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CLOSURE

Gedicht

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I

Japan
one noon in 1943
attendants thought I was
dying with pneumonia,
while I thought I was
in China at midnight,
facing a small house above me
of stained glass mostly blues
some red, one odd pane missing,
a very old man behind it, peering
and outside, to the left,
two small children, waving at him.
Then - daylight, and the attendant's face.

II

Holland
at midnight in 2001,
coughing once more,
I was in China again,
now in daylight, flat land
rail tracks off into bright fog
and a middleaged man
sitting on a lonely bench.
'Excuse me, Sir [or Madam],
good morning [afternoon or night],
does this train go to A?'
'Yes, trains go to A...'
'Thank you. At what time...'
'...but do not board here.'
'Why not board here?'
'Because this is not a station,
and there is nothing left for you in A.'
'Not even the stained glass house?'
'No not even that'
(looks at the small heavy
cylinder in his left hand
(of many blues, some red)).
'Did the old man see me?'
'The old man was riding
the black wool dragon.'
'Then why did you leave him?'
'Fate. We were going
for medicine,
my sister and I,
but we were too late.'

Dit is het tweede gedicht in een serie van niet eerder gepubliceerd werk van Nederlandse dichters.