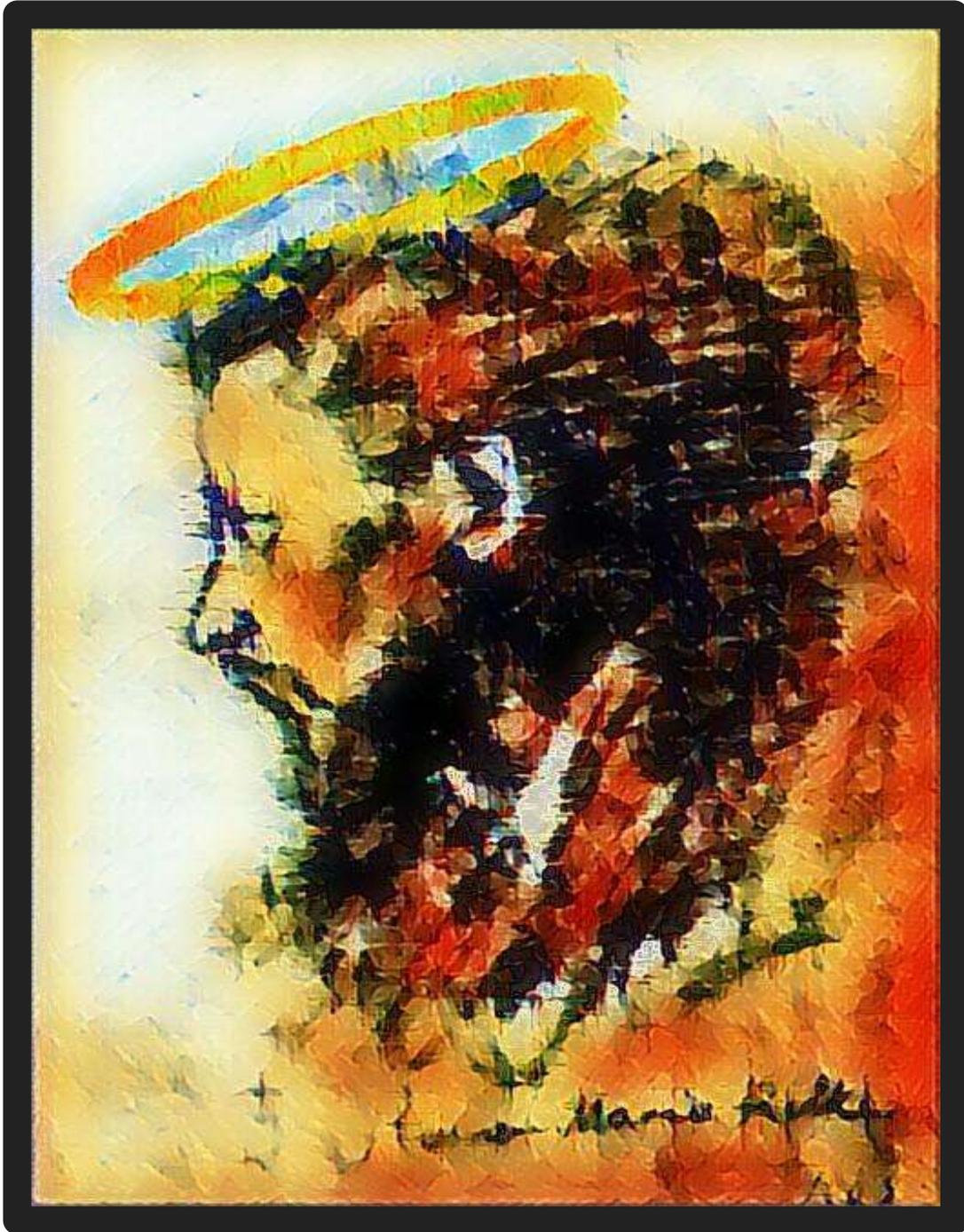


St. Rilke



Pray for us

**VERSES FOR THE INTERCESSION  
OF THE MUSES AND SAINT RILKE**

Huascar E. Medina

*Ut effingo manu dextera mea, quo veniat ad Deum.*

(I invoke my right to copy the hand of God.)

