



*(Image: Sedge Reeds, Fall Moor—the Alps)*

## To Music

Music. The breathing of statues. Perhaps:  
The silence of pictures. You, language where all  
languages end. You, time  
standing straight up out of the direction  
of hearts passing on.

Feeling, *for whom?* O the transformation  
of feeling into what?— into audible landscape.  
Music: you stranger. Passion which  
has outgrown us. Our inner most being,  
transcending, driven out of us,—  
holiest of departures: inner worlds now  
the most practiced of distances, as  
the other side of thin air:  
pure,  
immense  
no longer habitable.