

Philosopher's Elegy  
by Markus Herrmann

Oh Philosophy, you most venerable queen,  
At your throne I want to be seen.  
It's your lips I desire a kiss from,  
But many court you, with pearls of wisdom.

It doesn't help, if spring flowers are bought -  
Your favour is won by a brilliant thought.  
But to all my love you don't succumb,  
Because (cruel fate!) my mind 's so dumb!

Humbled I stumbled to your throne.  
Now at your knees I lie there prone.  
But from your side your lover arise.  
Kant - this rogue! - my final demise!

His qualities erotic I can't see,  
But with "things in itself" he's outdone me.  
A book of pure reason hit my head.  
This I couldn't stand. I have fled.

Faced by academic destruction  
I remembered a trick of seduction:  
Maybe here helps some jealousy -  
Let's flirt with the goddess of poetry!

So with these words of beauty I try to shine  
(However mismatched is this line),  
But Poetry shouts many curses,  
When I present her my crooked verses.

Oh Philosophy, with your grim heart shut  
(And Poetry kicking my butt),  
In the hells of despair I burn.  
But be sure: I will return!