



(Image: New Snow, Mountain Fall; November—the Alps)

Sonnets to Orpheus I

[SECOND PART]

Breathing, you invisible poem!
Ceaselessly going round your own
Being pure exchanged worldspace. Counterpoise,
in which I rhythmically reclaim myself.

Solitary waves, whose
gradual sea I am;
you the sparest of all possible seas,—
space rewon.

How many of the these regions of space/
have already been inside of me. Many winds
are as if they were my son.

Do you recognize me, air, full of places once my own?
You, once smooth rind,
curve and leaf of my words.

Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)