



(Fresh Snow on Fall Glacier, the Alps)

A Walk

Already my gaze is upon the hill, the sunny one,
at the end of the path I've only just begun.
So we are grasped, by that which we could not grasp,
at such great distance, so fully manifest—

and it changes us, even when we do not reach it,
into something that, hardly sensing it, we already are;
a sign appears, echoing our own sign . . .
But what we sense is the falling winds.

*Rainer Maria Rilke
Muzot, March of 1924, the Alps
(tr. Cliff Crego)*