



*(Photo: Urnerland, looking East—the Alps)*

**I**live my life in growing rings  
that move out over the things around me.  
Perhaps I'll never complete the last,  
but that's what I mean to try.

I'm circling around God, around the ancient tower,  
and I've been circling for thousands of years;  
and I still don't know: am I a falcon, a storm  
or a great song.

(from: *The Book of Hours*)

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*