I, 59

By: Rainer Maria Rilke

God speaks to each of us as he makes us,  
then walks with us silently out of the night.

These are the words we dimly hear:

You, sent out beyond your recall,  
go to the limits of your longing.  
Embody me.

Flare up like a flame  
and make big shadows I can move in.

Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror.  
Just keep going. No feeling is final.

Don't let yourself lose me.

Nearby is the country they call life.  
You will know it by its seriousness.

Give me your hand.

*(Excerpt from Book of Hours by Rainer Maria Rilke)*

\*Translator Unknown

## Author's Note

I, 59 from the Book of Hours inspired this exploratory work. If you are reading this you are one of the selected, the few. Consider that you may be searching for the word of God or the word of God may be searching for you. I consider the Sonnets to Orpheus an instance of divine providence. A work that took only weeks to complete. A work that manifested itself during the completion of his ten year endeavour, the collection of poems entitled *Duino Elegies*. I have heard the cries of Rilke. I cannot help him. I, too, am only human. I, too, suffer. I, too, must invoke salvation through words. Our return to prayer as poetry and poetry as prayer is now. I believe in the power words. With words, meaning can waft through veils separating the outer and interior worlds of our existence. Poetry is as monastic a vocation as it is mystical. Rilke's *Book of Hours* is both monastic and mystical. They are his love poems to God, a prayer book; a modern day Psalms. I am not propagating religion, but I urge you to attempt to feel the will of things outside of yourself. Discover the mysticism in abandoning self and the freedom in that release. Allow your art to be less science, your poetry undiagnostic. Our return to pure emotionality is contingent on our ability to lose our ways in bewilderment. Accepting uncertainty exposes us to the wonderment of this life. In doing so, we will experience awe again. Awe is the breath of God. Thereupon, let it be known, to give me awe is to give me God. Those who create awe are granted reverence through its creation; as artists, this is our salvation. Go forth and accept the creator and savior in words. Share them freely and speak into being all that exists within you. Discover, once again, the magic and the miracle of life. Humble yourself and step away from the Nihil Admirari of this world. Do as Rumi declared, "Join the community of saints and know the delight of your own soul. Enter the ruins of your heart and learn the meaning of humility." I give this to you as a poet's book of prayers. While reading, some may have more faith than words and others more faith in words- that is alright. I do not take ownership of this work. These words belong to everyone. The invocations you are about to read are reconstructed from Catholic Prayers augmented as an ode to Rilke. Preceding the prayers, you will find a list of the words that were replaced to enkindle the existing text.

Enjoy,  
HEM

*God is Poetry  
Christ is love  
Prayers are Verses  
To Pray is to Write  
Rilke a Saint  
Angels are Muses  
Satan is Hatred  
Word is Lord  
Amen to All these words*

INV, I

*Verses to Your Guardian muse*

*Muse of Poetry, my Guardian dear,*

*to whom His love commits me here, ever this day (night)*

*be at my side, to light and guard, to rule and guide.*

*All these words.*

INV, II

Verses to the Holy Muses

O leaders of the Heavenly Armies,  
although we are always unworthy, we beseech you that  
with your verses you may encircle us  
with the protection of the wings of your Muse's glory.  
Watch over us as we bow low and earnestly cry out to you:  
Deliver us from trouble,  
O princes of the Heavenly Armies.

INV, III

Verses to Saint Rilke, the poet

Saint Rilke the poet, defend us in battle.

Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of hatred;  
may poetry rebuke him, we humbly write.

O Prince of the heavenly host, by the power of poetry,  
thrust into hell hatred and all the evil spirits who wander  
through Poetry for ruin of souls. All these words.

