

## legend

was there a mountain  
and all the mountains of the world amounted to this one  
and was the mountain tall and reached so high  
its peaks were towering beyond the sky  
its ridges barely painted by the sun

and was a lake  
and was in this lake all that's deep and wide  
in all the waters, rivers, oceans of this earth  
no ferryboat would dare to leave its berth  
for years of travel to the other side

and said the mountain:  
I am the strongest one and far above the dust  
yet in my eyes no sunshine's ever been  
and there's no sky to touch my icy skin  
and there's no closeness because closeness I don't trust

and said the lake:  
I am so deep and wide and full of plenty  
yet there is nothing left for me to sway  
the rivers I gave birth to flowed away  
to their own shores and goals, and left me empty

and thus the mountain  
stepped down into the middle of that lake one night  
to fill it to its rim with life and pleasure  
and to be sheltered in it like a secret treasure  
and to become a new land in the morning light

and thus the lake  
took in that mountain and began to grind  
till there was nothing but the finest, softest sand  
that washed ashore, embraced it like a strand  
and lake and mountain called each other: mine

and is a mountain  
more like a hill, a tiny hillock full of wonder  
a softly winding path leads to its height  
and as you walk, there's flowers left and right  
and broom and juniper are blooming yonder

and is a lake  
not very large, and it's on no one's map  
- much different from the one that was before –  
with fir and willow trees on its enchanted shore  
and gently sheltered in the hill like in a lap.