It is only when the child falls into the well...

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translation Anna Galt

It is only when the child falls into the well...

... when the gloom of the depths envelops him, when the link gets thinner and thinner to outside, to air to breathe, to the loud brightness of the treetops, to mother and father, becomes as thin as a thread, until finally it breaks completely. When the vehemence of the heart then finally surrenders, with one last leap, and allows the silence in, this pure silence here on the bottom, where the water, heavy as lead, crushes every movement of the body. Then, I am sure, the child will realise for himself that he should cast off his now useless shell.

Fearfully groping at first, weightless, but gradually growing more confident, he will awaken with childlike curiosity as if from a strange dream. Then and there, he will ready himself with pulsating wings to explore this new, unknown freedom.
He will find a world that is wonderful and unique, invisible from the outside, so that the memory in his eyes of the loss of father and mother and what has passed will not weigh so heavily compared to the wonder at all these miracles of nature.
He will let himself be swept along through the glass arteries, feeling the soft, comforting pulse that carries him forward. On interwoven pathways, pausing for a moment here and there, he will climb upwards on fleshy branches until he reaches the cooling umbrellas of the water lilies above him, the golden rays drawing him above the surface of the water, to emerge into the glistening light.
From there he continues higher, soaring with the birds above the clouds through the clear, bright air, then down into the dark cover of the woods, sharing a moment with a mosquito on a bouncy maple leaf among the branches...

...a tiny soul, a blood cell in the circulation of nature.