

1941

## Birds

Esperanza Figueroa

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

---

### Recommended Citation

Figueroa, Esperanza. "Birds." *New Mexico Quarterly* 11, 3 (1941). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol11/iss3/16>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Quarterly by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact [disc@unm.edu](mailto:disc@unm.edu).

by salted water;  
bitter the lips  
from the bitters of tears.

Near the sea,  
the bitter sea,  
beneath blue sky  
and blue morning.

Worn with bitterness  
the soul;  
lips of salt,  
of tears,  
of bitters.

Beneath the sky,  
beneath the mourning sea.

JUSTO G. DESSEIN MERLO  
(English version by Lloyd Mallan.)

## BIRDS

There were some that found the tremulous branch,  
others walked the night,  
and some carried reddened dreams  
away from high towers.

Yet others flew the infinite ribbon  
dividing you from winter,  
and clawing eyes in seas  
and gnawing fish were others.

Some came with dust and tears,  
shuddering in fear;  
dragging shadows with their eyes,  
mire with their wings.

But those that never returned,  
those that parted in twilights without goodbye,  
that never knew the crisp flower,

that never dropped a feather  
to shelter someone's dream,  
are the ones now fluttering  
in the solemn moment of evening,  
in the egoism of night,  
upon the ultimate silence, fluttering  
against the profile of a dead child.

ESPERANZA FIGUEROA  
(English version by Lloyd Mallan.)

NUDE WOMAN

It snowed all night  
on your body's garden;  
but still there were roses  
and open buds.

From the tree's furthest bough  
soft slender blossoms  
fall like golden rain  
across the firm whiteness of stalks.

Violets  
lie concealed  
in the grass of your eyelashes,  
deep and passionate.

Two roses lie  
in restless sleep  
on the indifferent magnolias  
of your breasts.

And more gold  
in those thighs  
to paint with sunlight the silk  
of mosses.

And your feet and hands,  
roots great and small,  
go deep into earth,  
tremulous with love and gardens.

ENRIQUE GONZALEZ ROJO  
From *Espacio*. (English version by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)