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Of Winter and Other Memories

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Selecciones de
Del invierno y otras memorias

Oh dichosa e infeliz
 porque no sabes que mi canto
 es a tu cuerpo.

1

Conocí a una mujer que todas las tardes pasaba ante
 las puertas de mi casa,
 sabía llegar cantando con los pies desnudos,
 su señal era siempre
 como una mancha roja sobre la tierra.
 Yo la quería—jamás supe por qué—,
 lo cierto es que era hermosa
 salvaje como un tigre
 y que todos le huían.

2

Mi padre canta en medio de la noche y yo percibo su
 enojo con la vida.
 Vuelve de las prisiones frías del olvido,
 golpeando su cuchilla contra el aire;
 una sombra de muerte lo persigue
 y él no sabe
 que a su lado los ojos de algún niño
 lo acompañan.

3

Llévame lejos,
 donde ya no pueda oír las voces de este mundo
 Necesito que me sustraigas de esta casa,
 que te apoderes del espíritu.
 Enarbola todas las velas de tu nave imaginaria
 y haz que mi canto se escuche
 entre los hombres.
 Sé feliz al menos, puesto que para siempre serás
 mi compañía!

— *Angel Leiva*

Selections from
Of Winter and Other Memories

Oh joyful and unhappy one,
because you don't know that my song
is to your body.

1

I knew a woman who passed every afternoon
before the doors of my house;
she knew how to arrive singing with naked feet;
her sign was always
like a red stain on the earth.

I wanted her—I never knew why—
what's certain is that she was lovely
wild as a tiger
and that everyone fled from her.

2

My father sings in the middle of the night and I perceive
his anger with life.
He returns from the cold prisons of forgetfulness,
pounding his knife against the air;
a shadow of death pursues him
and he doesn't know
that at his side the eyes of some child
go with him.

3

Take me away,
where I won't be able to hear this world's voices any more.
I need you to draw me out of this house,
to take possession of my spirit.
Hoist all the sails of your imagination's ship
and let my song be heard
among men.
At least be happy, since you'll be my company
forever!

— *Translated by Carolyn Wright*