
The Icehouse

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 fall asleep, dream and wake up all 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 fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I watch the storks and herons fly high
The sun peering through the coloured clouds
Later leaving a red glow at the horizon
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I hear the children sing at the other side
The soft wind blowing in their faces
They are eager to learn sailing in an Optimist
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

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