



*(Image: Mountain Hut, Spring snowmelt—the Alps)*

**T**he last house of this village stands  
as alone as if it were the last house in the world.

The road, that the little village cannot hold,  
moves on slowly out into the night.

The little village is but a place of transition,  
expectant and afraid, between two distances,  
a passageway along houses instead of a bridge.

And those who leave the village may wander  
a long time, and many may die, perhaps, along the way.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*