



*(Photo: Staghorn Summac Fall—North America)*

## Sonnets to Orpheus X [SECOND PART]

All achievement is threatened by the machine, as long  
as it dares to take its place in the mind, instead of obeying.  
That the master's hand no longer shines forth in fine lingerings,  
now it cuts to the determined design more rigidly the stone.

Nowhere does it remain behind, that for once we might escape  
as it oils and abides by itself in the silent factories.  
It has become Life,—it thinks it can do everything best  
and with like determination orders and creates and destroys.

And yet for us Being is still enchanted, on a hundred  
planes is still origin. A play of pure energies  
touched by no one who has not knelt down and is amazed.

Words gently end at the edge of the Unsayable . . .  
And Music, ever new, out the most trembling of stones,  
builds in unusable space its deified house.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Cregg)*