

A NEW DAY

The new day rises
From dark purple and blue
A star here and there.
The moon shines wearily.
The night glides away swiftly,
The light brings shadows along.

A loving song of a lark
Connects space and time.

A stern clock strikes six,
The heavy door slides away
And opens the door.
Two children show up,
Are given milk and bread.

The shopping street gets crowded,
The sun has no chance.
Red and green neon light,
Footsteps resound
On full blast music.

Further on in a corner
a man without legs,
having a soft plaintive voice
shows picture postcards.

the street is slowly abandoned,
the voice no longer heard.
Where have the children gone?

The sun turns pink and red
With streaks of gold and red
Where questions are silent,
Which do not betray dreams.

By Ankie van der Ben

(Translated by C. Wepster)

Ankie van der Ben is a Dutch poet of Heswall Quaker Meeting, who moved to England two years ago. The poem 'A New Day' was originally written in Dutch when Ankie lived in Brussels. Soon Ankie will celebrate her 80th birthday and she continues to write. Ankie submitted her work on Leaveners' Poets' Corner Month of September: 'Displacement: Stories of Hope and Humanity'. Read more poetry on:

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