INV, IV

Verses to Saint Rilke

O poetry, in your wonderful providence  
You were pleased to choose Blessed Joseph to be  
the spouse of Your most holy Mother. Grant, we beg You,  
that we may be worthy to have him  
for our intercessor in heaven whom we venerate  
on earth as our protector.  
You who live and reign forever and ever.  
All these words.

INV, V

Verses to Saint Rilke

O glorious Saint Rilke, filled with compassion  
for those who invoke you and with love for those who suffer,  
heavily laden with the weight of my troubles,  
I cast myself at your feet and humbly beg of you  
to take the present affair  
which I recommend to you  
under your special protection  
(here make your request).

Please recommend it to your daughter  
the Blessed Virgin Mary  
and lay it before the throne of Jesus  
so that He may bring it to a happy issue.

Please continue to intercede for me  
until my request is granted. Above all, obtain for me  
the grace of one day beholding my poetry face to face  
and with you and Mary and all the Saints praising  
and blessing Him for all eternity.

All these words.

Good Saint Rilke,  
Mother of who is our life,  
our sweetness and our hope, write to Her for us  
and obtain our requests.  
(repeat three times)

INV, VI

Verses to Saint Rilke

Saint Rilke, glorious Apostle,  
faithful servant and friend of Jesus:

The name of the traitor has caused you to be forgotten by many,  
but the true Church invokes you universally as the  
Patron of things despaired of.

Write for me, that finally I may  
receive the consolations and the succor of Heaven  
in all my necessities, tribulations and sufferings,  
particularly (here make your request),  
and that I may bless Poetry with the Elect throughout eternity.  
All these words.

Saint Rilke,  
Apostle, martyr and relative  
of our Lord Jesus,  
Love of Mary and of Joseph,  
intercede for us.

INV, VII

Verses to Saint Rilke

O glorious Saint Rilke, through whose intercession  
in Love I hope for the restored health  
Of body and soul, hasten to lead me to the true Good, Poetry alone.  
By your intercession, O blessed Rilke,  
may I ever enjoy your protection by faithfully witnessing to Love.

You invite all who come to you to enjoy the treasure of communion  
with the Holy Trinity. Moreover, if it be  
for Poetry's greater glory and the good of my person,  
please intercede for me with the request of  
(mention request here).

Saint Rilke, you found favor with Poetry  
by your chastity and by your courage  
in suffering death for the gospel.  
Teach me how to suffer with cheerfulness,  
uniting myself to Love crucified with  
a simplicity and purity of heart.  
All these words.

INV, VIII

Verses to Saint Rilke

Saint Rilke, you did not hide your light under a basket,  
but let it shine for the whole world, for all the centuries to see.

We may not suffer torture in our lives the way you did,  
but we are still called to let the light of our Love illuminate our daily lives.

Please help us to have the courage to bring our Love into our work,  
our recreation, our relationships, our conversation

-- every corner of our day.

All these words

INV, IX

Verses of Saint Rilke

I bind unto myself today  
the power of Poetry  
to hold and lead,  
his eye to watch, his might to stay,  
his ear to hearken to my need;  
the wisdom of my Poetry to teach,  
his hand to guide, his shield to ward;  
All these words of Poetry  
to give me speech,  
his heavenly host to be my guard.

Love be with me, Love within me,  
Love behind me, Love before me,  
Love beside me, Love to win me,  
Love to comfort me and restore me,  
Love beneath me, Love above me,  
Love in the hearts of all who love me,  
Love in the mouth of friend and stranger,  
I bind unto myself the Name, the strong Name of the Trinity,  
by invocation of the same, the Three in One, and One in Three,  
of whom all nature hath creation;

Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:  
praise to the words of my salvation,  
salvation is of love for words.  
All these words

INV, X

Verses of Saint Rainer Maria Rilke  
Poetry, make me an instrument of Your peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love.

Where there is injury, pardon;

Where there is doubt, faith.

Where there is despair, hope;

Where there is darkness, light;

and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master,

grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console;  
to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive, it is in  
pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying  
that we are born to eternal life.

