

# 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

