

A painting of a person and a dog in a forest at sunset. The scene is filled with warm, golden light from a large, glowing sun in the background. The ground is covered in fallen orange and yellow leaves. On the left, a tree with a thick, gnarled trunk stands. In the center, a person in dark clothing stands facing a dark-colored dog that is sitting. To the right of the person is a dark, rounded object, possibly a bag or a pot. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

Lily Wonderland STRANGER

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Stranger

by

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ROCK

The rock stands in the distance
It is surrounded by only its own cold limbs
The sun lifts its head toward the sky
But the rock stands there still
It is almost invisible.

The rock towers high
Unattainable
Yet out of the corner of one's eye
You can see it
However far away in space
It is so noble in its grace.

In winter it does not shiver
Nor does the summer sun soften it

Remaining hard many years from now
Surrounded by all that matters.

“You are coming to me
Ascending up on my highest places
When your foot slides
And you fall
Touching my naked body
You’re terrified
But something nuzzles around you.

Under my arms creations dwell
Those of you fear
On my flesh needles grow
From which you shy away
And yet I see you
When looking out of the corner of your eyes
You create an image of me.
You say I’m beautiful, amazing.

But for me, beauty is all around
Where my face, my body is able to see
For me beauty is my Mother
Who brought me to this place
By creating me.”

The man removes his hands
Jumps off the rock
But a strong sense of belonging
Confuses him quite a lot.

As if the rock knew
What he went through in life
Like if it had read his feelings
And spoke the language of his heart.
“Who are you?” asks the rock.
What is the right answer?
Is there any that would correctly describe him?

“I am the star on an infinite journey of time
But the world where I live has no meaning.
I'm the planet with a name
But I was born without the name.
I'm surrounded by others like me
Yet on a road all alone.
Am I to stand in one place
Or do I move on?

Do I merely glitter as a star on the sidewalk?
Who can say with certainty
What's going on in the distance?
You may see only a reflection of my light
But you do not feel my heat.
Where does my pilgrimage end?

I die with a big explosion
And you may even fail to notice.

My parts will scatter through the air.

Oh, yes, I'll be back!

Returning with a new disguise

I'll be smaller, more distant

But still it will be me.

Will my ray of light reach you?

If it is weak, can you find me

When at the warm home of your roots

You look out at the frozen landscape

Then move your gaze up toward heaven

Will you recognize this little star

Way up there?

Will my faint light break through the deep darkness

And get close to Earth?

Will you hear a sound of the speed of infinity?

Will you recognize my brightness still?

So to answer you in simple way
I am who life made me
I am one of the billion
With no name given to me.”

Man comes to mind
Nobody is near by
Only unspoiled nature
As far as the eye can see.
How did the rock speak?

But the rock speaks no more
So the man returns to his fate
For it's only a cold stone
Without thinking or feeling
What does it know
About the life of a human being?

STRANGER

Exposed, naked, and alone
Warm air breathes on his body
The storm affects the human being
Whose spirit reaches up to the clouds.

Nothingness merges with nature
From the bush comes a snake's hiss
In the thicket monsters dwell
As the black widow weaves its dangerous web.

Rain mixes with tears
In a bittersweet melody of life
Stranger with a backpack asks:
“Where do I find my home?”

Into a far country the stray shoes brought him
Worn out feet, toes hardened with calluses
Soaked to the bone
Facing towering hills
Inanimate stones
Peaks and valleys
Flames of fire
And fierce lightning.
He passed the hard way
On a path straight to the desert.

Rain-soaked, he indulges his thoughts:
“Oh God, tell me what I had
And what do I have now?
Where did I go
After being lost?
What was the point
From which I could never return?

I had a dream home
Built on an endless estate
Surrounded by love
Filled with children's smiles.

When did it change?
Who brought this hell
Transforming a future without end
To this final stop in life?

Why did you allow those sunny days
If they were to be swallowed by dark nights
Pitfalls and plains
Hills and valleys
Where were you, Lord?
Did you still accompany us?

Time to time it felt
Like our paths drew apart
And dreams that we dreamed
Were dissolved like a snowflake
Falling on a warm blanket
Touching it
Then melting
Leaving only a wet streak
That lived while falling from the sky
It was forever.

All those questions have caused
A long time without sleep.
I ask, “How long can I survive in a dream?”
And when does the time come
That I have to get up?