

Blues for a Singing Bird

It was half past three in the morning
Yet early birds were sleeping
Spring air blew in the attic
Heaving the glass panes
A crack in the bookshelf
Last night's tonic is swirling
Swaying, exclaiming in the cupboard
Then I heard the sound of scratching
Someone at the door
Here it comes!
She jumps on me!
Mercilessly!

My clumsy hands on glasses
I took my way to the garden
Since I heard a calling
Far across the backyard
A creature was crawling around
Trapped in clover
A dwarf, a strawberry
He was clinging to
You may believe it or not,
But it was when summer comes
Ginger water
Strawberry
Together with wildflowers

Friday night movies
We laid down with a laptop
He said Bogart did the brave thing
But I said Bergman was wiser
“You want me to always quit
Smoking and drinking”
Bordeaux, Champagne
A green box of Marlboro
The Turkish guy bought me chocolate
Which I'd prefer instead
Men and women
Casablanca
From hell to heaven

Ginger water
Strawberry
Together with wildflowers

Fisher market
Bouquet flower
From Leo and Trudi

Men and women
Casablanca
From hell to heaven

Tomato soup and quarrel!
Tomato soup and quarrel!
Tomato soup and quarrel!