

# 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.