

Antje Duvekot, Anna

Anna stares out of the window
It's her eighty fifth spring
She tries to concentrate on something
Her face is strained and she's confused
At the walls in this room
And all the strangers standing around her chair
They brought her photographs in frames
They are using her name
But she just smiles politely at their embrace
And Anna introduces herself again
A man picks up her hand
And says, "Anna, look, the spring has come"
And your carousel is waiting
It's 1925 in New Orleans
You are in your favorite dress
Your brother is at your dad's hand
And you're on your way to the Harborfest
There will be apples on sticks and fish stands
And you'll get to wave at the passing ships
And your daddy will buy you something
At the end
And Anna tries to form a thought
But at the end she's forgotten where she started from
There's something she would like to say
But the words in her head seem to have got away
Can Anna come out and play?
And over all that is inside her
A curtain is closing in her deep brown eyes
Well it's like someone's built a wall
And through the very last cracks
Anna extends her hand and a little girl calls
Please don't let me fall
It's 1925 in New Orleans
You are in your favorite dress
Your brother is at your dad's hand
And you're on your way to the Harborfest
There will be apples on sticks and fish stands
And you'll get to wave at the passing ships
And your daddy will buy you something
At the end
Well there's so much you must have witnessed
As the whole world changed, child
At the onset of the Jazz age
And it was long before Elvis and rock and roll
They told you, "There will be music, you just wait"
It's 1925 in New Orleans
You are in your favorite dress
Your brother is at your dad's hand
And you're on your way to the Harborfest
There will be apples on sticks and fish stands
And you'll get to wave at the passing ships
And your daddy will buy you something
At the end
What do you think of it all
As you are so small
Under your blanket here in this hospital
I love you
Tell your bones not to let go
But your heart is beating slowly now
The spring has come
But one small leaf was falling, falling, falling