

Title: Brieffragment

Autor & Publisher: Micha Kunze

Source: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7xiO3extWac&ab_channel=MichaKunze

Eng. Title: Fragment Of A Letter

Author & Publisher: Micha Kunze

Translated by Micha Kunze

Translation:

These lines are for you,
in times when you weren't me.
And I swear to you, every line has enough history to fill books,
not pages.

I still remember who you are
or who I used to be: for you a lot is still different,
and what is false is still true.

And you want everything, but that's not enough:
you want a lot more.
You want village and city,
you want country and sea.

And your plan is straight,
only the path to it is crooked.
Your life is a charade
and you're still writhing around it.

And I know you still have to believe,
you just have to steer against it.
You have to run twice as fast
as the others think you can.

But you're running fast enough,
look at your leg, see how it breaks.
You just can't run away from yourself.

You'll notice this:
once you catch your breath,
but you're standing on every street corner
and welcoming yourself.

And only when you look back
does life seem clear.
And if you never say no,

you never really say yes.

And if you want to be everywhere,
then you end up alone.
Rooms full of established people
always make you feel small.

Anyone who doesn't know themselves yet is
the one who is always too loud.
And if you think you're feeling too much,
be glad you're not numb.

But cannot sharpen knives on yourself
until you are blunt.
Can't play with hearts
when clubs are trumps.

Can't rebel
if there's no reason for rebellion.
You cannot bury the hatchet
unless the dog is at the bottom of the grave.

And you still often reach into the void or just next to it.
And if the frustration grows, the ground rips apart, dividing you like a tremor.

And then things go wrong and you never wanted that.
But when you run towards the sun, shadow is what follows you.

Can't understand grace unless you fall down every now and then
realizing that the corner stone you're holding on to is holding tighter
than the rest of the world.

And if your fur is black
and you break out for once,
then look at your fear, grab it
and tear it out.

And I know you can't hear it,
but it's written somewhere:
The shepherd didn't
stay with the 99.

And if the guilt chokes you again,
don't twist it, and if you're standing on the stool,
hurry up and get your neck out of there.

You're still fighting mills,
you'll never be good enough.

Always having doubts
can be a blessing and a curse.
And once you see,
you won't go blind anymore.
And the fact that you think you know everything shows that
you are a child.

"You're too young for your words",
someone will tell you in a few years on a Wednesday evening
in a coffee shop.

But don't give in,
maybe even be proud of it.
Such moments are fire,
your words put wood on it.

But you're still thinking fatalistically.
And you still think that's right, but when a bushel is over light,
it goes out.

Adrenaline is often only followed by gray asphalt.
You talk too much and you leave too soon.
And you think you're alone,
today I've known for a long time that's not true.
But that's how it feels
when crowds sing and your song doesn't resound.

And if "okay" just isn't okay
and you can't see the land on the open sea and you look at yourself
and you can't understand it anymore, then don't make the mistake
and go down with the ship.

Then head up and take the rudders
into your own hand.
And when the floorboards break,
we swim back to shore.

I know I deny you many things,
but I promise you one thing:
Only one person lives your life
and you are the one who lives it.

And your struggles are yours.
And only you keep up with yourself.
Your stones in your shoes
and you take the stones with you.

No one else is experiencing exactly

what you are about to experience.
Your path is unique,
even if you err along it.

Your trophies, your failures,
your words and your silence together are all the things that
mean your life today.

Inside you there is a compass,
only the world is a magnet.
And if you don't look at the waypoints,
you don't know where it's going.

And if your path seems like a step backwards,
if fear gets you again, then realize, and that's important,
that it's not in your hands.

But no matter what I write now,
it will reach you way too late,
because backwards is how you think
and forwards is how you live.

And if you're here, then I'm gone,
and think of you again, sitting at this table here,
and sending letters to yourself.

And maybe, I don't know yet,
I'll write a poem. And then I might send it
back to you as a letter, almost like now.