

Ludwig-Corden Strasse 4

Walking on time-worn cobble set way
leading from here to anywhere door.
Felbacher Strasse and Heinse too,
where is Ludwig-Corden Strasse 4?

Berlin, Berlin, long-necked building cranes
reaching ever upward for nearing morrow.
Everywhere, they point and turn,
yet spent years so firmly cling.

Old Glory shadows, soot cloaked
statuary of by-gone era, new
glazed terra-cotta colored panels,
high tower garb, fitful luster in the sun.

Shoes voice round-stone street and walk.
Natal rivers flow, as sundry roadway cross.
Symbols bold, of unlived life, granite blocks
commemorate gray and pale horse loss.

Berlin, old wounds are slowly healing,
The Dom, the grassed over graves of
loyal youth. You stand proudly now,
wearing a helm of white and fluffy clouds.

Fickle scars, old noble city, differ they from mine?
Scars become our painfully written lore.
Wandered former bewildered pilgrims
also seeking Ludwig-Corden Strasse 4?