



(Image: Heather, Tarn, High-country Moor, looking East—the Alps)

Progress

And once again the depths of my life rush onward,
as if they were moving in wider channels now.
Things are becoming more close to me
and all images more thoroughly looked upon.
I feel more comfortable with that which is nameless,
With my senses, as with birds, I reach up
into the windy heavens out of the oak,
and in those pools broken off from the day,
my feeling, as if standing on fishes, descends.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)