

RAINER MARIA RILKE:
AUTUMN DAY

Lord: it is time. The summer has been large.
Lay down across the sundialface thy shadow,
And on the meadow set the winds at large.

Command the fruit be heavy on the vine;
Give them two southern-winded days of leisure;
Propel them to complete themselves; and pressure
The final sweetness in the heavy wine.

Whoever has no house now, goes without.
Whoever lacks a friend, will long be lacking,
Will spend his time in writing, reading, waking,
And through the tree-lined avenues in and out
Restlessly wandering, when the leaves are flaking.