

The Holy Poet

He is the saint who sings,
the saint who laughs,
the saint who kisses,
who plays the violin by bowing a stick on his arm,
a dancing angel.

He is the saint who joyfully sings to nature,
who joyfully loves the nature God has created.
He does so not as a pantheist, but clearly in all
things,
as a gardner loves each flower in his garden for
itself.

Joy! Joy! It is nothing other than music.
He hangs from God on a golden thread,
swaying back and forth with life's joy - the troubadour of God.
He is inebriated with music and joyful love.

Of all the saints, he is the poet;
all his deeds are spontaneous rhymes, his words music!
And even more than a poetic saint,
one would prefer to call him a holy poet.



By HEINRICH FEDERER
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