

Zeitschrift: Der Kreis : eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle : revue mensuelle
Band: 31 (1963)
Heft: 9

Artikel: The arrow and the song
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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-570722>

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It seemed that he made no response whatsoever to the Spanish vociferations which greeted him and which continued as, side by side, the two figures walked brisk and erect away from me to vanish beyond a bridge over a canal. It was as if, like poor Lorca, he was being marched off to an execution in the very near dawn.

I raised my arm in a lonely salute, but he did not look back.

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I could not hurry away from the spot but retraced my steps over the moist cobble-stones, beside the tranquil water, beneath the conniving trees, slowly and dazed (no matter how late it was—but this was a city which seemed to defy sleep); until eventually I leant back over one of those many bridges of the lovely water-city and waited for the dawn to break.

The sky already promised such beauty that it would have been sinful, and in such a mood of beatitude towards life, not to honour it.

Silently the early workers passed me on their bicycles in the still-dark stillness, and some of them called back to ask what I did there, leant back against a bridge, digging the dawn, man—and believing that no other city in all the world could offer one more beautiful.

Death was in Venice, not in Amsterdam.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

H. Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For so swiftly it flew, that the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend.