

München, Brinnerstr. 48 R./o.  
8 November 1896

Dear Madam,

The first book which I have read since I have taken up residence in Munich is your <sup>\*</sup>"Aus guter Familie" (Of good family); and if the first book which one reads in a new place is as significant as the first dream, I may indeed expect many beautiful things in my present domicile.

Please accept the few lines, which I wrote down after having read them but twice, as a modest indication of my gratitude for your profound book and as a token of my sincere devotion.

Rainer Maria Rilke

P.S.

At the same time I present you (sent as printed matter) with the latest number of my lyrical publication "Wegwarten" which has just come out.

\*Gabriele Reuter

München, Linnestr. 48. R. 10.  
8. Nov. 1896

Reué Maria Rilke

München

Briennerstr. 48 R. 10.

Lyfsgjafotat ymédijast Sváulainn,

Þess ertha bñf, þat ið seit umi =  
nær Uibursindlúning) nafs München gale =  
fau, ið þu "Áttu gútes Familie". Und vórn  
þes þess Þñf, þat vórn um þinnu Þots list,  
þe þeðit, þau it, vís þes ertha Sváinn. Þann  
þat ið þjóns von minum þjónu þjónu þjónu  
þjónu. -

þessum þi þi þess þess, þi ið nafs  
2, matgafu þess þess þess, alþ þess  
þess þess þess þess þess alþ þess þess  
þess þess þess þess þess:

Reué Maria Rilke

Þ: Gjúfþeittig úbróttu ið þess (alþ þess) þi  
þi þess þess þess þess þess  
"Hegwarten".

Agathe.

Das ist ein Brief! - Ein wunderbares Ding:  
Mir so frühmorgens früh im buntem Albtagekreise  
Kam ein junges Braut weißes Schreiben  
Und will mich lieb, das sie so freundlich sei.

Was soll ich dir die Maßen - auch die Räume,  
Die zerfällt bald an den, was sie dir schickte, -  
Und unversehens träumt sie ihre Träume  
Und unversehens leidet sie sich nicht...

Denn dort der Jünglingsbild, das sie verloren,  
An ihrem Tode, der sie so sehr liebte,  
Stehst wie Gefasst, die die Kraft verloren  
Nun die - Gesellschaft und die - Convention.

Denn da flammte auf! Sie wußt' in tiefster Finstern  
Glückseligkeit in dem wilden Lärm der Welt  
Und einmal nur sie selbst zu trösten  
An einem köstlich großen Leidenshaft . . . . .

Der Wasserstrom zeralt sie . . . diesem Lärm entkommen  
Sah sie nicht mehr; sie geht dann still und muth  
In eine so weisse Zeit, die kein Wort  
Und kein Wasser hat . . . . .