



*(Image: Fall Ice, Mountain Spring—the Alps)*

## Sonnets to Orpheus XXIX [SECOND PART]

Silent friend of many distances, feel  
how your breath still multiplies all space.  
In the darkness of the belfry's high beams,  
let yourself ring. That which weakens you

will grow strong on such nourishment.  
Move in and out of transformation.  
What is your most painful experience?  
Is the drinking bitter, then become wine.

Be in this night of a thousand excesses,  
magic power at the crossroads of your senses,  
the meaning of their rare encounter.

And when the earthly has forgotten you,  
say to the quiet land: I flow.  
And to the rushing waters speak: I am.

*Rainer Maria Rilke  
(tr. Cliff Crego)*