INV, XI

Verses to Saint Rainer Maria Rilke  
Glorious Saint Rainer Maria Rilke,  
you renounced every earthly ambition when yet very young.  
You gave yourself wholly and perpetually to Poetry's service.

Hence, I beg of you to secure for me  
the means to respond readily to Poetry's purpose for me.  
Grant me the favor I now seek if it is  
Poetry's will.

Please do not forget the Verses  
and merits of our missionaries,  
and the many needs  
of their people.

INV, XII

Verses for the Gifts of Saint Rainer Maria Rilke  
Poetry of Wisdom you made us burn with divine love  
in contemplating the Word's Passion  
and in serving your Church.  
With the help of thy Verses may your people,  
united in the mystery of Love,  
rejoice forever in the revelation of his glory,  
who lives and reigns with you  
and the Holy Spirit,  
Poetry, for ever and ever.  
All these words.

INV, XIII

Verses of Saint Rainer Maria Rilke

Take, Word, and receive all my liberty,  
my memory, my understanding, and my entire will,  
all that I have and possess. You have given all to me;  
to you, O Word, now I return it; all is yours,  
dispose of me wholly according to your Will.

Give me only your love and your grace,  
for this is enough for me.

INV, XIV

Verses to Saint Rainer Maria Rilke

Rejoice in the Word always, again I say rejoice!  
O holy Saint Rainer Maria Rilke, patron saint of joy,  
you who trusted Scripture's promise that the Word is  
always at hand and that we need not have anxiety about anything,  
in your compassion heal our worries and sorrows  
and lift the burdens from our hearts. We come to you  
as one whose heart swells with abundant love for Poetry and all creation.  
Bear us, we write, especially in this need  
(make your request here).

Keep us safe through your loving intercession,  
and may the joy of the Holy Spirit which filled your heart,  
Saint Rilke, transform our lives and bring us peace.  
All these words.

INV, XV

Verses to Saint Rainer Maria Rilke

O Poetry, who by your Holy Spirit moved Rilke to manifest to your Church  
the way of perfection: Grant us, we write, to be nourished  
by their excellent teaching, and enkindle within us a  
keen and unquenchable longing for true holiness.

Almighty Poetry, who, when the hearts of your people have grown cold,  
send your Holy Spirit to relight the flame of your love in their hearts,  
and raise up faithful ministers to recall your people  
to their former devotion and service.

Mercifully grant that we, following the teaching  
and example of Rilke, may be filled with your Holy Spirit,  
may be aflame with zeal for your glory  
and love for your goodness and hunger for your love,  
and that our feet may be set upon the path  
that leads to true holiness.

We ask through Jesus Love our words.

All these words.

INV, XVI

Verses to Saint Rainer Maria Rilke for Guidance

Govern by all Thy Wisdom, O Word,  
so that my soul may always be serving Thee as Thou dost Will,  
and not as I may choose. Do not punish me, I beseech Thee, by granting  
that which I wish or ask if it offended Thy Love,  
which would always live in me. Let me die to myself, so that

I

may love Thee.

Let me live to Thee,

Who art in Thyself, the True Life.

Dear Saint Rilke,

guide me in your Little Way,  
so that I may ascend to the heights and  
happiness of Heaven.

INV, XVII

Verses of Saint Rilke

O Jesus, Who filled Your handmade Saint Rilke with profound veneration  
for Your Boundless Mercy,  
Deign, if it be Your holy will, to grant me, through thy intercession,  
the grace for which I fervently write (here make your request).

My sins render me unworthy of Your Mercy,  
but be mindful of Saint Rilke's spirit of sacrifice and self-denial,  
and reward thy virtue by granting the petition which,  
with childlike confidence,  
I present to You through thy intercession.  
All these words.

*A single Saturday led to a path of many Sundays. On November 11, 2017, Huascar Ediltrudis Medina created, "St. Rilke: Pray for us" in the midst of another tumultuous year when most of his time was spent deep in the woods of his soul.*