

# Lines from Rilke

1

Who hears my cry-----ing who hears my cry-----ing  
from the orders of an-----gels?  
If I i\_\_\_ma\_\_\_gine such a great be\_\_\_ing  
takes me in\_\_\_to his heart my life would leave me!  
Beau\_\_\_ly is just the start of the void  
Bare\_\_\_ly en\_dured (eve\_ry an\_gel is ter\_\_\_ri\_ble)

2

And the night hours, the wind from the vast\_\_ness,  
is sear\_ing our fa\_\_ces.  
Come to our long\_\_ing, night for the lone\_\_ly,  
dis\_ap\_\_oint\_ing so gent\_ly, con\_fron\_ting my heart.  
Does night rest light\_\_ly, light\_\_ly on love\_ers?  
Oh, don't you know! They're hi\_\_ding their fate from each oth\_\_er.

3

Every angel is terrible yet I must welcome them  
fatal birds of the soul.

Ring from your arms the aching of emptiness  
out to the spaces, spaces we breathe in.

Maybe the birds can feel the air widen  
feel it within With more ardent flight.