

IMAGES OF EMOTIONS

Bodenheim, Maxwell, 1892-1954

I

The wind-brown columns of a broken temple
Are fixed in the green ripple of noon.
So are your sorrows enclosed by the washed-out sleep of your soul.

II

An old man climbs up a little wet apple-tree
And hangs to its top, with raised arms,
Trying to touch the sky.
So does your desire move heavily up your soul,
And lift its bare arms.

III

Fragments of mist-covered silence pass over
The blue-white turmoil of water.
So does your love drift high above the whirl of your sadness.