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## Four Poems Federico Garcia Lorca

Edwin Honig

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## FOUR POEMS

*Federico García Lorca*

Translated by Edwin Honig

### SONG OF BRIGHT DEATH

Often have I lost myself in the sea,  
ears ringing with newly-cut flowers,  
tongue full of love and agony;  
often have I lost myself in the sea,  
as I lose myself in the hearts of some children.

There is no one, who, on kissing,  
does not feel the smile of the monotone crowd,  
no one who, touching the newly-born,  
forgets the horse's immobile skull.

Because roses in the forehead seek  
a stiff landscape of bone,  
and man's hands have no other meaning  
than to imitate underground roots.

As I lose myself in the hearts of some children,  
often have I lost myself in the sea.  
Mindless of water I go seeking  
the lighted death consuming me.

### SONG OF THE SUPINE WOMAN

To see you naked is to remember the earth.  
Smooth earth, clean of horses.  
Earth without my weeds, a pure form  
shut on the future: the silver margin.

To see you naked is to understand the anxiety  
of rain seeking a weak form,  
or the seas' large-faced fever  
in not finding the light of its cheek.

Blood will sound through the alcoves  
and come with shining sword,  
but you will never know where the violet  
or the toad's heart lies hidden.

Your belly is a battle of roots,  
your lips a shapeless dawn.  
Under the warm roses of the bed,  
dead men tremble waiting their turn.

IF MY HANDS COULD ONLY STRIP

I pronounce your name  
on dark nights  
when stars come  
to drink of the moon,  
and branches sleep  
in hidden fronds.

I am empty of passion,  
and music.

A mad clock singing  
long dead hours.

I pronounce your name  
on this dark night,  
and your name never sounded  
farther away.

Farther than all stars,  
aching more than a soft rain.

Will I ever love you  
Again as then?  
What guilt has my heart  
if mist shade it?

What new passion waits?  
 Will it be tranquil and pure?  
 If my fingers could only  
 strip the moon!

### SONG OF ESCAPE

I want to sleep the dream of apples,  
 to leave the tumult of cemeteries;  
 I want to sleep the dream of that child  
 eager to cut his heart on the high seas.

I don't want you to tell me  
 that dead men don't lose their blood,  
 that the buried mouth begs water still;  
 I don't want to know about grass martyrs,  
 about the moon's snake mouth  
 working before dawn.

I want to sleep a while,  
 a little, a minute, a century,  
 but let everybody know that I haven't died,  
 that there's a stable of gold between my lips,  
 that I'm the west wind's little friend,  
 that I'm my own tears' huge shadow.

Cover me with a veil at dawn  
 lest it make fistfuls of ants issue from me,  
 lest it dampen my shoes with hard water  
 so the scorpion's claw may slide over them.

Because I want to sleep the dream of apples  
 that I may learn the lament that cleans the earth.

Because I want to live with that dark child  
 eager to cut his heart on the high seas.