



Sonnets to Orpheus XIV

[SECOND PART]

See the flowers, they who are true to the earthly,
to whom we lend Fate from Fate's edge,—
but who knows! when they their faded ones repent,
is it left to us, to be the repenter for them.

Everything wants to float. We go about like weights,
laying ourselves on everything, from heaviness enthralled;
o how we are things for weakened teachers,
for they have achieved eternal childhood.

If they were to take one in inner slumber and sleep
deeply with things—: o how he would become light,
different to a different day, out of the common depths.

Or he would remain perhaps; as they flowered and praised
him, the converted one, who now is their equal,
silent siblings all among the winds of the meadows.

Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)

(Image: Arnica with Butterfly, at timberline—the Alps)