

The Artists Dilemma

The idea is magic, the result is trivial.

On search for creation, the created gets lost.

The humming and hovering that first was there
vanishes unseen in search for a body.

Reluctantly pressed through a bottleneck

your idea loses form and loses consistence.

Captured and contained you can touch it yet
but it liquidly spreads from your hands in resilience.

Seemingly closer with each further try.

Du versuchst die letzten Reste aus den Ritzen zu kratzen
doch der Gedanke, der dich trieb, rutscht nur immer tiefer.

Die Mechanik des Schaffens zeigt der Muse nur Fratzen,
sie ist zart und hat Angst, sie verkriecht sich noch tiefer.

Finally gone, you lost what you had, by trying to keep it.

Something in your mind is good, as long as you leave it, if you could.

Your brain plays a king, your hands play bad chess, the result is a mess.

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