

Oh, what a marketing
Of delicate odor!
How the breezes
Are inflamed by its blushes!

What a flood of shouting
Makes up the garden!
"I, I the heliotrope!"
"I, the jasmine."

Ah, but the water,
What if it has no odor!

The night has a tree
With fruits of amber;
Ah, what a complexion
The earth has, of emeralds!

The blood's pertinacity
Goes in scarlet;
Sleep goes in indigo;
Joy goes golden.

Love has ferocious
Hungry purples;
But also its grain fields,
Also its birds.

Ah, but the water,
What if it shines not at all!

The taste of light, of cold light,
Is the taste of the apple.
What fruit of the daybreak
Dawning so early!

How you taste of nightfalls,
You, anxiety!
How your hummingbird
Pecks at your bowels!

Death tastes of earth,
Anguish of bile,
This dying in drops
I taste like honey.

Ah, but the water,
What if the water is tasteless!

(Dance)

Poor little thing of water,
Alas, it has nothing,
Alas for love drowning,
Alas, in a glass of water.

¡Oh, qué mercadería
de tenue olor!
¡cómo inflama los aires
con su rubor!

¡Qué anegado de gritos
está el jardín!
"¡Yo, el heliotropo, yo!"
"¿Yo? El jasmín."

Ay, pero el agua,
ay, si no huele a nada.

Tiene la noche un árbol
con frutos de ámbar;
tiene una tez la tierra,
ay, de esmeraldas.

El tesón de la sangre
anda de rojo;
anda de añil el sueño;
la dicha, de oro.

Tiene el amor feroces
galgos morados;
pero también sus mieses,
también sus pájaros.

Ay, pero el agua,
ay, si no luce a nada.

Sabe a luz, a luz fría,
sí, la manzana.
¡Qué amanecida fruta
tan de mañana!

¡Qué anochecido sabes,
tú, sinsabor!
¡cómo pica en la entraña
tu picaflor!

Sabe la muerte a tierra,
la angustia a hiel.
Este morir a gotas
me sabe a miel.

Ay, pero el agua,
ay, si no sabe a nada.

(Baile)

Pobrecilla del agua,
ay, que no tiene nada,
ay, amor, que se ahoga,
ay, en un vaso de agua.

H. R. HAYS

Pablo Neruda (pseudonym of Neftalí Ricardo Reyes Basualto)

Chile, 1904–1973

Neruda was the outstanding Spanish American poet of this century, and his being awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1971 was acclaimed by all who knew his work. He is not always an

easy poet to understand, and some of his writing is outright propaganda, for Neruda was an enthusiastic Communist and occasionally allowed his political bias to overwhelm his aesthetic judgment. On the other hand, in his best poetry Neruda is incomparable, a Latin Walt Whitman.

The critic Amado Alonso stated the key to Neruda's poetic universe in these words: "Instead of the traditional poetic procedure, which describes a reality and suggests its poetic sense between the lines, poets like Neruda describe the poetic sense and nebulously suggest to what reality it refers."⁴⁴ Neruda is the prophet of disintegration; he sees things, institutions, people, the whole universe, as already disintegrated. He places the traditionally poetic alongside the obviously nonpoetic in his verses. His adjectives destroy their nouns; he uses oxymorons frequently.

In the beginning and at the end of his life, his poetry is more simple. Only a few months before his death he said, "It took a great effort for me to abandon obscurity for clarity, because obscurity in language had become among us the privilege of the literary class, and class prejudice had condemned popular expression . . . but I have decided that each day I shall be more simple in my new poems."

In much of his poetry Neruda appears to reject the world of objective reality, and his jumble of objects is as confusing as a surrealist painting. But what he is trying to do is to find and to sing about that point at which interior reality and exterior reality converge, and fantasy and imagination merge with the objective visible world. He repeatedly uses certain symbolic words. For example, he has stated that for him "the dove is the most complete expression of life, because of its formal perfection."⁴⁵ By extension, *dove* may also mean *love*. Therefore, if the word *dove* is modified by an adjective—black or yellow, for example—the poet will mean a black or a yellow life or love, that is, depressed, frayed, wasted, lamented, mourned.

