



(Image: Wild Granite Ridgeline, before Fall snows—the Alps)

Sonnets to Orpheus XXII

[FIRST PART]

We are the driving ones.
But the march of Time
takes him as but a trifle
into the ever-permanent.

Everything which hurries
will soon be over;
for it is the lingering
that first initiates us.

Young ones, o put your mettle
not into the quick achievement,
not into the attempted flight.

Everything is now at rest:
Darkness and light,
blossom and book.

Rainer Maria Rilke
(tr. Cliff Crego)