

prima vera

by Dorothee Lang

lemon dripping from trees
in forgotten yards fenced
with rusted wire
with red flowers

pink porcelain properties
waiting for new lords to turn
the crystal glass
the metal gate

in the nook of the road
shatters of a wind shield
next to a stone pillar
next to an olive tree

fields of grass bended
by blows of Spanish winds
they refuse to tell
the tale

