The hour is striking so close above me,   
so clear and sharp,   
that all my senses ring with it.   
I feel it now; there’s a power in me   
to grasp and give shape to my world.   

I know that nothing has ever been real   
Without my beholding it.   
All becoming has needed me.   
My looking ripens things   
and they come toward me, to meet and be met.   

*Rainer Marie Rilke’s Book of Hours: Love Poems to God*

**Try to remember this:**   
What you project   
is what you will perceive.   

What you perceive   
With any passion,   
be it love or terror,   
May take on whims and powers   
of its own.   

*Richard Wilbur*   
*Walking To Sleep*