



*(Image: Mountain Ash, ripe berries, Fall—the Alps)*

## A Woman in Love

**T**hat is my window. I  
just awoke so gently.  
I thought, I'm floating.  
How far does my life reach,  
and where does the night begin?

I could think that everything  
around me is me;  
like the transparent depth of a crystal,  
darkened and mute.

I think I could bring the stars  
inside of me, so large  
does my heart seem; so very much  
does it want to let go of him  
whom I have perhaps begun  
to love, perhaps to hold.

So strange, so uncharted  
does my fate appear.  
Who am I who lies here  
under this endless sky,  
as the sweet scent of a meadow,  
moving back and forth,

at once calling out and anxious,  
that someone might hear my call,  
destined to vanish  
in another.

*Rainer Maria Rilke*  
(tr. Cliff Crego)