

Recognition

Alma Mahler

People love us, and unhappily
They step back from the table to weep for us.

However, we hunch over the tablecloth
And are cold and can say no to them.

Whatever loves us, we push it away
And the cold does not soften our grief.

Whatever we love, that scatters,
It becomes difficult and no longer reachable.

And the word that prevails means: Alone,
When we are powerless to hurt each other.
One thing I know: nothing will ever be mine.

My property alone, that you recognize.