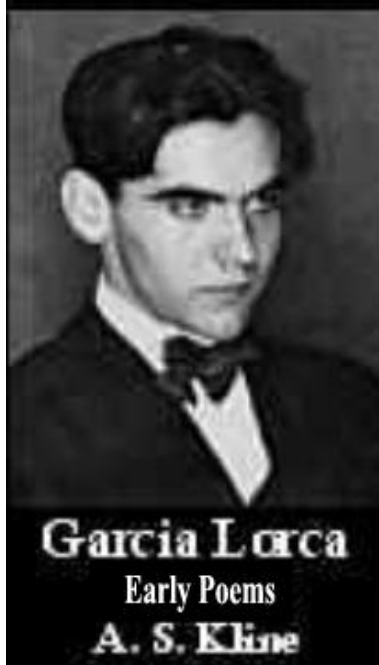


# Garcia Lorca



Twenty-Six Early Poems

Translated by A. S. Kline

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Weather Vane  
(July 1920, Fuente Vaqueros, Granada)

Wind of the South.  
Dark-haired, ardent,  
you come over my flesh  
bringing me seed  
of brilliant  
gazes, soaked  
in orange blossom.

You make the moon red  
and make a sobbing  
in the captive poplars, but you come  
too late!  
I've rolled up the night of my story  
on the shelf!

Without any wind,  
Look out!  
Spin, heart;

spin, heart.

Breeze of the North,  
white bear of the wind!,  
you come over my flesh  
trembling with auroras  
boreales,  
with your cloak  
of spectral captains  
and screaming with laughter  
at Dante.

O polisher of stars!

But you come  
too late.

My chest is covered with moss  
and I've lost the key.

Without any wind,  
Look out!  
Spin, heart;  
spin, heart.

Gnomish airs, and winds  
from nowhere.  
Mosquitoes of the rose  
with pyramidal petals,  
Trade winds weaned  
among the rough trees,  
flutes in the tempest,  
leave me be!  
Strong chains hold  
my memory,  
and the bird is captive  
whose warbling draws  
the evening.

The things that are gone never return,

all the world knows that,  
and among the clear crowd of the winds  
it's useless to complain.  
Isn't that so, poplar, master of the  
breeze?  
It's useless to complain!

Without any wind,  
Look out!  
Spin, heart;  
spin, heart.



## New Songs

The afternoon speaks: 'I am thirsty for shadows!'

The moon speaks: 'I thirst for stars.'

The crystalline fountain asks for lips  
and the wind for sighs.

I am thirsty for perfumes and laughter.

I thirst for new songs

without moons or irises,

and without loves that have died.

A song of the morning that might  
tremble

the quiet still pools

of the future. And fill with hope

their waves and mud.

A song, luminous and restful,

full of pensiveness,

innocent of miseries and anguish,  
innocent of dream.

A song without lyric substance that fills  
the silence with laughter.

(A flock of blind doves  
thrown into mystery.)

A song that might go to the soul of  
things

and to the soul of the winds

and that might rest at last in the joy  
of the eternal heart.

## The Footsteps of la Siguiriya

Through black butterflies  
goes a girl with dark hair  
joined to a white serpent  
of mistiness.

Earth of light,  
Sky of Earth.

She goes tied to the trembling  
of a rhythm that never arrives:  
she has a heart of silver  
and a dagger in her hand.

‘Where do you go, Siguiriya  
with a mindless rhythm?  
What moon will gather up your  
grief of lime and oleander?’

Earth of light,  
Sky of Earth.

Note: La Siguiriya, is a gipsy song, a basic form of canto jondo, the ‘deep song’ of Andalusia. Its emotionally intense lyrics do not depend on rationality and are usually in four verse lines with assonant rhyme, and syllables 6-6-11-6.

## Cellar Song

From the cellar issue  
great sobs.

(The purple  
above the red.)

The gypsy evokes  
distant countries.

(High towers and men  
of mystery.)

On his faltering voice  
his eyes travel.

(The black  
above the red.)

And the whitewashed cellar  
trembles in gold.

(The white  
above the red.)

