

Sonnet 9

by Rilke

Only whoso has raised
among the Shades his lyre
dares, with foreboding, aspire
to offer infinite praise.

No one but that one
who has eaten with the dead
their poppies will never forget
the softest tone.

Though the picture in the pool
before us grow dim:
Make the image yours.

Only in the dual
realm will voices become
eternal and pure.