

# 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