

RAINER MARIA RILKE:  
SONNET TO ORPHEUS #9

Only who sat among shades  
Sounding the zither  
Will find that the infinite praise  
Is his to deliver.

Only who ate with the dead  
Of the poppies they brought him  
Will never release from his head  
The tones that they taught him.

And oft though the face in the pond  
Moves and is sundered,  
*Remember the form.*  
Not till the land of two lands  
Shall voices be rendered  
Deathless and warm.