

I met Karl Marx

In my dream I roamed through Trier,
and Karl came up the street to me.
We were four,
Karl, me, equality and freedom,
a dream to the core,
awesome.

I kissed the hem of Marx's coat,
long time no see...
can we walk a stretch of road?
Together? We four?
Grateful for the knowledge I owe.

I have already gone some way with you,
explaining my philosophy,
only, you did not accept my thoughts,
so it seems to me, said Karl
you got lost in sociology
and doubts.

You might see it as such, but I mean,
the seed has germinated,
I read Das Kapital, your manifest
took not even Lenin in,
well formulated
put to the test.

We went through the evening Trier,
Roman ruins in front of us,
no signs were here.
We parted in awareness and clarity
that everything he wrote was still reality,
all his lines.