No Decía Palabras

Luis Carnuda Lee
And I sad of a sorrow,
Be it not sorriness of barrenness,
The feared ungiving.

Know enough to know,
That not fear of a bomb,
Fear is.

The unsaid fear is,
And death is.
But not life in the womb
As the freight of birds in sky,
As the dead,
Unsaid;
By death living.

MARCIA NICHOLS HOLDEN

HUNTER AT HOME

In winter let the hunting mind
Abandon field and grange
To build a wall around the wind,
The darkness and the strange.
His fire shall fill the shadows out,
His watchful dog shall growl
To hush the chitter of the bat,
The fluting of the owl.

DOROTHY ALYEA

NO DECIA PALABRAS

I wasn't saying words,
I was only bringing near a questioning body,
Because I didn't know that desire is a question
Whose answer does not exist,
A leaf whose branch does not exist,
A world whose sky does not exist.
Anguish expands gently among the bones,
Goes up through the veins
Until it spreads on the skin,
Dream fountains
Made flesh in a question returned to the clouds.
A contact in passing,
A fleeting glance among shadows
Are enough to cause the body to cleave in two
And to receive into itself
Another body that dreams;
Half and half, dream and dream, flesh and flesh
Alike in the face, alike in love, alike in desire,
Although it be only a hope,
Because desire is a question whose answer
Nobody knows.

Luis Cernuda
Translated by Lee Gilbert