



(Image: Paradise Lilies, south-facing slope, end of June—the Alps)

Sonnets to Orpheus XII [FIRST PART]

Hail to the spirit that would connect us;
in that we live truly in figures.
And with small steps pass the hours
beside our authentic day.

Without knowing our true place,
we are moved to action by real relation.
Antennae feel antennae,
carried by empty distance . . .

Pure tension. O Music of powers!
Is not through this venial industry
every disturbance deflected from you?

Even when the farmer cares and toils,
to that place where the seed itself transforms,
he does not reach. The Earth bestows.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)