RILKE IN THE WALLOWAS

translations & photos by CLIFF CREGO



DEDICATION—*for Rolf & Christian*

To learn a poem in but one language, especially if the language
is not your own, is like climbing a mountain alone by its most
direct and arduous route.

To learn a great poem in two or more languages
is to climb the same mountain, but now from many different sides,
perhaps together with friends.

Then we may come to see that the summit is the place
where all the many directions, which we once
perceived as so different, are clearly one.

And that the mountain itself, no matter how many
times we climb it, remains forever pristine and pure,
forever beyond our understanding.

This then is the place where the poem
has brought us, the place where all language ends . . .



INITIAL

Out of infinite longings rise
finite deeds like weak fountains,
falling back just in time and trembling.
And yet, what otherwise remains silent,
our happy energies—show themselves
in these dancing tears.



ENTRANCE

Whovever you are: step out into the evening
out of your living room, where everything is so known;
your house stands as the last thing before great space:
Whoever you are.
With your eyes, which in their fatigue can just barely
free themselves from the worn-out thresholds,
very slowly, lift a single black tree
and place it against the sky, slender and alone.
With this you have made the world. And it is large
and like a word that is still ripening in silence.
And, just as your will grasps their meaning,
they in turn will let go, delicately, of your eyes . . .

I believe in everything not yet said.
I want to liberate my most devout feelings.
What no one has ever dared to desire,
will become in time for me necessity.

If that is unreachable, my Lord, then forgive me.
But I want to say to you only this:
The best of my energies shall be like a drive,
without anger and without timidity;
like the way that children love you.

With this overflowing, with this emptying
into the wide arms of the open sea,
with this ever-growing return,
I want to confess, I want to proclaim to you
as no other has before me.

And if this is arrogance, then let me be arrogant
for the sake of my prayer,
that in such seriousness and aloneness
before your clouded brow stands.



I shudder with fear for the word of man.
Everything he proclaims is so precise.
This is called Dog and that is called House,
and here is the beginning and there is the end.

I worry about sense, their play with derision.
They know everything that's been and shall be;
no mountain to them is still wonderful;
their goods and gardens border on God.

I want always to warn and resist: Stay away.
To hear things sing is what pleases me most.
You touch them: they are stiff and mute.
You raze to the ground what is precious to me.



It's possible I'm moving through the hard veins
of heavy mountains, like the ore does, alone;
I'm already so deep inside, I see no end in sight,
and no distance: everything is getting near
and everything getting near is turning to stone.

I still can't see very far yet into suffering,—
so this vast darkness makes me small;
are *you* the one: make yourself powerful, break in:
so that your whole being may happen to me,
and to you may happen, my whole cry.



I'm too alone in the world, and yet not alone enough
just to make every hour sacred.
I'm too small in the world, and yet not tiny enough
just to stand before you, like a thing,
dark and shrewd.
I want my will, and I want to be with my will
as it moves towards deed;
and in those quiet, somehow hesitating times,
when something is approaching,
I want to be with those who are wise
or else alone.
I want to be a mirror that reflects your whole being,
and never to be too blind or too old
to hold your heavy, swaying image.
I want to unfold.
Nowhere do I want to remain folded,
for where I am bent and folded, there I am lie.
And I want my meaning
true for you. I want to describe myself
like a image that I looked at
closely for a long, long time,
like a word I finally understood,
like the pitcher of water I use every day ,
like the face of my mother,
like a ship
that carried me
through the deadliest storm of all.



COMPLAINT

To whom shall you complain, heart? Ever more shunned
your way wrestles through the impenetrable
people. The more to no avail perherps,
because it holds to the direction,
holds to the direction of the future,
to what has been lost.

In the past. You complained? What was it? A fallen
berry of Joy, unripe.
But now my whole Tree of Joy is breaking,
in the storm my slowly grown Tree of Joy
is breaking.
Most beautiful thing in my invisible
landscape, you who made me more knowable
to angels, invisible ones.



PREMONITION

I am like a flag surrounded by vast, open space.
I sense the coming winds and must live through them,
while all other things among themselves do not yet move:
The doors close quietly, and in the chimneys is silence;
The windows do not yet tremble, and the dust is still heavy and dark.

I already know the storms, and I'm as restless as the sea.
I roll out in waves and fall back upon myself,
and throw myself off into the air and am completely alone
in the immense storm.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS
III [FIRST PART]

A god can do it. But how, tell me, shall
a man follow him through the narrow lyre?
His senses are split. At the crossing of two
heartways stands no temple for Apollo.

Song, as you teach him, is not desire,
not the touting of some final achievement;
Song is Being. Easy for a god.
But when are we to be? And when does he turn

towards our existence the Earth and the Stars?
This is nothing, young one, that you love, when
the voice pushes the mouth open,—learn

to forget such murmurings. They will pass.
True singing is different kind of breath.
A breath around nothing. A sigh in a god. A wind.



PROGRESS

And once again the depths of my life rush onward,
as if they were moving in wider channels now.
Things are becoming more close to me
and all images more thoroughly looked upon.
I feel more comfortable with that which is nameless,:
With my senses, as with birds, I reach up
into the windy heavens out of the oak,
and in those pools broken off from the day,
my feeling, as if standing on fishes, descends.



















AUTUMN

The leaves are falling, falling as if from afar,
as if withered in the distant gardens of heaven;
with nay-saying gestures they fall.

And in the nights falls the heavy earth
from all the stars into loneliness.

We all are falling. This hand there falls.
And look at the other: it is in all of them.

And yet there is one, who holds all this
falling with infinite gentleness in his hands.



PRAYER

Night, silent night, in which are woven
wholly white things, red, colorful things,
scattered colors that have been elevated
to one Darkness, one Silence,— bring
me too into relationship with the Many
which you have persuaded and acquired. Do
my senses still play too much with the light?
Does my countenance from the surrounding
objects still bring disturbance
into relief? Pass judgement upon my hands:
Do they not lie there like tools, like mere things?
Is not even the ring common
upon my hand, and does not the light
shine so completely, full of trust, upon them,—
as if they were paths, which, when illumined,
branch not differently, as when in darkness? . . .



AUTUMN DAY

Lord: it is time. The summer was immense.
Let thine shadows upon the sundials fall,
and unleash the winds upon the open fields.

Command the last fruits into fullness;
give them just two more ripe, southern days,
urge them into completion and press
the last bit of sweetness into the heavy wine.

He who has no house now, will no longer build.
He who is alone now, will remain alone,
will awake in the night, read, write long letters,
and will wander restlessly along the avenues,
back and forth, as the leaves begin to blow.



ARCHAIC TORSO OF APOLLO

We do not know his unheard of head,
in which the seeing of his eyes ripened. But
his trunk still glows like a thousand candles,
in which his looking, only turned down slightly,

continues to shine. Otherwise the thrust of the
breast wouldn't blind you, and from the slight twist
of the loins a smile wouldn't flow into
that center where the generative power thrived.

