To whom shall you complain, heart? Ever more shunned your way.

wrestles through the impenetrable people. The more to no avail.

because it holds to the direction, holds to the direction of the future, to what has been lost.
In the past. You complained? What was it? A Fallen

Bereavement Joy,

But now my whole Tree of Joy is break...
ing, in the storm my slowly grown Tree of Joy is break-

crescendo poco a poco

ing, is break-ing.

...crescendo poco a poco...

Most beautiful thing

%}

mp in my

in my invisible landscape, you who made me
more know-able

more know-able
to angels,
invisible

ones.

duration: c. 4"