

RAINER MARIA RILKE:
LOVESONG

How should I keep my soul in bounds, that it
May not graze against yours? How should I raise
It over you to other things above it?
Ah, if I only knew of someplace lost
That lies in darkness, I would gladly leave it
There in a strange and silent place, somewhere
Where all your depths may swing, and will not move it.
But all the things that touch us, me and you,
Take us together like a stroking bow
As from two strings it draws one voice along.
Upon what instrument have we been spanned?
And who the fiddler has us in his hand?
O sweet the song.