



Lily Wonderland  
**STRANGER**

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# Stranger

by

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# ROCK

The rock stands in the distance  
It is surrounded by only its own cold limbs  
The sun lifts its head toward the sky  
But the rock stands there still  
It is almost invisible.

The rock towers high  
Unattainable  
Yet out of the corner of one's eye  
You can see it  
However far away in space  
It is so noble in its grace.

In winter it does not shiver  
Nor does the summer sun soften it

Remaining hard many years from now  
Surrounded by all that matters.

“You are coming to me  
Ascending up on my highest places  
When your foot slides  
And you fall  
Touching my naked body  
You’re terrified  
But something nuzzles around you.

Under my arms creations dwell  
Those of you fear  
On my flesh needles grow  
From which you shy away  
And yet I see you  
When looking out of the corner of your eyes  
You create an image of me.  
You say I’m beautiful, amazing.

But for me, beauty is all around  
Where my face, my body is able to see  
For me beauty is my Mother  
Who brought me to this place  
By creating me.”

The man removes his hands  
Jumps off the rock  
But a strong sense of belonging  
Confuses him quite a lot.

As if the rock knew  
What he went through in life  
Like if it had read his feelings  
And spoke the language of his heart.  
“Who are you?” asks the rock.  
What is the right answer?  
Is there any that would correctly describe him?

“I am the star on an infinite journey of time  
But the world where I live has no meaning.  
I'm the planet with a name  
But I was born without the name.  
I'm surrounded by others like me  
Yet on a road all alone.  
Am I to stand in one place  
Or do I move on?

Do I merely glitter as a star on the sidewalk?  
Who can say with certainty  
What's going on in the distance?  
You may see only a reflection of my light  
But you do not feel my heat.  
Where does my pilgrimage end?

I die with a big explosion  
And you may even fail to notice.

My parts will scatter through the air.

Oh, yes, I'll be back!

Returning with a new disguise

I'll be smaller, more distant

But still it will be me.

Will my ray of light reach you?

If it is weak, can you find me

When at the warm home of your roots

You look out at the frozen landscape

Then move your gaze up toward heaven

Will you recognize this little star

Way up there?

Will my faint light break through the deep darkness

And get close to Earth?

Will you hear a sound of the speed of infinity?

Will you recognize my brightness still?



So to answer you in simple way  
I am who life made me  
I am one of the billion  
With no name given to me.”

Man comes to mind  
Nobody is near by  
Only unspoiled nature  
As far as the eye can see.  
How did the rock speak?

But the rock speaks no more  
So the man returns to his fate  
For it's only a cold stone  
Without thinking or feeling  
What does it know  
About the life of a human being?

# STRANGER

Exposed, naked, and alone  
Warm air breathes on his body  
The storm affects the human being  
Whose spirit reaches up to the clouds.

Nothingness merges with nature  
From the bush comes a snake's hiss  
In the thicket monsters dwell  
As the black widow weaves its dangerous web.

Rain mixes with tears  
In a bittersweet melody of life  
Stranger with a backpack asks:  
“Where do I find my home?”

Into a far country the stray shoes brought him  
Worn out feet, toes hardened with calluses  
Soaked to the bone  
Facing towering hills  
Inanimate stones  
Peaks and valleys  
Flames of fire  
And fierce lightning.  
He passed the hard way  
On a path straight to the desert.

Rain-soaked, he indulges his thoughts:  
“Oh God, tell me what I had  
And what do I have now?  
Where did I go  
After being lost?  
What was the point  
From which I could never return?”

I had a dream home  
Built on an endless estate  
Surrounded by love  
Filled with children's smiles.

When did it change?  
Who brought this hell  
Transforming a future without end  
To this final stop in life?

Why did you allow those sunny days  
If they were to be swallowed by dark nights  
Pitfalls and plains  
Hills and valleys  
Where were you, Lord?  
Did you still accompany us?

Time to time it felt  
Like our paths drew apart  
And dreams that we dreamed  
Were dissolved like a snowflake  
Falling on a warm blanket  
Touching it  
Then melting  
Leaving only a wet streak  
That lived while falling from the sky  
It was forever.

All those questions have caused  
A long time without sleep.  
I ask, “How long can I survive in a dream?”  
And when does the time come  
That I have to get up?