The splendid qualities of life are indicated by such words as *roses, rosebushes, butterflies, bees, fish, salt, wine, swords*. The elemental aspect of the world is suggested by such words as *stone, earth, wool, fire, leather*. The artificial, opposing aspect of the world is suggested by *tailor, clothes, notaries, establishments*. The word *salt* often indicates the essence of things, but it may suggest the acid that eats things away. Neruda will also frequently use images like "wet flames," or "drenched stars." He explains that his home, Temuco, in the southern region of Chile, is a place where the rain envelops a person day after day implacably, so he became habituated to seeing everything, even fire, as enveloped by water.

Ars Poetica

Somewhere between shadow and space, between
garrisons and virgins,
with a strangeness of soul and funeral dreams,
suddenly pale, the brow enshrouded
with a widower's fury at each new day of life,
ah, for all the unseen waters that fall upon my slumber
and for every fleeting sound that I capture, trembling,
I have the same absent thirst, the same feverish chill.
Hearing is born, a nameless dread
like a ghost advancing to the rhythm of the heart,
And in a deep dry hull of fixed proportion
like an humiliated lackey, like a tarnished mirror,
like an old brooch with sockets where the gems are
missing,
or the smell of a silent house where the tenants stumble in

Arte poética

Entre sombra y espacio, entre guarniciones y doncellas,
dotado de corazón singular y sueños funestos,
precipitadamente pálido, marchito en la frente,
y con luto de viudo furioso por cada día de vida,
ay para cada agua invisible que bebo soñolientamente,
y de todo sonido que acojo temblando,
tengo la misma sed ausente y la misma fiebre fría,
un oído que nace, una angustia indirecta,
como si llegaran ladrones o fantasmas,
y en una cáscara de extensión fija y profunda,
como un camarero humillado, como una campana un
poco ronca,
como un espejo viejo, como un olor de casa sola
en la que los huéspedes entran de noche perdidamente
ebrios,

44. Amado Alonso, *Poesía y estilo de Pablo Neruda* (Buenos Aires: Sudamericana, 1951), 72.

45. *Ibid.*, 127.

at night hopelessly drunk,
and the odor of old clothes strewn around, and an
absence of flowers,
or perhaps differently put, even less melancholy—,
but suddenly truth, the wind that rhythmically lashes my
chest,
nights of infinite substance that cave in on me where I lie,
the clamor of a day ablaze with sacrifice,
they look for the prophetic in me with haunted eyes
and a torrent of objects that seek incarnate echoes,
and a relentless pounding, and a muddled name.

KATHARINE E. STRATHDEE

Every Day You Play

Every day you play with the light of the universe.
Subtle visitor, you arrive in the flower and the water.
You are more than this white head that I hold tightly
as a cluster of fruit, every day, between my hands.

You are like nobody since I love you.
Let me spread you out among the yellow garlands.
Who writes your name in letters of smoke among the stars
of the south?
Oh let me remember you as you were before you existed.

Suddenly the wind howls and bangs at my shut window.
The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.
Here all the winds let go sooner or later, all of them.
The rain takes off her clothes.

The birds go by, fleeing.
The wind. The wind.
I can contend only against the power of men.
The storm whirls dark leaves
and turns loose all the boats that were moored last night
to the sky.

You are here. Oh, you do not run away.
You will answer me to the last cry.
Cling to me as though you were frightened.
Even so, at one time a strange shadow ran through your
eyes.

Now, now too, little one, you bring me honeysuckle,
and even your breasts smell of it.
While the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies
I love you, and my happiness bites the plum of your
mouth.

How you must have suffered getting accustomed to me,
my savage, solitary soul, my name that sends them all
running.
So many times we have seen the morning star burn,
kissing our eyes,
and over our heads the grey light unwind in turning fans.
My words rained over you, stroking you.
A long time I have loved the sunned mother-of-pearl of
your body.

y hay un olor de ropa tirada al suelo, y una ausencia de
flores,
posiblemente de otro modo aun menos melancólico,
pero, la verdad, de pronto, el viento que azota mi pecho,
las noches de substancia infinita caídas en mi dormitorio,
el ruido de un día que arde con sacrificio,
me piden lo profético que hay en mí, con melancolía,
y un golpe de objetos que llaman sin ser respondidos
hay, y un movimiento sin tregua, y un nombre confuso.