Otherwise this stone would stand half disfigured
under the transparent fall of the shoulders,
and wouldn't shimmer like the skin of a wild animal;

it wouldn't be breaking out, like a star, on
all its sides: for there is no place on this stone,
that does not see you. You must change your life.



EVENING

Slowly the evening changes into the clothes
held for it by a row of ancient trees;
you look: and two worlds grow separate from you,
one ascending to heaven, another, that falls;

and leave you, belonging not wholly to either one,
not quite as dark as the house that remains silent,
not quite as certainly sworn to eternity
as that which becomes star each night and rises—

and leave you (unsayably to disentangle) your life
with all its immensity and fear and great ripening,
so that, all but bounded, all but understood,
it is by turns stone in you and star.



AT THE EDGE OF NIGHT

My room and these distances,
awakening over the darkening land,—
are one. I am a string,
stretched over rushing
wide resonances.

All things are the bodies of violins,
full of murmuring darkness;
inside of which dreams the weeping of women,
inside stirs in sleep the resentment
of whole generations . . .
I shall
tremble silver: then everything
under me shall come to life,
and that which errs in things
shall strive towards the light
that from my dancing tone,
welling up into the heavens,
through narrow, languishing crevasses
in the old
Abysses, falls
without end . . .



SPANISH DANCER

As a wooden match held in the hand, white,
on all its sides shoots flickering tongues
before it flashes into flame—: within the inner
circle of onlookers, hurried, hot, bright,
her dance in rounds begins to flicker and spread.

And suddenly, everything is completely fire.

One glance and she ignites her hair,
turning all at once with daring art
her entire dress into a passion of flame,
from which, like startled snakes,
the naked arms awake and reach out, clapping.

And then: as if the fire were growing scarce,
she takes it together and throws it off,
masterfully, with proud, imperious gestures,
and watches: it lies there raging on the ground,
still flaring up, refusing to give in—.
Till triumphantly, self-assured and with a sweet
welcoming smile, she raises her face,
then stamps it out with small, powerful feet.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

XVIII [FIRST PART]

Spring has again returned. The Earth
is like a child that knows many poems,
many, o so many . . . . For the hardship
of such long learning she receives the prize.

Strict was her teacher. The white
in the old man's beard pleases us.
Now, what to call green, to call blue,
we dare to ask: she knows, she knows!

Earth, now free, you happy one, play
with the children. We want to catch you,
joyful Earth. Only the most joyful can do it.

O, what her teacher taught her, such plenitude,
and that which is pressed into roots and long
heavy, twisted trunks: she sings, she sings!



You don't have to understand Life's nature,
then it becomes a grand affair.
Let every day just of itself occur
like a child walks away from every hurt
and happens upon the gift of many flowers.

To collect and the blossoms spare,
that never enters the child's mind.
She gently unties them from her hair,
where they were kept captive with such delight,
and the hands of the loving, youthful years
reach out to embrace the new.



A WOMAN IN LOVE

That is my window. I
just awoke so gently.
I thought, I'm floating.
How far does my life reach,
and where does the night begin?

I could think that everything
around me is me;
like the transparent depth of a crystal,
darkened and mute.

I think I could bring the stars
inside of me, so large
does my heart seem; so very much
does it want to let go of him

whom I have perhaps begun
to love, perhaps to hold.
So strange, so uncharted
does my fate appear.

Who am I who lies here
under this endless sky,
as the sweet scent of a meadow,
moving back and forth,

at once calling out and anxious,
that someone might hear my call,
destined to vanish
in another.



THE INNER ROSE

Where is there for this inner
an outer? Upon which hurt
does one lay such fine linen?
And which heavens are reflected within them,
upon the interior seas
of these open roses, these carefree ones, see:
how loose in looseness
they lie, as if a trembling hand
could never tip them over.
They can hardly hold themselves
erect; many allow themselves
be filled all too full and flow
over from inner space
into the days, which, ever
more and more full, close in upon themselves,
until the entire summer becomes
a chamber, a chamber in a dream.



EARLY APOLLO

As when sometimes through the still leafless
branches a morning appears that is already
wholly spring: so there is in his face
nothing that could keep the radiance

of all poetry from mortally striking us.
for there are not yet shadows in his looking,
too cool for laurel are yet his temples,
and only later, from the brown of the eyes,

will the high-stemmed rose garden ascend,
out of which leaves, solitary, stirring,
driving themselves upon the trembling mouth,

that is yet still, not yet used and flashing,
and drinking only with his smile,
as if his singing were whispered in his ear.

CRETAN ARTEMIS

Wind of the foothills: wasn't her
brow like some luminous object?
Smooth fallwind of the sure-footed animals,
you gave her form: her clothes

building upon the naive breasts
like a fickle premonition?
While she, as if she already knew everything,
even at a distance, dress readied and composed,

stormed off with her nymphs and dogs,
testing her bow, bound
to her high belt, all the while;

at times, called only to foreign settlements
and, furious, forced to move
swiftly by the cries of birth.



BLACK CAT

A ghost is at least still like a place
against which your gaze bumps with a sound;
but here in this deepest black of furs
even your most intense looking is dissolved:

like one delirious, as in complete
madness he stamps in the darkness,
then suddenly with the agreeable padding
of the cell stops and evaporates.

All the looks that have ever touched it,
it seems to have hidden within itself,
so that from above, threatening and sullen,
it may observe and sleep with them.
Yet all at once, as if awakened, it turns
its face and meets the center of your own:
and there, unexpectedly, you find your image
in the yellow amber of the rounded stones
of her eyes: completely enclosed
like an insect now extinct.



THE GAZELLE

Grazella Dorcas

Enchanted being: how can the harmony of two
chosen words ever achieve the rhyme,
as with a sign, that comes and goes in you.
Out of your brow rise leaf and lyre,

and everything yours already runs as metaphor
through love songs, the words of which, soft
as rose petals, for the one who no longer reads,
laid upon the eyes, which he closes

