

## VOOR MELANIE

(11.05.73 – 11.07.06)

*“Ze kon het leven niet aan ...”*

Embraced like everyone else  
By the all-comprehending Vow,  
I find myself fumbling my way  
Alone through innocent backstreets  
At dusk in my weird & wonderful city.

I have no idea at all where my footsteps  
Will take me. The mechanics of life  
Are beyond my limited comprehension.  
At this very moment I simply believe  
Another poem may be in the making.

Deadened by alcohol, mad noise blurts  
Through a tavern doorway onto the street.  
I too once stood at the end of the tracks.  
Booze killed a lovely poet called Melanie.  
It will kill me too if it can.

I'm running late for an unscheduled event  
At which my ego will soon be deflated.  
It's still light enough to see the flags flying.  
We sat there among the golden buttercups  
In her wild garden, with Spring in our eyes.