

WHO AM I?

BY DIETRICH BONHOEFFER

Who am I? They often tell me
I stepped from my cells confinement
Calmly, cheerfully, firmly,
Like a Squire from his country house.

Who am I? They often tell me
I used to speak to my warders
Freely and friendly and clearly,
As though it were mine to command.

Who am I? They also tell me
I bore the days of misfortune
Equably, smilingly, proudly,
like one accustomed to win.

Am I then really that which other men tell of?
Or am I only what I myself know of myself?
Restless and longing and sick,
like a bird in a cage,
Struggling for breath, as though
hands were compressing my throat,
Yearning for colors, for flowers,
for the voices of birds,
Thirsting for words of kindness, for neighborliness,
Tossing in expectations of great events,
Powerlessly trembling for friends
at an infinite distance,
Weary and empty at praying,
at thinking, at making,
Faint, and ready to say farewell to it all.

Who am I? This or the Other? Am I one person
today and tomorrow another? Am I both at once?
A hypocrite before others, And before myself a
contemptible woebegone weakling?
Or is something within me still like a beaten army
Fleeing in disorder from victory already achieved?

Who am I? They mock me,
these lonely questions of mine.
Whoever I am, Thou knowest,
O God, I am thine!