

# **DER COFFE BAUM**



**Einladung**

**zur 32. Sitzung**

**am 18 X 2022, um 1111 h,**

**im Café Fiedler**

**in Kiel**

**zur Lektüre eines Gedichtes  
aus Ladies Almanack  
von Djuna Barnes**

## Portents, Signs and Omens

When Infant Grundy rises like the Sickle  
The dying Grundy will her nothing stickle,  
But wane upon this World of Odds and Omen,  
The newer Prudy waxing for the Women,  
For to a Woman shall a Woman stoop  
When she had birched them well about the Coop,  
And nowhere else, as they have done ere this;  
No Man shall nip them, and no Boy shall kiss,  
No Lad shall hoist them gaily Heels o'er Head  
Nor lay them ,twixt his Breast-bone and his Bed.  
Nor flay them with sweet Portent and with Sign.  
Nor reap their Image tiny in this Eyen.  
Nay, this shall never be their earthly Cost  
But, all unlike the bird of Memory lost,  
late roosting on the Hollow tree of Time,  
Which only backward can the Scaler climb,  
They by themselves mislaid shall be, God wot,  
Binding this Nonsense to a finer Knot,  
Casting to the winds all common Care  
Like a Bell that throws its Nature to the Air.  
Of such is then the high and gaming Pride  
Of Woman by a Woman's girlish side !