Juegas todos los días

Juegas todos los días con la luz del universo.
Sutil visitadora, llegas en la flor y en el agua.
Eres más que esta blanca cabecita que aprieto
como un racimo entre mis manos cada día.

A nadie te pareces desde que yo te amo.
Déjame tenderte entre guirnalda amarillas.
¿Quién escribe tu nombre con letras de humo entre
las estrellas del sur?
Ah déjame recordarte cómo eras entonces, cuando
aún no existías.

De pronto el viento aúlla y golpea mi ventana
cerrada.
El cielo es una red cuajada de peces sombríos.
Aquí vienen a dar godos los vientos, todos.
Se desviste la lluvia.

Pasan huyendo los pájaros.
El viento. El viento.
Yo sólo puedo luchar contra la fuerza de los hombres.
El temporal arremolina hojas oscuras
y suelta toda las barcas que anoche amarraron al
cielo.

Tú estás aquí. Ah tú no huyes.
Tú me responderás hasta el último grito.
Ovillate a mi lado como si tuvieras miedo.
Sin embargo alguna vez corrió una sombra extraña
por tus ojos.

Ahora, ahora también, pequeña, me traes madreselvas,
y tienes hasta los senos perfumados,
me intras el viento triste galopa matando mariposas
yo te amo, y mi alegría muerde tu boca de ciruela.

Cuánto te habrá dolido acostumbrarte a mí,
a mi alma sola y salvaje, a mi nombre que todos
ahuyentan.
Hemos visto arder tantas veces el lucero besándonos los
ojos
y sobre nuestras cabezas destorcerse los crepúsculos en
abanicos girantes.

Mis palabras llovieron sobre ti acariciándote.

I go so far as to think that you own the universe.
 I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains,
 bluebells,
 dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.
 I want
 to do with you what the spring does with the cherry trees.

W. S. MERWIN

Your Breast Is Enough

Your breast is enough for my heart,
 and my wings for your freedom.
 What was sleeping above your soul will rise
 out of my mouth to heaven.

In you is the illusion of each day.
 You arrive like the dew to the cupped flowers.
 You undermine the horizon with your absence.
 Eternally in flight like the wave.

I have said that you sang in the wind
 like the pines and like the masts.
 Like them you are tall and taciturn,
 and you are sad, all at once, like a voyage.

You gather things to you like an old road.
 You are peopled with echoes and nostalgic voices.
 I awoke and at times birds fled and migrated
 that had been sleeping in your soul.

W. S. MERWIN

Ode with a Lament

Oh, girl among the roses, oh pressure of doves,
 Oh garrison of fishes and rosebuds,
 Your soul is a bottle of thirsting salt,
 And a bell filled with grapes is your skin.

Unfortunately, I have only fingernails to give you,
 Or eyelashes, or melted pianos,
 Or dreams that gush bubbling from my heart,
 Dust-covered dreams that race like black horsemen,
 Dreams filled with high speeds and great misfortunes.

I can only love you with kisses and poppies,
 And with garlands drenched in the rain,
 While staring at ashen horses and stray yellow dogs.

I can only love you with the waves at my back,
 Between clouds of sulphur and preoccupied waters
 Swimming against the cemeteries that flow in certain
 rivers,
 With wet waves growing over sad graves of plaster,
 Swimming over submerged hearts
 And pale catalogues of unburied children.

There is much death, many funereal happenings,
 In my unsheltered passions and desolate kisses

Amé desde hace tiempo tu cuerpo de nácar soleado.
 Hasta te creo dueña del universo.
 Te traeré de las montañas flores alegres, copihues,
 avellanas oscuras, y cestas silvestres de besos.
 Quiero hacer contigo
 lo que la primavera hace con los cerezos.

Para mi corazón

Para mi corazón basta tu pecho,
 para tu libertad bastan mis alas.
 Desde mi boca llegará hasta el cielo
 lo que estaba dormido sobre tu alma.

