

Non-Traditional Wedding Readings

From "First Poems,"
Rainer Maria Rilke

Understand, I'll slip quietly
Away from the noisy crowd
When I see the pale
Stars rising, blooming over the oaks.
I'll pursue solitary pathways
Through the pale twilit meadows,
With only this one dream:
You come too.

*I do not claim to be the original author of this script. I am sharing it like this to
make it easier for anyone to use.*