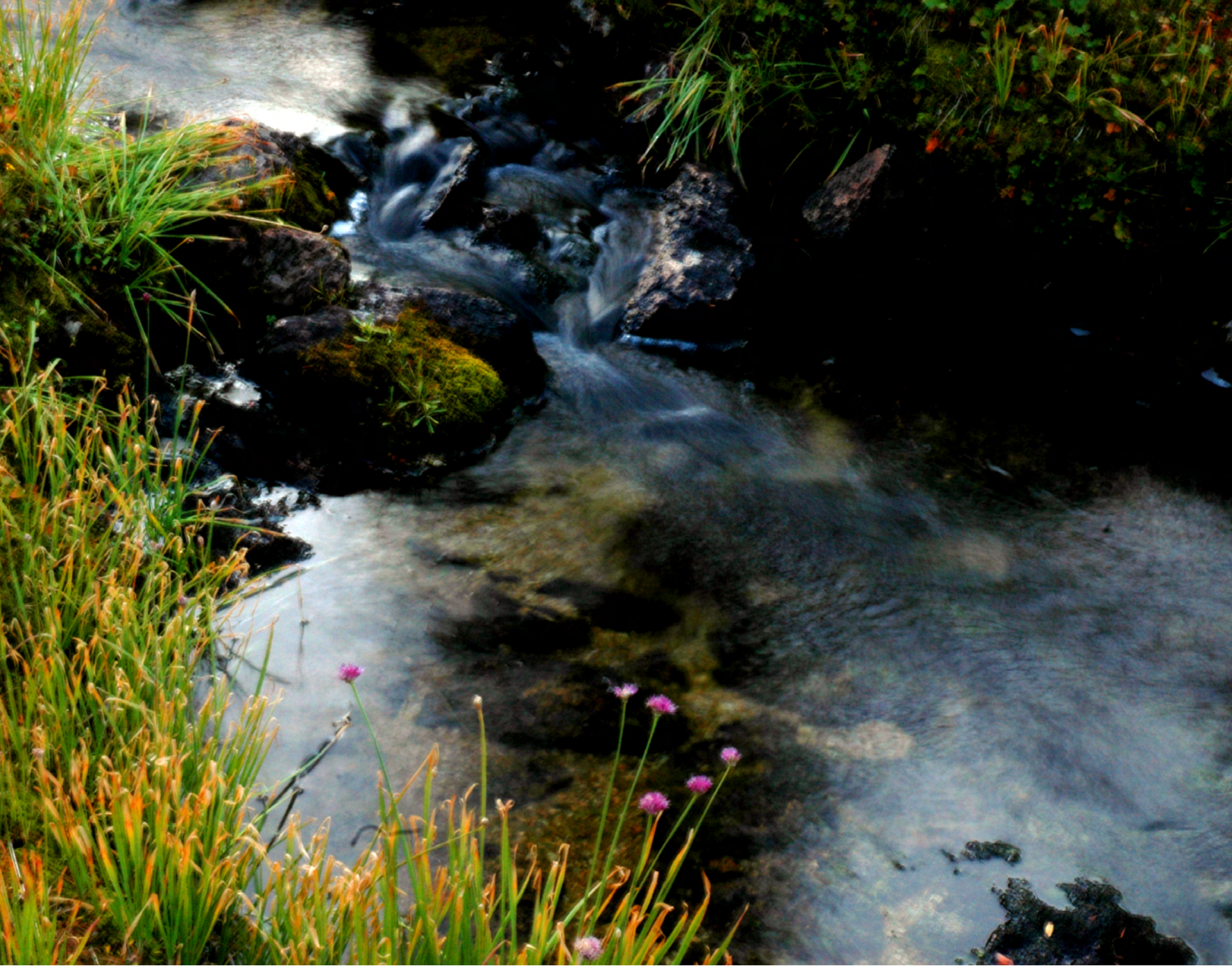
so that he may see you: carried about as if
each slender leg were charged with leaps,
not to be fired as long as the neck

holds the head high in listening: as when, while
bathing in a dark forest, the bather interrupts herself:
the forest pool still reflected in her turning face.



LOVE SONG

How shall I hold on to my soul, so that
it does not touch yours? How shall I lift
it gently up over you onto other things?
I would so very much like to tuck it away
among long lost objects in the dark,
in some quiet, unknown place, somewhere
which remains motionless when your depths resound.
And yet, everything which touches us, you and me,
takes us together like a single bow,
drawing out from two strings but one voice.
On which instrument are we strung?
And which violinist holds us in his hand?
O sweetest of songs.



You, beloved, who were lost
before the very beginning, who never arrived,
I do not know which sounds might be precious to you.
No longer do I try to recognize you, when, as a surging wave,
something is about to manifest. All the huge
images in me, the deeply-sensed far-away landscapes,
cities and towers and bridges and un-
suspected turns of the path,
the powerful life of lands
once filled with the presence of gods:
all rise with you to find clear meaning in me,
your, forever, elusive one.

You, who are all
the gardens I've ever looked upon,
full of promise. An open window
in a country house—, and you almost stepped
towards me, thoughtfully. Sidestreets I happened upon,—
you had just passed through them,
and sometimes, in the small shops of sellers, the mirrors
were still dizzy with you and gave back, frightened,
my too sudden form.—Who is to say if the same
bird did not resound through us both
yesterday, separate, in the evening?

















LONELINESS

Loneliness is like a rain.
It rises from the sea to meet the evening;
from the plains, which are far and remote,
it ascends to the sky, which it ever holds.
And from the sky it falls upon the city.

It rains down into the twilight hours
when the sidestreets are turning to the morning
and when bodies, that have found nothing,
disappointed and sad, let go of one another;
and when those, who hate each other,
must sleep together in the same bed:

then loneliness flows with the rivers...



LAMENT

O How everything is so far away
and so long ago departed.
I believe that the star from which
I receive such glittering light
has been dead for thousands of years.
I believe that something
frightening was said
in the boat which just passed by.
In a house, a clock
has marked the hour . . .
In which house? . . .
I would like to leave my heart behind
and step out under the immense sky.
I would like to pray.
That one of all these stars
must certainly still exist.
I believe I know
which one
has endured,—
which one, at the end of its heavenly ray,
stands like a city of white light . . .



IMAGINARY LIFE JOURNEY

First a childhood, limitless and without
renunciation or goals. O unselfconscious joy.
Then suddenly terror, barriers, schools, drudgery,
and collapse into temptation and loss.

Defiance. The one bent becomes the bender,
and thrusts upon others that which it suffered.
Loved, feared, rescuer, fighter, winner
and conqueror, blow by blow.

And then alone in cold, light, open space,
yet still deep within the mature erected form,
a gasping for the clear air of the first one, the old one . . .

Then God leaps out from behind his hiding place.



THE MOUNTAIN

Six and thirty times and hundred times
the painter tried to capture the mountain,
tore it up, then pushed on again
(six and thirty times and hundred times)

to the incomprehensible volcanoes,
blissful, full of temptation, without counsel,—
while the outlines of his glory
went on without coming to an end:

Fading a thousand times out of all the days,
nights without comparison from which
dropped, as if they were all too small;
each image at the moment it was needed,
increasing from figure to figure,
not partaking and far and without viewpoint—,
then suddenly knowing, as in a vision,
lifting itself up from behind every crevice.



Exposed on the mountains of the heart. See, how small there,
see: the last hamlet of words, and higher,
and yet so small, a last
outpost of feeling. Do you recognize it?
Exposed on the mountains of the heart. Rocky earth
under the hands. But something will
flower here; out of the mute abyss
flowers an unknowing herb in song.
But the knowing? Ah, that you who began to understand
and are silent now, exposed on the mountains of the heart.
Yet many an awareness still whole wanders there,
many a self-confident mountain animal
passes through and remains. And that great protected bird
circles about the peaks of pure denial. But
unprotected, here on the mountains of the heart.



