



*(Last Light, Looking West, the Alps)*

## Evening

Slowly the evening changes into the clothes  
held for it by a row of ancient trees;  
you look: and two worlds grow separate from you,  
one ascending to heaven, another, that falls;

and leave you, belonging not wholly to either one,  
not quite as dark as the house that remains silent,  
not quite as certainly sworn to eternity  
as that which becomes star each night and rises—

and leave you (unsayably to disentangle) your life  
with all its immensity and fear and great ripening,  
so that, all but bounded, all but understood,  
it is by turns stone in you and star.

*Rainer Maria Rilke  
(tr. Cliff Crego)*