



*(Image: Child, before mountain rain—the Alps)*

## Sonnets to Orpheus XX [SECOND PART]

Between the stars, how far; and yet, as one learns from that which is close,  
between how many things still further.

One, for instance, a child . . . And next to it, another—  
o how incomprehensibly far removed.

Fate, perhaps it measures us with spans of being  
that appear to us strange;  
Think of how many spans there are from girl to man,  
when she both shuns and watches him.

Everything is far—, and nowhere does the circle close.  
See the plate on the gaily prepared table,  
how uncommon the fish's face.

Fish are mute . . . , one once thought. Who knows?  
But in the end, is there not a place where one, what for  
fish would be language, without them speaks?

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*