

Paul Klee

Upon the fatal slope the traveller profits
By the day's goodwill, sleet and no pebbles,
And the blue eyes of love, discover his season
That wears a ring of big stars on every finger.

The sea has left its ears upon the beach
And the ridged sand the scene of a perfect crime.
The hanging is harder on the hangmen than the victims
The knives are signs and the bullets tears.

Paul Eluard