

The sun had
finally popped out
of the nebula of rain,
enlightening delightfully
parts of the pavement.

Every stone
Every bench
and corners to sit
were still covered by water
and made it impossible
for her to stop
wandering in circles.

Standing,
walking
while writing
she was: there,
for a little while,
present.

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PS: I met new friends in Prinzessinnengärten and forgot to come back for the official stamp!