



*(Image: Guardian Spruce, September Snow—the Alps)*

## [Perhaps . . . ]

Perhaps, I'm moving through the hard veins  
of heavy mountains, like the ore does, alone;  
I'm already so deep inside, I see no end in sight,  
and no distance: everything is getting near  
and everything getting near is turning to stone.

I still can't see very far yet into suffering,—  
so this vast darkness makes me small;  
are you the one: make yourself powerful, break in:  
so that your whole being may happen to me,  
and to you may happen, my whole cry.