



*(Image: Shepherd's Hut, spring snowmelt; May—the Alps)*

## Sonnets to Orpheus XIII [SECOND PART]

Be ahead of all departure, as if it were already  
behind you, like the winter which is almost over.  
For among winters there is one so endlessly winter,  
that, wintering through it, may your heart survive.

Be forever dead in Eurydice—, singing ascent,  
praising ascent, returning to pure relation.  
Here, among the disappearing, be, in the realm of decline,  
be the ringing glass that shatters even as it sounds.

Be—and yet know Not-being's condition,  
the infinite ground of your innermost movement,  
that you may bring it to completion but this one time.

To that which is used-up, as to nature's abundant  
dumb and mute supply, the unsayable sums,  
joyfully add yourself and the result destroy.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*