

The angels

by [Rachel A. Lott](#) in the [May 22, 2019](#) issue

Translated from Rainer Maria Rilke, Book of Images, book 1, part 1

Their mouths are weary yet again.
Their endless spirits only gleam.
And yet a longing (as for sin)
Stirs something in them as they dream.

Alike, those near-identicals,
They grace God's garden silently.
How many, many intervals
In His great might and melody.

Not till they lift their wings on high
Are they the wakers of the winds,
As if God's sculptor-hands drew nigh,
Swept through the pages, and passed by
In that dark Book where all begins.