
The Icehouse

I watch the waterbirds pedal through the canal
Mainly little coots and moorhens passing in silence
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
Setting with a red glow at the horizon
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I hear the children sing from the Other Side
The soft wind blowing in their faces
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 and carved memoirs kept in ice