

1-1-1989

## Translation : a perspective

Denise Leigh Wiegand

Follow this and additional works at: <https://huskiecommons.lib.niu.edu/studentengagement-honorscapstones>

---

### Recommended Citation

Wiegand, Denise Leigh, "Translation : a perspective" (1989). *Honors Capstones*. 1337.  
<https://huskiecommons.lib.niu.edu/studentengagement-honorscapstones/1337>

This Dissertation/Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Undergraduate Research & Artistry at Huskie Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors Capstones by an authorized administrator of Huskie Commons. For more information, please contact [jschumacher@niu.edu](mailto:jschumacher@niu.edu).

JOURNAL OF THESIS ABSTRACTS  
THESIS SUBMISSION FORM

AUTHOR: Denise Leigh Wiegand  
THESIS TITLE: Translation: A New Perspective  
THESIS ADVISOR: Fred Murray  
ADVISOR'S DEPT: Foreign Language and Literature  
DATE: December 1989  
HONORS PROGRAM: Northern Illinois University  
NAME OF COLLEGE: Northern Illinois University  
PAGE LENGTH: 34  
BIBLIOGRAPHY (YES OR NO): Yes  
ILLUSTRATED (YES OR NO): No  
COPIES AVAILABLE (HARD COPY, MICROFILM, DISKETTE): No  
IS YOUR THESIS OR ANY PART BEING SUBMITTED FOR PUBLICATION? YES  NO   
IF ANY PART HAS BEEN ACCEPTED FOR PUBLICATION, PLEASE INDICATE  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_  
SUBJECT HEADINGS: (CHOOSE FIVE KEY WORDS) Spanish poetry translated into  
English

ABSTRACT (100-200 words):

I have spent the last six months collecting, reading, and  
translating Spanish poetry. The result of this work is a  
collection of my favorite Spanish poems. One of the most  
interesting facts about my "anthology" is the variety within  
it. The geographic spectrum includes Argentina, Colombia,  
Mexico, Nicaragua, and Spain. Some poems are a page long, some  
are sonnets, and a few consist of just two or three lines.  
Devising a translation process, overcoming a few translation  
problems, and seeing the final project made my independent  
study translation project a very rewarding experience. And,  
as a poet myself, I realized that translating poetry does give a  
new perspective into an author's work and ideas, as well as poetry  
itself.

For Office Use:

THESIS NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_

NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

Translation: A New Perspective

Poetry Translations submitted to the  
University Honors Program  
in Partial Fulfillment of the  
Requirements of the Baccalaureate Degree  
With University Honors  
(With Upper Division Honors)

Department of Foreign Language & Literature

by

Denise Leigh Wiegand

DeKalb, Illinois

December 1989

---

### My Experience as a Translator

I have spent the last six months collecting, reading, and translating Spanish poetry. The result of this work is a collection of my favorite Spanish poems. One of the most interesting facts about my "anthology" is the variety within it. The geographic spectrum includes Argentina, Colombia, Mexico, Nicaragua, and Spain. Some poems are a page long, some are sonnets, and a few consist of just two or three lines. Devising a translation process, overcoming a few translation problems, and seeing the final project being copied and put together made my independent study translation project one of my most rewarding college experiences. And, as a poet myself, I realize that translating poetry really does give a new perspective into an author's work and ideas, as well as the art of poetry itself.

Armed with determination, I started my project in May by looking for books of unsentimentalized, untranslated Spanish poetry. No public library was able to meet my demands. At first I was aggravated. Then, aggravation turned into determination and I remembered Rosary College's collection of foreign literature. A few trips there and a few hours at the copier later I was armed with my sources and ready to start. The first poems I translated I worked with each word. I decided I was going to go insane and so I devised my own six step method to Spanish poetry translation. This procedure includes:

- 1.) Read the whole poem for main ideas.
- 2.) Look up words with multiple meanings.
- 3.) Look up unknown words in various dictionaries.
- 4.) Translate the poem into English.
- 5.) Rearrange the literal Spanish to English translation into common, spoken English.
- 6.) Reread the translated work for verification and new meaning.

