

Rainer Bruno Zimmer

Adam, where art thou?

The window: a glass wall
down to the floor,
aligned to the facade.
Behind it the gaping abyss.
Keep a safe distance.

And at the world's end?
No wall.
Keep a much greater distance?
Existential fear?
How far from blessedness!

Sure, some day,
my world will come to an end.
But until then:

Whenever I move my foot
beyond the rim,
there grows, under my step,
new firm ground.