

RAINER MARIA RILKE:
THE LONELINESS

The loneliness is like a rain.
It rises toward the evening from the main.
Up from the surfaces of distant plains
It gains the sky, its home. And only down
From out the sky it falls upon the town.

It drizzles downward in the halfway watches
When all the alleys turn and head for morning;
And when, no wiser for their one-night matches,
The bodies part, and set about returning;
And when the ones with hatred in them burning
Must share their bed, and cannot share their dreams:

Then loneliness down rivers and streams...