

To Jacob B. Berkson, the author of "A Canary's Tale. The Final Battle"

## **My Therapy**

I had to go my road.

On this road there were many small and large stones  
and many small and large craters.

I was blind.  
So I felt, plunged and humped myself  
wherever I was going  
and I got little and grave woundings and serious injuries.

But one day I begun with my therapy:

**I learned and learned and learned and learned and learned and  
learned and learned and learned and learned and learned**

Slowly I lost my blindness and I could see more and more:  
the small and large stones and the small and large craters.

Now it's the exceptional case,  
that I fall and plump and hump myself.

By the wayside I can see the flowers, the humble-bees,  
the meadows, the wooded country and the sky.

I was a Canary, but I wanted to be a Phoenix.

**Today I am a Phoenix.**

Ingrid Scherrmann, Ochsenhausen, June/24/1997