Es en ti la ilusión de cada día.
 Llegas como el rocío a las corolas.
 Socavas el horizonte con tu ausencia.
 Eternamente en fuga como la ola.

He dicho que cantabas en el viento
 como los pinos y como los mástiles.
 Como ellos eres alta y taciturna.
 Y entrísteces de pronto, como un viaje.

Acogedora como un viejo camino.
 Te pueblan ecos y voces nostálgicas.
 Yo desperté y a veces emigran y huyen
 pájaros que dormían en tu alma.

Oda con un lamento

Oh niña entre las rosas, oh presión de palomas,
 oh presidio de peces y rosales,
 tu alma es una botella llena de sal sedienta
 y una campana llena de uvas es tu piel.

Por desgracia no tengo para darte sino uñas
 o pestañas, o pianos derretidos,
 o sueños que salen de mi corazón a borbotones,
 polvorientos sueños que corren como jinetes negros,
 sueños llenos de velocidades y desgracias.

Sólo puedo quererte con besos y amapolas,
 con guirnalda mojada por la lluvia,
 mirando cenicientos caballos y perros amarillos.

Sólo puedo quererte con olas a la espalda,
 entre vagos golpes de azufre y aguas ensimismadas,
 nadando en contra de los cementerios que corren en
 ciertos ríos
 con pasto mojado creciendo sobre las tristes tumbas de
 yeso,
 nadando a través de corazones sumergidos
 y pálidas planillas de niños insepultos.

Hay mucha muerte, muchos acontecimientos funerarios

There is a water that falls on my head
 While my hair is growing,
 A water like time, a black unleashed spurt of water
 With the voice of night, with a bird-cry,
 In the rain, with an endless shadow
 Of wet wings that protect my bones as I dress,
 While interminably I examine myself in mirrors and in
 windows,
 I hear someone behind me, sobbing my name,
 In a sad voice eroded by time.

You are standing on the earth, filled
 With sharp teeth and lightning flashes,
 You generate kisses and kill the ants,
 You sob with well-being, with onions, with bees,
 With your first primer burning.
 You are like a blue and green sword
 And at each touch you ripple like a river.

Come to my soul, dressed in white, like a handful
 Of blood-red roses and cups of ashes,
 Come with an apple and a horse,
 Because a dark room and a broken candelabra are there
 And twisted chairs waiting for the winter,
 And a dead dove, with a number.

JOHN A. CROW

There Is No Oblivion (Sonata)

If you ask me where I have been
 I must say "It so happens."
 I must speak of the ground darkened by stones,
 of the river that destroys itself as it endures:
 I know only the things that birds lose,
 the sea left behind, or my sister crying.
 Why so many places, why does one day
 join with another? Why does a black night
 gather in the mouth? Why dead people?

If you ask me where I come from, I must talk with broken
 things,
 with utensils that are overly bitter,
 with great beasts often rotted
 and with my agonizing heart.

Those which have crossed are not memories
 nor is the yellow dove that sleeps in oblivion,
 but tear-drenched faces,
 fingers at the throat,
 and what is falling from the leaves:
 the darkness of a day gone by,
 of a day that has fed our sad blood.
 Here are violets, swallows.
 everything that we like and that appears
 in sweet long cards
 where time and sweetness stroll.

But let us not penetrate beyond those teeth,
 let us not bite the shells gathered by silence,

en mis desamparadas pasiones y desolados besos,
 hay el agua que cae en mi cabeza,
 mientras crece mi pelo,
 un agua como el tiempo, un agua negra desencadenada,
 con una voz nocturna, con un grito
 de pájaro en la lluvia, como una interminable
 sombra de ala mojada que protege mis huesos,
 mientras me visto, mientras
 interminablemente me miro en los espejos y en los
 vidrios,
 oigo que alguien me sigue llamándome a sollozos
 con una triste voz podrida por el tiempo.

Tú estás de pie sobre la tierra, llena
 de dientes y relámpagos.
 Tú propagas los besos y matas las hormigas.
 Tú lloras de salud, de cebolla, de abeja,
 de abecedario ardiendo.
 Tú eres como una espada azul y verde
 y ondulas al tocarte, como un río.