This is the method which I devised and used to translate my "anthology." I offer it to my readers as a starting point for poetry translation. If my method works for you, it's yours. If not, still venture into the world of translation, but be open-minded and devise your own procedure.

There were a few problems I encountered while translating. The biggest problem was caused by the fact that as Spanish being my second language my vocabulary is not identical to a native speaker's. The best example of this is the fact that all high school text books I have ever seen use the word "pluma" for "pen." While I was living in Mexico City no native speaker understood this word. For, in Mexico a pen is a "boligrafo." This is just one example of language differences between native and second language speakers. There are many more but further explanation is not needed. I solved this problem by using a variety of dictionaries depending on the nationality of the author. The University of Chicago Dictionary was very helpful for Spanish poetry from Spain. While, Langenscheidt's Universal Spanish Dictionary was very useful with poetry from South and Central America. When worst came to worst I would consult a Synonym/Antonym book or an entirely Spanish Dictionary that I bought in Mexico. This was especially helpful in older poetry

---

which contained words which are no longer used.

A second problem was that Spanish is not always equivalent to English. A good example is how "la pluma de Juan" translates to John's pen. Hence, I had to look farther than just literal, basic translations. Meaning became very important. Having lived and studied in Mexico City, I was aware of these language differences and they did not cause great difficulty. Instead, I made a conscious effort to recognize them.

And the fact that Spanish has many words with more than one meaning was the last major difficulty I encountered. For example, the short preposition in Spanish "de" can be translated into English as 'about,' 'of,' or 'from.' I resolved some of these problems by looking at context. This is where the first step of my translation procedure (reading the whole poem for main ideas and overall meaning) became very helpful.

Looking back over a time span of six months and looking at my completed project, I will say all the hard work has paid off. The hours I spent translating were motivating and well spent. I feel a sense of accomplishment. I have learned a great deal about Spanish poetry and have enjoyed doing so. I had the chance to get more in touch with poetry in a way in which I was very comfortable. And so, I will continue to look at poetry --- reading, writing, and translating --- as a source on enjoyment.

I would like to thank all the people who have made this project possible: the Oak Park Public Library Information Services Staff for advice, Professor Murray of the Spanish Department at Northern Illinois University for endless hours of conversation concerning translation, the University Honors Program at Northern Illinois University and its numerous, encouraging advisors, my parents for endless supplies of typewriter ribbon, liquid paper, car usage, and patience while enduring typewriter clicking, my dog, Suzie, for flashing her brown eyes at me during early morning typewriter hours, and my boyfriend, Brian, for his unwavering faith in believing that I would finish this project and graduate on schedule. Once again, THANK YOU !!!

---

Para No Morirme. . .

Para no morirme  
perseguí mi alma,  
que se iba contigo  
por una ciudad  
soñada, invisible.  
Yo la iba siguiendo  
sin que tú supieras  
que mi cuerpo iba  
tan solo por ella,  
para no morirse.  
Tú me ibas siguiendo  
y tu alma quería  
tirar de tu cuerpo.  
Para no morirse  
lo seguía tu alma.  
De ti solamente  
me quería tu cuerpo.

--- Manuel Altolaguirre  
(Málaga, 1904)

From: Antología de Poetas Españoles Contemporáneos, por José María Souviron,  
Editorial Nascimento, Santiago, Chile, 1947, p. 454-455.

---



To Survive. . .

To survive  
I pursued my soul,  
that went with you  
through a  
dreamy, invisible city.  
I continued following it  
without you knowing  
that my body went  
so alone there  
to survive.  
Your continued following me  
and your soul wanted  
to throw away your body.  
To survive  
I pursued my soul.  
Of you only  
I wanted your body.

--- Manuel Altolaguirre

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Alba

Se paraba  
la rueda  
de la noche. . .  
Vagos ángeles malvas  
apagaban las verdes estrellas.  
Una cinta tranquila  
de suaves violetas  
abrazaban amorosa  
a la pálida tierra.  
Suspiraban las flores al salir de su ensueño,  
embriagando el rocío de esencias.  
Y en la fresca orilla de helechos rosados  
como dos almas perlas,  
descansaban dormidas  
nuestras dos inocencias  
-oh qué abrazo tan blanco y tan puro!  
de retorno a las tierras eternas.

