



(Photo: Two Wooden Barns and a Waterfall—the Alps)

Autumn

The leaves are falling, falling as if from afar,
as if withered in the distant gardens of heaven;
with nay-saying gestures they fall.

And in the nights falls the heavy earth
from all the stars into loneliness.
We all are falling. This hand there falls.
And look at the other: it is in all of them.

And yet there is one, who holds all this
falling with infinite gentleness in his hands.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)