



SIEBENQUELL

The Old



The old
great and powerful
to overtake me
since it lives under my roof
it constantly reaches for me
is on the lookout for me
lusts for me
as if it lived off me,
only received nourishment, support and meaning
from my being.
Is that so?

I have an inkling,
rooted in leave-taking,
to tread new paths
and to say
You, the Old,
I have my eye on you
I want to leave you be
by and by,
that we might become
mutual
benefit,
not power and death,
Power of love,
You alone would I trust - life

Sylvia Ditt

Koblenz, October 18th, 2018