



Peregrinations

Susannah Fried-Preiss



Copyright © 2020 Susannah Fried-Preiss

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Halenreihe 40-44,
22359 Hamburg, Germany

ISBN

Paperback: 978-3-347-10556-0

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher.

PEREGRINATIONS

Susannah Fried-Preiss

FRAGMENTS (I)

FINDING

Walking through
the bottomless archives
of living memory
I discovered the lost years

Those thirty years
that divided us
those thirty years
that connected us
those thirty years
that made us
into what we are

INCOGNITO

Who was he
who stole my dream?
That man with tired silhouette
body knotted in weak muscle
paper thin skin flesh of age
mischievous sparks in his eyes
shooting arrows of desire
a thunderbolt sneaking in
whispering words of love
I longed to hear
those white hands
touching my sleepy face
a man pretending
to come incognito
into my dream
and left so soon
with spring in his step
out of my reach

Was it an idea?

Was it a cry?

That man who entered on the sly
appeared so briefly in my head
as if he never was
as if he might have been

LONELY MINSTREL

He sat there on an improvised seat
made of a spread of old papers
a shabby overcoat rolled for comfort
surrounded by random possessions
his back against the tiled wall
ignored by the rush-hour crowd
singing a song on top of his shaky voice
hoarse from the force put into being heard
this old man singing into the noisy void