Juan Brevva

(From: Flamenco Vignettes,  
for Manuel Torres)

Juan Brevva had  
the body of a giant  
and the voice of a young girl.  
Nothing was like his warbling.  
It was itself  
pain singing  
behind a smile.  
He evoked the lemons  
of Málaga, the sleepy one,  
and had in his weeping tones  
the brine of the ocean.  
Like Homer, he sang  
blind. His voice held  
something of sea with no light  
and an orange squeezed dry.

## Earth

We travel  
over a mirror  
without silver,  
over a crystal  
without cloud.  
If the lilies were to grow  
upside down,  
if the roses were to grow  
upside down,  
if all the roots  
were to face the stars  
and the dead not shut  
their eyes,  
we would be like swans.



## Berceuse for a Mirror sleeping

Sleep.

Do not fear the gaze  
that wanders.

Sleep.

Not the butterfly  
or the word  
or the furtive ray  
from the keyhole  
will hurt you.

Sleep.

As my heart  
so you,  
mirror of mine.  
Garden where love  
awaits me.

Sleep without a care,

but wake  
when the last one dies  
the kiss on my lips.

Note: A berceuse is a French cradle-  
song.

## Variation (From Remansos)

The remanso of air  
under the branch of echo.

The remanso of water  
under a frond of stars.

The remanso of your mouth  
under a thicket of kisses.

Note. A remanso is a still pool in a  
running stream.

## Running

That which travels  
clouds itself.

The running water  
can see no stars.

That which travels  
forgets itself.

And that which halts itself  
dreams.

## Towards

Turn,  
Heart!  
Turn.

Through the woods of love  
you will see no one.  
You will pour out bright fountains.  
In the green  
you will find the immense rose  
of Always.

And you will say: 'Love! Love!  
without your wound  
being closed.

Turn,  
Heart!  
Turn.

## River Bend

I want to return to childhood  
and from childhood to the shadows.

Are you going, nightingale?  
Go!

I want to return to the shadows,  
and from the shadows to the flower.

Are you going, fragrance?  
Go!

I want to return to the flower  
and from the flower  
to my heart.

Are you going, love?  
Farewell!

(To my abandoned heart!)

## Flash of Light

She passes by, my girl.  
How prettily she goes by!  
With her little dress  
of muslin.  
And a captive  
butterfly.

Follow her, my boy, then  
up every byway!  
And if you see her weeping  
or weighing things up, then  
paint her heart over  
with a bit of purple  
and tell her not to weep if  
she were left single.

# Madrigals

## I

Like concentric ripples  
over the water,  
so in my heart  
your words.

Like a bird that strikes  
against the wind,  
so on my lips  
your kisses.

Like exposed fountains  
opposing the evening,  
so my dark eyes  
over your flesh.



## II

I am caught  
in your circles,  
concentric.

Like Saturn

I wear

the rings

of my dream.

I am not ruined by setting  
nor do I rise myself.

## The Garden

Never born, never!  
But could come into bud.

Every second it  
is deepened and renewed.

Every second opens  
new distinct pathways.

This way! That way!  
Go my multiplying bodies.

Traversing the villages  
or sleeping in the sea.

Everything is open! There are  
locks for the keys.  
But the sun and moon  
lose us and mislead us.

And beneath our feet  
the roadways are confused.

Here I'll contemplate  
all I could have been.  
God or beggar,  
water or ancient pearl.

My many pathways  
lightly tinted  
make a vast rose  
round my body.

Like a map, but impossible,  
the garden of the possible.  
Every second it  
is deepened and renewed.

Never born, never!  
But could come into bud.

## Print of the Garden II

The Moon widow  
who could forget her?  
Dreaming that Earth  
might be crystal.

Furious and pallid  
wishing the sea to sleep  
combing her long hair  
with cries of coral.

Her tresses of glass  
who could forget them?  
In her breast the hundred  
lips of a fountain.

Spears of giant  
surges guard her  
by the still waves  
of sea-flats.

But the Moon Moon  
when will she return?  
The curtain of wind  
trembles without ceasing.

The Moon widow  
who could forget her?  
Dreaming that Earth  
might be crystal.

## Song of the Boy with Seven Hearts

Seven hearts

I hold.

But mine does not encounter them.

In the high mountains, mother,  
the wind and I ran into each other.  
Seven young girls with long fingers  
carried me on their mirrors.

I have sung through the world  
with my mouth of seven petals.  
My galleys of amaranth  
have gone without ropes or oars.

