

Syracuse Scholar (1979-1991)

Volume 1
Issue 1 *Syracuse Scholar Winter 1979-1980*

Article 16

1979

Of Invocations

Angel Leiva

Carolyne Wright

Follow this and additional works at: <https://surface.syr.edu/suscholar>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Leiva, Angel and Wright, Carolyne (1979) "Of Invocations," *Syracuse Scholar (1979-1991)*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://surface.syr.edu/suscholar/vol1/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by SURFACE. It has been accepted for inclusion in Syracuse Scholar (1979-1991) by an authorized editor of SURFACE. For more information, please contact surface@syr.edu.

De las invocaciones

Largos días en que el sol resquebrajaba el rostro de la tierra,

todo se consumía lentamente.

Animales y hombres precisaban lo mismo.

En aquel clima de muerte supe por vez primera que vivir es importante y oré a todas las cosas sobrenaturales para que la lluvia nos diera su milagro.

Desde entonces la amo

y es la amante

que vuelve cada tanto a visitarme.

Of Invocations

Long days in which the sun split open the face of earth,

everything was consumed slowly.

Men and animals suffered the same need.

In that weather of death I knew for the first time that to live is important, and I prayed to all things supernatural that the rain would give us its miracle.

Since then I love it,

the lover

that comes back every now and then to visit.

De la casa paterna

El fuego pasa y solamente quedan las cenizas.
Cantaba así por solitario campo cierta memoria de mujer que quise, mas su rostro era alegre como la fresca leche que atraviesa el corazón de un niño.

Pasaron años

y la encontré sentada

en aquel mismo sitio

y el que cantó esa noche

fue mi cuerpo.

Of the Father's House

Fire passes and only the ashes remain.
Certain memories of a woman I loved sang like that through empty country, but her face was cheerful like fresh milk that goes through a child's heart.

Years passed

and I met her, sitting

in the same spot,

and the one who sang that night

was my body.