



Drawing Cécile Wadlow

Winter Tears

Ingrind Springorum

Overnight it snowed.
with freezing fingers
I write your name
into the white snow blanket
on my window sill.

At breakfast I wait to see
if your eyes notice
my declaration of love.

Now the sun shines
and only I know
that your name
drips from the window sill
like winter tears.

Translated from the German by Ilse Pracht-Fitzell