--- Juan Ramon Jimenez  
(Andaluz, 1881)

From: Antología de Poetas Españoles Contemporáneos, por José María Souviron,  
Editorial Nascimento, Santiago, Chile, 1947, p. 105.

Dawn

It used to stop  
the wheel  
of the night. . .  
                  Vague, mallow angels  
extinguished the green stars.  
A tranquil ribbon  
of soft violets  
lovingly hugged  
the pale land.  
Upon leaving their dream the flowers sighed,  
the dew of essence getting drunk.  
And in the fresh shore of pink ferns  
like two soul pearls,  
rested asleep  
our two innocences  
-oh, what a hug so white and pure!-  
for repayment to the eternal lands.

— Juan Ramon Jimenez

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

La Mariposa

Persiguiendo el perfume de risueño retiro,  
la fugaz mariposa por el monte revuela,  
y en los aires enciende sutilísima estela  
con sus pétalos tenues de cambiante zafiro.

En la ronda versátil de su trémulo giro  
esclarece las grutas como azul lentejuela;  
y al flotar en la lumbre que en los ámbitos riela,  
vibra el sol y en la brisa se difunde un suspiro.

Al rumor de las lianas y al vaivén de las quinas,  
resplandece en la fronda de las altas colinas,  
polvoreando de plata la florida arboleda;

y, gloriosa en el brillo de sus luces triunfales,  
sobre el limpio remanso de serenos cristales  
pasa, sin hacer sombra, con sus alas de seda.

--- José Eustasio Rivera

From: Luz que Flota en el Olvido -- Poema Colombiano en 120  
Sonetos Originales, por Carlos García-Prada, Imprenta  
Universitaria, Mexico, 1939, p. 12.

The Butterfly

Pursuing the perfume of delightful escape,  
the fleeing butterfly flies by the pasture,  
and in the air sets afire a very fine wake  
with its delicate petals of changing sapphire.

In the changeable round of its trembling rotation  
it illuminates the caverns like a blue spangle,  
and to float in the brightness that shines in the enclosure  
the sun vibrates and the breeze diffuses a sigh.

The murmur of the vines and the swaying of the quinine,  
glitters in the ferns of the tall hills,  
sprinkling the flowery grove with silver;

and in the glorious shine of its triumphal lights,  
over the clean backwater of cloudless crystals  
it passes, without casting a shadow, with its silk wings.

-- Jose Eustacio Rivera

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

---

### Caracol

En la playa he encontrado un caracol de oro  
macizo y recamado de las perlas más finas;  
Europa lo ha tocado con sus manos divinas  
cuando cruzó las ondas sobre el celeste toro.

He llevado a mis labios el caracol sonoro  
y he suscitado el eco de las dianas marinas;  
lo acerqué a mis oídos y las azules minas  
me han contado en voz baja su secreto tesoro.

Así la sal me llega de los vientos amargos  
que en sus hinchadas velas sintió la nave Argos  
cuando amaron los astros el sueño de Jasón;

y oigo un rumor de olas, y un incógnito acento,  
y un profundo oleaje, y un misterioso viento. . .  
(el caracol la forma tiene de un corazón).

-- Ruben Dario

From: Antología Poética, por Arturo Torres Rioseco, University of California  
Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1949, p. 146.

Snail

I have found a gold snail on the beach  
solid and embroidered by the most fine pearls;  
Europe has touched it with its divine hands  
when it crossed the waves over the celestial bull.

I have brought the sonorous snail to my lips  
and I have stirred up the echo of the shore signs;  
I brought it to my ears and the blue fortunes  
have told me their secret treasure in a low voice.

So the salt approached me by the sweet winds  
that in their swollen vigils felt Argo's ship  
when they loved the stars in Jason's dream.

And I hear wave murmurs, and an unknown accent,  
and a profound succession of waves, and a mysterious wind...  
(the form of a snail is a heart).

--- Ruben Dario

: translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Unicornio

Mi unicornio azul ayer se me perdió  
Pastando lo dejé y desapareció  
Cualquier información bien lo voy a pagar  
Las flores que dejó no me han querido hablar.

