

Walter William Safar

THE HAND

Yes, I have lost the battle,
But not the war,
My heart is still beating lively,
It knows all the paths of darkness and light.
It is like a warrior that won't admit defeat,
While I am down on my knees,
Longingly looking up
Into Life's beautiful face.

When the dark clouds are looming,
I am ready for a new battle,
To follow my heart
Into the heart of darkness,
Woven around me by a dark spider
Conceived in the silky web of the system.

I have to admit it, life,
I was cloaked in darkness so many a time,
It took me straying off the beaten path,
While my broken heart was in love with sorrow.
I never wanted to break hearts,
But if that was true,
I wouldn't be on my knees now.
There is no one
Who hasn't been on his knees, if only for a moment,
No one who has not broken someone's heart,
If only for a moment.

I have to admit it, life, that I am weary on the inside,
That I am fed up with rising and falling,
But I remember the angelic voice of Patti Page,
With the song's fluting harmonies roaming my memories,
The Tennessee Waltz.
My heart is pounding like it never did before,
Yes, life, my small heart is a great fighter,
I know it now that I am standing on my feet,
And my small heart keeps me running
To reach out to the broken heart,
Because when you help someone up,
You are helping yourself.

MY LITTLE CARDBOARD HOME

I never meant to call for hunger,
but it calls for me,
endlessly faithful and accursedly honest,
it leads me,
like any given day,
into the soup kitchen of the darkest street in the world.
Everything around me is so unreal,
the smiling faces of those who pass by,
the full restaurants spreading the scent of food,
and the rustle of money bills, so unknown to me.
To many people, this is the brightest street in the world,
but it is so painfully cold and dark to me.
I feel like a wingless fly in the silky home
of the biggest spider of the world when I walk it.
Outside, the sun is gildening the leaden faces of those who pass by,
those who headlessly chase after their own bright dreams,
and it is so dark inside,
yes, Lord, how could a soup kitchen be bright,
when its most frequent visitor is poverty.
The breath of hopelessness spreads around me,
and of horrible apathy,
as if I entered a coffin
that even death does not want to enter,
but I am not afraid that their hopelessness might kill my hope,
because it died long ago.
It's all the same in this coffin of human hopes,
the same poverty, the same food, the same nuns,
the same thick opaque glass
that keeps gazes from mixing,
there's only less homeless people,
because the long cold nights do not forgive poverty,
and while I drag my heavy leaden legs
towards the altar of my shame,
I can hear an unusually lively young voice,
a straying child singing a lullaby to its teddy bear.
Oh, Lord, can poverty be so hungry
as to even take away dignity from such a young being?
I am looking into these big, bright turquoise eyes of a child,
so dignifiedly spreading hope around him.

Nothing about him or within him
reveals that he is a victim of recession,
that he has lost his father and mother early.
Even though a big pearly tear
slid into his empty plate, spreading the echo of endless pain,
he is still patiently waiting for his piece of bread
hard as flintstone.
I am hiding from his gaze,
fearing that my apathy and hopelessness
might kill his hope.
You know, Lord, that I would give everything
to help this dear little being,
but how can a hopeless man help him?
If my help is the escape
and the hiding of my own inability and hopelessness,
I agree to remain hungry,
because there is no desire left in me to fight dilemmas,
because I have long since been without hope,
and so it is time for me to return
to my little home without light and hope,
into my little cardboard home.

BROKEN HEARTS

When the copper bell tolls,
Many a broken heart
Shall quietly bid farewell to life.

Like a wall clock imprisoned by solitude,
A broken heart is never late for a date with death,
Whether the day is rising
Like a purple curtain,
Whether the night is falling
Like a silky black blind,
Broken hearts always have the same role,
To open the doors
Of hearts much harder than they are.

Echoes of broken hearts are heard beyond the heavenly dome,
Much louder than down below,
As if they promised themselves to angels
Before death had arrived.

When the petals of a young rose fall to the consecrated ground,
Broken hearts rise up to heaven
To sing with angels
In praise of the Lord.

There isn't too much joy to darkness,
The home of solitude,
The earthly shelter for broken hearts,
That are flying up to heaven so joyfully now,
To adorn themselves with heavenly freedom
Like a prince with his crown.

When you hear the wind's merry whistle,
Know that another broken heart flew off
Into blue infinities,
To obtain its angelic wings.

ARENA

The yearning that is born
Within the inexhaustible well of life
Is emerging into reality now.
Who can live a life without yearning?...
Is there anyone who doesn't want to be a winner once?
I dare them to curse me.

