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# *The Icehouse*

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I watch the waterbirds swim through the canal  
Mainly little coots and moorhens passing by silently  
And hear the booming call of the bittern in the reed  
I sleep, vanish, dream and wake up anew

I watch the spring birds in the meadow court  
The lapwing laying its spotted eggs in high grass  
Who is going to spot the first one, who the last?  
I sleep, vanish, dream and wake up anew

I watch the herons and storks fly high  
The sun peering through the darkened clouds  
Later leaving a red glow at the horizon  
I sleep, vanish, dream and wake up anew

I hear the boy scouts shout at the other side  
The soft wind blowing in their faces  
They are eager to learn sailing in an Optimist  
I sleep, vanish, dream and wake up anew

In fact, time has never passed  
Except for some chopped memoirs kept in ice