I have lived in the lands  
of others, My secrets  
round my throat,

without my realising it, were open!

In the high mountains, mother,  
(my heart above the echoes  
in the album of a star)  
the wind and I ran into each other.

Seven hearts

I hold.

But mine does not encounter them.



## The Dune

On the wide sand-dune  
of ancient light  
I found myself confused  
without a sky or road.

The moribund North  
had quenched its stars.  
The shipwrecked skies  
rippled slowly.

Through the sea of light  
where do I go? Whom do I seek?  
Here the reflection wails  
of veiled moons.

Ay! Let my cool sliver  
of solid timber  
return me to my balcony  
and my living birds!

The garden will follow  
shifting its borders  
on the rough back  
of a grounded silence.

## Schematic Nocturne

The fennel, a serpent, and rushes.

Aroma, a sign, and penumbra.

Air, earth, and solitariness.

(The ladder lifts up to the moon.)

## Little Song of Seville

At the dawn of day  
in the orange grove.  
Little bees of gold  
searching for honey.

Where is the honey  
then?

It's in the flower of blue,  
Isabel.  
In the flower  
there, of rosemary.

(A little gold chair  
for the Moor.  
A tinsel chair  
for his spouse.)

At the dawn of day  
in the orange grove.

## Adelina Walking By

The sea has no oranges,  
Sevilla has no love.  
Dark-haired girl, what fiery light.  
Lend me your parasol.

It will give me green cheeks  
- juice of lime and lemon -  
Your words – little fishes –  
will swim all around us.

The sea has no oranges.  
Ay, love.  
Sevilla has no love!

## Lover

Lover,  
little lover.  
In your house they're burning thyme.

Whether you're going, whether you're  
coming,  
I will lock the door with a key.

With a key of pure silver.  
Tied up with a ribbon.

On the ribbon there's a message:  
My heart is far away.

Don't pace up and down my street.  
All that's allowed there is the wind!

Lover,  
little lover.  
In your house they're burning thyme.

Venus  
(So I saw you)

The young girl dead  
in the seashell of the bed,  
naked of flowers and breezes  
rose in the light unending.

The world was left behind,  
lily of cotton and shadows,  
revealing in crystal panes  
the infinite transit's coming.

The young girl dead,  
ploughed love inside.  
Among the foaming sheets  
her hair was wasted.

## Two Moons of Evening

I

(For Laurita, friend of my sister)

The Moon is dying, dying:  
but will be born again in the spring.

When on the brow of the poplars  
is curled the wind from the south.

When our hearts have given  
their harvest of sighing.

When the rooftops are wearing  
their little sombreros of weeds.

The moon is dying, dying:  
but will be reborn in the spring.



## II

(For Isabelita, my sister)

The evening is chanting  
a berceuse to the oranges.

My little sister's chanting:  
the Earth is an orange.

The moon weeping cries:  
I want to be an orange.

You cannot be, my child,  
even if you were reddened.  
Not even if you turned lemon.  
What a shame that is!

Note: A berceuse is a French cradle-  
song.

## Lucía Martínez

Lucía Martínez.

Shadowy in red silk.

Your thighs, like the evening,  
go from light to shadow.

The hidden veins of jet  
darken your magnolias.

Here I am, Lucía Martínez.

I come to devour your mouth  
and drag you off by the hair  
into the dawn of conches.

Because I want to, because I can.

Shadowy in red silk.

## Little Song of First Desire

In the green morning  
I wanted to be a heart.  
Heart.

And in the ripe evening  
I wanted to be a nightingale.  
Nightingale.

(Soul,  
go the colour of oranges.  
Soul  
go the colour of love.)

In the living morning  
I wanted to be me.  
Heart.

And at evening's fall  
I wanted to be my voice.

Nightingale.

Soul  
go the colour of oranges.  
Soul,  
go the colour of love!

## Prelude

(From Amor: with wings and arrows)

The poplar groves are going,  
but leave us their reflection.

The poplar groves are going,  
but leave us the breeze.

The breeze is shrouded  
full length below the heavens.

But it has left there, floating,  
its echoes on the rivers.

The world of the glow-worms  
has pierced my memories.

And the tiniest of hearts  
buds from my fingertips.

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