

1. open your heart

can there be
I wonder
while it is raining
outside not again
after you disappeared
rewind:
can be another poem
as true as every other word
I said before
too many
spoken written
into your hollow universe
you weren't able
to find them
a million words
always saying the same:
open your heart
basically

can there be
I wonder
while clouds eat up the sun
outside not again
after you disappeared
weeks ago
rewind:
can there be pain
as an answer
a challenge
as true as love
I felt before
too many
every inch of me loved
into your hollow universe
you weren't able
to find me
a million feelings
all pain now
always saying the same:
open your heart
basically

while I ponder thoughts like this
I mean, deep thoughts,
I am diving here,
in the middle of forgetting you,
maybe I forgot my oxygen,
maybe I am even drowning,
but with an open heart,

I will be the heroine drowning with an open heart,
I will also be
frying eggs for the girls,
doing the laundry,
going to work,
writing a poem,
 no wait: can there be another poem?
washing the dishes,
reading a story to my daughter,
driving my car through city traffic,
taking the underground,
smiling at strangers,
having gin and tonic with a friend,
and I will always be waiting
for you to find us
me and my million words
and I will not close my heart.

2. it is fall

it is raining now
and summer is over
wet is the meadow
beneath my feet
sadness fills the air
is the air
a tear is a raindrop
could I open my heart
look there – a single cloud
covering my entire sky
I would do it
could I open my heart
without pain
I would do it
I never wanted an umbrella
stupid me
the sun so fraudulent
smitten was I and took it as a promise
for forever
I should though have gotten that raincoat
you always said it would rain
one day
open your heart
the meadow wet beneath my feet
a single cloud covering my everything
no sky
my naked feet
in a meadow drunken with tears

3. love letter

I wrote a love letter about
what has yet to happen
there could be a kiss
maybe under the full moon
into the valley of thoughts
my yearning for you
feels like a runaway deer
deep down in a silent winter forest

I even love you when you yell at me!
I am really good at love letters
in my head
I write one to you every day
in my hand
a tear gathers strength

(sidenote, sorry: I am happy
and grateful to be human
and therefore able to cry. How
else would I process all those feelings?)
(note to myself, sorry, I will continue with
my poem right after this, but this is important:
should cry more, much more, definitely)

What has yet to happen?
a kiss
a touch

I wrote a love letter
to you into my open palm
tears washing over the
syllables like waves over the beach
I read it to the cat
my voice shaking
the cat purring

I wrote a love letter
to you and never send it off
because every word I wrote
is out there anyway
is no word
is a beat of an open heart
a glance
a sigh
silence
what has yet to happen?
nothing
I mean, not much, really