

NURNBERG

by Shawn Stroud



Like every Dürer
painting lost in some dusty
museum

Nürnberg is vibrant
only when you gaze at it.
The cobblestones

In the street
aren't — concrete rivers run there
now. . .

But somewhere
(I know where) is a Gasthaus
with

A streetsinger
who knew me. And
he

And Nürnberg
wait expectantly for us to
walk in;

Witness his
art, and let him
live.