



(Image: Old Goatherd's Trail, Fall snow descending to 2,200 m.,—the Alps)

Premonition

I am like a flag surrounded by vast, open space.
I sense the coming winds and must live through them,
while all other things among themselves do not yet move:
The doors close quietly, and in the chimneys is silence;
The windows do not yet tremble, and the dust is still heavy and dark.

I already know the storms, and I'm as restless as the sea.
I roll out in waves, and fall back upon myself,
and throw myself off into the air, and am completely alone
in the immense storm.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)