Summer in Verdun/Telefone Call

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summer in Verdun
the graveyards of Verdun
are full
with summer flowers
children are playing
hide and seek
among the crosses
their parents
coke in hand
keep looking for the names
of their grand fathers
on the wooden beams
verifying the family album
swallows dive steeply
under darkening clouds
slowly approaching from the west
you try your best
to give them shapes
and faces
them
who then in noisy greyish nights
fell out of life
bright red leaves
crimsoned prematurely
by sudden frost
W. H., Verdun, July 1994

telefone call
decisive words
take their time
they reveal their significance
like buds unfolding
nourished by the soil of doubt
the rain of memory and meditation
gradually to the troubled soul
until the flower
of loss
suddenly
in full bloom
makes you tremble
at its pristine
releventless
beauty

—WALTER HÖLBLING
GRAZ, AUSTRIA