

quodlibet

native land
recount the passing years
growth of tree and bush
your kindly paths
in wonderment
can we repay the sunshine
on hosts of corn
the tiny multicoloured hills
and secret paths of unknown tread
is it a true journey?
how many tales of woe bind
the fantasy of her fields
in a rush of kisses
are we fed by her,
lying in her meadows gone
so many sayings

slowly and slowly we see
the gods are only hiding
in variation thirty
tender acceptance
of resurrection

no completion
but a more certain habit
of confidence
linking the notes like rainfall
inevitable
the colour of new life
a street song restated
an equal eternity

bach may be fach to some
but not even stars or nova
can dance it
when will happiness misery end
---- in thirty one
almond not bitter
what lies in nothing?
a king