



(Photo: Apples among Pines, North America)

The Apple Orchard *Borgeby-Gård*

Come just after the setting of the sun,
see the evening green of the grassy ground;
is it not as if we had for a long time
taken it into ourselves and saved it,

sensing it now as feeling and remembrance,
new hope, half-forgotten joys,
yet now mixed with interior darkness,
to scatter it before us in thought

under trees like those of Durer, that
carry the weight of a hundred
workdays in the overfilled fruits,
serving, full of patience, trying, like

that which all measure transcends,
is still to be lifted up and offered,
when one willingly, throughout a long life,
wants but this one thing and grows and is silent.

Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)