

"The Avenue, Middelkarnis"
Meyndert Hobbema



clouds cling as man to his dog
But the path is a vision enlivened
yet the vision's eternity's light
Never gained

For the turn-off is closer than sight.

oh row, break the trees viewed exhaled
To the winds yielding fluttering resps
and the orchards of nothingness fields;
stand not on logic in stead,
illuminate life's narrow front
Reclaimed in the city's retreat
To the heart.

Man's choice is decided but slow
and he who would quarrel would know
That the ditch bounds the flow
To
Lurigate Fate.