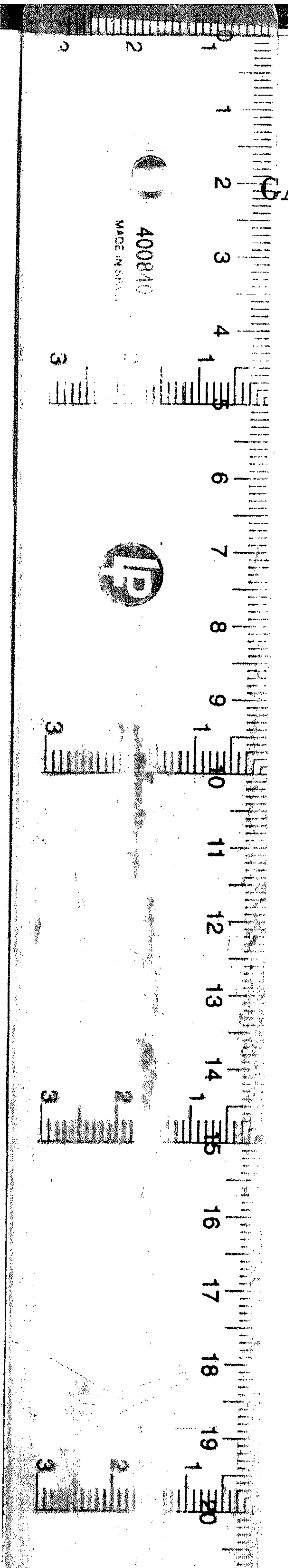
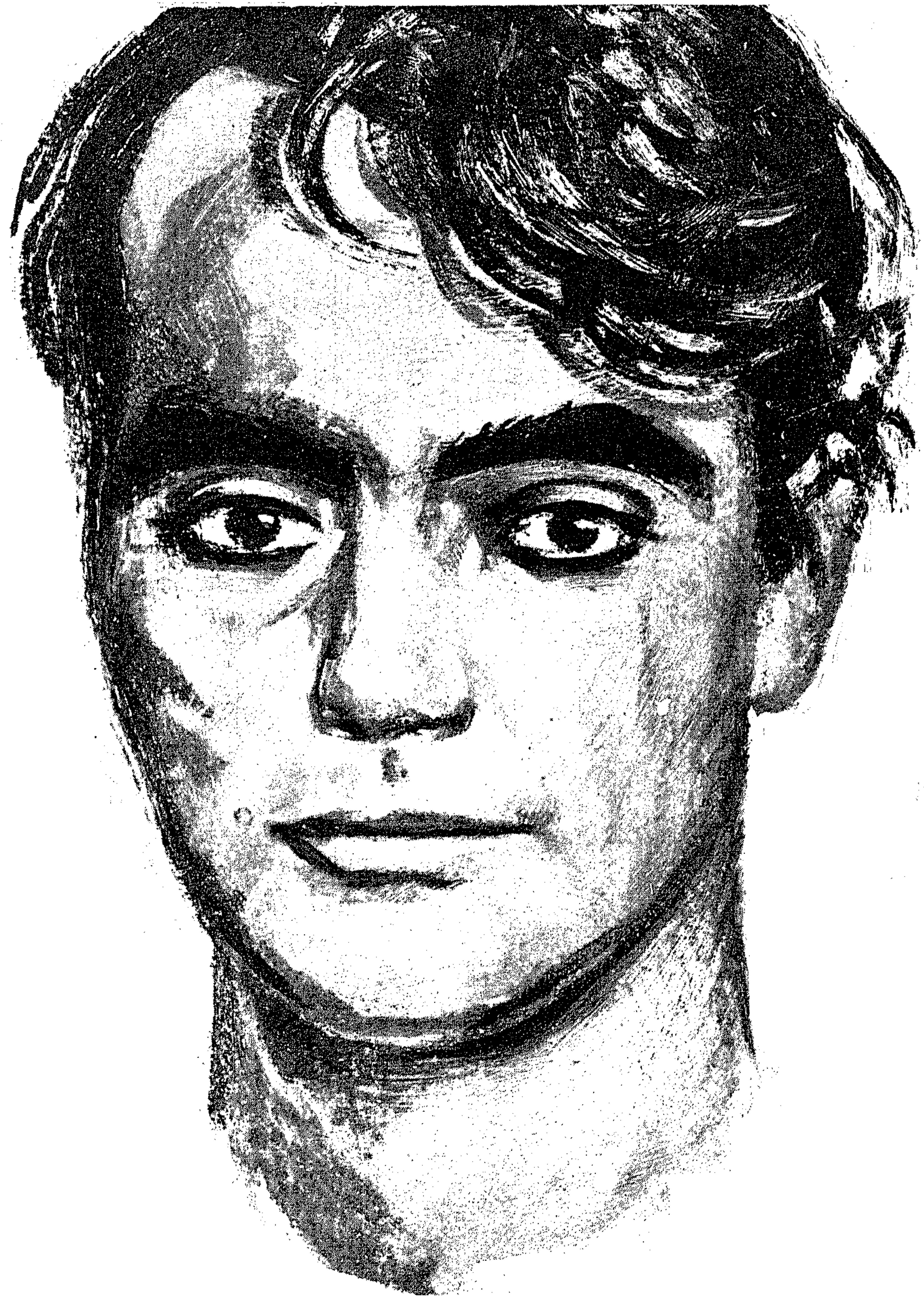


GARCIA LORCA: POEMS



GARCIA LORCA : POEMS



POEMS
F. GARCIA LORCA

With English translation by
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and

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Selection and introduction by
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BIBLIOTECA UNIVERSITARIA
GRANADA
Nº Documento <u>161.120</u>
Nº Copia <u>161.127</u>



THE DOLPHIN
5 CECIL COURT, LONDON
1939

GARCÍA LORCA PINTOR
MADRID, JUNIO 1926

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN
AND SONS, LTD.,
HERTFORD.

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LORCA BY GREGORIO PRIETO

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INTRODUCTION

Federico García Lorca was born at the close of the 19th century in Fuentevaqueros, a village of the Granada valley, and there the first years of his life were passed. His father, a wealthy farmer of great natural talent and ripe judgment had married a schoolmistress, a woman of delicate Andalusian sensibility. The poet was the firstborn of the marriage. We find no trace in his early years of the infant prodigy, rather do we hear of a child of slow, uneven intellectual development. Until three years of age he could not speak, but a year after his birth he was following the rhythm of song, and when two years old was already humming popular airs. It was a case of lisping in numbers, whereas learning to read came slowly and with great difficulty.

A serious illness in the first months of his life left behind its traces. Actually he could not walk until he was four, and this impediment was to accompany him through life, betraying itself in a slight, swaying motion of the body. In García Lorca the man it is of no importance, for his healthy mirth and activity left many unaware of the defect, but in the child this physical drawback was to influence considerably the formation of his character and personality. It made him adopt a contemplative attitude which was to increase his capacity of imagination; he observed with great attention the world around him, thus encouraging his loving perception of the diminutive in nature and art which is characteristic of

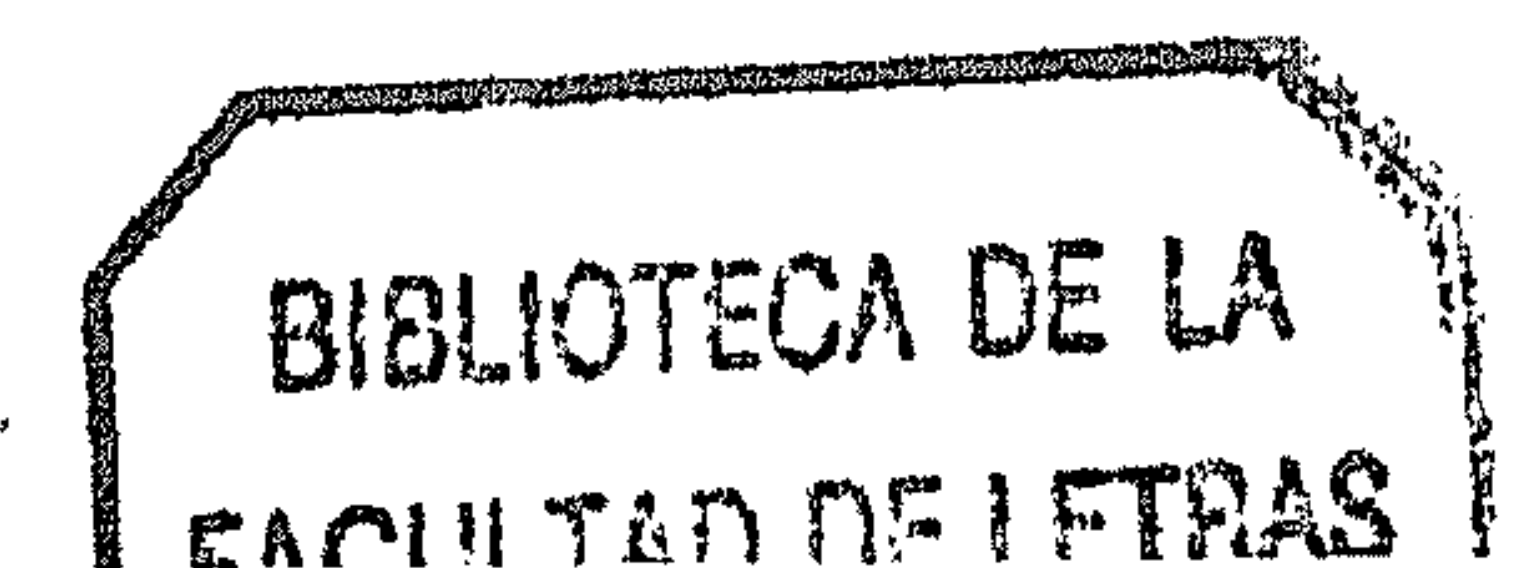
Granada. He might have been a sad, dreamy, solitary child. But we find instead a boy who, at least in relation to the external world, was quite the contrary. In this lies, to my mind, the first mark of the poet's special quality. The child fought against his limitations and conquered them; as he could not take part in the active games of other boys, he ruled over them and modulated the rhythm of their sports to his own physical powers. His games were invariably those that corresponded to the emotions which excited his childish imagination—processions and toy-theatres.

The early years passed in his native village, in a happy home, steeped in the folklore and speech of Andalusia, had their influence on Lorca's poetic development. After the usual course of secondary studies in Granada, he yielded to his parents' wishes and took a law degree at the University, but his intellectual formation lay outside the academic curriculum. He was a tireless reader of the Spanish classics and romantics, and of contemporary writers—the so-called generation of '98. In translations he read the best of the Greek classics, especially the tragedians, and a wide range of modern foreign literature. But it may be said that the latter had little influence on him, which was perhaps all to the good at a time when such influence weighed too heavily on Spanish poetic writing, to the neglect of the native lyrical tradition. His keen delight in music was strengthened during his years in Granada by the friendship and encouragement of the composer Manuel de Falla. Such was de Falla's appreciation of Lorca's musical gifts that on one occasion he said: 'You know what Lorca is as a poet; well, as great or greater he could have been as a musician.' His interest in Spanish art was similarly encouraged by the art professor in the University, who accompanied his students

in an extensive tour of Spain. The importance of this for Lorca was capital. 'For the first time I became fully aware of myself as a Spaniard,' he said. It is well to bear this in mind in view of the tendency to exaggerate his 'Granadismo'. Fruits of this excursion were a small book of *Impresiones y Paisajes*, in which the influence of Azorín is evident.

Even before the end of his university course the personality of Lorca, with its strange suggestive power, was leaving its mark on intellectual circles in Granada. It was to have similar effect in Madrid when, at the suggestion of Fernando de los Ríos, he went to live there at the Residencia de Estudiantes, that Spanish interpretation of English college life. The years from 1919 to 1928 are divided between Madrid and Granada. In 1920 a dramatic work *El Maleficio de la Mariposa* was staged in Madrid, but won no favour from the public. It has however an interest as being a play about the world of insects, so attractive to Lorca, and written some years before the well known play of Čapek. But so far Lorca was merely feeling his way. What is properly speaking his first work appeared in 1921, a collection of verses under the title *Libro de Poemas*.

The poet made his first appearance under the sign, inevitably, of Rubén Darío. The musical aspect of Rubén—it was a natural attraction for Lorca with his own love of music—is found in the *Elegy for Doña Juana la Loca*, and the pseudo-philosophy of Rubén in lines such as 'the good that perhaps exists not, the evil that lies near' in his *Song of Autumn*, to take examples at random. Traces of his reading in more modern poets are apparent, but to my mind the influence attributed to Juan Ramón Jiménez is exaggerated. There are verses undoubtedly in this style: 'and all the roses are white, white as my grief', but the excessively personal and



nostalgic tone shows the influence rather of the romantics than of Juan Ramón. Many other names have been cited in connection with this book, but it is surprising to find that no one, to my knowledge, has mentioned the name of Gómez de la Serna. In this book there are many examples of the *greguería* type. A lizard lying on the roadside is called 'dragon of the frogs', 'a drop of crocodile.' The moon is a 'white tortoise', 'the Veronica's veil of the sun'. The corn-cob has its 'harsh and yellow laugh'. It is not enough to say that this type of image is to be found scattered here and there in our classic literature. The cut of these examples is typical of Gómez de la Serna, and it is through the *greguería* that they have reached Lorca.

Of more importance than the tracing of sources is the recognition of the fact that in this book is to be found in embryo almost the whole of Lorca's world. The personality of the poet is strongly marked in his utilization of children's songs. It is here that the popular, traditional element, so important in the work of Lorca, makes its first appearance. This feeling for the popular is peculiar to him, unconnected with the poets who precede him. It is true that in some poems of Juan Ramón Jiménez there are isolated popular allusions, but they are oases in a work over-preoccupied with satisfying the tastes of the 'select minority'. In Antonio Machado there are more definite allusions to children's songs, but in this admirable poet of twilight and nightfall the folklore of childhood does not appear; it is heard only from afar. The utilization of the exquisite lyricism of children's group-songs, transformed into poetic material of the highest quality, this is done by Lorca alone and done perfectly. The very personal poems *Balada de un día de julio*, *Balada de la placeta*, here published, and the *Balada*

interior, are pure examples of this mode of Lorca, but others are found scattered through the book.

Other aspects of these poems can only be briefly indicated here: the strong sensuousness which is such an important feature in the poet's personality; the delight in ironic observation of the animals of the countryside; the frequent references to the moon in childish and popular fashion, as in the *Luna, lunera* which defies translation. Inevitably the theme of Death appears, a constant obsession of the poet. When in the *Ballad of the Little Square*, reproduced here, the children ask him: 'What have you in your mouth, red and thirsting?', the poet's answer is: 'The savour of the bones of my great skull.'

Lorca is at once recognized as an open-air poet, with a faculty for observation of nature not too common in contemporary Spanish poetry, and expressed in very original form. This is especially the case when he fixes on the minute to give it a lyrical and symbolical greatness:—'Each raindrop trembling on the blurred pane leaves behind a diamond wound. They are poets of the water who have seen and pondered things unknown to the multitude of rivers.' In a word, the book offers a varied combination of rhythms, themes and expressions which have their interest as showing us the growth of Lorca in those dangerous years in which Spanish lyric poetry is tossed about in all the -isms of the post-war period. We can follow the track of all these influences and see how Lorca borrows what is useful from them all, without blindly following any.

In 1922 Lorca was in Granada collaborating with Manuel de Falla and the painter Ignacio de Zuloaga in the *Fiesta del*

Cante Jondo. The following year, for the Epiphany, he produced a children's *fiesta*, with an interlude of Cervantes, an Andalusian tale in dialogue, and an *auto sacramental* of the 13th century, *The Mystery of the Three Wise Men*. The instrumental portion was arranged by de Falla, who himself took part. Activities of this kind marked the life of Lorca for six years. As a poet, his silence was complete but for an occasional collaboration in reviews with poems of his first period. It will be easily understood that these would not suffice to maintain a poetic reputation, especially in the Spain of the twenties, excited with the struggles of the new school. Nevertheless it is in those years that Lorca, though publishing no book, gained without effort the first place in contemporary Spanish poetry, a position recognized even by exigent critics with modernistic tendencies. The fact is inexplicable without an indication of the extraordinary personality of the poet.

Lorca has been called a modern minstrel, a child, a volcano, a magician, an overwhelming force; he has been compared to Juan Ruiz, to Lope de Vega. . . . What is certain is that we can only regard the figure of the man and the poet as a concentration of essential Spanish elements in a perpetual state of eruption. In Madrid, as before in Granada and later in other towns and other countries, he offered in his own person a most varied spectacle. A spoiled child of fortune, life offered him only its smiling side with a personal and artistic triumph. Hence the contagion of his joy. He was sought after by everybody, and captivated everybody—a very creator of atmosphere. For hour after hour he kept the most exacting audience in thrall, singing at the piano, relating anecdotes, imitating types, or reciting admirably his own poems. In this way his fame as a poet

kept increasing, and we meet with the case, unique in Spanish literature, of 'Lorquismo', being spoken of before the publication of his most representative works; to the extent that we find one of the most serious of Spanish critics, in his comments on the work of another poet, indicating the influence of the poetry of Lorca, still unknown to the reading public.

His almost insuperable horror of print was conquered in 1927, when he published a small volume of poems. In this second book, *Canciones*, the poet, freed from the influences which we found in the *Libro de Poemas*, appears as master of himself in the delicate play of intimate lyrical verse. The animals are now Lorca's own, endowed with a delicately ironic personality. The ingenuous and musical sides of Lorca are shown working at a filigree of the popular and the *culto*, but the other Lorca, strong though restrained, is revealed in rapid touches. The poet's sensuousness is similarly crystallized when he speaks of dark eyes and velvet cheeks as 'hidden jet which darkens your magnolias'. Again, 'the ashy glitter of your glance', and 'the dark torsos of the bathers cast gloom upon the seashore'. There are other lines which have all the simplicity of a Japanese print: 'Behind the dim windows the children watch the golden tree transformed into a flock of birds.' But we must not exaggerate the importance of this book; valuable as it is for a study of the work of the poet, it remains a miniature exercise in the plateresque. Reading these songs, one cannot help recalling the *divertissements* of a musician.

There are, however, two poems which escape from the general framework of the book, the *Canciones del Ginete*, one of which is reproduced here. The atmosphere of mystery, fate and death in these two songs mark the opening of the

profoundly Andalusian work of the poet. Faithful to himself, he is now to complete the cycle of poetry based on the popular by seeking his theme in the musical heart of Andalusian folklore—the *Cante Jondo*. The *Poema del Cante Jondo*, published in 1931, is a poetic stylization of the Andalusian gypsy song. The book opens with an admirable Ballad which sets the key to the whole poem. The musical quality of these verses, the simple elements of which they are composed, their roots in the people, place them alongside the best of the popular poetry in Lope de Vega.

