

in the midst of fall

summer has given to us
its very last poem
slowly
the golden book closes
over the big weariness of the fields

the tankard, once filled to its rim,
is on the decline while
birds hesitate to search south yet
he only who owns the house
lies quietly down with the words of the snow

and the stars
will be drunken up by the skies
and our love
will be untranslated forever
as is the silence of stones

move in with me for this winter