Ven a mi alma vestida de blanco, como un ramo
 de ensangrentadas rosas y copas de cenizas,
 ven con una manzana y un caballo,
 porque allí hay una sala oscura y un candelabro roto,
 unas sillas torcidas que esperan el invierno,
 y una paloma muerta, con un número.

No hay olvido

Si me preguntáis en dónde he estado
 debo decir "Sucede."
 Debo de hablar del suelo que oscurecen las piedras,
 del río que durando se destruye:
 no sé sino las cosas que los pájaros pierden,
 el mar dejado atrás, o mi hermana llorando.
 ¿Por qué tantas regiones, por qué un día
 se junta con un día? ¿Por qué una negra noche
 se acumula en la boca? ¿Por qué muertos?

Si me preguntáis de dónde vengo, tengo que conversar
 con cosas rotas,
 con utensilios demasiado amargos,
 con grandes bestias a menudo podridas
 y con mi acongojado corazón.

No son recuerdos los que se han cruzado
 ni es la paloma amarillenta que duerme en el olvido,
 sino caras con lágrimas,
 dedos en la garganta,
 y lo que se desploma de las hojas:
 la oscuridad de un día transcurrido,
 de un día alimentado con nuestra triste sangre.

He aquí violetas, golondrinas,
 todo cuanto nos gusta y aparece
 en las dulces tarjetas de larga cola
 por donde se pasean el tiempo y la dulzura.

Pero no penetremos más allá de esos dientes,
 no mordamos las cáscaras que el silencio acumula,

because I do not know what to answer:
 there are so many dead people,
 and so many sea walls that the red sun split
 and so many heads that beat against ships,
 and so many hands that have cupped kisses,
 and so many things that I want to forget.

JOHN A. CROW

Born in the Woods

When rice withdraws from earth
 the grains of its flour,
 when wheat hardens its little flanks and lifts up
 its thousand-handed face,
 I hasten to the arbor where man and woman are linked
 to touch the innumerable sea
 of what endures.

I am not brother of the tool carried on the tide
 as if in a cradle of aggressive pearl:
 I do not tremble in the region of dying despoliation,
 I do not wake to the thump of the darkness frightened
 by the raucous clapper of the sudden bell,
 I can not be, I am not the passenger
 beneath whose shoes throb the last redoubts of the wind
 and the rigid waves of time return to die.

I bear in my hand the dove that sleeps reclining on the
 seed
 and in its thick ferment of lime and blood
 lives August,
 lives the month extracted from its deep goblet:
 with my hand I surround the new shadow of the growing
 wing:
 the root and the feather that tomorrow will form the
 thicket.

It never abates, neither next to the iron-handed balcony,
 nor in the sea winter of the abandoned ones, nor in
 my slow step,
 the immense swelling of the drop, or the eyelid that wants
 to be opened:
 because I was born to be born, to cut off the passage
 of everything that approaches, of everything that beats
 on my breast like a new
 trembling heart.

Lives lying next to my costume like parallel doves,
 or contained in my own existence and in my disordered
 sound
 to be again, to seize the naked air of the leaf
 and the moist birth of the earth in the garland:
 how long
 must I return and be, how long does the fragrance
 of the most buried flowers, of the waves most pounded
 on the high rocks, keep in me its homeland
 to be again fury and perfume?

How long does the hand of the woods in the rain

porque no sé qué contestar:
 hay tantos muertos,
 y tantos malecones que el sol rojo partía
 y tantas cabezas que golpean los buques,
 y tantas manos que han encerrado besos,
 y tantas cosas que quiero olvidar.

Naciendo en los bosques

Cuando el arroz retira de la tierra
 los granos de su harina,
 cuando el trigo endurece sus pequeñas caderas y levanta
 su rostro de mil manos,
 a la enramada donde la mujer y el hombre se enlazan
 acudo,
 para tocar el mar innumerable
 de lo que continúa.

Yo no soy hermano del utensilio llevado en la marea
 como en una cuna de nácar combatido:
 no tiemblo en la comarca de los agonizantes despojos,
 no despierto en el golpe de las tinieblas asustadas
 por el ronco peciolo de la campana repentina,
 no puedo ser, no soy el pasajero
 bajo cuyos zapatos los últimos reductos del viento
 palpitan
 y rígidas retornan las olas del tiempo a morir.

Llevo en mi mano la paloma que duerme reclinada en la
 semilla
 y en su fermento espeso de cal y sangre
 vive Agosto,
 vive el mes extraído de su copa profunda:
 con mi mano rodeo la nueva sombra del ala que crece:
 la raíz y la pluma que mañana formarán la espesura.

Nunca declina, ni junto al balcón de manos de hierro,
 ni en el invierno marítimo de los abandonados, ni en mi
 paso tardío,
 el crecimiento inmenso de la gota, ni el párpado que
 quiere ser abierto:
 porque para nacer he nacido, para encerrar el paso
 de cuanto se aproxima, de cuanto a mi pecho golpea
 como un nuevo
 corazón tembloroso.

Vidas recostadas junto a mi traje como palomas paralelas,
 o contenidas en mi propia existencia y en mi desordenado
 sonido
 para volver a ser, para incautar el aire desnudo de la hoja
 y el nacimiento húmedo de la tierra en la guirnalda: hasta
 cuándo
 debo volver y ser, hasta cuándo el olor
 de las más enterradas flores, de las olas más trituradas.
 sobre las altas piedras, guarda en mí su patria
 para volver a ser furia y perfume?

Hasta cuándo la mano del bosque en la lluvia

bring me close with all its needles
to weave the lofty kisses of the foliage?
Again
I hear approach like fire in smoke,
spring up from earthly ash,
light filled with petals, and pushing earth away
in a river of flowerheads the sun reaches my mouth
like an old buried tear that becomes seed again.

DONALD D. WALSH

Barcarole

If only you would touch my heart,
if only you would put your mouth on my heart,
your delicate mouth, your teeth,
if you would put your tongue like a red arrow
there where my dusty heart beats,
if you would blow on my heart, near the sea, weeping,
it would sound with a dark noise, with the sound of
sleepy train wheels,
like wavering waters,
like a leafy autumn,
like blood,
with a noise of moist flames burning the sky,
dreaming like dreams or branches or rains,
or foghorns in a dreary port,
if you would blow on my heart, near the sea,
like a white ghost,
at the edge of the foam,
in the midst of the wind,
like an unchained ghost, at the edge of the sea, weeping.

Like an extended absence, like a sudden bell,
the sea spreads the sound of the heart,
raining, at nightfall, on a lonely coast:
night doubtless falls,
and its mournful shipwrecked-banner blue
peoples itself with planets of hoarse silver.

And the heart sounds like a sour snail,
call, oh sea, oh lament, oh melted fright
scattered in misfortunes and rickety waves:
from resonance the sea reveals
its recumbent shadows, its green poppies.

If you suddenly existed, on a gloomy coast,
surrounded by the dead day,
facing a new night,
filled with waves,
and if you blew on my heart cold with fear,
if you blew on its flaming dove movement,
its black bloody syllables would swell,
its incessant red waters would swell,
and it would sound, sound of shadows,
sound like death,
it would call like a tube filled with wind or weeping,
or a bottle squirting fright in spurts.

me avecina con todas sus agujas
para tejer los altos besos del follaje?
Otra vez
escucho aproximarse como el fuego en el humo,
nacer de la ceniza terrestre,
la luz llena de pétalos,
y apartando la tierra
en un río de espigas llega el sol a mi boca
como una vieja lágrima enterrada que vuelve a ser semilla.

Barcarola

Si solamente me tocaras el corazón,
si solamente pusieras tu boca en mi corazón,
tu fina boca, tus dientes,
si pusieras tu lengua como una flecha roja
allí donde mi corazón polvoriento golpea,
si soplaras en mi corazón, cerca del mar, llorando,
sonaría con un ruido oscuro, con sonido de ruedas de tren
con sueño,
como aguas vacilantes,
como el otoño en hojas,
como sangre,
con un ruido de llamas húmedas quemando el cielo,
soñando como sueños o ramas o lluvias,
o bocinas de puerto triste,
si tú soplaras en mi corazón, cerca del mar,
como un fantasma blanco,
al borde de la espuma,
en mitad del viento,
como un fantasma desencadenado, a la orilla del mar,
llorando.