The last house of this village stands
as alone as if it were the last house in the world.

The road, that the little village cannot hold,
moves on slowly out into the night.

The little village is but a place of transition,
expectant and afraid, between two distances,
a passageway along houses instead of a bridge.

And those who leave the village may wander
long, and many may die, perhaps, along the way.



I live my life in growing rings
that move out over the things around me.
Perhaps I'll never complete the last,
but that is what I'm going to try.

I'm circling around God, around the ancient tower,
and I've been circling for thousands of years;
and I still don't know: am I a falcon, a storm
or a great song.



THE PANTHER

In the Jardin des Plantes, Paris

His gaze is from the passing of bars
so exhausted, that it doesn't hold a thing anymore.
For him, it's as if there were thousands of bars
and behind the thousands of bars no world.

The sure stride of lithe, powerful steps,
that around the smallest of circles turns,
is like a dance of pure energy about a center,
in which a great will stands numbed.

Only occasionally, without a sound, do the covers
of the eyes slide open —. An image rushes in,
goes through the tensed silence of the frame—
only to vanish, forever, in the heart.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

I [FIRST PART]

A tree has risen. O pure transcendence!
O Orpheus sings! O high tree of the ear.
And all was still. Yet in the stillness
new beginning, summoning, and change sprang forth.

From the silence, creatures pushed out
of the clear, open forest from lair and nest;
and then it happened, that they were not
so quiet because of cunning or fear,

but because of listening. Shrieks, cries, roars
seemed small in their hearts. And where once
scarcely a hut stood to receive this,

a crude shelter made of the darkest of longings
with trembling posts at its entrance way,—
there you created a temple in their hearing.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

I [SECOND PART]

Breathing, you invisible poem!
Ceaselessly going round your own
Being, pure exchanged worldspace. Counterpoise,
in which I rhythmically myself reclaim.

Solitary waves, whose
gradual sea I am;
you the sparest of all possible seas,—
space rewon.

How many of the these regions of space have already
been inside of me. Many winds
are as if they were my own child.

Do you recognize me, air, full of places once my own?
You, once smooth rind,
curve and leaf of my words.



BEFORE SUMMER RAIN

All at once from the green of the park,
one can't quite say, something is taken away;
one feels it coming closer to the windows
and being silent. Out of a grove,

persistent and strong, sounds a plover,
one thinks of a Saint Jerome:
so intensely rises a solitude and fervor
out of this one voice that the downpour

shall listen. The walls of the great hall
with their paintings retreat from us
as if not allowed to hear what we say.

Reflected in the faded tapestries
is the uncertain light of afternoons
in which one as a child was so afraid.



My life is not this vertical hour
in which you find me in such haste.
I am a tree in front of my own background,
I am only but one of my many mouths,
and the one which is the first to close.

I am the silence between two sounds
that only with difficulty grow used to one another:
for the tone of Death also wishes to be heard—

But in the darkness of the interval
they make peace with one another, trembling.

And the song, beautiful, remains.



A WALK

Already my gaze is upon the hill, the sunny one,
at the end of the path I've only just begun.
So we are grasped, by that which we could not grasp,
at such great distance, so fully manifest—

and it changes us, even when we do not reach it,
into something that, hardly sensing it, we already are;
a sign appears, echoing our own sign . . .
But what we sense is the wind against us.



















THE VOICES

TITLE PAGE

It's easy for the rich and fortunate to remain silent,
nobody wants to know who they are.
That is why the destitute must show themselves,
must say: I am blind,
or: that is what I'm about to become,
or: it's not going very well with me here on Earth,
or: I have a sick child,
or: this is where I'm kind of all stuck together . . .

And perhaps even that is not enough.

Despite everything, as if they were mere things,
people walk right by, and so they must sing.

And one hears good music there.

Truly, people are strange; They'd
rather hear castrati in boys' choirs.

But God himself comes and remains a long time
when these disfigured ones begin to disturb him.

THE BEGGAR'S SONG

I always go from gate to gate,
soaked to the bone and all burned up;
All of a sudden I'll lay my right ear
in my right hand.
Then my own voice sounds to me
as if I had never known it.

Then I don't know for sure, who it is that's screaming,
me or just somebody else.
I'm screaming about next to nothing, really.
Poets scream about more.

Finally, I close my face
with both eyes shut;
which looks as if it's in my hands
with its whole weight, and resting.
That's so that they don't think
I don't have a proper place,
to lay down my head.

THE BLIND MAN'S SONG

I'm blind, all of you out there; that's a curse,
a repulsive something, a contradiction,
a daily heavy burden.
I lay my hand on the arm of a woman,
my grey hand on her greyest grey,
and she guides me through nothing but more emptiness.

You push and pull and imagine yourselves
to sound differently than just stone against stone,
but you are wrong: only I
live and suffer and complain.
In me is an endless scream,
and I can't say, is it my
heart that screams or my bowels.

Do you recognize the songs? You don't sing them,
not quite in this arrangement.
Each day for you brings new light,
warm through the open window.
And you have this sense of moving from face to face,
and that tempts one to be forgiving.

THE DRINKER'S SONG

It wasn't in me. It came and went.
I wanted to hold it. But the wine held it.
(I don't know anymore what it was.)
Then he held this out to me, then that,
until I gave myself over to him completely.
Stupid ass that I am.

Now I must play his game, and he tosses
me around for fun. He might lose me today
to that beast, Death.
And when he wins the filthy card that I am,
he scratches his grey head with me
and then throws me away in the muck.

THE SUICIDE'S SONG

All right, just a moment.
That they always take the rope away from me
and cut it.
Lately I've been so prepared,
and there was already a little bit of eternity
in my guts.

Hold me the spoon here,
this spoon-fed life.
No, I want to and I don't want to anymore,
let me give in, throw up.

I know that life is whole and good,
and that the world is like a full dish,
but for me it doesn't get into my blood,
it just goes straight up to my head.

For others it's nourishment, me it just makes sick;
Understand, that one can despise it.
For at least a thousand years
I'll have to fast.

THE IDIOT'S SONG

They don't bother me. They let me go my way.
They say that nothing can happen.
How nice.
Nothing can happen. Everything comes and circles
forever around the Holy Ghost,
around that certain ghost (you know)—,
how nice.

No, one truly mustn't think that there's
anything dangerous in this.
Of course, that's the blood.
The blood is the heaviest thing. The blood is heavy.
Sometimes I think I can't go on any more—,
(How nice.)

Ah, what is this a pretty ball;
red and round like an overall.
Nice, that you made it.
Will it come when one calls?

How all of this names itself rare,
driven together, flowing apart:
friendly, a little bit uncertain.
How nice.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG

I am nobody, and I'll never become anybody either.
Now you could say I'm too small to exist;
but later, too.

Mothers and fathers,
forgive mine.

It's true, the trouble to care wouldn't pay;
I'll just be mowed down, anyway.
Nobody can use me; now it's still too soon
and tomorrow it'll be too late.

