

Einsamkeit

Die Einsamkeit ist wie ein Regen.
Sie steigt vom Meer den Abenden entgegen;
von Ebenen, die fern sind und entlegen,
geht sie zum Himmel, der sie immer hat.
Und erst vom Himmel fällt sie auf die Stadt.

Regnet hernieder in den Zwitterstunden,
wenn sich nach Morgen wenden alle Gassen
und wenn die Leiber, welche nichts gefunden,
enttäuscht und traurig von einander lassen;
und wenn die Menschen, die einander hassen,
in einem Bett zusammen schlafen müssen:

dann geht die Einsamkeit mit den Flüssen...

(Translation: Solitude)

Solitude is like a rain.
It rises from the sea to meet the evenings;
from plains far off, beyond the common way,
it rises to the heavens, as if to stay,
And from the sky it falls upon the city.

It rains down in the hours in-between,
When every alley wends itself towards dawn
and when the lovers, who've found nothing there,
bereft, dismayed, turn over from each other;
and those who hate each other are by force
made to sleep together in one bed:

then solitude flows onward with the rivers...

-Rainer Maria Rilke

Rain

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

-Robert Louis Stevenson

When The Sun Come After Rain

WHEN the sun comes after rain
And the bird is in the blue,
The girls go down the lane
Two by two.

When the sun comes after shadow
And the singing of the showers,
The girls go up the meadow,
Fair as flowers.

When the eve comes dusky red
And the moon succeeds the sun,
The girls go home to bed
One by one.

And when life draws to its even
And the day of man is past,
They shall all go home to heaven,
Home at last.

-Robert Louis Stevenson

April Rain Song

Let the rain kiss you.
Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.
Let the rain sing you a lullaby.
The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.
The rain makes running pools in the gutter.
The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night -
And I love the rain.

- Langston Hughes

Like Rain it sounded till it curved

Like Rain it sounded till it curved
And then I new 'twas Wind --
It walked as wet as any Wave
But swept as dry as sand --
When it had pushed itself away
To some remotest Plain
A coming as of Hosts was heard
It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools
It warbled in the Road --
It pulled the spigot from the Hills
And let the Floods abroad --
It loosened acres, lifted seas
The sites of Centres stirred
Then like Elijah rode away
Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

-Emily Dickinson

The clouds cry out, Lay waste! Lay waste!
A gray rain flies in from the east,
Hissing, as it cuts the dust.
Take care of fences and of walls,
Watch the boundaries of the fields,
Lest the streams exceed their bounds;
Now renunciation turns
And grips you with its thorny vines;
Let the creepers of love advance,
Soaked in an endlessness of rains.

-Kabir, (Jabez Van Cleef has modified the translations into verse)