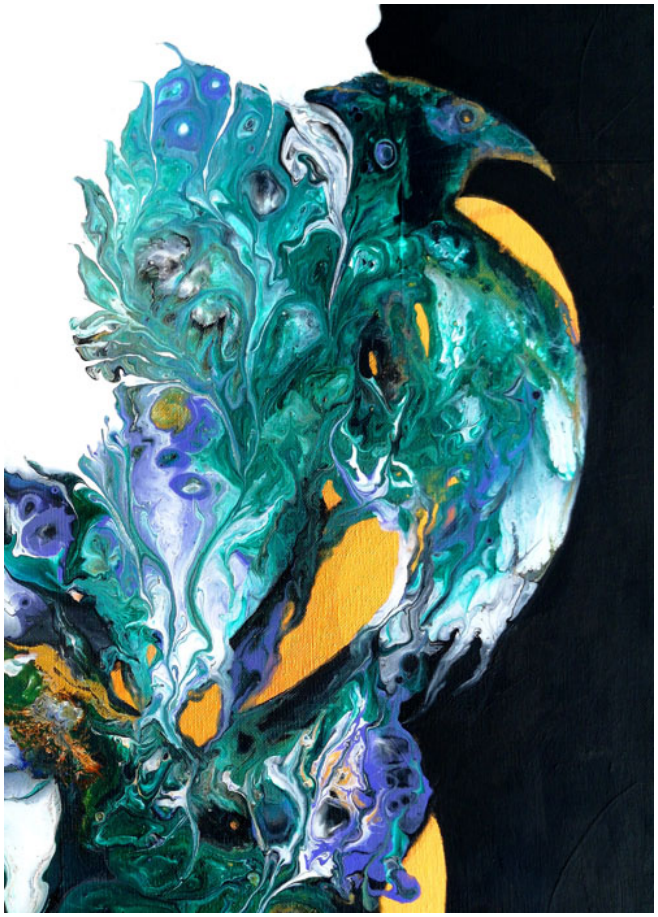
POETRY

spring has come

by Walter W. Hölbling



"Palimpsest II" by Brigitte Thonhauser-Merk

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today at 7.10 a.m.
the first day of spring
my mother died

she had always loved flowers
and turned
our glass-roofed hallway
into a luscious greenhouse
        father was not happy
        about the falling leaves

in her later years
when skiing was no longer hers
she hated winters
        their waning suns

she was always longing
                for spring
waiting for the day
the morning sun lit up
the kitchen counter again
in her parents' house
where she was born
and grew old

the night before
I had called and told her
that here in Graz
the first flowers were already
dotting the gardens

she had smiled on the phone
                inaudibly
speaking had become difficult

maybe one of her last images
was that of colorful spring meadows

spring has come

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