



You don't have to understand Life's nature,
then it becomes a grand affair.
Let every day just of itself occur
like a child walks away from every hurt
and happens upon the gift of many flowers.

To collect and the blossoms spare,
that never enters the child's mind.
She gently unties them from her hair,
where they were kept captive with such delight,
and the hands of the loving, youthful years
reach out to embrace the new.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)
MIR ZUR FEIER 1898 Berlin-Wilmersdorf