

1 December 2018

## **I Am Much too Alone in this World, yet not Alone**

I am too alone in the world, and yet not alone enough  
to make every hour holy.

I am too small in the world, and yet not tiny enough  
just to stand before you like a thing,  
dark and shrewd.

I want my will, and I want to be with my will  
as it moves towards deed;  
and in those quiet, somehow hesitating times,  
when something is approaching,  
I want to be with those who are wise  
or else alone.

I want always to be a mirror that reflects your whole being,  
and never to be too blind or too old  
to hold your heavy, swaying image.

I want to unfold.

Nowhere do I want to remain folded,  
because where I am bent and folded, there I am lie.

And I want my meaning  
true for you. I want to describe myself  
like a painting that I studied  
closely for a long, long time,  
like a word I finally understood,  
like the pitcher of water I use every day,  
like the face of my mother,  
like a ship  
that carried me  
through the deadliest storm of all.

- Rainer Maria Rilke, (Book of Hours)