Mi unicornio azul ayer se me perdió  
No sé si se me fue  
No sé si se extravió  
Y yo no tengo más que un unicornio azul  
Si alguien sabe de él y le ruego información.

Cien mil or un millón yo pagaré  
Mi unicornio azul se me ha perdido ayer y se fue  
Mi unicornio y yo hicimos amistad  
Un poco con amor y un poco con verdad  
Con su cuerno afil pescaba una canción  
Saberla compartir era su vocación.

Mi unicornio azul ayer se me perdió  
Y puede parecer acaso una obsesión  
Y yo no tengo más que un unicornio azul  
Y aunque tuviera dos yo sólo quiero aquél  
Cualquier información bien lo voy a pagar  
Mi unicornio azul se me ha perdido azul y se fue.

--- Silvio Rodriguez

From: A popular Mexican song I heard while a student at the Universidad  
Nacional Autónoma de México in Mexico City, Mexico.

---



Blue Unicorn

Yesterday I lost my blue unicorn  
I left him grazing and he disappeared  
I will pay a lot for any information  
The flowers he left have not wanted to talk to me.

Yesterday I lost my blue unicorn  
I don't know if he left me  
I don't know if he is lost  
I only have one blue unicorn  
If anyone knows about him, I beg information.

One hundred thousand or a million I will pay  
I lost my blue unicorn and he is gone  
My unicorn and I formed a friendship  
A little with love and a little with truth  
With his blue horn he caught a song  
To know it to share was his vocation.

Yesterday I lost my blue unicorn  
And perhaps it can seem like an obsession--  
I don't have more than one blue unicorn  
And although I had two I only loved that one  
I will pay a lot for any information  
I lost my blue unicorn and he is gone.

-- Silvio Rodriguez

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Tambien Yo Sé Quien Soy

Yo no sé si soy algo, pero aspiro a ser alguien  
entre los hombres que trabajen  
por la luz, por el aire  
sagrado, por la sangre  
o noble vino, por el cante  
de martillos en yunque, dale y dale  
a la esperanza, que se bate  
con buen coraje  
el hierro frío de tanto cobarde  
o sin glóbulos rojos que se abate  
ante  
el índice del sable  
o del miedo estofaxo en los altares  
donde ya nadie  
ni nada respetable.  
Dios anda en los trigales,  
en el verbo de los poetas, ángeles  
vestidos de diario, en las madres  
con un hijo en los brazos, los cantares  
de los niños que juegan iniciales  
y preguntan al padre  
por los enigmas y nos traen  
la libertad de volver al comienzo y las edades  
en que no había muerte, tuyo y mío, memoriales  
de agravios rezumantes  
de gritos en la hoguera, los enjambres  
con las heridas más inconfesables.

--- Ramon de Garciasol  
(Guadalajara, 1913)

From: Antología de Poesía Española 1984, por Luis T. Gonzalez del Valle,  
Ramon Hernandez, and Angel Maria de Lera, Asociación Colegial de  
Escritores de España, Madrid, España, 1984, p. 43.

---

Also I Know Who I Am

I don't know if I am something, but I aspire to be someone  
among the men that work  
by light, by air  
sacred, by blood  
or noble wine, by song  
of hammers in anvil, giving and giving  
to hope, that hits itself  
with good anger  
the cold instrument of such cowardice  
or without red corpuscles that become discouraged  
before  
the index of knowledge  
or of the stewed fear in the alters  
now to the house of no one  
nor anything respectable.  
God walks in the wheat fields  
in the poetic word, angels  
suited daily, among the mothers  
with children in their arms, the singers  
of the children that play first  
and question the father  
for the puzzles and they bring us  
the liberty of returning to the beginning of the ages  
which have not died, yours and mine, memorable  
of leaking insults  
of cries in the bonfire, the crowds  
with the most unforgivable wounded.

--- Ramon de Garciasol .

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Mío

Ven, acércate. . .  
Dame tu mano. Reposo tu cabeza  
en mis rodillas.  
Ven. . .  
¡Qué dulce tu compañía!  
Lejos, más allá de ti, está el silencio,  
la soledad, el frío.  
Yo me recojo en ti. Acercó a tu hoguera  
mis manos ateridas.  
¡No me dejes nunca! ¿Qué haré cuando te vayas  
con tu mundo a la espalda, qué haré?  
Pasará una mujer hermosa  
y te irás.  
Dirás: -"Madre, es la vida."  
Y yo no podré, ni sabré, ni querré retenerte.  
-"Es la vida"- diré.

