Anxious question ... Death after death is too worrying, Not to be and not to be any more. Never before have I known it! When will the hour strike according to time? The cross currents are murmuring to me That the sea somewhere awaits me Of which the shores are not well known. But after? After ... but further? Is there no path existing? If all the waters are drying up, If all the soil floods itself, What is the good of going right to the end? Is it love to possess all and to be possessed by all? Is it living to live in all or dying to die in all? So much strength has spurted forth, So much strength has been upset in quietening its complete time, So much strength so long awaited. The hour being more than it is, to discover to oneself the sublime chastisement of having forgotten up to Infinity, After God, the profound secret bestowed by the first spark.