

1970

Sad

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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?