

Joy

The rails glimmer
but no one thinks of travelling.
The smell of newly-pressed apples
drifts from the cider mill.
We know we'll never be alone
as long as a handful of fresh earth remains.

The rain-mist is a tame sheep
licking the wounds
left by the winds of winter.
Blood of apples
lights up the cider mill.

The red lantern vanishes
on the last car of the train.
Hoboes sleep in shade
of the linden trees.
For us it's enough to gaze
at a handful of earth in our hands.

It's good to drink a glass of beer
to prolong the afternoon.
To remember the glimmer of rails.
Remember sorrow
asleep like an old servant
in a corner of the house.
To tell our friends who've vanished
that outside it's raining in a low voice
and to hold on
to a handful of fresh earth.