



(Photo: Braided Streams, Southside, the Alps)

Anxiousness

In the faded forest sounds the call of a bird,
which seems so meaningless in this faded forest.
And yet the resonant call of the bird rests
in this moment which brought it forth,
as wide as the heavens above the faded forest.
Docilely, everything empties itself into the cry:
The entire countryside seems silently there,
the immense wind seems nestled inside,
and the minute, that wishes to move on,
is ashen and quiet, as if it knew things
that, in order for them to rise out of him,
one must first die.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)