

# Buddha in Glory. By Rainer Maria Rilke

Center of all centers, core of cores,  
almond self-enclosed, and growing sweet—  
all this universe, to the furthest stars  
all beyond them, is your flesh, your fruit.

Now you feel how nothing clings to you;  
your vast shell reaches into endless space,  
and there the rich, thick fluids rise and flow.  
Illuminated in your infinite peace,

a billion stars go spinning through the night,  
blazing high above your head.

But in you is the presence that  
will be, when all the stars are dead.