Como ausencia extendida, como campana súbita,
el mar reparte el sonido del corazón,
lloviendo, atardeciendo, en una costa sola:
la noche cae sin duda,
y su lúgubre azul de estandarte en naufragio
se puebla de planetas de plata enronquecida.

Y suena el corazón como un caracol agrío,
llama, oh mar, oh lamento, oh derretido espanto
esparcido en desgracias y olas desvencijadas:
de lo sonoro el mar acusa
sus sombras recostadas, sus amapolas verdes.

Si existieras de pronto, en una costa lúgubre,
rodeada por el día muerto,
frente a una nueva noche,
llena de olas,
y soplaras en mi corazón de miedo frío,
soplaras en la sangre sola de mi corazón,
soplaras en su movimiento de paloma con llamas,
sonarían sus negras sílabas de sangre,
crecerían sus incesantes aguas rojas,
y sonaría, sonaría a sombras,
sonaría como la muerte,

So it is, and the lightning would cover your tresses
and the rain would enter through your open eyes
to prepare the weeping that you silently enclose,
and the black wings of the sea would wheel around
you, with great claws, and croakings, and flights.

Do you want to be the solitary ghost that near the sea
plays upon its sad and sterile instrument?
If only you would call,
its prolonged sound, its malevolent whistle,
its arrangement of wounded waves,
someone would perhaps come,
someone would come.
from the peaks of the islands, from the red depths of the
sea,
someone would come, someone would come.

Somebody would come; play furiously,
let it sound like the siren of a broken boat,
like a lament,
like a whinny in the midst of the foam and the blood,
like a ferocious water gnashing and echoing.

In the sea season
its snail of shadow circles like a shout,
the sea birds belittle it and fly away,
its roll call of sounds, its mournful crosspieces,
rise on the shore of the solitary sea.

DONALD D. WALSH

Autumn Returns

A day in mourning falls from the bells
like a trembling vague-widow cloth,
it is a color, a dream
of cherries buried in the earth,
it is a tail of smoke that restlessly arrives
to change the color of the water and the kisses.

I do not know if I make myself clear: when from on high
night approaches, when the solitary poet
at the window hears autumn's steed running
and the leaves of trampled fear rustle in his arteries,
there is something over the sky, like the tongue of a thick
ox, something in the doubt of the sky and the
atmosphere.

Things return to their places,
the indispensable lawyer, the hands, the olive oil,
the bottles,
all the traces of life: the beds, above all,
are filled with a bloody liquid,
people deposit their confidences in sordid ears,
assassins go down stairs,
it is not this, however, but the old gallop,
the horse of the old autumn that trembles and endures.
The horse of the old autumn has a red beard
and the foam of fear covers its cheeks

llamaría como un tubo lleno de viento o llanto,
o una botella echando espanto a borbotones.

Así es, y los relámpagos cubrirían tus trenzas
y la lluvia entraría por tus ojos abiertos
a preparar el llanto que sordamente encierras,
y las alas negras del mar girarían en torno
de tí, con grandes garras, y graznidos, y vuelos.

Quieres ser el fantasma que sopla, solitario,
cerca del mar su estéril, triste instrumento?
Si solamente llamaras,
su prolongado son, su maléfico pito,
su orden de olas heridas,
alguien vendría acaso,
alguien vendría,
desde las cimas de las islas, desde el fondo rojo del mar,
alguien vendría, alguien vendría.

Alguien vendría, sopla con furia,
que suene como sirena de barco roto,
como lamento,
como un relincho en medio de la espuma y la sangre,
como un agua feroz mordiendo y sonando.

En la estación marina
su caracol de sombra circula como un grito,
los pájaros del mar lo desestiman y huyen,
sus listas de sonido, sus lúgubres barrotes
se levantan a orillas del océano solo.