Throughout the book appear all the traditional elements of the Andalusian *canción*, and of the mysterious gypsy world, *siguiriya*, *soleá*, *petenera*, castanets, guitar, knife, *pasos* of the Virgin, *cantaoras* and that gypsy Death which is summed up in 'a candle and a cloak upon the ground.' If such is the subject matter, the treatment is personal, clear-cut, bare. Nevertheless, the primitive element is never absent, whether in literal form, 'in the white house lies dying *the perdition of men*,' or by allusion in the tone of the phrase: 'for neither you nor I are fated ever to meet.' The note of plastic sensuousness is frequent: 'her skirt of moiré trembles about her flanks.'

The path to the *Romancero Gitano* now lies open.

In the same year—1927—*Mariana Pineda* is staged for the first time. 'A popular ballad in three pictures' is the sub-title given by the author to this historical drama, or rather dramatic interpretation of history. It is not, as some have claimed to see in it, a drama of the liberal struggles of the 19th century. The Mariana Pineda of Lorca is not the blind lover of Liberty. If she is involved in the conspiracy and condemned to the death she suffers, it is not for a political ideal, but because of her love for Pedro de

Sotomayor, leader of the Liberals. 'I embroidered the banner for him,' she cries, and thus expresses her grief: 'look at what my love for you has brought me to.' It is in the moment of disillusion, when Sotomayor fails to come to save her, that Mariana allows herself to be converted into a symbol so as thus to be nearer to her lover: 'You love Liberty more than your Marianita; then I shall be that Liberty that you adore.' This interpretation harmonizes with Lorca's whole concept of humanity: 'I am Liberty because love wished it so, Liberty for which you abandoned me.' And it is at this point that she is lifted above the plane of earthly realities. Mariana, on her way to the scaffold, cries: 'Man is a captive who cannot escape—liberty from on high, true liberty!—kindle for me your far-off stars!' The work, as poetry, corresponds to the poet's first period and abounds in all the characteristics before noted.

The performance of *Mariana* in Barcelona gave an opportunity of making known a further aspect of Lorca's activities. A group of intellectuals, among them Salvador Dalí, organized an exhibition of Lorca's paintings and drawings, in which technical deficiency is compensated by poetic feeling. His best sketches are not those of advanced tendency, but the almost childish drawings of purely lyrical tone, such as the processional statue of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours. Here reproduced, it almost serves as an illustration for two of his poems.

Neither his work, of which very little had been published, nor his personality had yet impressed the general public. This occurred like a flash in 1928 on the appearance of the *Romancero Gitano*, the most widely-read book of Spanish

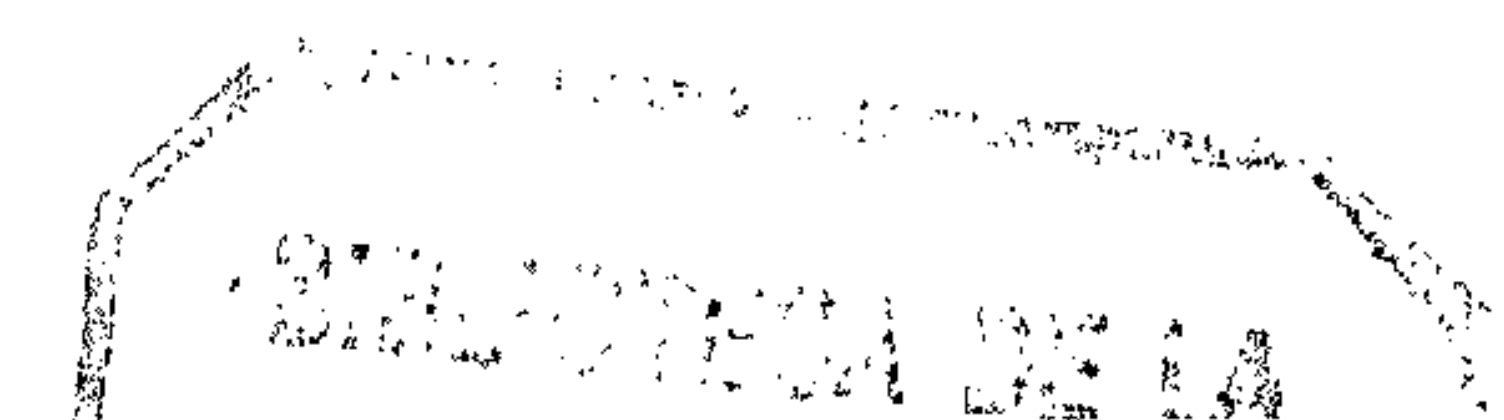
poetry in the present century, winning for its author in Spain and South America a fame exceeding that of any contemporary. The union of popular archaism with the *culto* attains here a perfection unknown since the days of Lope de Vega. To crown his work the author selects the traditional form of the Spanish lyric—the ballad, with which is brilliantly incorporated the most daring aspects of the new poetry. The evolution of the genre is thus completed. These ballads are essentially arguments in which the Andalusian soul, or rather what is deepest and most lyrical in the Andalusian soul, is manifested in all its variety. We find in them all the characteristics of the drama, plot, types, setting, action, even dialogue. Everything points to the coming dramatic writer.

The poet starts from an undoubted fact: the existence of an Andalusian gypsy population. If in the *Poema del Cante Jondo* the poet interpreted its folklore, here in the *Romancero* the theme is the man, his interior world, his violent strife with all that is non-gypsy. Seen from this viewpoint, the gypsy is transformed into a mythological, heroic being, constantly struggling with, and constantly defeated by, his everlasting enemy, the world of reality. The gypsy is, then, the personification of dream over against reality. This idea is persistent in Lorca. 'Through the olive-grove came the gypsies, bronze flesh and dreaming soul.' This is not the place to discuss whether the gypsy is such or no; in the poetic world of Lorca he is so, and that must suffice. The idea of irreality is seen more clearly expressed in the *Romance de la Guardia Civil*, in which the troops destroy the city of fantasy: 'Oh, city of the gypsies, who that knew you does not recall you,—let them seek you on my brow, in your play of moon and sand.' The poet delights in pictures of

those gypsies he saw in his childhood, 'head on high, half-closed eyes.'

The whole book is of overwhelming poetic force. Metaphors pour forth with astonishing ease, but always fitted to the idea, tone and unity of the ballad; exact touches which illustrate the types, the action or the scene. The Andalusian night is bounded by the barking of dogs, 'A horizon of dogs barks far away from the river.' The painter in Lorca produces his most delicate effects when he tells us that Antoñito el Camborio, in pure joy, 'cut off the round lemons and kept throwing them into the water, till he turned it into gold.' In the *Martirio de Santa Olalla* the image reflects deep dramatic feeling: 'Her hands roll on the ground, still crossed in weak truncated prayer.' An impetuous sensuousness runs through, not only the *Casada Infel*, but the whole book. Throughout, the ballads are dominated by the atmosphere of night, the obsession of crime and bloodshed: 'The outpoured blood moans its mute serpent song.' This obsession of death and blood, marked from the beginning of his work, was never to abandon the poet.

The poem on its appearance was greeted with the highest praise by all the critics, but some years afterwards the inevitable censure rose from certain 'pure' minorities. There was talk of facile clichés, of concessions to popular taste. Nothing could be more inexact. The most astonished at the extraordinary success was the poet himself. The existence of the gypsy and of the gypsy-world is not a cliché, it is a specific aspect of Andalusian life. There can be no 'concessions' in this interweaving of images difficult, obscure, some frankly incomprehensible. The reasons for its popular success are others. Throughout the ballads runs a stream of



elemental human truth: passion, jealousy, envy, dream, death. Furthermore, for anyone speaking Spanish from the cradle, learned or unlettered, the ballad possesses a persuasive cadence, enriched in this case by the musical quality special to our poet. If Antoñito, Soledad, Preciosa or any other of the characters created by the poet lives in the mouths of the people, this only proves the skill of their creator; and if *La Casada Infiel* acquires a morbid popularity, the blame is to be laid, not to the poet, but to the ever-unsatisfied 'Don-Juanism' of the Spaniard.

The great danger in the *Romancero* lay in the temptation to repetition and the identification of the poet with his work. 'If they are looking for another *Romancero*'—Lorca often said—"they may look!" As the months passed by and the popularity of the book increased, the poet felt the weight of his own work. This, along with other intimate reasons, made him pass through the only period of depression in his existence. He grew sad, isolated himself, said nothing of his plans, and, stranger still, no longer recited his new poems. The knowing prophets made their appearance: 'Lorca is finished': 'He can never excel the *Romancero*': and no doubt more than one thought of an Andalusian Rimbaud. The only solution was to escape from Madrid, from Spain, from the *Romancero*. The following year the poet embarked—not for Abyssinia—for New York.

Shortly after his arrival there we find in Lorca a renewal of his vitality and eager joy. Though the piano and popular songs were his only means of communication, he captured the admiration and goodwill of all who met him. It has been well observed that his triumph was the triumph of all that is Spanish. True to his character, he returned after a year without two words of English, but the journey had

~~que solo per en el agua.~~
~~De Cordoba de harmonura~~
 Blanda Cordoba de juncos.
 Su doba de torre quebrada
 de arquitectura.
 Niños de casa imposible
 en la villa se desbandan;
 Apéndices de Tobias
 y Merlones de cintura
 y jera ~~partidier~~ al per
 en ironia ~~pregunta~~
 si quiere. ~~flor de vino~~
 o salto de media luna.
 Pero el per que doxa el agua
 a los marmoles enluta
 des de leccion imposible
 de solitaria columna.
 El arcángel aljarrado
 de corales y ~~flor cura~~
 en el ~~mintón~~ de fls ordas
 buscaba ~~camino y cura.~~
~~rimero~~

nunca
 jurca
 (marmura
 torca.
 luna
 aceituna
 cintura.
 busca
 oscura
 pregunta
 para
 ambigua
 cura
 torca
 curula.
 elute
 arquitectura

que solo per en el agua
 Dos Cordobas de harmonura
 Cordoba quebrada en charnos.
 Celeste Cordoba quebrada.



been by no means fruitless. Forced into comparative silence, the poet observed with double interest the world about him.

In New York, as in Spain, what attracted his attention was the human drama, and here he found the reverse of his Spanish world. In Spain drama is always individual, of individual passions and states of mind. In New York the poet meets with the sorrow of groups and races. His first words of anxious sympathy are for Haarlem, for that negro in porter's uniform whom he sees as king of the race that one day will 'burn the chlorophyll of blonde women'; he understands the immense grief of the mulatto 'anxious to reach the white torso'. Alongside the negroes, the poet notes 'the ever-hidden and humiliated grief of the Jews'. He believes that he is witnessing a change in the scale of values. From his world of Andalusia, where the passage of so many civilizations has left behind a profound concept of life under an appearance of feckless ease the poet passes to a cold world of machinery and technology which is powerless to hide a stage of semi-primeval civilization. To a society lady in Madrid praising the comfort and progress of New York, Lorca's reply was: 'That place is a Senegal with machinery.' This is the theme of the whole book.

He has Walt Whitman translated to him and, in revolt against what he conceives to be a conspiracy of silence, he sings the praises of the man who, amidst the lunacy of 'mountains of coal, advertisements and railways, dreamed of being a river and sleeping like a river'. His *Ode to Whitman* is to my mind one of his finest; beneath its surrealist audacities, disjointed imagery and bold expression, it is not difficult at times to discover a thread of classic Spanish versification.

It is impossible to pass definite judgment on *Poeta en New York*, because Lorca, following his inveterate habit, kept retouching it until death surprised him with the task unfinished. To judge by what has been published and by the author's own recitation of what he had written, he has given, in reaction to the *Romancero*, a violent and to some extent artificial turn to his work. The folklore, possibly used to excess in previous writings, here disappears, and the poet adopts a prophetic tone, and uses by preference a longer verse. Although based on sincere feeling, the poem is loaded down with unsophisticated surrealist extravagances, which, to my mind, spoil what might have been a great work. Surrealism is a tight-fitting garment for Lorca, and it is precisely the non-surrealist part of these poems which is the most profound.

In the spring of 1930 he broke his return journey to Spain in order to visit Cuba and give there three lectures. Such was his success that he stayed two months and gave more than twenty lectures in various parts of the island. He was here in his element. 'I felt as if I had landed in Cádiz,' he kept repeating. In Cuban melodies, and in many of those called negro, he discovered a Spanish origin, traces of old ballads, the Spanish outlook on life. The negro was not what he met in Haarlem. He was a 'professorial' negro, not without wit and humour; talking to the poet he said 'we Latins'. Lorca amassed a new wealth of impressions, to be returned filtered through his personality, leaving to his negro friends a 'son cubano' full of poetry and rhythm. He was worried by the attraction exercised by Paris on certain Cuban intellectuals, and tried to lead them back to Spanish tradition. He realized in concrete form the existence of Spanish America, and as he afterwards said to a friend, 'in Cuba

I first fully recognized the tremendous responsibility of being a Spaniard.'

On his return to Spain, Lorca spent some time at his father's house in the country, where most of his work was written. His thoughts were now on the theatre, towards which an inner urge was driving him in an endeavour to react against current stage tendencies. The *Zapatera Prodigiosa* and the *Amores de Don Perlimplín* written before this time, offer us an interesting aspect of the author, his farces. In the first he kept close to his memory of the popular theatres of childhood in weaving the simple intrigue through which moves an admirable characterization of a woman. The lively rhythm of the farce, the comic truth of the characters, the use of the chorus, make of it a perfect subject for ballet. If the *Zapatera* has its roots in Spanish folklore, *Don Perlimplín* links up rather with the *Commedia dell'Arte*, but blended with the essence of Lorca's own dramatic world. In both of these and in his delightful farce for marionettes *Don Cristóbal*, we realize his struggle towards pure dramatic expression. But the instruments were inadequate for his purpose. The solution was to be found by linking up with the classical tradition of Spain, by lighting once again the violent fires of primitive eternal passions. But it was not till some years later that Lorca realized this.

During this time he was engaged on the writing of *Así que pasen cinco años*. Though the published form is only a rough draft, it contains many suggestions that were developed in later work.

In the autumn of 1930, he returned to Madrid and shortly



OUR LADY OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS
(PASO)

From an original crayon drawing by F. García Lorca, by kind permission of Gregorio Prieto

after produced a series of gramophone records of popular songs, transcribed and harmonized by himself for his artist friend, La Argentinita. After the proclamation of the Republic in 1931, he submitted to the government his scheme for a travelling theatre in which students would give performances of the Spanish classical drama throughout the towns and villages of Spain. To this company—*La Barraca*—he devoted five years of constant labour. He gave instructions in acting, chose scenery and dresses, arranged old themes for incidental music, and if an actor failed him, played the part himself. He learned much from the experience, by studying the reactions of his varied audiences. He talked over his plans for writing new plays, which gradually formed in his mind, until almost suddenly he brushed aside lesser themes to launch on what was to be a trilogy of rural life, with his tragedy *Bodas de Sangre* (1933).

The antecedents of this play are to be sought, not in his previous dramatic work, but in the *Romancero Gitano*. Though animated by a feeling for the classic drama, both of Greece and Spain, the dominating force is the soul of the people with its deep roots in the past. The voice of primitive earth constantly makes itself felt, with its elementary passions: love, hate and the conventional concept of honour. Hence its astonishing success with the Spanish-speaking public in all countries. Destiny weaves the plot and breathes through the drama from the start. Lorca's profound knowledge of the people is constantly revealed in expressions and attitudes. Until half-way through, the plane of reality is fairly well maintained, but it is later mingled with fantasy—the appearance of the Moon and Death as characters—where, to my mind, the poet is at odds with the dramatist. An attempt made to present *Bodas de*

Sangre in English dress, in New York in 1935, was a failure, and it must be confessed, necessarily so. Whether we like it or not, Spain is from many points of view, a world apart, and an attempt to transfer, in Lorca's most Spanish of poetry, Spanish values of men and things meets with an almost insurmountable barrier.

If *Bodas de Sangre* carries a plot, albeit not fully worked out, *Yerma* may be better described as variations on a theme, treated with mastery. The theme is the frustration of maternal hopes, the wife who has no children, when life all around her, vegetable, animal and human, is exuberant. Close study will show that this theme is a recurrent one throughout Lorca's work. The advance on *Bodas de Sangre* is considerable. The poet is kept in check by the dramatist, except in the rather unnecessary final masque. In essence the play keeps within the framework of Greek tragedy. The character called symbolically 'the pagan woman' is introduced into the action to state in clear terms the crux of the conflict which *Yerma* refuses to realize. In spite of crudities of expression and an apparently pantheistic atmosphere, the drama is visualized by the author from a purely Catholic standpoint. Against a non-Catholic background, *Yerma* is an impossible figure.

At the invitation of Argentine cultural societies Lorca visited Buenos Aires, where his *Bodas de Sangre* was received with acclamation in numerous performances. His prolonged stay in South America constituted an unprecedented triumph. The dramatist, the lecturer, and the man himself carried out a most efficacious missionary work in the advancement of Spanish ideas.

Back again in Spain, he entered upon a new period of intense creative activity, feeling himself now at the height of his poetic powers. In the summer of 1934 the death of his

friend the bullfighter Sánchez Mejías inspired him to a *Lament* which is one of the most profound elegiac compositions in Spanish lyrical poetry. In this, as in all the later works, are united and elevated to a higher degree the varied elements which we have already noted in the poetic world of Lorca. A stay in Galicia, and his memories of Galician emigrants in the Argentine, brought forth six poems which authoritative opinion has affirmed to be the best in our days in the Galician tongue. It is known that he was preparing others in Catalan. But in accordance with his custom the first fruits of his inspiration were given in recitals among friends, and in this way his *Sonetos del amor oscuro* became known. He was in the habit of saying: 'You can't be a poet until you *make* sonnets. You must dominate the sonnet, and not allow it to dominate you.' To the same period belong his *Gacelas* and *Casidas*, to which the united themes of love and death give a tone of mysterious presentiment. This may have surprised those who saw in the poet only the favourite of fortune, irresponsible in his apparently childish frivolity, but those nearest to him knew well how after a day of triumph, in the intimacy of conversation, he was obsessed with the idea of death and the abiding sadness of human things.

In 1934 the latent tragedy of Spain came to the surface. Everything was clothed with political significance and an attempt was made to catalogue everyone under the labels of Left and Right. Lorca, who had friends in both camps, was ready with his answer: 'I am an anarchist, communist, libertarian, Catholic, traditionalist, and monarchist,' he would say to cut off conversation on politics. Nevertheless his name was skilfully traded on for political purposes. The

production in Barcelona in December 1935 of *Rosita la Soltera*, a comedy of middle-class life in the Granada of the late 19th century, was made the occasion of political demonstrations. Lorca was saddened and observed to a friend: 'I am no fool, they are making politics out of my *Rosita*, and I won't have it.' But in the atmosphere at that time prevailing in Spain the poet could do little or nothing to stress his non-attachment to politics. Lorca, like the great majority of Spaniards, had been brought up in Catholic surroundings, and was himself an example of what may be called Andalusian Catholicism, not devoid of extravagances. His mental background was liberal and he had an innate sympathy for the peasants, for the humble and the fallen whom he unostentatiously helped. In spite of this, reactionary extremists, blind to the meaning of the poet's work, began to attack him on account of the political affiliations of some of the outstanding interpreters of his characters on the stage.

