

# My life on the Strassenbahn - Vienna

*by* Lou Godbold

Round and round  
on the Ring -  
we must be going somewhere  
if you consider the set expressions  
and silence of concentration,  
or is it just emptiness  
that I hear between warnings,  
"Es wird ersucht..."  
and travelers departing  
for lines "Jee" "Oehr" and "Aar."

Life seen through the window -  
elegant and sunny  
or pompous and cold?  
The city lies mummified,  
in 1914 stopped breathing  
and its children still orbit  
for lack of direction  
because Schnitzel don't pose questions  
and the fugitive philosophers  
haven't returned to ask more.

And so we lend activity to futility  
regularity to the absurd  
and circle the city  
Beamte and Burger,  
bourgeois and undisturbed;

breath steams the window  
lest it turn to communication,  
the toddlers become Ältere  
and the seeing, blind  
as we circle the city  
with no end of the line.