When in stormy nights
My cries melt into a thundering scream,
The scream of mankind,
Then even thunder is but a silent witness
In the arena,
Where only life and death
Have the right to call themselves judges.

All I want is to stay alive for as long as possible.
In the arena,
There is little mercy for the weak,
Each step is much more than just a step.
A wrong turn
Will bring you to your knees.
I love that game.
I would be lying if I said
That I would like to wake up outside that arena,
Because just like everyone else,
I am made to fight
In the arena
Where only life and death
Have the right to call themselves judges.

My steps are slowing down.
Even though I am in no hurry,
Death is much closer today
Than it was yesterday.
Life authors paradoxes.
Prince or pauper,
The slower you are,
The closer you come to death.

I shall not give up,
There are still sparks inside me.
Many a shadow shall lie upon its crimson hearse
With their man
Before my shadow lies upon its crimson hearse,
in the arena,
Where only life and death
Have the right to call themselves judges.

THE LAND BEYOND THE RAINBOW

You are calling out for me, road of dreams,
To the land beyond the rainbow,
Where losers become winners.
You are calling out for me, road of dreams,
To where reality was conceived from thousands,
Tens of thousands of dreams,
Dreams that nourish souls,
Dreams that arouse hearts
Of dreamers from around the world;

Oh, you are calling our for me, road of dreams,
To the wonderful land of dreamers,
But I am tired,
My mornings are entirely different now,
Full of extinguished sparks
And scents of tired nights
That lay beside you now,
Just like night birds,
Your tired wanderers,
Whose passion has seeped off
Into life's inexhaustible well.

I admit it, road of dreams!
I knew that the poor get trampled upon in this world,
And humiliated, that they are victims,
And so I, your faithful child, your lonely dreamer,
Did not want to grow up down at the bottom,
Not at any price,
Not even at the price of solitude.

You are calling out for me, road of dreams,
When the crescent moon kisses your seductive face
But I am so tired.
Do you despise me now
That I have admitted to giving up?
Do you know, road of dreams, how hard it is to wake up alone,
In the company of silent shadows.
Do you know, road of dreams,
How hard it is to live in one's imagination

While beautiful roses are blooming all around,
Waiting for me to put them into the hands of my beloved.

You do not acknowledge losers,
You are calling out for me even though I am on my knees,
In other words, you won't accept my surrender!
You are showing me a place beyond the rainbow,
The capital of the land of dreamers,
Where everyone has their place under the sun and the stars,
Where wealth is measured by spirit instead of money.
Yes, road of dreams,
You are showing me the capital of dreamers,
Where the woman of my dreams is waiting for me
To put a beautiful rose onto her palm.

I was on my knees,
Road of dreams,
Until I have heard your call again,
And I have risen,
Determined
And full of faith,
To run to the land beyond the rainbow!

THE DAY WILL COME

My departure does not mean betrayal,
Please, my darling, understand,
One who was born under the starry sky
Cannot do without wandering,
Just like the star
That baptized my birth.

My departure is not an ending
But rather a new beginning,
You know it, darling,
You can feel it, darling, can't you?
That I shall return with the same wind
That I departed with,

Although I have chosen solitude
And sacrificed love for the sake of wandering,
I still love you,
I am kissing you in my dreams
More than I ever did!

I am searching for the gaze of your yearning eyes in the stars,
The sanctuary of my love and comfort.
Believe me, my darling,
Because a man won't lie waking
At the deathbed of his solitude.

When your tear rolls
Into the brilliant stream of a spring day,
You shall hear the wind whispering
Fly free!... Fly with me!...
Into a perfect spring day.

The best memories are those that teach us of love,
This I cannot deny,
Because you will always be the first in my memories,
Yes, darling, even before the wonderful starry sky
Under which I was born,
Alone and abandoned,
Like a child of solitude.

Darling, you know that i am not lying,
Because that wonderful memory was born in an angelic cradle,
In longing,
From thousands of separate gazes
Of your yearning eyes.

I know, I feel, my darling, that you understand,
And you are still waiting in that lush splendor of your gaze,
That awakens and falls asleep under the rainbow day after day.
I might be thousands upon thousands of miles away from you,
But our hearts are closer to each other than they ever were.
Yes, darling, only a man who truly loves
Can feel it.

Yes, darling, the day will come
When our blazing and yearning gazes
Shall once again join under the rainbow,
Under the same rainbow
Under which we used to build our road of dreams.

Yes, darling, the day will come,
Our day,
When that rose petal
That the two of us had planted in our small garden
Shall quiver in your hand once more,
Just like my hand
In your hand.