The Fish

In green, dark leaves,
On the swampy ground of the pond
He waits, lurks
In his turbid hideout.
There, a little fish.
A lonely ray of sunlight glistens
On his silver scales.
The flap of a fin, a sudden move, a short struggle.
A bubble of air rises and bursts quietly,
On its way up from
The dark bottom to the sun above.
The dispersed mud settles down
And the successful predator
Withdraws himself again into the shadow
Between the algae and waits
For his next victim.

Clouds

Above the clouds
Prevails the clearest sun
Or the clearest night
Underneath the twilight of the clouds.
White cotton,
Gray veils,
Black walls,
Separate earth from heaven.
And all our problems
Fade away in the infinite width
And the unlimited liberty,
If you can fly and
Your heart takes you high enough.
What looked like a dragon from the ground
Seems like a sheep from the top.
You only change the perspective,
Not the picture you stand in.

**December in Germany**

When the sun goes up, yields
The dark gray of the night
To the lighter gray of the day,
That vanishes way too early again.
Uniform clouds drift over the land,
They bring cold and wet.
A gray sky, gray streets, gray people
Wrap themselves into black gray coats before
They get into their car for the way to work.
On overcrowded streets, no one goes by bike.
The sleet, heavy from wetness,
Splashes when driving by, gray from dirt.
It rains when stepping out, the moisture
Immediately soaks through to the bones
And brings lasting cold with it.
As if the year had died a month too early
And taken all joy with it into its dark grave,
It rots in the water now,
Its color fading into gray,
Wet, cold, miserable.

**Ehestetten**

That evening
Like so many others
On the weekend
Or during the holidays,
We'd gone out on a walk
Over green hills
Past sheep
On the juniper heath.

I'd be standing at the window,
Listening to music
And just looking
Over the garden,
The bastion wall,
The fields beyond,
The linden tree
Covered in gold
By the sinking sun
After a warm afternoon.

My siblings play soccer.
You put wood together
So we can grill marshmallows
And stare at the flames,
While the night falls
Over the land
And ends a
Very happy day.

The emptiness of my soul

All the loneliness inside me
Is eating me up.
I feel as empty as a vacuum cleaner
All the bad things
I'm sucking up are filling me.
When I'm looking through the window
Only gray clouds pass by, like
A mirror of my soul.
They bring rain that falls on the land
In heavy drops
While tears fall on my pillow.
Drowning me in a their deluge,
Making it seem impossible for
Anything as colorful as a rainbow
To ever come into existence
In this neverending sorrow.