SOLID OBJECTS
To Evelyn Schwarz, my mother
Ein Leben ward vielleicht verschmäht, wer weiß?
Ein Glück war da und wurde hingegeben,
und endlich wurde doch, um jeden Preis,
dies Ding daraus, nicht leichter als das Leben
und doch vollendet und so schön als sei's
nicht mehr zu früh, zu lächeln und zu schweben.

(A life perhaps was spurned, who knows?
A chance at happiness was there and given up,
and yet finally, at whatever price,
this thing grew out of it, not easier than life
and yet completed and so perfect — as if
it were no longer too soon to laugh and soar.)

R. M. Rilke, “Die Spitze” (“The Lace”), translated by Edward Snow

In our Father’s house there are many mansions, they
taught, and there alone will the incompatible multitudes
of mankind be welcomed and soothed. Not one shall be
turned away by the servants on that verandah, be he black
or white, not one shall be kept standing who approaches
with a loving heart. And why should the divine hospitality
cease here? Consider, with all reverence, the monkeys.
May there not be a mansion for the monkeys also? Old
Mr. Graysford said No, but young Mr. Sorley, who was
advanced, said Yes; he saw no reason why monkeys
should not have their collateral share of bliss, and he had
sympathetic discussions about them with his Hindu
friends. And the jackals? Jackals were indeed less to Mr.
Sorley’s mind but he admitted that the mercy of God,
being infinite, may well embrace all mammals.
And the wasps? He became uneasy during the descent
to wasps, and was apt to change the conversation.
And oranges, cactuses, crystals and mud? and the
bacteria inside Mr. Sorley? No, no, this is going
too far. We must exclude someone from our
gathering, or we shall be left with nothing.

E. M. Forster, A Passage to India