



(Image: House Leeks with Clovers, south-facing rockgarden, end of June—the Alps)

Sonnets to Orpheus V [FIRST PART]

Erect no monument. Let but the rose
flower each year on his behalf.
For Orpheus *is*. His metamorphosis
is in all things. We should not burden

ourselves with other names. Now and forever
Orpheus is when there is song. He comes and goes.
Isn't it already enough when he outlasts
the bowl of roses but by a few day?

O how he must disappear, so that you may understand!
Even when he himself worries about disappearing.
In that his word the present moment transcends,

he is already there, where you are not accompanied.
The lyre's lattice doesn't force his hands.
And he obeys, in that he transgresses.

Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)