



SIEBENQUELL

The Cradle of time



In the evening I search for YOU
and scan the day for YOU.
YOU open dreaming to me.
In the morning I hope
to find YOU in my day's work.
YOUR stories nourish me
and open undreamt-of horizons.
All my life long.
I hum lullabies:

»I have nothing
but the cradle of time
to make his coming well bedded.

I have nothing
but my eyes
to see
the unconscious image of God
in your face.
I have nothing
but my arms
to build day by day the kingdom of God
in rough stones.
I have nothing
but these steps of mine
to move in constant hope
toward the undefined encounter
with God.«

(Pedro Casaldáliga)

Sylvia Ditt

August 18th, 2022