

Love Song

by Rainer Maria Rilke

How shall I hold my soul, that it may not be touching yours?
How shall I lift it then above you, Ah where other things are waiting?
Ah, gladly would I lodge it, all-forgot.
With some lost thing the dark is isolating.
On some remote and silent spot that, when your depths vibrate, is not itself vibrating.

You and me – all that lights upon us, though, brings us together.
Like a fiddle-bow drawing one voice from two strings as it glides along.
Across what instruments have we been spanned?
And what violinist holds us in his hand, O sweetest song?