

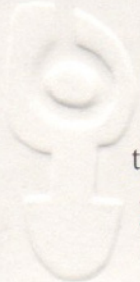
# HAIKU

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wintertime

the cold of my watch  
penetrates my wrist

our house is for sale  
every encounter  
involves a farewell

they complain – the rain  
so much begged for  
is cold and wet

the surface  
time after time repaired  
in the same place

beyond every station  
the buzzing in the train sounds  
slightly different

writing marks  
on the dirty train window  
backwards written landscape



river landscape  
a flatboat, stately gliding  
through the grasslands

for just a moment  
my shadow appears – too shortly  
to catch the sun

all the cuttings  
of the old Christmas cactus  
blooming together

the eighty years old  
behind his laptop – pen and paper  
at the ready

death looks cheerful  
in the glass case  
full of butterflies

McDonald's –  
the waste on the roadside mowed  
along with the grass

the sanctuary  
perfect place to call your friends  
he seems to think

how caring he was!  
shiny steel, polished wood  
father's gardening tools



his inheritance:  
for every opportunity  
a suitable hat

the year moves forward  
even on beautiful days  
the grass remains wet

empty market stalls –  
in the lamplight  
a twirling feather

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