



(Photo: Glacier Landscape, the Alps)

Remembrance

And you wait, expecting that one thing
that your life endlessly shall multiply;
that one powerful, immense thing,
the awakening of stones,
depths, coming back to you.
Volumes of gold and brown emerge
as dawn out of the bookshelves;
and you reflect upon lands traveled through,
on images, on the garments
of women lost once again.

And then you realize suddenly: that was it.
You rise up and before you stands
the fear and shape and prayer
of a year gone by.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)