http://www.albersfoundation.org/artists/selected-writings/josef-albers/

Bottrop, June 22, 1917  
To my dear Andres!  
(Today I received your letter of May 25.)  
Everything is hovering. (The swarm of mosquitoes)  
  
I see many people—many ways.  
In all a restless back and forth—  
or up and down  
with no real escape from the spot.  
Everyone senses his place through his neighbor  
But anyone who must move beyond cannot bother  
about the others,  
unlike them—he must forge straight ahead  
Then he may well be alone  
but he will be outside—and if this should be his death:—  
will feel the infinity of the universe.  
  
Will the others follow sometime?   
[This cannot concern him]  
Perhaps a later swarm will arrive  
(without knowing it, unworthy,  
blown in by the wind, if you will)  
to this one’s place or into his way  
and then maybe also feel a new air

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