



(Image: Mountain Spring, Fall—the Alps)

[I'm too alone in the world . . .]

I'm too alone in the world, and yet not alone enough
to make every hour holy.

I'm too small in the world, and yet not tiny enough
just to stand before you like a thing,
dark and shrewd.

I want my will, and I want to be with my will
as it moves towards deed;
and in those quiet, somehow hesitating times,
when something is approaching,
I want to be with those who are wise
or else alone.

I want always to be a mirror that reflects your whole being,
and never to be too blind or too old
to hold your heavy, swaying image.

I want to unfold.
Nowhere do I want to remain folded,
because where I am bent and folded, there I am lie.
And I want my meaning
true for you. In want to describe myself
like a painting that I studied
closely for a long, long time,
like a word I finally understood,
like the pitcher of water I use every day ,
like the face of my mother,
like a ship
that carried me
through the deadliest storm of all.

*Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)*