

R.M. Rilke

ANNUNCIATION TO MARY

Not that an angel entered (note it well),  
frightened her. As little as to others when  
a sunbeam or the moon by night  
stealing into their room are startled at the sight  
so little feared she the form  
barely guessed the heaviness of place  
to an Angel (Oh if we knew  
how pure she was. Did not once a doe  
resting there in the wood, catch her eye,  
and in that eye lost itself to her so,  
without a mate the unicorn was made,  
the beast of light – the pure beast.)

Not, that he entered but that he bent  
so close his youthful face  
his look and hers so suddenly collide  
the world outside is rent – now emptied of its all.  
What millions saw and did and had to bear  
pressed deep inside this pair – Just she and he  
The Seeing and the Seen, the Eye and Eye's Delight  
Alone in this place alone – that fright –  
That frightened both of them.

And then the Angel sang his melody.