In an effort to withdraw from distressful reality, we find him in the spring of 1936 giving the last touches to the third tragedy of his trilogy of country life: *La Casa de Bernarda Alba*, which, to judge by a single reading, gives the impression of being the most perfect of the three, the one in which the poet places himself entirely at the service of the dramatist. Insistent invitations reached him at this time to visit and lecture in Mexico, where his *Yerma* was a brilliant success. But Lorca seemed to have lost his power of initiative, and after much vacillation, decided not to go. (It was during these days that he sat to the painter Gregorio Prieto for the portrait in oils here reproduced as a frontispiece.) In the month of July, Lorca was due to join his parents, for the usual summer stay of the family near Granada. Horror-

stricken by a series of political crimes, he hesitated whether to return home or remain in Madrid. He made his decision suddenly, and with a '*Sea lo que Dios quiera*', left for Granada. Two days later the ghastly civil war broke out.

In the first days of strife, some Falangistas, intimate friends of the poet and admirers of his work, invited him to their house as a protection against the possible excesses of the moment. Accounts received from trustworthy sources coincide in stating that, taking advantage of the temporary absence of his friends, an armed group whose political filiation, if any, cannot at present be established entered the house, dragged Lorca away and assassinated him brutally and cowardly in the outskirts of Granada.

Among the many griefs that Spaniards outside Spain have had to support, no small one has been that of witnessing the attempt to disfigure the poet for political ends. We have seen a personage of note in Spanish life, writing in an English review, number Lorca among 'dangerous agitators who abused their talents to lead ignorant masses astray'. No less to be censured is the tendenciousness of certain English circles, who seek to make of Lorca a *popular* poet in the class sense, instead of, as he is, the poet of the Spanish people, in the racial sense. No protest can be too strong against this use of Lorca's name for purposes of propaganda.

For his family, for his friends, for all who are interested in Spanish letters the loss is irreparable, the crime of his murderers unpardonable. But there are figures which cannot rightly be judged without a certain historical perspective. The poet's tragic end has thrown an atmosphere of legend

around him. Both his life and his work seem directed by a destiny which one might say the poet freely accepted, when at the age of nineteen, in the days of joyous youthful triumph in Granada, he wrote these strange lines:—

. . . y mi sangre sobre el campo
sea rosado y dulce limo
donde claven sus azadas
los cansados campesinos.

—“and may my blood upon the field form soft red loam
where the tired labourers can rest their spades.”

BALADA DE LA PLACETA

Cantan los niños
en la noche quieta:
¡Arroyo claro,
fuente serena!

LOS NIÑOS

¿Qué tiene tu divino
corazón en fiesta?

YO

Un doblar de campanas
perdidas en la niebla.

LOS NIÑOS

Ya nos dejas cantando
en la plazuela.
¡Arroyo claro,
fuente serena!

¿Qué tienes en tus manos
de primavera?

YO

Una rosa de sangre
y una azucena.

LOS NIÑOS

Mójalas en el agua
de la canción añeja.
¡Arroyo claro,
fuente serena!

[2]

BALLAD OF THE LITTLE SQUARE

The children sing
in the quiet night:
Clear stream,
serene fountain!

THE CHILDREN

What makes happiness
in your divine heart?

MYSELF

A clanging of bells
lost in the mist.

THE CHILDREN

You leave us singing
in the little square.
Clear stream,
serene fountain!

What do you hold in your hand
belonging to Spring?

MYSELF

A rose of blood
and a white lily.

THE CHILDREN

Dip them in the water
of the antique song.
Clear stream,
serene fountain!

[3]

¿Qué sientes en tu boca
roja y sedienta?

YO

¡El sabor de los huesos
de mi gran calavera!

LOS NIÑOS

Bebe el agua tranquila
de la canción añeja.
¡Arroyo claro,
fuente serena!

¿Por qué te vas tan lejos
de la plazuela?

YO

¡Voy en busca de magos
y de princesas!

LOS NIÑOS

¿Quién te enseñó el camino
de los poetas?

YO

La fuente y el arroyo
de la canción añeja.

LOS NIÑOS

¿Te vas lejos, muy lejos
del mar y de la tierra?

[4]

What do you feel in your mouth
scarlet and thirsting?

MYSELF

The savour of the bones
of my great skull.

THE CHILDREN

Drink the tranquil water
of the antique song.
Clear stream,
serene fountain!

Why do you go so far
from the little square?

MYSELF

I go in search of magicians
and of princesses!

THE CHILDREN

Who showed you the path
of the poets?

MYSELF

The fountain and the stream
of the antique song.

THE CHILDREN

Do you go far, very far
from the sea and the earth?

[5]

YO

Se ha llenado de luces
mi corazón de seda,
de campanas perdidas,
de lirios y de abejas.
Y yo me iré muy lejos,
más allá de esas sierras,
más allá de los mares,
cerca de las estrellas,
para pedirle a Cristo
Señor que me devuelva
mi alma antigua de niño,
madura de leyendas,
con el gorro de plumas
y el sable de madera.

LOS NIÑOS

Ya nos dejas cantando
en la plazuela,
¡Arroyo claro,
fuente serena!

Las pupilas enormes
de las frondas resacas
heridas por el viento,
lloran las hojas muertas.

[6]

MYSELF

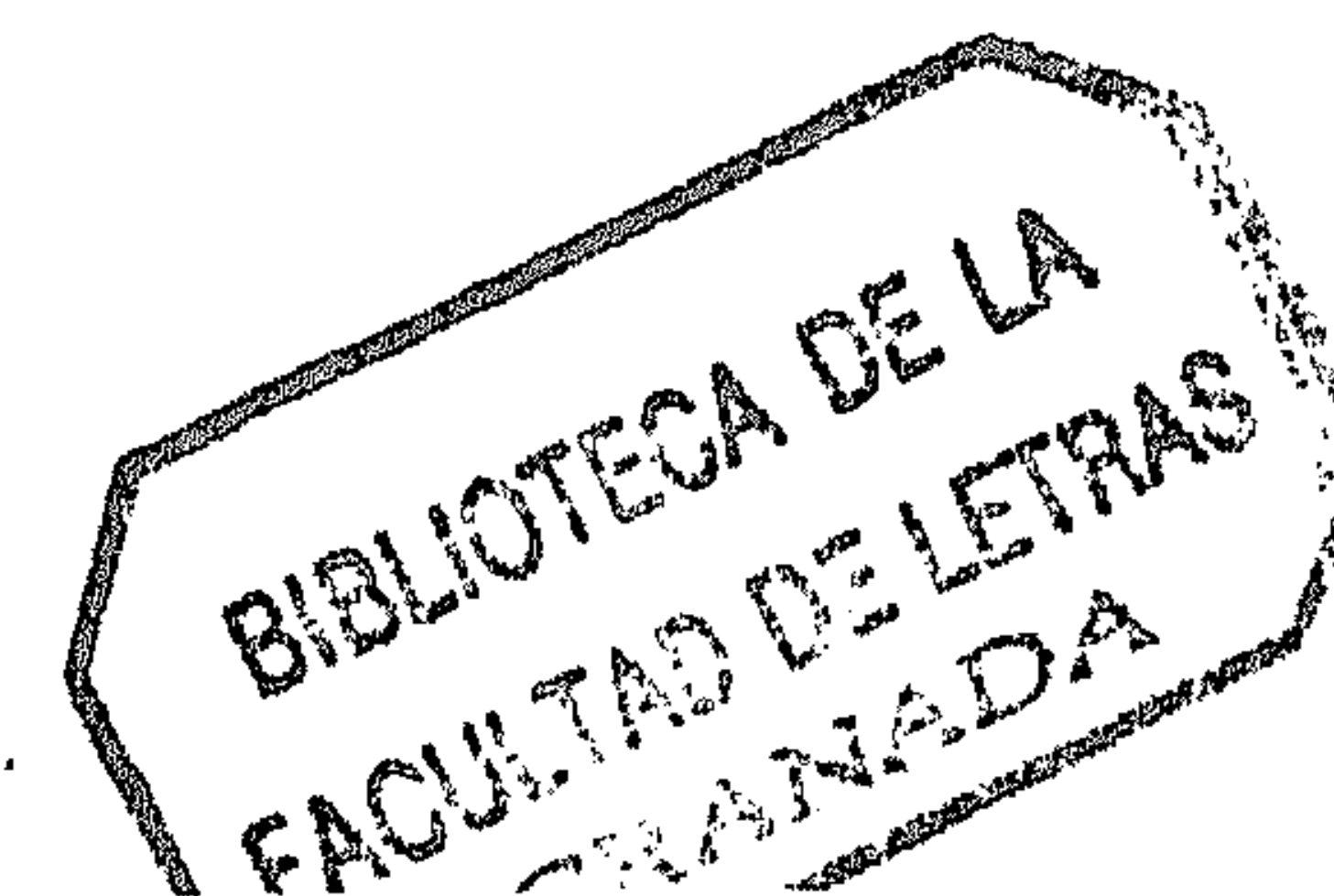
My heart of silk
is filled with lights,
with lost bells,
with lilies and with bees.
And I will go very far,
farther than those hills,
farther than the seas,
close to the stars,
to ask Christ
the Lord to give me back
my ancient soul of a child,
matured with legends,
with the feathered cap
and the wooden sword.

THE CHILDREN

You leave us singing
in the little square,
clear stream,
serene fountain!

The enormous pupils
of the parched fronds
injured by the wind,
weep for the dead leaves.

[7]



CANCIÓN

*A Mademoiselle Teresita Guillén tocando su piano
de seis notas*

El lagarto está llorando.
La lagarta está llorando.

El lagarto y la lagarta
con delantalitos blancos.

Han perdido sin querer
su anillo de desposados.

¡Ay, su anillito de plomo,
ay, su anillito plomado!

Un cielo grande y sin gente
monta en su globo a los pájaros.

El sol, capitán redondo,
lleva un chaleco de raso.

¡Miradlos qué viejos son!
¡Qué viejos son los lagartos!

¡Ay cómo lloran y lloran,
¡ay! ¡ay! cómo están llorando!

SONG

*To Mademoiselle Teresita Guillén playing her piano of six
notes*

The he-lizard is crying.
The she-lizard is crying.

The he-lizard and the she-lizard
with little white aprons.

Have lost without wanting to
their wedding ring.

Ah, their little leaden wedding ring,
ah, their little ring of lead!

A large sky without people
carries the birds in its balloon.

The sun, rotund captain,
wears a satin waistcoat.

Look how old they are!
How old the lizards are!

Oh, how they cry and cry,
Oh! Oh! How they go on crying!

CAZADOR

¡Alto pinar!
Cuatro palomas por el aire van.

Cuatro palomas
vuelan y tornan.
Llevan heridas
sus cuatro sombras.

¡Bajo pinar!
Cuatro palomas en la tierra están.

HUNTER

Above the pine trees:
four pigeons go through the air.

Four pigeons
fly and turn round.
They carry wounded
their four shadows.

Below the pine trees:
four pigeons lie on the earth.

BALADILLA DE LOS TRES RIOS

El río Guadalquivir
va entre naranjos y olivos.
Los dos ríos de Granada
bajan de la nieve al trigo.

*¡Ay, amor
que se fué y no vino!*

El río Guadalquivir
tiene las barbas granates.
Los dos ríos de Granada
uno llanto y otro sangre.

*¡Ay, amor
que se fué por el aire!*

Para los barcos de vela
Sevilla tiene un camino;
por el agua de Granada
sólo reman los suspiros.

*¡Ay, amor
que se fué y no vino!*

Guadalquivir, alta torre
y viento en los naranjales.
Dauro y Genil, torrecillas
muertas sobre los estanques.

LITTLE BALADE OF THE THREE RIVERS

The river Guadalquivir
flows between orange and olive trees.
The two rivers of Granada
fall from the snow to the wheat.

*Ah, love
that went and never came!*

The river Guadalquivir
has a garnet-coloured beard.
The two rivers of Granada,
one lament and the other blood.

*Ah, love
that went through the air!*

For the sailing boats
Sevilla has a path;
along the water of Granada
only the sighs go rowing.

*Ah, love
that went and never came!*

Guadalquivir, lofty tower
and wind in the orange grove.
Dauro and Genil, little towers
dead above the ponds.

*¡Ay, amor
que se fué por el aire!*

¡Quién dirá que el agua lleva
un fuego fatuo de gritos!

*¡Ay, amor
que se fué y no vino!*

Lleva azahar, lleva olivas,
Andalucía, a tus mares.

*¡Ay, amor
que se fué por el aire!*

*Ah, love
that went through the air!*

Who will say that the water carries
will-o'-the-wisps of cries!

*Ah, love
that went and never came!*

Take orange blossom, take olives,
Andalusia, to your seas.

*Ah, love
that went through the air!*

PUEBLO

Sobre el monte pelado
un calvario.
Agua clara
y olivos centenarios.
Por las callejas
hombres embozados,
y en las torres
veletas girando:
Eternamente
girando.
¡Oh, pueblo perdido,
en la Andalucía del llanto!

VILLAGE

On the bare mountain
a calvary.
Clear water
and centennial olive trees.
Through the streets
cloaked men,
and in the towers
vanes rotating.
Eternally
rotating.
O lost village
in Andalusia of the lament!

PASO

Virgen con miriñaque,
virgen de la Soledad,
abierta como un inmenso
tulipán.
En tu barco de luces
vas
por la alta marea
de la ciudad,
entre saetas turbias
y estrellas de cristal.
Virgen con miriñaque
tú vas
por el río de la calle,
¡hasta el mar!

PASO ¹

Virgin in a crinoline,
Virgin of Solitude,
opened like an immense
tulip.
In your ship of light
going
through the high tide
of the city,
among troubled *saetas*
and stars of crystal.
Virgin in a crinoline
you go
through the river of the street,
down to the sea!

[¹For this note and subsequent notes refer to the end of the book.]

LA GUITARRA

Empieza el llanto
de la guitarra.
Se rompen las copas
de la madrugada.
Empieza el llanto
de la guitarra.
Es inútil
callarla.
Es imposible
callarla.
Llora monótona
como llora el agua,
como llora el viento
sobre la nevada.
Es imposible
callarla.
Llora por cosas
lejanas.
Arena del Sur caliente
que pide camelias blancas.
Llora flecha sin blanco,
la tarde sin mañana,
y el primer pájaro muerto
sobre la rama.
¡Oh guitarra!
Corazón malherido
por cinco espadas.

THE GUITAR

The lament
of the guitar begins.
The wine cups of the day-break
are broken.
The lament
of the guitar begins.
It is useless
to hush it.
It is impossible
to hush it.
It weeps monotonous
as the water weeps,
as the wind weeps
over the snowfall.
It is impossible
to hush it.
It weeps for things
far away.
Sands of the warm South
which ask for white camelias.
Weeps, arrow without target,
the evening without morning,
and the first bird dead
upon the branch.
Oh guitar!
Heart stabbed
by five swords.

ROMANCE DE LOS TOROS

En la corrida más grande
que se vió en Ronda la vieja.
Cinco toros de azabache,
con divisa verde y negra.
Yo pensaba siempre en ti;
yo pensaba: si estuviera
conmigo mi triste amiga,
¡mi Marianita Pineda!
Las niñas venían gritando
sobre pintadas calesas,
con abanicos redondos
bordados de lentejuelas.
Y los jóvenes de Ronda
sobre jacas pintureras,
los anchos sombreros grises
calados hasta las cejas.
La plaza con el gentío
(calañés y altas peinetas)
giraba como un zodiaco
de risas blancas y negras.
Y cuando el gran Cayetano
cruzó la pajiza arena
con traje color manzana,
bordado de plata y seda,
destacándose gallardo
entre la gente de brega
frente a los toros zaínos
que España cría en su tierra,
parecía que la tarde
se ponía más morena.

BALLAD OF THE BULLFIGHT

In the greatest bullfight
ever seen in Ronda the old,
there were five bulls black as jet
with ribbons of black and green.
All the time I was thinking of you;
I was thinking: if only she were
with me, my sad friend,
my Marianita Pineda!
The girls came shrieking
on painted two-wheeled caleches,
with circular fans
embroidered with spangles . . .
And the youths from Ronda
on affected ponies,
the broad grey sombreros
pressed down to their eyebrows.
The bull-ring with the crowd
(calañés² and tall *peinetas*³)
rotated like a zodiac
of white and black laughs.
And when the great Cayetano
crossed the straw-coloured sand
with his apple-coloured suit,
embroidered with silver and silk,
gallantly projected
among the rough people
in front of the vicious bulls
which Spain breeds in her land,
it seemed that the afternoon
became still darker.

¡Si hubieran visto con qué
gracia movía las piernas!
¡Qué gran equilibrio el suyo
con la capa y la muleta!
¡Mejor, ni Pedro Romero
toreando las estrellas!
Cinco toros mató; cinco,
con divisa verde y negra.
En la punta de su espada
cinco flores dejó abiertas,
y a cada instante rozaba
los hocicos de las fieras,
como una gran mariposa
de oro con alas bermejas.
La plaza, al par que la tarde,
vibraba fuerte, violenta,
y entre el olor de la sangre
iba el olor de la sierra.
Yo pensaba siempre en ti;
yo pensaba: si estuviera
conmigo mi triste amiga,
¡mi Marianita Pineda!

(MARIANA PINEDA, Acto I.)

If you had seen with what
grace he moved his legs!
What grand poise was his
with the cape and the *muleta!*⁴
Better, nor even Pedro Romero
bullfighting with the stars!
Five bulls he killed; five,
with ribbons of black and green.
On the point of his sword
he opened five flowers,
and each instant he brushed
the snouts of the beasts,
like a great butterfly
of gold with vermilion wings.
The bull-ring, like the afternoon,
vibrated fiercely, violently,
and between the smell of blood
came the smell of the sierra.
All the time I was thinking of you;
I was thinking: if only she were
with me, my sad friend,
my Marianita Pineda!

(MARIANA PINEDA, Act I.)

SERENATA

(Homenaje a Lope de Vega)

Por las orillas del río
se está la noche mojando
y en los pechos de Lolita
se mueren de amor los ramos.

Se mueren de amor los ramos.

La noche canta desnuda
sobre los puentes de Marzo.
Lolita lava su cuerpo
con agua salobre y nardos.

Se mueren de amor los ramos.

La noche de anís y plata
relumbra por los tejados.
Plata de arroyos y espejos.
Anís de tus muslos blancos.

Se mueren de amor los ramos.

SERENADE

(Homage to Lope de Vega)

Along the river banks
the night is drenched
and in the breasts of Lolita
the flowers die of love.

The flowers die of love.

The night sings naked
above the bridges of March
Lolita bathes her body
with salt water and nards.

