

Ocean Poetry  
and  
Melancholy



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# **Ocean Poetry and Melancholy**

Sören Krüger

For Lovers...

... and other Romantics





## Muse

Thinking about you when I wrote  
created the poems I like the most.

The ones about falling in love  
just as much as the ones about breaking  
up.

In each of them I wrote down a piece of  
our souls,  
pieces I won't ever let go.

They are stuck on paper for eternity,  
for generations after us to read and see  
how deeply humans are able to feel.

Our love will last longer than us,  
just as our pain will live on pages long  
after our last day.

Our thoughts about each other  
will go down as thoughts of two more  
lovers,

lovers who tried to play tricks on time  
trying to fill two years with a whole life.



# **Prologue**

Orpheus and Eurydice

## **Pomegranate Promise**

The pomegranate is a promise,  
as the eyes of the dead laid on us  
her fingers touched the forbidden fruit  
with fear.

You tricked me into coming here.

I was going to trick you into taking a bite,  
but it's not my place to withhold from you  
the days light.

It is your choice alone to be a queen.  
Here in the shadows you will be seen  
as if you were in the brightest light.  
Just choose to be mine!

I cannot make that choice,  
she said with her mother's voice.  
They were discussing for days,  
but what matter are days  
to someone their age.

The pomegranate is a promise,  
as the eyes of the dead laid on us  
her fingers held one seed up high.  
A decision to spend her endless life  
as queen of the dead by the king's side.

## Lovers always turn

Orpheus was weak,  
no discipline, not roman, greek.

They say these words with pride,  
though he saw the underworld alive.  
They say they wouldn't have turned  
around,  
but then they wouldn't have gone  
underground.

Hades knew what he asked of them.  
He knew his quest had them condemned,  
only a fool would think they stood a  
chance.  
The rule wasn't made for a happy end.

And Hades knew when Orpheus  
descended.  
Maybe he hoped for better, didn't intend  
it,  
but he knew there was no way out.  
He knew he himself would turn around.

And if the god of the dead would turn for  
love,  
how could a human have not?

## **The Debate**

So the gods started their debate,  
it didn't last long, just a day.

I say he's brave. He went underground.

But he is a fool for turning around.

Every lover would then be called a fool by  
you.

Yes, because it is foolish what lovers do.  
They lose themselves and their mind.

But is it not themselves they find?  
Isn't how we love a mirror of our soul?  
Love makes them smile, brave and bold,  
bold enough to challenge even us gods.

Irrational and blinded are those in love.  
Why else would they bargain with us?  
To bargain with gods and believe in  
victory...  
What an unbelievable idiocy.  
Fools that cannot be saved from  
themselves,  
no solution in all the worlds bookshelves.  
They curse Poseidon for shaking the earth,  
but your doing Aphrodite is way worse!

Let me plead my case then.  
Maybe I'll convince you old friend.

Go on feel free to speak,  
but don't expect to persuade me.

Foolish they might be,  
but only love makes them do great deeds.  
Love makes them take a chance  
they wouldn't have taken at first glance.  
For gold they will fight,  
but for love they will die.  
For love is worth the struggle of life.