

THE DREAMERS

For James William Tanner & *Irmgard Achatz*

Irmgard is riding her bike again
because one farm needs coffee,
thread and needles for another.
The new baby down the road
needs milk and cloth diapers.
Irmgard appears on the horizon
when Private Tanner plays his horn.

Ich träume von Musik
I dream of music
and raise the trumpet to my lips
the notes pour like falling ribbon
the air feels lighter
as my burdens drift away

In the forest, golden melody, rich
as the canopy of leaves overhead,
lulls the cows in the meadow.
Makes their milk come easy.
Makes the hillside a little softer
because of him.
Makes their love a little sweeter
because of him.

Ich träume von Liebe
I dream of love
my sweet was left to find me
she found me
five years of bliss
in the land of my enemy

Sugar and flour weigh the basket
on Irmgard's little bike, but she does not fall.
And no one closes their door.
No one denies the music
filling the open air –
a sign, a gift
welcomed at the front door.

Ich träume
I dream
far from the bare-knuckle streets
of Philadelphia
on a bed of grass I chose
a path I made, this life
our sanctuary of dreams