

(Benjamin on left side of wall; Belmore on the right.)

BELMORE

Ah, the Engadine,  
the thrall  
of its shadowed valley,  
and the Jungfrau,  
that eternal glacier!

Those pines  
you wrote home about,  
their soft whispers you say  
you heard in the wind.

All Europe, a mythos you now tell us—  
you were speaking of a delusion,  
of a peace where all  
your much loved gods were home.

BENJAMIN

My bookish gods, Isis, page 32  
in Wölfflin's *Klassische Kunst*,

Demeter, *ibid.* page 48, and Pythia,  
*op. cit.* *Op. cit.* Pythia!

The goddess speaks ambiguously,  
in a voice no longer fully heard,  
in a voice that barely utters words.

More the sound  
of a clock between ticks,  
edgy, liminal, uncertain of form.

Not a silky voice between pines  
but a suppressed babble.

Why won't she say more to me?

(VIDEO: Berlin 1914. Youth movements.  
Literature, Art, Politics. Memories of vaca-  
tions, the Alps, Italy. War just over the hori-  
zon.)

(Youthful voices.)

**“Brother now may we  
your companions be  
in the world so wide”**

**What we want**

**What we want**

**Will it take anything  
from a young person?**

**What we want  
from a new  
youthfulness—**

**will it make us  
less lonely?**