Vuelve el otoño

Un enlutado día cae de las campanas
como una temblorosa tela de vaga viuda,
es un color, un sueño
de cerezas hundidas en la tierra,
es una cola de humo que llega sin descanso
a cambiar el color del agua y de los besos.

No sé si se me entiende: cuando desde lo alto
se avecina la noche, cuando el solitario poeta
a la ventana oye correr el corcel del otoño
y las hojas del miedo pisoteado crujen en sus arterias,
hay algo sobre el cielo, como lengua de buey
espeso, algo en la duda del cielo y de la atmósfera.

Vuelven las cosas a su sitio,
el abogado indispensable, las manos, el aceite,
las botellas,
todos los indicios de la vida: las camas, sobre todo,
están llenas de un líquido sangriento,
la gente deposita sus confianzas en sórdidas orejas,
los asesinos bajan escaleras,
pero no es esto, sino el viejo galope,
el caballo del viejo otoño que tiembla y dura.

El caballo del viejo otoño tiene la barba roja
y la espuma del miedo le cubre las mejillas

and the air that follows it is shaped like an ocean
and a perfume of vague buried putrefaction.

Every day down from the sky comes an ashen color
that doves must spread over the earth:
the cord that forgetfulness and weeping weave,
time that has slept long years within the bells,
everything,
the old tattered suits, the women who see snow coming,
the black poppies that no one can look at without dying,
everything falls into the hands that I lift
in the midst of the rain.

DONALD D. WALSH

y el aire que le sigue tiene forma de océano
y perfume de vaga podredumbre enterrada.

Todos los días baja del cielo un color ceniciento
que las palomas deben repartir por la tierra:
la cuerda que el olvido y las lágrimas tejen,
el tiempo que ha dormido largos años dentro de las
campanas,
todo,
los viejos trajes mordidos, las mujeres que ven venir la
nieve,
las amapolas negras que nadie puede contemplar sin
morir,
todo cae a las manos que levanto
en medio de la lluvia.

Jorge Guillén

Spain, 1893-

Born in Valladolid in the heartland of Castile, Guillén has lived successively in Switzerland, Germany, France, England, the United States. He has been a professor at Oxford University and in several universities in the United States. His residence in France extended over five years (1917-1923); he married a French woman, became fascinated with French poetry, translated Valéry, Claudel, and Supervielle into Spanish.

Guillén's poetry has an intangible and elusive quality that often makes it difficult to analyze but never difficult to feel. It is this spontaneous and intuitive response that Guillén wished to evoke. "Pure poetry," he once wrote, "is all that is left in the poem after the elimination of everything that is not poetry. *Pure* is equal to *simple*, chemically speaking."⁴⁶ Guillén is the preeminent "pure poet." He stands apart from his creations and has been regarded by some as cold. He polishes and repolishes his poem as a lapidary does his stones. His imagery is often abstract, but he catches the beauty of the visible world and the precious quality of life. His poems are songs of affirmation "in praise of the oneness of all being," as he has stated. "Man affirms himself in affirming Creation; he shares in a universal value, though his part will always be the lesser." Every object is dense with its own being, and reality's essence exists "even in the humblest particle of our planet."⁴⁷

Poplars with River

Facing the gray white hill
At river level, the road
Anxiously perceives poplars
The profile of rain.

Beside the trembling leaves
Someone, never by himself,
Speaks alone to the river.
Poplars of wind and poetry?

Gently the river strings out
Its playfulness curve after curve
While in a slight tremor the poplars
Are sketched on the water.

Álamos con río

Frente al blanco gris del cerro,
a par del río, la ruta
divisa con ansiedad
álamos, perfil de lluvia.

Junto a las trémulas hojas
alguien, solitario nunca,
habla a solas con el río.
¿Álamos de brisa y musa?

Mansamente el río traza
su recreo curva a curva
mientras en leve temblor
los álamos se dibujan,

46. Diego (ed.), *Poesía española*, 195.

47. Norman Thomas di Giovanni (ed.), *Jorge Guillén, Cántico: A Selection* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1965), 8.