



*(Image: Mountain Ash, compound leaves—North America)*

## Autumn

The leaves are falling, falling as if from afar,  
as if withered in the distant gardens of heaven;  
with nay-saying gestures they fall.

And in the nights falls the heavy earth  
from all the stars into loneliness.

We all are falling. This hand there falls.  
And look at the others: it is in all of them.

And yet there is one, who holds all this  
falling with infinite gentleness in his hands.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*