
Red Hair

I once had a friend who lost her love,
by unfair chance, in a tragic accident.
Inconsolable ever since, one day she wandered
into an old forest, just zigzagging back and forth.

Light in her head, a feeling of dizziness,
nauseous, her hands trembling a little bit,
she strolled through a beech lane and imagined
her loved one behind each and every tree.

Behind the summer and winter oaks, the Dutch linden,
the old tulip tree, the Norwegian maple, the conifers,
the bald cypress, the black alder, the Weymouth pine,
the old chestnut trees, the giant sequoia, the Douglas fir.

Stumbling she came upon the Fisher King Pond,
full of coloured koi carps glistening in the sun.
She walked over a small jetty, telling them her story,
receiving love and friendship in return
and the courage to go on.

She passed the bathhouse, the teahouse, the boathouse,
crossed the bridge back into the woods surrounded by
a deadly silence. In despair she laid down on some
moisty leaves of grass, close to an ancient burial mound.

She thought: "I can't handle it anymore, end of the line."
Suddenly a sounder of wild boar appeared, wondering:
"Any good mushrooms or acorns to be found out here?"
She decided she might as well rise and proceed.

To sit on a little bench at the head of a spring,
staring blankly into the deep crystal clear water.
The spring, no longer useful to the miller
and too narrow to reflect the moon at night.

The spring, a Source not made by mankind,
full of tears over loved ones that once passed.
The Giant Tree of Life above her now whispering:

"No better place to leave your sorrow behind,
my dear, and time to come back home again,
where you can lay down your head,
your fragile red hair, to rest upon my shoulder."