

# Spring's Blue Ribbon

International Poetry  
Gino Leineweber (Ed.)



**Verlag Expeditionen**

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SPRING'S BLUE RIBBON

INTERNATIONAL POETRY



VERLAG EXPEDITIONEN

*Spring lets flutter its blue ribbon*

*Through the air again*

Eduard Mörike, German poet (1804-1875)

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## PROLOGUE

I am pleased to present the fourth international poetry anthology, and I thank all my worldwide poet friends for their contributions to this book. This poetry collection contains poems from 60 poets and 20 countries on five out of seven continents.

Poetry is one, if not the oldest, form of literary expression. And for many centuries, it was the most important form of literature.

Today, it is a kind of niche art. But it is still as crucial to understanding the world as it was in the early days. Poetry is written for the public, for an audience. And poetry does what it has always done. It uses images and metaphors to convey a picture of our world and to understand what's going on around and inside us. Poetry is the purest form of literature. In it, you see a world without boundaries. That is what poetry means: to look at everything with the eyes of an open mind. That's why it is an honor for me to present poems to you from different areas, countries, and cultures.

These poems are published in their native language and in American English. Through these translations in one particular language, it is possible to imagine their unique spirit in the original tongue.

The collection's theme is spring: the season or the idea of spring in a metaphorical sense, i.e., seeing people or things changed or in transition, making them better.

The book's title refers to an excellent spring poem by the German poet Eduard Mörike (1804-1875) with its famous lines "Spring lets its blue ribbon/Flutter in the breeze again."

I hope that in curating this book, we have created a collection of poems that contains a gem for every lover of poetry.

I wish you much pleasure reading this book!

Gino Leineweber  
October 2021

# POEMS



## SO SO, FRÜHLING

*Albrecht Classen, USA/Deutschland*

Lange hatte es gedauert,  
der Winter war so hart,  
kalt und windig  
blies er um das Haus,  
viel mehr Schnee als gewünscht,  
warum wollte er nicht enden?  
Trotzdem gab es Winterspaß,  
die Natur unter weißer Decke.

Lang ist's her,  
ein so bitterer Winter,  
heute ist es viel zu warm  
auf der erhitzten Erde,  
Frühling kommt  
und eilt vorbei,  
globale Transformation.

Blaue Bänder  
flattern dahin,  
die gelben Blütenschauer  
trudeln schnell  
ihres Weges,  
und schon ist es viel zu heiß,  
wo sind denn die Bänder geblieben?

Frühlingsschauer  
bleiben aus,  
trocken starrt der Garten  
erstickt vor sich hin,  
Veilchen wachsen nicht,

von Narzissen ist gar nicht die Rede.  
das bisschen Grün,  
wo mag es geblieben sein,  
und Mörikes poetischen Ton  
vermag ich nicht zu hören.

Wenn da etwas flattert,  
sind es Plastiktüten im Wind,  
ein wenig Regen wäre ja ganz schön,  
darauf wirst du lange warten,  
sprich mir bloß von Frühling nicht  
der Sommer hat uns längst im Griff  
und dies nicht allein  
in unsrer Sonora Wüste.

## SPRING, REALLY?

Albrecht Classen, USA/Germany

It had lasted for long,  
the winter had been so hard,  
cold and windy  
it blew around the house,  
more snow than desired,  
why did it not finally end?  
But there had also been winter joys,  
nature asleep under the blanket white.

It has been a long time ago,  
such a bitter winter,  
today it is much too warm  
on the heated mother earth,  
Spring arrives  
and rushes by,  
global transformation.

Blue bands  
fly past us rushingly,  
the yellow petal showers  
trundle so fast  
leaving us behind,  
and then the heat sets in,  
where have all the bands disappeared?

The Spring showers  
are staying away,  
the garden stares at us  
without any breathing,  
violets do not grow here,

and forget the daffodils,  
the little green  
where might it have gone,  
and Mörike's poetic sound  
is not audible to me.

If anything might flatter  
then the plastic bags in the wind,  
a little rain would really be nice,  
yet you will have to wait for it long,  
just do not talk to me about Spring,  
we are already in the Summer's stronghold  
and this not only  
in our Sonoran Desert.

