



(Image: Early Fall, before snow—the Alps)

Complaint

To whom shall you complain, heart? Ever more shunned,
your way wrestles through the impenetrable
people. The more to no avail perherps,
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
berry of Joy, unripe.
But now my whole Tree of Joy is breaking,
in the storm my slowly grown Tree of Joy
is breaking.
Most beautiful thing in my invisible
landscape, you who made me more knowable
to angels, invisible ones.

Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)