

To A Lost Soulmate

While we were holding hands
we got stuck on seperated ways,
and though I know you feel rejected
our minds still seem to be connected.
We lost sight in this everlasting haze,
which is the reason our relationship bends
under the heavy weight of our addiction
in a world controlled by such a pace
that we just couldn't make it off this maze.
Listen, I do miss you, and in addition
you are still appearing in my dreams quite regularly.
Thus, I feel isolated from you and whine
due to the times when you were mine -
but we were destroying us, honestly.
Always on the run as if life was one big race
you made me feel dizzy, slowly losing control
so that just like a stone we seemed to roll
towards desperate unconsciousness blindly.
And I know that while my heart tends
to track you down wherever you are,
our minds still have this thin line
connecting our thoughts, but I can feel it
is cracking up, revealing a deep pit
fall, with a warning sign next to it,
telling us: "For the thinking minority
there will be no happy ends,
unless they start questioning the authority
of the one and absolute master."
It was the heroin we were slaves of mostly,
and the desire was growing faster
than we could resist this unforgiving drug,
which was slowly destroying our personal luck.
I wonder whether it was coincidence or fate
that got our intellectual spirits working together,
but with confidence I declare you a soul mate,
although we both were geniuses in controlling each other.
I hope that you, too, cleaned your vegetative system,
so that - maybe some day - we'll meet again
in order to exchange our individually gained wisdom -
and who could tell what happens when
an illuminated soul meets another?

