



*(Image: Early Fall, after heavy rain—the Alps)*

## Solemn Hour

Whoever cries now somewhere in the world,  
without reason cries in the world,  
cries about me.

Whoever laughs now somewhere in the night,  
without reason laughs in the night,  
laughs at me.

Whoever goes now somewhere in the world,  
without reason goes in the world,  
comes to me.

Whoever dies now somewhere in the world,  
without reason dies in the world:  
looks at me.

*Rainer Maria Rilke*  
*(tr. Cliff Crego)*