

SUNDAY

Verona Bratesch

When I think of leaves, I am quiet,
Although the next gust of wind separates them
Forever from their paternal branch.
I want to be calm and worry-free like them
Only today, Sunday, when no wind stirs
To sadden the mind.

I hear birds call without haste
And others answer to the lovecall.
The day exercises a tranquil waiting,
And it darkens slowly toward the moon.

Translated from the German by Werner Manheim

