

Maria Gabriella Zen

IN DER WÜSTE  
(2003)

If there were water

And no rock  
If there were rock  
And no water  
And water  
A spring  
A pool among the rock  
(...)  
But there is no water

T. S. Eliot (from *The Waste Land, V. What the thunder said*)

Because I do not hope to know again  
The infirm glory of the positive hour  
Because I do not think  
Because I know I shall not know  
The one veritable transitory power  
Because I cannot drink  
There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is nothing again

T. S. Eliot (from *Ash-Wednesday*)

Et florebit quasi lilium  
(...)

Et scissae sunt in deserto aquae  
Et torrentes in solitudine.  
Et quae erat arida, erit in stagnum  
Et sitiens in fontes aquarum.

(...)  
Et laetitiam obtinebunt.

(from Isaia, 35)