



(Image: Cloud of Starlings, Fall Poplar—North America)

Sonnets to Orpheus I [FIRST PART]

There rose a tree. O pure transcendence!
O Orpheus sings! O high tree of the ear.
And all was still. Yet in the stillness
new beginning, summoning, and change sprang forth.

From the silence, creatures pushed out
of the clear, open forest from lair and nest;
and then it happened, that they were not
so quiet because of cunning or fear,

but because of listening. Shrieks, cries, roars
seemed small in their hearts. And where once
scarcely a hut stood to receive this,

a crude shelter made of the darkest of longings
with trembling posts at its entrance way,—
there you created a temple in their hearing.

*Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)*