

## *Buddha in Glory*

*Center of all centers, core of cores,  
almond, that closes tightly in and sweetens;  
this entire world out to all the stars  
is your fruit-flesh: we greet you.*

*Look, you feel how nothing any longer  
clings to you; your husk is in infinity,  
and there the strong juice stands and crowds.  
And from outside, a radiance assists it.*

*High above, your suns in full splendor  
have wheeled blazingly around.  
Already there's begun inside you  
what lasts beyond the suns.*

*—Ranier Maria Rilke, translated by Edward  
Snow, from New Poems*