Repeat with a recitation of Rilke’s poem *Autumn Day.*

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Autumn Day

Lord: the time has come. It was a grand summer.
Rest your shadow now upon the sundials,
and unleash the winds over the open fields.

Compel the final fruits to fill;
grant them two more southern days,
urge them on to their perfection, and drive
the remaining sweetness into the heavy wine.

Whoever has no house now, will not build one.
Whoever is alone now, will stay alone,
will wait up, read, write long letters,
and will restlessly wander — back and forth —
along tree-lined avenues, with the scattered and drifting leaves.

_Herbsttag_, by Rainer Maria Rilke

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