum ist nicht wahr,
Du träumst noch, weil dich die Nacht gebar.
Da sah die Schwalbe, sie war schwarz wie Pech.
Auf dass ihr die Sonne die Flügel durchstech,
Dachte der Löwe voll Eifersucht,
Sah nicht, dass sie nur so zu leben versucht.
Dabei hatte die Schwalbe genug Feuer gesehen,
Um die Gründe fürs Töten zu verstehen,
Doch sie mochte lieber das ewige Wasser
Und wurde des eigenen Friedens Verfasser.
Der Löwe aber hatte sein Glück vertan,
Er brachte das Feuer mit Kriegeswahn.
Doch konnte auch er nichts für seine Wiege,
Denn der Fluch war gesprochen mit der ersten Sünde.

Kapitel 9: Der dunkle Glanz

Wandelte wieder in Welten heut Nacht
Und düstere Flügel berührten mich sacht.
Die einer Schwalbe, doch war sie es nicht
Unter ihren Federn verbarg sich nicht Licht.
Lachende Dunkelheit gab mir zu sehen,
Gab mir zu verstehen, darin gutes zu sehen.
Gab mir Einsamkeit, Ewigkeit, Schwalbenflügel,
So dass ich nicht bräche des Lebens Siegel.
Doch eines war immer ein Fehler der Nacht:
Sie wird immer bleiben des Tages Gracht
Und wer darin schwimmt ist des Ufermanns Narr,
Denn es greift nicht an, was die Nacht gebär.
Doch lächeln kann ich, denn es scheint immerfort
Das dunkle Licht, an jedem Ort.
Es fallen die Menschen vom Zeiger der Uhr,
Die Kälte des Schicksals bleibt nun mal stur.