



(Photo: Avalanche Alder (*Alnus veridis*)—the Alps)

# The Gazelle

*Grazella Dorcas*

Enchanted being: how can the harmony of two  
chosen words ever achieve the rhyme,  
as with a sign, that comes and goes in you.  
Out of your brow rise leaf and lyre,

and everything yours already runs as metaphor  
through love songs, the words of which, soft  
as rose petals, for the one who no longer reads,  
laid upon the eyes, which he closes:

so that he may see you: carried about as if  
each slender leg were charged with leaps,  
not to be fired as long as the neck

holds the head high in listening: as when, while  
bathing in a dark forest, the bather interrupts herself:  
the forest pool still reflected in her turning face.

*Rainer Maria Rilke*  
(tr. Cliff Crego)