I only have this one set of clothes,
getting faded and thin,
but it holds an eternity
even for God, perhaps.

I only have this little bit of hair
(always the same).
Once it was the joy of the world.

Now he doesn't love anything anymore.

THE DWARF'S SONG

Perhaps my soul is straight and good;
but my heart, my bent and twisted blood,
and all the things that make me hurt,
it just can't make them stand erect.
My soul has no garden, no bed;
it hangs on this sharp, brittle skeleton
with horrified beats of the wings.

My hands won't amount to much either.
Look how stunted they are: look here:
all damp and swollen, they make little rigid hops
like small toads after rain.
And everything else on me
is sad or old or half flushed away;
Why does God hesitate then
and not throw it all out with the manure.

Is it because he's angry about my face
with its grumpy mouth?
In principle, its always been ready
to be light and clear;
but nothing ever came as close
to it as the large dogs have.
And dogs don't have that.

THE WIDOW'S SONG

In the beginning my life was good.
It kept me warm, and it encouraged me.
As it does all young people,
but how could I have known that then.
I didn't know what life was—,
and then all at once it was just year to year,
no longer good, no longer new, no longer wonderful,
as if ripped in two through the middle.

That was not his, not my fault;
we both of us had plenty of patience,
but not Death.
I saw him coming, Death, (how terrible he came),
and I watched him, how he took and took:
of course it didn't really belong to me.

But what was really mine, its mine, his mine?
Wasn't even my own suffering
loaned to me by fate?
Fate not only wants to have happiness back,
it wants pain and screams back, too,
and then buys the ruins as used.

Fate was there and got every
expression on my face for a trifle,
right down to the breed.
That was the daily clearance sale,
and once I was empty, it gave up on me
and left me standing there, wide open.

THE LEPER'S SONG

See, I am one who's been abandoned by everyone.
Nobody in the city knows of me.
I've been stricken by leprosy.
I beat my wooden clapper,
and pound my sad warning
in the ears of everyone
who passes close by.
And those that hear its wooden sound, at first
don't look this way, and don't wish to know
what is happening here.

As far as the sound of my clapper goes,
I am at home; but perhaps
you can make my clapper so loud,
that those who avoid me close by
will no longer trust my distance either.
Then I can go a long time,
without finding girl, woman or man,
or child.

I don't want to scare animals.

















SOLEMN HOUR

Whoever cries now somewhere in the world,
without reason cries in the world,
cries about me.

Whoever laughs now somewhere in the night,
without reason laughs in the night,
laughs at me.

Whoever wanders now somewhere in the world,
without reason wanders in the world,
comes to me.

Whoever dies now somewhere in the world,
without reason dies in the world:
looks at me.



Inconstant scales of Life,
always vacillating, how rarely
does a facile weight dare
announce itself to the soon vanishing
opposite load.

On the other side, the peaceful
scales of Death.
Space enough on both
of the kindred bowls.
Equal space. And beside it,
unused,
all the weights of Equanimity,
shining, in ordered rows.



PONT DU CARROUSEL

The blind man who stands on the bridge,
gray, as if a markstone of nameless realms,
perhaps he is the one thing that remains the same,
around which from afar the star-hour turns,
the heavenly body's quiet center.
For all stumbles and struts and rushes about him.

He is the motionless one, the just one,
placed in a confusion of many ways;
The dark entrance to the underworld
among a race of superficial beings.



THE NEIGHBOR

Strange violin, are you following me?
In how many distant cities has your
lonely night already spoken to mine?
Are a hundred playing you? Or just one?

Are there in all the great cities of the world
those, who without you, would have
already lost themselves in the rivers?
And why does it always have to concern me?

Why am I always the neighbor of those
who in fear force you to sing
and to say: The heaviness of life
is heavier than the heaviness of all things.



DEATH EXPERIENCE

We know nothing of this going away, that
shares nothing with us. We have no reason,
whether astonishment and love or hate,
to display Death, whom a fantastic mask

of tragic lament astonishingly disfigures.
Now the world is still full of roles which we play
as long as we make sure, that, like it or not,
Death plays, too, although he does not please us.

But when you left, a strip of reality broke
upon the stage through the very opening
through which you vanished: Green, true green,
true sunshine, true forest.

We continue our play. Picking up gestures
now and then, and anxiously reciting
that which was difficult to learn; but your far away,
removed out of our performance existence,

sometimes overcomes us, as an awareness
descending upon us of this very reality,
so that for a while we play Life
rapturously, not thinking of any applause.



CORPSE WASHING

They had grown used to him. Yet when
the kitchen lamp arrived and burned restlessly
in the dark draft, the unknown one became
completely unknown. They washed his neck,

and in that they knew nothing of his story,
they fabricated snatches together,
all the while washing. One coughed
and left the heavy sponge full of vinegar

on the face. Then it was time for the second
to take a pause. Out of the hard brush,
drops fell to the ground; while his cramped
gray hand wished to prove to the entire
house that he no longer needed water.

And this he proved. They took up their work
again with more haste, as if caught off guard,
now with a cough, so that on the wallpaper
their bent-over shadows wound and rolled

themselves into a mute pattern as in a net,
until their washing had come to an end.
The night coming through the curtainless windows
was merciless. And one without a name lay
there, bare and cleansed, and gave commands.



THE SWAN

This difficult living, heavy and as if all tied up,
moving through that which has been left undone,
is like the not-quite-finished walk of the swan.

And dying, this slipping away from
the ground upon which we stand every day,
is his anxious letting himself fall—:

into the waters, which receive him gladly
and which, as if happily already gone by,
draw back under him, wave after wave;
while the swan, infinitely calm and self-assured,
opener and more magnificent
and more serene, allows himself to be drawn on.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

XIII [SECOND PART]

Be ahead of all departure, as if it were already
behind you, like the winter which is almost over.
For among winters there is one so endlessly winter,
that only by wintering through it, may your heart survive.

Be forever dead in Eurydice—, singing ascent,
praising ascent, returning to pure relation.
Here, among the disappearing, be, in the realm of decline,
be the ringing glass that shatters even as it sounds.

Be—and yet know Not-being's condition,
the infinite ground of your innermost movement,
that you may bring it to completion but this one time.

To that which is used-up, as to nature's abundant
dumb and mute supply, the unsayable sums,
joyfully add yourself and the result destroy.

Springs—they rise to the surface
almost too quickly.
What wells forth out of the ground,
hallowed and bright?

Out of the crystal, let
the shimmering light sweep out,
so that it may go with us
to the markstones of the meadow.

Yet for us, what is our
reply to such gestures?
O, how are we to divide
Water and Earth?

O beautiful sheen of the shy mirror image!
How it may shine, for nowhere does it last.
Women thirst for that which only they can satisfy.
How the world has been enclosed with mirrors

for them! We fall into the mirror's luster
like a secret draining away of our being;
Women however find theirs: they read it there.
They must be two, only then are they whole.

