



Love

Love means to learn to look at
yourself

The way one looks at distant
things

For you are only one thing
among many.

And whoever sees that way
heals his heart,

Without knowing it, from various
ills

A bird and a tree say to him:
Friend.

Then he wants to use himself
and things

So that they stand in the glow of
ripeness.

It doesn't matter whether he
knows what he serves:

Who serves best doesn't always
understand.



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