
Resi



The ground still frozen in March makes
Digging a grave like chiseling stone,
It's snowing silver glitter, or rather gold,
Red roses, white tulips, holy water, host and
A shovel full of soil are thrown on the coffin
In the cutting cold wind just before Easter.

Organ music from Bach echoes in the background
From the church with the Einstein ancestor plaque.

It continues when the ceremony ends as
We remember our milliner in the village tavern,
Old times torn off like a calendar sheet
With a proverb on the rear side missing.

Times when the grocery was in the middle of
Our precious hamlet, right next to the cheese mill,
Maria statue standing firm to protect all souls.
Twice a day the milk cans were delivered,
The latest gossip shared over the counter
While buying peas, starch, snuff or tobacco.

Green soap from a bucket, weighted on the scale,
Buttermilk soap, fresh sauerkraut from a barrel,
White beans, brown beans, capuchins, rice, flour,
Wheat, spelt, sugar, tea, coffee and cod liver oil
(With a pleasant taste!), rye bread, rusk, nuts,
Cheese, salami, brushware, candles and liquor.

In the evening hawking from the back door
and once a month payment from the notebook.

The scent of loose herbs and cowshed fills the store.
Jars of pink candy cane, cinnamon stick, saltwood,
Magic balls, peppermint pads, gummy bears,
Leckerland and my favorite little Mohrenkopf.
Took it along to hang out at the old lime tree
Next to the forge, firetruck and parsonage.

I walk by the manure heaps and tractors
In front of the farms and barns with pigs.
Bach still echoes through the chilly air as
I walk further down to the cold brook,
Six frozen ducklings at the wall, and
Even further to the meandering river.

Back home, along the bushes where
At the end of the war the 16-year-old
Were slaughtered as a last defense,
Resi made some Zwetschkenknödel
Which are impossible to resist,
Six husbands died eating them.

During the war she would hide Jews in the cellar,
Now I can hardly bear to hear the news anymore.