



SIEBENQUELL

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# How do I find you

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sometimes it is quiet and empty within me – then I yearn for a melody – even without words, already enough amidst which is spoken, but cannot be kept – in this world – sometimes I search in vain, word of your tonality – have sufficient for consolation unto your human children – thus, I yearn for you, my God, that I might keep it, your word softly, humming, learn to speak it – to sisters and brothers, which we all are – and let me find you – in my melody – for more God acquainted humanness – toward you – Word that carries and holds fast – and there – you allow self to be found, in people – singing psalms:

And singing once more, but now

as softly as possible.

I desire the final truth;

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that you come to me, one day.

I will keep still,

waiting in my innermost chamber.

I tolerate no false word.

I desire the pure light of day

without vice, mockery, conceit,

arrogance, scorn.

I would tarry

in the land of clear heads,

my eyes seek the defenceless upright one –

grant me a translucent house.

Every morning a new beginning,

words which burgeon,

within which I can dwell, secure

with whomever is dear to me.

And singing once more, even now

as softly as possible.

Psalm 101 according to Huub Oosterhuis

**Sylvia Ditt**

*Vallendar, January 30, 2020*