

## **Für Udo B. Schwartz**

All my heavens do I find in glorious food  
Though my feet do hardly bear their bodys weight  
High browed words do not support my suctive mood  
More than Shakespeare I like rather AFTER EIGHT  
All the wisdom which my friends do bless me with  
I put aside for later revelation  
For such wisdom mostly is not hers nor his  
It merely stems from hollow recitation.  
Universe cannot be grasped by idle thought  
And not by scientific laboration  
Thats why pleasingly another cake I bought  
To eat it in my spirits moderation