" مغادرة "  
علي الحازمي - السعودية

بالمطارات ورد الكلام يجفُّ سريعاً  
حمام عيونٍ يحط على شرفات وجوه  
، يخاطب سيفرَ عذوبتها في التياغِ مرير  
أناملٍ تلج تذبذب بدفء كفوفٍ  
، تشدُّ عليها أمانٍ أخيرة  
بعض حقائب حزنٍ من الجلد تبدو مهياًة  
، للتقيؤ بعد سماع النداء الأخير

أيادٍ تلوح للدمع أن يتساقط  
، من شجر باذخ في الضلوع  
قلوب تغادر أجساد أحبابها  
في مقاعد مائلةٍ للرحيل  
رحيقٌ من القبلات يسافر في وجنةٍ  
، قد أتمت رباط حزام الأمان إلى خصرها  
نهر فوضى يمدُّ غصون هتافات سابعةٍ  
في بياض ضمائرها أو يبدد آخر وقتٍ  
لمعنى العناق السريع على ضفةٍ تنثني  
ولأن المسافات آخذة في تلاشي عيون  
تتوق انعتاقاً إلى مثلها  
كم تظل ورود الكلام مجففةً  
فوق أرض المدجج  
في خيبة

## DEPARTURE

*Ali Al Hazmi, Saudi Arabia*

At airports,  
Roses of words dry up so rapidly;  
Birds of the eyes, falling upon the terraces of the faces,  
Address the verses of their purity in bitter longing;  
Icy fingers melt in the warm hands,  
Grasping the last wishes,  
For the last time.  
Leather bags of sadness seem ready for vomiting  
Upon hearing the last call.  
Hands urge the tears to fall down from the sublime trees  
Blooming in the ribs.

Hearts depart the bodies of dear persons  
On seats about to fly.  
A nectar of kisses traveling on a cheek  
That has already fastened the safety belt to its waist.  
A river of chaos mingles with cries  
Swimming in the whiteness of their conscience,  
And wastes the last minutes of quick last hugs  
On a receding shore.  
Since distances are diminishing in the eyes dreaming of a similar flight,  
The roses of words will stay on the airport floor,  
Lifeless and dried up,  
In complete despair.

## MASKENBALL

*Anna Würth, Deutschland*

Die kahlen Äste  
sehrender Bäume  
noch malen sie  
ihr Craquelé  
ins blaueste Blau  
kein Flieger nirgends  
auf der Himmelsbühne  
im Lockdown-Frühling  
zwanzigzwanzig  
Da oben Tanz in Schwarz  
hier unten Maskenball in Moll  
immerhin mit blauem Band im Haar

Zu früh zu laut im Morgengrau  
doch hoffnungshell  
vertrau dem Vogelruf  
der deine Nacht vertreibt  
mit gefiedertem Radau

Wirf ihn ab  
den Winterkokon  
Raum für freches Grün



THE MASKED DANCER

*Anna Würth, Germany*

*Translated by John Waterfield, United Kingdom*

The bare branches  
of yearning trees  
still paint their craquelure  
into the bluest of blues  
no planes on the sky stage  
anywhere  
in lockdown spring  
twenty twenty  
Up there a dance in black  
down here masked ball in minor  
at least with a blue ribbon in my hair

Too early too loud  
in the grey dawn  
but bright with hope  
trust the bird call  
that drives away your night  
with feathered rumpus

Cast it off  
the winter cocoon  
make room for frisky gree

EL PAÍS DE LA INFANCIA

*Annabel Villar, Uruguay/España*

Nuevamente es octubre  
tiempo de tilos y lluvia con sol.

Van rodando por las calles  
-alfombradas por las flores del plátano-  
las imágenes del viento  
y las pequeñas partículas  
de una primavera que ha regresado  
perpetua y escandalosamente loca.

Y yo agradezco el sabor de los rojos  
y los contornos nítidos del mundo  
y que mis ojos se asfixien  
con el intenso milagro  
de las tormentas de luz.

HOMELAND OF CHILDHOOD

*Annabel Villar, Uruguay/Spain*

Once again it is October  
time of linden and rain with sunshine.

Rolling down the streets  
-which are carpeted in plan-tree flowers-  
images of the wind  
and the small particles  
of a spring that has returned  
perpetually and scandalously insane.

And I am grateful for the taste of reds  
and the sharp outlines of the world,  
and that my eyes suffocate  
with the intense miracle  
of storms of light