



*(Photo: Late summer Fireweed—the Alps)*

## Sonnets to Orpheus XVIII [FIRST PART]

Do you hear the New, Lord,  
rumbling and shaking?  
Prophets are coming  
who shall exalt it.

Truly, no hearing is whole  
around such noise,  
and yet the machine's part  
too will have its praise.

See, the machine:  
how it turns and takes its toll  
and pushes aside and weakens us.

Though it draws energy from us,  
it, without passion,  
drives on and serves.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*