

Unbolt the wind to me!  
Brag I with audacious pride.  
But that first gust of him  
Makes me stumble and shrink.

My barque is covered up  
With leaves and windfall-pears.  
His heaven azures me  
And his earth is cushioning.

The warming of his wine  
And the sighing of his fire,  
His honeys bitterness  
Are reviving me,

Expose me to the storms  
And leave me to despair.  
But once his cold will die  
In my ardent embrace.

[K.-U. Skerra]