



SIEBENQUELL

»When loneliness comes stalking«



The days are bright and long at the moment, the light is friendly and enticing, the beer gardens and cycle paths are full. And yet many people suffer from their dark hours, perhaps the feeling of being lonely grips them all the more fiercely. While times of being alone can newly ground us and offer us the chance to become aware of our inner richness and thus strengthened, loneliness narrows our view and our heart. And as always, when it gets narrow, the pressure grows and we are helplessly trapped in our tunnel or cave.

In the 12th part of her poem »Flare«, the American poet Mary Oliver (1935 - 2019) finds words for this state and ways out of it that are so simple and at the same time so deep and wide, just as life is in its fullness. Such words can become nourishment, as she herself says at the end.

But read for yourself:

When loneliness comes stalking, go into the fields, consider
the orderliness of the world. Notice
something you have never noticed before,

like the tambourine sound of the snow-cricket

whose pale green body is no longer than your thumb.

Stare hard at the hummingbird, in the summer rain,
shaking the water-sparks from its wings.

Let grief be your sister, she will whether or no.
Rise up from the stump of sorrow, and be green also,
like the diligent leaves.

A lifetime isn't long enough for the beauty of this world
and the responsibilities of your life.

Scatter your flowers over the graves, and walk away.
Be good-natured and untidy in your exuberance.

In the glare of your mind, be modest.
And beholden to what is tactile, and thrilling.

Live with the beetle, and the wind.

This is the dark bread of the poem.
This is the dark and nourishing bread of the poem.

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