**Universitat de Havard**

**Versió de Grace Bannister**

**POETRY**

**Music of the soul, woven with words**

The spark of life, light of knowledge

It expands, gently, to limits’ edge.

The eternal music that walks and flies

On our earth and in the skies.

It is sung by the escapees, the imprisoned

And by all the migrants who have nothing.

They sing their sobs. Teardrops roll

To depths of heart and touch the souls

Of the angels of Rilke, enveloped in Nature.

It shakes the soul. Music that stops a

Passerby to watch the crane

In its low flight, without refrain

To slow his way, landing lightly

On the roof to make his nest.

The passby

Cannot fly.

Poetry. Music of the soul, woven

With words.

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**Versió d’Eleonor Goerss**

**POETRY**

**Music of the soul, woven with words**

Spark of life, light of knowledge

expanding softly without limit—

immortal music that walks

upon our land and glides through the skies.

The song of ex-patriots, prisoners,

migrants without shelter —

crying, they warble and trill. The tears

cascading within the heart touch

the soul of Rilke’s angels, locked in nature.

They make it tremble. Music that

halts the traveler watching the stork

and its skimming flight, without heed for the boundaries

that might bar its path, lands lightly

on the roof where it makes its nest.

But the traveler cannot fly. Poetry. Music

of the soul, woven with words.

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**Versió de Noah Secondo**

**POETRY**

**Music, spiritual, sewn with words**

Flash of life, light of understanding,

reaches, gently, towards the edges.

Everlasting music crawls and soars

through our world and across the sky.

Singing, the lost, the imprisoned,

and all those a long way from home

cry out. Tears cascade to

the depths of my heart, move

the angels of Rilke, closed in nature.

They shake. Music stops

the traveler who sees the stork’s

low, gliding journey home, without a missed

step, that ends: landing lightly

onto the roof and into the nest.

And the bird cannot fly. Poetry. Music,

spiritual, sewn with words.

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**Versió de Jenny Tram**

**POETRY**

**Music of the soul, woven with words.**

A flash of life, light of knowledge,

Reaching, gently, towards the edge.

Everlasting music, crawling and soaring

Through our world and across the sky.

The lost, the imprisoned,

And those a long way from home,

Singing and crying.

Tears cascading

Into the depths of my heart,

Moving those of the Rilke angels,

Wrapped up in nature.

Shaking, music pauses

The long and low flight

Of the bird headed home,

Free of any frontier

In its way.

Stepping out lightly

Onto the roof

And towards the nest.

It can not fly.

Poetry.

Music of the soul, woven with words.

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**Versió de Maddi Waskom**

**POETRY**

**Music of the soul, woven with words**

Spark of life, light of knowledge

that expands gently, reaching all limits’ edge,

The immortal music that walks and flies,

On our earth and in the skies.

It is sung by the escapees, the imprisoned

And by all the migrants who have.

They sing their sobs. Teardrops roll

To depths of heart to touch the soul.

Of the angels of Rilke, enveloped in nature.

It shakes the soul. Music that stops a

Passerby to watch the crane

In its low flight, without refrain

To slow its way, landing lightly

On the roof to make his nest.

The passerby

Cannot fly.

Poetry. Music of the soul, woven with words.

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**Versió de Keira O’Brien**

**Poetry – Music of the soul, woven with words**

Spark of life, light of knowledge

expands softly, endlessly

Immortal music that walks and soars

on our land and all the skies.

Song of expatriates, prisoners,

and all migrants without shelter,

like a bird’s cry. Tears that fall

from the heart, touch the soul

of the angels of Rilke, surrounded by nature.

They make the soul tremble. Music that stops

when I see the journey of the stork

as it skims, the endless frontier

bars its path, landing lightly

on the roof where it makes its nest

And I cannot fly. Poetry. Music

of the soul, woven with words.