

The Mantle
Sulamith Wülfing

I would dream
Today, tomorrow, ever since
of the light
and its mantle contained
in the cloud
of potential restrained.

I would dream
of the earth
and its dust and its shade
of nothing
Beyond comprehension
I would dream.

To be lost
in the swirl
which reveals in the vapor
the fold
and the light never used;
It's in dream.

Little before nothing
a little
at the point of the circle
encircling
it all:
Nothing
can flee its fate.

But — to flee
where nothing can flee
a little feeling
craving the dream
animated ...
Nothing can flee into fate.