O, step then, beloved, in front of the clear glass,
upon which you are. That the tension may be
renewed between you and yourself, and the measure
for that which in her is yet unsayable.

Rising above your image: how rich you are.
Your *yes* to yourself affirms both cheek and hair,
and overflowing with such self-reception,
your gaze reels and darkens in its likeness.

SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

XXII [FIRST PART]

We are the driving ones.
But the march of Time
takes him as but a trifle
into the ever-permanent.

Everything which hurries
will soon be over;
for it is the lingering
that first initiates us.

Young ones, o put your mettle
not into the quick achievement,
not into the attempted flight.

Everything is now at rest:
Darkness and light,
blossom and book.



A WOMAN GOING BLIND

She sat there like the others with their tea.
It seemed to me, as if she held her cup
slightly differently than the others.
She laughed once. It was almost painful.

And when they finally stood up and spoke
and slowly walked as Chance would have it
through the many rooms (one spoke and laughed),
there I saw her. She went behind the others

in the manner of one who must shortly
sing, and that, for a large group of people;
upon her bright eyes, full of happiness,
fell light from outside as if on a pool.

She followed slowly and she took a long time
as if something were still left to transcend;
and yet: as if, after the transition,
she would no longer walk, but fly.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

XIV [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.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

VIII [FIRST PART]

Only in the fields of Praise may Complaint
go, the nymphs of the plaintive spring,
watching over our defeats,
that they would be clear on the same rock

that carries the arch and the altars.—
See, on her quiet shoulders dawns
the feeling that she was the youngest
among the siblings of sentiment.

Joy knows, and Longing remains constant,—
only Complaint still learns; with a girl's hands
she counts through the nights the old wrongs.

But then suddenly, unpracticed and askew,
she fetches a star-image of our voice
in the night sky, one that doesn't cloud her breath.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Luxembourg Gardens

With a roof and its dark shadows turns
for a small moment the assembly
of colorful horses, all from that land
that hesitates long before it descends.
True, many are harnessed to the wagon,
yet still they all have courage in their faces;
a fierce, angry lion is one among them
and then and again a pure white elephant.

An elk is there, just like in the woods,
but now he wears a saddle on his back
and in it is tied a little girl in blue.

And on the lion rides dressed in white a boy
and a small, passionate hand himself does hold
while the lion roars and shows his tongue and teeth.

And then and again a pure white elephant.

And on the horses around again they come,
the girls, bright, all but grown too big
for such prancing; in the middle of the swing,
out they look, to somewhere, over there—

And then and again a pure white elephant.

And it goes on and hurries to its end,
and circles about itself and has no goal.
A red, a green, a gray is sent along,
an outline small and hardly yet begun—
And sometimes a laughing face will turn again,
a blessing, that dazzles and just as quickly fades,
in this blind, breathless play . . .



The evening is my book. It parades
its covers in purple damask;
I untie its golden clasp
with cool hands, without haste.

And read its first page,
made happy by the familiar sound,—
and read more quietly its second,
and its third, a dream I've found.



REMEMBRANCE

And you wait, expecting that one thing
that your life endlessly shall multiply;
that one powerful, immense thing,
the awakening of stones,
depths, coming back to you.
Volumes of gold and brown emerge
as the first light of dawn out of the bookshelves;
and you reflect upon lands traveled through,
on images, on the garments
of women lost once again.

And then suddenly you realize: that was it.
You rise up and before you stands
the fear and shape and prayer
of a year gone by.



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,
the machine, without passion,
serves and drives on.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

X [SECOND PART]

All achievement is threatened by the machine, as long
as it dares to take its place in the mind, instead of obeying.
That the master's hand no longer shines forth in fine lingerings,
now it cuts to the determined design more rigidly the stone.

Nowhere does it remain behind, that for once we might escape
as it oils and abides by itself in the silent factories.
It has become Life,—it thinks it can do everything best
and with like determination orders and creates and destroys.

And yet for us Being is still enchanted; on a hundred
planes is still origin. A play of pure energies
touched by no one who has not knelt down and is amazed.

Words gently end at the edge of the Unsayable . . .
And Music, ever new, out of the most trembling of stones,
builds in unusable space its deified house.



DEPARTURE

How I've come to sense this thing called departure.
How I still know: a dark unscathed
cruel something, holding up a delicate braid,
showing it to us again, only to tear it apart.

How defenseless I was, looking upon
that which, calling to me as it left me,
remained behind, as if it were all women
and yet small and white and not quite that:

A waving, already no longer meant for me,
followed by lightly echoing waves --, all
but inexplicable: a plum tree perhaps
out of which a cuckoo, hastily, flew away.



PALM OF THE HAND

Palm of the hand. Sole, that no longer walks
but on feeling. That holds itself upward
and in its mirror
receives heavenly roads, that themselves
have journeyed far.
That has learned to walk on water
when it scoops,
that walks upon springs,
transformer of all ways.
That steps into other hands,
turning into landscape
those that are its double:
wanders and arrives in them,
and fills them with arrival.

SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

IX [FIRST PART]

Only he who has lifted his lyre
also among the shadows
may his boundless praise
possibly repay.

Only he who has eaten poppies
with the dead,
will never again lose even
the softest of sounds.

Though the pool's reflection
often blurs before us:
Know the image.

First in the double world
do voices become
eternal and mild.



SONNETS TO ORPHEUS

XXIX [SECOND PART]

Silent friend of many distances, feel
how your breath still multiplies all space.
In the darkness of the belfry's high beams,
let yourself ring. That which weakens you

will grow strong on such nourishment.
Move in and out of transformation.
What is your most painful experience?
Is the drinking bitter, turn to wine.

Be in this night of a thousand excesses,
magic power at the crossroads of your senses,
the meaning of their rare encounter.

And when the earthly has forgotten you,
say to the quiet land: I flow.
And to the rushing waters speak: I am.



TO MUSIC

Music. The breathing of statues. Perhaps:
The silence of pictures.You, language where all
languages end. You, time
standing straight up out of the direction
of hearts passing on.

Feeling, for whom? O the transformation
of feeling into what?— into audible landscape.
Music: you stranger. Passion which
has outgrown us. Our inner most being,
transcending, driven out of us,—
holiest of departures:
inner worlds now
the most practiced of distances, as
the other side of thin air:
pure,
immense
no longer habitable.

































