Nadja Küchenmeister - müde wie ich  
  
die tür stand offen: füße badeten im licht, das bei den

knien langsam auslief, die oberschenkel kaum mehr

streifte und müde war, müde wie ich. Der himmel klar

die luft so frisch: satt vom sommer, noch nicht herbst

was wundernahm, besah man die finger, die rau und

ineinander verflochten müde waren, müde wie ich.

jeder schritt ein schritt zurück: tiere brachen aus

dem lauf, während auch diese stunde verstrich, nun, da

man blumen niederlegte, die müde waren, müde wie ich.

Nadja Küchenmeister - tired like me  
  
the door was open: feet were bathing in the light,   
that fell slowly to the knees, no longer touched  
the thigh, and it was tired, tired like me. the clear sky,  
  
the air so fresh: saturated with summer, and not yet astonished  
by autumn, and fingers could be seen, that were rough  
and entwined in one another, and they were tired, tired like me.  
  
every step - a step backwards: animals scattered out from under  
a pile of leaves, and as that hour also passed, then someone  
would lay old flowers there, and they were tired, tired like me.