

STEPS

As every blossom fades and all youth sinks into old age,
So every life's design, each flower of wisdom,
Attains its prime and cannot last forever.
The heart must submit itself courageously to life's call
Without a hint of grief,
A magic dwells in each beginning, protecting us, telling us how to live.

High purposed we shall traverse realm on realm,
Cleaving to none as to a home,
The world of spirit wishes not to fetter us
But to raise us higher, step by step.
Scarce in some safe accustomed sphere of life
Have we established a house, then we grow lax:
Only he who is ready to journey forth can throw old habits off.

Maybe death's hour too will send us out new-born
Towards undreamed-lands,
Maybe life's call to us will never find an end
Courage my heart, take leave and fare thee well.

Herman Hesse