

Anamnesis



A blackbird sings,
perched on the tree outside my window.
He's disrupted my work,
again.
Charmed, I'm lost in thought.
Ahead, a doorway looms -
a behemoth, beckoning me towards something forgotten.
Despite its drooping hinges and the rusted, broken screws
I step through, longing for a glimpse
of something past.
Glancing back, the image blurs,
receding quickly.
There's something there
but not what was there before.
I rub my eyes and
all that remains is empty space,
a charnel echo -
is it bone dust, or memory?

My heart expands and stretches
like a universe.

There was a big, red door
and cages filled with blueberry bushes,
lest the birds and the rabbits find their way in
and stuff themselves on the tempting fruit.
They always did, anyway.
Our own faces dyed blue
as we delicately pluck the fruit
and bite down on the fragrant sweetness.

I've lost something in transit.

It's spring and
 the cherry blossoms fall like snow.
 I faintly recall the smell of honeysuckle and pine needles,
 the latter smoothing out like a rotting mattress
 under the small copse of trees
 in the front yard.
 Another memory of early summer, the staccato song of cardinals
 ringing through the trees
 as if the world belonged
 only to them.

There is something I've forgotten.

I gaze up at the mist-covered mountain,
 the zenith forever draped in a cloudy haze,
 holding fast to its secrets.
 I turn my head and look with wonder
 at the Mediterranean stretched below.
 On a clear day you could see the entire universe.
 Dreaming of mountain and sea,
 the sounds of artillery fire wake me.
 The soldiers in the army camp
 testing never-used weapons,
 never-needed,
 I wish. I wish. I hope.
 I shut my eyes again.

*I turn my head and look with wonder
 at the Mediterranean stretched below.
 On a clear day you could see the entire universe.*

The memory is obscured.

The images swirl around and blur together.
 I stare out of the window
 observing that damn blackbird pulling at my succulents again.
 If only I wasn't so enchanted by his song.
 Another moment gone and I'm looking out of the window at a
 different place.
 Sea.
 Mountain.
 Pine trees.
 Blueberries.
 Blackbirds.

I'm not sure anymore where I don't belong.

Heimat.