I.

God sent out
a finger from heaven
and made a sign:
Let Day now come!

His holy word
the world eagerly welcomed,
and so the windowpane
became white,
and wall and shadow
at once became
clothed in white
and white became too
the bed and I.

I lie beside the window
and think about my dream:

... I run across hills,
I run across fields
searching for my mother.
Along comes a stag with seven horns
and tells me:
I am seven years old,
you will run about for seven years
searching for your mother.
I start to weep in the field
and the grasses weep along.
The stag with seven horns stands still
and says as follows:
I am seven years old —
it’s hard to run for seven years,
through forests young and old,
over hills high and low
that God commanded me to spring over;
perhaps, somewhere
on the way, I will meet your mother —
what sign shall I give her?

I start laughing in the field
and the grasses laugh along:
at the time that she was leaving
she spent the whole day gazing at me,
and told me that flowers
bloom in my plump cheeks,
red as blood and white as milk;
if you come across my mother — tell her:
no eyes pour forth their light now
upon her child’s little face,
and the flowers begin to fade — —
Before my dream has ended
my room is already rocking
in pious silence, with fresh waves
of light, that flow through the windowpanes.

The sun passes over the windowsill
and seats herself gaily on the bed.

I lie listening as she caresses me:
My child, dear child! You don't sleep even a single night,
my poor child! You lie awake and weep
while in the garden your brothers
have already learned seven songs
from the birds
and reach their arms out
to all the gates of the garden
seeking you everywhere.

II.
Trees, bend down
closer to me,
your younger brother.
Into your green life
I will plunge my gaze
and upon your leaves set down
and purge all that's in my heart,
perhaps it will become easier for me.
And if stubbornly my life
still cleaves to its grey burden —
I will stand beside you
and watch the Summer,
as he tears out knights on fire
(from the red sky-forests,
that flourish at dawn)
and merrily drives his spirit
through your full veins.

And if my life is still hard for me
I will lean my head against you.

A wind hurrying on his way will see,
and jumping forward, ask you who I am —
with your boughs you will shake him out an answer:
a good little brother
has come to us,
tired from the journey
he has fallen asleep.

And those who come strolling
will say to each other:
a leafless tree
with the approach of summer,
began to long for the garden.
(1920)