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## *The Icehouse*

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I watch the waterbirds pedal through the canal  
Mainly little coots and moorhens passing in silence  
Hear the booming call of the bittern in the reed  
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I watch the spring birds in the meadow court  
The lapwing laying its spotted eggs in high grass  
Who is going to spot the first one, who the last?  
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I watch the storks and herons fly high  
The sun peering through the coloured clouds  
Setting with a red glow at the horizon  
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I hear the children sing from the Other Side  
The soft wind blowing in their faces  
Eager to learn sailing in an Optimist  
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

In fact, time has never passed, except for  
Some chopped and carved memoirs kept in ice