

The Swan, Rainer Maria Rilke

This clumsy living that moves lumbering  
as if in ropes through what is not done  
reminds us of the awkward way the swan walks.

And to die, which is a letting go  
of the ground we stand on and cling to every day,  
is like the swan when he nervously lets himself down

into the water, which receives him gaily  
and which flows joyfully under  
and after him, wave after wave.  
while the swan, unmoving and marvelously calm,  
is pleased to be carried, each minute more fully grown,  
more like a king, composed, farther and farther on.

- translated by Robert Bly



‘For whoever wants to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for me will find it.’

Ecclesiastes 3

A Time for Everything

There is a time for everything,  
and a season for every activity under the heavens:  
a time to be born and a time to die,  
a time to plant and a time to uproot,  
a time to kill and a time to heal,  
a time to tear down and a time to build,  
a time to weep and a time to laugh,  
a time to mourn and a time to dance,  
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,  
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,  
a time to search and a time to give up,  
a time to keep and a time to throw away,  
a time to tear and a time to mend,  
a time to be silent and a time to speak,  
a time to love and a time to hate,  
a time for war and a time for peace.