Ven, acércate.  
Dame tu mano. Reposo tu cabeza  
en mis rodillas.  
Ven. . .  
¡Qué hermoso tenerte niño,  
entero, mío, esta tarde!

— Susana March (1918, Barcelona)

From: Antología de la Nueva Poesía Española, por José Luis Cano,  
Editorial Gredos, Madrid, España, 1972, p. 240.

Mine

Come here, come close. . .  
Give me your hand. Rest your head  
on my knees.  
Come here. . .  
How sweet is your company!  
Far, farther than you, the silence is,  
the loneliness, the cold.  
I take shelter in you.  
I come close to your light  
with my stiff hands.  
Don't ever leave me! What will I do when you go  
with your world behind your back, what will I do?  
A beautiful woman will pass before you  
and you will go.  
You will say, "Mother, it is life."  
I will not be able, or know, or want to detain you.  
"It is life," I will say.

Come here, come close.  
Give me your hand. Rest your head  
on my knees.  
Come here. . .  
How beautiful to have you, Child,  
whole, mine, this afternoon!

--- Susana March

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

---

Mía

Mía: así te llamas.  
¿Qué más armonía?  
Mía: luz del día,  
mía: rosas, llamas.

¡Qué aroma derramas  
en el alma mía  
si sé que me amas!  
¡Oh Mía! ¡Oh Mía!

Tu sexo fundiste  
con mi sexo fuerte,  
fundiendo dos bronce.

Yo triste, tú triste...  
¿No has de ser entonces  
mía hasta la muerte?

--- Ruben Dario

From: Antología Poética, por Arturo Torres Rioseco, University of  
California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1949, p. 31.

---

Mine

Mine: so you are called.  
What more harmony?  
Mine: light of day,  
Mine: roses, flames.

What perfume spreads  
in my soul  
if I know you love me!  
Oh Mine! Oh Mine!

You melted your gender  
with my strong sex  
molding two bronzes.

Me sad, you sad...  
Won't you be, then,  
mine until death?

--- Ruben Dario

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

La Bailarina de los Pies Desnudos

Iba en un paso rítmico y felino  
a avances dulces, ágiles o rudos,  
con algo de animal y de divino,  
la bailarina de los pies desnudos.

Su falda era la falda de las rosas;  
en sus pechos habia dos escudos. . .  
Constelada de casos y de cosas. . .  
La bailarina de los pies desnudos.

Bajaban mil deleites de los senos  
hacia la perla hundida del ombligo,  
e iniciaban propósitos obscenos  
azúcares de fresa y miel de higo.

A un lado de la silla gestatoria  
estaban mis bufones y mis mudos. . .  
¡Y era toda Selene y Anactoria  
la bailarina de los pies desnudos!

— Ruben Dario  
(1867-1916, Nicaragua)

From: Antología Poética, por Arturo Torres Rioseco, University of  
California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1949, p. 166.



The Dancer with Bare Feet

She goes in a rhythmic and cat-like pass  
to sweet advances, agile or coarse,  
with something of an animal and of divinity,  
the dancer with bare feet.

Her skirt was the skirt of the roses;  
on her chest were two shields. . .  
Adorned with cases and with things. . .  
The dancer with bare feet.

A thousand pleasures of the bosom descend  
toward the hidden pearl of her navel,  
and they initiated obscene purposes  
strawberry sugars and fig honey.

At one side of the director's chair  
were my clowns and my mutes. . .  
And everything was Selene and Anactoria  
the dancer with bare feet!

--- Ruben Dario

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Los Tres Reyes Magos

"Yo soy Gaspar. Aquí traigo el incenso.  
Vengo a decir: La vida es pura y bella.  
Existe Dios. El amor es inmenso.  
¡Todo lo sé por la divina Estrella!"

"You soy Melchor. Mi mirra aroma todo.  
Existe Dios. El es la luz del día.  
La blanca flor tiene sus pies en lodo.  
¡Y en el placer hay la melancolía!"

