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An Etching of La Petenera: Federico Garcia Lorca

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An Etching of La Petenera

By FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

Translated by Lloyd Mallan

The Bell

(Its Base)

Yellow
in the tower,
a double bell.

Over
the yellow wind,
the bell sound tolls.

Sonorous daggers
flung at the distance.
Flouncing like breasts
of the peasant girls.

Yellow
in the tower,
the bell stops.

Dust in the wind
is scattering silver.

The Road

Hundred mourning cavaliers:
where are they going,
hunched against the sky
of the orange grove?
They cannot reach Cordoba,
nor Seville,
nor Granada sighing by the sea.

[225]

Their drowsy horses
will carry them
to the labyrinth of crosses
where a song trembles.

.

With seven precise laments,
where are they going,
the hundred Andalusian cavaliers
from the orange grove?

The Six Strings

The guitar
weeps to the
dreams.
A little sob
of lost souls
escapes
through its round
mouth.

Like a tarantula
it weaves a great star
to quarry the sighs
that float on its black
cistern of wood.