

from:
How Beautiful The Beloved
by Gregory Orr,



Humble dazzle
Of autumn:
These leaves
On the ground –
Each one a page
In the Book,
A poem that says:
I lived.

I was
A small part
Of the whole
Story – this
Is my song,
This is my glory.



Autumn

By Rainer Maria Rilke

The leaves are falling, falling as from far off,
as though far gardens withered in the skies;
they are falling with denying gestures.

And in the nights the heavy earth is falling
from all the stars down into loneliness.

We are all falling. This hand falls.
And look at others; it is in them all.

**And yet there is One who holds this falling
endlessly gently in his hands.**