

A Day in Munich

The morning climbs along the Isar shore,
the city's hush is rich with light once more.
The market scents are warm and bold and round—
with bread and blossoms, fruit and hops abound.

Through arches drift the sounds of moving feet,
and time dissolves in every passing street.
As twilight glows on stone from years gone by,
Munich slips gently into memory's sky.