The flowers die of love.

The night of anis and silver
shines over the roofs.
Silver of streams and mirrors.
Anis of your white thighs.

The flowers die of love.

CANCIÓN

La niña del bello rostro
está cogiendo aceituna.
El viento, galán de torres,
la prende por la cintura.
Pasaron cuatro jinetes,
sobre jacas andaluzas
con trajes de azul y verde,
con largas capas oscuras.
“Vente a Córdoba, muchacha.”
La niña no los escucha.
Pasaron tres torerillos
delgaditos de cintura,
con trajes color naranja
y espadas de plata antigua.
“Vente a Sevilla, muchacha.”
La niña no los escucha.
Cuando la tarde se puso
morada, con luz difusa,
pasó un joven que llevaba
rosas y mirtos de luna.
“Vente a Granada, muchacha.”
Y la niña no lo escucha.
La niña del bello rostro
sigue cogiendo aceituna,
con el brazo gris del viento
ceñido por la cintura.

SONG

The girl with the beautiful face
is gathering olives.
The wind, that gallant of towers,
takes her by the waist.
Four riders passed
on Andalusian ponies,
with suits of blue and green,
with long dark cloaks.
“Come to Córdoba, lass.”
The girl pays no heed.
Three young bullfighters passed,
slender of waist,
with orange-coloured suits
and swords of antique silver.
“Come to Seville, lass.”
The girl pays no heed.
When the evening became
purple, with diffused light,
a youth passed bringing
roses and myrtle of moon.
“Come to Granada, lass.”
And the girl pays no heed.
The girl with the beautiful face
goes on gathering olives,
with the grey arm of the wind
encircling her waist.

CANTO NOCTURNO DE LOS MARINEROS
ANDALUCES

De Cádiz a Gibraltar,
¡qué buen caminito!
El mar conoce mi paso
por los suspiros.

¡Ay, muchacha, muchacha,
cuánto barco en el puerto de Málaga!

De Cádiz a Sevilla,
¡cuántos limoncitos!
El limonar me conoce
por los suspiros.

¡Ay, muchacha, muchacha,
cuánto barco en el puerto de Málaga!

De Sevilla a Carmona
no hay un solo cuchillo,
la media luna corta,
y el aire, pasa, herido.

¡Ay muchacho, muchacho,
que las olas me llevan mi caballo!

Por las salinas muertas
yo te olvidé, amor mío.
El que quiera un corazón
que pregunte por mi olvido.

[30]

NOCTURNAL SONG OF THE ANDALUSIAN
SAILORS

From Cádiz to Gibraltar,
how good the path!
The sea knows my passing
by my sighs.

Ah, lass, lass,
how many boats in the port of Málaga!

From Cádiz to Seville,
how many lemons!
The lemon grove knows me
by my sighs.

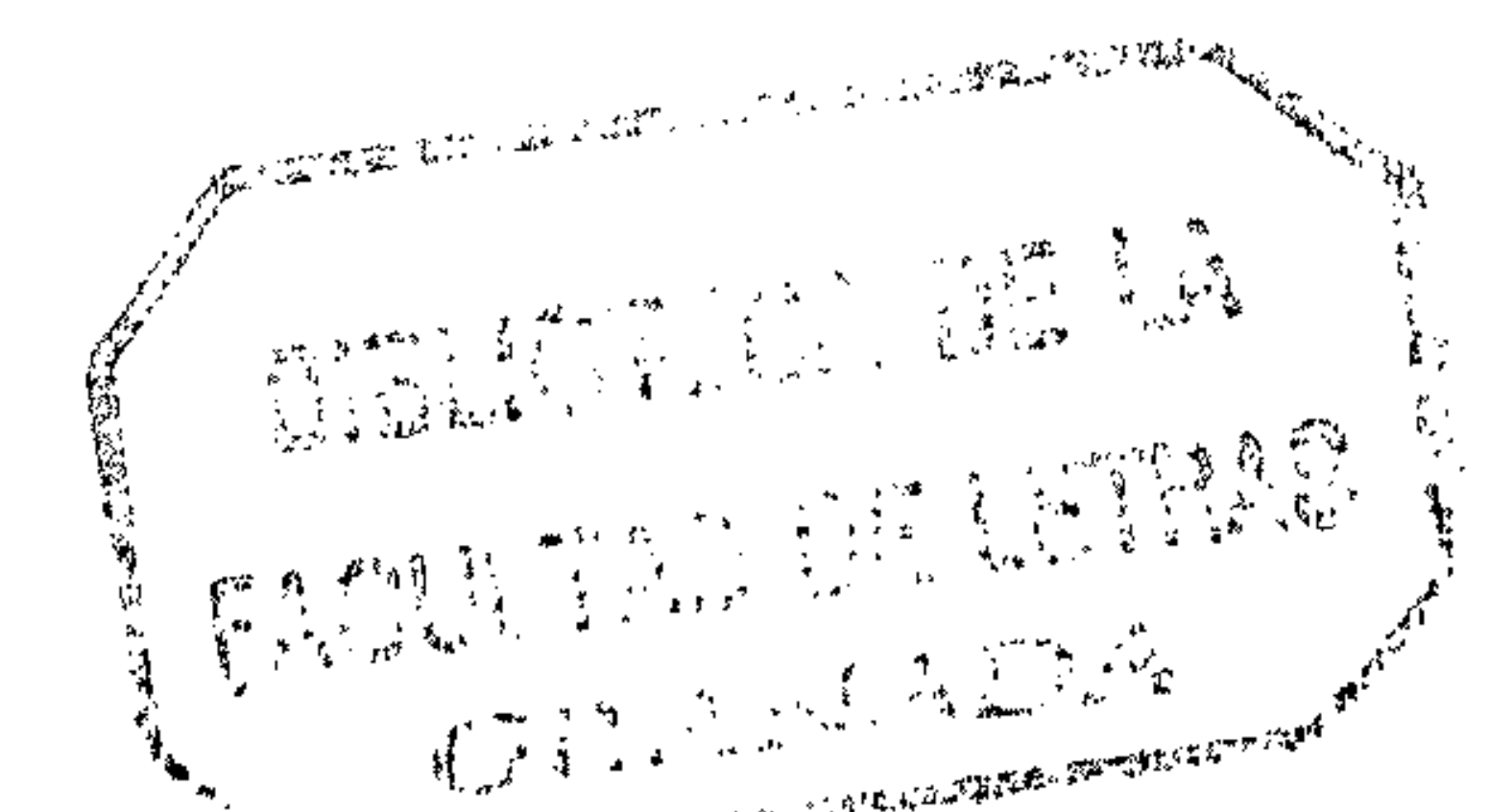
Ah, lass, lass,
how many boats in the port of Málaga!

From Seville to Carmona
there is not one knife,
the half moon cuts,
and the air passes, wounded.

Ah, lad, lad,
how the waves carry away my horse!

Along the salt-pits
I forgot you, my love.
Whoever wants a heart
let him ask for my forgetfulness.

[31]



¡Ay, muchacho, muchacho,
que las olas se llevan mi caballo!

Cádiz, que te cubre el mar,
no avances por ese sitio.
Sevilla, ponte de pie
para no ahogarte en el río.

¡Ay, muchacha!
¡Ay, muchacho!
¡Qué buen caminito!
Cuánto barco en el puerto
y en la plaza, ¡qué frío!

Ah, lad, lad,
how the waves carry away my horse!

Cádiz, do not advance this way,
lest the sea covers you.
Seville, stand up
not to get drowned in the river.

Ah, lass!
Ah, lad!
How good the path!
How many boats in the port
and in the square, how cold!

CANCIÓN DE JINETE

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

Jaca negra, luna grande,
y aceitunas en mi alforja.
Aunque sepa los caminos
yo nunca llegaré a Córdoba.

Por el llano, por el viento,
jaca negra, luna roja.
La muerte me está mirando
desde la torres de Córdoba.

¡Ay qué camino tan largo!
¡Ay mi jaca valerosa!
¡Ay que la muerte me espera,
antes de llegar a Córdoba!

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

SONG OF THE RIDER

Córdoba.
Far away and alone.

Black pony, big moon,
and olives in my saddle-bag.
Although I know the roads
I'll never reach Córdoba.

Through the plain, through the wind,
black pony, red moon.
Death is looking at me
from the towers of Córdoba.

Ah! How long the road!
Ah! my valiant pony!
Ah! that death should wait me
before I reach Córdoba!

Córdoba.
Far away and alone.

ROMANCE SONÁMBULO

Verde que te quiero verde.
Verde viento. Verdes ramas.
El barco sobre la mar
y el caballo en la montaña.
Con la sombra en la cintura
ella sueña en su baranda,
verde carne, pelo verde,
con ojos de fría plata.
Verde que te quiero verde.
Bajo la luna gitana,
las cosas la están mirando
y ella no puede mirarlas.

Verde que te quiero verde.
Grandes estrellas de escarcha
vienen con el pez de sombra
que abre el camino del alba.
La higuera frota su viento
con la lija de sus ramas,
y el monte, gato garduño,
eriza sus pitas agrias.
Pero ¿quién vendrá? ¿Y por dónde?
Ella sigue en su baranda,
verde carne, pelo verde,
soñando en la mar amarga.
— Compadre, quiero cambiar
mi caballo por su casa,
mi montura por su espejo,
mi cuchillo por su manta.
Compadre, vengo sangrando,

SOMNAMBULE BALLAD

Green, how I love you, green.
Green wind. Green branches.
The ship upon the sea
and the horse in the mountain.
With the shadow on her waist
she dreams on her balustrade,
green flesh, hair of green,
with eyes of cold silver.
Green, how I love you, green.
Under the gipsy moon,
all things are looking at her
and she cannot look at them.

Green, how I love you, green.
Great stars of white frost
come with the fish of darkness
that opens the road of dawn.
The fig-tree rubs its wind
with the sand-paper of its branches,
and the mountain, filching cat,
bristles its sour agaves.
But who will come? And from where?
She lingers on her balustrade,
green flesh, hair of green,
dreaming of the bitter sea.
—Friend, I want to change
my horse for your house,
my saddle for your mirror,
my knife for your blanket.
Friend, I come bleeding,

desde los puertos de Cabra.
— Si yo pudiera, mocito,
este trato se cerraba.
Pero yo ya no soy yo,
ni mi casa es ya mi casa.
— Compadre, quiero morir
decentemente en mi cama.
De acero, si puede ser,
con las sábanas de holanda.
¿No ves la herida que tengo
desde el pecho a la garganta?
— Trescientas rosas morenas
lleva tu pechera blanca.
Tu sangre rezuma y huele
alrededor de tu faja.
Pero yo ya no soy yo,
ni mi casa es ya mi casa.
— Dejádme subir al menos
hasta las altas barandas;
¡dejádme subir!, dejádme
hasta las verdes barandas.
Barandales de la luna
por donde retumba el agua.

Ya suben los dos compadres
hacia las altas barandas.
Dejando un rastro de sangre.
Dejando un rastro de lágrimas.
Temblaban en los tejados
farolillos de hojalata.
Mil panderos de cristal
herían la madrugada.

from the ports of Cabra.
—If I could, young man,
this pact would be sealed.
But I am no longer myself,
nor is my house now my house.
—Friend, I want to die
decently in my bed.
Of steel, if it be possible,
with sheets from Holland.
Do you not see the wound I have
from my breast to my throat?
—Your white shirt bears
three hundred dark roses.
Your blood is pungent and oozes
around your sash.
But I am no more I,
nor is my house now my house.
—Let me climb at least
up to the high balustrades;
let me come up! let me
up to the green balustrades.
Balustrades of the moon
where the water resounds.

Now the two go up
towards the high balustrades.
Leaving a trail of blood.
Leaving a trail of tears.
There were shaking on the roofs
small lanterns of tin.
A thousand tambourines of crystal
were wounding the dawn.

Verde que te quiero verde,
verde viento, verdes ramas.
Los dos compadres subieron.
El largo viento dejaba
en la boca un raro gusto
de hiel, de menta y de albahaca.
¡Compadre! ¿Dónde está, dime,
dónde está tu niña amarga?
¡Cuántas veces te esperó!
¡Cuántas veces te esperara,
cara fresca, negro pelo,
en esta verde baranda!

Sobre el rostro del aljibe
se mecía la gitana.
Verde carne, pelo verde,
con ojos de fría plata.
Un carámbano de luna
la sostiene sobre el agua.
La noche se puso íntima
como una pequeña plaza.
Guardias civiles borrachos
en la puerta golpeaban.

Verde que te quiero verde.
Verde viento. Verdes ramas.
El barco sobre la mar.
Y el caballo en la montaña.

Green, how I love you, green,
green wind, green branches.
The two friends went up.
The long wind was leaving
in the mouth a rare taste
of gall, of mint and of sweet-basil.
Friend! Where is she, tell me,
where is your bitter girl?
How many times did she wait for you!
How many times would she wait for you,
cool face, black hair,
on this green balustrade!

Over the face of the cistern
the gipsy girl swayed.
Green flesh, hair of green,
with eyes of cold silver.
An icicle of moon
holds her above the water.
The night became intimate
like a little square.
Drunken civil guards
were knocking at the door.

Green, how I love you, green.
Green wind. Green branches.
The ship upon the sea.
And the horse in the mountain.

LA CASADA INFIEL

Y que yo me la llevé al río
creyendo que era mozuela,
pero tenía marido.

Fué la noche de Santiago
y casi por compromiso.
Se apagaron los faroles
y se encendieron los grillos.
En las últimas esquinas
toqué sus pechos dormidos,
y se me abrieron de pronto
como ramos de jacintos.
El almidón de su enagua
me sonaba en el oído
como una pieza de seda
rasgada por diez cuchillos.
Sin luz de plata en sus copas
los árboles han crecido
y un horizonte de perros
ladra muy lejos del río.

Pasadas las zarzadoras,
los juncos y los espinos,
bajo su mata de pelo
hice un hoyo sobre el limo.
Yo me quité la corbata.
Ella se quitó el vestido.
Yo el cinturón con revólver.
Ella sus cuatro corpiños.
Ni nardos ni caracolas

THE FAITHLESS WIFE

And I took her to the river
thinking she was a maiden,
but she had a husband.

It was on Saint James's night
and almost as if prearranged.
The lanterns went out
and the crickets lighted up.
In the farthest corners
I touched her sleeping breasts,
and they opened to me suddenly
like spikes of hyacinth.
The starch of her petticoat
sounded in my ears
like a piece of silk
torn by ten knives.
Without silver light on their foliage
the trees had grown larger
and a horizon of dogs
barks very far from the river.

Past the blackberries,
the reeds and the hawthorn,
underneath her cluster of hair
I made a hollow in the earth.
I took off my tie.
She took off her dress.
I my belt with the revolver.
She her four bodices.
Nor nard nor conch

tienen el cutis tan fino,
ni los cristales con luna
relumbran con ese brillo.
Sus muslos se me escapaban
como peces sorprendidos,
la mitad llenos de lumbre,
la mitad llenos de frío.
Aquella noche corrí
el mejor de los caminos,
montado en potra de nácar
sin bridas y sin estribos.
No quiero decir, por hombre,
las cosas que ella me dijo.
La luz del entendimiento
me hace ser muy comedido.
Sucia de besos y arena
yo me la llevé del río.
Con el aire se batían
las espadas de los lirios.

Me porté como quien soy.
Como un gitano legítimo.
La regalé un costurero
grande, de raso pajizo,
y no quise enamorarme
porque teniendo marido
me dijo que era mozuela
cuando la llevaba al río.

have skin so fine,
nor did crystals lit by moon
shine with this brilliance.
Her thighs escaped me
like startled fish,
half full of fire,
half full of cold.
That night I ran
on the best of the roads
mounted on a mare of nacre
without bridle or stirrups.
As a man, I won't repeat
the things she said to me.
The light of understanding
has made me most discreet.
Smeared with sand and kisses
I took her from the river.
With the air battled
the swords of the lilies.

I behaved as the person I am.
Like a proper gipsy.
I gave her a sewing basket, large,
of straw-coloured satin,
and I did not want to fall in love
because having a husband
she told me she was a maiden,
when I took her to the river.

MUERTE DE ANTOÑITO EL CAMBORIO

Voces de muerte sonaron
cerca del Guadalquivir.
Voces antiguas que cercan
voz de clavel varonil.
Les clavó sobre las botas
mordiscos de jabalí.
En la lucha daba saltos
jabonados de delfín.
Bañó con sangre enemiga
su corbata carmesí,
pero eran cuatro puñales
y tuvo que sucumbir.
Cuando las estrellas clavan
rejones al agua gris,
cuando los erales sueñan
verónicas de alhelí,
voces de muerte sonaron
cerca del Guadalquivir.

— Antonio Torres Heredia,
Camborio de dura crin,
moreno de verde luna,
voz de clavel varonil:
¿Quién te ha quitado la vida
cerca del Guadalquivir?
— Mis cuatro primos Heredias,
hijos de Benamejí.
Lo que en otros no envidiaban,
ya lo envidiaban en mí.
Zapatos color corinto,

DEATH OF ANTOÑITO EL CAMBORIO

Voices of death resounded
near the Guadalquivir.
Ancient voices which surround
voice of male carnation.
He nailed through their boots
bites of wild boar.
In the fight he made leaps
of slippery dolphin.
He bathed in enemy blood
his crimson tie,
but there were four daggers
and he could only succumb.
When the stars nail
spears on the grey water,
when the yearlings dream
verónicas of wall flowers,
voices of death resounded
near the Guadalquivir.

—Antonio Torres Heredia,
an authentic Camborio,
dark of green moon,
voice of male carnation:
Who took your life away
near the Guadalquivir?
—My four cousins the Heredias,
sons of Benamejí.
They did not envy in others
what they envied in me.
Raisin-coloured shoes,

medallones de marfil,
y este cutis amasado
con aceituna y jazmín.
— ¡Ay, Antoñito el Camborio
digno de una Emperatriz!
Acuérdate de la Virgen
porque te vas a morir.
— ¡Ay, Federico García,
llama a la Guardia civil!
Ya mi talle se ha quebrado
como caña de maíz.

Tres golpes de sangre tuvo
y se murió de perfil.
Viva moneda que nunca
se volverá a repetir.
Un ángel marchoso pone
su cabeza en un cojín.
Otros de rubor cansado
encendieron un candil.
Y cuando los cuatro primos
llegan a Benamejí,
voces de muerte cesaron
cerca del Guadalquivir.

ivory lockets,
and this skin kneaded
with olives and jasmynes.
—Ah, Antoñito of the Camborios
worthy of an Empress!
Remember the Virgin
because you are to die.
—Ah, Federico García,
call the Guardia Civil!
Already my waist has snapped
like a stalk of maize.

Three gushes of blood
and he died in profile.
Living coin which never
will be repeated.
A swaggering angel places
his head on a cushion.
Others of tired bashfulness
lighted an oil-lamp.
And when the four cousins
arrive at Benamejí,
voices of death ceased
near the Guadalquivir.

