



(Image: Village Spring after rain—the Alps)

Loneliness

Loneliness is like a rain.
It rises from the sea to meet the evening;
from the plains, which are far and remote,
it ascends to the sky, which it ever holds.
And from the sky it falls upon the city.

It rains down into the twilight hours
when the sidestreets are turning to the morning
and when bodies, that have found nothing,
disappointed and sad, let go of one another;
and when those who hate each other,
must sleep together in the same bed:

then loneliness flows with the rivers...

Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)