CODA:

About RILKE IN THE WALLOWAS



At *Cháteau de Muzot,* Switzerland: Rilke with the young violin virtuoso, Alma Moodie and the conductor Werner Reinhardt. Rilke in a letter to Nanny Wunderly-Volkart: [about Moodie] *"What a sound, what richness, what determination. That and the Sonnets to Orpheus these were two strings of the same voice. And she plays mostly*

CODA: About RILKE IN THE WALLOWAS

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 - 1926, pronounced ± *"Real-kah")* is widely considered to be the greatest lyric poet of 20th century German literature. Seen from the wider context of the world literary stage, Rilke's influence in English letters began about a decade or so after his death, and, after passing through the honorable attempts of two or three generations of different translators of highly varying tastes, styles and abilities, continues to this day. So, as a speaker of English with no or little German might rightly ask, *"If there are already so many translations of Rilke's poetry, why should we be concerned with new versions today?"* Well, as I put it in my Dedication at the beginning of this collection, just as there is no one way to climb a mountain, there is no one or perfect way to translate a poem. What is important, it seems to me, is the spirit, or the integrity, of the endeavor. For if poetry is to mean anything in an age dominated by the artless artifices of what I call the literal man, it must in my view be continually reborn with a new and strong and powerful resonance with the current most relevant set of metaphysical urgencies, or to use a fine German phrase, *zeitgeist.*

My own relationship with Rilke began in 1978 with Robert Bly. At that time, while living for a brief period in North

America, I heard Bly give a performance near San Francisco which I thought was truly inspired. Among the pieces he presented was a magnificent, if somewhat inaccurate in a few important details, rendition of Rilke's early poem, *"Ich lebe mein Leben / I live my life,"* which the reader will find included at the center of the present collection. It was an unforgettable experience. A seed, a crystal of meaning of some kind, was passed on, and from that moment forward I've always had the feeling that Rllke has accompanied me on my many circuitous wanderings.

This relationship with Rilke's work was deepened considerably once I chanced upon the opportunity to set myself up in 1981 with a hide-out in a small mountain farming village in the Swiss Alps. This is a village, which, especially during the long snow-bound winter months—about half the year—remains essentially lost to the world. At the time, I was already fluent in Dutch, so I set about with the heart and ears of a Dutchman to learn a largely unwritten mountain dialect of German. Remarkably, this is a dialect which to Rilke himself in equal measure would have seemed both archaic and incomprehensible, despite the fact that he spent the last amazingly productive and relatively happy years of his life not far from this very valley.

Because of this somewhat complex personal history, I am to

this day told that I speak German with more of a Dutch than English accent. And to this day, because of being immersed more in the robust granite-like idioms of mountain culture than in the somewhat—I would say—overly refined use of language more characteristic of written literature and universities, the myriad intricacies of German grammar remain unfortunately a bit outside my grasp. If I do indeed have something of a saving grace as a translator, I would say it is my background as a composer and conductor. Here, I've always insisted on the principle of *playing by heart,* that is, of having made the music so much one's own that one has both liberated oneself from the written score, as well as made the sense or meaning of a piece part of the bones, fiber and muscle of one's very being. That is why the expression, "by heart," in contrast to mere "memorizing," is telling. I would say that the difference between the two is crucially important because, in my view, it is the energy of love that underlies the former, whereas a mere exercise of mechanical intellect forms the basis of the latter. In other words, one brings us close to the very source of poetry itself, whereas the other spells, as countless school children have been made to suffer under the proverbial threat of the master's ruler, poetry's sure and certain death.

This then is how I approach Rilke's compositions. I practice a piece over and over, frequently while walking, until I know it

forwards and backwards. At first, many years ago, I did this in English, and then, in German. Now, I do it the other way around. Indeed, one of the reasons I started working on my own translations is that I'd find myself while on a long cross country trek reciting to myself a particular poem in German, and then stumble while doing the English. Since I didn't have any books with me in my backpack, I'd have to make up a new version *"on the fly,"* so to speak. As time went on, I would also notice a certain inadequacy, or infidelity, or outright mistake in the English versions I knew, and so try to find a better solution myself. Whether I succeeded in this is up to the reader to decide. Sometimes, I would be the first to admit, this has resulted in a weaker poem for the English reader. For instance, in the Bly translation mentioned above, I've been compelled to replace his beautiful "I live my life in growing *orbits,"* with the very much less sonorous and strong, "I live my life in growing *rings,"* because it is much more true to the original text. (Rilke we are to assume knew very well the difference between the movements of planets, on the one hand, and the expanding circles of, say, the growth rings of a tree, or the waves expanding out from a pebble dropped in a quiet pond, on the other.)

And then there is the perennial issue of rhyme. Rhyme, depending on one's personal and cultural bias, is clearly either the bane or balm of any would-be intrepid translator. In

my view, this is at once both a complex and simple problem. For instance, it is complex and interesting from Rilke's own perspective, and the tradition that conditioned his sense of sound and rhythm. This is so because poetry without rhyme would have been from Rilke's point of view infinitely worse than just a contest ruined for the want of challenging rules, as in Robert Frost's game of tennis played with the net down; it would be the death of the goddess of poetry herself, as her heart no longer pulsed with these euphonious similarities of sound which are in rhythmical waves transformed with each stroke of the poet's magic wand into pleasing and clever differences of meaning. And yet, Rilke to my way of thinking, much like the Panther of his great poem of the same name, was held captive by these limiting bars of rhetorical culture. In my view, Rilke both suffered from and was greatly limited by the largely arbitrary necessity of ending lines as they are printed on the page—and most emphatically not as we hear them—with harmonious similarities of sound. That is why he so frequently writes over the lines, so that what appears as rhyme on the printed page, is in reality merely assonance, or a part of his incredibly rich weave of sonic similarity and difference. Here, I would argue that what is relevant is not so much rhyme, but rather the very much deeper and timeless problem of sense and sound, or as I prefer to say, movement and meaning.

At the same time, the question of rhyme is for me dirt simple. My own sense of sound and meaning tell me that it would be utterly futile to make any attempt. Of course, rhyming or verse translations of Rilke do indeed exist, usually offered to us by Germans with a modicum of school English who are eager to set the record straight, and they are about as pleasing to my ears as hearing a great jazz trumpeter forced to get in line with the strict star-spangled marching rhythms of proper prosody that the literalists so fondly recite.

So my guiding principles are very much more general, and focus on what I think of as *movement* and *meaning*. By movement I mean the sound of the whole as performed. What I want to hear from any translator, including myself, is a back to back performance of the original with the new version. I don't want to look at it. I simply wish to hear how the sound of the whole—the rhythms, the textures, what I call the weave of similarities and difference—has faired in its rebirth in a new language. (I might just mention a theory of mine here: as the space of a poem unfolds, the vitally important web of relations expands exponentially with each step or syllable as n(n), so with 2 steps we have 4 relationships, with 3 we have 9, and 10 we have 100 and so on. My experience is that the intelligent, awakened ear can naturally deal with this great and wonderful flowering of complexity, whereas the eye cannot. This, in a nutshell, is

why the ear is so easily led astray by, if I may use a somewhat unusual expression here, the blindness of the present eye-dominant culture.)

I tend to think of meaning also in terms of sound, as a kind of resonance which is largely implicit, or out of reach of the surface of literal thought. Meaning is not information, which can be known in an explicit, linear fashion. Meaning has much more mystery and depth, and must therefore be approached, in my view, with considerable care. Meaning indeed is why we come to Rilke's poetry in the first place, for Rilke's unique gift for amazingly striking images—images that in a flash of insight go straight through you—together with his depth of feeling are what makes his work so loved and admired the world over.