"Soy Baltasar. Traigo el oro. Aseguro  
que existe Dios. El es grande y es fuerte.  
Todo lo sé por el lucero puro  
que brilla en la diadema de la Muerte."

"Gaspar, Melchor y Baltasar, callaos.  
Triunfa el amor, y a su fiesta os convida.  
Cristo resurge, hace la luz del caos  
y tiene la corona de la Vida."

--- Ruben Darío

From: Antología Poética, por Arturo Torres Rioseco, University of  
California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1949, p. 103.

---

The Three Wise Men

"I am Gaspar. I bring incense here.  
I come to say: Life is pure and beautiful.  
God exists. Love is boundless.  
I know all of this because of the divine star!"

"I am Melchor. My myrrh perfumes everything.  
God exists. He is the light of day.  
The white flower has its roots in mud.  
And in pleasure there is melancholy!"

"I am Baltasar. I bring gold. I insure  
God exists. He is great and strong.  
I know this because of the bright, pure star  
that shines in the diadem of death."

"Gaspar, Melchor, and Baltasar, be quiet.  
Love triumphs, and you all have invited yourselves to its party  
Christ reappears, making light of chaos.  
and he has the crown of life."

--- Ruben Dario

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

---

Pueblo de Dios

Amo este pueblo pobre  
que canta y que trabaja,  
que tiene cuatro calles  
y unas casitas blancas.

Amo este pueblo pobre  
que tiene un cielo tierno  
y purísimo, como  
corazón de labriego.

Amo este pueblo pobre  
que tiene unas mañanas  
sonrosadas y frescas  
como caras aldeanas.

Amo este pueblo pobre  
a quien Dios le regala  
para alumbrar sus noches  
una luna dorada.

Amo este pueblo pobre  
religioso y festivo  
que parte entre sus gentes  
como un pan el domingo.

— Rafael Jijena Sanchez  
(1904, Argentina)

From: Suma de Poesía Argentina (1538 - 1968 Crítica y Antología),  
por Guillermo Ara, Editorial Guadalupe, Buenos Aires, 1970,  
p. 85.

---

God's Village

I love this poor village  
that sings and works,  
that has four streets  
and some white little houses.

I love this poor village  
that has a tender sky  
and is as pure as  
a peasant's heart.

I love this poor village  
that has some mornings  
rosy and fresh  
like rustic faces.

I love this poor village  
to which God has given  
a golden moon  
to light its nights.

I love this poor village,  
religious and festive  
that shares between its people  
as Sunday bread.

-- Rafael Jijena Sanchez

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Como En El Primer Día

Como en el primer día  
de mi llegada aquí,  
a veces la memoria se me pierde,  
y me encuentro yacente por el suelo,  
sin hueso ni contorno,  
ignorando qué vida de qué mundo  
de qué recuerdo es ésta.

-Pero tú no me olvides,  
dulce tierra sin rostro  
cuyo recuerdo pierdo a cada instante,  
cuyo sabor me escapa,  
cuyos ojos de amor no reconozco.

Oh, no me olvides, mi memoria es viento,  
me disuelvo en la noche día a día,  
si tú no guardas algo  
de este turbio latido,  
que derramado apenas humedece  
tu vasta frente donde la memoria  
es oscura y sin fin como el olvido.

— Tomás Segovia  
(1927, Valencia)

From: Antología de la Nueva Poesía Española, por José Luis Cano,  
Editorial Gredos, Madrid, España, 1972, p. 388.

Like the First Day

Like the first day  
of my arrival here,  
sometimes my memory gets lost  
and I find myself lying on the floor,  
without bone or outline,  
ignoring how life of what a world  
of what a memory this is.

But, you don't forget me,  
Sweet land without a face  
whose memory I lose each instant,  
whose flavor escapes me,  
whose eyes of love I don't recognize.

Oh, you don't forget me, my memory is wind,  
it dissolves me in the night day by day  
if you don't watch over something  
of this confused throbbing  
that spills as soon as it dampens  
your vast front where the memory  
is dark and endless like the forgotten.

