

“Hope” – a Tragedy in Three Acts

According to old myths, Pandora’s box was opened a second time to let Hope escape into the world, since only she had remained inside. Zeus held her captive until the end to send her out against the earth as his finishing move.

Since then, humankind is confronted with its greatest enemy, itself – an eternal legacy of the Fall of Man. Souls are bedeviled by demagogues and perfidy, and their faith paired with hopelessness crushes their courage. Where there is doubt, humankind will be afflicted with hope – and humankind will entrust its destiny to hope, no matter how futile.

As does a small part of this community of flesh who gathers to encircle hope. Some of them become resigned, and others follow war’s trail.

All around us, life disintegrates into its countless facets, glitter and glamour are covered by ash, all lives become in themselves interchangeable – no more than broken scaffolds devoted to false ideologies.

Fanatics holds the hands of their lovers Violence and Laws who stink to the high heavens. But Hope is unable to send all these circumstances to the Hereafter. Humankind limits itself to their basest instinct, the instinct of survival.

Those who sow storms of hatred shall soon harvest wars because all of humankind is unified by one beloved tradition – the urge to kill one another. For the living it is a tragedy and for the Gods a very special spectacle.

And so narrow-mindedness wafts like pestilent clouds over the country to infect ever so many brains.

Hatred seeps into the earth and enlivens hostile disputes with their sanctimonious drivel. Feelings start to run high and soon boil over into all corners and alleys.

Finally, the inevitable happens: Hope is not the wondrous panacea we take it to be, our faith is her heavy burden, a suffering she can bear no more... Hope is dead – long live Hope!

WHEN THE DAYS ARE GROWING DARKER
AND SUN'S BEAMS REACH US NO MORE
WE WILL SEE SO MANY WANDER
WHO ARE BEGGING KNEES TO FLOOR

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WHEN SHADOWS SAUNTER ALL ABOUT
AND TEARS WILL FREELY FLOW
ANGER AND HATRED WILL BREAK OUT
DEMANDING TO SEE HOPE'S WONDERS GROW

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WHEN WAR IS WAGED IN OUR TOWN
WITH NOT ONE SPARK OF LOVE ALIVE
THEN THE DAYS WILL BE COUNTED DOWN
TO CHOOSE OUR WEAPONS FOR THIS FIGHT

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WITH BRIGHT FLASHES SPARKING LONELY
AND DREAMS WITHERING FOR HATE
THE GODS WILL PLAY THEIR TRUMP CARDS ONLY
THEIR LEGIONS TO RETALIATE

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WHEN THE SOULS BEGIN THEIR SCREAMING
AND SIN DOESN'T REACH ITS SLOUGH
THEN DEATH WILL BE SILENTLY SCHEMING
PAIN AND SORROW TO END SOON ENOUGH

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THE LAST JUDGMENT WILL BE HERE
THE GRAND FINALE OF THIS FIGHT
WHERE ANGER WILL RECEIVE ITS SPEAR
TO SNUFF OUT HOPE'S LAST LIGHT

Text and Poetry : Antje Horn

Text and poetry by Antje Horn about the painting „Hope is dead – long live Hope!“ by Torsten Gebhardt