THAMÁR Y AMNÓN

La luna gira en el cielo
sobre las tierras sin agua
mientras el verano siembra
rumores de tigre y llama.
Por encima de los techos
nervios de metal sonaban.
Aire rizado venía
con los balidos de lana.
La tierra se ofrece llena
de heridas cicatrizadas,
o estremecida de agudos
cauterios de luces blancas.

Thamár estaba soñando
pájaros en su garganta,
al son de panderos fríos
y cítaras enlunadas.
Su desnudo en el alero,
agudo norte de palma,
pide copos a su vientre
y granizo a sus espaldas.
Thamár estaba cantando
desnuda por la terraza.
Alrededor de sus pies,
cinco palomas heladas.
Amnón, delgado y concreto,
en la torre la miraba
llenas las ingles de espuma
y oscilaciones la barba.
Su desnudo iluminado

THAMAR AND AMNON

The moon turns in the sky
over lands without water
while the Summer sows
rumours of tiger and llama.
Above the roofs
nerves of metal were sounding.
Corrugated air came
with the bleating of wool.
Earth offers itself full
of cicatrized wounds,
or shaken by acute
cauteries of white lights.

Thamar was dreaming
birds in her throat,
to the sound of cold tambourines
and moon-bathed cithars.
Her nakedness in the eaves,
sharp pole-star of palm,
asks for snow flakes on her belly
and hail on her shoulders.
Thamar was singing
naked on the terrace.
Around her feet,
five frozen pigeons.
Amnon, slender and concrete,
in the tower gazed at her
his loins full of foam
and his beard of vibration.
His illuminated nakedness

se tendía en la terraza,
con un rumor entre dientes
de flecha recién clavada.
Amnón estaba mirando
la luna redonda y baja,
y vió en la luna los pechos
durísimos de su hermana.

Amnón a las tres y media
se tendió sobre la cama.
Toda la alcoba sufría
con sus ojos llenos de alas.
La luz, maciza, sepulta
pueblos en la arena parda,
o descubre transitorio
coral de rosas y dalias.
Linha de pozo oprimida
brota silencio en las jarras.
En el musgo de los troncos
la cobra tendida canta.
Amnón gime por la tela
fresquísima de la cama.
Yedra del escalofrío
cubre su carne quemada.
Thamár entró silenciosa
en la alcoba silenciada,
color de vena y Danubio
turbia de huellas lejanas.
—Thamár, bórrame los ojos
con tu fija madrugada.
Mis hilos de sangre tejen
volantes sobre tu falda.

was stretched out on the terrace,
with between his teeth a rumour
of new struck arrow.
Amnon was gazing at
the round and low moon,
he saw in the moon his sister's
very firm breasts.

At half past three Amnon
stretched himself on his bed.
The whole alcove suffered
with his eyes full of wings.
The thick light buries
villages in the brown sand,
or discovers transitory
coral of roses and dahlias.
Lymph of oppressed well
blossoms silence in the jars.
In the moss of tree-stems
the stretched cobra sings.
Amnon groans between the cold
sheets of his bed.
Shivering ivy
covers his parched flesh.
Thamar entered silent
into the silenced alcove,
colour of vein and Danube
turbid with remote footprints.
—Thamar, efface these eyes
with your fixed dawn.
My threads of blood weave
frills over your lap.

— Déjame tranquila, hermano,
Son tus besos en mi espalda
avispas y viente-cillos
en doble enjambre de flautas.
— Thamár, en tus pechos altos
hay dos peces que me llaman
y en las yemas de tus dedos
rumor de rosa encerrada.

Los cien caballos del rey
en el patio relinchaban.
Sol en cubos resistía
la delgadez de la parra.
Ya la coge del cabello,
ya la camisa le rasga.
Corales tibios dibujan
arroyos en rubio mapa.

¡Oh, qué gritos se sentían
por encima de las casas!
Qué espesura de puñales
y túnicas desgarradas.
Por las escaleras tristes
esclavos suben y bajan.
Émbolos y muslos juegan
bajo las nubes paradas.
Alrededor de Thamár
gritan vírgenes gitanas
y otras recogen las gotas
de su flor martirizada.
Paños blancos enrojecen
en las alcobas cerradas.

—Leave me in peace, brother.
Your kisses in my shoulder
are wasps and light breezes
in a double swarm of flutes.
—Thamar, in your high breasts
two fishes are calling me,
and in the tips of your fingers
there are murmurs of sealed rose.

The hundred horses of the king
neighed in the courtyard.
In cubes the sun resisted
the slenderness of the vine.
Now he grasps her by the hair,
now he claws her dress.
Tepid corals draw
rivulets in a fair map.

Oh, what screams were felt
above the houses!
What thickness of daggers
and ripped-up tunics.
Along the sad stairways
slaves go up and down.
Pistons and thighs play
under suspended clouds.
Around Thamar
scream gipsy virgins
and others collect the drops
of her martyred flower.
White fabrics blush
in the closed alcoves.

Rumores de tibia aurora
pámpanos y peces cambian.

Violador enfurecido,
Amnón huye con su jaca.
Negros le dirigen flechas
en los muros y atalayas.
Y cuando los cuatro cascos
eran cuatro resonancias,
David con unas tijeras
cortó las cuerdas del arpa.

Rumours of cool aurora
vine-tendrils and fishes change.

Infuriated violator,
Amnon flees on his pony.
Negroes aim arrows at him
from ramparts and towers.
And when the four hoofs
were four resonances,
with a pair of scissors, David
cut the strings of the harp.

CANCIÓN

A Claudio Guillén, niño en Sevilla

Por las ramas del laurel
vi dos palomas oscuras.
La una era el sol,
la otra la luna.
Vecinitas, les dije:
¿Dónde está mi sepultura?
En mi cola, dijo el sol.
En mi garganta, dijo la luna.
Y yo que estaba caminando
con la tierra a la cintura
ví dos águilas de mármol
y una muchacha desnuda.
La una era la otra
y la muchacha era ninguna.
Aguilitas, les dije:
¿Dónde está mi sepultura?
En mi cola, dijo el sol.
En mi garganta, dijo la luna.
Por las ramas del cerezo
vi dos palomas desnudas.
La una era la otra
y las dos eran ninguna.

SONG

To Claudio Guillén, when a boy in Seville

In the laurel branches
I saw two dark pigeons.
One was the sun
the other the moon.
Little neighbours, I said to them,
Where is my grave?
In my tail, said the sun.
In my throat, said the moon.
And I who was walking
with the earth up to my waist
saw two eagles of marble
and a naked girl.
One was the other
and the girl was neither.
Little eagles, I said to them,
Where is my grave?
In my tail, said the sun.
In my throat, said the moon.
In the cherry branches
I saw two naked pigeons.
One was the other
and both were neither.

NORMA—I

Norma de ayer encontrada
sobre mi noche presente;
resplandor adolescente
que se opone a la nevada.
No quieren darte posada
mis dos niñas de sigilo,
huérfanas de amor en vilo
sobre mi corazón ya muerto,
pero mi amor busca el huerto
donde descansa tu estilo.

NORMA—II ⁵

Norma de pecho y cadera
bajo la rama tendida;
primera y recién nacida
virtud de la primavera.
Ya mi desnudo quisiera
ser dalia de tu destino,
abeja, rumor o trino
de tu número y locura,
pero mi amor busca pura
locura de brisa y pino.

NORM—I

Norm, which my yesterdays did know
above my present night;
adolescent daylight
opposing the white snow.
My eyes of secrecy, the two
orphans of love suspended
above my heart now dead
refuse to keep thee sheltered,
but my love seeks for the orchard
where thy customs may be rested.

NORM—II

Spring's first and new-born, thou
of all her virtues best,
norm of hip and breast
outstretched beneath the bough.
My nakedness seeks to be now
dahlia of thy destiny,
of thy number and insanity
bee, trill or murmur.
But my love seeks for its pure
madness of breeze and pine tree.

SONETO

EN LA MUERTE DE JOSÉ DE CIRIA Y ESCALANTE

¿Quién dirá que te vió, y en qué momento?
¡Qué dolor de penumbra iluminada!
Dos voces suenan: el reloj y el viento,
mientras flota sin ti la madrugada.

Un delirio de nardo ceniciento
invade tu cabeza delicada.
¡Hombre! ¡Pasión! ¡Dolor de luz! ¡Memento!
Vuelve hecho luna y corazón de nada.

Vuelve hecho luna: con mi propia mano
lanzaré tu manzana sobre el río
turbio de rojos peces de verano.

Y tú arriba, en lo alto, verde y frío,
¡Olvídate! Y olvida el mundo vano,
delicado Giocondo, amigo mío.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF JOSÉ DE CIRIA Y ESCALANTE

Who will say—and at what time—he saw you?
What sorrows of darkness illumine!
The clock and the wind sound: voices two,
while, without you, the dawn floats in.

Delirium of cinerous nard burns,
your delicate head invading.
Man! Passion! Anguish of light! Remembrance!
Return made moon and heart out of nothing.

Return, made moon: with my own hand
I will throw your apple over the stream
turbid where red summer fishes go.

And cold and green, above, where you stand,
forget. And forget the world's vain dream,
my friend, delicate Giocondo.

ADÁN

Árbol de sangre moja la mañana
por donde gime la recién parida.
Su voz deja cristales en la herida
y un gráfico de hueso en la ventana.

Mientras la luz que viene fija y gana
blancas metas de fábula que olvida
el tumulto de venas en la huída
hacia el turbio frescor de la manzana.

Adán sueña en la fiebre de la arcilla
un niño que se acerca galopando
por el doble latir de su mejilla.

Pero otro Adán oscuro está soñando
neutra luna de piedra sin semilla
donde el niño de luz se irá quemando.

ADAM

Morning by tree of blood is moistened
where the newly-delivered woman groans.
Her voice leaves crystals in the wound
and in the windows a print of bones.

While the light comes in secure and gains
white boundaries of oblivious fable
in the rush from the turmoil of the veins
towards the clouded coolness of the apple.

Adam dreams in the fever of clay
of a child which draws nearer galloping,
with the double throb of his cheek its way.

But another obscure Adam sleeping
dreams neuter seedless stone moon far away
where the child of light will be kindling.

ODA AL REY DE HARLEM

Con una cuchara
le arrancaba los ojos a los cocodrilos
y golpeaba el trasero de los monos.
Con una cuchara.

Fuego de siempre dormía en los pedernales
y los escarabajos borrachos de anís
olvidaban el musgo de las aldeas.

Aquel viejo cubierto de setas
iba al sitio donde lloraban los negros
mientras crujía la cuchara del Rey
y llegaban los tanques de agua podrida.

Las rosas huían por los filos de las últimas curvas del aire,
y en los montones de azafrán
los niños machacaban pequeñas ardillas
con un rubor de frenesí manchado.

Es preciso pasar los puentes
y llegar al rumor negro,
para que el perfume del pulmón nos golpee las sienas
con su vestido de caliente piña.

Es preciso matar al rubio vendedor de aguardiente,
a todos los amigos de la manzana y la arena

ODE TO THE KING OF HARLEM

With a spoon
he scooped out the eyes of crocodiles
and spanked the monkeys on their bottoms.
With a spoon.

Fire of all times slept in the flints
and the beetles drunk with anis
forgot the moss of the villages.

That old man covered with mushrooms
went to the place where the negroes were weeping
while the spoon of the King crackled
and the tanks of putrid water arrived.

Roses ran away along the edge of the final curves of the air,
and in the mounds of saffron
the boys were mauling small squirrels
with a flush of stained frenzy.

It is necessary to cross the bridges
and to reach the black rumour,
so that the perfume of lungs strikes our temples
with its suit of warm pineapple.

Necessary to murder the blonde seller of brandy,
and all the friends of the apple and sand,

y es necesario dar con los puños cerrados
a las pequeñas judías que tiemblan llenas de burbujas,
para que el Rey de Harlem cante con su muchedumbre,
para que los cocodrilos duerman en largas filas
bajo el amianto de la Luna,
para que nadie dude de la infinita belleza de los embudos,
los rayadores, los plumeros y las cacerolas de las cocinas.
¡Ay Harlem! ¡Ay Harlem! ¡Ay Harlem!
No hay angustia comparable a tus rojos oprimidos;
a tu sangre estremecida dentro de tu eclipse obscuro,
a tu violencia granate sordomuda en la penumbra,
a tu gran Rey prisionero con un traje de conserje.

Tenía la noche una hendidura
y quietas salamandras de marfil.
Las muchachas americanas llevaban niños y monedas en el
vientre
y los muchachos se desmayaban en la cruz del desperezo.
Ellos son.
Ellos son los que toman el whisky de plata junto a los
volcanes
y tragan pedacitos de corazón por las heladas montañas
del ojo.

Aquella noche el Rey de Harlem con una durísima cuchara
le arrancaba los ojos a los cocodrilos
y golpeaba el trasero de los monos.
Con una durísima cuchara.

Los negros lloraban confundidos entre paraguas y soles de
oro.

necessary to bang with closed fists
the small Jewesses that tremble full of bubbles,
so that the King of Harlem sings with his multitude,
so that the crocodiles sleep in long rows
under the asbestos of the moon,
so that nobody doubts the infinite beauty of funnels,
graters, feather-dusters, and saucepans in kitchens.
Ah Harlem! Ah Harlem! Ah Harlem!
There is no anxiety comparable to your oppressed scarlets,
to your blood shaken within your dark eclipse,
to your garnet violence deaf and dumb in the penumbra,
to your great King, a prisoner with a commissioner's
uniform.

The night had a fissure
and still ivory salamanders.
The American girls carried babies and coins in their
bellies
and the boys fainted stretched on the cross of lassitude.
They are.
They are those who take silver whisky near the volcanoes
and devour bits of heart through the frozen mountains of
the eye.

That night the King of Harlem with a very hard spoon
scooped out the eyes of crocodiles
and spanked the monkeys on their bottoms.
With a very hard spoon.

The negroes cried abased among umbrellas and golden
suns.

Los mulatos estiraban gomas ansiosos de llegar al torso
blanco
y el viento empañaba espejos y quebraba las venas de los
bailarines.

Negros, negros, negros, negros.
La sangre no tiene puertas en vuestra noche boca arriba.
No hay rubor. Sangre furiosa por debajo de las pieles
viva en la espina del puñal y en el pecho de los
paisajes
entre las pinzas y las ventanas de la celeste Luna de
Cáncer.

Sangre que busca por mil caminos
muertes enharinadas y ceniza de nardos,
cielos blancos y polos donde lo negro cante.
Sangre que mira lenta con el rabo del ojo
hecha de espartos exprimidos y néctares subterráneos,
sangre que oxida al alisio descuidado en una huella
y disuelve las mariposas en los cristales de la ventana.

Es la sangre que viene, que vendrá por los tejados y azoteas
para quemar la clorofilia de las mujeres rubias,
para gemir al pié de las camas ante el insomnio de los
lavabos
y estrellarse en una aurora de tabaco y bajo amarillo.

Hay que huir de las orillas y encerrarse en los últimos
pisos
porque el tuétano del bosque penetrará por las rendijas

[70]

The mulattos were stretching gum anxious to reach the
white torso
and the wind blurred mirrors and burst open the veins of
the dancers.

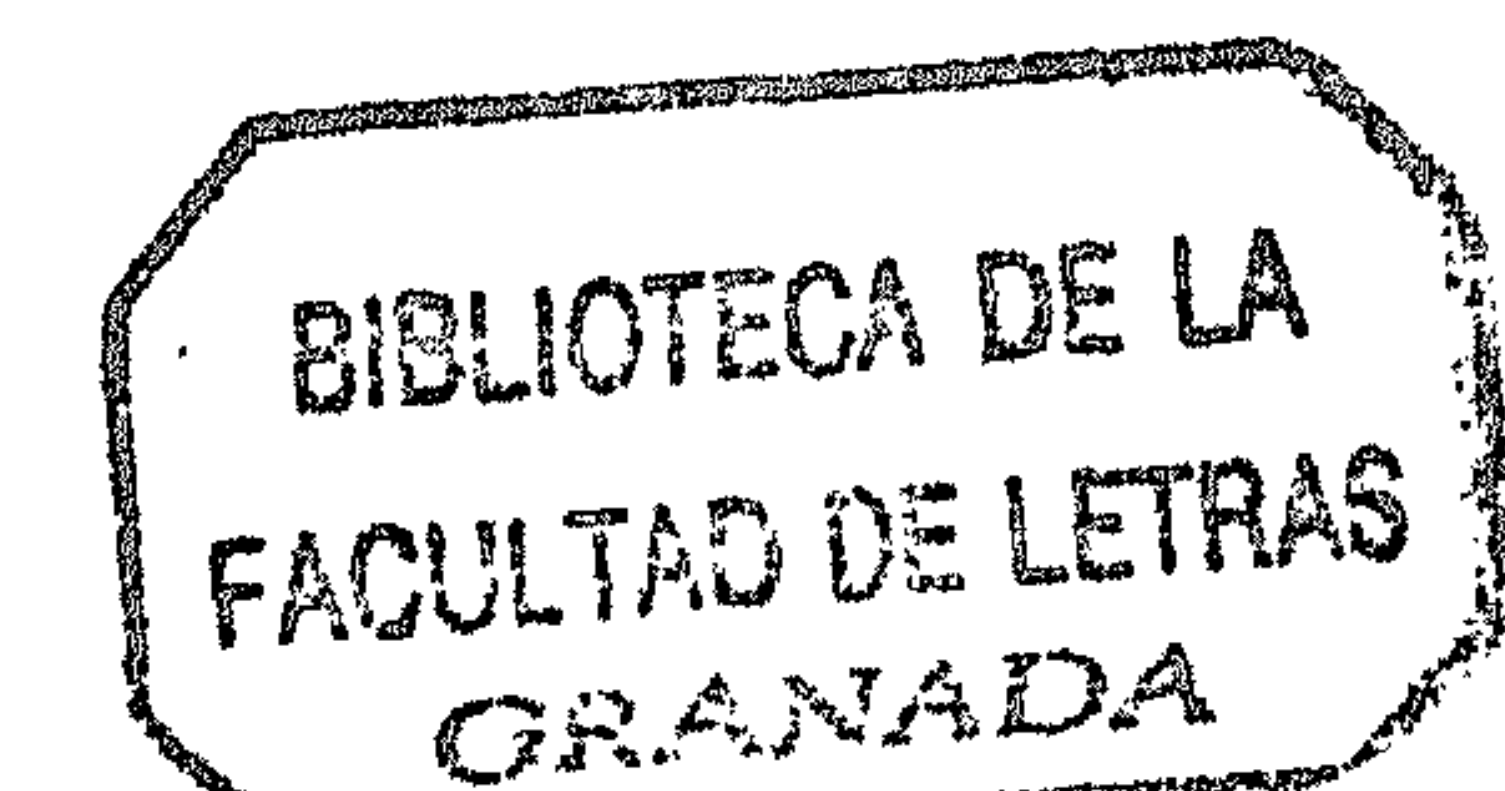
Negroes, negroes, negroes, negroes.
The blood has no doors in your night face upwards.
There is no blushing. Furious blood under the skins
lives in the thorn of the dagger and in the breast of land-
scapes
among the pincers and the windows of the celestial Moon
of Cancer.