--- Tomás Segovia

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

El Sexto Día

Apartó la luz de las tinieblas,  
la tierra de las aguas;  
distribuyó los ríos, los luceros,  
los peces, y las aves;  
dio forma al barro,  
le sopló su aliento,  
y oyó un hondo gemido  
lanzado por su imagen que partía  
arrastrando una sombra.  
Y se quedó en el centro del aire  
rodeado de sí mismo.

-- Javier Villafañe  
(1910, Argentina)

From: Suma de Poesía Argentina (1538 - 1968 Crítica y Antología),  
por Guillermo Ara, Editorial Guadalupe, Buenos Aires, 1970,  
p. 94.



The Sixth Day

He separated the light from the dark,  
the land from the waters;  
He distributed the rivers, bright stars,  
the fish and the birds;  
He formed the mud,  
He blew his breath,  
And He heard a low moan  
thrown by His image that broke  
dragging a shadow.  
And He remained in the air's center  
surrounded by Himself.

— Javier Villafañe

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Para el Pobrecito Ciego

Dale limosna, mujer,  
que no hay en la vida nada  
como la pena de ser  
ciego en Granada.

--- Francisco A. de Icaza  
(1863-1925, México)

From: Antología de la Poesía Mexicana Moderna, por Jorge Cuesta,  
Fondo de Cultura Económica, México, p.70.

For the Unfortunate Blind Man

Give him alms, woman  
there is nothing in life  
like the grief of being  
blind in Granada.

--- Francisco A. de Icaza

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

Penélope

Durante veinte años he tendido una soga  
donde prefiero colgareme todas las noches  
a estar entre tus brazos  
enteramente tuya  
eternamente muerta

--- Minerva Margarita Villarreal

From: Entretejadura, por varios autores, Delegación Cuauhtemoc,  
México, 1988, p.40.

Penelope

For twenty years I have had a rope  
where I prefer to hang myself every night  
to be between your arms  
wholly yours  
entirely dead

--- Minerva Margarita Villarreal

translated by  
Denise Leigh Wiegand (1989)

El Caballo Del Diablo

Caballo de diablo:  
clavo de vidrio  
con alas de talco.

The Devil's Horse

Devil's horse:  
glass' grief  
with talc wings.

Mariposa Nocturna

Devuelve a la desnuda rama,  
nocturna mariposa,  
las hojas secas de tus alas.

Nocturnal Butterfly

To the naked branch you return,  
nocturnal butterfly,  
the dry leaves are you wings.

La Luna

Es mar la noche negra:  
la nube es una concha;  
la luna es una perla...

The Moon

The black night is the sea;  
the cloud is a shell;  
the moon is a pearl...

El Mono

El pequeño mono me mira...  
¡Quisiera decirme  
algo que se le olvida!

The Monkey

The small monkey looks at me...  
It wants to tell me  
something it has forgotten!

El Insomnio

En su pizarra negra  
suma cifras de fósforo.

Insomnia

In your black slate  
phosphorus figures add up.

--- José Juan Tablada  
(1871 - 1945)

From : Antología de la Poesía Mexicana, por Jorge Cuesta,  
Fondo de Cultura Económica, México pp. 95 - 98.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Ara, Fuillermo, Suma de Poesía Argentina (1538 - 1968  
Crítica y Antología), Editorial Guadalupe, Buenos Aires, 1970.
- Cano, José Luis, Antología de la Nueva Poesía Española,  
Editorial Gredos, Madrid, España, 1972.
- Cuesta, Jorge, Antología de la Poesía Mexicana, Fondo de  
Cultura Económica, México.
- García-Prada, Carlos, Luz que Flota en el Olvido -- Poemas  
Colombiano en 120 Sonetos Originales, Imprenta Universitaria,  
México, 1939.
- Gonzalez del Valle, Luis T., Ramon Hernandez, and Angel  
María de Lera, Antología de Poesía Española 1984, Asociación  
Colegial de Escritores de España, Madrid, España, 1984.
- Souviron, José María, Antología de Poetas Españoles  
Contemporáneos, Editorial Nacimiento, Santiago, Chile, 1947.
- Torres Rioseco, Arturo, Antología Poética, University of  
California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1949.
- Varios Autores, Entretejedura, Delegación Cuauhtemoc,  
México, 1988.