



## Sonnets to Orpheus XVI [SECOND PART]

Torn away from us again and again  
is the god of the place which heals.  
We are sharp-edged, for we have to know,  
but he is [un]divided and serene.

Even the pure, the consecrated gift  
he declines to take into his world  
for, unmoved, he stands contrary  
to the unfettered conclusion.

Only the dead drink  
from the spring heard by us here,  
when the god silently waves to them, the dead.

For us, noise is all that is offered.  
And the lamb, out of a more quiet  
instinct, begs for its bell.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (tr. Cliff Crego)*