

in front of the gateway

we all have the wish
to influence the past

it cries out in us:
why was it not different

we chase the past
hoping to catch hold of it
to build something else out of it

the past is like fog
we can pass through it
but cannot hold anything tight

we all have the wish
to influence the past

an eternal longing
since the loss of paradise

now we stand in front of an unknown gateway and ask:
how do they speak there
how do they behave
what do they eat
what color is their sky
are we welcome there?

We are afraid
we want back
we wish
to be able to influence the past