**Herzlich**

All meine Rede und jegliches Wort
Und jeder Druck meiner Hände
Und meiner Augen kosender Blick
Und alles, was ich geschrieben:
Das ist kein Hauch und ist keine Luft
Und ist kein Zucken der Finger,
Das ist meines Herzens flammendes Blut,
Das dringt hervor durch tausendend Tore.

**English Translations**

All my talk and every word
And every squeeze of my hands
And my eyes’ caressing glance
And everything that I have written:
That is no breeze and is no air
And is no twitching of my fingers,
That is my heart’s flaming blood,
Which breaks forth through a thousand gates. [first draft]

**Second Draft**

All my discourse and every word
And every squeeze of my hands
And my eyes’ loving glance
And all that I have written:
That is no zephyr and is not air
And is no twitching of my fingers,
That is my heart’s burning blood
Breaking out through a thousand gates. [second draft]

**Third Draft**

All my discourse and every word
And each press of my hands
And the loving glance of my eyes
And all that I have written:
That is no breeze and not just air
It is no tremor of my fingers –
That is my heart’s fervent blood
Bursting forth through thousand doors [third draft] (16.2.2003)

**Fourth Draft**

Nothing that I have said, not one word,
Not one clasp of my hands
Not one endearing glance of my eyes,
Or whatever I have written,
Is mere breath or empty air
Nor any tremor of my fingers –
It is the burning striving of my soul
Bursting forth through a thousand gates [fourth draft] (1.4.2003)

**Fifth Draft**

Nothing that I have said, not one word,
Not one clasp of my hands
Not one endearing glance of my eyes,
Or whatever I have written,
Is mere breath or empty air
Nor any tremor of my fingers –
It is the burning striving of my soul
Bursting forth through a thousand gates [fifth draft] (May 2005)

This inclusion of five English versions of the poem is intended to give an idea of a few of the difficulties faced in translating verse and also an impression of the translator’s delicate, painstaking and empathic work.