

sonette (for Leonie)

I used to think of death: it was
something like moss that grows through me
like through the air; and that there was a tree
above my grave, and no one knew from where

and that this tree was rooting down from where
my heart once beat. that something further lives
within that tree which acts and gathers room
like weeds, like nuisances, or like a child

now I am sure that I can rest in peace
and earth keeps flowing through me while I live
and that one tree can thrive and calmly grow

because my heart starts beating once again
and gratefully receives the roots I've given to
the tree. and that one tree is you.