Blood that searches through thousand ways
deaths covered in flour and ashes of nards,
white skies and polar regions where the black sings.
Blood that looks slowly through the tail of the eye
made of squeezed esparto and subterranean nectars,
blood that oxidizes the unaware trade-wind in a footprint
and dissolves the butterflies in the window panes.

This is the blood that comes, that will come through roofs
and terraces
to burn the chlorophyll of blonde women,
to groan at the foot of beds facing insomnia of basins
and to crash against a dawn of tobacco and subdued
yellow.

One has to flee from the shores and lock oneself up in
the top flats
because the marrow of the woods will penetrate through
the crevices,

[71]



para dejar en vuestra carne una leve huella de eclipse
y una falsa tristeza de guante desteñido y rosa química.

Por el silencio sapientísimo
cuando los camareros y los cocineros
y los que limpian con la lengua las heridas de los millonarios,
buscan al Rey por las calles o en los ángulos del salitre.

Un viento Sur de madera oblicuo en el negro fango
escupe a las barcas rotas y se clava puntillas en los
hombros.

Un viento Sur que lleva colmillos, girasoles, alfabetos
y una pila Volta con avispas ahogadas.

El Olvido estaba expresado por tres gotas de tinta sobre el
monóculo.

El Amor, por un solo rostro, impasible a flor de piedra.
Médulas y corolas componían sobre las nubes
un desierto de tallos sin una sola rosa.

Por la izquierda, por la derecha, por el Sur y por el Norte,
se levanta el muro impasible para el topo y la aguja del
agua.

No busquéis negros su grieta para hallar la máscara infinita.
Buscar el gran Sol del Centro hechos una piña zumbadora.

El Sol que se desliza por los bosques
seguro de no encontrar una ninfa.

El Sol que destruye números y no ha cruzado nunca un
sueño.

to leave in your flesh a slight print of eclipse
and a false sadness of faded glove and chemical rose.

Through the most wise silence
when the waiters and cooks
and those that clean the wounds of millionaires with their
tongues,
look for the King through the streets and in angles of
saltpetre.

An oblique South Wind of wood in the black mud
spits at the broken boats and pierces small points in its
shoulders.

A South Wind that carries fangs, sunflowers, alphabets
and an electric battery with suffocated wasps.

Oblivion was expressed by three drops of ink on the monocle.
Love, by a single face, impassable on the surface of stone.
Marrows and corollas were composing on the clouds
a desert of stems without a single rose.

From the left, from the right, from the South, and from
the North,
there rises the wall impassable to the mole and the needle
of water.

Do not seek, negroes, for the cleft to find the infinite mask.
Made into a buzzing mob, seek for the great Sun of the
Centre.

The Sun that slides through the woods
certain of not meeting a nymph.

The Sun that destroys numbers and has never crossed a
dream.

El tatuado Sol que baja por el río
y muge seguido de caimanes.

Negros, negros, negros, negros.
Jamás sierpe, ni cabra, ni mula palidieron al morir.
El leñador no sabe cuando expiran
los clamorosos árboles que corta.
Aguardar bajo la sombra de vuestro Rey despavorido
a que cicutas, cardos y ortigas turben postreras azoteas.

¡Entonces, negros, entonces, entonces
podréis besar con frenesí las ruedas de las bicicletas;
poner parejas de microscopios en la cueva de las ardillas
y danzar al fin sin recelo mientras las flores erizadas
asesinen a vuestro Moisés casi en las manos del Cielo!

¡Ay Harlem disfrazada!
¡Ay Harlem amenazada por un gentío de trajes sin cabeza!
Me llega tu rumor.
Me llega tu rumor, atravesando troncos y ascensores.
A través de láminas grises
donde flotan tus automóviles cubiertos de dientes
a través de los caballos muertos y los crímenes diminutos.
A través de tu gran Rey desesperado,
cuyas barbas llegan al mar.

The tattooed Sun that goes down the river
and bellows followed by alligators.

Negroes, negroes, negroes, negroes.
Never snake, nor goat, nor mule, grew pale at death.
The wood-cutter does not know when
the clamorous trees which he fells expire.
Wait under the shadow of your terrified King
until the hemlock, thistles and stinging-nettles disturb the
furthestmost terraces.

Then, negroes, then, then
you will be able to kiss with frenzy the wheels of bicycles;
to put pairs of microscopes in the caves of the squirrels
and dance at last without fear while the spiked flowers
assassinate your Moses almost in the hands of Heaven!

Ah, masqueraded Harlem!
Ah, Harlem, threatened by a mob wearing clothes without
heads!
Your rumour reaches me.
Your rumour reaches me, crossing tree trunks and lifts.
Across the grey plates
where your cars float covered with teeth
across the dead horses and the minute crimes.
Across your great despairing King,
whose beards reach the sea.

ODA A WALT WHITMAN

Por el East River y el Bronx
los muchachos cantaban enseñando sus cinturas
con la rueda, el aceite, el cuero y el martillo.
Noventa mil mineros sacaban la plata de las rocas
y los niños dibujaban escaleras y perspectivas.

Pero ninguno se dormía,
ninguno quería ser río,
ninguno amaba las hojas grandes,
ninguno la lengua azul de la playa.

Por el East River y el Queensborough
los muchachos luchaban con la industria,
y los judíos vendían al fauno del río
la rosa de la Circuncisión,
y el cielo desembocaba por los puentes y los tejados
manadas de bisontes empujadas por el viento.

Pero ninguno se detenía,
ninguno quería ser nube,
ninguno buscaba los helechos
ni la rueda amarilla del tamboril.

Cuando la luna salga,
las poleas rodarán para turbar el cielo;
un límite de agujas cercará la memoria
y los ataúdes se llevarán a los que no trabajan.

Nueva York de cieno,
Nueva York de alambres y de muerte;

ODE TO WALT WHITMAN

Along the East River and the Bronx
the boys were singing showing their waists
with the wheel, the oil, the leather and the hammer.
Ninety thousand miners extracted silver from the rocks
and the children drew scales and perspectives.

But none slept,
none wanted to be a river,
none loved the great leaves,
none, the blue tongue of the beach.

Along the East River and the Queensborough
the boys were fighting with Industry,
and the Jews were selling the rose of the circumcision
to the faun of the river,
and the sky rushed through bridges and roofs
herds of bison pushed by the wind.

But none halted,
none wanted to be a cloud,
none searched for the ferns
nor the yellow wheel of the tambourine.

When the moon rises,
the pulleys will turn to disturb the sky;
a boundary of needles will circle the memory
and the coffins will carry away those who do not work.

New York of slime,
New York of wires and death;

¿Qué ángel llevas oculto en la mejilla?
¿Qué voz perfecta dirá las verdades del trigo?
¿Quién, el sueño terrible de tus anémonas manchadas?

Ni un solo momento, viejo hermoso Walt Whitman,
he dejado de ver tu barba llena de mariposas,
ni tus hombros de pana gastados por la luna,
ni tus muslos de Apolo virginal,
ni tu voz como una columna de ceniza;
anciano hermoso como la niebla,
que gemías igual que un pájaro
con el sexo atravesado por una aguja.

Enemigo del sátiro,
Enemigo de la vid,
y amante de los cuerpos bajo la burda tela.

Ni un solo momento; hermosura viril,
que en montes de carbón, anuncios y ferrocarriles,
soñabas ser un río y dormir como un río
con aquel camarada que pondría en tu pecho
un pequeño dolor de ignorante leopardo.

Tu buscabas un desnudo que fuera como un río.
Toro y sueño que junte la rueda con el alga,
padre de tu agonía, camelia de tu muerte
y gimiera en las llamas de tu Ecuador oculto.

Por que es justo que el hombre no busque su deleite
en la selva de sangre de la mañana próxima.

What angel do you carry hidden in your cheek?
What perfect voice will tell the truths of the wheat?
Who, the terrible dream of your stained anemones?

Not for one moment, beautiful aged Walt Whitman,
have I failed to see your beard full of butterflies,
nor your shoulders of corduroy worn out by the moon,
nor your thighs of virginal Apollo,
nor your voice like a pillar of ashes;
ancient and beautiful as the mist,
you moaned like a bird
with the sex pierced by a needle.

Enemy of the satyr,
Enemy of the vine,
and lover of bodies under the rough cloth.

Not for one moment; virile beauty
who in mountains of coal, advertisements and railways,
dreamed of being a river and sleeping like a river
with that comrade who would place in your breast
the small pain of an ignorant leopard.

You searched for a nude who was like a river.
Bull and dream that would join the wheel with the seaweed,
father of your agony, camelia of your death
and would moan in the flames of your hidden Equator.

Because it is just that man does not search for his delight
in the jungle of blood of the following morning.

El cielo tiene playas dónde evitar la vida,
y hay cuerpos que no deben repetirse en la Aurora.

Agonía, agonía, sueño, fermento y sueño.
Este es el mundo amigo, agonía, agonía.
Los muertos se descomponen bajo el reloj de las ciudades.
La guerra pasa llorando con un millón de ratas grises,
los ricos dan a sus queridas
pequeños moribundos iluminados,
y la Vida no es noble, ni buena, ni sagrada.

Puede el hombre, si quiere, conducir su deseo
por vena de coral o celeste desnudo;
mañana los amores serán rocas y el Tiempo
una brisa que viene dormida por las ramas.

.
Y tú, bello Walt Whitman, duerme a orillas del Hudson
con la barba hacia el Polo y las manos abiertas.
Arcilla blanda o nieve tu lengua está llamando
camaradas que velen tu gacela sin cuerpo.

Duerme: no queda nada.
Una danza de muros agita las praderas
y América se anega de máquinas y llanto.

Quiero que el aire fuerte de la noche más honda
quite flores y letras del arco donde duermes,
y un niño negro anuncie a los blancos del oro
la llegada del reino de la espiga.

The sky has shores where to avoid life,
and certain bodies must not repeat themselves in the dawn.

Agony, agony, dream, ferment and dream.
This is the world, my friend, agony, agony.
The corpses decompose under the clock of the cities.
War passes weeping with a million grey rats,
the rich give to their mistresses
small illuminated moribunds,
and Life is not noble, nor good, nor sacred.

Man can, if he wishes, lead his desire
through vein of coral or celestial nude;
to-morrow love will be rocks, and Time
a breeze which comes sleeping through the branches.

.
And you, beautiful Walt Whitman, sleep on the Hudson's
banks,
with your beard towards the Pole and open hands.
Bland clay or snow, your tongue is calling for
comrades that keep watch on your gazelle without a body.

Sleep: nothing remains.
A dance of walls agitates the meadows
and America drowns itself in machines and lament.

I want the strong air of the most profound night
to remove flowers and letters from the arch where you
sleep,
and a black boy to announce to the gold-minded whites
the arrival of the reign of the ear of corn.

DIÁLOGO DEL MANIQUI
Y EL JOVEN

MANIQUÍ

¿Quién usará la plata buena
de la novia chiquita y morena?
Mi cola se pierde por el mar
y la luna lleva puesta mi corona de azahar.
Mi anillo, señor, mi anillo de oro viejo.
Se hundió por las arenas del Espejo.
¿Quién se pondrá mi traje, quién se lo pondrá?
Se lo pondrá la ría grande para casarse con el mar.

JOVEN

¿Qué cantas, dime?

MANIQUÍ

Yo canto

muerte que no tuve nunca,
dolor de velo sin uso,
con llanto de seda y pluma.
Ropa interior que se queda
helada de nieve oscura,
sin que los encajes puedan
competir con las espumas.
Telas que cubren la carne
serán para el agua turbia.
Y en vez de rumor caliente,
quebrado torso de lluvia.
¿Quién usará la ropa buena
de la novia chiquita y morena?

[82]

DIALOGUE OF THE MANIKIN
AND THE YOUNG MAN

MANIKIN

Who will use the good silver
of the little brunette bride?
My train gets lost in the sea
and the moon has on my crown of orange blossom.
My ring, sir, my ring of ancient gold.
It sunk through the sands of the Mirror.
Who will wear my dress, who will wear it?
The big estuary will wear it to wed the sea.

YOUNG MAN

What do you sing, tell me?

MANIKIN

I sing

death which I never had,
sorrow of a veil without use,
with lament of silk and feather.
Underclothes which remain
frozen with dark snow,
leaving the lace powerless
to compete with the foam.
Cloths that cover the flesh
will serve for the turbid water.
And in place of warm murmur,
shattered torso of rain.
Who will use the good clothes
of the little brunette bride?

[83]

JOVEN

Se la pondrá el aire oscuro
jugando al alba en su gruta.
ligas de raso los juncos,
medias de seda la luna.
Dáale el velo a las arañas
para que coman y cubran
las palomas enredadas
en sus hilos de hermosura.
Nadie se pondrá tu traje,
forma blanca y luz confusa,
que seda y escarcha fueron
livianas arquitecturas.

MANIQUÍ

Mi cola se pierde por el mar.

JOVEN

Y la luna lleva en vilo tu corona de azahar.

MANIQUÍ [*irritado*]

No quiero. Mis sedas tienen
hilo a hilo y una a una
ansia de calor de boda.
Y mi camisa pregunta
dónde están las manos tibias
que oprimen en la cintura.

JOVEN

Yo también pregunto. Calla.

[84]

YOUNG MAN

The dark air will wear them
playing with dawn in her cavern,
satin garters the reeds,
silk stockings the moon.
Give your veil to the spiders
for them to eat and cover
the entangled pigeons
in their threads of beauty.
Nobody will wear your dress,
white shape and light blurred,
that silk and frost were
frivolous architectures.

MANIKIN

My train gets lost in the sea.

YOUNG MAN

And the moon wears in the air your crown of orange
blossom.

MANIKIN [*exasperated*]

No. My silks have
thread by thread and one by one
ardour for the glow of marriage.
And my bodice is asking
where are the warm hands
that press upon my waist.

YOUNG MAN

I am also asking. Shut up.

[85]

MANIQUÍ

¡Mientes! Tú tienes la culpa.
Pudiste ser para mí
potro de plomo y espuma,
el aire roto en el freno
y el mar atado en la grupa.
Pudiste ser un relincho
y eres dormida laguna,
con hojas secas y musgo
donde este traje se pudra.
Mi anillo, señor, mi anillo de oro viejo.

JOVEN

Se hundió por las arenas del Espejo.

MANIQUÍ

¿Por qué no viniste antes?
Ella esperaba desnuda
como una sierpe de viento
desmayada por las puntas.

JOVEN [*levantándose*]

¡Silencio! ¡Déjame! ¡Vete!
o te romperé con furia
las iniciales de nardo,
que la blanca seda oculta.
Vete a la calle a buscar
hombros de virgen nocturna
o guitarras que te lloren
seis largos gritos de música.
Nadie se pondrá tu traje.

[86]

MANIKIN

You lie! It is your fault.
You could have been to me
leaden colt and foam,
the air broken in the brake
and the sea tied up in the croup.
You could have been a neighing stallion
and you are a sleeping pond,
with dry leaves and moss
where this dress rots.
My ring, sir, my ring of ancient gold.

YOUNG MAN

It sunk through the sands of the Mirror.

MANIKIN

Why didn't you come before?
She was waiting naked
like a snake of wind
fainting at the edges.

YOUNG MAN [*rising*]

Silence! Leave me! Go!
or I shall break with fury
your initials of nard,
which the white silk conceals.
Go to the street to seek
shoulders of nocturnal virgin
or guitars which weep at you
six long shrieks of music.
Nobody will wear your dress.

[87]

MANIQUÍ
Te seguiré siempre.

JOVEN
¡Nunca!

MANIQUÍ
Déjame hablarte.

JOVEN
Es inútil.
No quiero saber.

MANIQUÍ
Escucha.
Mira.

JOVEN
¿Qué?

MANIQUÍ
Un trajecito
que robé de la costura. [*Enseña un traje rosa de*
Dos fuentes de leche blanca *niño.*]
mojan mis sedas de angustia
y un dolor blanco de abeja
cubre de rayos mi nuca.
Mi hijo. Quiero a mi hijo.
Por mi falda lo dibujan
estas cintas que me estallan
de alegría en la cintura.
¡Y es tu hijo!

[88]

MANIKIN
I will follow you always.

YOUNG MAN
No!

MANIKIN
Let me speak.

YOUNG MAN
No use.
I do not want to know.

MANIKIN
Listen.
Look.

YOUNG MAN
What?

MANIKIN
A little dress
I robbed from the sewing basket. [*Shows a child's*
Two fountains of white milk *pink dress.*]
wet my silks with anguish
and a white grief of bee
covers with rays the nape of my neck.
My son. I want my son.
These ribbons which burst me
with joy in my belly
draw him across my lap.
And he is your son!

[89]

JOVEN [*coge el trajecito*]

Sí, mi hijo,
donde llegan y se juntan
pájaros de sueño loco
y jazmines de cordura... [*angustiado*]
¿Y si mi niño no llega,
pájaro que el aire cruza,
no puede cantar?

MANIQUÍ

No puede.

JOVEN

¿Y si mi niño no llega,
velero que el agua surca,
no puede nadar?

MANIQUÍ

No puede.

JOVEN

Quieta el arpa de la lluvia
un mar hecho piedra ríe
últimas olas oscuras.

MANIQUÍ

¿Quién se pondrá mi traje? ¿Quién se lo pondrá?

JOVEN [*entusiasmado y rotundo*]

Se lo pondrá mujer que espera por las orillas de la
mar.

[90]

YOUNG MAN [*takes the dress*]

Yes, my son,
where they gather and join together
birds of mad dream
and jasmins of discretion. . . . [*distressed*]
And if my son should not arrive,
will the bird crossing the air,
be able to sing?

MANIKIN

It will not.

YOUNG MAN

And if my son should not arrive,
will the yacht cutting through the water,
be able to float?

MANIKIN

It will not.

YOUNG MAN

Quiet the harp of the rain
a sea made stone laughs
final obscure waves.

MANIKIN

Who will wear my dress? Who will wear it?

YOUNG MAN [*enthusiastic and firm*]

A woman waiting by the shores of the sea will wear it.

[91]

MANIQUÍ

Te espera siempre, ¿recuerdas?
Estaba en tu casa oculta.
Ella te amaba y se fué.
Tu niño canta en su cuna
y como es niño de nieve
espera la sangre tuya.
Corre a buscarla de prisa
y entrégamela desnuda
para que mis sedas puedan
hilo a hilo y una a una
abrir la rosa que cubre
Su vientre de carne rubia.

JOVEN

¡He de vivir!

MANIQUÍ

¡Sin espera!

JOVEN

Mi niño canta en su cuna
y como es niño de nieve,
aguarda calor y ayuda.

MANIQUÍ [*por el traje del niño*]

Dame el traje!

