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Vanished Light

Miguel Arteche

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MIGUEL ARTECHE

VANISHED LIGHT

Strange city, your proud shadow
gave me the emptiness of a dark love,
the broken hand of a love that was lost. I was young
against your desolate rain, distant
against your cold face: I was alone
and your strange bells tolled
only bitter silence to my ears.

I will not stand against the wall again,
where the light of your absent hair
rose to stormy skies one day;
parting will not follow
the desolate farewells,
no tear-drenched handkerchiefs
will follow you in the distance; nor will your kiss
burning with nostalgia
fall into the sea awaiting you.

I only touched the distant
transiency of your eyes; I was nothing
rushing around to our lifeless meetings.
How much of time's light, how much rain
must be absorbed that nothing remain
where windy plains and nights have known you!
How many desires from your sad lips
will move through other hands lamenting
your dark shattered world!
Your day will not come in silence
over my open wound of compassion,
lightless love, that in autumn
will lift the dregs of your lifeless voice.
I will not touch what your hand touches,
and your distant embrace that you left
between us on earth
must close, in solitude,
under the vanished light of your absence.

translated by Dora M. Pettinella