



Exposed on the mountains of the heart

Exposed on the mountains of the heart. See, how small there,
see: the last hamlet of words, and higher,
and still so small, a last
homestead of feeling. Do you recognize it?
Exposed on the mountains of the heart. Rocky earth
under the hands. But something will
flower here; out of the mute abyss
flowers an unknowing herb in song.
But the knowing? Ah, you who began to understand
and are silent now, exposed on the mountains of the heart.
Yet many an awareness still whole wanders there,
many a self-confident mountain animal
passes through and remains. And that great protected bird
circles about the peaks of pure denial. But
unprotected, here on the mountains of the heart.

Rainer Maria Rilke (Irchenhausen, IX.20.1914)
(tr. Cliff Orger)