SOLITUDE

To Anna Wernecke

ASleep, unheeding, thou hast lain. For thee once more my hand doth ache; Again the spring my heart doth break, For all the rapture of the world Within my heart, my heart, is curled.

Oh, all the rapture of the birth
Of greening spring, of trembling earth,
Within me blossom, and I know
The agony of love and woe,
For spring hath laid her eager hand
Upon me, and I understand.

I understand, and now, renewed, I seek the spirit's solitude; Far from the sleep of death I rise, And seek the glance of other eyes; I seek the touch of other hands; I seek the one who understands.

I float upon an amber sea
Of earth-begotten melody,
And all my vagrant thoughts take wing,
Into the sunny air, and sing.
I float enraptured with the tide;
From time and space entranced I glide.

I float to other gods and lands,
I seek the one who understands,
For all my heart is bubbling through
With silver waters streaked with blue;
I mingle with the amber sea,
A note in one wide melody.

Oh, what to me were space and time!
Oh, what to me were fruitless rime!
Could I recover from the sea
The golden songs she had of me
When on her foaming waves I yearned
To quench the fiery song that burned,

That burned within me when I lay A thrall to summer, and to day. For though she made my spirit free, My noblest song she stole from me; For when upon her breast I dwell Whither I float I may not tell.

Oh, what to me are space and time Whose heart awaits the secret rime? And how the song can I impart, When spring and life have stol'n my heart, And bound it in unyielding bands? I seek the one who understands.

As far towards the west I float, I strive in vain to catch the note I heard so long and long ago, Re-echoed in the waters' flow, That flashed before me on the way, That burned me as asleep I lay.

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The fire is fled out of my hands, I seek the one who understands; I float upon an amber sea
Of gentle throbbing melody.
Awake, my lyre! In accents rude
Tell of the poet's solitude.