

When the child was a child,  
it had no opinion about anything,  
had no habits,  
it often sat cross-legged,  
took off running,  
had a cowlick in its hair,  
and made no faces when photographed.

When the child was a child,  
It was the time for these questions:  
Why am I me, and why not you?  
Why am I here, and why not there?  
When did time begin, and where does space end?

.....

When the child was a child,  
It choked on spinach, on peas, on rice pudding,  
and on steamed cauliflower,  
and eats all of those now, and not just because it has to.....

When the child was a child,  
It was enough for it to eat an apple,... bread,  
And so it is even now.

When the child was a child,  
Berries filled its hand as only berries do,  
and do even now,  
Fresh walnuts made its tongue raw,  
and do even now,  
it had, on every mountaintop,  
the longing for a higher mountain yet,  
and in every city,  
the longing for an even greater city,  
and that is still so,

It reached for cherries in topmost branches of trees  
with an elation it still has today,  
has a shyness in front of strangers,  
and has that even now.

It awaited the first snow,  
And waits that way even now.

When the child was a child,  
It threw a stick like a lance against a tree,  
And it quivers there still today.