



## [Springs—they rise to the surface . . .]

Springs—they rise to the surface  
almost too quickly.  
What wells forth out of the ground,  
hallowed and bright?

Out of the crystal, let  
the shimmering light sweep out,  
so that it may go with us  
to the markstones of the meadow.

Yet for us, what is our  
reply to such gestures?  
Oh, how are we to divide  
Water and Earth?

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*  
(POEMS 1906-1926)