

JOTAS ARAGONESAS

Winter -

bare branches allow you
to see the moon.

While the blackbird chatters
you slowly wake up
to reality.

*Squeeze the jug you take
to the spring – once broken
it cannot be mended.*

The moon herself
was once a forested
Amazonian virgin.

This milked and sugared
hot bio-Ceylon tea
pumps life into my blood.

The wooden floorboards
between us are chuckling
at historical jokes.

Pauline will be in school
by now – Luc must be thinking
about his mails.

With a bursting head
I give thanks to God
for all my Lappersfort friends.

Friday 13 Jan 12, 08.00.