

to remember a butterfly

the sacred act of writing down what you loved to do:
knitting, baking, sewing -
your life took place in a very narrow little box,
which I despised you for.
I will remember you for yelling at me,
for sitting at your sewing machine
or in front of the television,
for cooking without much joy,
for never answering my questions,
well, you answered them
by saying: I don't know,
or: how am I supposed to know?
every time – no matter what I asked -
my questions made you feel stupid.

the sacred act of writing down what you loved to do:
which is hard for me.
I don't know what you loved to do.
how am I supposed to know?
you were trapped in an existence,
where these kinds of questions were not asked.
and if anybody dared to ask, there was no answer.
you did not know what you loved to do.
you were like a larvae
trapped in darkness,
there was no clue to you actually being a butterfly.
I don't suppose you knew.
so basically you never did what you loved,
until much later,
under a veil of heavy complaints,
you let in some light into your box.
you travelled: to Russia, to Spain, to Greece...
you took love and airplanes and ships and
you sat on warm beaches,
the only person fully clothed,
because "sun doesn't agree with me".
you seemed so overwhelmed
with who one/you could be,
there was joy and panic all at once.

how important is it to be remembered?
now that you are dying.
you turn, while doing it,
I don't think, you admit yet,
that you are dying,
into a butterfly, graceful and shining.
one near day you will unfold your wings
and travel into eternity and

i sit in silence

I will remember you (as a butterfly) -
which is very important!

so in the middle of life,
of this crazy, busy life we lead every day,
we are waiting for death
to come, and it is not a bad thing to do,
though it often is a sad thing to do.
sitting beside you hour after hour after hour,
watching your sleep, your pain, your suffering, I understand,
holding your hand, massaging your swollen feet,
that death is not an end, it is a continuation
of who we always were meant to be.
it might actually set you free!

i sit in silence

august

in august
you clear the table.
slowly every movement
can become practise to live traceless.

summer is packing its suitcase,
hesitantly kissing the apples,
falling too early this year,
with its fading light.
every encounter with the world
aimed to be itself,
preparing to enter
the quietude of fall and winter,
to become a shadow of what is.

I want to swim one more time.
so subtle, that the lake looks
like a piece of dark green velvet.

no traces – just me and the water.

lisbon poem I

i think i am here walking
the cobblestones of lisbon
counting my blessings
while the wind blue
welcomes my walk up
and down the steep hills charm me
into believing I might be just
these stairs leading up to a place
where the sun always seems to set
maybe you were a bridge
into the light golden
seemingly content to be a statue
solid open my heart
is the lesson walking I untangle
step for step a warmth intense it opens
my winds of life to blow their mantra
into the evening caressing every rooftop
every thought orange opening into a yearning
purple over the river the bridge the jesus
statue the ships walking i think i am here

i sit in silence

july voices

torn between many voices,
all mine, telling me stories
about, how to live, and
what to do - as if I did
not know, that the only
voice mattering is silence.

i sit in silence

i sit in silence

i sit in silence
hanging my thoughts on the line
side by side one by one
like my laundry

summer is running out of time
my dreams
side by side one by one
the air is getting crisp
in the mornings and the sun
at certain moments
seems to blink its bright shining eye
at me in exhaustion
it has been a marvellous summer

on the other side
of the grassy hill
white clouds are wandering
a herd of airy sheep
off towards the Great Eastern Sun
taking my thoughts
summer running out of my dreams
to another place
side by side one by one

i sit in silence