JOVEN [*dulce*]

No.

MANIQUÍ [*arrebátandoselo*]

¡Lo quiero!

Mientras tu vences y buscas

[92]

MANIKIN

She awaits you for ever, remember?
She was hidden in your house.
She loved you and fled.
Your son sings in his cradle.
and being a child of snow
awaits your blood.
Run and look for her, quick!
and give her up to me naked
so that my silks
thread by thread and one by one
may open the rose which covers
her belly of fair flesh.

YOUNG MAN

I must live!

MANIKIN

At once!

YOUNG MAN

My child sings in his cradle
and being a child of snow,
awaits warmth and help.

MANIKIN

Give me the dress!

YOUNG MAN [*tender*]

No.

MANIKIN [*grabbing it*]

I want it!

While you conquer and search

[93]

yo cantaré una canción
sobre sus tiernas arrugas. [*Lo besa.*]

JOVEN

¡Pronto! ¿Dónde está?

MANIQUÍ

En la calle.

JOVEN

Antes que la roja luna
limpie con sangre de eclipse
la perfección de su curva,
traeré temblando de amor
mi propia mujer desnuda. [*Sale.*]

.

[*El maniquí avanza dolorido. Pregunta en el primer y tercer versos con ímpetu y responde en el segundo y cuarto con voz lejana.*]

MANIQUÍ

Mi anillo, señor, mi anillo de oro viejo.

[*Pausa.*]

Se hundió por las arenas del espejo.

¿Quién se pondrá mi traje, quién se lo pondrá?

[*Pausa.*]

Se lo pondrá la ría grande para casarse con el mar.

[*Llorando.*]

[*Se desmaya y queda tendido en el sofá.*]

(ASÍ QUE PASEN CINCO AÑOS, acto II.)

I will sing a song
over his tender folds. [*She kisses it.*]

YOUNG MAN

Quick! Where is she?

MANIKIN

In the street.

YOUNG MAN

Before the red moon
washes the perfection of its curve
with the blood of eclipse,
trembling with love I will bring
my own naked wife. [*Goes out.*]

.

[*The manikin comes forward sadly. Questions with force in the first and third verses and answers in a far away voice in the second and fourth.*]

MANIKIN

My ring sir, my ring of ancient gold.

[*Pause.*]

It sunk through the sands of the Mirror.

Who will wear my dress, who will wear it?

[*Pause.*]

The big estuary will wear it to wed the sea.

[*Weeping.*]

[*Faints stretched out on the sofa.*]

(ASÍ QUE PASEN CINCO AÑOS, Act II.)

CANCIÓN DE LA GOTA DE LLUVIA

Yo vuelvo por mis alas,
dejadme volver.
Quiero morirme siendo
ayer.
Quiero morirme siendo
amanecer.
Yo vuelvo por mis alas,
dejadme tornar.
Quiero morirme siendo
manantial.
Quiero morirme fuera
de la mar.

(ASÍ QUE PASEN CINCO AÑOS, acto I.)

SPEECH BY A RAINDROP

I return for my wings,
let me return.
I want to die being
yesterday.
I want to die being
dawn.
I return for my wings,
let me return.
I want to die being
fountain.
I want to die away
from the sea.

(ASÍ QUE PASEN CINCO AÑOS, Act I.)

MONÓLOGO DE LA LUNA

Cisne redondo en el río,
ojo de las catedrales,
alba fingida en las hojas
soy; ¡no podrán escaparse!
¿Quién se oculta? ¿Quién solloza
por la maleza del valle?
La luna deja un cuchillo
abandonado en el aire,
que siendo acecho de plomo
quiere ser dolor de sangre.
¡Dejadme entrar! ¡Vengo helada
por paredes y cristales!
¡Abrir tejados y pechos
donde pueda calentarme!
¡Tengo frío! Mis cenizas
de soñolientos metales,
buscan la cresta del fuego
por los montes y las calles.
Pero me lleva la nieve
sobre su espalda de jaspe,
y me anega, dura y fría,
el agua de los estanques.
Pues esta noche tendrán
mis mejillas roja sangre,
y los juncos agrupados
en los anchos pies del aire.
¡No haya sombra ni emboscada,
que no puedan escaparse!
¡Que quiero entrar en un pecho
para poder calentarme!

MONOLOGUE OF THE MOON

I am the round swan in the river,
eye of the cathedrals,
dissembled dawn on the leaves;
they'll not be able to escape!
Who is hiding? Who sobs
through the thicket of the valleys?
The moon leaves a knife
abandoned in the air,
which, being ambush of lead,
desires to be anguish of blood.
Let me come in! I come frozen
through walls and panes of glass!
Open roofs and breasts
where I can warm myself!
I am cold! My ashes
of sleeping metals
search for the crest of fire
through the hills and the streets.
But the snow carries me
on her shoulders of jasper,
and the water of the ponds,
cold and hard, drowns me.
For to-night I shall have
my cheeks red with blood,
and the reeds cluster
under the wind's broad feet.
Let there be no shadow or cover
so they may not escape!
How I long to come into a breast
and warm myself!

¡Un corazón para mí!
¡Caliente!, que se derrame
por los montes de mi pecho;
dejadme entrar, ¡ay, dejadme!

(A las ramas)

No quiero sombras. Mis rayos
han de entrar en todas partes,
y haya en los troncos oscuros
un rumor de claridades,
para que esta noche tengan
mis mejillas dulce sangre,
y los juncos agrupados
en los anchos pies del aire.
¿Quién se oculta? ¡Afuera digo!
¡No! ¡No podrán escaparse!
Yo haré lucir al caballo.
Una fiebre de diamante.

(BODAS DE SANGRE, acto III.)

A heart for me!
Hot! that will flow
through the mountains of my breast;
let me come in, oh, let me!

(To the branches)

I ask for no shadows. My rays
must enter everywhere,
and may the dark trunks have
a rumour of splendours,
so that to-night I have
sweet blood in my cheeks,
and the reeds cluster
under the wind's broad feet.
Who is hiding? Out, I say!
No! They shall not escape!
I will make the horse gleam.
A fever of diamond.

(BODAS DE SANGRE, Act III.)

CON UN CUCHILLO

Vecinas: con un cuchillo,
con un cuchillito,
en un día señalado, entre las dos y las tres,
se mataron los dos hombres del amor.
Con un cuchillo,
con un cuchillito
que apenas cabe en la mano,
pero que penetra fino
por las carnes asombradas,
y que se para en el sitio
donde tiembla enmarañada
la oscura raíz del grito.
Y esto es un chuchillo,
un cuchillito
que apenas cabe en la mano;
pez sin escamas ni río,
para que un día señalado, entre las dos y las tres,
con este cuchillo
se queden dos hombres duros
con los labios amarillos.
Y apenas cabe en la mano,
pero que penetra frío
por las carnes asombradas
y allí se para, en el sitio
donde tiembla enmarañada
la oscura raíz del grito.

(BODAS DE SANGRE, acto III.)

WITH A KNIFE

Neighbours: with a knife,
with a little knife,
at a given day, between two and three o'clock,
the two men of love killed themselves.
With a knife,
with a little knife
which scarcely fits into the hand,
but which penetrates thinly
through the astonished flesh,
and stops at the place
where trembles entangled
the dark root of the shriek.
And this is a knife,
a little knife
which scarcely fits into the hand;
fish without scales or river,
so that at a given day, between two and three o'clock,
with this knife
two men remain hard
with lips turned yellow.
And it scarcely fits into the hand,
but it penetrates coldly
through the astonished flesh
and there it stops, in the place
where trembles entangled
the dark root of the shriek.

(BODAS DE SANGRE, Act III.)

YERMA

[*El marido sale y Yerma se dirige a la costura, se pasa la mano por el vientre, alza los brazos en un hermoso bostezo y se sienta a coser.*]

¿De dónde vienes, amor, mi niño?

“De la cresta del duro frío.”

¿Que necesitas, amor, mi niño?

La tibia tela de tu vestido.

[*Enhebra la aguja.*]

¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol

y salten las fuentes alrededor!

[*Como si hablara con un niño.*]

En el patio ladra el perro,

en los árboles canta el viento.

Los bueyes mugen al boyero

y la luna me riza los cabellos.

¿Qué pides, niño, desde tan lejos?

[*Pausa.*]

Los blancos montes que hay en tu pecho.

¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol

y salten las fuentes alrededor!

[*Cosiendo.*]

Te diré, niño mío, que sí,

tronchada y rota soy para ti.

¡Cómo me duele esta cintura

donde tendrás primera cuna!

¿Cuándo, mi niño, vas a venir?

[*Pausa.*]

Cuando tu carne huele a jazmín.

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YERMA

[*As the husband leaves, Yerma goes towards her needle-work, passes her hand across her belly, stretches her arms out to yawn widely and sits down to sew.*]

Where do you come from, my love, my child?

“From the crest of the icy breeze.”

What do you need, my love, my child?

The warm cloth of your dress.

[*Threads in the needle.*]

Let the branches ruffle in the sun

and the fountains leap all round!

[*As though she spoke to a child.*]

In the courtyard the dog barks,

in the trees the wind sings.

The oxen low to the ox-herd

and the moon curls my hair.

What do you want, my child, from so far off?

[*Pause.*]

The white mountains you have on your chest.

Let the branches ruffle in the sun

and the fountains leap all round!

[*Sewing.*]

I'll tell thee, my child, yes,

I am torn and broken for you.

How painful this belly is

where you will have your first cradle!

When, my child, will you come?

[*Pause.*]

When your flesh scents of jasmin.

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¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol
y salten las fuentes alrededor!

.
¡Ay, qué prado de pena!
¡Ay, qué puerta cerrada a la hermosura!,
que pido un hijo que sufrir, y el aire
me ofrece dalias de dormida luna.
Estos dos manantiales que yo tengo
de leche tibia son en la espesura
de mi carne dos pulsos de caballo
que hacen latir la rama de mi angustia.
¡Ay, pechos ciegos bajo mi vestido!
¡Ay, palomas sin ojos ni blancura!
¡Ay, qué dolor de sangre prisionera
me está clavando avispas en la nuca!
Pero tú has de venir, amor, mi niño,
porque el agua da sal, la tierra fruta,
y nuestro vientre guarda tiernos hijos,
como la nube lleva dulce lluvia.

(YERMA, actos I y II.)

Let the branches ruffle in the sun
and the fountains leap all round!

.
Ah, what a meadow of sorrow!
Ah, what a door closed to beauty!
I ask for a child to suffer, and the air
offers me dahlias of sleeping moon.
Those two fountains that I have
of warm milk are in the closeness
of my flesh, pulsation of two horses
which make throb the branch of my anguish.
Ah, blind breasts beneath my dress!
Ah, pigeons without eyes or whiteness!
Ah, what pain of imprisoned blood
is nailing wasps in my neck!
But you must come, my love, my child,
because the water bears salt, the earth fruit,
and our belly guards tender sons,
as the cloud carries sweet rain.

(YERMA, Acts I and II.)

GACELA DEL MERCADO MATUTINO

*Por el arco de Elvira
quiero verte pasar,
para saber tu nombre
y ponerme a llorar.*

¿Qué luna gris de las nueve
te desangró la mejilla?
¿Quién recoge tu semilla
de llamarada en la nieve?
¿Qué alfiler de cactus breve
asesina tu cristal?

*Por el arco de Elvira
voy a verte pasar,
para beber tus ojos
y ponerme a llorar.*

¡Qué voz para mi castigo
levantas por el mercado!
¡Qué clavel enajenado
en los montones de trigo!
¡Qué lejos estoy contigo,
qué cerca cuando te vas!

*Por el arco de Elvira
voy a verte pasar,
para sentir tus muslos
y ponerme a llorar.*

GAZELLE OF THE MORNING MARKET

*Through the arch of Elvira
I want to see you pass,
to know your name
and begin weeping.*

What grey moon at nine
drew the blood from your cheek?
Who gathers your seed
of sudden flushing in the snow?
What brief cactus needle
murders your crystal?

*Through the arch of Elvira
I'm going to see you pass,
to drink your eyes
and begin weeping.*

What voice to chastise me
you raise through the market!
What incongruous carnation
among the heaps of corn!
How far away I am near you
how near when you go away!

*Through the arch of Elvira
I'm going to see you pass,
to feel your thighs
and begin weeping.*



CASIDA DE LA ROSA

La rosa
no buscaba la aurora:
confín de carne y sueño
buscaba otra cosa.

La rosa
no buscaba ciencia ni sombra:
casi eterna en su ramo
buscaba otra cosa.

La rosa
no buscaba la rosa:
inmóvil por el cielo
¡buscaba otra cosa!

CASIDA ⁶ OF THE ROSE

The rose
did not seek the dawn's rays:
confines of dream and flesh of body
some other thing it chose.

The rose
did not seek science or shadows:
in its bough as though eternally
some other thing it chose.

The rose
did not seek the rose:
motionless through the sky
some other thing it chose!

CASIDA DE LOS RAMOS

Por las arboledas del Tamarit
han venido los perros de plomo
a esperar que se caigan los ramos,
a esperar que se quiebren ellos solos.

El Tamarit tiene un manzano
con una manzana de sollozos;
un ruiseñor agrupa los suspiros
y un faisán los ahuyenta por el polvo.
Pero los ramos son alegres.
Pero los ramos son como nosotros:
no piensan en la lluvia, y se han dormido
como si fueran árboles, de pronto.

Sentados, con el agua a las rodillas,
dos valles aguardan al otoño.
La penumbra, con paso de elefante,
empujaba las ramas y los troncos.

Por las arboledas del Tamarit
hay muchos niños de velado rostro
a esperar que se caigan mis ramos,
a esperar que se quiebren ellos solos.

CASIDA OF THE BRANCHES

Along the groves of the Tamarit
the leaden dogs have come
to wait for the branches to fall,
to wait for them to break themselves alone.

The Tamarit has an apple-tree
with an apple of sobs;
a nightingale clusters the sighs
and a pheasant drives them away through the dust.
But the branches are happy.
But the branches are like ourselves:
they do not think of the rain and they've fallen asleep,
suddenly as if they were trees.

Seated, with water to the knees,
two valleys await the Autumn.
Dusk, with the step of an elephant,
pushed aside the branches and the tree trunks.

Along the groves of the Tamarit
there are many children with veiled face
waiting for my branches to fall,
waiting for them to break themselves alone.

CASIDA DE LA MUERTE CLARA

Me he perdido muchas veces por el mar
con el oído lleno de flores recién cortadas,
con la lengua llena de amor y de agonía.
Me he perdido muchas veces por el mar
como me pierdo en el corazón de algunos niños.

No hay nadie que al dar un beso
no sienta la sonrisa de la gente sin rostro,
ni nadie que al tocar un recién nacido
olvide las inmóviles calaveras de caballo.

Porque las rosas buscan en la frente
un duro paisaje de hueso
y las manos del hombre no tienen más sentido
que imitar a las raíces bajo tierra.

Como me pierdo en el corazón de algunos niños
me he perdido muchas veces por el mar.
Ignorante del agua voy buscando
una muerte de luz que me consuma.

CASIDA OF THE CLEAR DEATH

Many times I have lost myself in the sea
with my ears full of freshly cut flowers,
with my tongue full of love and agony.
Many times I have lost myself in the sea
as I lose myself in the heart of some children.

There is no one who in giving a kiss
does not feel the smile of faceless people;
and no one who in touching a new born child
forgets the motionless skull of horses.

Because the roses search in the forehead
for a hard landscape of bone
and the hands of man have no other object
than imitating the roots under earth.

As I lose myself in the heart of some children
many times I have lost myself in the sea.
Ignorant of the water I go searching
a death of light which consumes me.

CASIDA DE LA HUÍDA

Quiero dormir el sueño de las manzanas,
alejarme del tumulto de los cementerios,
quiero dormir el sueño de aquel niño
que se quería cortar el corazón en alta mar.

No quiero que me repita que los muertos no pierden la
sangre,
que la boca podrida sigue pidiendo agua;
no quiero enterarme de los martirios de la hierba
ni de la luna con boca de serpiente
que trabaja antes del amanecer.

Quiero dormir un rato,
un rato, un minuto, un siglo,
pero que todos sepan que no he muerto,
que hay un establo de oro en mis labios,
que soy el pequeño amigo del viento Oeste,
que soy la sombra inmensa de mis lágrimas.

Cúbreme por la aurora con un velo
porque me arrojará puñados de hormigas,
y moja con agua dura mis zapatos
para que resbale la pinza del alacrán.

Porque quiero dormir el sueño de las manzanas
para aprender un llanto que limpie la tierra.

Porque quiero vivir con aquel niño oscuro
que quería cortarse el corazón en alta mar.

CASIDA OF FLIGHT

I want to sleep the sleep of the apples,
to get away from the tumult of the cemeteries,
I want to sleep the sleep of that child
who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas.

I don't want him to repeat to me that the dead do not lose
their blood,
that the putrid mouth goes on asking for water;
I don't want to inform myself of the tortures of the grass
nor of the moon with a serpent's mouth,
which works before dawn.

I want to sleep for a while,
a while, a minute, a century,
but all must know that I have not died,
that there is a stable of gold in my lips,
that I am the small friend of the West wind,
that I am the immense shadow of my tears.

Cover me at dawn with a veil
because dawn will throw me fists full of ants,
and wets with hard water my shoes,
so that the pincers of the scorpion slides.

Because I want to sleep the sleep of the apples,
to learn a lament which purifies the earth.

Because I want to live with that obscure child
who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas.

LLANTO POR IGNACIO SÁNCHEZ MEJÍAS

II

LA SANGRE DERRAMADA

¡Que no quiero verla!

Dile a la luna que venga,
que no quiero ver la sangre
de Ignacio sobre la arena.

¡Que no quiero verla!

La luna de par en par.
Caballo de nubes quietas,
y la plaza gris del sueño
con sauces en las barreras.

¡Que no quiero verla!
Que mi recuerdo se quema.
¡Avisad a los jazmines
con su blancura pequeña!

¡Que no quiero verla!

La vaca del viejo mundo
pasaba su triste lengua
sobre un hocico de sangres
derramadas en la arena,
y los toros de Guisando,
casi muerte y casi piedra,

LAMENT FOR IGNACIO SÁNCHEZ MEJÍAS

II

THE SPILLED BLOOD

I do not want to see it!

Ask the moon to come,
that I do not want to see the blood
of Ignacio on the sand.

I do not want to see it!

The moon fully open.
Horse of still clouds,
and the grey bull-ring of dreams
with willows in the barriers.

I do not want to see it!
My remembrance kindles.
Call the jasmynes
with their little whiteness!

I do not want to see it!

The cow of the old world
passed her sad tongue
over a snout of blood
spilled on to the sand,
and the bulls of Guisando,
partly death and partly stone,

mugieron como dos siglos
hartos de pisar la tierra.

No.

¡Que no quiero verla!

Por las gradas sube Ignacio
con toda su muerte auestas.

Buscaba el amanecer,
y el amanecer no era.

