

RAINER MARIA RILKE:
PONT DU CARROUSEL

The sightless man upon the bridge who stands,
Gray like the boundarystone of nameless ranges,
He is perhaps the thing, that never changes,
Round which the mainspring of the heavens winds,
The distant planets' center of repose.
For all around him runs and bumps and goes.

He is the upright sentry at his station,
Set down in many paths perplexed and whorled,
The darkling entry to the underworld
Amidst a surface-loving generation.