

Before Summer Rain

BEFORE SUMMER RAIN



Suddenly, from all the green around you,

Something, - you don't know what - has disappeared;

You feel it creeping closer to the window,

In total silence. From the nearby wood

You hear the urgent whistling of a plover,

Reminding you of someone's St. Jerome:

So much solitude and passion come

From that one voice, whose fierce request the downpour

Will grant. The walls, with their ancient portraits, glide

Away from us, cautiously, as though

They weren't supposed to hear what we are saying.

And so reflected on the faded tapestries now,

The chill, uncertain sunlight of those long

Childhood hours when you were so afraid.

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 - 1926) Prague

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