Busca su perfil seguro,
y el sueño lo desorienta.

Buscaba su hermoso cuerpo
y encontró su sangre abierta.

¡No me digáis que la vea!
No quiero sentir el chorro
cada vez con menos fuerza;

ese chorro que ilumina
los tendidos y se vuelca
sobre la pana y el cuero
de muchedumbre sedienta.

¡Quién me grita que me asome!

¡No me digáis que la vea!

No se cerraron sus ojos
cuando vió los cuernos cerca,
pero las madres terribles
levantaron la cabeza.

Y a través de las ganaderías,
hubo un aire de voces secretas
que gritaban a toros celestes,
mayorales de pálida niebla.

No hubo príncipe en Sevilla

[120]

bellowed like two centuries
sated with treading the earth.

No.

I do not want to see it!

Ignacio goes up the gradin
with all his death on his shoulders.

He sought for the dawn
and dawn was no more.

He seeks for his confident profile
and the dream disorientates him.

He sought for his beautiful body
and encountered his opened blood.

Do not ask me to see it!

I do not want to hear it spurt
each time with less strength;

that spurt that illumines
the tiers of seats and spills
over the corduroy and the leather
of the thirsty multitude.

Who cries that I should approach!

Do not ask me to see it!

His eyes did not close
when he saw the horns near,
but the terrible mothers
lifted their heads.

And across the ranches,
an air of secret voices rose
shouting to celestial bulls,
herdsmen of pale mist.

There was no prince in Sevilla

[121]

que comparársele pueda,
ni espada como su espada
ni corazón tan de veras.
Como un río de leones
su maravillosa fuerza,
y como un torso de mármol
su dibujada prudencia.
Aire de Roma andaluza
le doraba la cabeza
donde su risa era un nardo
de sal y de inteligencia.
¡Qué gran torero en la plaza!
¡Qué buen serrano en la sierra!
¡Qué blando con las espigas!
¡Qué duro con las espuelas!
¡Qué tierno con el rocío!
¡Qué deslumbrante en la feria!
¡Qué tremendo con las últimas
banderillas de tiniebla!

Pero ya duerme sin fin.
Ya los musgos y la hierba
abren con dedos seguros
la flor de su calavera.
Y su sangre ya viene cantando:
cantando por marismas y praderas,
resbalando por cuernos ateridos,
vacilando sin alma por la niebla,
tropezando con miles de pezuñas
como una larga, oscura, triste lengua,
para formar un charco de agonía
junto al Guadalquivir de las estrellas.

who could compare with him,
nor sword like his sword
nor heart so true.
Like a river of lions
his marvellous strength,
and like a marble torso
his delineated prudence.
Air of Andalusian Rome
gilded his head
where his smile was a nard
of wit and intelligence.
What a great torero in the ring!
What a good sierran in the sierra!
How soft with the wheat!
How firm with the spurs!
How tender with the dew!
How dazzling in the feria?⁷
How tremendous with the final
banderillas of darkness!

But now he sleeps endlessly.
Now the moss and the grass
open with sure fingers
the flower of his skull.
And now his blood comes out singing:
singing along marshes and meadows,
sliding on frozen horns,
faltering soulless in the mist,
stumbling over thousand hoofs
like a long, dark, sad tongue,
to form a pool of agony
close to the starry Guadalquivir.

¡Oh blanco muro de España!
¡Oh negro toro de pena!
¡Oh sangre dura de Ignacio!
¡Oh ruiseñor de sus venas!
No.
¡Que no quiero verla!
Que no hay cáliz que la contenga,
que no hay golondrinas que se la beban,
no hay escarcha de luz que la enfríe,
no hay canto ni diluvio de azucenas,
no hay cristal que la cubra de plata.
No.
¡¡Yo no quiero verla!!

III

CUERPO PRESENTE

Ya está sobre la piedra Ignacio el bien nacido.
Ya se acabó; ¿qué pasa? Contemplad su figura:
la muerte le ha cubierto de pálidos azufres
y le ha puesto cabeza de oscuro minotauro.

Ya se acabó. La lluvia penetra por su boca.
El aire como loco deja su pecho hundido,
y el Amor, empapado con lágrimas de nieve,
se calienta en la cumbre de las ganaderías.

¿Qué dicen? Un silencio con hedores reposa.
Estamos con un cuerpo presente que se esfuma,
con una forma clara que tuvo ruiseñores
y la vemos llenarse de agujeros sin fondo.

Oh, white wall of Spain!
Oh, black bull of sorrow!
Oh, hard blood of Ignacio!
Oh, nightingale of his veins!
No.
I do not want to see it!
No chalice can contain it,
no swallows can drink it,
no frost of light can cool it,
nor song nor deluge of white lilies,
no crystal can cover it with silver.
No.
I do not want to see it!

III

THE LAID OUT BODY

Now, Ignacio the well born is on the slab of stone.
Now it is over. What is the matter? Contemplate his face:
death has covered him with pale sulphur
and has placed on him a head of dark minotaur.

Now it is over. The rain penetrates his mouth.
The air, as if mad, leaves his chest sunken,
and Love, soaked through with tears of snow,
warms itself on the peak of the cattle.

What are they saying? A stenching silence settles down.
We are here with a body laid out which fades away,
with a pure shape which had nightingales
and we see it being filled with depthless holes.

¿Quién arruga el sudario? ¡No es verdad lo que dice!
Aquí no canta nadie, ni llora en el rincón,
ni pica las espuelas, ni espanta la serpiente:
aquí no quiero más que los ojos redondos
para ver ese cuerpo sin posible descanso.

Yo quiero ver aquí los hombres de voz dura.
Los que doman caballos y dominan los ríos:
los hombres que les suena el esqueleto y cantan
con una boca llena de sol y pedernales.

Aquí quiero yo verlos. Delante de la piedra.
Delante de este cuerpo con las riendas quebradas.
Yo quiero que me enseñen dónde está la salida
para este capitán atado por la muerte.

Yo quiero que me enseñen un llanto como un río
que tenga dulces nieblas y profundas orillas,
para llevar el cuerpo de Ignacio y que se pierda
sin escuchar el doble resuello de los toros.

Que se pierda en la plaza redonda de la luna
que finge cuando niña doliente res inmóvil;
que se pierda en la noche sin canto de los peces
y en la maleza blanca del humo congelado.

No quiero que le tapen la cara con pañuelos
para que se acostumbre con la muerte que lleva.
Vete, Ignacio: No sientas el caliente bramido.
Duerme, vuela, reposa: ¡También se muere el mar!

[126]

Who creases the shroud? What it says is not true!
Nobody sings here, nobody weeps in the corner,
nobody pricks the spurs, nor terrifies the serpent.
Here I want nothing else but the round eyes
to see this body without possibility of rest.

I want to see here those men of hard voice.
Those that break horses and rule the rivers:
those men of sonorous skeleton who sing
with a mouth full of sun and flint.

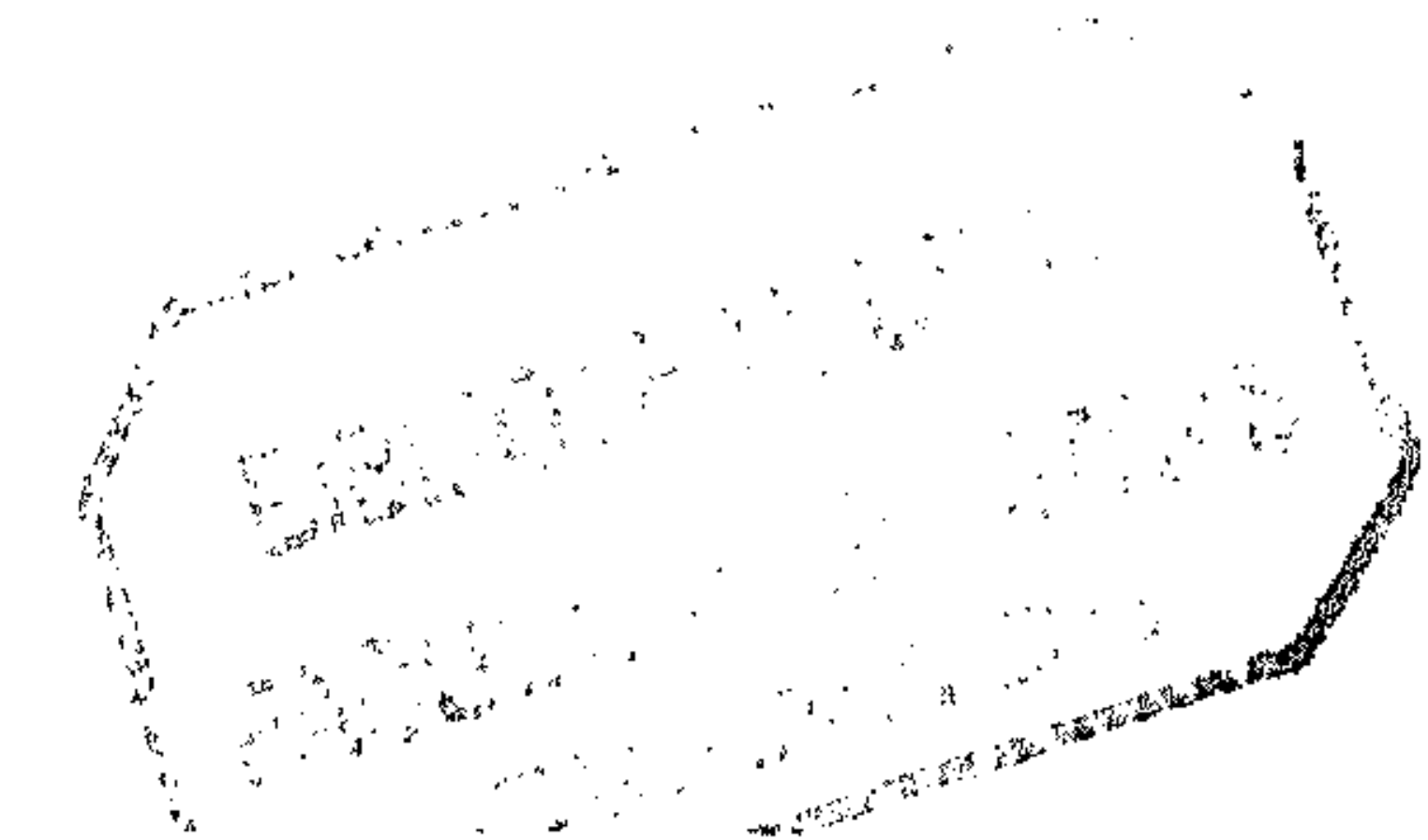
Here I want to see them. Facing the slab of stone.
Facing this body with broken reins.
I want them to show me where the way out is
for this captain strapped down by death.

I want them to show me a lament like a river
which will have sweet mists and deep shores,
to take the body of Ignacio where it loses itself
without hearing the double panting of the bulls.

Loses itself in the round bull-ring of the moon
which feigns in its childhood a sad quiet bull;
loses itself, in the night without the song of fishes
and in the white thicket of frozen smoke.

I don't want anybody to cover his face with handkerchiefs
that he may get used to the death he carries.
Go, Ignacio: Do not feel the hot bellowing.
Sleep, fly, rest: Even the sea dies!

[127]



IV

ALMA AUSENTE

.
No te conoce nadie. No. Pero yo te canto.
Yo canto para luego tu perfil y tu gracia.
La madurez insigne de tu conocimiento.
Tu apetencia de muerte y el gusto de su boca.
La tristeza que tuvo tu valiente alegría.

Tardará mucho tiempo en nacer, si es que nace,
un andaluz tan claro, tan rico de aventura.
Yo canto su elegancia con palabras que gimen
y recuerdo una brisa triste por los olivos.

IV

ABSENT SOUL

.
Nobody knows you. No. But I sing of you.
I sing for posterity your profile and grace.
The signal maturity of your understanding.
Your appetite for death and the taste of its mouth.
The sadness of your once valiant gaiety.

It will be a long time, if ever, before there is born
an Andalusian so true, so rich in adventure.
I sing his elegance with words that groan
and I remember a sad breeze through the olive trees.

ROSA MUTABILE

Cuando se abre en la mañana
roja como sangre está.
El rocío no la toca
porque se teme quemar.
Abierta en el mediodía
es dura como el coral.
El sol se quema en los vidrios
para verla relumbrar.
Cuando en las ramas empiezan
los pájaros a cantar
y se oscurece la tarde
en las violetas del mar
se pone blanca con blanco
de una mejilla de sal
y cuando la noche toca
blanco cuerno de metal
y las estrellas avanzan
mientras los aires se van,
en la raya de lo oscuro
se comienza a deshojar.

(DOÑA ROSITA LA SOLTERA, acto I.)

ROSA MUTABILE

When it opens in the morning
it is red as blood.
Fearing to burn,
the dew does not touch it.
Open at midday
it is hard as coral.
The sun burns in the window panes
to see it glitter.
When the birds begin
singing in the branches
and the evening grows dim
in the violets of the sea
it becomes white with the whiteness
of a cheek of salt
and when the night touches
a white horn of metal
and the stars advance
while the winds go away,
in the frontier of darkness
its petals begin to fall.

(DOÑA ROSITA LA SOLTERA, act I.)

AIRE DE AMOR

Hay una raíz amarga
y un mundo de mil ventanas.
Ni la mano más pequeña
quiebra la puerta del agua.

¿Dónde vas? ¿Dónde vas? ¿Dónde?
Hay un cielo de mil terrazas.
Batalla de abejas lívidas.
Y hay una raíz amarga.

Amarga.

Duele la planta del pie,
y el interior de la cara.
Y duele en el tronco fresco
de noche recién cortada.

Amor, enemigo mío.
¡Muerdo tu raíz amarga!

WIND OF LOVE

There is a bitter root
and a world of a thousand windows.
Not even the smallest hand
shatters the door of the water.

Where do you go? Where do you go? Where?
There is a sky of a thousand terraces.
Battle of livid bees.
And there is a bitter root.

Bitter.

Painful the sole of the foot
and the inside of the face.
And painful in the fresh trunk
of night newly cut.

Love, my enemy.
I bite your bitter root!

CANCIÓN DE LA MUERTE PEQUEÑA

Prado mortal de lunas
y sangre bajo tierra.
Prado de sangre vieja.

Luz de ayer y mañana.
Cielo mortal de hierba.
Luz y noche de arena.

Me encontré con la muerte.
Prado mortal de tierra.
Una muerte pequeña.

El perro en el tejado.
Sola mi mano izquierda
atravesaba montes sin fin
de flores secas.

Catedral de ceniza.
Luz y noche de arena.
Una muerte pequeña.

Una muerte y yo un hombre.
Un hombre solo, y ella
una muerte pequeña.

Prado mortal de lunas.
La nieve gime y tiembla
por detrás de la puerta.

Un hombre, ¿y qué? Lo dicho.
Un hombre solo y ella.
Prado, amor, luz y arena.

[134]

SONG OF THE SMALL DEATH

Mortal meadow of moon
and blood beneath the earth.
Meadow of ancient blood.

Light of yesterday and to-morrow.
Mortal sky of grass.
Light and night of sand.

I met death.
Mortal meadow of earth.
A small death.

The dog in the roof.
Alone my left hand
ran across endless mountains
of dry flowers.

Cathedral of cinder.
Light and night of sand.
A small death.

A death and I a man.
A man alone, and she
a small death.

Mortal meadow of moons.
The snow moans and trembles
from behind the door.

A man, so what? What I have said.
A man alone, and she.
Meadow, love, light and sand.

[135]

CANCIÓN DEL HERIDO POR EL AGUA

Quiero bajar al pozo,
quiero subir los muros de Granada,
para mirar el corazón parado
por el punzar oscuro de las aguas.

El niño herido gemía
con una corona de escarcha;
estanques, algibes y fuentes
levantaban al aire sus espadas.

¡Ay, qué furia de amor! ¡qué hiriente filo!
¡qué nocturno rumor! ¡qué muerte blanca!
¡qué desiertos de luz iban hundiendo
los arenales de la madrugada!

El niño estaba solo
con la ciudad dormida en la garganta.
Un surtidor que viene de los sueños
lo defiende del hambre de las algas.

El niño y su agonía, frente a frente,
eran dos verdes lluvias enlazadas.
El niño se tendía por la tierra
y su agonía se curvaba.

Quiero bajar al pozo,
quiero morir mi muerte a bocanadas,
quiero llenar mi corazón de musgo
¡para ver al herido por el agua!

SONG OF THE ONE WOUNDED BY THE
WATER

I want to go down the well,
I want to go up the walls of Granada,
to contemplate the heart stopped
by the dark boring of the waters.

The wounded child groaned
with a crown of white frost;
ponds, cisterns and fountains
raised their swords to the air.

Ah, what fury of love! What stabbing edge!
What nocturnal murmur! What white death!
What deserts of light went drowning
the sands of dawn!

The child was alone
with the sleeping city in his throat.
A jet that comes from dreams
defends him from the hunger of the sea-weeds.

The child and his agony, face to face,
were two interlaced green showers.
The child was stretching on the earth
and his agony curved itself round.

I want to go down the well,
I want to die my death in little mouthfuls,
I want to fill my heart with moss,
to see the one wounded by the water!

EL LLANTO

He cerrado mi balcón
porque no quiero oír el llanto,
pero por detrás de los grises muros
no se oye otra cosa que el llanto.

Hay muy pocos ángeles que canten,
hay muy pocos perros que ladren,
mil violines caben en la palma de la mano:
pero el llanto es un ángel inmenso,
el llanto es un violín inmenso,
las lágrimas amordazan al viento,
y no se oye otra cosa que el llanto.

THE LAMENT

I have shut my balcony
because I do not want to hear the lament,
but from behind the grey walls
I hear nothing else but the lament.

There are very few angels that sing,
there are very few dogs that bark,
a thousand violins fit into the palm of the hand:
but the lament is an immense angel,
the lament is an immense violin,
the tears muzzle the wind,
and I hear nothing else but the lament.

NOTES

1. *Paso*. Image, or group of images, representing a scene from the Passion of Christ, carried in procession during Holy Week, particularly in Andalusia.

2. *Calañés*. A wide-brimmed round hat, low-crowned, typical of Andalusia.

3. *Peineta*. A high convex comb used decoratively by Spanish women.

4. *Muleta*. Small cape which the matador uses towards the last stages of the fight.

5. Lorca was very fond of these two Norms and often recited them as his own work. They have been written down from memory by the editor, who, however, is not quite sure of the authenticity of the last word in the second Norm.

6. *Casida*. Originally a short Arabic or Persian poem, usually on an amorous theme.

7. *Feria*. An Andalusian market which is also used as an occasion for a parading of horses, with women riding on the croup. It is practically a popular open-air fiesta.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor wishes to express his grateful thanks to his anonymous translator of the Introduction, both for his careful version and for much assistance in preparation.

The translators of the poems wish to acknowledge the valuable help given by Mr. Dennis Campkin in reading the proofs and making numerous suggestions.