



SIEBENQUELL

Rich in Images

with Psalm 14 by Huub Oosterhuis



In his hiddenness
far behind the light
He keeps the eyes
hopefully directed
on the children of humanity.
He searches,
if there is still one, no matter,
in whichever corner,
who knows better, who starts anew,
a child who dares,
who stretches out his roots
to the source.

*Are you still keeping watch
for us, your human children?
In words, black on white,
I read that you once did
I search for the grounds,
that you may have given up
find many
in me already thousands and thousands
I find myself alienated
on the ground
still grounds enough?
if only a single human child could be found
thus, murmuring, I hold fast to psalms,
and sit on dry ground
there a child calls me and takes my hand away
from the black on white print
directs my gaze to the picture
look yourself, tell me
what you are reading about here,
thus speaks a human child:*

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far behind the light
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hopefully directed
on the children of humanity.
He searches,
if there is still one, no matter,
in whichever corner,
who knows better, who starts anew,
a child who dares,
who stretches out his roots
to the source.

Sylvia Ditt

Vallendar, March 11th, 2021