

the farmer
 looks at the peartree
 outside the window
 the old tree that
 spring after spring welcomes birds
 they return resting their wings
 after millions of miles
 they build nests and sing
 about what they have seen
 the forests of steel and concrete
 the dark clouds and sunrises
 the sounds of waves and weasels
 with sharp claws they scrawl the songs
 into the bark of the old tree
 year by year
 every morning
 the farmer
 spells
 out the
 time
 that's
 hidden
 in a
 bird's
 alphabet

*from "Let's take the blue sky by storm" by Odveig Klyve,
 translated by Kit Kelen and Odveig Klyve, 2015*