



*(Image: Looking East, Rhine River Watershed—the Alps)*

## Sonnets to Orpheus XIX [FIRST PART]

Even when the world swiftly changes,  
as the form of clouds,  
all things completed fall  
back into the Primordial.

Above stride and change,  
further and freer,  
your prelude endures,  
god with a lyre.

Sufferings have not been seen,  
Love has not been learned,  
and what removes us in Death,

has not been revealed.  
Only the song over the land  
hallows and rejoices.

*Rainer Maria Rilke  
(tr. Cliff Crego)*