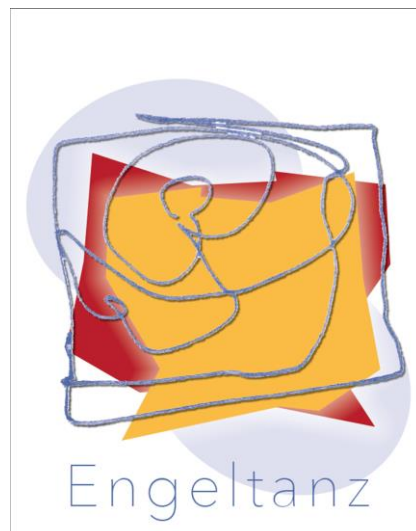




SIEBENQUELL

A Sense of Order



with tears I plead
for more time, more order, more peace
I am afraid of losing myself
then you send me angel-like messengers
that challenge me:
give me your hand, let yourself be drawn in
stars of the sky, blue sea,
solid ground,
we walk our routes, like a dance
which currently

begins eternally anew
like this, pay attention:
»Weep not for the rhythms
which - apparently - are lost:
Rhythms of the winds,
of the waters,
of the rustling of the trees,
of the song of the birds,
of the movement of the stars,
of the footsteps of people . . .
There is always a musician
or a poet
or a saint
or a fool,
who has the mission from God,
to capture
the fleeting rhythms,
that could be lost. « *
Pay attention, it is our mission . . . , come let yourself be drawn in

* Ernesto Cardenal

*Sylvia Ditt,
Koblenz, September 24th, 2020*