

SYCAMORES  
(Platanen)

For E.D.S.

Under the chestnuts and sycamores  
On green benches provided by the Burg,  
Dreamers, thinkers, chatters – people like us  
Who find a moment for poetry.

The trees will always stand there (I hope)  
While I walk on to other destinations,  
Leaving the thinkers to think their sad thoughts,  
The drinkers to carouse in the corner.

Poets are trees that have learned to walk  
In their own sunlight, fleeing the shadows.  
The days get shorter, the poems longer.  
You are a nest in the branches of my mind.

September 06.