## Antje Duvekot, Anna

Anna stares out of the window

It's her eighty fifth spring

She tries to concentrate on something

Her face is strained and she's confused

At the walls in this room

And all the strangers standing around her chair

They brought her photographs in frames

They are using her name

But she just smiles politely at their embrace

And Anna Introduces herself again

A man picks up her hand

And says, " Anna, look, the spring has come"

And your carousel is waiting

It's 1925 in New Orleans

You are in your favorite dress

Your brother is at your dad's hand

And you're on your way to the Harborfest

There will be apples on sticks and fish stands

And you'll get to wave at the passing ships

And your daddy will buy you something

At the end

And Anna tries to form a thought

But at the end she's forgotten where she started from

There's something she would like to say

But the words in her head seem to have got away

Can Anna come out and play?

And over all that is inside her

A curtain is closing in her deep brown eyes

Well it's like someone's built a wall

And through the very last cracks

Anna extends her hand and a little girl calls

Please don't let me fall

It's 1925 in New Orleans

You are in your favorite dress

Your brother is at your dad's hand

And you're on your way to the Harborfest

There will be apples on sticks and fish stands

And you'll get to wave at the passing ships

And your daddy will buy you something

At the end

Well there's so much you must have witnessed

As the whole world changed, child

At the onset of the Jazz age

And it was long before Elvis and rock and roll

They told you, &guot; There will be music, you just wait&guot;

It's 1925 in New Orleans

You are in your favorite dress

Your brother is at your dad's hand

And you're on your way to the Harborfest

There will be apples on sticks and fish stands

And you'll get to wave at the passing ships

And your daddy will buy you something

At the end

What do you think of it all

As you are so small

Under your blanket here in this hospital

I love you

Tell your bones not to let go

But your heart is beating slowly now

The spring has come

But one small leaf was falling, falling, falling