

S A D

My memories reach up  
from under the table.  
The breath of the dead  
is a breeze and a thought:  
who will solve it?

Women and girls huddle together  
and shiver inside my beloved.

Somewhere one who is drowning gasps for me;  
I bury my head in my palm.

O the music,  
the music of the grasses,  
have you seen it,  
how fine it was.

The warm face of the earth  
was caressing me.  
I lie down in her eyes  
with closed eyes.  
I see with her eyes.  
The breath of a child  
is rocking me.

And then someone  
flies out from my heart.  
Someone  
behaves so badly.

Yesterday afternoon  
the earth shed tears.  
What shall I do  
with my leftover flowers?