

# Blue Soldier Night

Maximilian Hecker

You lay your head into my lap  
I strike your face  
The taxi rushes through the night  
I'm endlessly far away  
Blue soldier moment  
Oh sweet, grown-up woman  
We're hovering, gliding in the opposite  
of home  
It is stickily-white, like heroin, thick,  
and it carries death in itself  
Don't worry, I will not try to sleep with you,  
I say  
Staggering through your Kafkaesque  
dungeon  
One thousand rooms  
Losing myself there in your multiplicity and  
being blissful  
Time is stretching toughly like plasticine  
It is dark around me  
I finally find your bed  
Am I torturing you, darling? you ask  
We pass away  
I'm holding your black curly head  
in my arms  
Breathing heavily and deeply  
My heart is running  
Oh night, oh grown-up woman, oh heroin  
Sticky-white death  
I'm choking, craning my neck  
into the heavy night air  
Oh Yoon, your hair, bristly and smoky  
I'm inhaling your smell  
Our bodies full of sebum  
Our lungs blackened  
Death is lying in wait  
But heaven is where hell is  
The hell of decompensation pukes emotion  
Pure emotion  
Only emotion  
Eternal emotion  
I am nothing but emotion, no human being,  
no son, never again son  
Only art, purity  
Yoon, heroine, the detour has washed me  
to your shore  
Where are you now?  
I'm lying here in your arms, in the Glaslights  
of your brothel  
Oh, lock me up in your grown-up heart