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Garden

Stan Sanvel Rubin

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GARDEN

Stan Sanvel Rubin

(after Rilke)

...guide him/close to the garden...

—Third Elegy

Those who believe they have
a lot to offer
offer only their hungers

Those who believe
they can trust themselves
trust shadows

In sex, it is
as in love
you are heedless

of cautions, pain
pleases you
your pleasures

grow like must
under the fingernails
a dark stain

obliterating both
silences but not
ending them

—furb ihn / nah an den Garten heran—

he urges
the quiet girl
twisting her braid

HAND

Stan Sanvel Rubin

(after Rilke)

Suppose there's a place we know nothing about?

—*Fifth Elegy*

The trapeze of love
makes us all acrobats
 in too many galaxies at once

and what counts is not
what is under us but
 what is not

as we tumble headlong
toward each other
 or twist willful as

a child with a hoop
And still we dream
 of another place

—*es ware ein Platz, den wir nicht wissen*—

where, when you lift
your hand, the other's
 hand is waiting