

Three Musicians

Frantisek, Ivan und Pavol,
day after day they roll
our their piano and the strings
to play long forgotten things
in the pompuous main hall
of the Dietrich's pluche mall,
where more servants than guests
discretely spoil the crowd at best,
where summer never sees the rain
and winter frost roams down the lane.
The music takes an elderly walk,
whilst they play they talk,
their heart is in Prague, at home,
when their fingers play sweet tone.
The guests, they bear wih dignity,
all this torture, what a pity.

F Sz 21 Okt 2007 Albernd