

"Town on the Silver River"  
Friedrich Hundertwasser



Some towns are more than towns  
at least they seem as much;  
Some towns are simply recalled  
It suffices for such;  
We know they exist -  
Some towns hail the future entwined,  
and their peaks encircled with clouds  
Volcanically blind; a geological bank.

Will the road be forked  
or the river vain,  
The cloud lined false?

We wonder;

Time  
The trip yields more than its end -  
The clouds  
Have their tint ringing holes  
Suffer - sustain - support.  
Define it away if you please  
For me I've heard of the truth.

one floats on the silver drought clouds  
a river inclined to draw  
The dreamer through life,  
Peace, the self,  
and the silver river; suffice it to pass  
above, beyond, and through  
The town that is more than a town.