

# Before Summer Rain

BEFORE SUMMER RAIN



*Suddenly, from all the green around you,*

*Something, - you don't know what - has disappeared;*

*You feel it creeping closer to the window,*

*In total silence. From the nearby wood*

*You hear the urgent whistling of a plover,*

*Reminding you of someone's St. Jerome:*

*So much solitude and passion come*

*From that one voice, whose fierce request the downpour*

*Will grant. The walls, with their ancient portraits, glide*

*Away from us, cautiously, as though*

*They weren't supposed to hear what we are saying.*

*And so reflected on the faded tapestries now,*

*The chill, uncertain sunlight of those long*

*Childhood hours when you were so afraid.*

*Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 - 1926) Prague*

## Rainer Maria Rilke