

FROM THE BEGINNING

For Leonard Cohen

From the maple leaves in November, the hillside burns.
Like yellowed photos, shirts pile up in the closet.
How the wind blows its song on the grey ridge of clouds:
Sing it to me from the beginning.

The roads I walk have become far too young.
If I turn up my collar, it's a cliché.
How the wolf howls, how the horses trot in the team:
Sing it to me from the beginning.

How the hand curves around a match that burns down,
How a bloke runs through nights as through drum rolls,
As in cigarette smoke the delusions of grandeur vanish:
Sing it to me from the beginning.

Cruise ship of the soul is a cheap hotel.
Where nowhere is dark and nowhere is really bright.
As the neon tube flickers, the heart beats the man:
Sing it to me from the beginning.

Who else will you be able to comfort and who will comfort you,
When the world tears apart at a white chalk line,
Because freedom can no longer remember happiness:
Sing it to me from the beginning.

How often can you be a child who kisses the dead lips?
There is no awakening, even if you miss them.
The chorus of life is three hands full of sand:
Sing it to me from the beginning.

How we became deaf from hearing and blind from seeing,
How so much never ends because it never begins,
How we go home through the silver screen someday:
Sing it to me from the beginning.

© 2016 HENRY-MARTIN KLEMT

from: "Ungeduldig ist das Leben - 99 neuere Lieder", p 142ff;
BoD; ISBN: 978-3-7557-6814-2