
Barren Baobabs



They trimmed the trees in front of our house and
stacked the branches in large heaps underneath.

Probably to save money on an employee who
swept the falling leaves daily nice and quietly.

In the shade children were always playing tag,
now they can get used to higher centigrades.

The bulbuls, who presented their mutual
affection wholeheartedly on the leaf
of a banana tree, saw their nest disappear
in the plastic bags filled with little twigs.

I have not heard them singing anymore.

The skeletons left behind look like barren baobabs
transplanted from the magic island of Madagascar.

I am used to live under a deck of leaves
and it all feels quite empty now to me.

Used to the call of an owl at night,
entering its wisdom in my deep
dreamless sleep subconsciously.

So I could carry it with me during the day,
not even noticing its whispering content.
Who will guide me now along the Way?