



## The Inner Rose

Where is there for this inner  
an outer? Upon which hurt  
does one lay such fine linen?  
And which heavens are reflected within them,  
upon the interior seas  
of these open roses, these carefree ones, see:  
how loose in looseness  
they lie, as if a trembling hand  
could never tip them over.  
They can hardly hold themselves  
erect; many allow themselves  
be filled all too full and flow  
over from inner space  
into the days, which, ever  
more and more full, close in upon themselves,  
until the entire summer becomes  
a chamber, a chamber in a dream.

*Rainer Maria Rilke*  
(tr. Cliff Crego)