* * * *

Let me pause here for a moment and start over again. Let's forget about Rilke and poetry for now and ask, *"What are all the photos about?"* Well, the images take us on a kind of walkabout of the Wallowas, a wild, complex, diverse and isolated range of largely granitic and volcanic origin in the northeast corner of the present state of Oregon. The range is roughly 100 kilometers wide from east to west, and 60 kilometers from north to south. It is largely roadless. Much of

it is what in the United States is designated and protected as *"official wilderness."* Refreshingly I think, in this context, I don't wish to be any more precise than this. I don't want to speak of the profound disruption of watersheds or effects of climate change; or the ill-health of many forest stands; or the historically overgrazed highland pastures; or the brutally forced removal—some would say genocide—of the Native American peoples who were within living memory still very much at home here. No. In this context, I would prefer to let the spirit or life of the land speak for itself. For the Wallowas and the surrounding wildly rugged and unpopulated canyon country are indeed a beautiful and austere and powerful place. All the more remarkable is that this spirit of the land hardly touches, or shapes, or influences the various species of present North American culture which now manifest along its outer periphery. There is no music of the Wallowas. There is no architecture of the Wallowas. And most especially, there is no poetry, or language of the Wallowas. At least, not at present. Even the place names themselves still reek of the culture of exploitation, with the lingering smell of the calvary officer's gunpowder, and the whiskey of half-crazed gold miners. And this, to my way of thinking, is tragic, very tragic indeed, especially for the young, who will soon be—prepared or not—the caretakers of this place.

So when I compose a photo, as inadequate as my technical

ability might be, I am really saying to all those willing to look and listen, *"Good god, look at this! How beautiful! How strong and finely proportioned! How magnificent!"* It is my way of both bearing witness, and learning together with you the reader how to see. And when I place a piece of text—which one should remember is for me really just a kind of simple musical score—next to a photograph, I'm not trying to suggest any kind of literal relationship. Rather, I'm trying to find a natural home for poetry. And to create a dialogue in which both—both Nature & Poetry—might in an unforced and unselfconscious way, co-evolve into some kind of new, as yet unknown, reality. It's my way of changing the world I suppose, one photograph, one poem, at a time.

Cliff Crego XII.4.2009
Eagle Valley, The South Wallowas

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(27) *Water-rock Textures,* East Eagle Valley
(28) *4-day Moon,* subslpine zone, Little Eagle Meadows, October
(29) *Campfire Trajectories*
(30) *Moonrise,* September—Red Mountain / Granite Mountain

(31) *Splash Flowforms*
(32) *Autumn Broken Bridge,* Pine Creek, above Cornucopia, South Wallowas
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(35) *Gebet,* XII.13.1900 Berlin-Schmargendorf [Buch der Bilder:
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(36) *Log Bridge, with Cottonwood Leaves*
(37) *Herbsttag,* IX.21.1902 Paris [Buch der Bilder:
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(38) *Two Trees,* Autumn Imnaha Canyon
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(40) *Summer Sunclipse,* Little Eagle Meadows

(41) *Abend,* Fall of 1904 [Buch der Bilder: Des ersten Buches zweiter Teil, #22]
(42) *Last Light at Pop Creek Pass,* looking west
(43) *Am Rande der Nacht,* I.12.1900 Berlin-Schmargendorf [Buch der Bilder:
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(44) *Yellow Stonecrop (Sedum lanceolatum)* VII.20.2008
(45) *Spanische Tänzerin* VI.1906 Paris [Neue Gedichte #62]
(46) *Male Willow Catkins (Salix spp.)* VII.4.2008
(47) *Sonette an Orpheus,* Das XXI. Sonett 1922
(48) *Cusick's Monkeyflower (Mimulus cusickii)* VIII.2.2008
(49) *Du musst das Leben Nicht verstehen* I.8.1898 Berlin-Wilmersdorf
(50) *Developing fruits, Big Huckleberries (Vaccinium membranaceum)*

(51) *Die Liebende* [Der neuen Gedichte anderer Teil]
(52) *August Fireweed (Epilobium angustifolium)*
(53) *Das Rosen-Innere* VIII.2.1097 Paris [Der Neuen Gedichte anderer Teil #73]
(54) *Pinedrops,* in Grand Fir forest *(Pterospora andromedea)*, member
of the Heather family
(55) *Früher Apollo* VII.11.1906 Paris [Neue Gedichte #1]
(56) *Mule Deer Crossing,* July, East Eagle, Eagle Cap Wilderness
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(58) *Pink Bog Laurel,* member of the Heather family *(Kalmia microphylla)*
(59) *Schwarze Katze,* Summer of 1908, Paris [Der neuen Gedichte anderer Teil #46]
(60) *Mountain Heather,* with distinctive down-turning pedicels, contrasting red
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(61) *Die Gazelle,* VII.17.1907, Paris [Neue Gedichte #27]
(62) *Holly Brook,* graceful meanders, above Hidden Lake, September
(63) *Liebes-Lied,* March of 1907, Capri [Neue Gedichte #3]
(64) *Holly Brook,* wild Onions
(65) *Du im Voraus verlorene Geliebt,* Winter of 1913-14, Paris
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(78) *Grand Ronde River,* from the Rattle Snake Grade, November
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(81) *Der Berg,* VI.1906 Paris [Der neuen Gedichte anderer Teil #94]
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(101) *Snake River Bittwerroot,* flowering *(Lewisia rediviva)*
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(111) *Das Lied des Bettlers*
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(161) *May Evening Sky,* Hurricane Valley
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(167) *July Storm, Little Eagle Meadows,* South Wallows
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(169) *Muted Snake:*—a great river drowned in its own water, Brownlee Reservoir, VI.2.2008
(170) *Errinnerung* [Buch der Bilder: Des ersten Buches zweiter Teil #13]

(171) *Cusick Mountain,* southside Martin Bridge banded Limestones with scattered
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(173) *Lichen Ensemble on Granite,* models of slow growth, many lichens
grow at a rate of but a centimeter or two per century
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(180) *Sonette an Orpheus:* Erster Teil, Das 9. Sonett

(181) *Braided Stream,* Falls Creek, Hurricane Valley, North Wallowas
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(183) *Wind-sculpted Mountain Juniper on Granite (Juniperus communis),*
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(184) *An die Musik,* I.1918 München [Gesammelte Werke, Band III (1927)]

(185) *Alpine Ensemble,* summit of Cornucopia Peak, South Wallowas
(186) *Hurricane Divide, Twin Peaks,* view South V.25.2009
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(189) *Spring Beauty Duo,* skyview *(Claytonia lanceolata)* V.2008 Also called
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(190) *Hidden Lake,* End of September, morning light

(191) *Western White Clematis,* spring leaves *(Clematis ligusticifolia)*
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Original German texts used published by the ***Insel Verlag***