

RAINER MARIA RILKE:
From "SONGS OF YOUNG GIRLS"

Young girls sing:
The time of which our mothers told,
It never reached inside the fold
Where we lay sleeping, smooth and clear.
They say to us that they were felled
By thunderstorms, one stormy year.

What is a storm? We cannot say.

Deep in our tower tucked away
We have to listen from afar
To hear the forest sigh.
One night there was a strange star
That passed by.

And in the garden where we sing,
We tremble, feeling it begin;
Each day we are on guard—

But nowhere is there any wind
To bend us hard.