



(Photo: Skytracks, Limestone Mudflat—North America)

Before Summer Rain

All at once from the green of the park,
one can't quite say, something is taken away;
one feels it coming closer to the windows
and being silent. Out of a grove,

persistent and strong, sounds a plover,
one thinks of a Saint Jerome:
so intensely rises a solitude and fervor
out of this one voice that the downpour

shall listen. The walls of the great hall
with their paintings retreat from us
as if not allowed to hear what we say.

Reflected in the faded tapestries
is the uncertain light of afternoons
in which one as a child was so afraid.

Rainer Maria Rilke (c. 1906) (tr. Cliff Cregoe)