



(Image: January snow, alpine cascade—the European Alps)

Title Page [*from The Voices*]

It's easy for the rich and fortunate to remain silent,
nobody wants to know who they are.

That is why the destitute must show themselves,
must say: I am blind,
or: that is what I'm about to become,
or: it's not going very well with me here on Earth,
or: I have a sick child,
or: this is where I'm kind of all stuck together . . .

And perhaps even that is not enough.

Despite everything, as if they were things,
people walk right by, and so they must sing.

And one hears good music there.

Truly, people are strange; They'd
rather hear castrati in boys' choirs.

But God himself comes and remains a long time
when these disfigured ones begin to disturb him.