



(Image: Mountain Ash: ripe berries; rising mist, October—the Alps)

Cretan Artemis

Wind of the foothills: wasn't her
brow like some luminous object?
Smooth fallwind of the sure-footed animals,
you gave her form: her clothes

building upon the naive breasts
like a fickle premonition?
While she, as if she already knew everything,
even at a distance, dress readied and composed,
stormed off with her nymphs and dogs,
testing her bow, bound to her high belt, all the while;

at times, called only to foreign settlements
and, furious, forced to move
swiftly by the cries of birth.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)