

# Die Dichterkunst

Von Sharanna

## Darkness

I wander through darkness.  
It is somehow cold.  
Is a colour some sort of life?  
Is it living? Or is it just me?  
I wander through darkness.  
A living dark, which beats in a rythm.  
Why do I wander through darkness?  
How did I end up in this space?  
What happened,  
that I deserve this - this loneliness,  
this uneasy feeling of being here.  
Tell me: What happened,  
that my soul had to die?