

RAINER MARIA RILKE:
EVENING

The evening pauses for a change of vesture,
Which trees hold ready in their patient hands;
You watch, and see the lands in their departure,
A land ascending, and a falling land;

Which leave you there, in neither land quite resting,
Less darksome than the house benumbed in time,
Less able to conjure the everlasting
Than that which turns to star each night and climbs—

And leave to you, entangled and bizarre,
Your life, foreboding and immense and rising,
A thing that, now confined and now comprising,
Reverberates as stone in you and star.