

Artur Lescher

A derelict mood is needed

To make the two sides

Of the frontier of light hold hands.

On the river's pages you write while watching.

The paper quibbles with the laws of Nature,

The grammar of Science pacifies.

A compass points beyond.

The shadow conceals unsaid words

That tell not the equality of balance.

There's a secret among all these proportioned billows.

The river flows.

Like one starving bites into a piece of bread fallen into his hands.