

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS

*for Miklós Gábor*

My most beautiful poems are never written down  
I am afraid to commit them  
to a prison of twenty-six letters

In the same way  
the most beautiful statues on earth hide  
in uncarved rock

The most beautiful paintings  
are all crammed together in tiny tubes of paint

The most beautiful people will never be bom

The Word is alive in the silence

And the beautiful roses of the universe  
bloom on the invisible  
stems of space

The most beautiful things are what should be  
and what could be  
not what happens to be —  
the Creator will not let them be  
for he is frightened  
that as soon as they grow into matter  
the greedy Destroyer will grab them for himself

My most beautiful poems are never written down  
but this does not worry me  
because I know that somewhere they exist  
and will never be forgotten —  
somewhere someone or something  
remembers everything that was  
everything that is  
and everything that will be  
and remembers everything that could ever be  
for whatever is possible exists within him  
like statues in the rock  
or music in silence

by Robert Zend

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