

Walking on the Marktgasse one sees a

wondrous sight

The cherries in the fruit stalls sit aligned in rows,
the hats in the millinery shop are neatly stacked,

the flowers

on the balconies are

arranged

in perfect

s y m m e t r i e s,

no crumbs lie on the bakery floor, no milk is spilled on the cobblestones of the buttry.

No thing is out of place.

